

the conflict of the grosser elements that were destined to a final purification. For ages, the impulses of man's lower brain predominated. But as time advanced, nature more and more subdued his animal instincts, harmony and beauty have succeeded, and humanity has become elevated. Social mutations have been, and will continue, as long as our planet rolls in space. What though portentous clouds dim our political horizon to-day; the sun of to-morrow may illuminate the path of the "spiral stairway" of progress. Where is the individual who does not rejoice that he lives in the present age? Where is the heart sensible to the dictates of conscience, that does not throb with a new impulse, and struggle for a higher life, when the gigantic crimes and sufferings of past generations are brought to mind?

The present age may be regarded as the ushering in of the dawn, whose streams of crystal light are to dissolve the bonds of ignorance, and stimulate anew all the nobler faculties of the soul. As we turn the leaves of Nature's rocky record, we see a steady upward ascent through all the different generations of mineral, vegetable, and animal life. Through the lapse of ages, from the time the tiniest monad appeared, until now, there has been a gradual unfolding in the scale of organic existence, culminating in man, the head of the animate creation. The laws of nature are beautiful in all stages of their manifestation. To the casual observer there may seem to be inconsistencies and discord, indicating that all change is not progress, but there can be no progress without change. All higher and more perfect conditions are eliminated from lower ones. With a more extended knowledge of the varied and wonderful properties exhibited by the combination of primitive elements, all seeming inconsistencies will become graceful harmonies. Science as yet has gained but a limited admiration from the world. But few, in comparison with the millions that live, have penetrated the mysteries of the structure of the earth, and scanned her fossil treasures, the memorials of uncounted ages past, or unlocked the secrets of the elements, and the invisible forces that sustain her vast frame. Limited has been the number that have studied the planetary orbs, and moved even in fancy amid the infinitude of worlds that revolve in the abysses of space, or traced the beautiful harmonic relation established between them all. In the arena of mind may be found the same beautiful laws, the same nice adaptation of means to ends. Where we witness to-day the downfall of nations, or on a smaller scale the criminal lapse of a brother or a sister, to-morrow, by the natural upward tendency of all law, we may behold a superior social state, or the redemption and restitution of a human soul. The sun of peaceful progress is rising on humanity. Its beams have already tipped the mountain tops; its cheering light has entered the gloomy vales and dark glens of human destiny; its full orb'd glory will illumine the path of future generations as they pass onward and upward toward their eternal home.

PARKMAN, O., Feb. 1861.

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."

For the Herald of Progress. North and South Controversy.

MR. WILLIAM THIRDS' REPLY TO D. J. BALDWIN, OF TEXAS.

KANKAKEE CITY, March 17, 1861.
MR. EDITOR: We have a few comments and a few statistics to offer in reply to Mr. D. J. Baldwin's production as published in the HERALD OF PROGRESS of the 16th inst.

Mr. Baldwin will not argue, he will deal only with "facts;" and yet we can see little else than error in his "facts." We have examined this last effort of Mr. B.'s with great care, and will state his conclusions as accurately as possible. First, Slavery is the natural and the best condition for the African race. Secondly, the abolitionists are psychologized by a lie, and are the authors of all our political disorders. Thirdly, the condition of the laboring masses, or of the poor in the slave States, is superior to that of the same classes in the North. Fourthly, the necessity of negro slavery to supply the world with cotton, and to keep us from going naked, is absolute. Fifthly, the negro, if left to his own resources, will become a pauper and a savage.

1. Mr. B.'s hypothesis, that the negro is neither spiritually, mentally, nor physically the same as the white man, with his admission in the same paragraph that the negro is inferior to the white man in no other sense than as a child is inferior to its parent, seems to stultify itself. Is not the child intrinsically the same as the man—that is in *kind*, though not in degree. This is what we asserted in our former communication. This proposition granted, it follows as a matter of course, that Slavery is no more a natural condition for the African than it is for any other race. If the condition be the result of inferiority of mental and moral endowment, then all the inferior races would be held in the same relation to their own superior race.

But we deny it. Freedom is the normal condition and the birthright of every human soul. And fearful and sad as may be the consequences, in many cases, to our limited vision, nevertheless it is the appointed way to a higher and a nobler condition.

As a conclusive evidence of this, the desire

for freedom is instinctive, innate, and eternal, in every human soul. So long as that soul is allowed to retain its faculties in a healthful condition, its ideal, its first and its last spontaneous thought and desire is liberty. That the African is happier in Slavery than he is in his native wilds, where the earth produces spontaneously an abundance for all his physical wants, is wholly inadmissible.

That the negro is comparatively a savage in his native country, and especially in the low lands near the equator, is true; but he is just as elevated in the scale of being, as any other race in the same latitude and climate. Our friend seems oblivious of the fact that climate has almost a controlling influence in the production and development of races, especially as regards their mental and moral qualities. The negro in his native country does not produce books and maps, and this Mr. B. takes as an evidence of his incapacity for freedom. Would Mr. B. be willing that we should apply the same rule to our southern brethren? Whence do all their books and maps come?

2. By what process of reasoning Mr. B. traces our present political troubles to what he calls "abolitionism," we are at a loss to determine. Would he deny us the right to vote? or would he dictate to us how we should vote? or has our voting in the late presidential election interfered with any political right hitherto exercised by the southern people? If so, what is it? But it may be said: You meddle with our domestic institutions, you talk about us, and censure our practices. Well, what of it? Why all this sensitiveness about your "peculiar institution?" If the truth and the right be on your side, you need have no fears. It is the guilty man that shrinks from an investigation or exposition of his character; the innocent one, never. But what do you propose for us to do, that you may consent to abide with us in the Government? Why, sing psalms of praise to negro slavery, put padlocks on our lips, muzzle the press, and suffer the beastial "peculiar institution" to spread like an eruptive disease over the whole body politic. Now, my dear sir, is there a sane mediocre man in these United States that does not know that these conditions are impossible. The right to think, and the right to talk, and the right to publish one's thoughts to the world, are among the most sacred and inalienable of all human rights, and constitute the very basis of constitutional freedom, and of all human progress and development. And to us it is evidence conclusive, that when any institution or condition of society can live only by a surrender of these great principles, it is radically wrong. For Mr. B. or for any other man to attempt to make the northern people responsible for the treason of Davis, Cobb, Floyd & Co., is simply ridiculous.

3. Mr. B. seems to regard the great mass of northern people as paupers, or at least as being in extremely depressed circumstances. Our travels in the Slave States have been quite limited, it is true, but so far as our observation goes, we regard the white population of the North as occupying a far more elevated position in the world, than those of the South in all the elements of civilization and in moral and intellectual culture. As an evidence of this we will offer a few simple statistics. We quote from the census returns of 1850. Massachusetts has a population of 994,514. She has 3,679 public schools, 4,443 teachers, and 176,475 pupils. She has 1,462 public libraries, with 684,015 volumes. Virginia has a population of 1,421,661. She has 2,930 schools, 2,997 teachers, and but 67,853 pupils. 54 libraries, and 88,462 volumes. Massachusetts has, of her whole adult native population, that can neither read or write, 1,055. Virginia has 75,898. North Carolina, with a white population but a little more than half as large as Massachusetts has 73,226 native white adults that can neither read nor write. These facts speak for themselves. But let us add the testimony of southern men in proof of our position. Mr. Tarver, of Missouri, says: "The non-slaveholders possess generally but very small means, and the land which they possess is almost universally poor, and so sterile that a scanty subsistence is all that can be derived from its cultivation; and the more fertile soil being in the possession of the slaveholders, must ever remain out of the power of those that have none. This state of things is a great drawback, and bears heavily upon and depresses the moral energies of the poor classes. The acquisition of a respectable position in the scale of wealth appears so difficult, that they decline the hopeless pursuit, and many of them settle down into habits of idleness, and become the almost passive subjects of all its consequences; and I lament to say that I have observed of late years that an evident deterioration is taking place in this part of the population." It should be recollected that seven-tenths of the white population of the South are non-slaveholders.

Gov. Hammond, of South Carolina, says: "According to the best calculation, which, in the absence of statistical facts, can be made, it is believed that of the three hundred thousand white inhabitants of South Carolina, there are not less than 50,000, whose industry, such as it is, and compensated as it is, is not, in the present condition of things, and does not promise to be hereafter, adequate to procure them, honestly, such a support as every white person is and feels himself entitled to. And this, next to emigration, is perhaps the heaviest of the weights that press upon the springs of our prosperity."

Most of those now follow agricultural pursuits, in feeble, yet injurious competition with slave labor. Some, perhaps not more from inclination than from the want of due encouragement, can scarcely be said to work at all. They obtain a precarious subsistence by occasional jobs, by hunting, by fishing, sometimes by plundering fields and folds, and too often by what is, in its effects, far worse, trading with slaves and seducing them to plunder for their benefit."

Our objections to Slavery originate as much from the sad and demoralizing effects it produces upon the white race, as from the wrong it inflicts upon the slave. A system that produces, as its natural and legitimate fruits, an oligarchy, on the one hand, who are, by virtue of their training, tyrants; and on the other a body of disfranchised semi-barbarians, that substitute "hempen cravats" and tar and feathers, for reason and argument, cannot be otherwise than wrong. In its very nature it must carry with it the seeds of its own dissolution and death.

4. Mr. B. would have us believe that negro slavery was an absolute necessity for the production of cotton; because the white man (so he says) cannot hoe cotton. Now, we have it from good authority that cotton is successfully cultivated, even in Texas, by white labor. According to statistical reports, Alabama has 67,000 white men, Mississippi 55,000, and Texas 47,000, that till the soil, living. Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, says: "Here in New Orleans, the larger part of the drudgery-work, requiring exposure to the sun, as railroad making, street paving, dray driving, ditching, and building, is performed by white people." In view of these facts, we regard it as a great mistake that cotton can only be cultivated by slave labor.

5. Mr. B. says: "The negro, as a free man, is a pauper and a savage, unable to take care of himself."

It is really a mystery to us how Mr. B. should have become so completely "psychologized," by a love of negro slavery, as to put forth such an idea in a public journal in these Northern States, when every man among us knows that it is not only untrue, but that it is a gross slander upon the colored man. But Mr. B. cannot be acquainted with our Northern society, nor with the condition of the colored people among us; he must have been victimized by some traveling Baron Munchausen, or by reading sensation articles in some southern journal; for how else could he have conjured up such fearful phantoms—such wild conceits about our poor-houses and paupers. We wish to say to Mr. B., that the percentage of indigent persons among us is no larger among the colored people than it is among the whites. We will say further, it is not so large as it is from some classes of our foreign-born white population.

But we must bid adieu to our friend B. May the Lord bless him abundantly, and illuminate his understanding, so that he may comprehend more fully the spirit of the Harmonical Philosophy.

"That men to men, the world all o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!"

WM. THIRDS.

For the Herald of Progress. A Southern Man Dissatisfied with the Slave Creed.

HONEST DOUBTS OF AN HONEST MAN.

HENDERSON, Ky., April 3, 1861.

MR. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: What a glorious privilege the patrons and readers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS enjoy in having a journal, devoted to and untrammelled by no sect or party in Church or State, tied down and embarrassed by no "ism," but free to say a good word for reform in all directions, and to which Christian, Jew, or Infidel may come, if he comes in earnest and in a respectful manner—and exhibit whatever he may have of truth to independent minds. In accordance with this principle of free discussion, we sometimes get a few thoughts from an anti-slavery man, and then again a few thoughts from one who is pro-slavery. This is all right, for as yet I do not think the HERALD OF PROGRESS can be called "an incendiary paper." And now I wish to say a few words myself upon this "vexed question," but whether it will be pro or con I cannot tell.

If any man ever worked faithfully at this question, I think I have, and with all the considerations favorable to a bias in favor of slavery. My own interests in a pecuniary point of view—being born a slaveholder and still one—the interests of my nearest kin and friends, of my State and section, all have conspired to make me a pro-slavery man; but some how or other I always hesitate when I come to repeat the creed—"I believe Slavery a divine institution, ordained of God, and to be perpetuated to all time and extended to all places." It would be very convenient for me to believe this creed, for in that case, I should not be so often mortified at what I do, and what I see. Other people seem to believe it, and they seem as happy as I; in fact they are very happy; so much so that they think I am in danger of hell fire because I even hesitate. I have no difficulty on the point of difference between me; I do not hesitate to affirm the superiority of the white over the black race as they exist at present in this country, and upon the globe. But in what does the difference consist? Where lies the superiority? Will Mr. Baldwin say it is essential? If so, then it follows as a logical consequence, that the black man is less than a human being, or the white man more. Is there any

escape from this? If not, he must say the difference consists merely in conditions, or in the degree of development, and if he is a rational Spiritualist and accepts our philosophy, he cannot deny that his negro man, or mine, will some day in the future reach the point of development and growth in his moral and mental faculties at which the master now stands. This point gained, I think Mr. Baldwin will certainly deny me the right to do ought to repress that growth and development in our inferior, but will, on the other hand, claim that I should—that he should—that all should, do what fairly may be done to aid such growth and development.

This brings us fairly to the merits of the institution of slavery as it exists in the United States. What then is the nature of that institution? Is it perfect? Does it give the negro all the liberty he can enjoy to his own benefit, and the benefit of society? Have we reached perfection in this matter of slavery, and missed it in all else? Is there no room for reform here? These are the questions to be answered, and no statesman, philanthropist, or philosopher can blink them. I believe in the subordination of the inferior to the superior, but this subordination ought not to rest solely, or in major part, upon selfishness. I believe I have perfect right of property in my horse, only so far as that right of property is no bar to the growth and development in all the noble qualities of the horse. Is this sound ground? How then about property in man? Surely Mr. Baldwin will deny me this right of property, in so far as it is a bar to growth and development in the noble attributes of man. Now I am not opposed to enforced labor. I think the negro should work as well as the white man; it is good for both, and I seek no social and political equality for the negro with the white man; but I simply desire to know where exact justice lies in this matter, and this inquiry always brings me up to the discussion of the merits and demerits of slavery as it exists in this country.

Now where is the man who can affirm that all in this matter is exactly as it should be? If not, what reform is needed? One of the pro-slavery candidates for the presidency expressed some disgust at slave dealing—buying and selling—but he said this was an accident of slavery! Now take away the accident, or legislate so as to prevent it, and slavery, as it exists here, is dead. Again; some pro-slavery people, who consider marriage a divine institution, claim that it should be recognized among slaves. Let this be done by law, and slavery, as it exists here, is dead. And so on. Now I would respectfully ask our friend and brother—I hope he will allow me to call him so—to give this point his serious attention. Does he believe, and will he affirm, that slavery, as it exists in the United States, is exactly as it should be? If not, what reforms does it need? If he will come forward candidly, I think it will be seen that there is not so much difference between us after all, though I am afraid, as matters now stand, he will be called pro-slavery and I anti-slavery. Respectfully, S. W. L.

Brotherhood.

"Let no man call God his Father,
Who calls not man his brother."

[From the Sunday Mercury.]

Why I Love Fanatics.

BY WILLIAM PORTER RAY.

I love fanatics. They are the salt of society; pepper in the chowder of politics; vinegar on the boiled cabbage of literature, and mustard on the corned-beef of religion. Without them the intellectual food of life would be savourless and unpalatable.

I have the greatest regard for Southern free-eters and Northern abolitionists; for free-lovers and Spiritualists; for skeptics and infidels; for paradoxical disputants; for enthusiastic dreamers, and for Quixotic and eccentric persons of every kind. Toombs, Greeley, Wigfall, Lovejoy, Rhett, Sumner, I admire; Cheever, Beecher, Garrison, Phillips, are particularly dear to me; and Mrs. Rose, Higginson, Andrew Jackson Davis, Parker Pillsbury, I delight to honor.

I became acquainted, in Philadelphia, a few years ago, with an amateur astronomer, who considered Sir Isaac Newton a numskull, and his theory of gravitation an unmitigated humbug. He published, semi-occasionally, a little paper to advocate his views, which I always purchased, and read with great delight. What sublime, intellectual independence was displayed in that little seven-by-nine quarto sheet! Flinging argumentative brickbats at Herschel, Leverrier, Adams, Pierce, Schumacher, and other respectable old foggy star-gazers, and deriding their antiquated notions respecting the laws of matter.

"I, John Mullen," it said, "editor of the *Sideral Messenger*, pronounce you a pack of gumps. Get out!"

I liked that—liked it immensely.

"But how can you have any sort of respect for this class of persons?"

Don't I like originality, honesty, earnestness, and eloquence? And don't I like to see a man hit the mark and make the splinters fly when he talks or writes, no matter about what? Those characteristics the fanatic always has, and these things he always does whenever he takes up his pen or opens his lips.

"Slaveholding," says Lovejoy, "has been justly called the sum of all villainy. Put every crime perpetrated among men into a moral crucible, and dissolve and combine them all, and the resultant amalgam is slaveholding. It has the violence of robbery, the blood and cruelty of piracy; it has the offensive and brutal lusts of polygamy, all combined and concentrated in itself, with aggravations that neither one of these crimes ever

knew or dreamed of. Sir, I am speaking in dead earnest, before God, God's own truth!"

"Tear," says Wendell Phillips, "the Constitution in pieces. Tear it in pieces, in honor of Washington."

"What disasters," says Beecher, of New York Union-Saving Bankers and Wholesale Merchants, "what contemptible things, wearing the form of men, must they be, who, out-vicing Judas, make haste to sell their principles and their master! But it is comforting to think that there is some use in the worst of things! When things have become corrupted, they are, at any rate, good for manure. I know these men. I have read their names. I have treasured them up. They are not merely cowards, but *perjured* cowards—every one of them!"

Now, not to multiply examples, I exceedingly like this way of talking—this vehement eloquence—this earnest, passionate speech of the fanatic. How tame, how dull, how stupid, how meaningless appear the words of one "sound on the goose," when contrasted with such half inspired oratory!

"But do you agree with such outrageous sentiments as these?"

Reader, by asking me that question you acknowledge yourself one of that numerous class of blockheads who suppose that to admire or praise a book or speech is equivalent to concurring with the writer or speaker in the opinions he advances! What matter is it to me whether what a man says be true or false, so long as what he says be *well* said? This is what concerns me; the doctrine advocated I care nothing about. As God is angry with the wicked every day, so am I daily enraged at hearing these two things, between which a gulf of distinction as wide as that between Hades and Paradise is fixed, confounded. If I call Seward a great statesman—"Why, I didn't know before that you were a black republican!" exclaims my democratic friend. If I call Chapin the greatest pulpit orator in America, and go occasionally to hear him preach, my high church Episcopal friend doubts my orthodoxy. If I attend a convention of radical reformers, and declare the debates exceedingly interesting, I am in danger of being taken for a "free-lover." If I am found reading the writings of Tom Paine or Judge Edmonds, I am suspected of having a strong leaning toward Infidelity or Spiritualism.

The vulgar mind will have it, that mental food rejected by the reason as unpalatable, cannot be very ambrosia to another faculty. What a monstrous mistake! Why, if the devil were to set up as a clergyman here in New York, and preach eloquently, I would go every Sunday to hear him advocate vice, rather than go to hear an archangel discourse staidly on virtue. *What care I for a man who merely reflects my own previously-formed opinions?* He is of no use to me. Nay, he is a decided bore to me. The same threadbare story over again; the same oft-repeated joke; the same musty truism—this is what I hear from him—what I know already by heart, and, consequently, do not want to hear reiterated. I want something new, something original, something entertaining, something which will exercise my mind; if it be truth, well and good; if it be not, also well and good.

The man who cannot sit patiently, nay, with delight, and hear all that he thinks true, and good, and sacred, and holy, denounced with ability and eloquence, has a totally depraved mind, is in the gall of bigotry and the bonds of prejudice, and is traveling the broad road to intellectual perdition. The person who goes out of church if the preacher commences to demolish a favorite theory of his—the person who hisses a political speaker if he attacks his party—the person who cries down another for giving expression to his honest convictions anywhere, at all times, and under any circumstances, is a narrow-minded, contemptible creature.

There is no more noble quality of character than intellectual impartiality—than the capacity to appreciate and enjoy what an able opponent may say. In illustration of this cardinal virtue let me relate an anecdote. Some years ago, while in college, I accompanied a law student (now a distinguished Massachusetts judge) from Cambridge into Boston, to hear the celebrated Rufus Choate deliver a political speech at Faneuil Hall. Being a zealous whig, my political opinions coincided with those of the orator; but my companion was bitterly opposed to him, being a radical anti-slavery man, belonging to the then nascent free-soil party.

Reaching the hall early, we secured a good standing position near the rostrum, and waited for the opening of the meeting. After the usual resolutions had been read and adopted, Choate was introduced, and commenced one of his most eloquent speeches. Before long, from "glittering generalities," which any one might be expected to applaud, he came to the particular principles involved in the Presidential contest, and began dissecting, with his terrible sarcasm, unparalleled wit, and passionate logic, the doctrines of the free soil party—assailing particularly, in terms more fierce, scathing, and invective than I ever heard a public man scourged with before, their candidate, Martin Van Buren.

As my eyes were riveted upon the countenance of the orator, I thought some whig standing close behind me was going crazy with excitement; for at every round of applause a pair of feet were stamping there more violently than anywhere else in my vicinity, and, at every three cheers, a voice there hurrahed louder than any other I could hear. Turning my head, by-and-by, while nine cheers were being given, to see who the enthusiastic individual was, there stood my just now ardent free-soil friend, red in the face as a beet, waving his hat wildly in the air, and shouting as if he were mad.

Of course, after this display, I supposed that he had been converted by the magic eloquence of the orator; and reaching the street at the close of the meeting I congratulated him upon the wonderful change of mind he had experienced.

"Why, I haven't changed my opinion," he replied. "I am, if possible, a stronger free-soiler than when I went into the hall."

"How is that?" I said. "Didn't I hear you cheering Choate when he was coming down on your candidate like a thousand and five hundred of brick?" In fact, were you not about the craziest man in the audience?"

"To be sure I applauded him," was his reply, "for he got off some of the wittiest and most eloquent things I ever heard in my life. That's why I hurried—because what he said was so deuced good, not because I agreed with him."

I thought that answer indicated a highly virtuous mind.

Mais, *reconnais à nos montons*. I like fanatics, too, because they are always in earnest, and, consequently, always honest. Who doubts the honesty of such men as Garrison and Phillips? men so thoroughly in earnest that they would not hesitate a moment to lay down their lives for what they believe to be the truth. This is what gives such persons an ever-increasing influence, creates for them new friends, and draws to them new followers continually, no matter how crazy their projects.

I like fanatics, also, because they display a moral heroism which is shown by no other class of persons. They are never afraid to express their opinions, but stand ready to proclaim them at all times, and at all places. The consequence of this is (what must be dearer to them than life itself) the loss of their reputation, followed by years of contempt, shame, and disgrace.

I can remember when Garrison used to be pelted with rotten eggs, and when twenty persons in the whole city of Boston would acknowledge Theodore Parker as a friend. "He that loveth his life shall save it!" They believe in this text, though they may reject all the rest of the Bible. It is absolutely true, that so long as a man cares for his popularity, until his worldly reputation is lost, and his social character gone, it is quite impossible for him to pursue any manly, noble course of original conduct, to advocate any radical reform, to push forward any scheme for the amelioration of the social, religious, or political condition of mankind. A person who has his reputation to take care of, seldom thinks about anything else. He cares little for his mental integrity, little for his duty; he is willing to sacrifice these, and every honest conviction, to maintain a favorable position in society, and retain the good opinion of the world. He is ready at any time to recant, retract, apologize, ask pardon; to perform on occasions all manner of mean and servile actions; to lie, if necessary, and to perjure himself, if he can get out of the difficulty in no other way. Remember how Edward Everett asserted that he signed the Sumner Testimonial under the influence of chloroform! Now the fanatic is entirely free from all this meanness and pother, and is, therefore, a far nobler human being than your safe, sound, orthodox, respectable conservative.

Fanatics, moreover, are the pioneers of public opinion, the *avant-couriers* of coming generations of thinkers. The only reason why they are fanatics is, because they are in advance of the age. To the Jews, Christ was a fanatic—a sort of Walt Whitman, Wendell Phillips, Jackson Davis, George Munday, the hatless prophet, rolled into one; an *apparent egghead, looking about the streets of Jerusalem, gathering crowds in lumber-yards and on vacant house-lots, and delivering inflammatory speeches to them, denouncing the authorities in very violent terms*, which would have caused the New York *Express*, had it existed at the time, to raise its feeble hands in horror.

"Woe unto you," he used to cry out to the crowd, "woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like whited sepulchres, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell! Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers. Woe unto you, scribes, pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves. Woe unto you, ye blind guides, ye fools!" Beside this, he was continually violating the laws, trespassing on other persons' land, taking their corn without leave, breaking the Sabbath, cowering the Jerusalem Board of Brokers, etc., etc. Now-a-days, it is highly conservative to be a Christian, and think this all right.

Rousseau was driven out of France for being a fanatic, for denying the divine right of kings, and preaching republicanism. Now his notions respecting human liberty are considered conservative enough. Luther was a fanatic, involving the German States in war, publishing heretical books, and making himself generally just as disagreeable as he possibly could to the safe, sound, orthodox conservatives of his time. Now we think him a little old-foggyish. Friar Bacon, Columbus, Galileo—in fine, all the great originals in history, in their lifetime belonged to the fanatical school of thinkers, but are now "all right."

So it will be with the fanatics of to-day. If they were to return to life a hundred years hence, they would find themselves the strongest kind of conservatives.

Finally, I like fanatics because they are decidedly useful members of society. What should we do without them? What would the newspapers do if they had not their sayings to report and their doings to pitch into? "How dull the papers are now!" you say; "there's nothing in them." That is because the fanatics are taking a nap. Wait a little. Lovejoy wakes up and delivers a speech in Congress which stirs up the nation, and the journals become interesting rightaway. John Brown keeps the papers interesting for two or three months, just by invading Virginia and getting hanged; and Curtis, for two or three weeks, by delivering an abolition-lecture in Philadelphia. A fanatic seldom opens his lips without creating a sensation, without furnishing a good many thousand people with something to talk and write about.

So, reader, don't call fanatics bad names. Without them, the Church would be ruled by a bigoted priesthood, and we should have no religious toleration; and the Government be administered by tyrants, and we should have no civil liberty. Without them, literature would be deprived of half its charms, and history of half its instructiveness.

WIKES you find a person a little better than his word; a little more than borne out in his statement, by his facts, a little larger in deed than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance not laid down in Blair or Campbell.—O. W. HOLMES.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

Photographic Likenesses of Spirit Forms.

A REMARKABLE FACT.

READING, PERM., March 17, 1861.

BROTHER DAVIS: We will relate a few incidents in regard to what we take to be the photograph of a spirit hand.

Mrs. Malsberger, of this city, was for better than five years trying to induce her husband to have his likeness taken, but he would never consent to it until about nine months previous to his death. He came to the conclusion of a sudden, as though he was impressed to do so, and told his wife that he would now have his picture taken. She then accompanied him to the artist, and a picture was taken, very correct in every particular, except that there was a dark open hand over the left shoulder of the picture, a little in the background. As there was no one in the room at the time the picture was taken, but Mr. and Mrs. M. and the operator, how can the appearance of this hand be accounted for? Mrs. M. was terrified at seeing the hand, but her husband tried to pacify her, by assuring her that it was only her hand that reigned over him. Mrs. M. had several copies of the picture taken by other artists, with the assurance that they could take a duplicate without the appearance of the hand; but in each case the hand made its appearance a few weeks after, thus baffling the skill of the artists and the expectation of the wife.

Mr. Malsberger was rather an intemperate man, and while partially intoxicated, in endeavoring to devour a clam, was suddenly choked to death. When leaving his home, after breakfast, on the day of his death, he bade his wife good-bye, saying that perhaps she would not again see him alive. This was unusual with him, and she was greatly troubled about it. Before noon his lifeless body was brought home.

The bereaved woman appeared somewhat consoled on hearing us relate similar accounts as published in the Spiritual papers of this country and Europe.

We, the undersigned, have the particulars, as above stated, from the widow, who also showed us the picture. If you can give us more light on the subject, please do so, and oblige all concerned in such matters.

Yours, fraternally, P. Z. & J. S.

For the Herald of Progress.

Why I am a Spiritualist.

ABSOLUTE FACTS AS THE FOUNDATION OF FAITH.

NEAR BELLEFONTAINE, Ohio, March, 1861.

FRIEND DAVIS: I send you a few lines to let your readers know that we are not without a witness in this part of the moral vineyard.

In the fall of 1859, I saw Dr. James Cooper in the post-office in Bellefontaine. I inquired of him whether he took likenesses of persons that had left the form. He said that he had taken over two hundred that had been recognized by their friends. I then gave him the name and age of a brother that had left the form several years ago. He told me to call in two or three weeks. Up to this time I had no acquaintance with the doctor.

In five or six weeks, I called at his office, and he did not recognize me. I told him my business, when he handed me three pictures, saying he could not tell which was taken for my brother, as all three spirits were there at about the same time. I recognized my brother's likeness by the manner in which the hair was combed on the forehead. The doctor said he did not know why the hair was not turned up. I told him that was very satisfactory to me, for he was raised a Friend Quaker, and was not allowed to comb his hair up before. The doctor then wished to know if I saw anything else that was familiar. I said it was not as satisfactory as I wished, but it had been twenty-eight years since he had left the form, and I but, twelve years old at the time.

The doctor then stated that my brother was standing by my side, and was going to give me a test. He said my brother was showing himself as cutting his foot with an ax. My brother did cut his foot very badly with an ax. He then saw my brother and myself in the woods with a dog and gun, and wished to know if I had been out with my brother in that way. I told him I had been several times. I then wished to know whether we were after anything. He could not see. Had we anything "trod?" He said he had not looked up in the tree. "Yes," he said, "there was a fox up a leaning tree; we had shot it through the nose and broken a fore leg, when it ran down, and we had quite a time to catch it." The doctor gave a minute description of the dog, tree, &c., all of which was correct.

These circumstances I had not thought of for fourteen years. He also told me of a scar on my knee which I had entirely forgotten. I told him these tests were very satisfactory to me, but there was one thing more I would like him to tell, namely, the cause of my brother's leaving the form; when the doctor answered, "he will not tell you anything you think of."

I will here say, that for several years I had, at different times, seen a variety of spiritual manifestations, such as raps, table tipping, a

stand raised on one leg, no one touching it at the time, and another stand move across the room without human aid, and without being requested to do so, together with a great many communications purporting to come from spirits; and, like many others, I tried to believe that they (the communications) were what is called "mind-reading." But the tests I got from my brother, through Dr. Cooper, satisfied me that he did not read them from my mind, for they had not been thought of for twelve or fourteen years; and I am well satisfied that they were given to set aside that idea, and also to show that he, as a spirit, could communicate these things to a third person, and thus to me. The likeness gives good satisfaction to those whose prejudices will allow them to see.

Can spirits heal? I was sitting one evening in a room where the spirit of Dr. Shreve, formerly of Columbiana county, Ohio, was prescribing for some afflicted persons present, when I inquired if he could remove a lump that was on my wrist. He said he could in two or three weeks. I had not the least faith in what he said, the lump being a hard, bony tumor, which had resisted all efforts to remove it for fifteen or eighteen years, and had been caused by falling on a stone. Seven different doctors had pronounced it incurable. In less than three weeks the lump was gone, and I knew not when or how. Eight years have passed away and it has not returned.

I used tobacco for thirty years, and often wished I could quit it, but it appeared too hard for me to undertake it. About one year ago, I requested the spirits to remove the appetite for it, which they did, gradually, and in some months it was gone. I hope never to return. Latterly there has been considerable healing done in our section, by several mediums that have been developed, and the cause moves on slowly but surely.

JOSEPH P. JAMES.

(From the Sunbeam.)

Remarkable "Spiritual" Tests.

MANIFESTATIONS IN THE PRESENCE OF H. MELVILLE FAY.

In this city on Tuesday evening, a select party of Spiritualists and Skeptics assembled at the residence of Mr. James Lawrence, by invitation, to witness what are termed Physical Demonstrations of spirit presence and power. The following is a correct report of what then and there occurred, and vouches for by some of the most respectable ladies and gentlemen in this city.

The company seated themselves across the room in two rows, facing the medium and table, the distance from the front row to the table being about five feet. Upon the table were placed a common tin speaking trumpet, a coil of ropes, and a guitar. The company were requested to join hands, and lights to be extinguished. Soon rappings were distinctly heard; ships rattled for; and singing requested by the "spirits." The persons present sang one or two pieces, during which time sounds in the vicinity of the medium could be plainly heard, such as the rattling of cords, and a wild play of ropes as though busy fingers displaying great power, were engaged in the tying operation. In a few moments, rappings for light—lights up, and medium secured in the following manner. His hands with firm knots between the wrists securely fastened behind him; the middle of the rope being around the wrists, tied firm, and the ends of the ropes passed back of the chair down to the front rounds and fastened, and his knees and feet with separate ropes firmly tied. Those present, examined and reported it impossible for the medium to move either hand or foot. Sheets of paper were placed between the carpet and his feet, and under the chair legs, and then marked with a pencil round the feet.

Lights were again extinguished, and the guitar was immediately taken up and carried round the room, hitting some persons upon the front row in the circle; rappings for light; medium examined and found secure, knots firm and no movement of feet. The lights out, instrument floated several times, and the medium tied and speaking in his chair. The medium was soon untied, the ropes upon the knees and feet being taken off first; leaving the hands still secured. He was then completely untied by the "spirits." It was then requested that some gentleman take the ropes and tie the medium, so that with his own power (the medium) he could not unloose himself; he was accordingly tied by a gentleman present, who reported that he believed it was utterly impossible for the medium by his own power to unloose his hands; and that he would give him a hundred dollars to do it with the lights burning. Every knot was untied in a few minutes' time after the lights were extinguished.

Two gentlemen were then requested to sit up to the table in chairs, one facing the table with his back to the audience, the medium and another gentleman on each side of him, facing each other; the gentleman in the center of the trio, placing his feet on the feet of his right and left hand neighbor, his right hand in the hair of the gentleman on the left, firmly clasped and tight; in this position, the medium on the right and gentleman on the left, clasping their hands over the shoulders of the gentleman in the center; thus holding tight and firm the persons opposite, so that neither feet, hands or head could be moved without his knowledge. As soon as the lights were out, the guitar was lifted gradually from the table and thrummed by unseen fingers, and was caused to produce several smart and quick blows upon the head of the gentleman who occupied the center of the trio. A call for light revealed the guitar laying across the shoulders of the gentleman who thus had made manifest to him this striking demonstration.

The report of the gentleman was called for, and given to this effect: that neither of the persons whom he had held had moved either hands or feet, and that the guitar hit him as aforesaid; and that he was satisfied that the force that caused it was some power

outside of any persons in the room. The same test was afterwards given to three or four more of the circle, and all stated the same; after which the controlling "spirit" gave some explanations of Physical Demonstrations, and their manner of producing them, with a short lecture indicating great intellectual power, deep thought, and most radical tendencies.

Believing these facts should be placed before the world as presented, the following ladies and gentlemen cheerfully gave their consent that their names should be used in corroboration of this statement.

Mr. James Lawrence, Mrs. M. B. Lawrence, Mr. McMillan, Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. F. D. Gage, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Sarah E. Griswold, Mr. G. Whitelaw, Mr. Hinson, Mr. Arthur Hughes, Mrs. H. Little, Mrs. Mary Plumb, Mrs. A. E. Sherman, Dr. C. D. Griswold.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, March 19, 1861.

For the Herald of Progress.

Workings of the Spirit Telegraph.

A FEW EXAMPLES.

In his *Paradise Lost*, Milton represents the devil as "squat like a toad beneath the ear of Eve," breathing *sedition* into her dreams.

But are they devils that so often warn us of coming danger, approaching illness, or the future attack of enemies? If we judge of a tree by its fruit, we must say they are friends, very kind friends indeed, who condescend to bring intelligence from some far distant friend and whisper the message into our dreams. Common dreams are usually nothing but a confused jumble of recent recollections, and the majority of dreamers are by no means dreaming mediums; yet mediums of this character are not uncommon, and the visits that they receive from the angels are by no means "few and far between." This form of mediumship is abundantly recognized in the Bible, and cannot be explained away, as Dr. Abercrombie would have us believe, on the principle of coincidence arising from anxiety.

CASE 1. Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of a clergyman who had come to Edinburgh, "from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn, when he dreamed of seeing a fire and one of his children in the midst of it. He awoke with the impression, and instantly left town on his return home. When he arrived within sight of his house, he found it on fire, and arrived in time to assist in saving one of his children, who, in the alarm and confusion, had been left in a situation of danger."

CASE 2. In the early part of the summer of 1859, a young man named John H. Damon, left Adrian and shipped on board the bark Hudson, at Fair Haven, Mass., on a whaling tour. In the latter part of the following December, a lady living in Adrian, one morning awoke in a fright, exclaiming, "There! John Damon is dead!" She had seen a ship plunging through a rough sea, when, on the instant, a voice exclaimed, "There! John Damon and ——— have fallen from the main rigging of the ship and are killed!" The other name she could not recollect. Seven months after this, and more than a year after the young man had shipped, the father received the first intelligence of his son, from Captain Fish, stating that he had fallen from the mast of the ship and lived but a few minutes after. It occurred in the preceding December, in the Southern Ocean, off Stewart's Island, 1200 miles southeast of Melbourne. Whether a second person was also killed I cannot say.

CASE 3. A lady, Mrs. Lincoln, a few years since, went from this place on a visit to her native place near Buffalo. At length her husband, receiving no intelligence, became anxious about her return, and finally determined to make a journey down, if she did not return or send intelligence within one week. That night the lady saw, in a dream, her husband standing at a distance and beckoning for her to come. In the morning she said: "I must return, or Mr. Lincoln will be after me." She set out immediately, and reached home just in time to save the intended journey in search of her.

CASE 4. The lady mentioned in Case Second, was living near Alway, in the State of New York, in the fall of 1844, where she lost a brother with consumption. Two weeks after his death, she moved with her family to this place, leaving a sister far gone with the same fatal disease. They were both attended by one Dr. Brokaw, then a young man, and in vigorous health. Shortly after she had arrived here, being anxious about her sister, and receiving no intelligence by mail, the angels condescended to give her the following vision. This was before modern Spiritualism was even mentioned.

She dreamed that she was at Alway, at the grave of her brother, where she met her father, and asked where is L.? He was cast down with grief, and could not reply; but pointed to a newly dug grave with a shovel lying across it, but empty. She next met Wm. McGown, in the streets of Alway, and again asked where is L.? He answered: "She is dead and buried; she died just two weeks ago." Next she was at home in Michigan, and looking up, she saw her sister gliding from east to west along a beautiful aerial road in the regions of the clouds, until she came to a certain side-passage, when her deceased brother stepped out, bowed himself, took her up in his arms, and then passed back again out of sight. Then a band of muskies in a bright carriage, drawn by shining horses, glided along the same road and passed in at the same passage out of sight. This

music was strange and beautiful, beyond any that she had ever heard. This was followed by Dr. Brokaw, who passed in at the same passage out of sight—and she was impressed that he was one day in his journey behind L.

It was long after this, and almost Spring, when she received a letter written by Wm. McGown, and dated about the time that she had the dream, and in it were written the identical words that he had told her in the vision: "L. is dead and buried; she died just two weeks ago." That was one month after the death of the brother. It was also stated that Dr. Brokaw was dead; he had died suddenly with the black tongue, within 24 hours of the death of L. The empty grave seen in vision near the grave of her brother did not receive the corpse as intended; but on account of bad weather it was buried in another place.

Now here is evidently no common dream, no confused jumble of recollections; but a veritable spiritual telegraph message, definite in every respect.

EPHRAIM LAPHAM, M.D.
ROME, Mich., 1861.

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.

Spiritual Workers in and around New York.

NUMBER FIVE.

MR. CHARLES COLCHESTER.

The Americans are an investigating, exploring people, a restless busy race of men. Their sight is keener than the glance of their own native eagle. Their step, strong and free, levels every obstacle. Self-reliant, independent in thought and action, no weak credulous faith is theirs. They bring the weight of their own individual intellect to bear upon each question presented; they seize with avidity, but are never too timid to relax their hold and dash out into the stream if some better prospect offers. They erect and construct with a will, but they tear down and uproot with a hand as vigorous; no feeble driveling hesitation, no false pride deters them; with scarcely a struggle the old model gives place to the new improvements; their own labor is not more sacred in their eyes than the work of their forefathers—and they revere neither. If to-day's light reveals defects in their religious creed—their social system—which yesterday's cloud concealed, they acknowledge it boldly, when proven, and recommence briskly on some untrodden basis. The energetic step which has trodden down the wilderness as a giant would tread a bed of rushes—crushed the wild beast in its den as a child would stamp down an ant-hill—is not likely to become paralyzed upon entering the borders of an unknown world. Spirits, dealing with such a people, have necessarily been put to severe tests. The science and ingenuity of the spirit world have been taxed to produce reliable methods of communication between Hades and the Yankee nation; and a new order of priests have arisen to sustain this grand social faith, who have received the title of TEST MEDIUMS.

The Planters' Hotel, Broadway, near Bleeker street, has for some time past been noted for the spiritual seances there given by Mr. Charles Colchester, a test medium. Some few days since I called at the hotel to obtain an interview with this gentleman. In the reception room into which I was ushered until he should be disengaged, I found a gay party already in waiting. Glancing around upon the aristocratic, fashionably attired ladies, the conservative-looking, society-bred gentlemen, I questioned, doubtfully, for a moment, could it be possible they were lingering to obtain an interview with "spirits"? But I remembered that love is stronger than prejudice—that they too had wept over the loss of near and dear ones. Yet how wayward are we in our affections! We sit in the misty twilight and shed passionate tears over our dead—to our trembling lips we press the colorless scentless flower—the crisp and faded leaf, which some dear hand once gathered; the yellow, tear-effaced letter—the lock of hair—are among our choicest treasures; but in the perversity of our natures we hide our love, with our tears, from sight. We crave some proof of affection, yet shrink from receiving it. Timidly we question our husband, wife, mother, child; our buried love, a word from whose dear lips our hearts are aching to hear. The sweetest tempered, the most sanguine men and women among us feel soured and despondent at times, and look upon the pleasantly swinging earth with jaundiced eyes. In those dire moments the dead friend seems nobler than the living—the lost darling fairer than the loved one at our side!

DEATH, like other monarchs, feels the equalizing tendency of the times. No longer, as in the grand old solemn ages that have passed, do we wait upon his august majesty like humble unquestioning serfs. We think rapidly now; then, how ponderously thought turned on its axis! How tenaciously our ancestors clung to the form of life, scooping out the body and filling up the shell to delude themselves into a belief of their own immutability. But the stone sarcophagus which held neither think nor revive through which the full secret of decay could obtrude, has given place to a lighter, less durable material. The iron horse has overtaken Death on his

The medium's time is constantly occupied in giving communications from spirits to their friends. His reception room is daily thronged with visitors. The communication given are not confined to spiritual matters. Our temporal affairs press so closely upon our eternal welfare, and our life here is so intimately connected with our life hereafter, that information concerning matters of every day events are frequent. The merchant involved in business difficulties consults through this medium the clearer brain of spirits to guide him in his dilemma. The metaphysician seeks through him a truer insight into the mysteries of soul. The mother whose child has entered some far off spirit college obtains through him a letter from her departed signifying the cause of her absence. The lover obtains a token from his lost Lenore. Among his patrons he numbers the wife of the editor of one of our principal daily newspapers.

"Unfriended though I seem below,
The loved their vigils keep;
They guide my feet in Duty's beat,
And guard me when asleep."

progressive country. It is producing a change in religious organizations particularly, which their supporters but little suspect. There are thousands in the churches who have long been dissatisfied with hollow ceremonies and mock solemnities, and are waiting but the appropriate hour to free themselves from dogmatic fetters and stand up in the dignity of true manhood and womanhood. To such Spiritualism comes as a welcome religion, in which the soul can find rest—a religion which has its basis on the indestructible foundations of science and philosophy, and, therefore satisfies the highest aspirations of the immortal nature. Clergymen startled by

"All seems lost." Friend Pillsbury bears "a reluctant testimony, from a solemn conviction that fidelity to his mission imperatively demands it." In like manner speak, from our own individual experience and observation, and do hereby declare that while there are some, but not very many Abolitionists, who understand and nobly serve the cause of Freedom and Humanity the greater part are just the same obstinate and dead weight to the advancement of the Kingdom of Heaven (Peace) on Earth, as any of the most *hilar* and *bigoted* sects or parties in the land.

It gives us great pain to see the *Liberator*

The fact is, and our morally proud anti-Slavery brethren must be told, that the "friends of the Slave" (as they term themselves) need to learn *a lesson of practical* for their enemies and accusers. They preach and publish the lesson very grandly, in every desk and in every paper within their control, but we call upon them to *feel it all* and to *practice it all forevermore*. Who will volunteer to go as missionaries of Peace among our anti-Slavery friends? We call for only such minds as will promulgate the UNIVERSAL LOVE PRINCIPLE among them, without 'conciliation, concession, or compromise.' No others need apply. The same band of volunteer missionaries can undoubtedly extend their labor into the Slaveholding States. If they are good enough

to "eat with publicans and sinners," they will transcend all sectarianism and perchance associate themselves with Slaveholders. Then they may, in the absence of self-righteousness, unite with their honest-minded Southern brethren in a common effort to universalize Freedom, and consequently to establish an era of Peace and Good Will all over the inhabited earth.

In conclusion, with not a word of either conciliation or compromise to offer, we commend the attention of our Boston brethren to the following passage, which, although rather "gingerly" when measured by the standard of an eye for an eye, appeared in that copy of the *Liberator* which contained Parker Pillsbury's letter:

"Northern men believe in the existence of great human capabilities, and in that culture which will best bring them to view. They live in time, but look forward to eternity, and so they are vigilant to stimulate every interest that may help the cause of human development, and consequent preparation for a nobler life hereafter. The great mission of the North is to unfold its own natural, moral, and intellectual forces, that it may be instrumental in the uplifting of the lowly world over; and it recognizes no remedy for abuses which spring from the conflict of base passions. It ignores the bloody field of strife, not from fear, but from an enlightened policy. It would, in the settlement of all questions, substitute the olive branch for the sword—reason for brute force. If men are in the wrong, to kill is not to reform. To extinguish the light of the eye is not to see."

The glory, honor, or salvation of a people, lies not in numbers, in wealth or skill, in art or arms. Its education, not of the intellect alone, but of its heart qualities, to deal gently with the vicious and degraded, to use its strength to raise up the weak, and to show, by a life of fair dealing with the neighbor, the superiority of mind and soul over matter and physical force.

THE TERRORS OF THE LAW!

A HARD CASE—Mary Tobin has been remanded to jail, in default of bail to the amount of \$5,000, to await the action of the Court at the September term. Hers is a peculiarly hard case. Six men were indicted for violating her person. Four have been convicted and sentenced to the State Prison. The other two have forfeited their bonds and are at large, and she is now compelled to lie in jail awaiting their apprehension.—*Albany Argus*.

When some months ago, we read the published accounts of the outrages committed upon this poor woman, we felt that it was impossible for anything to be added to her cup of misery. We confess our want of appreciation of the "excellences" of our criminal code, under which injustice, outrage, and wrong are to be meted out to her—innocent woman that she is—for an indefinite period.

Having violated no law, not even accused of crime, this woman as the principal witness of the State against a gang of villains for fiendish violence committed upon herself, must remain for at least another six months an inmate of a common jail! The innocent victim unbailed, while her assailants, through the connivance of wealthy friends escape!

In the name of outraged humanity is this the right to which we have attained in the administration of justice! Has it come to this, that the accused, in the case of an offense against the laws, is more severely punished than the accused! That our penal code offers a heavy bribe to witnesses of outrages upon social security and peace, for their silence and non-appearance! Is it not high time for suitable provision to be made for the detention of witnesses, and indemnity to be offered them for loss of time and other cost?

Another case, similar in its injustice, came to our knowledge a few days since. A young sailor, who by years of faithful service had reached the position of mate, was sent home from a foreign port, by an American Consul, as principal witness in a case of mutiny. In consequence, his attendance upon the trial was at the cost of an absence of more than a year from his business! For no crime, for simply the misfortune of having witnessed a crime, and possessing sincerity enough to declare the truth, a young aspirant for marine success was deprived of a valuable situation, his prospects blasted, his chances of promotion deferred, and the labor of years swept away, without the least compensation or indemnity!

If we have no sympathy for the mal-administration of justice as regards criminals, we surely should manifest some tenderness in protecting the rights of the innocent.

C. M. P.

SELF-CONTRADICTIONS.

The little pamphlet, "Self-Contradictions of the Bible," continues in large demand for use as a tract. We are now selling the seventh edition, six thousand copies having already been disposed of.

A few typographical errors were discoverable in the early editions, which have since been corrected. All issues since the third thousand, will, the compiler thinks, be found correct.

It certainly indicates an encouraging tendency to investigation and inquiry, when such a little "campaign document" sells at the rate of 500 copies per month!

A WORD FOR SPEAKERS.

G. M. GRANT, of Conway, Mass., offers a suggestion, which may be acted upon in other localities as well. He says:

"Will you say in your paper, that if readers of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* in this country and vicinity will correspond with me, we may be able to arrange some plan by which Lecturers can be engaged, who could not afford to come to meet but one appointment. By providing for a number of Lecturers on successive days or evenings, in the same vicinity, the burden of expense can be divided, and the speaker be better remunerated."

A HOME FOR OUTCASTS.

The Boston *Investigator* says: "The Spiritualists continue yet to talk of their peculiar faith, though we are not able to see wherein they prove the truth of it. But, heavenly matters aside, they are doing something for the improvement of earthly beings, and hence are of some use. They are entitled to considerable praise, too, for their efforts in behalf of the degraded and abandoned; and in this branch of reform, Miss Hardinge (who is herself a Spiritualist) has become quite celebrated. We attended the lecture which she gave a few evenings ago upon this subject at the Tremont Temple, and thought that in point of ability and effective elocution, she was one of the finest speakers we ever heard."

WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

At the closing exercises of the Hygienic-Therapeutic College, held March 20th, at No. 15 Lighthouse street, Dr. R. T. TRAIL, President, the following ladies received diplomas: Miss H. H. Goodall, of Belchertown, Mass.; Miss Carry H. Cockingham, of Stratsburg, N. Y.; Miss Olivia A. Williams, of Deerfield, O.; Miss Sarah Ann Bell, of Sydney, Mobile; Miss Mary S. Worthing, of Newport, Maine; Mrs. Elaine E. Sergeant, of Sparta, Wis.; Miss Mary A. Butts, of Plantersville, Texas.

AMENDED.

The bill to suppress fortune telling before the Pennsylvania Legislature, was amended by the Senate, by striking out the provision relative to "spirit-rapping." During the debate upon the bill, Senator Finney said:

"I am rather inclined to think that there is a communication between the material and spiritual world. I think, at least, there ought to be. If we can progress so far in humanity as to become assimilated to a spiritual state, we may have some such communication."

A MARK OF CONFIDENCE.

That capitalists do not altogether despair of the perpetuity of our national government is demonstrated by the liberal bids for the late Treasury loan. The entire amount bid was over thirty-three millions of dollars, at rates ranging from 90 to 94! There would appear to be money enough in the country to carry on the government for a time at least.

"We can supply a limited number of copies of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*, volume one, bound in muslin, at four dollars a volume. They can be sent by express."

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Rev. Thomas Whittemore, a distinguished Universalist, died recently at his residence in Cambridge. Dr. Cooley is speaking in Western New York. His lectures are opened and closed with readings by Mrs. Cooley.

Dr. R. L. Anderson, of Xenia, O., whom we have heretofore, by mistake, advertised with his wife's initials, writes us that he is prepared for lecturing with full illustrative apparatus. Edward Harris, of Woonsocket, a wooden manufacturer, has, for years, pursued the practice of saying to large numbers of his workmen, "For every dollar that you put in the savings bank, I will put another in your name." J. M. Peckles has reached the "golden shore," and with improved health is lecturing in Sacramento and vicinity.

Mrs. Antoinette L. Brown Blackwell lectured before the Ontario Literary Society, at Toronto, Canada, recently—subject, "Men and Women." Mrs. A. M. Spencer has just completed a month's effort in Maine. She will attend the Speakers' Convention, at Worcester, on the 16th. Miss Emma Hardinge has been receiving, at Boston, encouraging support in her humanitarian movement. Ralph Waldo Emerson is announced to deliver a new course of lectures in Boston during the month of April. One of these lectures will treat of "Boston, the Hub of the Universe." Miss Harriet Martineau is confirmed invalid, seldom moving beyond her chamber and study. She is laboring under disease of the heart, which, any hour, may terminate fatally.

BRIEF ITEMS.

—Some mischievous boys, finding Stephen Malloy, a lad of thirteen, asleep, lately, in Morrisville, Wis., placed a lighted match under his nose, and the fumes caused his death next day.

—The Empress Eugenie is in a state of perpetual terror about the condition of her soul. Her mind is tottering. At one moment she is for setting out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, at another she is absorbed in all the mysteries of spirit rapping; then the Empress finds her in a state of nervous affection, as if life were an absolute burden to her.

—A well-known business man of New Haven recently sent a note to one of his tenants, informing him that on account of the dull times his rent for the ensuing year would be materially reduced. How many landlords will follow this example?

—Dr. Jas. E. Gross, editor of the *Glen Forest Journal*, at Yellow Springs, O., having been appointed postmaster, publishes a rumor that a certain M. D. proposes to "secede" and leave town in consequence, adding the following, for a brother M. D., "severe" hit: "We regret to hear this, as it would cause the immediate secession of two respectable families—those of the undertaker and grave-stone maker."

—The Duke of Brunswick must be a happy man! He dare not leave Paris. His diamonds keep him chained there. He dare not sleep from home, but lives in a burglar-proof house, surrounded by a high wall, and that surrounded by a lofty iron railing, which cost fourteen thousand dollars, and which sounds an alarm on being touched.

—A patent has been taken out in England by M. J. Latta, for the employment of the sulphate, carbonate, or chloride of magnesia, mixed with starch, for muslin and linen, so as to render them unflammable after being dressed. One part of any of these substances is mixed with three parts (by weight) of the starch; these proportions answer well.

—On the Chicago and Milwaukee railroad, a very beautiful application of the photographic art is used on the "season passes" and "commutation tickets" to prevent their illegal transfer. When a person applies for a season pass or ticket, he incloses his photograph, taken on a small gummed label, and this is pasted on the card which he receives. The conductor of the train can thus see at a glance whether the bearer of a pass or ticket carries the evidence of the "right man being in the right place."

—The *Charleston Courier*, in a recent article, noticing and complimenting the chief actors in the dramatic drama, closes thus: "Nor can we fail to notice, in an especial manner, the distinguished part borne by *Almighty God* in this bloodless revolution."

—An exchange says that Lincoln left Springfield declaring that he put his trust entirely in Divine Providence, but that "when Abraham reached Harrisburg he lost faith in Divine Providence and took the night train."

—Ferre champagne, a wine rarely if ever seen in this country, is now the favorite at the courts of Spain and Prussia.

—A novel application of the stereoscope has recently been made in distinguishing copies from *fac similes*. When two pages printed from the same type are combined in the stereoscope, the printing appears to lie in the same plane. In the most careful attempt by the printer to set up a page or a few lines alike, the words and letters will, in the stereoscope, be seen to lie in different planes. By this means, when genuine and counterfeit bank notes are combined in the stereoscope, the difference is at once detected.

—Of ninety-eight professors of religion at Jefferson College, eighty-seven are candidates for the ministry. This is about the proportion among young converts. Where will these ministers find their hearers? There is in this city, says the *Schenectady Star*, a very estimable married couple, who have had eleven children, six of whom were born blind, the youngest is blind, and only a few weeks old. When of sufficient age, they are sent to the Asylum for the Blind, in New York. They are said to be possessed of fine talents. We understand that their parents are cousins. There is no defect in the eyes of either parent.

—The Pemberton Mill at Lawrence, Mass., the scene of a fearful loss of life some months ago, has been entirely rebuilt on the old site, at a cost of nearly \$500,000. It will commence running forthwith, and will give employment to about 1,000 operators.

—The *Charleston Advertiser* advertises for "three young men, good preachers, pious, zealous, and in no haste to marry, having but one purpose, to glorify God and save souls. They are wanted where they will fare hard and get poor pay." We shall gladly record the fact if three hundred apply!

—Bey Dr. Gordon, of Scotland, says that during sixteen years' incumbency he has baptized sixteen thousand persons!

—The *Painesville (O.) Press and Advertiser* rebukes a female correspondent for condemning all women engaged in "Woman's Rights" and "Abolitionism." Adding, "the time has gone by when sneers and ridicule will be effective, where argument fails to put down truth."

—The *Nantucket Inquirer* says, in proof of the healthiness of that island, that of 600 legal voters in that town, 150 are over 70 years of age.

—The Fremont (Ohio) *Democrat* says that, at the recent post-office election in Republic, Seneca County, Mrs. Melter, a staunch Democratic lady, was the successful candidate. There were four Republican candidates of the male persuasion, whose chagrin over the result may be well imagined.

—At a camp-meeting recently held near West Baltimore, Montgomery County, Ohio, Bishop Russell forbade any one with hoops on to partake of the sacrament, affirming that they would not be welcome to the table of the Lord.

—Since the return of Mr. Rarey to this country, a number of horse-tamers have started up in imitation of the great original. In some cases, however, the refractory equine subjects have resolutely refused to be tamed, and have inflicted serious injuries upon the neophytes who attempted to operate upon them. The most serious case was that of a man named Muckman, who died near Sikesville, Maryland, from injuries received while attempting to put a horse through the taming process. The vicious animal gave him a fatal bite.

—The Boston *Traveler* says: "We begin to see changes in the commerce of Boston, most of which have occurred within a very short time and were not looked for even by our shrewdest business men. And first, is the diversion of quite a portion of the Calcutta trade from this port, its ancient seat, to the Southern cities. Gunny cloth, which constitutes the most bulky portions of Calcutta cargoes, is now carried direct to Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans."

—The weekly allowance to paupers made by the English Poor-Law Board is 112 ounces bread, 4 do. cheese, 7 do. butter, 16 do. meat, pudding and vegetables, 1 ounce of tea, made into 7 pints. Ordinary victuaries, as at Chatham, fare better, being allowed 185 ounces of bread, 7 pints of tea, 54 pints of soup, 7 pints cocoa or gruel, 7 pounds vegetables, 42 ounces cooked meat, free from fat or bone.

—It was recently disclosed by a witness in the New York Court of Sessions, that wine is made of "turnip juice," made to sparkle by gas from nitric and marble dust, and then labeled champagne!

—The restrictions which have so long prevented ladies from participating in the advantages offered by the Royal Academy to art students have at length been withdrawn. At the council in June last, the best drawing sent in by the candidates for the student-ship proved to be the work of a lady, and on the recommendation of Sir Charles Eastlake, she was at once admitted. Since then, three other ladies have been equally successful. On Monday week fourteen drawings were approved by the council, and in this case also the best drawing was sent in by a lady.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Our latest advices from Europe are to the 23d of March.

—The Message of the President of the United States had been received, and the principal English papers contain lengthy comments upon it, many of them regarding it as a war document.

—Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent, the mother of the Queen, died at Frogmore at 9½ A. M., Saturday, March 19th. Her Majesty the Queen, and the Prince Consort, with other members of the Royal Family, were present at the time of her decease. The funeral was to take place on the 25th, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

—The Great Eastern is appointed to sail for New York on May 1st, under the command of Captain, the Honorable S. T. Carnegie, R. N.

—Intelligence had been received of the safe arrival of Prince Alfred at Barbadoes, where he was received with great enthusiasm. In a late sitting of the Italian Chambers, a petition, signed by 8,500 citizens, was presented, urging the Government to use its influence with the Emperor Napoleon in order to obtain a speedy withdrawal of the French troops from Rome.

—On the anniversary of the birthday of Victor Emanuel (March 14th) great demonstrations were made in many towns of Venetia. In the morning of that day, all the shops in Venice remained closed till 10 o'clock, when the police compelled them to be opened. In the evening, the inhabitants of the various towns, and especially at Verona, made it a holiday, and paraded.

—In a recent sitting of the French Corps Legislatif, an attempt was made to pass an amendment to the Imperial Address, asking for the recall of the French Army at Rome; but it failed by a decided vote, and so far from recalling the army, it is stated to be the intention of the Government to augment it with 10,000 men—the object being to enable France to counteract any Austrian demonstration on the Po.

—The Imperial Manifesto in Russia for the emancipation of the serfs was dated March 2d, but not issued till the 17th, which was the real date of the emancipation. The ownership of the land is still to remain in the power of the lords, but they are to cede the use of houses and lands to the peasants occupying them for permanent use, the peasants paying rental, and being guaranteed the right to purchase.

—Telegraphic dispatches received from the Provinces, state that the above-mentioned Manifesto, proclaiming the emancipation of the serfs, was everywhere received with enthusiasm; this might well be—it was the opening of a safety-valve.

—The news from Bosnia is of an alarming character. The whole Herzegovina is in a state of revolution, being supported by the Montenegro. The fighting had become general. Several Turkish villages had been reduced to ashes.

—There has been a dissolution of the Cabinet in Sardinia. Count Cavour had been intrusted with the formation of a new Ministry.

—Nearer home, we have rumors of the sailing of vessels of war from Cuba, to take possession, in the name of Spain, of the eastern portion of the island of St. Domingo. Spain is said to be supported by France, which power, it is said, will attempt to reassert its control over the western end of the island, or Hayti, now occupied by the colored republic.

The Fine Arts.

NOTICES OF PAINTINGS AND OTHER PRODUCTIONS OF ART.

CAREFULLY AND IMPARTIALLY PREPARED FOR THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

We propose offering our readers occasional notices of paintings and other art productions which may be from time to time on public view; also to give an outline of works from the various schools which have stood before the world as acknowledged master productions.

In doing so, we will freely utter what we believe to be true, irrespective of sects and parties; for, strange to say, art has been more or less trammelled by dogmas and associations, which, though avowedly in its interest, have nevertheless been either stepping-stones for individual thrift or actual drawbacks to the cause. Our deep, reverent love of nature, will aim to expose all that is meretricious, and applaud to the echo every complete success or faithful effort. In taking an extended view of the productions of the pencil, they will invariably be found a reflection, so to speak, of the prevailing sentiment of the times. Thus, when the devotional feelings of an age were conspicuous, the artistic works truly recorded the fact; so much so, that cloistered monks and other religious devotees frequently gave their lives and best talents to the development of some holy thought.

Many rude artistic attempts are pervaded by a feeling truly spiritual. The same is true of the sensual, the heroic, the gay, and the superficial.

A PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I.

Among the many interesting and valuable pictures on exhibition, may be found one at the Stuyvesant Institute, 657 Broadway—a portrait of Charles I., Prince of Wales, by Diego Velasquez, done at Madrid, 1623. It has been on exhibition here over eight years, and is invested with some remarkable incidents. Being a work of great merit and moneyed value, and possessing a historic interest, its appearance in this country might cause some doubt as to its genuineness. A few words as to its history:

In the year 1623, Charles, Prince of Wales, in company with the notorious George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, proceeded to Spain with the intention of forming a political alliance by marriage with the Infanta. During that memorable sojourn, Velasquez,

who had by previous severe study perfected himself in his art, was invited to paint the likeness of the royal visitor. Every circumstance conspired to draw from the youthful artist his highest efforts. Indeed, his reputation almost depended upon the result of this occasion. We shall presently see how well he realized his youthful aspirations. The work was nearly completed, but the object of the prince's mission resulted in failure.

The party left abruptly for England, and until within a few years all knowledge of the picture was lost. By a fortunate occurrence its present owner discovered it. Nobility, chagrined at not possessing so valuable and interesting an object, actually compelled its finder to leave England and come to this country to secure its safety. Let us view the creation of the noble Spaniard.

Tux PRINCE, in a graceful attitude, encased in armor of polished steel, gazes gently upon us with soft liquid eyes; his brow, nose, and mouth indicate nobleness and mildness. A profusion of rich brown hair descends from a broad, elevated forehead, on either side to the shoulders. His delicate hands indicate a refinement in consonance with princely breeding. By his side is a globe half covered with the cloth of gold, with deep red border suspended from behind, conveying the sentiment of the intended alliance: "Now we (Spain and England) will divide the world between us." The carnations in the flesh are deep, and toned to that nameless quality which we always find in nature. In the distant background is seen a battle, with soldiers on horseback in deadly combat. The vigorous drawing and determined action in this accessory is near reality itself. In this little corner will be discovered the wonderful knowledge of the artist. The general effect of the work is a union of great strength with the utmost delicacy. The parts may be examined with a powerful lens, and the highest finish is observed, or it may be viewed from a distance of thirty feet or more, and it stands forth a marvel of art. The idea of real presence is conveyed while in its company. The distant atmosphere is also well rendered. The mind of Velasquez was highly practical, and his idealism did not elevate his productions out of the sphere of popular comprehension; yet was he never commonplace! His individuality is particularly striking, and yet his style is very varied; so much so that his early works are frequently doubted. He gives pleasure both to the illiterate and the learned; hence, of all painters, he was among the most popular. Though his treatment of subject was very different, he was always elevated and impressive.

AT THE OLD DUNDELOFF GALLERY,

Broadway, is a collection of paintings, among which is the somewhat noted *Venus*, by Page. Whenever an entire nude figure is made the principal in a picture, it should be invested with rare excellencies, and in the highest degree a poetic revelation of nature, otherwise it becomes common-place and vulgar. Many eminent painters, ancient and modern, have left specimens of this character, chiefly as exponents of certain art specialties, or as embodiments of the united beauties of the pencil.

THE VENUS OF TITIAN.

In the Florence Gallery, has a justly world-wide reputation for its gorgeous beauty. It tells no story, but is simply the poetry of color. We have closely examined the *Venus* of our countryman in this relation, and although admirable in its proportions, rotundity and solidity, of form, evincing deep learning in the nice movements of the human figure, we fail to realize any high degree of beauty in its color. Herein we feel a disappointment, as Mr. Page stands confessedly a colorist, and doubtless no artist has devoted more severe study to this speciality. The figure is poised in a floating shell, drawn on the sea by a pair of white doves, and the peculiar difficulty of rendering this attitude has been successfully overcome. In the same room is a large composition representing Aaron and Hur holding up the arms of Moses. The party is standing upon an elevation in view of the battle which is raging on the plains below. Although this is merely accessory, we think a more extended view of the combat would add more interest to the subject. The actors in the scene are nobly designed, and convey much force and artistic vigor. An explanation of the subject will be found in the Old Testament record. There is a degree of mannerism in the execution which is disagreeable, but a more remote view will obviate this and bring out the finest points of the work.

SCULPTURE.

The Countess of Leicester left the earthly form, together with her new-born infant; and to commemorate this sad event, a most appropriate design in bas-relief was formed by W. Gibson, the English sculptor. It is composed of a group of three figures, one representing a majestic guardian angel with the babe resting upon her bosom, and by her side, clasping her hand, the mother. Onward they move. The head of the mother inclines backward, her eyes resting upon those of her companions. Her face is an embodiment of maternal love, while that of the new born spirit is upturned with confidence slightly blended with sadness. The draperies flow with artless simplicity, and above the group is a lone star, emblem, perhaps, of hope. The sentiment of the design is inexpressibly beautiful, and language cannot convey the spirit, which is so forcibly embodied. How wonderful to behold the cold, dull marble, transformed by mind into life and spiritual beauty!

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."

"The Nightingale Ensnared; OR, THE LIBERTINE RECLAIMED."

FROM THE FRENCH OF X. B. SAINTINE.

Translated for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

V.—THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A NOBLE LORD.

We will here give a few fragments from the correspondence of the Viscount de Rupereux with M. de Lenoncourt, during his residence at Marly. These letters, which we owe to the kindness and friendship of M. Ch. G., who found the rough drafts of them in the charter-chest of the house of Fagon, of which he had become the last proprietor, will cast a needed light on the part of our story thus far to some extent obscure.

The Viscount de Rupereux to his Cousin, the Chevalier de Lenoncourt.

APRIL, 1720.

I write you from my Tauris, my dear and trusty cousin; I write not to give you anything new, but to exercise my arm, which is beginning to be convalescent, and demands some sort of occupation. Unable as yet to use it in fencing, or in tennis, I con- demn it to scribbling this paper; but may the evil one get you, if I know what it is going to write to you from me, for I have nothing to say.

Since my arrival here I have been leading the life of a sage and a saint at the same time. I do penance, I fast, I reason, I am temperate, and morning and evening I pray God to remit all my sins—inasmuch as all the sins of youth are like debts, which one likes to shake off from time to time, in order the more easily to run into new ones.

Up to the present time, dieting, fever, and tizane have not allowed me to take to my old ways; but if I were in as good health as the Pont-Neuf, and could eat like the late king, whom *divinity confined to the shore* when a battle was to be fought, but who boldly risked his person when a good dinner was to be assailed, no longer content with directing the combat for others—what would it profit me? I am alone, Lenoncourt, exiled, proscribed, and solitude is a hindrance to a great many adventures; particularly for me, who cannot even feast without companions, nor drink without clinking glasses.

Marly is a desert—not the shadow of a marchioness to be seen! The sex produces only peasant girls there with *varieties*. A few more pretty faces, however, are to be seen there than in any other village in the environs of Paris; perhaps our gentry of the court have been at the pains to improve the race in that locality; or rather the Jews who once peopled Marly, have perpetuated there those large, black, sparkling eyes, those aquiline noses, which are so little met with among chaste village maidens; but the whole sex digs the ground and cultivates the vineyards, combs its hair badly, wears wooden shoes, and dresses above the shoulders; it is sun-burnt, does brown, and crusted over, it is smacked of mire and steam—*he, then!*

I have consequently no other amusement than to run about and derange things generally, on the new estate which I owe to my relationship with good man Fagon.

But, indeed, cousin, I must relate to you a quite agreeable bucolic in which I played a part the other evening. I thought I had nothing to tell you, and now this turns up, at the very moment my poor arm begins to ask for rest.

Under a blue sky and with the wind blowing warm, I had climbed a hill to visit a portion of the park bordering upon a little chestnut grove. From this point a marvelous prospect is to be had, which even rivals that from the famous terrace of Saint-Germain, which is in my vicinity. But I was hardly thinking of the prospect; I was walking and dreaming—of whom? of what? Guess! Of Mademoiselle de V—? No; she forgot to give me her portrait; my memory is so poor, that her physiognomy escapes me when I try to recall it. Of La Guimard? Pshaw! It betrays a schoolboy's simplicity to think of an absent opera girl. Of Madam de Tencin? God forbid! she is the property of the church. Don't you guess it? Not at all! Well, sir, I was thinking of the fair Montespan. Neither the deceased king, nor the late M. de Montespan, have the right to pick a quarrel with me for it. This part of the park formerly belonged to him, and I was saying to myself that perhaps under the shade of those fair trees which I had just caused to be cut down, Louis the Great—glutton, had breathed his sighs in her presence. Their loves were running through my brain, and were like to put me on a train of ideas somewhat dangerous for a convalescent, when the clear voice of a young girl rose to my ear from a dwelling near by, situated on the other side of the highway. It was charming to me. Madam de Montespan soon gave place in my mind to a beauty not so old, less decayed, and which I fancied endowed with a thousand gifts of nature.

Lenoncourt, everything moves in a void. My fasting filled my head with vapors which fashioned before me the most beautiful phantom. The more I listened to the songstress, the more pretty did it seem to me she must be. Returning to my house, I wished to clear up the matter.

Joseph, my valet, a cunning blade, almost as wicked as his master, and who always keeps an accurate register of the inferior order of beauties, immediately gave me complete information. The songstress is Madeleine Duprier, or Ducommier—the name I do not exactly recall. In the absence of her mother, who fills some low situation with the duchess of Orleans, she lives with an old hussy, who guards her after the fashion of the dragon of the Hesperides. If I am to

believe Master Joseph, who is acquainted with her, she is as good as a queen. He has given her the name of Mademoiselle Satin-Rose, her skin, according to his tell, is so soft and delicate, and her cheeks so prettily crimsoned. For the rest, save the wooden shoes, the tan, and the smell of mold, she is a little peasant girl. Master Joseph, who has already scanned her person from a corner of his eye on Sunday at church, first declared to me in a bragging tone that she belonged to the village, and of course to his beat, and that he claimed her for himself. He finally impudently offered to give her up to me, though on conditions. I thanked him with a gesture, as he deserved.

The next day at evening, at the same hour and the same place, I was listening to the fair one who was again at her warbling. You know that from my childhood, brought up among the valets and pages of falconry, I imitate easily, and so as easily to deceive a listener, the singing and chirping of all birds. I had brought with me a bird-call; so I piped the air which the damsel sang. She really believed that she was dealing with a feathered tenor. I was convinced of it, from hearing her, like a little mad-cap, clap her hands and utter cries of delight; that amused me; we again began the air together; but that I might not betray myself, I took care not to play it too correctly, and to dash the whole with discordant chirps. The funniest incident in the performance was, that even the birds were taken in, and a few, waking from their slumbers in the little grove and in the forest, began to take their part in the serenade. I gave way to them and went to bed. However the game pleased me; the next day—

But adieu, cousin; you will think me an idiot, and by heavens, I shall be of your opinion; it is quite enough to talk to you of such trifles. What would you have? My wits are in a sling, as yesterday my arm was. Adieu, my brave knight of the carabine; I will venture twenty louis on your first card.

To the Same.

MAY, 1720.

All fair, *Dorante!* You do wrong to accuse me of delaying my cure by going every evening to play nightingale in my woods. This charge is false and without foundation; on the contrary, this little sprig of a love affair, ridiculous as it may appear to you and as it really is, has so cheered me up, that it has done better for me than all my compresses and tisanes. My Esculapius is in amazement at this miraculous crisis, which he attributes to his medicines. Decidedly, it was low spirits and dieting that were killing me. I have set the thing right, and as the medicine of a love intrigue was exactly suited to my health, I have doubled the dose. See how I did it. Master Joseph, taken somewhat aback perhaps, by my taking him at his word in the matter of his little peasant girl, advised me to have recourse to another restorative, as he said, more worthy of him. He referred to a widow; Joseph represented her to me as the belle among the belles of Marly. I directed him to bring me the same evening circumstantial information, that I might prepare my batteries accordingly.

She is of a respectable citizen's family of Perigord. Her father, an officer of fortune and knight of Saint Louis, was slain at the siege of the late king at that place, to present him a petition. It was so, and it was promised that she should have justice done her; but at his departure from Marly, beside the said petition the king took with him the malady of which he was to die at Versailles. With despair the poor girl saw her castle of cards tumble down. But shrewd, cunning, and ambitious, she caught sight in the countess of the Marquis de Mouchy, the heir of all the old Jerrys of Marly, perhaps, and fastened her grapple to him. In order to marry him, she made him, like the nice little that she is, aljure his Judaism. To-day she is a widow, rich and handsome. Such is the position; I at once saw all its perils.

This woman, sir knight, is bound first of all to look out for a second marriage to get rid of her Hebrew delirium; then she will play the self-willed and intractable lady. However, I did not hesitate, and made ready for the assault. What particularly receded me, was that I learned that the defunct husband was no other than that honest Isaac Alphen, who so often lent us money at twenty per cent. Cordieu! [heart of Christ] said I to myself, I will have my vengeance on the rascal, even after his death, by stripping off the mourning weeds worn in his honor.

If I sung matins every day in the presence of my widow, I none the less chanted every evening for my little peasant girl. Do you catch the piquancy of the contrast, knight? To carry along two intrigues abreast is no great affair, and certainly I should not boast of it; but to transform one's self by turns from a dandy into a shepherd boy, to perform an idyl and play libertine at the same time—is this spoiling the business?

I am very well satisfied with Master Joseph; he is an excellent auxiliary in this kind of hunt; he ferrets out the game skillfully, follows the scent well, and never raises anything but good samples. I owe him an increase of wages; but he will not get it before I shall have succeeded in sounding my tally-ho at Champdour as well as at Bird-Meadow.

I made myself known to Madeleine under the name of Urban Berneuil, one of my noble teachers at Beauvais, and now in the service of my father in the duties of grand falconry. But the good move in this game, cousin, is that when I learned from Madam Alphen that she sometimes received the visits of my pretty little maiden, instead of being alarmed at this intimacy as a vulgar seducer would have been, instead of anticipating from their mutual confidence an obstacle to my designs, I saw in it on the contrary a sure means of proceeding directly to my object; not that I wish to arrive at it too quickly! The road thither is agreeable, to travel it gives me pleasure, and I am master of my own time. This then is the delectable move I made; I beg of you to study it thoroughly and to make it known to our friends.

To Madam Alphen I discoursed at length on the merits of my faithful Berneuil, an honorable and worthy servant in whom I had put entire confidence, and who deserves it for a variety of reasons. On his side, that estimable Urban Berneuil with whom you are

acquainted, from his first interview with the little peasant girl, found opportunity to enlodge—not without some concealments, for probabilities must be regarded—the viscount de Rupereux, an excellent young man, who was loyalty itself, with a head a little giddy, but with a heart of gold! etc., etc. You understand that at their first meeting, the two women could not fail to exchange on even terms, this two-fold commendation of the same individual in two persons. Ah, cousin, what do you say about it? Do you not admire the ingenious tactics which compel two rivals to make tools of each other to secure my double triumph?

But I hear you objecting that I may perhaps meet them together some morning. A mistake; my measures are so taken as to avoid that. When I am at Champdour, the door is shut against the profane. If a visitor arrives, which is hardly ever the case, I inquire his name, and keep myself on my guard. Besides, my pretty little maiden seldom goes out, and henceforth I shall be informed in advance of her slightest movements.

Oh! I do not say, however, that some fine day, when they shall be together, I shall not give myself the pleasure to come down suddenly upon both of them, and show them that I am not to be played in a single person! That will make an interesting tableau, will it not? But when I give them this delightful surprise, the widow will be a widow for the second time, and the innocent Madeleine will be Madeleine the sinner. Adieu, cousin; you perceive that with my health I have recovered nearly all my virtues.

To the Same.

MAY, 1720.

You ask me which is the more beautiful, my Jewess or my peasant girl. A foolish question, cousin. Assemble a court to try such a case, and opinions will be necessarily divided; one will prefer a blonde, another a brunette; this one will think nothing can equal black eyes, that one will give the preference to blue. Paris was alone when he gave his famous judgment, and perhaps he suffered himself to be somewhat influenced by the reputation of his client. Besides, I am not, like him, capable of judging from a thorough knowledge of the case.

In my opinion the only way to adjudge the prize, is to recur to principles, to ascertain of what elements beauty consists, and what those elements are in the number and the perfection determined in advance. In this estimate, as in so many others, nothing but figures is of any account. Now, chevalier, the ancients, whom you have never read, have foreseen the difficulty and solved it in the Pythagorean style. Say again that I am not a philosopher! The ideal, undiscoverable beauty, the perfection of the female, is revealed in the binary number, nine times repeated; that is, there exists for the sex twenty-seven perfections, which may be divided by three according to their varieties. I will give them in a tabular form for your guidance and that of your friends.

Three things white: the skin, teeth, and hands.

Three black: the eyes, eyebrows, and eyelashes.

Three red: the lips, cheeks, and nails.

Three wide: the waist, hair, and eyelashes.

Three small: the chest, forehead, and hips.

Three small in compass: the mouth, waist, and ankle.

Three arched: the nose, eyebrows, and general figure.

Three round: the neck, chin, and bosom.

Three small: the foot, hand, and ear.

Well! my Jewess has nineteen, my Jewess twenty-two; so my little Jewess gets the sight in the country by three! Have I not disclosed to you, knight, a marvelous system by which to estimate women at their just value? Henceforth, my trusty friend, when you would give me an idea of your *marchionness*, do not express it in phrases which obscure everything: give me figures, nothing but figures, cordieu! Sum them up and send me the total. I, with a glimpse at their faces, will tell you the beauty value of most of our fair dames. La Mouchy is to be rated at sixteen; La Guimard at twenty-one; La Dancergne at twenty-four; La Parabere and La Villorri range between twenty-five and twenty-six; but if you ever find one reaching twenty-seven, I will go and announce it at Rome, and the Pope will take a wife.

I must tell you, cousin, an amusing incident. Yesterday, my little peasant made me swear, with my hand on the Stone Cross, that I would marry her *before the altar*. It was with great difficulty I could keep from laughing outright, but at last I swore to do so. You will understand that I was then playing Urban Berneuil with Mdlle. Satin-Rose; still I took the precaution to declare that the marriage should not be celebrated till I should be made racket-bearer to the king. *Zounds!* my little gossip, even then you were not rebuffed! You must have visions, eh? You shall have them, but on other terms. As for a husband, he is a patient, and some day we will have you marry one of our valets, or, if you are ambitious, too, a traveling cobbler who follows the court.

To the Same.

JUNE, 1720.

Bang! It is all up; the crash has come, my dear Lenoncourt! The grand scene which I was preparing so carefully, as the means of a signal rupture, has come too soon and contrary to my intention. I have failed, and I am very sorry, above all for my little Jewess. As for my widow, the reconciliation will be easy, I think; but my pretty peasant? Ah, sir knight, I should give her up with a deal of regret! How beautiful she was when in her fainting fit! How graceful in her sighs and despair! I really think I must have set down her beauty at too low a figure.

This is the way the affair came about: On the evening previous, I had performed with my charming Madeleine, the burlesque scene of the oath before the Stone Cross; I had obtained a confession under all forms; the future was certain, but I was not inclined to hasten the crisis. A triumphant victor already, though somewhat rash, over the one party, I was not displeased to protract and play with the perfect love of the other. The idyl has its sweets, particularly for a convalescent.

Madeleine was to set out the next day for Paris with her old duenna, to visit her mother, from whom she was expecting a letter that failed to come; so she told me. Supposing she was already far on the road, I did not observe my usual caution in presenting myself at the house of the widow. I enter with the air of a conqueror; I hear a cry; I turn on my heel; Madeleine had just fallen at full length. By heavens! cousin, any one else in my place would have taken flight to avoid an explanation; but I stood firm, hoping that I might still lay the storm and safely steer my bark between these two opposing currents. That would have been a master-stroke; for a moment I thought I should succeed. As Madeleine's fit continued, I told my widow to call no one, to make no noise about the matter—that it was only a fainting turn—and to go herself for a cordial. She was stupefied, out of her wits; she went out mechanically without knowing where she was going, and left me alone with Madeleine. I fell on my knees before her, raised her in my arms, laid her head in my lap, and watched the gradual return of color to her charming countenance. I gently called her name; she opened her eyes and looked at me without any expression of concern or surprise. "Silence!" I said; "not a word here, not a word! To-morrow you shall know all; to-morrow I will explain myself—I love you, I adore you, I love no one but you!" In short, I uttered whatever came uppermost which was in the least pathetic and consoling. I thought myself at the end of the business, and considered my point gained; of a sudden, her eyes opened wide, and from that moment alone did she seem to see and hear me. She fetched a deep sigh that made me tremble, I confess it in all shame, and thrusting me back with more energy than I supposed possible for her to exert, rose at once to her feet. But consider, chevalier, how in all these beautiful, pathetic adventures, the comic element or even burlesque may intrude at a moment when we least expect it! I was on my knees, of course badly poised, and somewhat excited, which did not help me to maintain my position; as she repulsed me, the little maiden tumbled me over, and when my widow returned, the tableau had completely changed face; it was Madeleine who was standing, and I lay at full length on the floor.

Now there was something to laugh at, I think. Well, matters took a very different turn. Madeleine threw herself in tears into the arms of her *happy* rival. "There is the master falconer madam," said she, pointing me out with a gesture and a glance; "there is that Urban Berneuil who deceived me, and deceived you under another name!" I repeat it, Lenoncourt, at this moment Madeleine was a fair picture to paint! It was not exactly the case with my Jewess, her face, glowing red, betrayed rather anger than sorrow. Standing erect, her eyes darting fire, with uplifted arm, she lacked only a sabre to resemble Judith the day after her marriage with Holophernes.

The place was no longer tenable for me; I took my hat and went out, dispensing with my three customary bows.

Such is the condition of my affairs, cousin; the widow will return to me; but Madeleine! Madeleine!

P. S.—The very evening of the grand catastrophe—so I am just informed—Madam Alphen left Marly. Where is she gone? I do not know. So I am plunged into solitude again. Noces assures me that I shall not receive permission to return to Paris before Mademoiselle de V— leaves. May she make haste to become the duchess of Modena then, if my return depends upon her departure. I fear I shall die of ennui here, if I am too long forgotten there.

To the Same.

JULY, 1720.

Great news, cousin! Madam des Aubiers, Madeleine's mother, is dead—died suddenly, as she was handing a cup of soup to Madam the duchess of Orleans. Her daughter, however, had time to reach her presence, and receive her last adieu. I thought Madeleine would return no more to Marly; she has come back; I have seen her again; and she shall be mine, or I will forfeit my title!

(To be continued.)

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

Mrs. C. M. Stowe may be addressed, Vandala, Conn. Co., Mich.

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.

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

Mrs. H. M. Miller will receive calls to lecture in Pennsylvania, and New York. Address Ashtabula, O.

J. H. Randall, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed care of Charles Merritt, Esq., Battle Creek, Mich.

A. W. Curtiss will respond to calls to lecture in Southern Minnesota. Address Marion, Olmsted Co., Minn.

Miss Martha F. Hulett (Post-office address, Rockford, Ill.) will speak during April, and May in the East.

Dr. R. L. Anderson will speak on Reform, or the Harmonical Philosophy, illustrating with full electrical and astronomical apparatus. Address Xenia, O.

Charles Holt will spend the summer months in New England. Address until the last of May, care of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell, Inspirational Speaker, will receive invitations to lecture, addressed, Phoenix, N. Y.

Frank Chase, Inspirational Medium, will answer calls to lecture on Politics and Religion. Address Sutton, N. H.

Herman Snow, formerly Unitarian Minister, will address Spiritualists and Friends of Progress not too remote from his residence, Rockford, Ill.

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

Dr. W. J. F. Von Vleck will answer calls to lecture in the Middle or North-western States. Address care Dr. Allen Pence, Terre Haute, Ind.

Rev. J. D. Lawver will attend to any invitations to deliver six or more lectures on Doctrine Christianity, directed to Coatesville, N. Y.

Leo Miller speaks in Philadelphia the four Sundays of May. Calls to lecture week evenings should be addressed, Hartford, Conn., or as above.

H. B. Storer will lecture at Providence, R. I., April 14th. Will speak three evenings per week at places near these towns.

William Denton intends to explore the lead region of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, this Spring. Friends desiring his services as a lecturer on Geology and General Reform can direct to Painesville, Ohio.

Wm. Bailey Potter, M. D., will answer calls to lecture on Scientific Spiritualism in Eastern Mass.; chasnetta, through the coming season. Address Westboro, Mass.

Lamarine Hall, New York.—Meetings for free Spiritual discussion are held every Sunday at 3 P. M. at the corner Twenty-ninth St. and Eighth Avenue. Lectures by Trance Speakers every Sunday evening.

Mrs. S. E. Warner will lecture the third and fourth Sundays of April in Battle Creek. Those who wish to secure her services for the summer will address her as above.

H. P. Fairfield will speak at Toledo, Ohio, two first Sundays of April; Adrian, Mich., the two last Sundays. For engagements in the West and South, address care Lemuel Martin, Esq., Adrian, Mich.

Cleveland, O.—Meetings at Chapin's Hall 2 P. M. and evening. Mrs. A. A. Currier will speak during April. For engagements during the week, near Cleveland, address Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

Frank L. Wadsworth lectures Sunday April 14th at Elkhart, Ind.; 21st and 23rd, Sturgis, Mich.; May 5th and 12th, Adrian, Mich.; May 19th and 26th, Toledo, Ohio; June, Detroit, Mich.; July, Lyons, Mich. Address accordingly.

R. P. Ambler will speak at Attica, Ind., three first Sundays of April, during which he will return to the East and accept engagements in the vicinity of Boston or Lowell during May, June, and August. Address care C. W. Bateman, Attica, Ind.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will lecture in St. Louis the three first Sundays of April; Beardstown, Ill., the fourth Sunday. She will speak in the East until November, when she will again visit the West, lecturing through November in Oswego, N. Y. Address J. W. Currier, Box 815, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

N. Frank White will lecture at Battle Creek, Mich., two first Sundays of April; Toledo, Ohio, two last; Detroit, Mich., four Sundays of May; Oswego, N. Y., the five Sundays of June; Seymour, Conn., through July. All calls for the year following in the East. Address soon as above.

Miss Emma Harding will lecture in Philadelphia during April. Address care Mr. E. Bryant, 114 South Second Street. In Providence in May. Address care Capt. H. Simons, Providence, R. I. In Worcester and Bangor, Mass. in June. In Oswego, N. Y., Post-office address care of Bela Marsh, Publisher, 14 Broadfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Laura DeForce will speak in Decorah and Davenport, Iowa, the Sundays of the month of April; Plymouth, Mass., during May; Providence, R. I., July; Quincy, Mass., Aug. 4, 11, and 18; Saratoga Springs, Aug. 25 and Sept. 1; Putnam Corners, Sept. 8 and 15; Concord, N. H., Sept. 29; Portland, Me., October. Applications for week evenings addressed as above will be received.

Mrs. Laura McAlpin will speak at Cleveland, O., the two first Sundays of April; third Sunday in Elkhart, Ind.; fourth Sunday will attend Speakers' Convention at Sturgis, Mich. Will lecture the Sundays of May in Elkhart and Goshen, Ind.; three last Sundays in June in Toledo, O. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in the vicinity of her Sunday appointments. Address care Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, O.; G. North, Elkhart, Ind.; E. Cole, Goshen, Ind.; Henry Reed, Toledo, O.

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As a luxury, no form of Bath equals the true ORIENTAL, or GRADUATED VAPOR BATH. As a remedial agent for many conditions of the human organism, they cannot be too highly appreciated. FOR IMPROVING AND REACTIFYING THE COMPLEXION, they are worth more than all the Cosmetics in the world. Separate suites of rooms for Ladies. Skillful attendants in both the Ladies' and Gentlemen's departments. Also, Medicated and Electro-Magnetic Baths. Open daily, from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M. Sundry from 7 A.M. to 12 M.
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Is beautifully located at Peoria, Ill. No greater facilities are afforded for the rapid recovery of the afflicted than are now offered at this Institution. The Electro-Chemical Bath has been very extensively used, with great improvements in the application of it, and almost marvelous results, for the past two years. All forms of Female Diseases treated with great success. By a special application of the Electro-Chemical Bath, the menstrual function is readily restored when suppressed, from whatever cause, and regulated when painful or otherwise deranged. All who are afflicted with disease should send for a circular. Address
35-41. M. NEVINS, M. D., Physician and Prop'r.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,

No. 33 Bond Street, New York.
Dr. SCOTT'S CURES FOR PILES AND CANCERS without the use of the knife. Also cures GRAVEL. All Rheumatic Complaints treated with certainty. Hours from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.
N. B.—Medicines sent to all parts of the United States and the Canada, on description of disease.
Patients will be received at the house at reasonable board.

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Patients examined, prescribed for, and treated.
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For the Cure of all Acute and Chronic Diseases.
Rheumatism, Consumption, Paralysis, or Cancerous Affections treated with success. Refers to Dr. W. G. Hooley. Rooms No. 1 Amity St., corner of Broadway, New York. 25-41

MRS. P. A. FERGUSON TOWER, Water-Cure and Magnetic Physician.

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Acute and Chronic Diseases treated from Clairvoyant Examinations.
Office hours from 1 to 4 o'clock, P. M. 41

TECUMSEH SALVE

Is an Indian Prescription for the cure of Cancer, and has been used with great efficacy in that most alarming disease. Unlike most Cancer remedies, it produces no pain in effecting a cure. It also dispatches, on short notice, Carbuncles, Felons, Broken Breasts, and Boils. Let the afflicted try it.
Reference, Mrs. S. B. Baker, 189 and William A. Warner, 199 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, where the Salve can be obtained; or of Mrs. M. M. Chapin till May 1, corner of Henry and Atlantic Streets, Brooklyn. Price \$1 per box. Sent by mail, \$1.25. 58-41

M. M. CHAPIN.

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

DR. E. B. FRANK has located at No. 47 Bond St., New York, for the purpose of treating magnetically all diseases except Cancer.
Evidence of instantaneous relief can be furnished on application. Office hours from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. 25-41

DR. A. B. SMITH, Spirit and Clairvoyant Physician, Remount, Ulster Co., N. Y., is prepared to board and treat the sick at his residence. Terms 1st board, medicine, and medical treatment, from \$5 to \$12 per week. There are superior advantages in patients boarding with the Doctor, as his manipulations have proved beneficial in cases beyond the reach of medicine. Terms for examination and prescription by letter, \$1.25 45-41

OF SELF HEALING. Showing that disease is never cured by medicine but always by the Vital Forces in Nutrition. For Dropsy, Hemorrhage, Nervous and Seminal weakness, safe and sure! Sent to you for one dime. Address, LAROS SUNDERLAND, Boston, Mass.

MRS. WARD, Selette Physician, 195 Nassau St., Brooklyn, will furnish medical treatment to such as desire, at their homes or her own residence. Take Flushing Avenue cars to Fulton Ferry. 42-41

MRS. M. L. VAN HAUGHTON, Test Medium and Clairvoyant Medical Examiner, has permanently located at 11 1/2 3d Avenue, near Cooper Institute, where she may be consulted at all hours of the day and evening, Sundays included. Terms 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. 43-41

SENT FREE FOR THE BENEFIT OF NERVOUS SUFFERERS.
The Warning Voice on the Self-Cure of Debility, Confusion of Ideas, &c., by a FORMER SUFFERER. Containing, also, an exposure of the Impositions and Deceptions practiced by Quacks. Address, inclosing stamp, box 5818, Boston, Mass. A very important circular to the married sent on receipt of stamp. 60-84

MRS. FISH, Medical Clairvoyant, 47 Bond St. examines by letter, with name, age, and residence, or by look of hair. Has never been known to fail. Examination and prescription by letter, \$2. Medicines prepared and forwarded at the lowest rates. 35-41

Special Notices.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

WITH IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS.
REDUCED PRICES!!
OFFICE, No. 305 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
"This Machine makes the 'LOOK-STITCH,' and ranks highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching when done, and the wide range of its application."
—Report of American Institute, N. Y.
This Report was in accordance with the awards at the FAIR OF THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY; at the fairs of the American Institute, New York; Mechanics' Association, Boston; Franklin Institute, Philadelphia; Metropolitan Mechanics' Institute, Washington; Mechanics' Institute, Baltimore; Kentucky Institute, Louisville; Mechanical Association, St. Louis; Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco.

AT THE STATE FAIRS OF
Maine, Ohio,
Vermont, Indiana,
Connecticut, Iowa,
New York, Tennessee,
New Jersey, Illinois,
Pennsylvania, Kentucky,
Virginia, Michigan,
Mississippi, Wisconsin,
Missouri, California,
And at hundreds of county fairs. 49

JEROME KIDDER'S NEW AND IMPROVED ELECTRO MAGNETIC MACHINE.

Patented 1869, is a very superior apparatus for medical purposes.
"I consider this machine superior to any I have ever seen, and take pleasure in recommending it to my numerous friends."
I. G. ATWOOD, M.D., 88 E. 16th St.
For particulars address JEROME KIDDER, 59-62 429 Broadway, New York.

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

The undersigned would respectfully suggest that long experience in the line of collection of rents enables him to give satisfaction. He makes this department a specialty, and invites the patronage of the public. Hours from 12 to 2.
58-70 J. COVERT, 205 Clinton St.

THE LANCASTER CIRCLE.

As we have been frequently importuned, any question having for its object Progression, and proposed in a spirit of serious inquiry, will be answered by the spirits of the Lancaster Circle. Address, The Lancaster Circle, Lancaster, Pa., inclosing \$1, to defray expenses of medium's time, &c. 41

A HOME WANTED.

A worthy and intelligent mother wishes to obtain homes for her three children, where they can be allowed to help themselves and bless their benefactors. The eldest of this interesting little group is a daughter in her twelfth year; the second is a son, nine years old; and the youngest is a little girl of five. Address "A Mother," at the office of this journal.

SPIRITOSCOPES.

WM. E. HALLOCK, Evansville, Indiana, is manufacturing the SPIRITOSCOPES or DIAL, and is prepared to ship them to any part of America, at \$2 each. They are neatly constructed and well packed in boxes, ready for delivery. Address, enclosing \$2, to 55-61 WM. E. HALLOCK, Evansville, Ind.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Plants
WILLIAM R. PRINCE & CO., Proprietors of the Linden Botanic Garden and Nurseries, Flushing, N. Y. will send Priced Catalogues of every variety of plants to applicants who enclose stamps.
N. B. A spacious dwelling, very pleasant and healthy, to rent or for sale. 56-41

FOR SALE, at a great bargain, about 5,000 acres of good land, near the line of the Delaware and Eastern Bay Railroad, Burlington Co., New Jersey. Said land, after a few months, will be within about 2 hours ride of N. Y. Apply to B. FRANKLIN CLARK, 183 EAST BROADWAY, N. Y. 54-41

A LADY desires the situation of housekeeper in a Widow's family, or for a party of gentlemen in the city or country. References exchanged. Address "HOUSEKEEPER," care A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal St., New York. 56-41

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

BOARD FOR FAMILIES. Or single persons, at 138 East Broadway near Canal St. Transient boarders accommodated at moderate rates. 21-41

D. WHITE, M.D., IMPRESSIVE AND HEALING MEDIUM, has removed to 120 Varick Street, (near Spring Street.) Office hours from 8 to 9 A.M., 3 to 5 and 7 to 8 P.M. 62-41

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 her hands, persons soon become influenced, and a few sittings develop them to their various gifts." 41

MRS. S. J. IRISH, Rapping Test Medium and Clairvoyant Physician, No. 290 W. 19th Street, near 9th Avenue, New York. Public Circles every Wednesday evening. Admission 25 cents. 41

I. G. ATWOOD, Magnetic Physician, 88 East 16th St., N. Y. First-class accommodations for patients from abroad. 27-41

MRS. TOWNE, Healing, Clairvoyant, Developing Medium, Shawangunk, Ulster Co., N. Y.

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW,

AND STILL SOMETHING WHICH HAS

STOOD THE TEST OF YEARS,

AND STILL GROWS

More and more Popular every Day.

IT IS

PROF. WOOD'S

HAIR RESTORATIVE.

SEE WHAT OTHERS SAY OF IT.

A Distinguished St. Louis Physician writes:

St. Louis, July 10, 1860.
O. J. Wood, Esq.: Dear Sir—Allow me the pleasure and satisfaction to transmit to you the beneficial effects of your Hair Restorative, after a trial of five years. I commenced using your Restorative in January, 1855, since which time I have not been without a bottle on hand. When I commenced the use, my hair was quite thin, and at least one-third gray. A few applications stopped its falling, and in three weeks time there was not a gray hair to be found, neither has there been up to this time.

After my hair was completely restored, I continued its use by applying two or three times per month. My hair has ever continued healthy, soft, and glossy, and my scalp perfectly free from dandruff. I do not imagine the facts above mentioned will be of any particular advantage to you, or even flatter your vanity at this late day, as I am well aware they are all well known already, and even more wonderful ones, throughout the Union. I have occupied my time in traveling the greater part of the time the past three years, and have taken pride and pleasure in recommending your Restorative, and exhibiting its effects in my own case. In several instances I have met with people that have pronounced it a blessing, saying they have used it, and without effect. In every instance, however, it proved, by probing the matter, that they had not used your article at all, but had used some new article, said to be as good as yours, and selling at about half the price. I have noticed two or three articles myself advertised as such, which I have no doubt are humbugs. It is astonishing that people will patronize an article of no reputation, when there is one at hand that has been proved beyond a doubt.

Apparently some of those charlatans have not brains enough to write an advertisement, and I notice that they have copied yours, word for word, in several instances, merely inserting some other name in place of yours.

I have, within the past five years, seen and talked with more than two thousand persons that have used your preparation with perfect success—some for baldness, gray hair, scall head, dandruff, and every disease the scalp and head are subject to.

I called to see you personally at your original place of business here, but learned you were now living in New York.

You are at liberty to publish this, or to refer parties to me. Any communication addressed to me, care Box No. 1920, will be promptly answered.
Yours, truly, JAMES WHITE, M.D.

PROF. WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.

In another column will be found an advertisement of this well-known and excellent preparation for restoring gray hair to its original color. The Hair Restorative also cures cutaneous eruptions, and prevents the hair falling off. We have seen many authentic testimonials in proof of these assertions, some of which are from gentlemen whom we have known for many years as persons of the most reliable character. Don't dye till you have tried this Restorative.—Boston Globe Branch.

WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.

We are not in the habit of puffing every new discovery, for in nine cases out of ten they are quack nostrums; but we take great pleasure in recommending Prof. Wood's article to all whose hair is falling off or turning gray. Our well-known contributor, Finley Johnson, Esq., has experienced the benefit of its application, and joins with us in speaking of its virtues. Let all try it, and bald heads will be as rare as snow in summer.—Baltimore Patriot.

WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Unlike most specifics, this is proved, by unimpeachable evidence, to possess great efficacy as a restorer of the hair to its pristine vigor. Where the head had become almost bald because of sickness, the use of this article has produced a beautiful growth of thick glossy hair. It is, therefore, a valuable preparation for all climates. Its ingredients are such as to effectually eradicate dandruff and other impurities, which operate so injuriously to the hair. It also has curative properties of another description. In many cases pimples and other disfigurements of the skin disappear wherever it is used. There is no hazard attaching to the trial of this remedy, and its effects can only be beneficial, as the compound, if it does not cause a manifest improvement, is incapable of doing harm, as its component elements are perfectly innocuous.—Boston Transcript, April 22, 1859.

A GENUINE BOON.

In our capacity as conductor of a public Journal, we are called upon to advertise the cure-alls of the day, each of which claims to be unadulterated in its composition and infallible in its curative effects, with what justice we leave our readers to determine. In one instance, however—Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative—we are so well assured of the notable qualities of the article, that we give it our endorsement as all that the inventor and vendor claim it to be. Its effect upon a falling head of hair is universally known to be magical. Like lime or guano on exhausted land, it brings its crop wherever applied. Our own thatch is fortunately healthy, but we advise our friends with sparsely growing hair to try the Restorative.—Columbia Spy.

ALL HAIR DYES ABANDONED.

WOOD'S GREAT ARTICLE HAS TAKEN THE FIELD.
Professor Wood stands on an eminence no chemist whose attention has been turned to inventing a hair tonic, has ever before reached. His fame resounds but world-wide, and thousands who have worn wigs or been bald for years, are now, through the use of this preparation, wearing their own natural and luxuriant head covering. So much for chemistry, the chemistry of human life, and the law which apply to the functions of the system. Prof. Wood studied out the human hair, its character, its properties, its diseases, and how to restore the decaying vitality of that ornament; he saw, as in his own case, that gray hair is unnatural unless the age of the individual has reached four score, and he believed that the hair could be naturally revitalized. He tried his own case—almost bald and quite gray at the age of thirty-seven—he restored his own hair in color, strength, and luxuriance, and he has done it with his own hands. Get WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE, and take nothing else.—New York Day Book.

Depots, No. 444 Broadway, New York, and No. 114 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.
☞ At No. 444 Broadway, will be found always on hand the genuine Formula and Patent Medicines. 25-cw131

Notices of New Books.

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

Juvenile Literature.

THE CIRCULAR TO PUBLISHERS, which appeared in No. 56, has thus far been very cordially responded to. We commence in this number, notices of the juvenile books which have been selected from the various publishing houses, beginning with *Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston*, who give particular attention to Juvenile Literature.

A large number of books have been received and examined, and from among the number are selected those which are considered adapted to the needs of the readers of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*. Such will in future be placed in our book list, and may be had at this office at publishers' prices.

The notices appended are not intended to be critical, but we have endeavored, in as few words as possible, and by the assistance of short selected quotations from the various authors to transfer to our readers an idea of the class of mind that is "behind the book." We shall continue these notices from week to week, under the head of *Juvenile Literature*, until we shall have culled from all the recent published works in the country, those which are best adapted to the wants of the progressive young minds which are maturing in the ranks of our subscribers.

Publications of Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

THE VOLUMES noticed in this and subsequent issues will be found in our "List of Books for Children," when it shall be completed, and may be ordered from this office.

They will be promptly mailed, postage free, on receipt of the Publishers' price.

THE ROBIN NEST STORIES, by Mrs. MADELINE LESLIE, a series of six books, which are printed and bound in uniform style and put up in a box. Price, 25 cents single volume; set, six volumes, \$1.25. Each volume is illustrated with one or more engravings, by Billings. The type is large and distinct, and the books present an attractive appearance. The story is told of a family of robins, in which the young birds were trained and addressed by their parents as if they had been little children. The instructions are practical, and just what is needed in training the minds of young children. The lady author is one who evidently possesses a talent for conveying truths to the minds of children through agreeable and attractive channels. She states, in her preface, that all the facts related of birds, their habits and modes of life, have the support of such authority as Audubon, Nuttall, Brooks, and Lord Bishop, whose works she has consulted.

The books contain several gems of juvenile poetry, some of which are original, some selected, and some altered and appropriated for this purpose. Mrs. Leslie says, "My aim in this little series has been, not merely to interest and instruct my young readers, but to present to them, in the history of Mr. Robin and his family, the dispositions and traits, both lovely and unlovely, the virtues and vices of little children in such a manner as to persuade them, if possible, to cultivate the one and avoid the other."

LITTLE FRANKIE'S STORIES, by Mrs. MADELINE LESLIE. Another series of six volumes by the same authoress; these are bound in red, and are put up in a box in the same neat style as the "Robin Nest Stories." Each volume is illustrated with one engraving, by Billings. The early life of little Frankie is made up of a series of incidents which are pleasingly told, and several anecdotes and poetic selections are interspersed through the history. These books are adapted for young minds who have just learned to read. We are able to commend *Frankie and his Mother*, *Frankie and his Father*, *Frankie at School*, and *Frankie and his Cousin*, all of which are free from theological views. Price, single volume, 25 cts.; set, six volumes, \$1.25.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIBRARY, 12 volumes; illustrated; bound in muslin. Price, 25 cents per volume; \$3 a set. The Alphabet of Animals, and the Alphabet of Birds, are the first two in this series. As the name indicates, they contain a wood cut illustrating a bird or an animal for each letter, with which is connected a verse of four lines.

THE BOY-CONSTRUCTOR. Geordie and his Dog, Young Rabbit Fancier, Christmas Eve, Princess Unca, Johnny and Maggie, Rose Tremaine, Annie and the Elves, Stories and Legends, Just in Time, are the titles of the other works of the series. They are made up of incidents which are filled with practical teachings, and are wrought together in such manner as to interest and please the minds of the very young. Much information is imparted about the habits and instincts of animals and birds. There are also teachings upon such practical subjects as Plowing, Haymaking, Reaping, &c. There are many poetical selections, the majority of which are judicious. Each volume is sold separately at 25 cents.

STORIES ABOUT THE INSTINCT OF ANIMALS, THEIR CHARACTERS AND HABITS. By Thomas Bensley, embellished with engravings, from drawings by T. Landseer. The title of this book conveys to the mind the character of the contents. It is filled with interesting and truthful anecdotes, through which one learns the habits of the horse, elephant, beaver, sheep, cat, lion, goat, and other animals; there is also an interesting chapter on ants, and one upon birds. A good book.

MARY AND FLORENCE; AND MARY AND FLORENCE AT SIXTEEN. From the 10th London edition. 2 volumes; from the pen of ANN FRASER TYLER. These books are the works of a noble and pure-minded woman, who has stamped herself strongly in her teachings. They are wrought in a style that is interesting, and they are teachable books, that exercise the *thinkers* of children. But only those should obtain them who are accustomed to place before their juvenile circle, readings which partake of a doctrinal character. The sentiment of the books is calm, and deeply religious. Price 75 cents per volume.

"MANY A LITTLE MAKES A MICKLE." Tales translated from the German, with six illustrations printed in oil colors. Price 75 cts. A series of interesting and instructive stories for youth; valuable on account of the insight which they give into domestic life in Germany, as well as on account of the illustrations given of the good fruit which grows from good maxims early instilled into the minds of youth. The first tale, by JELIE KENIKOFF, is entitled "Trifles." It gives the youth life of a boy and girl who were adopted into the family of a relative. Dora had been taught to "keep her eyes open to all the little things about her, and never to neglect the various trifles with which she might be entrusted." Frederic considered that he belonged to the "stronger sex" and that for a "growing man, a future lord of creation, such rules were altogether unsuitable." But time brought to his mind a realization of the truth, and he wisely and gladly accepted from his companion those teachings and instructions which served to make him a respected, high-minded, and honorable citizen. The other stories are "The Young Travelers" and "The Beggar's Will." There are also two fables, "The Emigrants" and "Precedence." The work is one of great merit.

CHILDREN'S TRIALS; or, *The Little Rope Dancers*, and *Other Tales*, is of the same size and style as "Many a Little makes a Mickle." The stories are translated from the German of Auguste Linden, and the illustrations are printed in oil colors. The tales are more thrilling than those in the volume previously noticed, though perhaps not conveying so much instruction. Price 75 cents.

THE PEARLS, AND OTHER TALES, FROM THE GERMAN OF OTTO ESCHENRACH AND AGNES FRANK. Price 75 cents. Another volume of the same series, all of which are illustrated and bound in uniform style. This is a highly interesting work, and the lessons taught through it are at the same time instructive and elevating; this volume is especially adapted for girls.

IT GIVES the life experiences, and ultimate result attained in the life of two cousins, one of whom was cold and selfish, whilst the other was full of kindness, affection, and consideration for others.

WELL BORN IS HALF DONE; or, *The Young Painter*. Price 75 cents. A tale in which the writer has admirably depicted the success and happiness which follow development of the inner life. One of those stories which transfer to the mind of the reader, the beautiful influence which pervades the writer's soul at the time when he was engaged upon his artistic work. Gustavus is the name given by a soldier to a boy-child whom he found in a carriage overturned by the roadside at the battle of Lepsic. The child grows up in the home of this humble peasant, and when he reaches the age of fourteen, his foster father accompanied him in a walk into the woods for the purpose of holding a serious conversation with him upon the future destiny of the boy. "It was one of those lovely days when the power of God seems to breathe a new creation, endowing all his works with new beauty and vigor. At such times, too, the hearts of men are filled with strange divinings, and lifted far above the sordid cares of earth, on the wings of blissful emotion." The interview was a long one, and an emotional one. It resulted in the decision that Gustavus should become an artist, a painter. It was resolved that without means or resources he should set out upon the journey of life alone, and should make his way to Breslau. The foster-father on the morn of the departure of Gustavus, thus bids him adieu: "Mayst thou find all thou seekest! But should the world fall thee, remember that thou hast still a father and a father's home. And now farewell! God and his angels be ever with thee!" The boy artist commenced his journey on a lovely spring morning. "Every flower told its own tale, and every waving tree softly whispered its gentle story in his listening ear. It is the prerogative of the pure in heart, to ever find in nature a dear and confidential friend, a never failing source of the purest and most rapturous delight. We cannot, then, wonder, that he felt neither the length of the way nor the dreariness of solitude. His steps were winged, and his countenance beamed with happy smiles." Arrived at Breslau, he meets with various successes, and finally finds a home with a house painter and decorator, with whom he passes two years, but there is a voice speaking within which he cannot withstand, and he must go to Dresden and become an artist who can represent nature and humanity in their most elevated and ideal forms. Arrived at Dresden he seeks master and teacher, and receives from him his first instruction in these words: "You must comprehend the human soul as well as the human body; nature must be open to you not only in her external phenomena, but also in her hidden spirits: the history of humanity and of the arts must lie before you as an open book." Under the tuition of such a mind, the talents of the youth are developed, and in early life he takes the high ranks to which, in childhood, he had ever aspired. The romance of the story we do not quote; it is wrought in the usual style of deep interest that pervades this class of German writings.

This is another of the series of translations from the German. Illustrated with colored engravings.

A WILL AND A WAY. Price 75 cents. Another of the series of translated German tales; bound and illustrated in the same style. The tone of this volume is plaintive, and its spirit awakens within the heart those sensations that ever come of music which is set in the minor key. The leading story is based upon the life of a young lad, who possessed great natural talent for music, without the means of following his bent. Like the young painter, he was, by a series of circumstances, brought in the presence of a master-mind in music, who became the tutor of the boy, and success crowned the efforts of both. It is a book that cannot fail to exert good influence upon youthful minds.

TALES AND LEGENDS, SEED-TIME AND HARVEST, NANNIE'S JEWEL CASE, are the titles to the three remaining volumes we have received of this series. Price 75 cents per volume. These three volumes contain four stories each, of an average length of about 75 pages. They are highly interesting to children, and are also instructive. There is a diversity of character in them, and through all of them runs a deep vein of moral influence. This series of works bears evidence that the translator ranks with the German authors in possession of the psychological power, which is capable of enchainning the attention, while it elevates the mind of the young.

BELLE AND LILY; or, *The Golden Rule*. A story for girls. Price 75 cts. This book is, from beginning to end, a "Moral Police" department. The two girls are cousins; the elder one, Belle, a motherless child, who has come to take up her home with Lily's parents. Their home and school experiences are related in a winning manner, which makes the book a desirable passport to the minds of young girls.

The character of Belle is a little overwrought, though perhaps not too much so to convey the valuable lessons given through her character.

The volume is tastefully bound, and is liberally embellished with colored engravings.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, written for children. By CECIL. Price 75 cts. Adorned with four artistic illustrations. Very handsomely printed, and bound in a neat cover. The book carries out the plan laid down by the author in the preface, which we quote: "This little book has been written with the hope of giving American children some knowledge of Washington's character. Great pains have been taken to make it accurate and avoid the use of long words; but it is not possible to render all the complications and responsibilities of Washington's public career perfectly plain to children. Enough, however, is accomplished, if they can enter into the spirit of his life, and gain something of that loyalty to his memory which every American should feel." From the work itself we quote a single sentence, through which the moral standard of the author can be estimated: "It is not any single talent which makes Washington great, but his character. Wisdom and self-control fitted him to command others. No prejudice, no wish or dislike of his own, ever prevented his putting a man into the place where he could be most useful to his country. His mind and his heart were full of large ideas, always striving for the good of the whole nation, and no smaller object was allowed to interfere with them."

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for March, contains the following articles: 1. The Indian Civil Service; its Rise and Fall—part 2; 2. The Physical Geography of the Sea; 3. Lee's History of the Church of Scotland; 4. Iron-Clad Ships of War, and our Defenses; 5. Norman Sinclair: an Autobiography—part 14; 6. Recent Natural History Books; 7. Wilson's German Campaign of 1812; 8. The China War of 1860. Published by Leonard Scott & Co., New York—Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

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BELLE AND LILY; or, *The Golden Rule*. A story for girls. Price 75 cts. This book is, from beginning to end, a "Moral Police" department. The two girls are cousins; the elder one, Belle, a motherless child, who has come to take up her home with Lily's parents. Their home and school experiences are related in a winning manner, which makes the book a desirable passport to the minds of young girls.

The character of Belle is a little overwrought, though perhaps not too much so to convey the valuable lessons given through her character.

The volume is tastefully bound, and is liberally embellished with colored engravings.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, written for children. By CECIL. Price 75 cts. Adorned with four artistic illustrations. Very handsomely printed, and bound in a neat cover. The book carries out the plan laid down by the author in the preface, which we quote: "This little book has been written with the hope of giving American children some knowledge of Washington's character. Great pains have been taken to make it accurate and avoid the use of long words; but it is not possible to render all the complications and responsibilities of Washington's public career perfectly plain to children. Enough, however, is accomplished, if they can enter into the spirit of his life, and gain something of that loyalty to his memory which every American should feel." From the work itself we quote a single sentence, through which the moral standard of the author can be estimated: "It is not any single talent which makes Washington great, but his character. Wisdom and self-control fitted him to command others. No prejudice, no wish or dislike of his own, ever prevented his putting a man into the place where he could be most useful to his country. His mind and his heart were full of large ideas, always striving for the good of the whole nation, and no smaller object was allowed to interfere with them."

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for March, contains the following articles: 1. The Indian Civil Service; its Rise and Fall—part 2; 2. The Physical Geography of the Sea; 3. Lee's History of the Church of Scotland; 4. Iron-Clad Ships of War, and our Defenses; 5. Norman Sinclair: an Autobiography—part 14; 6. Recent Natural History Books; 7. Wilson's German Campaign of 1812; 8. The China War of 1860. Published by Leonard Scott & Co., New York—Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

Under the tuition of such a mind, the talents of the youth are developed, and in early life he takes the high ranks to which, in childhood, he had ever aspired. The romance of the story we do not quote; it is wrought in the usual style of deep interest that pervades this class of German writings.

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Such has been the experience in our family. Need I say more? Yes, I must answer that warm remonstrance on behalf of the poor needle-women who otherwise might have profited by all this necessary work. What is to become of them if the fairy of the Sewing Machine is to do all M—'s work as by magic? Be not alarmed, kind-hearted philanthropists, for that which is in itself good can never ultimately produce evil. It is the Sewing Machine which will compel our senators and philanthropists to consider seriously the case of our sisters of the needles, and to legislate wisely for them. It is the Sewing Machine which will, in the end, emancipate miserable women from the slavery of "gusset and band," which will open to them wise and safe paths of emigration, which will convey away thousands of blameless suffering women into new lands, and to new homes of peace and plenty, where woman's time will be valuable, and where, consequently, the Sewing Machine will be again a household blessing, a household necessity.

I am, gentlemen, yours, very sincerely,
MARY HOWITT.
MESSRS. WHEELER & WILSON.

MOURNING POETRY.

"We find few things more painful in our editorial duties," says the *Ambassador*, "than to reject poetical communications written on the death of dear relatives or friends. They are generally the effusions of tender and bleeding hearts, and their insertion would impart great comfort to mourners. We give them place whenever they are prepared in a style of composition that will possibly admit, and often we strain a point to an extreme, to this end. But frequently we receive articles of this character, which are so defective in measure, rhyme, euphony, punctuation, and orthography, that we are compelled to lay them aside. Correspondents who send articles of this description, which do not appear, will now understand the reason."

COTTON AND FREE LABOR.

Large meetings are being held in England to discuss the question of producing cotton by free labor. It is proposed to organize a company, and make a united effort to create a new race of cotton planters.

At a recent meeting, an Indian cotton merchant, Dadaabhai Navrojee, said:

"We will create a new race of Free Labor Cotton Planters around the whole earth. Who can doubt the issue of that struggle, when commercial wealth, industrial energy, world-wide business cooperation, political honor, the conscience of humanity, and the laws of Divine Providence, are on the side of Freedom?"

Apotheosis.

"Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who knocks with noiseless hand life's downy-curtained door, and shows us those we love."

Departed: From Baltimore, on Monday, 18th inst., OSCOLA, the infant boy of Rosalia and Washington A. Danskin, Jr. He was withdrawn from the material covering in which he had been enshrouded—was lifted above the chilling atmosphere of earth, and borne by angel-hands, to that pure clime where gentle zephyrs, laden with perfumes from the flowery isles of spirit land, will ever fan his brow.

As the earthly shell was laid within the ground, four angels, from the home of light, caught up the little spirit form, and placed it softly on a downy couch by golden canopy o'erspread. Celestial choristers sang joyously their songs of praise to Him whose love becometh so radiantly over even the little ones of earth. Groups of infantile spirits floated around the little slumberer, scattering beauteous flowers upon his couch and trying to win a smile, or catch a glance from him who soon will join them in their gleesome sports. Attendant upon these little ones came a score of beauteous maidens with voices more melodious than *Æolus'* softest tones, warbling sweet songs of welcome to the new-born spirit. Hovering just above, a band of matrons came, five in number, their countenances beaming with maternal love, their mild eyes glistening with tears of sympathy, their soft voices breathing words of comfort for the mother's heart.

"No evil to thee, mother,
Hath the solemn angel wrought,
His funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
Thy babe dies not."

Thus they spoke, and though unseen, their words were not unfelt. The mother's sadness was changed to gladness, the father's sorrowing heart was soothed.

With trust unflinching they consigned their loved one to the care of angel hands, and feel that all is well.

BALTIMORE, March 21, 1861.

Miscellaneous.

HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL.

The next (Summer) Term of this Institution will commence on Wednesday, May 1, and continue ten weeks. Thoroughly Reformatory and Progressive in spirit and purpose, it must rely on the patronage of the more liberal portion of the public for support.

For particulars, see Circulars, to be obtained by addressing

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20 miles South-east of Philadelphia by railroad, in Atlantic County, New Jersey, now offer it for SALE IN SMALL TRACTS, or in FARMS and VILLAGES TO actual settlers.

The Property offered, lying upon the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, has the advantage of several railroad stations, only commenced three years ago, and the population now numbers Twenty-five hundred.

The Settlers who have cleared their land properly, and cultivated it understandingly, have raised large and profitable crops. The soil produces excellent Wheat, Rye, Corn, Potatoes, Oats and Clover, and is particularly adapted to the cultivation of the

GRAPE, and finer Fruits. The land is various in quality, from a light trucking soil to a heavy loam or clay soil. Some portions of the tract have a sand surface with a fine sub-soil, other parts are quite destitute of sand surface, being a heavy loam land. It is called the very best soil for choice Fruits and Vegetables.

It will be seen by reference to the map, this locality possesses the

BEST MARKETS for all kinds of produce, of any place in the United States. Its markets are Philadelphia and New York, two of the largest cities in the Union.

LOCATION, PLAN OF SALES, AND OPERATIONS.

The course pursued heretofore has been to sell only to actual settlers, or those who would improve within a given time, and the result is, a

LARGE, FLOURISHING SETTLEMENT.

And land has been known to raise in value four-fold in one year. These lands are divided into two districts. The Axtion district, north and immediately back of Hammonton Station, containing about thirty thousand acres. The Bixton district, east, between Hammonton, Weymouth Station, and Pleasant Mills, containing ten thousand acres.

The farm lands on the "Axtion" will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers, from

\$12 to \$20 per Acre.

The 20 acre farm lots in the Bixton district will be sold from

\$15 to \$30 per Acre.

Village and town lots at Hammonton and Weymouth Stations at VERY LOW PRICES, and in sizes to suit purchasers.

An indisputable title will be given to purchasers.

In the State of New Jersey there is a

LIBERAL HOMESTEAD LAW.

which protects the Homestead to the extent of ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED dollars.

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THOUSANDS TO OBTAIN A HOMESTEAD,

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The REVIEW has now attained its 190th number, or 92d volume, having been published without interruption for nearly fifty years. It is far the oldest American periodical devoted to general literature and science; and its reputation has been steadily maintained, both in this country and in Europe, as the leading journal of the United States within its appropriate department.

Among its editors and contributors are found most of our eminent men of letters, of all parties and sects, and from all portions of the country. It has always maintained a distinctive American character; preserving neutrality upon all domestic questions between various religious sects and political parties, but aiming to expound and defend the general doctrines of Christianity, and the general principles of our republican institutions. Its articles are frequently republished and referred to in England, and even translated into the Continental languages, as authoritative expressions of American opinion. Republicans, yet conservative in tone, they have, it is believed, contributed essentially toward the formation and guidance of this opinion.

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