

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

Vol. 2, No. 12.]

[A. J. DAVIS & CO.,
274 Canal St.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861.

[TWO DOLLARS
per Year.]

[WHOLE No. 64.]

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

J. G. CHICAGO.—"Land Monopoly" will be published and remarked upon.

"JAMES," R. I.—The Christian Spiritualist is not now published. Its religious propensities were remarkable.

N. F. WHITE, BATTLE CREEK.—Your friendly letter, containing chronicles of your journeyings in the West, is hereby acknowledged.

JACOB SIMPSON, IOWA.—The doubts and queries expressed in your lengthy letter, will one of these days receive attention in our general answers to similar questions, heretofore received.

WILLIAM DENTON, whose Lectures on Geology should be delivered in every community, is about to come this way. We shall look for arrangements at Doddworth's Hall to secure him next Fall.

GEORGE STRAENS, MASS.—"The Sage in the Cynic," (your item number one), is hereby acknowledged with a "spice of gratitude." We have marked it for publication, but we have much to do to appear in advance of it.

M. J. R. LA SALLE, ILL.—Your sisterly letter, prompted by a jealous love for the cause of progress, is very welcome. When the translation is complete, the story may not be without a "moral." Let us wait for the end—then, if unsatisfactory, we will give expression to an opinion.

SETH HINSHAW, IND.—We hold your contribution to the cause of Spiritualism in very high estimation. In reference to a "Constitution," we will soon publish a suggestive one drawn up by Hon. S. S. Jones, of Illinois, for the organization and perpetuity of the society in his community.

GEORGE H. A. LIBERTY MILLS, IND.—Your communication on the country's condition is full of good and reliable suggestions. We think the young spirit of the "Old Revolutionary Captain" must have presided when you indited some of the sentences relative to the North and South.

BETSEY C. HASTINGS, N. Y.—It is best for the clarification of your intellectual organs, to read something spiritual and poetical one hour every day; but it will be necessary to fix your thoughts on the subject, and to allow your sympathies to flow in the direction of the subject.

JAMES H. R. LONDON, O.—Your powers for mediumship are limited; the results would seldom be satisfactory to investigators.

The spirit-writing through the hand of Mrs. M.—, of Iowa, possesses little value. She might have cultivated the power to some purpose.

P. R. E. KANSAS.—Not excessive work on the soil would, for a time, greatly improve your health. Prickly ash bark, occasionally chewed, will substitute the Thimble weed, and it may do almost as much to restore you. It is a great remedy for diseased kidneys and weak back.

MR. M. J. HEATH, of PHILADELPHIA, writes us a very emphatic endorsement of the remarkable medium powers of Mrs. Van Houghton, of No. 113 Third Avenue, this city. Our correspondent assures the public that, in several directions, this lady's clairvoyant gifts gave him entire satisfaction.

Mrs. J. B. KNEE, N. H.—It would not be wise to arrive in this city without some definite prospect of employment. Water Cure establishments in the country would be very likely to accept of services between Spring and late Autumn. New York Spiritualists, as far as we can learn, are supplied.

F. T. L. LAWRENCE, MASS.—The protrusion of the "angularities," in the character to which you refer, cannot be remedied without great care-taking on the part of their proprietor. If he will but inhale the golden dew-drops of Wisdom, as they fall glittering from the wings of Love and Truth, we are sure that his friends will esteem him with a holier friendship.

"NELLIE OF THE VALLEY," N. Y.—We cannot give particular instructions concerning the conjugal "temperaments." The reasons you reveal, for seeking the special knowledge, are fully appreciated. Long ago we discern the billow in life's river that drifted your bark upon the opposite shore. There is not much danger to the unborn in the exercise you mention, unless taken too soon after dinner. Prune the vine of affection every day; so that its flowering may shed a richer fragrance on your pathway. You should be more and more heroic as wife, friend, mother, sister.

"SCOTIA," CANADA WEST.—Do not depend for spiritual growth upon any "circle" except that which is the crown of an Harmonical state of mind. Your letter indicates the magnetic influence of some terrestrial mind; but it may be that, infiltrated with his, there is somewhat of the celestial. We do not recognize it. Sister! benefit others when you can.

Our "AYTON PLOWBOY" whispers as follows: "In ordinary fencing of land with each additional acre it takes (per acre) 17.85 per cent. less rails. Ergo? An area may be enclosed, which, to fence in, would require no rails at all! Question: Is it railway to consider my proposition and conclusion as far-sighted and consistent as the most of theological arguments?"

L. D. G., COLUMBUS.—We do not just now see anything that would restore your hearing. Have you tested any of our prescriptions for deafness in back numbers of this Journal?

Although the gift of Clairvoyance is attainable to all men, it is nevertheless true that most men know nothing of the power by experience; just as the multitude are not orators, or musicians, or good mechanics, although the organs of speech, music, and invention are natural to every man's mind. Be patient, Brother; let the laws of progress and development work in and through you; their ultimate results will bring unspeakable satisfaction.

"CONJUGAL LOVE."—M. C. C., of CHELSEA, VILLAGE, may comfort her heart that, in the fair homes of the ever-fertile Summer Land, she will meet the companion of her eternal life. A beautiful guardian angel once said to her mate on earth: "Mind echoes to mind, heart throbs with heart. Together we will read beauties, together sing one melody of love, together twine garlands to deck the brow of sorrow, together tread eternal pathways, and bathe in life's fountain of light. Yes, together we will sing the song of life—together, and forever. We shall be there together; no partings ever there; the hands once joined at greeting, shall never be unloosed; two buds blossom in one flower. I am ever near thee. Ask me not to come. Shall the rose say, I wait for fragrance? Does it lavate sweetness? Thus are we united."

SUPERSTITION, &c.—"DEAR DAVIS: You have on at least one occasion hit Spiritualists pretty severe rapa for being 'superstitious.' By unbelievers, all Spiritualists are thought to be superstitious. Will you please define what you mean?"

ANSWER: We denigrate all superstitions, who, with excessive credulity, and no intelligent evidence, attribute the least unusual physical sensation to the work of spirits; also, they are superstitions who imagine that their own mishaps and disorders were developed by the special intervention of the invisible. It is superstition to believe that a medium is influenced by any disembodied intelligence to do or say anything earthly and sensual. We hold every one individually accountable for all unworthy speeches and physical indulgences. Let all Spiritualists believe that "every good and perfect gift cometh from above," and, reversely, that every discordant and miserable influence is generated in the regions of the flesh, and we will assure them that the "mediums for evil spirits" will number far less than at present.

For the Herald of Progress.

Spiritual Questions without Answers.

1. Does death sever our love for the "gone before"?

2. As love is mutual and unquenchable, do they not naturally feel a deep interest in us?

3. If they can return and make themselves known to bless us, will they not do it?

4. As love is stronger than death, is there any barrier between us which they cannot pass?

5. As the spiritual is a higher degree than the natural, and invisible to our outer senses, are not media, having the nature of both spheres, necessary to open a communication between them?

6. Are not imperfect reflections incidental to imperfect media?

7. As the human mind is much perverted by false theology, and the physical organisms are correspondingly out of order, and the subtle forces thereof are extremely delicate and multifarious, can it be expected, at the present stage of the spiritual development, that the media, in a general sense, can allow perfect communication and be reliable in every particular?

8. As much depends upon the condition of the media, in order to correct views of the INNER LIFE, for our good, is it not essential that we cultivate our mediumship in harmony with the laws of our being?

9. Does man have spiritual loves and thoughts?

10. Can he have them unless he is endowed with spiritual faculties?

11. What are the uses and ends of these faculties? Are they not to see, and hear, and feel, and commune with the angel world, and be under holy inspiration of the Infinite Mind? If so, may we not, with right culture, have this high privilege and exaltation of character?

12. Does God act by law?

13. Are his laws in operation now?

14. If by laws God acts in one Eternal Present, and by them God once inspired men, is not heavenly inspiration natural to our spiritual faculties?

15. If inspiration, under the laws of God, is natural to the spiritual faculties, may not men be inspired to-day, as well as in ancient times, seeing they have these faculties?

16. Are all phenomena the result of causes, or the operation of certain laws known to God?

17. Can man in any age perform what is impossible to his nature?

18. If whatever he performs is possible to his nature, through the power of God working in him, are not miracles, so-called, natural to the laws of God in us on the spiritual plane?

19. If miracles were performed through the agency of superior force, acting by human faculties, may they not be performed again, inasmuch as God is infinite, and his laws are in operation, and there is mediumship and right faculties allowing such phenomena?

20. As the world is full of infidelity respecting spiritual things, the understanding of which is essential to reform and happiness, is there not to-day as great a demand for the performance of miracles, so called, in order to convert the unbelieving world to heavenly truth, as there was in ancient days?

21. If there is a demand for miracles in order to convert and benefit our suffering race, and the means for their performance are in our possession, may we not naturally expect them, and believe in them with rejoicings, as the work of God, when they are performed?

22. If we read of a phenomenon in an ancient book, and witness one of a similar kind in our age, is not that of the present a most powerful means of establishing us in the belief of the truthfulness of the book?

23. Is it evidence of a heart-felt belief for men to endorse a phenomenon which they did not see, because it is written in a book, and yet reject and scorn the same phenomenon which they do see?

24. If we believe "This is the Word of God," can we not better understand and appreciate it, if we hold converse with the men who wrote it?

25. Can this Word be truth to us unless we believe it? Can we believe it, in "spirit and in truth," unless we enter into a heavenly and inspirational experience like those who wrote it, or uttered its doctrines?

26. Jesus said, "And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Are not these spiritual gifts the test of Christian discipleship? then ought we not to cultivate them? and is it not a sin against the Holy Spirit to deny their validity, when our senses tell us spiritual believers have these gifts?

27. Is it not a bare-faced infidelity for Bible believers to smother the spirit prompting them to seek these gifts, and to perform these holy works?

28. Will not intercourse with the heavenly angels, under pure motives, save the churches and our whole world from its present unbelief, and make it an Eden of moral beauty and peace?

CYNOSURE.

POWER OF ELECTRICITY IN PRODUCING RAIN.

JULIET, ILL., April, 1861.

MR. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: Suppose a balloon or large kite be elevated sufficiently high to reach the altitude of the clouds, with a good conductor attached, and fastened beneath the surface of some body of water, would an electrical experiment of that kind be of any practical value to demonstrate the power of electricity in producing rain?

Suppose a tract of country be surrounded by a series of wire conductors on poles, the same to be connected with others placed under the surface of the ground, converging from the circumference to the center, to be connected there with a very elevated insulated conductor—what would the effect be?

Yours, most respectfully, M. K.

ANSWER: The first experiment would fully demonstrate the inseparableness of atmospheric electricity with the phenomena of the condensation of suspended vapor and the consequent fall of rain. And this fact must be first established in the public mind before farmers and merchants can be induced to create a fund for the purpose of preventing droughts and regulating the formation of clouds and the fall of fertilizing showers. Electricity will not only attract clouds, but, when the element is accumulated at one point, or over one region, in proper quantity, those clouds will inevitably disgorge themselves and vanish. We hope our Brother will institute his first named experiment, and in due time report to us all the particulars.

—ED.

For the Herald of Progress.

Discrepancies of the Bible.

BROTHER DAVIS: I observe that the subject of the verbal discrepancies contained in the "Word of God" is just now attracting considerable attention among your readers, and your little work, "Self-Contradictions," is a very good thing in its way; but it contains only 144 of these self-contradictory propositions, made out from the "inspired book," while I have noted nearer one thousand (which I may publish at some future time). I have detected in Kings and Chronicles alone discrepancies appertaining to dates of numbers, of sufficient amount, when presented with all the texts which contain them, to cover, I should presume, one entire side of the Herald.

We have an old proverb which reads: "Figures never lie." They cannot lie, because their value is fixed and determinate, and hence not subject to the ambiguity or latitude of construction which can often be placed upon mere verbal statements composed of words of different values or meanings.

With this view of the matter, the discrepancies exhibited by collating many texts in the two books to which I have referred, appear to me insurmountable. I will present a few cases for examples, and let your readers judge. Your correspondent, E. Warner, has noticed one or two of these contradictions by a different calculation, in the eighth number of the Herald.

1. "In the 36th year of the reign of Asa, Baasha, king of Israel, came up against Judah." 2 Chron. xvi: 1. But according to 1 Kings xvi: 8, in the twenty and sixth year of Asa, Baasha died, or at least terminated his reign, Elah, his son, succeeding him. Now ten years after his death he turns up again.

2. "In the 26th year of Asa, began Elah to reign two years." 1 Kings xvi: 8. Zimri killed him (Elah) in the 27th year of Asa, and reigned in his stead. 1 Kings xvi: 10. According to the last text, Elah's two years added to Asa's 26, make 28.

3. In the 31st year of Asa, began Omri to reign over Israel. 1 Kings xvi: 15. (Zimri having reigned but seven days). Now we have observed that 1 Kings xvi: 10 avers that Zimri commenced his reign in the 27th year of Asa, and he vacated the throne after a reign of but seven days, so that his successor's accession to the throne would be the same date (27th of Asa); but the text, (1 Kings xvi: 15) declares it was in the 31st year of Asa that Omri began to reign.

4. "Jehoram, son of Ahab, began to reign over Israel in the 18th year of Jehoshaphat." 2 Kings iii: 1. "And Jehoram reigned in his (Ahab's) stead in the second year of Joram, the son of Jehoshaphat." 2 Kings i: 17.

According to the first text, Jehoram's reign began in the 18th year of Jehoshaphat; but according to the second text, his reign commenced in the second of Joram's (his son), which makes it nine years later; as it will be found that Jehoshaphat reigned 25 years, according to the sacred text. Such is arithmetic when inspired.

5. "In the 11th year of Joram, the son of Ahab, began Ahaziah to reign over Judah." 2 Kings ix: 29. "In the 12th year of Joram, the son of Ahab, did Ahaziah, the son of Jehoram, king of Judah, begin to reign." 2 Kings vii: 25. Could words make a contradiction more palpable?

6. According to 2 Kings iii: 1, Jehoram reigned over Israel twelve years. But according to 2 Chron. xxi: 20, he only reigned eight years.

7. We find many discrepancies in comparing the several periods of rule by the kings of Judah with the coteremporary periods of reign on the part of the kings of Israel. Also in the different reports by different inspired writers, relative to the number constituting certain armies. Also in tracing genealogies, tribes, families, &c. I suggest that we need Mr. Taylor's "Bible Reconciler Enlarged."

Yours, for truth,

HARVEYSBURG, Ohio. K. GRAVES.

WHENEVER two natures have a great deal in common, the conditions of a first-rate quarrel are furnished ready-made. Relations are very apt to hate each other just because they are too much alike. It is so frightful to be in an atmosphere of family idiosyncrasies; to see all the hereditary uncomplaisance or infirmity of body, all the defects of speech all the failings of temper, intensified by concentration, so that every fault of our own finds itself multiplied by reflection, like our images in a saloon lined with mirrors. Nature knows what she is about.

[O. W. HOLMES.]

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."

Wendell Phillips on the War.

WASHINGTON OUR THERMOPILE.

WAR TO THE DEATH, AND NO MORE COMPROMISE.

At the Music Hall in Boston, on Sunday last, Wendell Phillips threw off his scruples against war, declaring that the time for peaceful measures has passed, and that the great battle between civilization and barbarism is now to be fought.

We copy from Mr. Yerrington's official report of this discourse the following eloquent passages:

THE WAR MARCH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Many times this winter, here and elsewhere, I have counseled peace—argued, as well as I knew how, the expediency of acknowledging a Southern Confederacy, and the peaceful separation of these thirty-four States. One of the journals announces to you that I come here this morning to retract those opinions. No, not one of them! [Applause.] I need them all—every word I have spoken this winter—every act of twenty-five years of my life, to make the welcome I give this war hearty and hot. Civil war is a momentous evil. It needs the soundest, most solemn justification. I rejoice before God to-day for every word that I have spoken counseling peace; and I rejoice with an especially profound gratitude, that for the first time in my anti-slavery life, I speak under the stars and stripes, and welcome the tread of Massachusetts men marshaled for war. [Enthusiastic cheering.] No matter what the past has been or said; to-day the slave asks God for a sight of this banner, and counts it the pledge of his redemption. [Applause.] Hitherto it may have meant what you thought or what I did; to-day it represents Sovereignty and Justice. [Renewed applause.] The only mistake that I have made was in supposing Massachusetts wholly choked with cotton and cankered with gold. [Loud cheering.] The South thought her patience and generous willingness for peace were cowardice; to-day shows the mistake. She has been sleeping on her arms since '76, and the first cannon shot brings her to her feet with the war-cry of the Revolution on her lips. [Loud cheers.] Any man who loves either liberty or manhood must rejoice at such an hour. [Applause.]

THE WAR ONE OF SELF-DEFENSE.

Our struggle, therefore, is no struggle between different ideas, but between barbarism and civilization. Such can only be settled by arms. [Prolonged cheering.] The government have waited until its best friends almost suspected its courage or its integrity; but the cannon shot against Fort Sumter has opened the only door out of this hour. There were but two; one was compromise, the other was battle. The integrity of the North closed the first, the generous forbearance of nineteen States closed the other. The South opened this with cannon shot, and Lincoln shows himself at the door. [Prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.]

WASHINGTON OUR THERMOPILE.

The war, then, is not aggressive, but in self-defense, and Washington has become the Thermopile of liberty and justice. [Applause.] Rather than surrender it, cover every square foot of it with a living body [loud cheers]; crowd it with a million of men, and empty every bank vault at the North to pay the cost. [Renewed cheering.] Teach the world once for all, that North America belongs to the stars and stripes, and under them no man shall wear a chain. [Enthusiastic cheering.] In the whole of this conflict I have looked only at liberty—only at the slave. Perry entered the battle of the lakes with "Don't give up the ship," floating from the mast-head of the Lawrence. When with his fighting flag he left her crippled, heading north, and mounting the deck of the Niagara, turned her bows due west, he did all for one purpose—to rake the decks of the foe. Acknowledge secession, or cannonade it. I care not which; but "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." [Loud cheers.]

WASHINGTON OR MONTGOMERY THE CAPITAL.

The South, if the truth be told, cannot wait. Like all usurpers, they dare not give time for the people to criticize their title to power. War and tumult must conceal the irregularity of their civil course, and smother discontent and criticism at the same time. Besides, bankruptcy at home can live out its short term of possible existence only by conquest on land and piracy at sea. And, further, only by war, by appeal to popular frenzy, can they hope to delude the border States to join them. War is the breath of their life.

To-day, therefore, the question is, by the voice of the South, "Shall Washington or Montgomery own the continent?" And the North says, "From the gulf to the pole, the Stars and Stripes shall alone to four millions of negroes whom we have forgotten for seventy years; and before you break the Union we shall see that justice is done to the slave." [Enthusiastic and long-continued cheers.]

NO MORE COMPROMISE—MASSACHUSETTS BLOOD MUST BE AVENGED.

There is only one thing that those cannon shots in the harbor of Charleston settled, and

that is, that *there never can be a compromise*. [Loud applause.] We Abolitionists have doubted whether this Union really meant justice and liberty. We have doubted the honest intention of nineteen million of people. They have said, in answer to our criticism, "We believe that the fathers meant to establish justice. We believe that there are hidden in the Armory of the Constitution weapons strong enough to secure it. We are willing yet to try the experiment. Grant us time." We have doubted, derided the pretense, as we supposed. During these long and weary weeks we have waited to hear the Northern conscience assert its purpose. It comes at last. [An impressive pause.] *Massachusetts blood has consecrated the pavements of Baltimore, and those stones are now too sacred to be trodden by slaves.* [Loud cheers.]

A HOLY WAR.

You and I owe it to those young martyrs, you and I owe it, that their blood shall be seed of no mere empty triumph, but that the negro shall touch his children to bless them for centuries to come. [Applause.] When Massachusetts goes down to that Carolina fort to put the Stars and Stripes again over its blackened walls, [Enthusiasm] she will sweep from its neighborhood every institution that hazards their ever bowing again to the Palmetto. [Loud cheers.] All of you may not mean it now. Our fathers did not think in 1775 of the Declaration of Independence. The Long Parliament never thought of the scaffold of Charles the First when they entered on the struggle; but having begun, they made thorough work. [Cheers.] It is an attribute of the Yankee blood—slow to fight, and fight once. [Renewed cheers.] It is a holy war, that for Independence: this is a holier and the last—that for Liberty. [Loud applause.]

RETALIATION.

When the South cannonaded Fort Sumter, the bones of Adams stirred in his coffin. [Cheers.] And you might have heard him, from that granite grave, at Quincy, proclaim to the nation, "The hour has struck! Seize the thunder-bolt God has forged for you, and annihilate the system which has troubled peace for seventy years!" [Cheers.] Do not say that this is a cold-blooded suggestion. I hardly ever knew slavery go down in any other circumstances. Only once in the broad sweep of the world's history was any nation lifted so high that she could stretch her imperial hand across the Atlantic, and lift, by one peaceful word, a million of slaves into liberty. God granted that glory only to our mother land.

THE HOUR HAS COME.

The hour has come to us. So stand we today. The Abolitionist who will not waver, when the moment comes, "Up, boys, and at them," is false to liberty. [Great cheering.] [A voice, "So is every other man."] Say not it is a hard lesson. Let him who fully knows his own heart and strength, and feels, as he looks down into his child's cradle, that he could stand and see that little nestling borne to slavery, and submit—let him cast the first stone. But all you whose love is wont to stir over Naseby and Bunker Hill, will hold your peace, unless you are ready to cry with me, *Sic semper Tyrannis!* So may it ever be with tyrants! [Loud applause.]

CIVILIZATION AGAINST BARBARISM.

The noise and dust of the conflict may hide the real question at issue. Europe may think, some of us may, that we are fighting for forms and parchments, for sovereignty and a flag. But, really, the war is one of opinions: it is civilization against barbarism: it is Freedom against Slavery. The cannon shot against Fort Sumter was the yell of pirates against the Declaration of Independence: the war-cry of the North is its echo. The South, defying Christianity, clutches its victim. The North offers its wealth and blood in glad atonement for the selfishness of seventy years. The result is as sure as the throne of God. I believe in the possibility of Justice, in the certainty of the Union. Years hence, when the smoke of this conflict clears away, the world will see under our banner all tongues, all creeds, all races—one brotherhood—and on the banks of the Potomac, the Genius of Liberty, robed in light, four and thirty stars for her diadem, broken chains under her feet, and an olive branch in her right hand. [Great applause.]

For the Herald of Progress.

Literature and Religion.

IMPORTANT TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

To A. J. DAVIS, Esq., Editor, DEAR SIR: Literature and Religion—twin forces in the grand work of civilization—you regard, I doubt not, as the means appointed of heaven for the regeneration of man and the progress of society.

Had any doubt, as to the stand you take, pervaded my mind, that doubt was dispelled on reading in the HERALD of Feb. 9th, "The Aims and Objects" of your paper, the fifth of which you declare thus: "To advocate with unfaltering zeal every new measure which promises to multiply the sources of human happiness."

As a mere sentiment, this is professed widely, but few adopt it as a principle of action. The former is the chief asseveration of the hypocrite; the latter, the sincere avowal of a doctrine put in practice at any or all cost of worldly gain or glory, by those who, like you, have the promotion of human welfare truly at heart.

Sincerely devoted, as you are, to the cause of man's emancipation from the thralldom of ignorance, mammonism, and superstition, I desire to place before you, briefly, the scope and merits of a reform, which, once you clearly understand its aims, I know you will advocate "with unfaltering zeal."

The reform to which I refer is a *diminution of the hours of labor* in stores and workshops, where men and women, married and single, where girls and lads are employed; many of them being now compelled to toil from six or seven A. M. till nine or ten P. M., daily, to the detriment of health, the prostration of physical and mental strength, ostracized ruthlessly from home influences and social

intercourse, and practically made mere beasts of burden, unspiced victims of a cruel soul and body destroying system; a system that, with the HERALD's aid, and of the pulpits and presses generally which make such loud professions of love to God and man, may quickly be abolished. Such a system is, and, as you know, must be only evil in tendency, an enemy to the happiness, and the mental, and moral well-being of those subjected to its malign and barbarizing influences. Of what use to such is literature, denied even a little leisure after the day's toil, as they are, to drink at its pleasant fountains; to sun their mental and spiritual powers in its warming light; to have revealed to them the beauties, uses, and glories of historic lore; the songs of immortal bards, the revelations of modern science? Weary and wan with labor and care, mental and physical drudgery, with no time for rest except the hours of sleep in the night, what to them are bibles, creeds, liturgies, evening church-meetings, they cannot attend, and all the complicated machinery of Christian means of grace, evangelization, and proselytism? To them, these things are beyond reach, are but a mockery, means they cannot if they would avail themselves of, except on the Sabbath, and then it becomes often a question of life and death to seek outdoor exercise and recreation, sunshine, and the free, fresh air of heaven, rather than repair to crowded churches, to sink into drowsy stupor, induced by the excessive drain on their faculties of body and mind during the six preceding days of labor and close confinement.

To those who ignore this question, and will not help to its solution, nor aid this reform in the hours of labor by so much as touching it with a finger, let me say this: Till you change your course in this respect, don't add to your other sins against God and humanity, the crime before high heaven of hypocrisy, by saying from editorial chairs, from pulpits and rostrum, that you believe in God, love man, are exemplars and friends of freedom, religion, education, a pure and wide-spread literature. *Practice what you profess*, or stand before God and the world mere whitened sepulchers, foul blot, cold, dark clouds, obscuring from the masses of the people the glorious light of religion, of learning, philosophy, forcing myriads to crawl amid gloom, misery, isolation, and degradation from the cradle to the tomb, uncares for only that out of brain and muscle, soul and sense, may be wrung the greatest possible results as instruments of money-making, and gross, brutalizing, material prosperity!

If, as in Brooklyn, a movement be made, or a society organized, to effect this reform, don't wait a formal invitation from those directly engaged in promoting either to help in every possible way so good and beneficent a cause; one identified with the temporal and eternal prosperity and felicity of so many thousands of your fellow mortals—thus may you prove yourselves the genuine friends and promoters of LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

Yours respectfully,
DELTA.
BROOKLYN, Y. Y., Feb., 1861.

Agricultural Department.

[From the Home Journal.]

Horticultural Pursuits.

An old writer says, "Heaven might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but it never did." We think this old writer was about correct; but we doubt if he ever ate a strawberry equal, in size and flavor, to a certain variety, known among cultivators as the "Triomphe de Gand." The Rev. J. Knox, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who has a fruit-farm of one hundred acres, fifty of which are in strawberries, says of this variety: "There is no known excellence which it does not possess. The plants are thrifty, hardy, and vigorous growers, bearing their fruit well up, which renders it easy to be kept clean. They are also wonderfully productive, and the fruit is not only usually of very large size, but uniformly so, throughout the season, which is longer with it than with most other varieties. The flavor is everything which could be desired. It is of a very beautiful crimson hue, glossy, and altogether lovely. It keeps well after being picked, retaining its beautiful color and firmness, and carries better than any other variety." Mr. Knox planted of this variety, last spring, four acres for fruiting, but was so well pleased with the season's crop that he concluded to devote all of these to propagation, and now has millions of plants for sale. Every one should take an interest in horticultural pursuits. All poets, especially, should, and most of them do. Indeed, we cannot see how there can be any genuine poetry where there is no liking for fruits and flowers. When man was created, he was placed in a garden, and his employment was "to dress it and to keep it." The better men become, the more fondness they seem to have for rural pursuits. Children take much enjoyment in the cultivation of little plots of ground, which they call their flower or strawberry beds. When they go forth into the world they are apt to neglect their gardens, although they never forget them, but cling with interest to the remembrance of those little plots of ground. Later in life they are apt to return to their early love for this pursuit, and, leaving the town, go back to the country. There is a sect who believe that in the next world we shall all be gardeners, as evidence of this refer to our first parents, being placed in Eden—to the love little children, fresh from heaven, have for making gardens; and to the same inclination, possessed by the old, who are nearing, or returning, as it were, to the other world. Then we know Shakespeare makes Falstaff, as death approaches, babble of green fields and flowers. The good book tells us the "spear shall be beaten into a plowshare, and every sword into a pruning-hook." Then, indeed, "the wilderness and solitary places shall rejoice, the desert shall bud and blossom as the rose,"

and the whole earth become again a garden. Every one who plants a single mustard seed, or a grain of wheat, or an acorn, or a strawberry plant, will aid in hastening this "good time coming."

Philosophical Department.

"Let truth no more be gagged, nor conscience dungeoned, nor science be impeached of godlessness."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Science of Spiritualism.

BY J. COVERT.

This science is established as all others are, on its facts and phenomena. Facts and failures take place in all sciences at times, but that is most reliant whose facts are in greater excess over its failures; this excess, and its applicability to the requirements of the world, gives it rank and position.

Spiritualism claims superiority over all others, as its facts apply to the nature of the life after death as well as the present life, and satisfy the longings of the soul in every condition. Having man's highest interests as its aim, and answering to the aspirations of our nature, it must be conceded of the greatest value to humanity.

So startling and unexpected is the announcement of the science and its claims, and so incredible does it appear, that some are often deterred from its investigation on the ground of the impossibility of such a discovery.

Others are so wedded to preconceived theories and to creeds, as to expect no good can come to humanity except through these accepted channels. But science is as limitless as space, and its truths are as enduring as the foundations of the world. The developments of the nature of man that are known to be correct, in this life, must apply as correctly to his nature in any other world he may inhabit. Man is perpetually the subject of the influences that control him; and in no case can he escape the operation of this law in the present or future.

But why should this discovery be thought incredible? Has not man in all ages been in pursuit of it? and is it not well known that success sooner or later attends constant pursuit?

Death is a terrible monster to the world because it separates soul and body; the first of which takes its flight to unknown regions, the nature of which none have hitherto been able to tell. What has conspired to add to man's miseries, and render death doubly appalling, is the religious teaching man has had from youth upwards, that Death came into the world by sin, and that to secure eternal life, a preparation in this world is previously necessary, which it is utterly impracticable to make. But science establishes that Death is a natural change to advance the form, and that its laws were in operation when matter was born, long antecedent to the introduction of any form that has tenanted the globe. This being a law of the Universe, it must be seen that this law cannot depend upon contingencies in the conduct of any created being.

This death, or change, has outwrought the world from a "fire mist" to a fit habitation for created beings. Were the commonly accepted theory of religionists true, this world would have remained in its original incandescent state, and the beauty and intelligence that now adorn the earth would never have appeared.

Now if Science can take away the sting of death, and can unravel the nature of the spirit world, what can be of greater moment than the study of its truths? Spiritualism, as a science, does not pretend to rest alone upon modern discovery, for the great teacher, Jesus, was its founder. It only claims to have rescued the truth from oblivion, and to have reestablished what has been lost to the world. "Revealed religion" is full of facts showing man's communion with the spirit world, and the conditions that are necessary to its attainment. It is attended with such unmistakable signs that none need err therein. The chief of these are healing the sick, casting out devils, and other marvellous works, which were done in apostolic times, and which power Spiritualists claim to have and exercise.

These works being evidence of the divine power in ancient times, must still be evidence (as Christ assures us) of his favor. How strange, then, that the testimony upon which Christianity rests their present and future happiness, should be now discarded!

Our being's end and aim is to secure happiness here as well as hereafter, and the system that fails to secure it here will most assuredly fail to secure it hereafter.

The spirit being the real man, is subject to no change, but enters the spirit world just as it leaves this when it separates itself from the body. Christ and Spiritualists say that the kingdom of heaven is within us, and if within in this world it must be within in the next. How can one prepare for love, joy, and peace in the future, when hate, fear, and tumult in the present are the ruling passions of the soul?

Reader, on what ground will you deny the truths and facts of Spiritualism? Is it not in harmony with Christ's teachings? Is not the power it yields, evidence of its truth? Does it claim any more by its communication with the spirit world than Christianity claimed in early times?

Are instructions by spirits about the na-

ture of the world they tenant different in principle from the teachings St. John received in the island of Patmos, recorded in the Revelations?

Examine this science, then, that you may know the truth.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

A Test of Mr. Colchester's Mediumship.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1861.

MR. DAVIS: I was much pleased with a notice in this week's HERALD of the rising young medium, Mr. Colchester, and I must say that among all the mediums with whom I have come in contact, during an investigation of ten years, Mr. Colchester has been one of the most honest and reliable I have met with. I wish to call the attention of your readers to two most convincing and startling tests that have come under my observation.

Some two months ago, two ladies from Harlem, one a Mrs. Van N—, called on Mr. Colchester at his rooms, 648 Broadway, Planters' Hotel. Among many questions asked was the following: "How long will my husband live?" Immediately the hand of the medium was controlled, and he wrote: "Your husband will die within two months, about the 28th of the month." The husband at that time was in good health, but within two days was taken sick, and on the 26th ult. departed this life. Does this not seem to show that spirits have the power to foretell future events?

One more instance as startling, though of a more agreeable character. By the kind permission of the parties, you can use their names, though they are not believers in Spiritualism.

About a month ago, the wife of Mr. Stillwell, a successful lawyer of this city, residing in 34th street, lost a pair of diamond ear-rings, and had not the least clue to their whereabouts. Being recommended to Mr. Colchester by a friend, she went to his rooms, though with little faith in the result. On writing the question, "What have I lost?" Mr. Colchester immediately wrote a full description of the missing diamonds, the amount they cost, the name of the party in whose possession they were, and also indicated the way they could be recovered. He informed her that one of the servants, of whom she had not the least suspicion, had taken them. Not crediting the possibility of their recovery, though well satisfied with the description, the lady left Mr. Colchester, he assuring her that they would most positively be returned by one of her servants next morning at breakfast; that her spirit friends would so work upon the guilty conscience of the girl, that for her own peace she would return them. Next morning at breakfast (mark the time) the girl brought forward the missing rings, wrapped in a fragment of the *Herald* of the day before, although they had been lost about a week. On being charged with having had them laid away, she said that if she had thought they would suspect her of taking them, she would have burned them—the very expression Mr. Colchester said she would use. Here are stubborn facts, proving the reality of spirit intercourse—facts which can be confirmed by the parties. Mrs. Stillwell holds a high position in society, and her husband is a well-known lawyer. They are not believers in Spiritualism, but are willing to give these particulars, without saying how the facts were produced, whether by spirits or otherwise.

These tests are given to induce inquiring minds to investigate the phenomena, that they may be convinced that the soul still lives, and that through the instrumentality of media, one can still commune with loved ones departed from our sight. What a glorious thought it is, that those loved ones are not lost, but awaiting us, and still watching over us; that their love survives the grave, and that we are as near and dear to them as ever! That many may be convinced of the reality of spirit intervention, and induced to investigate, is the prayer of a firm believer in Spiritualism.

J. W. S.

Spiritual Manifestations in Ohio.

[The following account of spiritual manifestations that occurred in March last, we take from the *Ohio Repository*, a journal published in Canton, Stark Co., in that State. Friends in that locality vouch for the truth of the account, which was written by the editor of the paper mentioned.—Ed.]

AN AUTHENTIC STATEMENT OF FACTS.

On Thursday evening of the 20th day of February last, past, a circle was formed for the purpose of obtaining Spiritual Manifestations at the house of one of the parties, whose initials we give, consisting of Messrs. G. B., J. L., A. F., Dr. C. M., Mrs. F., Mrs. L., and Mrs. B., the women being wives of the respective parties whose initials they bear. After sitting for some time and getting no indications whatever of the presence of spirits, the question was asked of the tenants of the Spirit Land if the "bell could be rung?" an affirmative answer, by raps, was the immediate response. A small tea-bell was at once produced and placed upon the table. No manifestations being had through that source, it was removed and replaced by a breakfast-bell, much larger, and of louder tone. At the suggestion of Mr. F. a circle was again formed, as far as possible from the

table, which was an ordinary breakfast table, and was entirely unbroken. The bell was placed in an upright position on the table, and while in that position it remained quiet. It was then laid down and the circle again formed, when it was observed to be in motion by every person present. It was then rung gently, then struck on the table with so much force as to leave indentations plainly perceptible, then taken up and again brought down upon the table with increased violence, then taken up and rung violently, when Mrs. F. became alarmed and removed it to an adjoining room. At this sitting no further manifestations were had.

On Thursday evening, the 21st of February, the circle met again, composed of the same persons. After the circle was formed, the spirits were asked if they would "ring the bell," to which, by raps, a negative response was had, and the circle was then formed around the table and this question asked, "Will the spirits write?" To this interrogatory an affirmative answer was had, a piece of paper, marked with the Arabic numerals, four and nought, so as to read 40, and a pencil were produced by Mrs. F., and laid in the drawer of a show-case in the same room, the pencil being carefully laid on the top of the paper. A circle was then formed, and the spirits were requested, as soon as anything was written, to give five distinct raps. Within three minutes the raps were audible to every person in the room. On producing a light, a card about three inches in length, one and one-half inches in width, one side of a light pink color and enameled, and the other side white, was found on the table. On the enameled side was written, in pencil, in skillful and delicate chirography:

"The hands of spirits are now lifting the veil, fold by fold—be not afraid."

On examination of the paper in the drawer of the show-case, it was found as left by Mrs. F., with the pencil on the top. This was supposed not to have been written on, but on turning it over an inscription was found, in substance as follows:

"Persevere, you will have wonderful manifestations."

As soon as read, the paper was left lying on the show-case. When the party dispersed it was inquired for, but could not be found. On Sunday evening, March 3d, a circle composed of the same persons, met at the house of Mr. J. L. At this meeting no manifestations whatever were had. March 5th, met again at Mr. B.'s. A circle was formed, composed of the same number, but not of the same persons—Mrs. L. being absent, and a Mr. C., a brother of Mrs. F.'s, taking her place. After forming a circle and sitting a short time, a card was found on the table, of the same material and color as the one we have already described, with two of the corners cut off, so as to give it somewhat the shape of a diamond, on the pink-enameled side, on which was written, apparently in the same chirography:

"On the south-west window of Madison Hall, there is a message—depart ye hence and receive it. Take no light but the light of your faith. The key you will find hanging on a nail to the right, first door entrance, about four feet from the floor."

We ought to say that up to the moment of receiving the last message, no member of the circle had ever known in whose custody the key to Madison Hall had been, or where it was kept. A description of the building known as Madison Block, in which the Hall is situated, will not be out of place. It is a large, commodious, three-story brick building, on the east side of Erie street, and is joined on to another three-story brick building on the north. The entrance to the second story is by a wide flight of stairs, which start on the pavement. At the top of the stairs is a spacious landing, from which halls lead each way, north and south. On the opposite side is a flight of stairs, so that the Hall may be entered from either side of the block. At the landing at the top of the flight of stairs already described, are four stairs, at the top of which is the second story of the building, and also a narrow hall, or passage, running east to the east side of the building. At the east end of the last described hall is a window, and also a door which opens to a second wide flight of stairs, running west to another landing, on the left, or south side of which is a door opening into Madison Hall. The room is used for public meetings, lectures, exhibitions, concerts, &c., and it is, *guessing at its size, seventy by forty feet*. On being directed to proceed to the Hall, Mr. C. and Mr. L. were dispatched to see what would be developed. Having been instructed to take no light, and it being about half-past eight o'clock, and the night as dark as Erebus, they were compelled to grope through the passages to the window where the key was. After a fruitless search, and becoming discouraged and being about to leave, Mr. L., who was standing near the window, felt his arm raised without his will, effort, or volition—his hand was guided to and placed on the key. He handed it to Mr. C., who unlocked the door, and the two proceeded to the south-west window, as directed, where they found another card, of a similar shape, but in all other respects like the former ones, on which was written: "Faithful servants! what inconceivable pleasure it gives us to know how true, persevering, and (here comes a word we cannot decipher) you are in your belief."

A PROPHECY.—"Some of you are to be in this earth as Fisha and Elijah were in golden days that long since have flown. Return to-morrow eve at same hour, 8th past 8."

March 6. The circle met, at half past eight o'clock, a card was dropped on the table inscribed in very bad chirography, "2nd past 8." Dr. M., Mr. C., and Mr. L. at once went to Madison Hall. Mr. L. unlocked the door at the foot of the stairs leading directly to the Hall, and the three ascended the stairs to the door opening into the Hall, when it swung open untouched; the three were close together, and all saw a light in the south end of the room at a platform there erected, and called the speaker's stand, at seeing which Mr. L. gave an exclamation of surprise, and immediately there arose at the desk on the speaker's stand, a figure, which, after the manner of Leigh Hunt, we shall call a *presence*, in white drapery, of full size and features, plainly seen by all. It was surrounded by a halo of soft mellow light, which was so brilliant that Mr. L. assures us he could have seen a half-dime on the floor. At this juncture Mr. C. became alarmed, and sought safety in flight. Mr. L. was about to follow, when Dr. M. caught him by the collar

and told him he "must see it through." During all this time the presence stood side facing the visitors, with its right arm extended, the right hand clasping a roll, similar to a sheet of paper rolled to an inch or two inches in size. Immediately to the right of the presence, and towards the south-east corner of the room, arose a second volume of light, accompanied with a slight hissing sound, as the sound ceased the latter light faded away; then came a rumbling noise like the heavy rolling of far-off thunder, and hearing that, Mr. L. broke for the door, the Doctor following, and both making the best of the time. At the foot of the stairs on the side, walk stood Mr. C., and the three went to Mr. B.'s and resumed the sitting. In a short time came another card, of the same kind of paper, inscribed:

"O ye of little faith! How it saddens our hearts that ye should see at the critical moment, when important revelations were about to be made."

The circle was then informed that further developments would be made at some future day.

On Saturday the 9th of March, in the afternoon, Mr. B. went to Mr. F. residence to make a friendly visit, while there, and in conversation with Mr. F., distinct raps were heard on the table and in various parts of the room. Mr. B. made the inquiry whether spirits could furnish him a photographic likeness of a deceased son, who was killed about two years since by a kick from a horse. The answer was, "Yes, at some future day." He then inquired if on to-morrow evening they would give a photographic likeness of the presence that was seen a few evenings before at Madison Hall. To that, as in the former instance, he received, by raps, an affirmative answer.

On Sunday, the 10th of March, in the evening, the circle met at Mr. B.'s. At this sitting, Mr. C. was not present, but his place was supplied by another person whom we shall designate as Cor. R. A short time after the circle was formed they received a card inscribed:

"The fulfillment of the Revelation promised yesterday will be seen in the window near the door that leads to Madison Hall. GIVE THE BILL TO FATHER W."

And now comes a most inexplicable feature in our narrative. Father W. is a most estimable old gentleman, who has been a resident of this neighborhood for near forty years, with little intermission. Twenty years ago, he carried on the butchering business in this town, and in 1841 had a bill against a Mr. C., now a merchant in New York, residing in Brooklyn, amounting to some six dollars. The old gentleman presented his bill, which was paid on presentation, by an order on a firm of merchants then doing business here, and it was so receipted and delivered to Mr. C., the receipt being in Mr. C.'s writing, which we recognized as soon as shown to us. We had been familiar with it, having often seen him write, and do not believe we could be mistaken. According to the direction of the message, two of the members of the circle went to the window, and as the circle had been told, they found a photograph which Mr. L. assures us is an exact likeness of the presence seen by him, Mr. C. and Dr. M., in Madison Hall. We have carefully examined it, but from our ignorance of the art of photographing, we are unable to give a description at all satisfactory to ourselves. It differs in every respect from any specimen we have ever seen. It is on white paper; the likeness and drapery are white. It has the position as described by Mr. L. in every particular: the background is a singular blending of light and shade, remarkable in its appearance, and wholly unlike anything we ever examined. The photograph was carefully enclosed in Father W.'s butcher's bill, and which, according to the directions contained in the message, has been handed to him; we were present when he examined it. He is now, we judge, seventy years of age, remembers supplying Mr. C. with butcher's meat, but has no recollection of this particular transaction.

When we commenced this writing some weeks ago, we supposed we should get to the end some time this year, but as new manifestations are being had, we propose to furnish all that have presented themselves up to the present time. And now comes another phase. About the 14th of March, a person well known to us, and whose veracity needs no aid from any source—a resident of this town, and who, until the circumstance we are about to relate, had never made the subject of Spiritualism, so far as we know, a matter of the slightest inquiry—called at the house of a neighbor where we have often heard that manifestations deeply interesting to Spiritualists, have been had; after he left, a member of the family found on a table, standing under a looking glass, a card in all respects similar to those herein described, from which we copy.

"Strive to develop your spiritual nature and seek admission into the other more developed circle of brethren in your town, that through your united influence, wonderful manifestations from the Spirit World may be produced. Spirit eyes are upon you, spirit hands are reaching toward you, seeking to lift the veil from your eyes and to hold communication with you."

Whether similar manifestations had ever been had at that house previous to this one we do not know; we think not, as the visitor was suspected of having tried to impose upon his neighbor. Of course we do not know that he did not endeavor to excite their curiosity or their suspicion, but we do know that he is the last man to be suspected of anything of the kind. We do him no injustice when we say he could not write what we have transcribed, and the entire absence of motive repels the idea. As to any member of the family having done it, the thing is impossible. The card, the penmanship, and the arrangement of ideas is so like what we find on other cards, that we are constrained to say they all emanated from the same source, be that source what it may.

During all the sittings that have been had, there have been circumstances tending to present a full development of what seems to have been sought for; what those circumstances were, or what was sought for we do not know. We have never seen what are termed spiritual manifestations, never was present but once when those manifestations were sought for, and the result was too ridiculous to relate here.

In support of our opinion we give the following, which we copy from a card received at a circle in this town on the 24th. The circle was composed of a part only of the persons whose initials we have given.

"Be of good cheer, for brighter days are about to dawn, and a new light shall envelop the world. Prepare for the coming glory by purifying your lives and conquering your evil passions. Let pure enter in your only beverage. Let your raiment be plain and comfortable, without regard to fashion. Truth is light, and truth shall triumph."

This message was received by a circle numbering six or seven, some of whom were children, some past middle life, and of both sexes. During all these manifestations, it has been a matter of much concern to those composing the circle, to know whether they should be published. Inquiries have been frequently addressed the spirits to know what should be done in that respect. We copy from another card received by a circle at Mr. B.'s on the 26th, of February:

"Be ye faithful, and proclaim to the world the things ye have seen and heard, for in the fullness of time men will believe."

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

(Signed) JOHN THE BAPTIST.

The parties to whom these messages were delivered, still doubting the propriety of publishing them, met again on Thursday night the 28th at Mr. L.'s, and again they were ordered "to publish to the world the things which they had seen and heard," as appears by the following messages, which we copy from the original precisely as it was received, and which was handed to us by Mr. L.:

"O ye faithless ones, how long must we hear with your unbelief? Have we not manifested ourselves unto you? And have not some of you witnessed things which but few mortals are permitted to behold? And yet ye turned and fled at the moment when great revelations were about to be made. Have we not commanded you to publish these things to the world, and ye have not done it?"

"Have we not commanded other things which ye have not done?"

"If ye cannot keep these light commandments, how can we trust greater ones to your keeping? Owey our directions at once, or we must seek another and more faithful circle through which to make our Revelations to the world."

(Signed) YOUR GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

The foregoing message is written on plain letter-paper, with remarkable regularity and elegance, and will challenge competition with the highest style of epistolary writing.

We have copied it just as we find it, punctuation and italics included. Another and more singular feature is that the *Repository* is selected as the organ through which the whole is to be made public. This, as well as much other matter, has been made known by rapping, hence we have no record from which to copy. We have given faithful copies, and they may be taken for what they are worth.

At the sittings at which the last three messages were received, a young man, whose initials are P. W., was present. He, like the rest of the persons composing the circle, we are fully authorized to say where he is known needs no introductions. In putting the foregoing in a shape for publication, we have, in every instance, given the true initials of the persons in whose presence the manifestations were had, and we are at liberty to introduce them to any one who may from proper motives desire their acquaintance, and for the purpose of obtaining any explanation not contained in our hastily prepared statement. Should it be understood that inquiries are made merely to gratify idle curiosity, no attention whatever will be paid to them.

We have endeavored faithfully to record all that has been communicated to us, and in closing our narrative, already too long, we reiterate our entire confidence in the intelligence and integrity of every one of the parties composing the circles at the several sittings, and were it not that we regard the facts and circumstances we have narrated so remarkable, should never suppose a question of veracity should be raised. Every possible precaution was taken to prevent mistakes, as well as fraud, and if the truth of our statement be doubted, and its want of truth be sought to be shown, it must be on other grounds than a want of integrity of the parties concerned.

Voices from the People.

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

WAYSIDE SCENES AND REFLECTIONS.

NUMBER THREE.

BY M. A. HUNTER.

MR. EDITOR: Whatever may be the estimate of character per standard of fashionable acceptance, one thing is certain, that disinterested philanthropic action demonstrates true worth and sincerity of motive on the part of the actor, to accomplish something beyond the circle of selfish exertion for humanity.

Again, however much or little individuals may realize, it is equally certain, that happiness is the desire of all. But happiness cannot exist in close contact with misery. Hence in order to be happy ourselves, it is necessary that those with whom we associate should be happy also. Thus active philanthropy is the stepping-stone to happiness.

Taking up the *Cincinnati Times*, I notice a sentiment I wish to place here; it is worth copying.

"What are all the vulgar paraphernalia of rank and office, all the brilliant achievements on the fields of battle, all the cold and heartless formulae of a fashionable religion, all the abstract speculations of science, when compared with one noble, practical blow, administered by a hand however weak, directed by a soul however humble, but designed to lift one poor, suffering mortal, to a position one step nearer heaven?"

Would to God that the professed reformers and philanthropists, numbered in the spiritual ranks, and traveling the country's speakers and teachers, could feel the force of that sentiment. Would to God that Spiritualists, instead of pandering to the fashions and customs of a heartless world, instead of cowardly bending to the very evils they profess to deprecate, could be inspired to work as if animated by the truths they advocate.

The conditions and classes of society which modern philanthropy should reach, are almost, if not entirely, ignored. Not only our cities, but our country towns and districts, are alive with wretched beings, of all ages, whose only lot and inheritance on earth is abject misery. Do you ask the cause of their misery? The only answer is, MONOPOLY! That damning, withering curse, that has

blighted the hopes and aspirations of nineteenth-century of the human family.

It may be perhaps objected, that ignorance damns as many as monopoly. Admitted; but how comes ignorance except by poverty? Talk about the poor educating themselves, while every college and institution of learning in our land is controlled, and receives its character, from the beck and nod of wealth, and the tone of aristocratic rank! when even the appearance of plebeian birth would be hissed in their halls!

It is true that there are many earnest souls toiling hard to educate and enlighten the poverty-stricken unfortunate of the human family; but I deem it of little avail. What cares the hungry man for arguments recommending patience in the midst of suffering, with starvation staring him in the face? What cares he to be taught that poverty is one of the institutions of heaven, designed to afford an opportunity for the exercise by man of the godlike virtue of charity? No greater insult can we offer to those who are sunk in poverty, vice, and crime, than to talk to them of education and regeneration, while every condition of society serves but to crush and sink them deeper and deeper.

In the words of a certain writer, "It is no less absurd to reason with a hungry man than it would be to attempt to drive back by mild words the famishing wolf to the winter forest. The wolf, when hungry, preys upon its kind; and what wonder then that man, thinly clad, without provisions, wandering on a bleak, cold night, through a city of strangers, is driven to the commission of unnatural deeds? What wonder that the young woman, earning a bare subsistence with her needle in a lonely garret or cellar, driven to desperation, seeks first the house of prostitution, and then the grave of the suicide?"

These are but the plainest, simplest truths; truths that are theoretically received and accepted by Spiritualists and Reformers as a mass. And yet, I ask, what visible effect have these principles produced upon the practical life of the professed "light?" I could allude to dozens of professed reformers, individuals of my own acquaintance, who are to-day rolling in wealth and luxury, monopolizing from three to eight hundred acres of land, and consuming almost or quite the entire proceeds of their wealth in their individual indulgences! This is sheer profligacy! Philanthropy is a nice subject about which to talk, hair-drawn theories are fine things for discussion in a New York Conference, but practical philanthropy examples die still-born—as did that "only child," the "Commonwealth."

If perchance a humanitarian impulse for a moment stirs the soul of a moneyed reformer, and his mind yields a little to the warming influence of a higher law, his purse may let slip a few dollars, as though benevolence needs but a pittance with which to ameliorate the suffering condition of man. But should a scheme for successful speculation present itself, what a "loosey!" how easily thousands are contributed!

What is the testimony borne by our popular lecturers against this state of things? "We must labor to make Spiritualism popular," is the only remedy proposed.

Away with such hypocrisy, with such teachings! I have no fondness for that kind of reform, no liking for such Spiritualism.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE WEST.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

We out-westerners wait long and impatiently for the importing and transporting of Paris fashions; but, fortunately, new thoughts and thought-bearers are indigenous to our soil.

We Harmonialists occupy the finest hall in this city, and no church is better filled; no audiences are more intellectual or appreciative than ours.

The Young West, like Young America, is bold, daring, and free-thoughted. The best minds among us are investigating the spiritual phenomena. They are not Nicodemuses, not Peter-like, but in broad daylight they go to listen and to investigate; if convinced of the genuineness of Spiritualism, they are, with few exceptions, quite ready to proclaim their convictions from the "house-top."

It is not listeners alone that the West is raising up. She is giving to the world her quota of speakers—her army of brave soldiers.

Three earnest-hearted western women have been our speakers for the three past months. Laura De Force spoke for us in February. Her spirit is as free and fearless as the waters of Niagara. Indeed, while listening to her, I was often reminded of a mountain stream, dashing over precipices to some willow valley, then rushing on and out into the sunlight, saying, in its song, "Make way for I am ocean-bound." She has a will and a way of removing the obstacles that impede her progress. Damning will not drown her song, nor will blind conservatism awe or turn her back. She is ocean-bound.

Belle Scougall, of Rockford, Ill., was our speaker in March. She is a strong-minded Scotch girl. She deals more in stern realities, in stubborn facts, than in flowers and figures. She meets error face to face, unmasked the wretch, and shows you his hideous deformity. She then puts forth her strong hand and struggles it so effectually that you are doubly assured its resurrection tramp will never be sounded.

Mrs. Laura McAlpin, our present speaker, is the daughter of English parents, of Parisian birth and Republican heart. She has not the daring spirit of Miss De Force, nor the battle-axe proclivities of Miss Scougall. But she is an educated, cultured woman, minus the dress and tinsel, the vanity and false-heartedness, which are often the companions of ladies. Mrs. McAlpin is too conscious of her holy mission to trail her angel robes in society's fashionable cesspools; too free-thoughted and woman-hearted to withhold life-breath from the famishing because it has not been blessed and broken by orthodox hands. She is a natural woman, therefore wastes no time in "padding" her leaves for the naked truth. Whatever seems to her holy—if the human heart demands that truth—she speaks plainly and fearlessly; but the listener would as soon think of vailing his face before Powers'

Greek Slave as shrinking aashed from her utterances—they are so beautifully chaste.

Mrs. McAlpin has lectured here less than a year; she has, therefore, gained but little notoriety as a speaker, but I greatly mistake if the world does not in time listen delighted to the great burning thoughts she will speak.

H. F. M. BROWN.

CLEVELAND, O., April 25th.

OPINION OF A DAGUERRETYPEPIST ON THE POSSIBILITY OF PHOTOGRAPHING SPIRIT FORMS.

SPRINGFIELD, Illinois, April, 1861.

EDITORS HERALD OF PROGRESS: I propose to lay a superstitious notion to rest, to which currency is given in your paper of April 12. A communication from P. Z., and J. S., asks for information in reference to what they term photographs of spirit forms. Having taken daguerreotypes and other photographic pictures for sixteen years, I think I can fully explain the appearance of the hand mentioned in the communication. In taking daguerreotypes, I have hundreds of times seen well-defined pictures appear beside and about the picture intended to be taken. But I never attributed them to spiritual causes. The first time this occurred, I recognized the picture of a sister who had sat for me one hour before. The explanation is, that in cleaning the plate, I had not done it thoroughly, and the chemical process again brought out the original picture so distinctly that the features could be seen. In one case, when a young man sat for a daguerreotype, there plainly appeared a lady and gentleman on the plate, one on each side of him, and I presume that picture is still in existence, though it was taken some ten or eleven years since. But the invisible forms that came to view were those of a couple who had sat the day before. The same thing has several times occurred with me in the ambrotype and photograph process. Some four weeks since, a gentleman sat for a photograph negative, and when the picture was developed, half of a female face appeared beside his, as though leaning on his shoulder, the face of the lady being a little lower than the other, half the collar and both hands being well formed. Knowing the cause of the phenomenon, I did not publish it as a spiritual manifestation, but lectured my boy for not thoroughly cleaning the plate. Any one who uses photographic chemicals may meet with the same experience, if not very careful in cleaning his plates.

It is a great failing in Spiritualists that they are too apt to attribute extraordinary facts to spiritual causes, when a little thought would trace their origin to familiar causes. I have heard of several instances similar to those that have fallen under my own observation. In such cases, if the artist would only exercise a little common sense, the proper explanation would be discovered with no great difficulty.

"AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY."

MILAN, O., March, 1861.

FRIEND DAVIS: Strange, is it not, that in this world of sunshine, singing birds, and budding flowers, there should be sad, aching human hearts, sighing, praying vainly for the stillness of the grave; asking daily of the great "All Father," to take back to Himself the spirit which he has sent here, (clothed so beautifully in robes of flesh) to grow and unfold, preparatory to entering the other home. Strange, I said; and so it is to me, yet almost daily, some such sad, life-weary one crosses my pathway, looking forward; peering into the dimness of days to come, and seeing there nought but darkness; and when I would gently take them by the hand, and bid them look just before them at the bright-winged bird, Hope, they turn away sadly, and point to the past, when the days looked just as bright and flower-crowned to them, as now they do to me; when the beautiful bird, Hope, came and sang to them her sweetest songs. But other days came, bringing sorrow, and now they see no sunshine, no bright flowers, while the sweet song-bird has folded her tired wings over their world-weary hearts, striving no more to lure them back to life and love. And thus they live, without sunshine, because they will not allow the rays to reach them; without flowers, because they crush them beneath their feet, and will not stoop to inhale their fragrance; without Hope, because they stop their ears to shut out the sweet songs she would sing them; walking ever with their eyes turned earthward, and remembering not that

"The world has much of beautiful, If they would only see;
A glory in the beaming stars,
The lowest budding tree;
A splendor from the farthest east
Unto the farthest west;
Aye, everything is beautiful,
And we are greatly blest."

MARY BURT.

Tidings from the Inner Life.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

A Glimpse of the Soul's Limitless Realm.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., April 18, 1861.

MR. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: I see in your paper for Dec. 1st, 1860, these words: "Every soul feels at times her own possibility of becoming a God." This instinctive tendency is an authentic augury of its own fulfillment, &c. I was much surprised at them, as indicating in some other mind an experience which I had almost thought to be singular in my own, and which I had therefore been shy of mentioning, not expecting any one either to believe or understand me. But as the case stands, I shall endeavor to describe my experience.

Twice, while recovering from the influence of sulphuric ether, I have felt what memory knows to have been truth, but which is forgotten ere I can express it. I felt the invisible fate of things; I felt something which all shall feel, but which no man can reveal. I felt that the universe was fatherless, self-existent, and unaccountable to itself. That

every being shall, at its death, grasp for one instant the secret of being, and lose it ere it can give words to the enormous, fatal thought. Thus I felt, as near as I can now reveal or recall my consciousness, on the first occasion. I may add that there was a terrible certainty and assurance of the truth or reality of these impressions.

The second occasion was in Boston, last winter, at the office of Dr. Child. The same impressions came upon me as before, but this time I was in triumph, while before I was in fear. I thought that I alone of the human race had discovered this secret—that I alone had triumphed over death—and I raised myself to my feet, and turning to the left, I looked for my Kingdom—I thought I was God. In another moment I was sliding back to my normal world, and the conviction seized me again, that this and all other experience that I had ever felt, or should feel, was the common lot of the race; and every word I uttered, or sensation I felt, was as old as time. I knew that I was in an old position—one which every living soul has occupied, or shall occupy hereafter. When I said that, as surely as I live, this is truth, and an unquestionable revelation of abnormal truth, I have nothing to say but this: If any one who sees these words has had similar experience, I should be glad to correspond with him or her.

Respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN BLOOD.

For the Herald of Progress.

A New Heaven and a New Earth.

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

"And I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth."

The new heaven is discerned by him whose spiritual perceptions have been awakened, bereft of that material character in which, by the grosser minds of the past, it has been enshrouded. The golden streets and gates of pearl, the massive walls of glittering gems, have been the symbols of that material wealth which man has made his idol; but with that idolatry will pass away such significance.

This material conception of the heavenly home gives pleasure only to him whose chief pursuit is self-aggrandizement. Gold and pearls, and precious stones are the emblems of riches, and power, and pomp, and pride, the anticipated enjoyment of which constitutes the hoped-for heaven.

Minds of another class—wary of earthly strife and toil—regard this golden heaven, with its massive walls and shining gates, as the "city of refuge." Once sheltered therein, and all is peace and rest; no secret sorrow, no corroding care, no gnawing grief can reach the inmate of this blissful haven; 'tis the "ark of safety," into which they strive to enter when the great deluge of death threatens to sweep them from the earth. But he whose spiritual nature has been unfolded looks not thus upon the glowing picture which passed before the vision of the ancient revelator. To him the gate of pearl is but the emblem of purity of soul. No stain of lust, no flaw of pride, no speck or film of selfish love, must mar the beauty of his inner life, who seeks to walk the "golden streets," which symbolize the pathways of celestial truth.

When the grosser elements of man's nature are thrown off, and the refining influences of the spirit world are drawn within, the somber hues of earth dissolve, and all things wear a bright and joyous aspect. The petty aims of life are cast aside. Wealth, pomp and power no more attract the ascending spirit. The veil which shut the inner world from view is drawn away. In every form of life, in lowly plant, in towering tree, in shimmering stream, and pleasant vale, and sloping hill, is seen the Love that is divine, the Wisdom that is boundless, the Power that is infinite. Thus is the loving Father, the all-wise and mighty Creator ever present to the awakened spirit.

The frost and snow that strips the monarch of the forest, and robs the tender flower of its perfume and its beauty, laying a chilling hand upon the flowing brook and hushing its gentle murmurings into silence—this "icy specter" is not now an image of terror, but to the quickened vision, comes as the white-robed messenger of the great Deific mind, casting its spotless mantle o'er the languid earth, and imparting anew that electric force, that magnetic vitality which hath been, in some degree, withdrawn by the profligate vegetation of the previous spring-time. The fallen leaves, the barren boughs, the moaning winds, breathing, as it were, in mournful cadence, the solemn requiem of the departing year, give no sound of sadness, no sign of decay to him whose expanded thought grasps the divine laws which underlie all this apparent desolation. To his vision all the works of the Infinite One are wondrous in beauty, perfect in adaptation, and majestic in combination.

The busy earth, which hath been laboring with unceasing toil to spread her bounteous harvest before man, now needs repose. The morning of her day—the early spring—hath passed; and fragrant flowers, wrought in the mystic chambers of her hidden laboratory, were scattered then, with graceful hand, above the verdant sward, filling the air with sweet-est odors. Her noon-time too—the glowing summer—came; clothing the trees in robes of emerald hue, and giving rich promise of that plenteous store which autumn—her melior eve—did, in good time, fulfill; yielding both luscious fruit and golden grain. Earth,

thousands are directly concerned in the struggle at hand, by reason of the presence in the ranks of our citizen soldiery, of some near friend or relative, and the consequent interest is deep, earnest, and sincere.

The slight indications of want of confidence in the policy of the administration, have quite disappeared, and not only cool-headed, but more excitable patriots commend the evident desire on the part of the President, to permit the traitors to bring upon themselves their doom, without the possibility of a charge of any undue haste or severity at the outset, on the part of the government.

"THROUGH BALTIMORE."

These words constitute the war cry of large masses of northern soldiers, exasperated by the unprovoked and murderous assault upon the Massachusetts troops in the streets of that city. Were the word but given, enough men would volunteer, either in Philadelphia or New York, to walk through the city, conquering, and if necessary, destroying.

This retribution seems likely to be spared the offending city, in consequence of the return of reason to the union-loving citizens, who have already sufficiently experienced the terrors of mob rule. There is little doubt that a way will speedily be opened through that city for the unobstructed passage of troops and private travel.

EMPHATICALLY A PEACE WAR.

Doubtless since the world began, a war was never endorsed by so large a proportion of conscientious peace men as the present. Not only professed Christians—both those who love the "gospel according to Moses" and those who follow the Nazarene—but non-resistants, Quakers, Spiritualists, and Reformers, have volunteered to aid in this struggle for liberty and law.

We observe in the Boston *Christian Register* (Unitarian) an editorial plea for the sword, from which we quote a few random sentences to show the feeling of many Christians:

"We say there is no inconsistency in unsheathing the sword, and we say it as peace-men and lovers of the spirit of our Master. Blessed are the peacemakers, is still our favorite benediction. Peace is to be sought through war. A peace is to be conquered by subduing its disturbers. It is a righteous cause that draws our swords, and therefore it is the cause of Christ."

To set our present duty in its true light, we have only to exchange one word for another. Instead of Army we have only to say Police. It is a great police force we are raising for the maintenance of order and the triumph of constitutional law through our country. Now what pacific Christian objects to a police?"

This armed police force is necessary undoubtedly, until the "Moral Police"—whose numbers we ever hope to see largely augmented—becomes more numerous and efficient. In the good time coming, the latter will, we trust and believe, entirely relieve the former of their protective and peace-conquering duties. Not, however, until one or two more battles have been fought for order, liberty, and peace.

THE FRATERNAL SPIRIT DISPLAYED.

In another respect is the present contest unexampled. The people who are sending their armies to fight the battle of freedom, are almost universally assuming the charge of the families of volunteers. Millions of dollars have been contributed to secure proper provision for the wives and children of those who have entered the army. We believe this has never before so largely characterized any war.

We could multiply examples in addition to those heretofore given, but have space for but one.

John W. Farmer, whose name is already immortalized by his free dining saloon, gives the rent of all his buildings occupied by volunteers, during the war, thus relieving them of all anxiety concerning a home for their families.

Among the troops gathered from different sections of the country, the most fraternal and cordial feeling is manifested. Between the New York Seventh and the Massachusetts Regiments, friendly interchanges have taken place already, that serve to show that those who fight our battles are not the ones to cause them.

WHERE IT SHALL END.

To progressive minds alone, and to those withdrawn from the popular political currents, has heretofore attached the cure of answering the question, where this contest shall end. It is peculiarly cheering, therefore, at this time, to discover the earnestness and boldness with which political writers and speakers contemplate the sure doom of that system which alone has supported and strengthened a malicious aristocracy.

The *Evening Post* has the following clear statement:

"It is impossible not to see that human Slavery is the cancer-worm which has for so many years gnawed at the heart of our republic. The slave owner is an aristocrat by the very nature of his life. Even if Slavery were right, it is impossible that slaveholders could exist peaceably in a republic, founded as ours is upon the will and votes, the industry and intelligence of the people. Slavery debases labor, and our slaveholders can find no terms strong enough to express their hatred and contempt for the free-laborers of the nation—the 'mud-sills of society,' as they call them. Democracy maintains the rights and interests of all. But a slave aristocracy must pit its interests against those of the people—it must rule—and when the people out-vote it, it rebels."

"We should be fatally in error, therefore, as a nation, if we did not make an end of this thing, which alone has shackled our progress, and which now has caused the desperate attempt to overthrow the government and the Union."

Interesting War Items.

—The reinforcement of Fort Pickens was accomplished between the nights of the 16th and 23d April. The fort is now in good condition for defense if attacked.

—The latest report from Washington indicates that an active and aggressive war is fully determined upon by the administration. It is said that Mr. Lincoln has long favored this policy, and so have Messrs. Blair, Chase, and Cameron. Secretary Seward at first dissented, but now yields to the voice of the people.

—The Memphis papers announce the public celebration of the burial of the American flag at that place. A great many people believe it will rise again.

—Lieut. Manly has indeed deserted his post. His resignation will not be accepted, but he will be regarded as a deserter. Evidence of his treachery are multiplying.

—Undoubted testimony is furnished of the fact that the defense of Fort Sumter cost the assailants a heavy loss of life. The captain of a sloop lying near Fort Moultrie, reports that one hundred and sixty dead bodies were carried across the deck of his vessel.

—The reported stampede of slaves from Maryland is confirmed. The fleeing fugitives are kindly assisted through Pennsylvania.

—It is a fact that Gen. Butler offered to aid Gov. Hicks in suppressing any insurrection that might occur in Maryland. But it is not quite certain that Massachusetts freemen, who flock willingly to the standard of a free government, would render very efficient service in perpetuating a system of enforced servitude, whose upholders do not hesitate to sacrifice even the glorious government under which we live, to secure its extension and safety.

—The fund for relief of the families of volunteers has been increased by benefits from most of the places of amusement in the city. Laura Keane's theater gave a benefit, the proceeds of which were \$310.

—Repudiation of debts due Northern creditors is the order of the day on the part of Southern debtors. In one case, a house in Mobile, instead of taking up the notes, invested the amount in Confederate bonds, subject to the order of the New York house to whom the proceeds were due.

—The rations advertised by the New York Quartermaster General, provide for the following allowance to each man: Breakfast, one quart coffee, eight ounces bread, and three-eighths of pound of beef. Dinner, five-eighths pound beef or mutton, and potatoes, and one quart baked beans to every ten men, or one pint of vegetable soup. Supper, eight ounces bread, three pints coffee, and one quarter pound beef. The coffee to be sweetened and provided with milk.

—A Rochester paper says: "We notice that the flagmen of the New York Central railroad carry the Stars and Stripes instead of the white rag they have been wont to display as a signal to the trains to come on, and to the people in the street to keep off the track. These flags are about one yard in length, and neatly printed in bright red and blue, upon white ground, showing the 34 stars and all the stripes."

—Private letters and newspaper paragraphs indicate the probability that John Brown, Jr., is not an idle spectator of the contest now in progress. It is said that with a large body of negroes, he is within one day's march of the Virginia line.

—The advance guard of Nurses have already left this city for Washington, in charge of Miss Powell. They number several experienced surgical nurses and educated physicians.

—Miss Dorothea L. Dix is now in Washington, and has sent for supplies. Meetings are held every day, and large numbers of dressing gowns, hospital shirts, and necessary lint and bandages are being prepared.

—Col. E. E. Ellsworth, well known as the originator of the Zouave drill in this country, and founder of the Chicago model company, has enlisted one thousand New York Firemen, and already departed for Washington. This regiment will be likely to prove one of the most serviceable in the field.

—The *Scientific American* gives a loyal direction to its pages, by devoting—in the issue before us—some seven or eight pages to valuable scientific explanation of the properties of use of fire arms, and the latest information likely to prove useful and interesting to the army of freemen.

—An achievement of much importance was accomplished by the Illinois forces, recently, in removing twenty-one thousand stand of arms, including ten cannon, and one hundred and ten thousand cartridges, from the St. Louis Arsenal, where they were liable to fall into the hands of the Secessionists.

—An armory, in place of that at Harper's Ferry is to be established at Rock Island, Illinois.

—A wealthy Quaker merchant in Broadway has lately had in his employ a stout, healthy, able-bodied young man, without family, who he thought could serve his country to advantage, and he accordingly addressed him thus, yesterday: "William, if it is thy desire to become a soldier, thou art at liberty to do so, and thy salary shall be continued during thy absence as if thou wert here; but if thou dost not desire to become a soldier and serve thy country, I no longer require thy services here." The young man has enlisted.

—Mr. Edwin A. Stevens, of Holoken, has offered to pay to the families of all men in his employ their wages while they are engaged in the United States service.

—A few days since a certain good-humored and patriotic hackman called for one of the Yankee volunteers. On the latter pulling out a bill to pay the "damage," "Dutch Hans," the driver, insisted that the money was "bad," and refused to accept anything from a man who was going to fight for his country.

—Messrs. Steinway & Sons have contributed \$500, and two members of the firm—Albert Steinway, the youngest, and Charles, the eldest son—as volunteers in the 7th and 6th Regiments, besides making ample provision for the families of any of their workmen who may choose to volunteer or enlist.

—The waiters in Taylor's International Hotel having expressed a wish to volunteer in the service of the country, the proprietors, Messrs. John Taylor & Wm. H. Gilson, offer to give them an outfit and to secure their places and salaries on their return.

—A gentleman who spoke with one of the Captains of the Massachusetts Regiment, here on Monday night, was told that 400 men were ready to volunteer than were wanted. "It went agin me," said he, "to leave one fellow behind. When we told him he could not go—'I've walked 14 miles,' exclaimed he, 'and given up a situation of a dollar and a quarter a day, just to go, and I think you might take me.' 'When I had to refuse,' said the Captain, 'he sat down and cried.'"

—When one of the city regiments was marching down to the steamer, a young man who had risen from a sick bed to go with his company, fainted in the street. A sturdy fellow stepped from the crowd on the sidewalk, saying, "Give me his musket and cartridge-box;" they were given to him, and without another word he marched on in the place of the sick man.

—One of the Massachusetts regiments that have lately passed through this city, was a young citizen of Maine. He had come from that State to Massachusetts to visit his mother, whom he had not seen for five years, and had only been with her an hour, when he was asked if he did not wish to volunteer. He said his grandfather went to Bunker Hill on short notice, and he would go now; so he bade his mother good by, and was gone.

—A merchant of this city, who is interested in a house in Baltimore, was told that the batteries of Fort McHenry were bombarding that city. "Good," he exclaimed, "I am \$5,000 poorer, if that is the case; but I hope the news is true. They can have every dollar I've got!"

—A regiment of riflemen is in process of formation in this city on the plan of the Swiss sharpshooters, to be composed of Italians, Swiss and Hungarians, offered by those who have served in Europe. This regiment is called the Garibaldi Guard, and will doubtless do credit to the name.

—The demand for flags has raised the price of bunting from four dollars and seventy-five cents a piece to twenty-eight dollars, and book muslin, usually worth six to ten cents, now brings three dollars a yard.

—The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York have decided to assume the war risk for all their assured who have entered into the service of the United States at this crisis.

—A corporation has been formed under the laws of this State, by some of our leading citizens, to create and maintain a permanent national patriotic fund for the care and support of the wives and children, and other dependents, of those who go for the defense of the country.

MEDICAL WHISPERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Modern Luxuries Everywhere."—When we reflect upon the extreme luxury in which the poor and middling classes live, now-a-days, as compared with much richer people of former centuries, we cannot but wonder how our respected ancestors could have existed at all. We have but to go to a closet and turn a faucet, and we have fresh, cold water *ad libitum*. We have but to touch a brass key in the corner, and the gas furnishes us with a fine and plentiful light. We communicate with our distant friends in the twinkling of an eye, or go to see them with the speed of the wind. Yet all these luxuries, and many more, inexpensive and common to us, were unknown to our forefathers. Who can say the world does not progress?

"Laughter better than Medicine."—The medical men recommend all public speakers who have a tendency to "relaxed uvula," to publish any names:

"A short time since, two individuals in this city were lying in one room very sick, one with the brain fever and the other with an aggravated case of mumps. They were so low that watchers were needed every night, and it was thought doubtful if the one sick fellow would recover. A gentleman was engaged to watch one night, his duty being to wake the nurse whenever it became necessary to take the medicine. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his portion. He was unable to speak aloud or to move any portion of his body except his arms, but, seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it. Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor and awakening both the nurse and the fever patient. The incident struck both the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed most heartily at it for fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning, he found his patients vastly improved—said he had never known so sudden a turn for the better—and they are now both out and well. Who says laughter is not the best of medicines?"—*Exchange*.

"Clergymen's Sore Throat."—A correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "Medical men recommend all public speakers who have a tendency to 'relaxed uvula,' 'clergyman's sore throat,' or 'aphonia cleri-corum,' to let the beard grow under the chin, and I cannot recall any one case of this complaint where this treatment was adopted, while all which I remember happened to clergymen either beardless or shavers under the chin. Again, when the exposure to wind and weather, to which the active clergyman submits in the discharge of his duties, day and night, is taken into consideration, I think no reasonable man or woman can refuse us the use of the protection which Providence has given us. The parson in the Yorkshire moors, the eastern county fens—loved home of piercing east winds—the wilds of Gloucestershire, or the chalky hills of the South Downs, as he winds his way through lanes bounded by hedges no thicker than tooth brushes, or over country with no hedges at all—is victimizing himself, not to do his duty, but to the absurdities of fashion, and brings on himself all sorts of thoracic and pectoral woe every time he shaves. Possibly the Bishop of Rochester thinks a woollen comforter a sufficient substitute for nature's own covering; but the fact is that more colds are caught with a comforter than without. It chafes, and so produces an artificial heat and often a great perspiration, and then a draught or chill comes, or the comforter gets loose, and a cold follows; while, if the mouth is covered, the breath is driven inwards and damps the neckcloth, and so we get a sore throat. I heard from a laboring man, a week ago, a striking argument in favor of beards. He used to spit blood, and was in a bad state of pulmonary disease. Last spring he ceased to shave; since then he has not only not spat blood, but also gained over thirty pounds of flesh in weight. How many consumptive clergymen might now be strong and useful, if they had had equal wisdom!"

"She hath a Devil."—Mrs. P. . . . of NORWALK, having a little faith in the Swedenborgian phase of Spiritualism, and considerable more faith in "good old fashioned New England Presbyterianism," is alarmed for one of her eldest children, who is a partial medium, thinking it possible that some "evil spirit" has taken possession. The symptoms are variable, but the following is given as a synopsis:

Symptoms: Occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semi-circle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a knowing sensation in the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hicough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Diagnosis: Our decision in the above case, religious prejudices being set aside, is, that the young girl (the patient) has not been well educated in matters of eating and drinking; that she has from childhood used too much sugar, ate bread made with saleratus, too many buckwheat pancakes; and that, as a sad consequence, she has become a "medium" for evil and diabolical "spirits" in the horrid form of "Worms!"

Remedy: We cheerfully give directions for exorcism of the invaders. In order to successfully "cast the devil out" of your child, first reform the diet, abolishing bad bread and all sweet articles of consumption; secondly, give the sufferer a cup of tea made of a little of each sage and sweet fern every forenoon. May the "devil" soon depart both from your creed and family!

The Fine Arts.

NOTICES OF PAINTINGS AND OTHER PRODUCTIONS OF ART.

Carefully and impartially prepared for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

NUMBER TWO.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

The thirty-sixth annual exhibition of this society is now open to the public on Tenth Street, a few doors east of Broadway.

Compared with previous years, the number of works from the best artists is quite limited, and with many, are omitted entirely. This is a disappointment to the art-loving public, and is on several accounts to be regretted. From Elliott, best is acknowledged among the first, if not the best living portrait painter, we find not a single production. The landscapes of Church, which have given him a reputation for a high degree of excellence both at home and abroad, are, except one little picture, not to be found upon these walls. And thus we might enumerate many others, but will merely state that internal disorder among the members has caused the President to resign, and others to occupy an indifferent position.

With the unhappy drawbacks, there are, however, numerous paintings which will interest and instruct all who may feel attracted to view them.

Upon examining the collection at large, it is apparent that a large portion is superficial and meretricious. The artists do not evince that investigating spirit, which only will enable them to cope successfully with their model. Art here appears too much a matter of identical imitation, it should go farther and interpret the mysterious beauty of nature, by analyzing and reproducing her effects. To many persons, Nature is a sealed book; apparently she does not reveal her loveliness; but the fault is not hers. We glance at her too lightly, and do not yield to her fond embrace. If we were only receptive, she would ever be a source for happy contemplation and study.

HUNTINGTON.—The works of this artist in portraiture and landscape are numerous and excellent. Wherever the eye rests upon his picture, a response is felt which invariably charms us. In arrangement he is truly poetic. Not a lock of hair, a drooping cluster of leaves, or a bit of flowing lace, but assumes, under his treatment, an interest which thrills our fancy. Behold in his landscapes, 167 and 173, the soft light streaming through those melting clouds, imparting its warmth to them and diffusing itself throughout the work. The truth and beauty of these pictures lie mostly in the general impression which they produce. The vivacity of the whole, the open quality, resulting from the all-powerful, penetrating properties of light. The artist seizes upon these large impressive qualities of Nature and strikes our imagination. Now these large properties are the means which the true artist will ever use; without them his work becomes insipid and lifeless. Yet a well-painted landscape requires something more than general effects. The eye, after comprehending the whole, requires a certain minutie

which these pictures do not possess. There is moreover a degree of looseness in execution which is not found in Nature. To obtain the just combination of freedom in handling, with precision and clearness of outline, is a matter of exceedingly difficult attainment. The works of Vandyke are said to embody these intricacies in the most admirable manner. Although identical imitation is not advocated as the highest artistic result, yet in some respects literalness seems necessary to satisfy the mind entirely.

In his Portraits are to be found many characteristics of great merit. In passing the various specimens in this branch, we are strongly attracted to No. 402, Mrs. Izanaga del Valle, which, although a likeness, would be interesting to contemplate as an ideal subject, and herein lies one of the great merits of the art of portraiture. The daguerreotype transfers the image as it is, with all attending blemishes and accidental defects, while the artist elevates his subject into the sphere of poetry, still retaining the individuality of the sitter.

Of this painting, its picturesque arrangement of forms, its refined and effective coloring, its beautiful sentiment, revealed through those dark lustrous eyes, all unite to touch our finest emotions. Those hands, too, with what grace they are animated!

No. 426, Mrs. Hasbrouck. This is a different type of character, expressing energy and determination. Though not so favorable a subject for sentiment, it is still treated with a great deal of elegance.

No. 456, the late Dr. John W. Francis, is full of vigor, fine color, and genial character. None who had ever seen the man would doubt a moment the forcible likeness. He was an excellent subject for the pencil, and having been a tried friend of art and artists, this happy record of his features will ever be prized by the fraternity. Reference is only made to a few, out of thirteen works exhibited by Mr. Huntington, in all of which something will be found to repay an examination.

A. B. DURAND, the late President of the Academy, contributes three landscapes. This artist has for many years stood before the public as a first class painter. His works are remarkable for refined sentiment and an intelligent imitation of Nature, which transports the beholder to scenes of loveliness and beauty truly spiritual. Nor is he exclusively a painter of inanimate subjects; his views are often enlivened by figures teaching some story of the heart. He reproduces Nature with all the tenderness of a refined spirit, and paints not only objects, but the very atmosphere in which they exist. His affection usually shows itself in the repose of nature. A warm sultry afternoon, and sometimes the o'erhanging tempest, is portrayed with the same truth as his quiet scenes. His works are always sought and highly prized by persons of taste, and well may they be, for the inspiration under which they are wrought elevates to the contemplation of subjects embodying the beautiful and sublime.

KENNITT.—Those who seek for mere technical excellence and truthful imitation of landscape scenery, with great breadth and detail, will be delighted with this artist's productions. However desirable an accurate copy of certain views may be, still the introduction of animate life to awaken some feeling, or to relate some story, would be attaining a higher end. His landscapes are always in demand, and produce an adequate compensation.

LECTER.—No. 446, Madame Lafayette, with her daughters, joining her husband in the prison at Olmutz, 1795.

Historical compositions of this character are quite unfrequent in this collection. Why they are so, it is impossible to state, but a careful notice of the most prominent will be made. This subject not only attracts, but arrests our attention. The artistic arrangement of light and shadow is so extremely vigorous that we are irresistibly drawn to it. The conditions of the picture conduce to an effective presentation. Within the gloomy shade of prison walls are grouped the several characters of the scene, with a stream of luminous rays pouring upon them from above. The hero stands in the embrace of his, until now, separated companion, while two lovely youthful daughters entwine themselves around his arms. His look is that of frantic joy, his complexion sallow; those glaring, sickly eyes, reveal a tale of anguish which sinks deeply in our sympathetic natures. The tender affection portrayed in the wife's countenance, tells a story of woman's deep, unchanging love. The pure youthful attachment exhibited in the children, is in keeping with their relation to the noble father. In pictures of this kind the great power of art is displayed. Not alone is the eye delighted, but the sympathetic chords of our holiest nature are struck, vibrating responses which cannot die; and herein lies one of the uses of art. Many suppose that pictures are made to please the sight, like the prismatic hues; some works indeed do so, but true art has a higher role to perform.

The costumes are elegantly painted, while their fashion, with a profusion of flowing hair, are strictly in agreement with the then prevailing mode. This composition is quite moderate in extent, considered with the artist's numerous works. As a painter of history, he ranks foremost among his contemporaries, having executed some of the largest works in the country. His distinguishing excellence lies in great energy of treatment and usual historic accuracy. His coloring is bold yet simple, but never indicating great refinement. His works are in demand, and command large prices.

Attractive Miscellany.

"All things are engaged in writing their history—The stars 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.

IX.—THE TWOFOLD ATTACK.

It was with sincere regret that Theresa left the house of Fagon to accompany her young mistress, and give her the support of her arm. She had so whetted her appetite beforehand with the expectation of the collation, that to give it up seemed to her a very grievous affair.

"That's a foot-ache," said she to Madeleine, "that can boast of having made as timely an advent as a police-officer in the midst of a banquet. We should have passed a part of our day there very agreeably."

"That would not have been proper," said Madeleine.

"Why not? does he not pass all his evenings here—every day?"

"Here, I am in my own house," replied Madeleine; "he comes here in token of his good intentions toward me; one must use prudence in these things."

"Heaven's miss, prudence! We must use it, and forego it! We never have enough of it! And for my part, I discover that you sometimes lack it, when our amorous gentleman comes here, you assume an air of coldness and reserve; that was right at first. But we do not catch flies with vinegar; perhaps, too, we need honey to catch viscous. If they are deprived of it altogether, they may go elsewhere. Take care! it is well, very well to hold the comit high, and not let it fall before the desired moment; but you must let it at least be seen. Don't you do the same with the sugar plum when you wish to make little dogs leap up? If you show them nothing, they don't leap."

Madeleine laughed at the comparison, and rejoiced at the happy change of feeling experienced by her governess toward the young man. Both had changed their parts; it is Theresa who now defends him.

The pretended accident of the sprain had only furnished the viscount with one more pretext for multiplying his visits to Bird-Meadow. Without appearing to have the least doubt of the reality of the accident, he had come on purpose to learn the condition of the sufferer, and had not appeared too much surprised at the rapidity of the cure, and at Madeleine's home everything had resumed its wonted course. They passed their evenings in a room in the lower part of the house, partially lighted by an iron lamp suspended from a large beam in the ceiling. They were ordinarily seated around a work-table, which also served them for a dining-table. Madeleine engaged in sewing or carpet-work, whilst the viscount read aloud for her some fine tragedy of Racine, or even some tender romance of Mademoiselle de La Fayette. Theresa meanwhile was wont to spin; but if the reading was long continued, her wheel sometimes came to a standstill before her; the spindle grew quiet in her hands, her hands dropped upon her knees, her head upon her breast, and she fell asleep.

The discreet Rupereux, too well taught not to respect the sleep of the governess, would then draw near to Madeleine, that he might read to her in a low voice. To listen more conveniently, she, on the other hand, would lay down her carpet-work at passages most tender and affecting, when both sympathized with the emotions of Zaida and Gonsalvo, or of the princess of Cleves and the duke of Nemours, and the book in its turn would fall from the hands of the reader, who would soon find employment more to his liking.

An occasional prick from her needle, given at the right time with a laugh, was sufficient at first to keep the amorous viscount at a distance; but one evening he appeared so modest and respectful, exhibited in his look so much tender affection, that Madeleine gained confidence; her needle remained in her work.

Rupereux had knelt before her in a posture of humble regard; by degrees the worships drew near the idol. Forgetting her danger, against which the presence of Theresa seemed to her a sufficient protection (although Theresa was again asleep that evening, and in her soundest nap), Madeleine in her reverie had suffered her hands to be clasped by those of her betrothed. All at once, she perceives herself a prisoner. In a voice half stifled with terror, she calls Theresa; Theresa does not stir.

Feeling herself by a sudden movement from the grasp of Rupereux, Madeleine puts the breadth of the table between him and herself, and shaking the old governess, asleep in her arm-chair, cries:

"Theresa! Theresa! do you not want to bid the viscount good evening? He is going!"

"Sleep, Theresa!" he says; "sleep! I am not going yet."

The honest governess muttered to herself, and turned from right to left in her arm-chair without opening her eyes, as if she had been the victim of an unpleasant dream; but that was all.

The assiduous, half laughing, half disconcerted, makes a motion as if to seize again upon the fugitive. Under this disguise of sport, Madeleine anticipates a struggle. In this perplexity, a happy device occurs to her. Night puts an end to battles. With a sudden movement, she springs toward the iron lamp that lights them; but the lamp is hung so high that its blaze cannot be put out by a single puff. The viscount tries to lay hold of her, when, by a courageous inspiration, she boldly applies her hand, her white and delicate hand, to the burning wick. Rupereux utters a cry and leaps toward her. In the darkness, more confident of escaping him through her better knowledge of the different parts of the house, the noble girl stealthily slips away to her room, in which she locks herself with a double bolt, while the thwarted

suitor, groping blindly about, at last stumbles over the old woman, whose sleep is now at an end.

The silence of her domestic in regard to the extinguished lamp and all the events of the evening, entirely unavailing to Madeleine (the sad reality of her situation. What had been to her before only a doubt, had now become a certainty; she understood the danger she had run in the visit to the house of Fagon; she understood the character of him who every evening threatened her peace, even in her own house; her position was becoming intolerable.

For a moment she entertained the thought of closing her doors against the viscount, and of dismissing Theresa.

But how then should her hopes be fulfilled? for her hopes, though diminished, still continued. So she persisted in her course. Could she not defend herself alone? Was that an affair so difficult? The viscount might attempt all possible means to overcome her resolution, but he would never descend to violence. She believed it! By repressing the impulses of her own heart, by arming herself with the whole strength of the right, she will easily bring Rupereux back to that bearing of respectful tenderness, to which she had succeeded in keeping him on their first acquaintance. Then, was there nothing with which to reproach herself in the conduct of the young man?

By continual thinking upon it, she came to look upon herself as more culpable than he. But she will be very careful to avoid falling again into the error she has committed. Now that she can rely so little upon Theresa, she will henceforth be her own mentor; besides, God will provide her another defender. The next day which is her only exhibition of displeasure at the conduct of her governess—she asks:

"How is big Jeneatte?"

"She is dead, mam'zelle."

"And you have not engaged her place?"

"I love you too well to leave you, Madeleine."

Madeleine blushed and made no answer; Theresa did not blush, and began to talk of other matters.

As evening came on, Rupereux audaciously presents himself again at Bird-Meadow with a smiling countenance, such as befits the bearer of good news. He has just seen his father; this time he has succeeded in meeting him, he said. He has spoken to him of his love, of his plans, of the sacred engagement that binds him to Madeleine. The count at first raised great objections against this marriage, but the firm purpose of the son has at length overcome his dislike. With patience and perseverance, Rupereux is sure of succeeding.

This evening Theresa did not fall asleep, but she could not sit still. Every moment, one thing or another, household duties, or the care of the house, compelled her to leave the room. She had forgotten her knitting; she recollected that the outer gate was not shut; she heard walking in the room above, and there were goings and comings without end.

Madeleine did not breathe a word; but when Rupereux came to take his seat beside her, he found, by way of addition to the circle, a new guest, a new visitor, stretched under the table, lying half asleep at the feet of the young girl. It was Nakar, the house-dog; the good, the faithful Nakar, who had already once before protected the honor of his young mistress; and she had remembered it.

Since the suitor has been making daily visits to the house, Nakar has had opportunity to grow familiar with his presence; at first, then, he makes no hostile demonstration. Only, at the approach of the stranger, he shakes his ears, and without ceremony takes his position between the two as they talk. Seated upright, with his nose resting quietly in the lap of Madeleine, and his eyes half closed, he seems to enjoy with delight the unexpected favor shown him by admitting him into the house. As long as Rupereux is content to talk of his plans for happiness, of his impatient hopes, the dog does not move, and looks at him with a side-glance kindly enough; but when, taking advantage of the absence of Theresa, he would take the hand of Madeleine, and with false pretenses of repentance for the scene of the preceding evening, under pretext of asking pardon for it, attempts to repeat it, the dog suddenly rises to his feet. At the first attempt, he turns to the viscount with a growl; at the second, he snaps at his sleeve, tears it, and even slightly scratches his arm. "Ho! Nakar!" says the young girl, suppressedly, mischievous laugh; "ho! you would bite M. de Rupereux! Are you not aware, then, that you are one day to belong to him—soon, perhaps, if we are to credit the good news brought from Chambourcy? Come, come here, Nakar!"

And pretending to quiet him, she keeps her defender near her.

"Cordieu! your companion is not agreeable," cries the viscount; "send him away, my angel, he could eat me up."

And with an expression of pain, he opens his sleeve before Madeleine, and shows her the traces of a slight bite.

Madeleine in her turn, as her only response, shows him her hand, wrapped in a bandage, and still swollen by the burn from the lamp. "We must learn how to suffer," says she. At this moment the old governess came in; and lamenting that so fine a bit of lace had been torn by that ugly brute, arming herself with a broom, she was about to drive him out. But Nakar, bristling up, turns upon Theresa, and without losing sight of Rupereux, at once confronted both accomplices; he had read silent approval in the eyes of Madeleine. For this intelligent breed, a look is equivalent to a word, and the *silencium loquens* of Saint Jerome may be truly applied to the intercourse between man and dog.

From that moment, Madeleine had in Nakar a devoted, vigilant, and incorruptible auxiliary. He slept at the door of her chamber, watched over her slumbers, and followed her step by step about the house as well as in the yard, hardly allowing Theresa herself to approach her. The orphan girl had no longer to be her own sole defense; the struggle was at least to continue two against two.

The viscount was at a loss to determine to what saint, or rather to what imp of the pit, he should offer his vows. That love which he had encouraged in himself in order to occupy his leisure, was now kept alive in spite of him—

self, by its own movement. It augmented with resistance; it entered his soul with the habits of every day; he no longer despised it; he regarded it now deliberately, and with anger and dislike; he had begun to fear it!

The little peasant girl had become a sensible and resolute maiden, of blooming grace and natural dignity of bearing; from day to day her influence over him was increasing. Susceptible by nature, and coquettish by fits, perhaps through timidity, already fashioned to dissimulation through the necessity of combating Rupereux with his own weapons, there was in her an incredible blending of simplicity and calculation, of open coquetry and intentional laxity of manner. Determined to be either a viscountess or a nun (without feeling, however, any inclination to the cloister), tenaciously pursuing her purpose of marriage, according as she was agitated by fear or hope, she suddenly appeared in phases the most utterly unlike. But over her joy, over her tears, over her inexperience, and even her resistance to his guile, the magic prism of her seventeen years, of her sweet smile, of her pleasant air, shed its rays for Rupereux; the contrasts, the eccentricities of her character, only rendered her more attractive to him. The hours sped swiftly by, in her presence, but of all those hours he cherished so many recollections, inappreciable by any one else, that it seemed to him that his life was doubled thereby. She had made him acquainted with feelings of which he did not believe himself susceptible; he had smiled, trembled, and wept, in looking at, and listening to her. In short, of all those grand transports of love, of those feverish hallucinations, before devised by him to influence the pretty widow, he now experiences the genuine symptoms in the presence of Madeleine. But as for marrying her, as for taking her for a wife, he would have buffeted any one who could believe him capable of thinking of it for a moment.

Rupereux probed all the recesses of his own soul, and took pity on himself. What change had come over one of the most daring leaders of the infernal crew? over the bully, the blusterer, the vanquisher of so many fair ladies, the terror of so many honest husbands, the audacious suitor of Mademoiselle de Valois? He was becoming enervated by sentiment, growing stupid by playing his pastoral game. It was time for the libertine to wake again; wake he would!

One morning Madeleine was in her room, occupied with her toilet, and particularly with a thousand thoughts on love, on marriage, of ambition perhaps; and her wonted train of reflections was running in her brain, filling her heart with emotions alternately sweet and painful.

Theresa had been on her way from early dawn to Saint Germain, to lay in her household supplies. The pretty girl cared little for her absence; at this hour she received no visits; and besides, did not her faithful Nakar remain near her?

She had just heard him yelp in the court, when steps echoed on the stair-case and her door was immediately opened. The young girl at first supposed Theresa had returned, and without much concern, hastily threw a kerchief about her neck, when she saw Rupereux before her, with a face pale and stern, on which a smile vainly struggled for expression.

"What do you wish of me?" said she in an agitated voice.

Rupereux made no response, and moved a step toward her. With a moment's reflection, Madeleine sees at once the long train of woes that menace her. The absence of Theresa, the viscount entering the house without difficulty, his silence, his paleness, all reveals to her the existence of a horrible plot.

"My mother! is her first startled cry. It is the same old story, the same old story, and she calls for assistance; Rupereux stands in her way. He desires to speak to her, to calm her excitement; but his own agitation does not allow it. Drawing back from him, with eyes glaring and the perspiration standing on her forehead, Madeleine perceives that the door through which he has just entered, stands ajar; but again he moves between her and the door, as he had just barred her passage to the window. Still drawing back, with her eyes steadily fastened upon him, she then endeavors to reach the alcove of her room, where, under an image of the Christ, in the midst of some box-wood bows, is suspended a pearl-handled knife in a velvet sheath; it is a little night dagger, to which her father long ago was wont to attach an inestimable value, for it had once belonged to Louis XIV. She hopes to be able to seize it, and Rupereux, ignorant of her object in going toward the alcove, though following her step by step, is very careful not to interpose any obstacle to this movement.

At this instant, Madeleine hears below her in the vestibule of the house, a yelp from her dog; heaven was sending her defender! Her only thought now is to reach him, or rather to get him to her. Suddenly making a sudden rush, into which she has thrown her whole strength, she flies toward the door of her chamber. Rupereux could counteract the effect of this impetuous and sudden movement, but he was unable to thwart it entirely. He was dragged along by her to the head of the stair-case, where, with stifled voice, she called Nakar. A dull groan answered her from the foot of the stair-case, and the poor guardian of her honor appeared, no longer now with glaring eyes and bristling mane, bringing her the aid of his strength and vigilance, but with weak and tottering steps, and eyes half closed. Slowly dragging up the steps one by one, he made a new effort to reach Madeleine, and sat down before her, as if trying to protect her still; then, with panting sides, and the foam upon his jaws, he turned upon his back, and immediately expired at the feet of his mistress, gazing up to her with one last look, that seemed to beg pardon for his inability to defend her.

Astonished and terrified, Madeleine seeks to utter her imprecations on the cowardly author of this deed of cruelty; but sighs alone escape from her lips. She feels herself fainting—the walls whirl and reel before her—a veil covers her eyes. Taking advantage of her weakness and exhaustion, the libertine, to whom any means are now right, takes her in his arms, carries her half unconscious into the chamber, seats her in an arm-chair, and runs again to the door, the bolts of which he closes; but when he returns to the young girl, she was standing erect and holding in her hand the pearl-handled knife.

"One step nearer," she cried, "and I fall dead at your feet, as my poor Nakar has just fallen before me, slain by you!"

Rupereux stood amazed, abashed, and disconcerted.

"Draw those bolts and depart!" added Madeleine, in an authoritative tone. He was hesitating, when the sound of a numerous cavalcade, cries, laughter, and hurrahs, broke forth in front of the house. There was loud and continued knocking heard at the outer door. Amid all this clatter, the viscount distinguished the voice of Noce, of Castelmau, of Marivats, and of Lenoncourt. Then he drew the bolts, bowing to Madeleine with a somber and ironical expression; and as he was upon the point of leaving: "Monsieur de Rupereux" said she, "you are a wretch! Adieu! for we shall not meet again—unless it be before the altar!"

It was the second time this word wretch was cast in the teeth of Rupereux. It made him tremble; it reminded him of the peculiar malediction pronounced against him by his father. Without attempting for a moment to justify himself, or at least to gloss over the odiousness of his conduct, he rejoined the crew that were still knocking at the door.

During this whole scene, Rupereux had not uttered a word.

After he had gone, the strength that had so opportunely returned to Madeleine, again left her. She sank into her chair overwhelmed and motionless, and for a quarter of an hour seemed to have lost the consciousness of existence. This state of exhaustion was hardly passed, when she heard steps gliding up the stair-case. She hastily picked up the knife which she had let fall at her feet. Suddenly, with a piercing cry, a woman rushed into her chamber. This woman was not Theresa; it was Madam Alphen, who, with dishevelled hair, pale face, and eyes red with weeping, threw herself with an air of desperation into a seat opposite that which Madeleine occupied; and the two old friends, the two former rivals, the widow and the young maiden, gazed at each other in silence and with mutual alarm.

(To be continued.)

There are those whose lives are an exemplification of the better of holiness. They make the world better by living in it, and radiate constantly an atmosphere of love, peace, and harmony. They seem to have the air of higher worlds about them, as though they had basked in the glory of paradise and listened to the voices of beatified spirits. Perhaps they are not known among that brave and noble band of reformers, who buffet manfully the billows of the surging sea of wrong and evil, yet they say, "Peace, be still," and walk calmly on where others would be engulfed and lost. Pure, loving, lovable beings, social suns that diffuse joy and beauty around them, that attract more eccentric spirits, and hold them in willing obedience to beneficent laws they are not sufficiently advanced to comprehend unaided. Many a wanderer has been recalled from his erratic course by the gentle influence of a tender mother, an affectionate sister, or a sympathetic friend.

C. N. K.

Conjugium.

"True marriages are natural, inevitable, harmonious, and eternal."

Married: At Ghent, Columbia Co., N. Y., on Monday evening, April 15, by themselves, AARON M. POWELL, of Ghent, to J. ANNA RICE, of Worcester, Mass.

The following is a protest, as embodied in their marriage certificate, against the unequal bearing of the statutes of the civil code upon the parties to a marriage contract:

"Herewith we record our united protest against the inequality and injustice of the statutes of the civil code pertaining to marriage, which assign to the wife a position of legal inferiority. The marriage contract is framed in ignorance, inequality and injustice, in the making of which one of the parties becomes at once civilly dead and legally buried. The individuality of the wife is merged in the husband. Her personal and property rights are surrendered. Against this inequality and injustice, this monstrous sacrifice of the birthright of every human soul, baptized by apostolic hands as a holy sacrament and everlasting ordinance of the living God, we do protest."

All honor to the parties for making so just and forcible a protest! May their union be crowned with bliss!

Apotheosis.

"Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks the door of life's lower-enclosed door to show us those we love."

Departed: From Charlotte, Eaton Co., N. Y., March 25th, 1861, HENRY M. GRANGER, in the 21st year of his age. Thus are we called upon to bid adieu, for a few fleeting days, to one of earth's most promising youths—thus, in the prime of life, this true, generous-hearted, aspiring son of Nature, departed this stage of activity to a more congenial clime, where his bright and happy spirit can ripen into maturity and usefulness.

The parents of this treasured and beloved son have borne, to them, a great loss; but they are sustained with the belief that "to die is gain" to the lost one, and that God is a loving Father to all his children, knowing no exceptions nor partialities. With such a soothing and cheerful belief in the future life of man, the aged parents can live on in hope—"the hope that never dieth," but is sure to be rewarded by a happy meeting of families in a world where separation is unknown.

G. D. S.

Departed: From Martville, Cayuga Co., N. Y., April 12, 1861, LUCY CRIPPEL, wife of Wm. S. Kyle, M. D., aged 27 years. She lived a firm believer in individual immortality and spiritual intercourse. W. S. K.

Of Writers and Speakers.

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

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond will answer calls to lecture, addressed box 878, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. M. J. Kutz will answer calls to lecture, addressed Laphamsville, Kent Co., Mich.

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

Mrs. C. M. Stowe may be addressed, Vandaila, Cass Co., Mich.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, O., answers calls to lecture in the Western States.

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

Mrs. S. E. Warner may be addressed for the present at Delton, Sauk Co., Wis.

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

G. W. and Ellen Nichols will answer calls to speak on Reform. Address Wheatland, Iowa.

Rev. H. S. Marble may be addressed Atalissa, Muscatine Co., Iowa.

Gibson Smith will answer calls addressed to Camden, Me. Will speak at Newport, R. I., in May.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will answer calls to lecture, addressed 1905 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Geo. M. Jackson, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at Frattsburgh, Steuben Co., N. Y.

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

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

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

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, Impassioned 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. L. 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 Doctrinal Christianity, directed to Coxsackie, N. Y.

R. P. Ambler will accept engagements in the vicinity of Boston or Lowell during May, June, and August. Address care C. W. Bateman, Attica, Ind.

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

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

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

Mrs. M. B. Kenney speaks at Gloucester, June 2d; Newburyport, June 16th; Quincy, June 2d; Chelmsford, May 16th and 26th; New Bedford, May 12th.

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

Frank L. Wadsworth will lecture Sunday, May 12th, at Adrian, Mich.; May 19th at 26th Toledo, Ohio; June, Detroit, Mich.; July, Lyons, Mich. Address accordingly.

N. Frank White will lecture at Detroit, in May; Oswego, N. Y., the Sundays of June; Seymour, Conn., through July. All calls for the year following in the East. Address as above.

Miss Emma Harding will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., in July; at Bangor, Me., and Worcester, Mass., in June; in Providence, R. I., in May. Address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

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

W. K. Ripley speaks in Bradford, Me., April 28th, and each alternate Sunday the ensuing year. Every fourth Sunday at Glenburn, commencing April 21, and at Kenduskeag May 5th and every fourth Sunday thereafter.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier 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.

J. H. Randall's address, after the first of June, will be care of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, Ohio. Previous to that date, Clyde, O. Applications for engagements at the East next fall and winter should be made soon.

Miss Laura DeForce will speak in Plymouth, Mass., the Sundays of May; in Providence, R. I., in July; Quincy, Mass., Aug. 4, 11, and 18; Saratoga Springs, Aug. 26 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 lecture 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.; C. North, Elkhart, Ind.; E. Cole, Goshen, Ind.; Henry Bred, Toledo, O.

G. S. P. Leland will speak at Chicago, Ill., May 12. Will commence a course of geological lectures at Washington, Iowa, May 15; Wapello, Iowa, May 22; will hold a grove meeting at Brushy Prairie, Ind., June 15 and 16; at South Kirtland, Ohio, June 22 and 23; Conneaut, Ohio, July 14; Adrian, Mich., July 21 and 28. Friends desiring Davenport and Chicago desiring lectures on Geology or General Reform in June will please write soon. Address Cleveland, Ohio.

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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 you 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 classes. Its ingredients are such as to effectually eradicate dandruff and other impurities, which operate 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, 1860.

A GENUINE HOON.

In our capacity as conductor of a public Journal, we are called upon to advertise the cure-all of the day, each of which claims to be unadulterated in its composition and infallible in its curative effects, with what justice we leave to 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 it crop wherever applied. Our own thack is fortunately healthy, but we advise our friends with sparsely growing hair to try the Restorative.—Columbia Spy.

ALL HAIR DYES ABANDONED.

Notices of New Books.

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

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. No. CXII. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE & CO., 117 Washington street. New York: H. DEXTER & CO., 14 ANN STREET.

CONTENTS.—1. Cotton and the Cotton Trade; 2. Giuseppe Garibaldi; 3. Temporal Power of the Church; 4. Sir William Hamilton's Metaphysics; 5. Charles Robert Leslie; 6. Illuminating Gas; 7. Trubner's Guide to American Literature; 8. Hallam as an Historian; 9. The Oxford Clergymen's attack on Christianity; 10. Recent French Literature; 11. Hunting in the Himalaya; 12. Tischen-dorf's Discoveries in the East; 13. Critical Notices.

This standard American work is so well and universally known, and its reputation is deservedly so high, that but little remains to be said from quarter to quarter, beyond making known its valuable table of contents. In order to daugerously upon the minds of our readers the tone of the work and the position it takes in the literature of the day, we append a few short extracts taken from the different articles in the number before us.

"Popular education and legislative reforms have a vast work to achieve before the noblest fruits of political liberty can be matured. Accordingly, in the very hour of successful revolution, its ultimate harvest is a subject of the most diverse speculation. It is a great thing to have punished, however incompletely, a degraded and tyrannical dynasty; to have laid open the secret wickedness of a base and cruel government; to have set free thousands of innocent and tortured captives; to have exhibited to the world noble and disinterested achievements; to have awakened in a whole people the consciousness of rights regained and manhood respected; and thus to have acquired a new foothold for humanity, shaken despotism with remorseful alarm, and exhibited once more genuine patriotism as victorious and triumphant."—ART. 2.

"The diffusion of knowledge on all subjects is as necessary as its increase. . . . It were to be wished, if possible, that a large proportion of those who undertake to give, would be content to receive instruction and edification through the press. The Creator has adjusted productive talent and receptivity in every department, in proportions which cannot be deranged without injury. In the fine arts, the ratio of those who can minister to the general delight to those who can appreciate and enjoy the fruits of their genius, is small. We believe that this is the case as regards literary capacity also. Authorship is a special gift; an office to which not every cultivated man and woman is called; and it will be a token of progress in the future, if we shall be able to count fewer writers, with constantly growing numbers of patient, assiduous and discriminating readers."—ART. 7th.

"Here we have in a single quarter, from the Society's press (American Tract Society,) Sermons by our most eminent divines, able treatises on Scriptural Geography and Archaeology, Biographies that have a surpassing charm for readers of every class, Tracts that have been circulated for a long series of years with the most beneficent agency, similar productions that now first see the light, and books adapted to the religious needs of the nursery and the school room.

"Thus, every variety of taste is catered for, all ages and conditions are consulted, every avenue to the public attention occupied. It is impossible to over-estimate the worth of such a system of operations. The religious Tract, in its original form, was of very narrow and doubtful utility. In its homely livery, of shape and type that distinguished it from every other publication, circulated with but little reference to conventional proprieties, thrust aggressively upon the unprepared and unwilling, and not infrequently rude and pugilistic in tone and temper, it was often received as a challenge rather than as a gift. Far otherwise is the influence of such publications as we have now before us, taking their place quietly among the best literature of the day; winning acceptance by their beauty of form, and the intrinsic worth of their contents; sought as holiday presents; gracing the center-table; and constituting the most ornamental portion of the child's or the poor man's library. . . .

"Beneath all forms of mysticism, our author recognizes the fundamental truth of the direct revelation of God to the soul of man, the imminence of the Divine Spirit in the human spirit, the dependence of the religious life on direct personal communion with Him from whom it flows and to whom it tends."

ESCHATOLOGY. By SAMUEL LEE. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

The writer of this work differs from his brethren of the theological school, in distinguishing between the coming of the Son of Man and the coming of the Lord. "The former refers to his coming as a man to introduce and take upon himself the administration of the Christian Dispensation. When that work was accomplished, he was no longer the Son of Man. . . . The phrase, the coming of the Lord, as used by the apostles, refers to a period in the history of Christians, and of each Christian in particular, when a cluster of momentous facts shall simultaneously occur."

Many will be interested in the author's views of the forty-fourth verse of the 15th chapter 1st Corinthians. They are here appended: "We may suppose the change at death to be dropping the animal organization, and retaining the more subtle part as adapted to the exigencies of the spirit. This spiritual element would, as a consequence of severance from the grosser element, at once develop itself and become invested with new and wonderful powers, as does the animal body at its birth. We think a careful attention to one's consciousness will give support to this hypothesis: also the facts of Mesmerism. . . . The simple import of 1st Thessalonians, 4th chapter, 14-17 verses is, that

God is soon to come to us, and bring with Him, under the conduct of an archangel, all the heavenly hosts, and among them our friends who have died before us. We do not go up to heaven; heaven comes down to us. The scene is here, in the atmosphere of this world. . . . Let us remember the words of the pastor of the Pilgrims, when he bade them farewell, 'I am very confident the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his Holy Word.' The words of Vinet, 'Even now, after eighteen centuries of Christianity, we may be involved in some enormous error, of which the Christianity of the future will make us ashamed.' We make one more quotation, that the reader may know to what branch of the church the author belongs, and may experience how great is the pleasure of heralding the progress of those who write. "We attach great importance to a sound reputation for orthodoxy."

HYMNS FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN. Compiled by a LADY. "Her place being to collect devout, entertaining, and suggestive poetry—morning and evening hymns, and those calculated to stimulate the imagination, refine the taste, and train the child's heart to become strong, humane, and brave, as well as keep it gentle, reverent and pure. Finding a sad lack of material, she offers the volume now with diffidence, hoping that at least its deficiencies may draw some true poet's attention to the wants of these little ones, that they may no longer be offered thin and coarse dilutions of morality, but hymns delicate, beautiful, and rare, as the souls which wait to receive them."—Extract from the Preface.

"This work is published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston. It is a beautiful volume, printed upon tinted paper, containing a few illustrations by Billings. It is divided into, Part 1st, Children; Part 2d, For Young Children; Part 3d, Nature; Part 4th, Religious Instruction; Part 5th, Older Children; Part 6th, The End. For a hymn book it is unusually free from sectarianism, and is undoubtedly the best work of the class that has yet been issued from the press. It contains 287 pages, and is published at \$1.25. We give two or three selections from part 5th.

Forgive thy brother who has strayed,
And take him by the hand;
And as you speak a generous word,
Assist his feet to stand.

Joy'll sparkle in his eye to hear
Thy words of gentle tone;
Forgiveness breathed upon his ear,
And love and kindness shown

Will make him rise to life again,
And shun the path he trod,
When in the round of folly's train,
He broke from Truth and God.

Forgive thy brother—even now
A smile is on his cheek;
The glow of heaven has tinged his brow—
Speak, and forgive him—speak!

O thou whose brow, serene and calm,
From earthly stain is free,
View not in scorn that lost one's fate,
—She once was pure like thee.

Though in thy lovely form and face,
Health's rosy glow we see,
Yet shrink not from that faded form,
—She once was fair like thee!

Thou in thy father's home may dwell
In peace and purity;
Yet pity her—though friendless now,
—She once was blessed like thee.

Persuance the smiles of love are thine,
Thy joyful ecstasy;
Then weep for that forsaken one,
—She once was loved like thee.

And still, 'mid shame and guilt, and woe,
One Being loves her still;
Who makes thee blest, and pours on her
The world's extremest ill.

He knows the secret lure that led
Her youthful steps astray;
He knows that thou, in all thy pride,
Might fall from him away;

Then with the love of Him who said,
"Depart and sin no more,"
Shield from despair that wretched one,
And bid her pants be o'er.

Juvenile Literature.

PUBLICATIONS OF CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE & CO.

Selected for the List of A. J. DAVIS & Co., to whose Address all Orders may be sent.

POPULAR TALES. By MADAME GUIZOT. Translated from the French by Mrs. L. BURKE. Embellished with colored plates. Price 75 cts.

This book is one which, aside from its entertaining character, is well calculated to call out and develop the reasoning faculties of children, grown and growing. Some of its stories contain deep and noble thoughts, worthy to be studied by all, whilst through them the authors successfully impresses the reader's mind with the strong conviction that happiness can only be insured by obedience to duty and benevolence, and that high and pure motives should guide our every action. Although this work is written for children of a foreign country, its elevating tendencies adapt it for any part of the globe.

THE ESKEDALE HERD-BOY. A Scottish Tale, for the instruction and amusement of young persons. By LARRY STODART. (Mrs. Blackford.) Illustrated. Price 50 cts.

This is a pleasing story of home life in Scotland, which cannot be read by youths or adults without exciting a lively interest and sympathy with the simple and high-minded character of the little hero of the book. His heart filled with the deep affection and unswerving adhesiveness which is so characteristic a trait of Scottish character; his pure integrity and earnestness of purpose, united with his appreciation and admiration for goodness and virtue, and his touching hu-

mility and self-forgetfulness under all circumstances, render him a worthy example to be held up to the young of either sex. There are some views taken in this little work, which all may not approve of, especially the somber manner in which some of the characters in the story regard death, and the apparent want of resignation with which they bear up against misfortune. Still, the good moral which it contains, and the lively interest which almost every one of its pages excites in the reader, offer an inducement to parents and friends who seek a book which combines the instructive with the deeply interesting.

THE JUVENILE LIBRARY. By MRS. TUTTILL and others.—A series of volumes, published in uniform style, at 38 cts. each, bearing the following titles: When are we Happiest? 16th edition. The Boy of Spirit, 16th edition. I will be a Lady, 38th edition. Onward, right Onward, 16th edition. Ellen Stanley, 9th edition. I will be a Gentleman, 37th edition. A Strike for Freedom, 15th edition. Anything for Sport, 16th edition. People of Bleaburn, 4th edition. Mary Leeson, 4th edition.

"That this series of publications has been received by the public with considerable favor, will be inferred from the number of editions through which each book has passed. The general tone of this little library is highly moral and religious, although some of the volumes are pervaded with the prayer-meeting aura.

ONWARD, RIGHT ONWARD.—This is a story for boys from eight to fifteen years of age. It is wrought by Mrs. Tuttil in such a manner as to prove to the youthful mind that success in life—true progress—must be accomplished, if at all, through personal energy and steady application.

I WILL BE A GENTLEMAN discards sham gentility of its unfortunate garb, and sets forth, in contrast, the height of a character naturally noble.

THROUGH THE BOY OF SPIRIT it is especially argued that home influence is a potent power in shaping and molding the minds and destinies of youth.

A STRIKE FOR FREEDOM teaches the value of and necessity for order and system in the daily walks and duties of life.

Publications of Chase, Nichols, & Hill.

[The following works have also been selected for our List, and may be obtained at our office, or sent by mail or express in quantities to suit the wishes of purchasers.]

HOWARD GRAY: A Story for Boys, by C. L. MERRILL. Illustrated with two engravings. 50 cents.

Although the theologic direction of the author's mind is slightly observable in his work, yet there is no fine an influence pervading the book. We consider it worthy a place upon the List. Its maxim is, "He can conquer who thinks he can." The interest excited by reading it is a healthy one, and the manner of relating the incidents creates a pleasing calm in the mind of one who peruses the book. It teaches "that no victory, worthy of so high a name, is ever gained without a struggle. With some, the strife is easy, but with others, the victory is only won after the path to it has been marked with the life-blood of the victor. Foes ever gather round the standard of success; and only to the strong arm, unshrinking eye and faith, does the trophy fall. When the victory is truth, whether for the lightest or the deepest objects of the heart's affections, who would refuse to answer the cry, and die, if need be, in defense of the cause?"

"Mourn not the perishing of each fair toy;
Ye were ordained to do, not to enjoy;
To suffer, which is nobler than to dare,
A sacred burden in this life ye bear.
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up, and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
God guard ye and God guide ye on your way,
Young pilgrim warriors who set forth to-day.

THE PERILOUS ADVENTURES OF QUINTIN HAREWOOD AND HIS BROTHER, BRIAN: IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA, first volume, and in Asia and Africa, second volume. With engravings. 25 cents each.

A reprint of an English work published some years since. Its features are set forth as part of the narrative by Quintin himself. "Brian and I were twins, the only children of our parents. Brothers do not always dwell together in affection, but we seemed to have one heart and soul. Mine has been a life of peril and vicissitude. Scenes that appal the hearts of most men have been things familiar to me, and if you are fond of hair-breadth escapes and desperate adventures, you will find enough of them in the following relation. It has been my lot to struggle with the shaggy bear in the woods, and to contend with the lion on the plain. I have pursued the huge elephant and rhinoceros in the forest, the tiger and the leopard in the jungle, the wolf in the snow-drift, and the alligator in the lonely lagoon. I can tell you of the osprey, the vulture, and the screaming eagle; of orang outangs, porcupines, and flying squirrels, vipers, serpents, and enormous snakes; of the perils of the heaving ocean, the rushing river, and the foaming waterfall. I can discourse freely, and describe the sultry desert-wind of the East, and the howling tornado of the West."

A CHRISTMAS WREATH FOR LITTLE PEOPLE, by ELLA RODMAN. Handsomely illustrated. 50 cents.

"The Christmas Wreath shall tell of the rich and the poor, the gay and the sad." So says the preface, and in the book it is truthfully carried out. Five stories are written in a pleasing style, all of them made up of incidents which pertain to the holiday season. Their teachings are adapted to develop the better side of youth nature.

A HAPPY SUMMER TIME; or, James and Jenny in the Country. With six elegant designs by BILLINGS. Price, 50 cents.

The designs are truly elegant. The contents of the book are made up of eight chapters, in which the enjoyments of the two children during a summer trip to the farmhouse of their uncle and cousins, are detailed in an interesting manner, in the following order: The Journey to the Farm House; The Farmer's Barn; The Sheep Pasture; Jenny's Rambles in the Fields; Hay-making Cares and Pleasures; Berrying on the Hills; Dumb Creatures and their Children.

THE APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT. 12mo. 75 cents.

We place this book on our List, although it does not strictly belong under the head of Juvenile Literature. Nevertheless, it will be found to contain as much *fabula* as any work yet examined, and there are within its pages enough of the marvellous to excite the interest of the most wondering of children. Its value to those who are passing through the successive phases of Spiritualism, is inferred by the great desire on their part to possess themselves of a copy. The work contains twenty-five books, numbering from one to twenty-three chapters each. The origin or supposed origin and age of each book are given in a short preface to each book. According to the title page, the contents are attributed in the first four centuries to Jesus Christ, his apostles, and their companions. The compiler says in his preface:

"As a literary curiosity, the work has attracted much notice; as throwing a light upon the Arts of Design and Engraving; it has been useful to the painter and the collector of pictures and prints; and as relating to Theology, it has induced speculation and inquiry. Many valuable pictures by the first masters, prints by early engravers, woodcuts in early block letter, and block books, and illuminations of missals and monastic MSS., receive immediate elucidation on referring to the APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT, and are without explanation from any other source."

There are three tables appended to the volume. The first gives a list of the Apocryphal places not now extant, mentioned by writers in the first four centuries of Christ, with the several works wherever they are cited or noted. Table 2d is a list of the Christian authors of the first four centuries, whose writings contain catalogues of the books of the New Testament. Table 3d gives the times of writing the four gospels in the New Testament, with the times and places of writing Paul's Epistles, according to Doctor Lardner's supplement to the Credibility of the Gospel History, Jones' Canonical Authority of the New Testament, and Owens' Observations on the Four Gospels. This is a valuable work to every student, scholar, and investigator.

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ALBERT SMITH,
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