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SOMETHING NEW,
AND
THING WHICH HAS
TEST OF YEARS
WILL GROWS
Popular every Day.
IT IS
WOOD'S
STORATIVE.
ERS SAY OF IT.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

Vol. 2., No. 16.]

{ A. J. DAVIS & CO. }
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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.

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 personal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."

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

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."

E RILEY, OHIO.—You can obtain the "Common Sense Views, &c." by writing to its author, William Denton.

MRS. C. M. STOWE has just written us a letter for publication, giving interesting details of her labors in the West.

W. SANFORD will find our opinion of the teachings of Zoroaster in the fifth volume of the Great Harmonia.

WASH. A. D., BALTIMORE.—We will publish your criticism styled "The Herald of Progress and the Banner of Light on the Civil War."

CLAUDE L. N. Y.—"A Word on Flags, Badges, &c." is received. The evident tenableness of most positions assumed by you will commend the criticism to many readers.

MARY W., NORTH POTS DAM.—For the present our literary department is amply stored, otherwise we would be glad to add your name to our list. The land of Harmony is not far off.

O. M. C., MANSFIELD, O.—Your letter concerning the "hollowness of the globe" is received. Our time is too occupied at present to permit the attention you suggest.

E. ANDREWS, OF ALBANY, will receive this assurance, that his recent contribution was appreciated, and will be used in the furtherance of the blessed gospel.

MRS. J. M. P., WOODSOKET.—Obtain the Teacupful of your lady friend. Cancers are not cured by the knife. Do a weed cease growing merely by cutting it off at the surface of the ground?

A. B. J., PHILADELPHIA.—An article on "Physical Restraint," or on the government of children by the right and authority of Might, would be acceptable. Should children be permitted to assert their own individual authority?

WILLIAM ANDREWS, OF NAPA CITY, CAL., (so writes our earnest friend, L. Hungerford, of that place,) is lecturing and treating the sick, by spiritual aid to good effect. He would like to meet with Brother Peabody, and hereby invites "test mediums" to call and labor in that locality.

"CORA," PHILADELPHIA.—Rest, rest! These are the words that most crowd for utterance when thinking of thee. Do not construe silence into forgetfulness. We appreciate your noble offer to aid in the diffusion of light and knowledge. Rest, vegetate, recuperate, advance!

W. H. M., VERMONT.—"Solitaire" is the *nom de plume* of a lady correspondent whose real address we are not at liberty to divulge. Be assured that her assumed name is not *nomen et omen*. The subject matter of your letter cannot be attended to just now.

"AKTOS."—Your friend's "earnest humor" on Commercial Reform will appear in our columns. Thanks, Brother! for the several "little things enclosed." Many of your questions are forcible affirmations, if the reader could but see into their essence.

"HAMLIN" N., MASS.—No particular information has as yet been received for you. It would appear, however, that you are not "called" by organization to fill that sphere which is attractive to your superior faculties. The hesitation to go forth in public arises mainly from an interior sense of unadaptedness. Your best time has not yet come.

A CORRESPONDENT says that he obtained all he knows about reading and writing the English language by attendance at an orthodox Sunday-school. From thence, being a friend of Progress, he concludes that Spiritualists would do well to inaugurate Sabbath Meetings for the benefit of children of the poor.

H. STUDER, PEORIA, ILL.—"The Money Question Again" is filed for publication. You will not, we think, be in haste to have your several papers published. The public attention is too widely diffused just now to give much deliberation to certain radical reforms. We must learn to "labor and to wait."

W. M. G., OF ILLINOIS, writes that, in spiritual circles held in his vicinity, they have tried the following: Suspend a small key by a thread, (from the ceiling, perhaps,) and the key will revolve over the heads of certain persons, and keep still, or, it may be, take an opposite direction, when above the heads of others. He observes that it will also express motion when suspended in the

center of a circle of ten members. This experiment is on the principle of the Magnetoscope, invented by a member of the Paris Magnetic Society. Let investigators test the above and report.

J. B. D., CHESHIRE, MASS.—Your article on "Immortality" will be published. On reading it we became satisfied that its positions and deductions would convince many skeptics, but not yourself, because your intuitions, and desires, and hopes, on the subject of eternal personal life, are more persuaded than your intellectual powers, which still cling to the fleeting evidences of the bodily senses. Brother! in order to see beyond the evanescent physicalisms of sense, and be intellectually persuaded of a future life, your mind must ascend the Alpine heights of Principles. Behold the chemical unity of man's spirit!

For the Herald of Progress.

LIFE'S SPIRIT BUDS IN BLOSSOM.

BY MAY MORNING.

Before I knew thee, dearest, I had felt
Thy presence 'round me in the lonely hours,
And worshiped thee as my one star, and knelt
To thy sweet spirit, and brought all the flowers
That grew upon the prairie of my heart,
And threw them at thy feet, thou fair unknown,
Hoping that Love and Faith would help me part
Away the shadows that concealed my throne.
And in my dreams, the clouds that hid my sun
Would sometimes melt, and let the glory
through,
And then I saw thee, my beloved one,
And life was lighted by thy light anew.

I heard thee in the music of the morn,
And felt thee in the melody of showers,
'Till once my spirit burst to life new-born,
And my heart's rose-buds blossomed into
flowers;
For I had met thee, so my soul was still,
Words came not up through Love's o'erwhelm-
ing tide:
I turned away to let my heart o'erfill,
And drown in rapture which it sought to hide.

I feel thy presence now around my room,
Life has no sunshine save thy smile for me,
The jealous flowers behold thy regal bloom,
And die of envy as they look on thee:
The little birds pause in their upward flight,
They dare not soar while thou art yet below,
And the sun faints to see another light
Fill all the world with its celestial glow.
I heard thee singing in the heavens, my lark,
And I have lured thee, love, to hope, and me,
By dreaming of thee always in the dark,
E'er life was light, as now it is in thee.

SWITZERLAND, EUROPE.

DO THE SENSES EVER DECEIVE US?

MR. EDITOR:—Being seated in a railroad car, which I know is at rest, I observe a train of cars moving at moderate speed, on a parallel track. Keeping my eyes intently on the moving train for a few seconds, I am made to feel that the car in which I am moving in the opposite direction, while the other train (which is really moving) appears to be at rest. This phenomenon, which doubtless many have observed, is either a translation of the actual into the ideal, or of the ideal into the actual. Which of these two suppositions is the true one? [This question, we think, can be correctly answered, by every reader.—Ed.]

Again—Sitting in a revolving chair with my eyes open, I cause the chair to revolve for a few seconds; then, closing my eyes and allowing the chair to come to rest, I find that a reaction has apparently taken place, and the motion is in reverse direction. Does not this prove, that, in mind as in matter, action and reaction are equal? [This question answers itself.—Ed.]

BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS.

[The following note is expressive of the kindly sentiments of the fraternal-hearted, which are not abundant in these troublous times, but we think the day is not distant when peace and prosperity will largely pervade the land.]

GLENFALLS, May, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: I feel burdened for poor suffering humanity. I feel at times as if I must do as Jesus did—give my whole time in urging the doctrine (which he taught) of love, and forbearance, and forgiveness, without end. It grieves me to see so little of that spirit in your paper. But I have no fault to find. You are doing all the good you can. But I want the world to know how I feel, more especially those who have professed to be followers of Jesus. Their profession is not true, if they countenance this war spirit in any way whatever. Dear Brother, spread this fact far and wide, with my name to it. Believe me to be one that desires to live for humanity only.

HENRY MICKLE.

ETERNAL DEPENDENCE & EQUALITY.

FLUSHING, L. I., May 1861.

FRIEND A. J. DAVIS: I have perused an article in your paper of May 4th, referring to a "Great First Cause." I will now relate a Communication I received from my father, William Prince.

About eight months ago I was calmly meditating in the afternoon, and commenced repeating Pope's "Universal Prayer." After repeat-

ing only a part of the first verse, I spontaneously said: "Great First Cause." Immediately the spirit of my father responded there was no "Great First Cause;" Matter is Eternal, subject only to a change of form. God is the vivifying principle of all matter, coeval and coexistent with the matter. The matter is as essential to his existence as his existence is to the matter. Both are eternal; there never was a creation.

Yours, very Respectfully,
W. R. PRINCE.

Medical Whispers.

BY THE EDITOR.

"FELIX," UTICA.—It will not be wise for you to expect relief from us, however much we may have the desire to befriend you, for reasons which do not admit of explanation.

"The Hunger-Cure," or absolute rest to the stomach, is one of the simplest means of cure, in both acute and dyspeptic diseases. Not one atom of food of any kind should be taken in any case of acute disease. Starve and drink water is all that is necessary.

H. E. B., SOUTH ADAMS.—Nothing is yet seen for you. The falling of the bowels is not curable, but you may greatly mitigate the symptoms by bandaging with straps from over the shoulders, and by the pounding of the right side every forenoon.

"The Medical Priesthood."—If performed in the right spirit, there is no higher worship than the unpurchased services of the medical priesthood. The sick man's faltering blessing often reaches heaven through the battered roof of his hovel before the *Te Deum* that reverberates in vast cathedrals.

"Good Nursing."—Says a writer: I confess that I should think my chance for recovery less with Hippocrates for my physician and Mrs. Gamp for my nurse, than if I were in the hands of Hahnemann, with Florence Nightingale or good Rebecca Taylor to care for me.

MARIA SUMMER, NORTH ADAMS.—It does not appear that we can greatly benefit your mother. Indeed, to this hour, no remedy has made its impression. Her sufferings will not extend beyond the life of the body. But we may yet have a prescription for her. If so, she shall hear from us at once.

"Weak Stomach."—E. J., NEWSTEAD, ENGLAND.—Sweet fern, if pulverized and chewed about an hour before dinner, would prove highly beneficial to a weak stomach. Swallow the juice only; not any of the herb. Sweet flag is not good for nervous characters. A sweet disposition, used abundantly between sleeping hours, is a royal remedy.

"The Eye and the Mind."—The mind, like the eye, has its adjustment to near and remote objects. A watchmaker can find the broken tooth in a ship's chronometer quicker than the captain, and the captain will detect a sail in the distance long before the artisan can see it. Physiologists and metaphysicians look at the same object with different focal adjustments.

MRS. M. E. T., GRAND HAVEN.—Your friend's sore throat is caused by a singular enlargement of the cartilage at the top of the swallow. It is partly caused by nervous anxiety, or care and watchfulness, or by dreams. The true remedy, besides pure cold water, is magnetization by some congenial hand. The throat must be squeezed and softened by tender pressure as you would mellow a peach. And, above all, she must soon forget that her throat is affected.

"Unreasonableness of Patients."—It has been more than once remarked, that those "not over-wise human beings called patients" are a little unreasonable. They come with a small scratch which nature will heal very nicely in a few days, and insist on its being closed at once with some kind of joiner's glue. They want their little coughs cured, so that they may breathe at their ease, when they have no lungs left, that are worth mentioning. They would have called in Luke, the physician, to John the Baptist, when his head was in the charger, and asked for a balsam to cure cuts.

"African Fever."—M. Roy has found that the fever which is so prevalent in Algeria is due to the fact that in the region of volcanic and primitive rocks the clay contains phosphorus, and this, acted on by fogs and dews, which contain ammonia, diffuses its noxious qualities in the atmosphere, and occasions fever. By way of testing this theory, he created an artificial atmosphere of this sort, and, on breathing it, found he had all the symptoms of the African fever.

"Minerals in Vegetation."—M. Eugene Risler, says the *Tribune*, maintains that iron plays a principal part in the nutrition of plants; he shows that in the roots, seeds, and white portions, it exists as a protoxide, while in the green portions it is in the form of a peroxide. Expose vegetables to air and light, and the protoxide becomes a peroxide with a rapidity proportioned to the intensity of light. The chlorophyll is green because it combines the two oxides, blue and yellow; and they form

a voltaic pair, which decomposes water and the carbonic acid held in solution, the carbon and hydrogen entering into the organism. Nocturnal nutrition is oxidation, diurnal nutrition is deoxidation, and the vegetable tissue is formed like the weaver's, night being the warp, day the woof, with the iron of the chlorophyll to serve as the shuttle.

"Bite of a Rattlesnake."—The Petersburg Express publishes the following from a reliable correspondent:—"A carpenter, while engaged a few days ago in pulling down an old house and removing some of the rotten timber near the ground, was bitten by a rattlesnake. In a few moments his finger was swollen to four times its natural size, and a red streak commenced running up his hand and wrist. A deadly languor came upon him, and his vision grew dim, clearly indicating that the subtle poison that was coursing through his veins was rapidly approaching the citadel of life. But a remedy was tried, merely by way of experiment, which, to the surprise of all present, acted like a charm, the component parts of which were onion, tobacco, and salt, of equal parts, made into a poultice; and at the same time a cord was bound tightly around the wrist. In two hours afterward he had so far recovered as to be able to resume his work. I knew an old negro who cured a boy that had been bitten by a mad dog, by the same application."

"Eruption."—KATIE ANTHONY, BROOKLYN. The activity of this little patient is uncontrollable. Her nerve-centers are filled with electricity. She does not stop to contemplate the art of action—"the poetry of motion"—but moves—unceasingly about, like a recently caught bird, and will not be restrained by parental admonition. And besides, she has an eruption—"a breaking out"—from both of which her parents seek to save her.

REMEDY: The only natural cure for the nervous excitability consists in a speedy development of the Nutritive and Muscular temperaments. To begin this work it will be necessary to keep from the young stomach all exciting drinks and heating diets. No animal matter, no butter after breakfast, no milk after dinner; but plenty of rice, barley, wheat, (coarse,) corn, and sometimes rye. Simple puddings or cakes of these grains, with fruit and berries, in their season, constitute a fine diet for the development of young bodies. Much of the nervous activity will depart with the incoming of her womanhood.

For the eruption we prescribe a strong wash of burdock, (*arctium lappa*), roots, leaves, and seeds, to be used freely on the irritated surfaces once or twice per week. Many kinds of prickly eruption can be overcome by a plentiful use of burdock tea, externally. When other remedies fail, try this in full faith.

"Prevention of Hydrophobia."—GOLDEN HILL, LA., May, 1861: FRIEND DAVIS:—In your answer to a correspondent asking for the best known prevention or cure for hydrophobia, you say: "The best known natural cure is the destruction of all dogs in Christendom." That is certainly a good preventive. But with your kind permission, I will suggest another remedy, which I have never yet seen in print—that is, to take the worm out of the tongues of all dogs between the ages of three to six months. This may be done at any time in the life of a dog, but a puppy is easier managed. The process is very simple:—Catch the end of the tongue with a bit of soft linen rag; turn it over, and cut with a sharp penknife, when a little hard worm will be seen, which can be easily pulled out with a pair of tweezers!

My husband was very scrupulous never to allow a dog to be on his place that had not been thus treated, and I still keep up the practice, as it is a certain preventive of most all diseases incident to dogs, except sucking eggs. It does not prevent that! I know not whether this preventive was found out by scientific research, or by accident; but it is said that a dog thus treated may be bitten by a rabid animal, and the wound will have no effect. You can use the above recipe as you may think best.

Fraternally, your friend,
LUCINDA HAILEY.

"Nervous Debility."—S. M. L., BUFFALO. In cases where the system is chronically afflicted with a nerve-debilitation, the symptoms varying with changes of the season, but never quite removed, we prescribe a complete and thorough change in the habits of life. For fashionable persons, in independent circumstances, the adoption of habits of working, eating, and sleeping, like farmers or mechanics, is advisable; and, *per contra*, those who live by the sweat of their brow, should be permitted to rest a few weeks from their labors, aided meanwhile by the abundance of the wealthy, until their worn and weary bodies can recover somewhat of natural tone and power. Let everybody work enough to deserve the food it eats and the raiment it wears; let no one earn sufficient to support another in idleness; the sick, the aged, and the infantile, are naturally exempt from labor; but no Health can exist in a world where two-thirds are under-fed and over-worked, and where the residue are over-fed and cloistered in mansions of luxury and indolence. If all should work some every day, "the world would be the better for it." Doctors and ministers could very soon be spared from such a world.

Pulpit and Rostrum.

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

The War Spirit from a Christian Standpoint.

A SERMON BY THE REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM,

Preached in the Third Unitarian Church, New York, Sunday, May 12.

Jesus answered, My Kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight.—John, xviii, 36.

By these words, Jesus means to convey, under another phrase, what he says more directly and explicitly in the next sentence, when, in answer to Pilate's question whether he is a king, he replies: "Thou sayest I am a king; to this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness to the truth: every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

Jesus has his empire in the region of human character; and here he reigns by virtue of moral forces over the moral elements, over the will and affections and purposes of human nature. His mission was not to conquer kingdoms, but to conquer hearts; and in the fulfillment of this mission, the spear and the sword would be of small service, even if he had unlimited power to use them. The world could not be dragged into duty, or pounded into penitence, or bled into believing. He should better advance his reign by dying himself, than by putting other people to death; by being led like a lamb to the sacrifice, than by leading an army like lions to the slaughter. We cannot stretch fancy so far as to bring Jesus before us in the shape of a cavalry officer, or a lieutenant-general. We cannot think of him as drilling a regiment of Zouaves, practicing an artillery company, or manœuvring a division; as inspecting minié rifles, training men in the use of the sabre-bayonet, or dashing on at the head of a charge. But is there not in these words of his, which I have quoted, a suggestion that if at any future time his disciples should find themselves members of a civil polity, and citizens of a State—if at any time the kingdom of heaven should become entangled and identified with human civilization, it would be lawful to employ the agencies by which civilization extends itself, and to use the weapons by which it is defended. He stood outside of government—outside of law and citizenship. He announced absolute laws. He represented the forces of his religion in their most abstract and ideal form, but might it not be possible that they should, in the course of history, be so involved with the lower material forces by which the empires of this world are sustained, as to be inseparable from them, so that his disciples, while still remaining truly his disciples, would, as a matter of necessity, fight? If it is replied that Jesus must have looked with extreme horror on every display of martial force, that nothing like violent coercion, assault, devastation, or bloodshed, could have been, in any emergency, tolerable to his thought, that he would under all circumstances have shrunk from the idea that his kingdom could be established or attempted by the aid of armed hosts; it is enough to refer the maker of such an assertion to those passages in which Jesus describes the final coming of the Son of Man in the clouds of heaven, with the glory of power and the terror of judgment—his retinue a host of mighty angels; his accompaniments "tribulation and anguish;" the "flaming fire" and the "sudden destruction." In this last terrible resort, when the kingdoms of the world obstinately refuse to become kingdoms of the Lord, and nothing is left but the appeal to force, small comfort is given to the ultra peace men, even by the Master himself. Non-resistance has no encouragement from him who said "resist not evil; but whoso smiteth thee on the one cheek, turn to him also the other." True, the martial power whose aid is invoked, comes from above and not from beneath; the army is an army of celestials sweeping down from the skies; but that only makes the conflict the more fearful, because the destruction is more tremendous and the overthrow more complete. At any rate, the armed force is enlisted, and is sure to appear at the right moment. The very first meeting between the kingdom that was not of this world and this world's kingdom, was prefigured as a conflict of arms. The disciples of Jesus might take no part in this conflict. There was no need that they should. When the swords of the cherubim were flashing in the air, his servants might leave theirs quietly in their sheaths. The most rigid peace man would be secure in his principles, if he was sure that the dread artillery of the skies was ready to thunder in his cause. Do not misunderstand me, my friends; I am not trying to press Jesus into an advocacy of the war spirit or the war policy. Very sorry should I be to give you any such impression as that. All I say is this—that in the last resort, it be-

ing necessary to establish his kingdom on the earth, and it being impossible to establish it by the spiritual force developed in his disciples, he did allow himself to look for a force of a very different kind to be sent from above. That Jesus came into the world to develop force, is a proposition that no one will deny. That he called himself king, shows that he represented a force of some kind—for a king is simply one who *can*—one who has the power to *do*. That he called himself a king of *Truth* shows only that the force he exerted and relied upon was the force of forces—the greatest force, the absolute force, the force which all other forces do but stand for in shadowy symbol. Christ came into the world, and devoted all his time and endeavor while in the world, to the work of developing those tremendous moral forces, the possession of which distinguishes humanity—forces which, until his time, had been latent for the most part, undiscovered, unsuspected, as gunpowder and steam were undiscovered and unsuspected. He piled men with the most stimulating thoughts, he surrounded them with the most urgent motives, he rained upon them the most quickening influences, he brought the most stupendous fears and hopes to bear upon them, simply that he might draw out into vigorous activity the unsounded and unlimited capacity of will, and affection, and purpose, there was in them. He saw this slumbering capacity as no one had seen it before him; he knew what energies of love and truth the heart possessed, what energies of justice lay slumbering in the conscience—ample to overturn, and revolutionize, and regenerate the earth—he knew that, as the heavens were made by the Word of God, as the worlds were thought into existence, as the infinite Spirit, the Father, governed his universe by spiritual agencies, and regulated it by spiritual laws, so the children of God must possess a share of this supreme and ultimate power. He taught, therefore, the dynamic virtues of truth, and kindness, and rectitude, and every form of goodness; and made men feel how much stronger they might be in the power of a holy will than in horses and chariots.

Jesus, I say, developed force in the most intense and concentrated form. Instead of administering anodynes to men, to make them inert, passive, limp, he gave them stimulants to make them supernaturally alive. Instead of taking away their humanity and putting them back into the state of slaves, he woke their humanity, and raised them to the rank of kings and prophets. And this force which Jesus developed was aggressive force. He not only called power, and the most tremendous species of power, into being—he gave it instant work to do; he set it face to face with its foe, and inaugurated conflict on the spot. His earliest disciples scented battle in his words, and forthwith spoke of themselves as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; exhorted one another to put on the whole armor of God, and to fight the good fight of faith against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world and the wicked spirits of the air. Of this there can be no doubt whatever, that Jesus stirred up an "irrepressible conflict" between good and evil in every department of human life. He annulled the ancient and godless treaties of peace, under which right and wrong had been living in such brotherly and sisterly relations for so long, and arrayed them at swords' points with each other.

So far from standing on the defensive, and contenting himself with beating off the assaults which wickedness made on him, he has adopted the most decisive and vigorous offensive policy: he has gone out in search of enemies; he has attacked them wherever he could find them in their strongholds; he has forced them to declare themselves; he would not allow half friends to maintain their neutral position. All who were not for him were against him, and must be prepared for his assault. Ideas, principles, institutions, habits, customs, laws, which did not confess his sovereignty, must feel the weight of his hand, and meet the onset of those moral forces whose recruiting, marshaling, organizing, and drilling, was the aim and labor of his life. The peaceful domains of evil were everywhere startled by the approach of these heavenly battalions. Intemperance, licentiousness, slavery, the barbarous games at the amphitheater, riotous proceedings at sacred festivals, wars for conquest or vengeance—one sin after another, never counted sin or reckoned hostile before, was challenged and assailed, until now there is scarcely a crime, an enormity, an outrage, a mischief, perpetrated on human nature, that is not marked for doom. Jesus, therefore, or Christianity, in the name and spirit of Jesus, having called into being these great forces, and brought them into close conflict with evil—in other words, having excited the war spirit in its intensest form—the only question that remains relates to the weapons which are to be used in the strife. Must those weapons always be spiritual? or may they, on pressing occasions, be carnal? Contending that, whether spiritual or carnal, they must be used for Christian ends, and ultimately wielded by the moral forces which Christianity employs, may not the instruments be considered as a matter of comparative indifference? How is this? May Christians, as Christians, resort to arms? Let us consider.

Moral force may be conveyed in three modes:

1. In the silent, subtle, contagious influence of its own character.
2. In the louder, noisier, more palpable, but still incorporeal manner of the speech and the pen.
3. In the rude, coarse, violent demonstration of sword and cannon.

Of these expressions of power, the first is unquestionably and incalculably the highest. It is the one that Jesus employed, and the only one he needed to employ. Moral force, when it works most naturally, freely, vitally, when

it works with best purpose and to best effect, when it works with least friction, and to bring the noblest results to pass, works by the silent, subtle, contagious influences of its own essential character; by the simple force of being and appearing what it is. And when it is accumulated in sufficient quantity, it needs no other expression than this.

We read that when the Roman guard strode up to Christ, in Gethsemane, to seize him, he arrested and sent them reeling backward by a look. We read that Paul, by the majesty of his presence and the power of his word, so overawed and smote the miserable Ananias and Sapphira, that they fell at his feet, dead. Robert Barclay, the Quaker, when assaulted by a highwayman, on a common, discharged on his assailant such a storm of influence from his battery of moral courage, and faith, and love, that the ruffian was confounded, dropped his pistol, and had only strength to turn and flee. Nay, to come to lower illustrations, it is authentic history that the Czar Nicholas, of Russia, on occasion of a violent popular revolt, stepped out amid the infuriated populace, unarmed, and, by the magnetism of his splendid presence operating on the superstitious awe which attached to his person and rank, bowed the multitude at his feet. This is what I mean by the natural, spontaneous, electrifying operation of moral force, prevailing simply by demonstration of its own being. Did the power exist in sufficient quantities, it would never need other demonstration.

If the people of our Northern communities, or of one only of our Northern States—if the people of New York, or even of so small a State as Massachusetts—(I speak, of course, territorially, and not morally, when I call Massachusetts small, for she has proved herself a Titan in that greatness which constitutes nobleness in a State.)—I say if only one of these had attained that status of Christian manhood, that it could feel toward enormous and palpable and self-evident evil as Jesus would feel toward it were he alive, and an American, to-day—if some two or three millions of men and women among us were charged full of this moral power which our religion develops—heart, conscience, soul, filled with it to overflowing—will moved, and swayed, and filled by it—we should not be plunged in the gulf of civil war to-day. That heaven of goodness would leaven the whole lump of the nation. The continent would feel the virtue. The ten righteous would save the city. The atmosphere always tends to equilibrium. So does goodness the atmosphere of the moral world.

It would be absolutely impossible for slavery, with all its attendant barbarism, to flourish in one part of a country—for dueling to be held in honorable esteem—for men and women to be whipped to death and burned at the stake—when in another portion of the country the Christian spirit beat high, and the Christian life ran strong and pure in the hearts and veins of a million or two of men. As easily might an empty cloud come in contact with one charged with electricity without drawing into itself its fiery current. Though this multitude of Christians never lifted a finger and never spoke a word, they would create an atmosphere in which such enormities could not live; an atmosphere in which brutality, and pain, and lust, and inhuman passion, would pale, and gasp, and wither, and die away. But the power of the Christian life is not accumulated in anything like this measure. It is scattered and feeble. An individual here and there is charged with it; a little knot of individuals, perhaps. Were all the genuine, unadulterated moral conviction of the State of New York gathered up in a single jar, its discharge might be powerful enough to paralyze a score or two of rank secessionists, as by a lightning stroke. But now! Oh, no! We have not begun yet to generate force enough to cast out of our social system this legion of demons, which has so often flung us into the fire, and into the water, to destroy us. The spiritual weapons are much too fine for us to use. To make the battle successful, we must bring it down on a lower plain, and try to wage it with arms of a less ethereal temper. Are we equal to this? We ought to be by this time. Had we the conviction, the feeling, the will, that might have been expected from eighteen centuries of Christian teaching, we should have fought this fight most triumphantly with the pen. We might have stormed our enemies with statistics, and overwhelmed them with arguments. The preachers, from their well-directed and furnished batteries, the pulpits, might have compelled them to evacuate the sacred citadel of the Bible. The moralists, planting themselves upon the impregnable rock of human nature, and occupying the serene heights of immutable justice, might have driven them out of the whole domain of equity and law. The economist, armed with the statistics of national wealth, and wielding the crushing laws of trade and prosperity, might have left them no ground of thrift or expediency to stand on. The politician, bringing to bear on them the terrible facts of history, might have crushed them beneath the appalling apprehension of a doom like that which was visited on the ancient slaveholding nations of Europe and Asia. The press might have opened fire along its whole line, and poured on them a fiery storm of books, pamphlets, sermons, tracts, newspapers, which no human reason could have resisted, which must have swept all errors, delusions, superstitions, prejudices even, from the Southern mind, as swiftly as Napoleon's cannon cleared the mob from the public square of Paris. Why did we not do this? Why did we not carry on this campaign of paper, and wage this war of words, which would have cost no man his life or fortune, and would have involved the shedding of nothing more precious than the contents of the ink-bottle? We had ammunition enough. We were skilled in the use of the quill-sword and spear. Yes, but we had not the heart for it; we had not the justice or the

humanity for it; we did not feel moved to it by any strong conviction of truth or duty. We declined the battle on the intellectual ground. Now and then a well-aimed shot was fired into the hostile camp. Two or three weekly papers carried on steady operations against the enemy, but their circulation was too limited, and their resources too meager, for the mighty work in hand. They were neither seconded, supported, nor encouraged. The heart of the people was not with them; more effort was made to extinguish than to aid them. One other mode for waging this war which Christ inaugurated, remained, and only one—the coarsest and lowest mode of all. We were not equal to the spiritual warfare on the plane of character; we were not equal to the intellectual warfare on the plane of civilization. Nothing was left but the brute warfare—the warfare of the sword.

Our moral power was not great enough to convert our antagonists; it was not great enough to convince our antagonists; we can only try if it is great enough to *kill* them. We cannot conquer them with love; we cannot conquer them with light. Can we blast them with lightning? It is a sad alternative. It is a dismal confession to make in this nineteenth century after Christ, that a Christian people has got no further along in the gospel than this; that it must settle its disputes by an appeal to brute force. That a Christian state should not have been able, by the natural force of its Constitution, to throw out of its system such a malignant disease as negro slavery, is melancholy enough. That a civilized people could not bring their dispute to the bar of reason, to be decided there by argument and knowledge, is even more melancholy. But there stands the undisputed and indisputable fact. We have learned to adjust our private disputes without resorting to the duel. We can rid ourselves of petty annoyances, and remedy small disorders, by rational means; but in dealing with great crimes, we must resort to the old methods. What, then, is to be done? Must we give up the battle because we cannot conduct it on the highest ground? In old romances, we read of soldiers, who, being disabled from using their sword-arm, or wielding the lance, carried on the conflict with their teeth. And why should not we, as men, so far as we are such, grasping such weapons as we can use, carry on the fight with evil?

—The arms are fair
—When the intent of bearing them is just."

Why should not the spirit be Christian? Why should not the conflict be Christian? Why should not the organized and moving force be Christian, though the instrument it snatches up be the barbarous tool of iron which savages employ? The power is not in the cannon-shot, but in the idea that sends it; the temper of the steel is not in its edge, but in the will that drives its edge; the thought of the lancer gives point to the lance. Men may use brutal weapons without being brutal; they may kill without being murderers; they may burn without being incendiaries. War is not what it used to be, a mere trial of muscle between two bull-dogs; it is a trial of moral strength between states of civilization. It was not merely France against Austria at Solferino; it was freedom against despotism. It was not England against Russia in the Crimea; it was civilization against barbarism. The arms were the old battle arms made deadlier; but the force that used them was generated in the interior recesses of the conscience. The triumph was a triumph not of artillery, but of principles, and the fruits of the victory inure not to the battling leaders and princes alone, but to the world.

I contend that there may be such a thing as Christian war. I contend that as Christ inaugurates the irrepressible conflict between right and wrong, so he cannot frown if that conflict is waged on the battle-fields of this earth, provided it be waged in the cause of the righteous and with the righteous mind. But all that proviso! How many are ready to take oath that they are battling for a righteous cause and with a righteous mind? Let us look at the justification of war in this age of the world:

1. It must be a war for the defense and diffusion of enlightened ideas. "In the nineteenth century," said Kossuth, "bayonets think." But is it of no moment how bayonets think? Would it to God that some bayonets thought a little more, and thought a little more rationally. The Southern bayonets think; but what do they think? They think the thoughts of the feudal ages. If bayonets think only of conquest, of subjugation, of oppression; if bayonets think only of defending Old World ideas, of upholding aristocracies, and diffusing slavery, and extending tyranny over human rights, they think to very little purpose in the regards of the modern world. Christ approves of no war that is waged in defense of the honor of an insulted flag, or for the restoration of a Union which has no vitality, or for the reconstruction of a nationality that never existed as an organic unit. Only when humanity is interested is he interested, only when the cause of human nature is at stake does he take part, only when truth and justice are visibly in the field will his shadowy figure be seen riding in the van. A Christian minister may rejoice in this war which is raging now, may cheer it on with all his heart, may gladly bear his share of the sacrifice needful for its successful prosecution, may even march himself and do duty, not as chaplain, either, but in the ranks; for, on the part of the great body of the people, it is a war for human nature against those who disgrace it; it is a war for the golden rule against those who flout and deny it; it is a war for the truth that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth; it is the war of the angels against Moloch and Beelzebub, brought down from the skies to the earth. A war for anything less than this—bloodshed, and fire, and blackened ruins, and widowhood, and orphanage, for anything less than this, for party or class interests, for the technicalities of honor, for the balance of power, or any other fictions, would be as useless and profane as those long wars of words about Transubstantiation and Trinity, which raged for generations, and left no results but bitterness. This, then, is the first thing we must settle with our consciences as Christians men: Do we feel that we are fighting for God's truth and light? For my part I do feel so; if I did not I could not strike a blow.

2. The second justification of War is, that it should not be undertaken or pressed in any spirit of personal rage, rancor, or vindictiveness. The Christianity of the age rebukes all wars that are undertaken in the temper of the duellist. What are we, what are our little prejudices, passions, and properties, what are our private rights, and wrongs, and resentments, in

presence of these great causes, and of interests in which all humanity has welfare at stake? It is natural, perhaps, that our excitement should bubble over in language of wrath, and our indignation flame out in expressions of vengeance; but should we not from our hearts implore that all this might be on the surface, that there might be no serious feeling or purpose in us corresponding to our heated words? There is too much bloodthirsty speech among us. God grant there be not too much bloodthirsty spirit among us. There has been too much talk of shelling cities, and exterminating communities, and sweeping populations into the Gulf. The grandeur of the strife should suppress such fierce manifestations of the war spirit. Our antagonists parade the barbarities of war; let them enjoy the monopoly of these. They let loose the demons of piracy and assassination; they use the arsenic and strychnine; they put the torch into the hands of the incendiary; they cry "no quarter, war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt; they exhaust the vocabulary of hate upon us, and set on foot deeds that prove that even that vocabulary is poor to express the deep-seated rancor that fills their hearts. Let us remember that there are women and children there; that there are wives and mothers, and sisters and daughters; let us remember that there are hosts of innocent ones, of misguided and mistaken ones; let us remember that there are homes there. We do not hate them; we would not harm a hair of their heads; we would not utter against them a violent or ungenerous word. If they hate us it is because they do not understand us; let us so conduct ourselves that when they do understand us they may see that they hated us without a cause.

You tell me that I am demanding an impossibility; that war is war—that the spirit of war is always, and is of necessity, a spirit of vindictiveness? I do not believe it. We are learning how to fight our intellectual battles without rancor; why not our battles of war? Time was when the war of words was fierce, and bitter, and unrelenting; when disagreeing men called each other scoundrel, villain, hypocrite, fool, and inflicted all the injury they could, by stabbing reputations, blackening characters, and poisoning the public mind. But now, in science, literature, theology, even politics, it is discovered that men need not hate each other because they must withstand each other. Do you ask if a man can shoot another man in kindness, or can bayonet him in the spirit of love? That, I answer, is not a question. One may shoot a man in kindness to society; one may bayonet a man in love of humanity. We are not dealing here with personal affronts, and we have nothing to do with the virtue of personal forgiveness. We are acting here as ministers of the Eternal Justice. Persons are nothing; principles are all. We fight not against institutions; not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers. Our abomination is of evil. If we can only strike that, through the men who stand before it, our duty is to strike; and the Christian spirit is satisfied if we strike the evil through the men, and let the blast of our indignation shatter the principle which intrenches itself behind these walls of flesh.

The curse of the war spirit is not that it sacrifices life. So does commerce sacrifice life, and industrial enterprise. By whatever path humanity marches toward its goal, it must march over the corpses of men. If we could look at the bottom of the sea, we should find that the track of our ships across the ocean was marked white by the bones of men. There are a thousand things more precious in God's eyes, and in our own, too, than human life, as we all confess every day; and besides, as Ch. Kingsley says, "We have yet to learn whether shot and shell had the power of taking away human life, and to believe, if we believe our Bible, that human life can only be destroyed by sin."

The curse of the war spirit is not that it sacrifices treasure. So do science, and art, and trade, sacrifice treasure; and the treasure is most nobly and Christianly sacrificed that buys law and liberty, and the rights of four or five millions of mankind, and the new hope of the discouraged world. America would buy justice, and peace, and fraternity, cheap, at the price of all we possess.

The curse of the war spirit is the after bitterness it leaves behind it—the moral ravage and devastation—the endless hatred and unappeasable discord it causes and hands down as a dreadful legacy to children and grandchildren, for successive generations.

People say to one another now, "What can we hope from such a war as this we have entered on? How can it leave us better off than it found us? How can it result in anything but utter and absolute and hopeless alienation between the two sections of the country?" And well may such questions be asked, if the war is only a sectional war—a war of vengeance—a war of conquest and extermination, wielded by one form of passion against another. But if these armies which we send to the South only bear the thunder of a holy indignation against time-honored and atrocious wrong, then our batteries will be peace-makers, and regeneration will flame along the edges of our swords.

It is the vindictiveness of the war spirit—its reckless fury—its insatiable thirst for blood—that makes it demoralizing. Take out that vindictiveness—cast out that fury—assume that thirst—and the storm of war will pass over us as harmlessly as the tempest which unroofs our dwellings, and uproots the little trees in our gardens, but leaves no trace of anger on our hearts. To be beaten by a noble foe, who loves us and wishes us well, is like receiving chastisement from the hand of Providence.

We have been slow to enter on this quarrel—too slow, if only we could have conducted it in nobler fashion; but being in it, God grant that we may bear ourselves so that the foe shall something more than fear—shall respect us. We fight the cause of law and order, and humanity and peace. Let the spirit of law and order and humanity and peace go with us to the end, and when the violence is over we shall see the harvests wave more beautifully on the battle-field. Law will sit more securely on its throne, and order will take the place of anarchy, and humanity will happily recover her rights, and peace will be established again; not the mock peace which we have had so long, but the peace of united minds, and cordial hearts, and fraternal intercourse—the peace of God, which passeth understanding.

The war will be demoralizing only as it is superficial. The knife that cuts to the roots of the disease leaves the fewest harmful effects behind it. The North and the South have but one enemy at the bottom, and our victory, if a noble one, will be their victory too. Let us

only do the work thoroughly; let our swords be plowshares, subsoiling the whole surface of the slave country; let our spears be pruning-knives, lopping every dead branch from the vine of our liberty; and they who are now arrayed against us as foes will one day call us friends, and instead of cherishing bitterness will bless us for slaying the dragon that was devouring their own vitals—for bringing their lands under nobler cultivation—for taking the dread from their farms and villages—for sowing their States with education, and literature, and the benefits of enlightened society—for giving them peace in their own borders, and restoring them to a condition of friendly intercourse with the civilized and Christian world.

Laws and Systems.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

D. L. and the South.

A SPIRITUALIST AFFLICTED BY ONE OF OUR EDITORIALS.

MR. DAVIS:—In the HERALD of May 11th I notice an editorial over the initials D. L., that seems to partake largely of the hot-bloodedness of city excitement.

Indeed, the war spirit seems to have infused itself quite considerably into the entire editorial spirit of the HERALD. This, to me, is to be regretted, but more especially so are some of the sentiments expressed by D. L., manifesting, as they unmistakably do, an acrimonious, malignant vindictiveness, calculated to aggravate, rather than conciliate and adjust, the difficulties existing between the North and the South.

The following expressions: "An insane crew"—"leagued to subdue the whole country to a despotism"—"Black Confederacy"—"wholesale robbery and murder in behalf of the naked principles of tyranny"—"mad traitors"—"deluded masses of the South"—&c., are those evincing naught but a bigoted comprehension of the facts in the case.

D. L. conceives that aggression is chargeable only upon the South; that the North are those "who still continue human." Let us see.

(1.) In the first place, it must be remembered that the bone of contention between the North and the South is a legal, a constitutional—not a moral one.

By virtue of the Federal compact, we are compelled to weigh the question in a constitutional balance only.

(2.) The Federal compact recognizes the existence and validity of property in slaves.

Again, the Federal compact not only recognizes the existence and validity of, but also guarantees to American citizens the right of possession and transfer of this property. This is conceded by almost the entire North—by the party in power, and by the present administration. Now, property is property; it is nothing else, and property rights are the same everywhere, under the same government. But what are the facts in the case? Is it not a fact, that, while the party in power have ever acknowledged to the South the constitutional right of property in slaves, it has, at the same time, denied them the prerogatives of that right? Again, is it not a fact, that, while the North has exercised the utmost freedom in the disposal and transition from State to State, and from State to Territory, of its property, it has brought into requisition every possible force within its reach to circumvent the South in the exercise of the same property rights?

Is D. L. blind, that he cannot see aggression in this?

Yes, I can readily anticipate D. L.'s answer, that the Federal compact restricts the rights of slave property to certain States or localities. This is the common apology of the North. I reply, that it is but the most contemptible subterfuge—an insult to logic.

The framers of that compact possessed not the right or power to impose that restriction.

The right of property in slaves was established prior to the existence of that compact.

That compact, in its construction, was made to recognize the existence of property in slaves, and to guarantee the continuance of the same to American citizens; that done, it possessed not the power to create distinctions. No power exists, either in an individual or governmental capacity, to create distinctions in regard to the prerogatives of property ownership. All property rights are exclusive with the owner. Hence, when slaves become property, moral obligation ceases, and the right of government to interfere with its disposal also ceases. Hence, the right of the South to dispose of, or transport from State to State, or from State to Territory, or to any point within the bounds of Federal authority, is equal with that of the North. Consequently, if slaves are property, as recognized by the republicanism and innate Greecism of the North, then it is logically certain that they are subject to the same commercial principles as are the cattle and horses of the North; and government has no more right to interfere with the transportation of slave property than it has with the transportation of cattle or horses.

What would be thought of a government that should grant to a citizen of Illinois the right to transport a horse to Kansas, and at the same time refuse to a citizen of Missouri the right to transport an ox to the same place? It will be admitted at once that government possesses no such right. The Federal compact knows no difference between slaves, cattle, or horses. The rights of Territory are equal with each. Extricate yourselves if you can.

That our government has got itself into a

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v.2, 1861, no.56-104;
v.3, 1862, no.105-137

right place, is morally certain; but let it count on one thing, that is, that Southern statesmen are not all fools, and not so "mad," nor "de-luded," as D. L. would have them to be.

(3.) Slavery is a monster of the most hideous form—the concentration of all iniquity—the curse of America.

Our forefathers, the originators of the Federal compact, have entailed upon us this curse. George Washington was a slaveholder, and probably did as much to perpetuate slavery as any other man. America worships him. Would D. L. think his memory deserving of "LESS THAN BROTHERLY TREATMENT"? (4.) Shall we treat our Southern brethren, upon whom has been entailed the entire pecuniary weight of this curse, with less sympathy than we would the memories of those upon whom is virtually reflected the entire responsibility of American slavery? (5.) The interests of the South are as dear to them as ours are to us. As I have already shown, their right to secure the commercial advantages of new Territory is as valid as that of the North; this involves the transmission of property, which is the declared policy of the present administration to prevent, in doing which is given to the North the power to forestall the South, and of securing to themselves the entire commercial advantages of said Territory.

Is not this just cause for secession? What wonder, then, if impartial European statesmanship should accredit to the South the right of independence from a Federal government denying to them the legitimate rights of the Federal compact.

(6.) What were the reasons assigned by our forefathers for rebelling against the mother government?

(7.) Consider for once that the entire wealth of the South is involved in slavery. Consider again, their education, born and bred, as they were, to look upon negro servitude as associated with the sacredness of ancestral veneration, and see if there is not at least a shadow of legitimacy in their disloyalty to an administration openly opposed to every Southern interest?

(8.) Consider, again, the present condition of the North, all ablaze with terrific excitement—our best statesmen losing their coolness—even a Wendell Phillips exhibiting himself in a fiery pseudo speech, raising the war-whoop of extermination, and drawing into the magnetic channel of his mind the far-famed Harmonialist, A. J. D.!!

What wonder if, in view of all this, the destruction of tea in Boston Harbor shall be taken as a precedent for the commission of acts designed to redress grievances.

(9.) However much we may ignore slavery, let us take care that we don't ourselves "sink below the level of human beings" and "deserve less than brotherly treatment" at the hands of the South.

M. A. HUNTER.
GRANGER, Alleghany County, N. Y.

D. L.'S HUMBLE RESPONSE.

(1.) The bone of contention being a "constitutional" one, the "balance" in which it must be weighed seems to us to be found in the following clause: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." This is the only constitutional question now before the people of the United States. And it is not a question between North and South, but between many rebels in the South and a few in the North on the one side, and the United States Government on the other. Or to state the question more curtly, it is this: Shall Treason or the Constitution prevail?

This Treason takes the guise of Secession, and that it is not the unanimous expression of Southern sentiment is obvious from the fact that Unionists are, this day, in the South, suffering in body and estate from the Secessionists, on the mere suspicion of being Unionists. The leaders in this treason have never dared to submit their secession ordinances to the votes of their own States. The animus of their movement is personal ambition; their objects, a great Southern empire based on the principle of compelling men to labor without wages, and the overthrow of popular government, both North and South; their means, a conspiracy against the government of the Union. In all soberness, we must consider the parties to such a plot, who make use of such means to such ends, in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, as an "insane crew" of "mad traitors." They are insane in their purpose, insane in their means, traitors to the government, and mad with rancor against the free North. For the offense of the North, in their eyes, is, first, that it is free; secondly, that it is wealthy; thirdly, that it is populous; fourthly, that it is likely always to continue to be more wealthy and more populous than the South as long as the South holds slaves; fifthly, that by the census of 1860, it will have a constitutional preponderance in every department of the Government. These are the several sins of the North, forever unpardonable in the eyes of the secession leaders. The ostensible offense of the North, namely, that, by the late presidential election, it decided to exclude slaves from all the Territories, is a pretext, and nothing but a pretext, for disunion. The plot of secession was a foregone conclusion thirty years ago. For nearly that period Southern "statesmen" have cultivated the anti-slavery agitation for the sole purpose of bringing it about. At last, in the year of grace 1861, the constitutional question has narrowed down to this, whether Treason shall triumph—Treason as defined in the Constitution—that treason, and no other. We rejoice that our considerate and courteous correspondent has so clearly shown on which side of this question he stands.

(2.) Of course, the question of the constitutional legality of the prohibition of slavery in the Territories is entirely out of date, and is no more in issue between the North and South than the right to territory in the moon. But for the mere amusement of discussing an obsolete political question, we will say a word on the constitutionality of property in slaves; and the discussion must necessarily be brief, for our correspondent has already anticipated "D. L.'s answer," and if we are not very careful, some fossil partisan may take us to task again for discussing political questions.

The Constitution (we have heard) was ordained to establish LIBERTY and JUSTICE. And, therefore, its framers, and all the earlier Judges of the Supreme Court, till within the last ten years, recognized slavery as only a local institution. No slaveholder has been allowed to settle with his slaves, and hold them as property, in a free State, up to June 1861, at least. If the early Judges and the framers of the Constitution understood that instrument as well as our friend—we by no means assert that they did—slavery could not be established in a free State by the removal of a slaveholder with his slaves within their limits. But if the Constitution recognizes *unrestricted* property in slaves, it is unconstitutional to exclude such property from the free States. The Judges of the Supreme Court, however, say that such exclusion is not unconstitutional. This idea, that property in slaves is by the Constitution a *restricted* property, though "a most contemptible subterfuge," and an "insult to logic," strikes D. L. as correct; for he would rather incur the risk of erring with Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Story, and even Taney, than of being dazed with constitutional truth, under the ministrations of our unprejudiced correspondent.

Humbly following in the footsteps of Marshall and Story, and looking at the action of such inferior men as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and James Madison, D. L. is led to conclude that to exclude slavery from a Territory is not any more unconstitutional than to exclude it from a free State. For D. L. imagines that each of those three men knew what he was about when he approved, or urged, the exclusion of slavery from all the territory northwest of the Ohio river—which exclusion went into legal effect in the ORDINANCE of 1787. And D. L. is so "blind" as to think that, if it was constitutional to exclude slavery from the territory northwest of the Ohio in 1787, it is constitutional in 1861, and thence onward to the year 2,000, to exclude it from all territory whatever belonging to the United States, or which is craved by the *Conglomerate* States. But being "blind," D. L. does not trust in his own insight to come to this conclusion, but calmly reposes in the "contemptible subterfuges" of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, and in the "insulted logic" of John Marshall and Joseph Story.

As blindness is a serious injury to vision, and as the greater evil hides the less, D. L. rejoices that this infirmity of his at least prevents his being mole-eyed, so that he is unable to be a great stickler for legal rights, while overlooking moral ones. He is indisposed to split hairs about the slaveholder's legal right to remove his "property" to Kansas, when he cannot see that *morally* he has any property in man at all. But if our correspondent, when Algiers was a slave State, had been made a slave in that country, and a dispute had arisen between the Dey of Algiers and the Pasha of Egypt as to whether the subjects of the Dey could hold our friend as property in Egypt, D. L. might, if closely driven, have been induced to remonstrate with the Pasha in this style: "You allow the subjects of the Dey to remove an ass from Algiers to Egypt and hold him there as property; why then do you refuse his subjects the privilege of transporting this American democrat to Egypt, and holding him there as property? There can be no reason in it; for being a slave, he is certainly no better than an ass."

"What would be thought," says our friend, "of a government that should grant to a citizen of Illinois the right to transport a horse to Kansas, and at the same time refuse to a citizen of Missouri the right to transport an ox to the same place?" If the oxen were men, and the Government was ordained "to establish liberty and justice," if it did not refuse the citizen the right to transfer his ox to the same place, we should think it either an unmitigated hypocrite, or a most strenuous dauber with untempered mortar.

(3.) "Slavery is a monster of the most hideous form, the concentration of all iniquity, the curse of America," says our friend. What would be the natural inference as to our duty in regard to it? Our friend shall give the answer. "If slaves are property, it is logically certain that they are subject to the same commercial principles as are the cattle and horses of the North; and Government has no more right to interfere with the transportation of slave property than it has with the transportation of cattle or horses." Will our friend pardon us if we enforce his logic with additional reasons? Inasmuch as slavery is "the curse of America," and the Constitution was ordained to establish LIBERTY and JUSTICE, therefore the more we extend it, the greater will be the blessing to the country, the more hearty will be our defense of the Constitution, and the narrower will be the interval, in the eyes of coming generations, between a man and a brute. We hope our friend will feel grateful for the manner in which we display the beauties of his logic.

(4.) Certainly not. If our Southern brethren are cherishing "a curse," we ought by all means to seek to fasten it upon them, and diffuse it from ocean to ocean, so that it may sweeten the lot of our own posterity. Should we not?

(5.) The interests of the South in "a curse" are undoubtedly as dear to them as ours are to

us. We think that our friend has shown that the right of the South "to secure the commercial advantages" of the extension of this "curse" in new territory, is as valid as that of the North. But the North wishes to forego the privilege of extending the blessings of this "curse" any farther, and to treat the South, in this respect, as it treats itself. "Is not this just cause for secession?" asks our friend. To be sure it is. This highly unconstitutional act, sanctioned by Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, of prohibiting the diffusion of "a curse" ought not only to make our "Southern brethren" secede, but compel them to take up arms against the Union, rob treasuries, and steal forts and arsenals without end. In this war for the privilege of diffusing curses, they will doubtless have the sympathies, not only of impartial European statesmen, but of the kings of Timbuctoo and Dahomey, to say nothing of those of our friend.

(6.) Of course the ostensible reason was that the mother country prohibited them from diffusing "the American curse." Or are we mistaken?

(7.) If slavery is a "curse," the entire wealth of the South consists of very bad stock, in our estimation. The only remedy for so sad a state of things, is doubtless to increase the amount and extent of the curse. This remedy does deserve consideration; we shall ponder upon it.

(8.) This is a very awful condition of affairs, we admit. The whole North rallied as one man—always excepting the aiders and abettors of treason—in enthusiastic devotion to the Constitution, and in defense of popular government, is a very sad sight! How much more to their honor would it be, to sit down quietly, and suffer our "Southern brethren" to have everything their own way, and overshadow every free State with that fairest blossom of Southern institutions—an absolute despotism!

(9.) When we do sink below the level of human beings, we shall consider one indication of the coming degradation to be, that we can see no difference between the right to property in oxen and property in man; and when we have sunk so low, we shall be fit for "brotherly treatment" both from Northern and Southern traitors.

The Present Struggle.
WAR AS A RENOVATOR.

DEAR FRIEND DAVIS: The last number of the HERALD is received, and its tone upon the all-absorbing "war question" is peculiarly gratifying. I do not love war, and have no desire for military honors, as such, but I welcome this struggle as a bridge long expected, and am prepared to do duty at whatever post may be assigned me whenever I feel the conviction of that duty coming up from the silent chambers of life within me.

It seems to me that that is a one-sided application of the principle of peace, that would deter any one from using physical weapons when driven to the wall by perverse and unholy powers and influences. It may be lack of development that gives me this feeling, but I am content to bide the later unfoldments of life with my brethren in the flesh, asking no promotion beyond a peasantry with my kind.

War is an evil—is indeed horrible; yet there are conditions more terrible than this; and it is only because I have faith in it as a renovator of the political atmosphere that I am disposed to bid it welcome. "But this is a civil war, setting friend against friend, brother against brother, and father against son, in deadly strife." What if it be? I would ask. Are not all men brethren? and are there no ties more sacred than those of an earthly and selfish nature? Because my brother is enrolled under the banner of despotism, am I to refrain from opposing its march? I love peace and fraternity, but I love liberty more than aught else under the sun; and it is because of this that I welcome war as a harbinger of an era of peace, wherein the rights and interests of all shall be respected and protected.

I shall be heartily glad when we have done with all these broils; but there are principles at stake, in the present issue, to which no lover of human weal can be indifferent, and a compensating good to be derived, that can accrue in no other way.

It is easy to conceive of conditions in which, as individuals, we would suffer wrong rather than rebel with physical force; yet I affirm that the spirit that would canterize with words, instead of blows, is essentially the same, with only this difference, that its wounds are deeper and more malignant, therefore requiring more time to heal.

That the time is coming when Reason will be more potent than the sword, as an arbiter of human destinies, I think none can doubt; but ere these conditions are attained, I can see but one way for a reasonable and earnest man to act, i. e., accept the conditions of the present, and do that which needs to be done first, that no stumbling-blocks may be left in the way, to retard our progress toward those higher and more harmonious conditions of life and labor which alone can bring rest and satisfaction to the soul. Of what need to be done, each must, of course, judge for himself, thus giving full sway to that supreme law of adaptation that fits one for the field and another for the farm or workshop. I have no more sympathy with the extreme non-resistants than with the irritable and irascible chivalry of the South. Both are equally wide of the mark in theory, while the race sustains so near a relationship to its primitive animal condition. Yet, as brethren on the human side, our sympathies must reach them all, while we labor and pray for their speedy and sure emancipation from every thrall, that their spirits may become great and free in the illimitable truth of God.

The time is very near, I trust, when Peace, on love-bright pinions, will descend from heaven and clasp the nations in its embrace. Then indeed will the peace-loving have cause to "learn war no more," and angels of brightness and beauty will come to teach us of the ways of life and the mysteries of love. Then let every present condition and need of body and soul be acknowledged, and the means of relief and amelioration calmly and earnestly sought, that no barrier may exist between the hearts of those engaged in the same work.

In regard to the present troubles of the country, I owe no man enmity, and have no wrongs to avenge. Those who have are victims of conditions beyond their control, and are, as individuals, to be pitied rather than denounced. It seems that the malady which threatens the nation's life is organic, and nothing but fearful organic convulsions will avail to dislodge it, even though much pain and suffering ensue. May the struggle be short, and the work thorough, is my prayer.

M. M. TOUSKY.
SMITH'S MILLS, N. Y., May 13, 1861.

The Teachings of Nature.

"Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of Nature."

For the Herald of Progress.
Answers to Philosophical Questions.

HOW DO BIRDS KEEP THEMSELVES IN A FIXED POSITION IN THE AIR WITHOUT ANY APPARENT EXERTION?

WM. B. BISHOP, DEAR SIR: Your first query is: "Is there any negative to the attraction of gravitation?"

In the first place, viewing "negative" as in opposition to natural laws—such as cold being "negative" to heat or caloric, darkness the "negative" of light, annihilation the negative of existence, &c., &c.: Now I would say, in a similar sense gravitation has its negative. I consider "negative" in that relation to be nothing—absolutely nothing; for if it is anything whatever, it cannot be "negative," but must have an existence, and having an existence is being positive.

In chemistry, one substance may be "negative," or the opposite of another substance, but is itself a positive, real entity, something of which we may take cognizance, and is not "negative" in the same relation as darkness, cold, &c. But this does not answer the question—How do birds keep themselves in a fixed position in the air without any apparent exertion?

In the first place, I doubt the fact. I never saw birds keep the same local position without a very apparent exertion. Some of our sailing*

* By sailing, I mean traveling through the air without flapping the wings. Birds, such as hawks and eagles, sometimes seem to make but a very slight exertion to keep themselves in a rapid motion, either on a straight line or on a spiral and upward progress, and this they could not do, if the law of gravitation was negative or annihilated; for it is the law of gravity tending to pull them down to the earth that gives them the first impulse toward motion, and that is downward; but the peculiar form of their wings, and particularly each and every feather of the wing, is so arranged that a straight downward motion is impossible, and a continual tendency to go downward forces a motion in some direction, and the form and arrangement of the feathers in the wing gives them a forward tendency. The law of gravitation is the fulcrum upon which the whole power of birds to command their own motion and direction in the air rests; otherwise, if gravity were annihilated, as is the case with a balloon, the bird would be subject to the same laws, and would be compelled to go wherever the wind might blow him.

In order to have a fair idea of the power by which birds move in the air, we must take a wing feather and study its peculiar construction and mechanism—hold it up and let it fall many times, and watch its tendencies with great exactness; also cut bits of wood or other substances into peculiar shapes and let them fall, and watch their particular motions, according to their shape; take the seed-pod of the maple tree, which has very much the shape of a wing of some of our insects, and let it fall, and you will have one of the most perfect spiral motions.

All the wing feathers of birds have the front edge stiff, hard, and smooth, and the soft and limber part of the feather runs back from the stem of the quill, and gets more soft and limber towards the back part of the feather, while the back edge curves up a little, so that the air passing through between the quills when the wing is in motion, has a tendency to drive the wing forward toward the hard stiff part of the feathers.

"They seem to have the power of resisting the motion of the atmosphere and the attraction of gravitation without any exertions of their wings. What is that power?"

It is true, that, at the distance at which we are obliged to view them, we cannot detect much motion in their wings; and yet we know that there must be a continual motion in their wings to keep them extended, and to keep up an equilibrium; this is too far off to be detected by the observer. It is similar to the motions in a man's foot or feet, when standing still; not a motion of the foot, but a motion of the different organs of the foot to keep a balance of the body.

The power to move in the atmosphere is very much the same as the power to move in the water which the fish possesses, the difference being the different organs by which it is effected. In the bird it is with the wing, and in

the fish it is the tail which constitutes the *sculling oar* of the animal.

The paddle-wheel of the propeller and the oar of the scull-boat act on the same principle as the tail of the fish; and each particular feather or quill in the wing of a bird; but in the more dense medium, as water, the slower the motion, and in the more rare medium the quicker the motion; therefore the flight is so much quicker than the swimming. For want of a better name, I would call the "power," wing power, for there is no other exactly like it, to my knowledge.

I may notice your other "Queries" hereafter.

Yours, for progress in Philosophy,
W. L. COFFINBERRY.
GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.
California Correspondence.

INTERESTING EPISTLE FROM BROTHER J. M. PEEBLES.

SACRAMENTO CITY, CAL., March 27, 1861.

BRO. DAVIS:—Permit me to extend a sympathetic hand o'er the dizzy heights of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada, clasping yours as cordially as you grasped mine on the eve of sailing for the evergreen shores of the Pacific. Those last brotherly words of thine, wishing me "regained health, happiness, and angelic guardianship" during my travels in occidental regions, still ring in my ears like symphonious strains, wafted earthward from seraphic choirs. Some of the old philosophers taught that *kind words*, like tones of music, were immortal—sound would follow sound, reaching and cheering some one—and thus, like songs celestial, would they prove to be wandering minstrels of mercy.

The HERALD OF PROGRESS, bespeaking not only "better things than the blood of Abel," but far better than sectarian churchianity, greets me weekly. Its clear, rationalistic contributions, demonstrate the rapid unfolding of humanity, besides prophesying of the incoming dispensation when love and wisdom shall blend in the Harmonic man. It is more valuable to me than gold, filling a niche, philosophic and metaphysical, in my cranium, that no other periodical does. Publications, like mortals, have each a mission to outward. They should not wrangle. The oak and the ash, the elm and the aspen, though individualized, grow harmoniously in forests, thus teaching us beautiful moral lessons.

BUT WHAT OF THE EL DORADO?

The atmosphere is clear, the climate near the coast and on the mountains bracing, and in Southern California perfectly delightful. Travelers say it excels Italy; the Sierras reminding them of European ranges, mantled in eternal snows, and the valleys, of Sicilian scenes and sunsets. Gardens remain fresh through the year. Peaches, apricots, nectarines, pomegranates, &c., bloom in February. I saw, last month, white, crimson, purple, and variegated *camellias*, or Japan roses, natives of that country, yet flourishing in this. In perfection and beauty they far excel that South American plant, the dahlia. Brother West has a pear-tree that bloomed six times last season, having thereon, at the same time, healthy pear-specimens of each blossoming, the largest of which, when ripe, measured 13½ inches longitudinally, and 13½ latitudinally, weighing 24 ounces. Yesterday, on Brother C. W. Hoyt's ranch, just without the city limits, I picked and ate green peas. This Brother is secretary of the Spiritualists' Congregation of Sacramento, and Brother William Lyon, formerly a Methodist clergyman, president. This vast country is not only exceedingly rich in gold, but in grasses, grains, agricultural products, and all kinds of fruits peculiar even to the tropics, and yet thousands are discouraged. Hundreds, were they not so miserably poor, would return to the States, while others are quite too proud-spirited to turn their faces homeward without the "glittering pile."

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE PEOPLE?

When I really know them, as I wish them to thoroughly know me, I shall be competent to form a just estimate. Suffice it to say, I have met many excellent people and many old acquaintances, whose eyes, while extending the fraternal hand, glistened with joy. Conversing just after my arrival with a lecturer and clairvoyant physician upon individual idiosyncracies and the characteristics of the representatives that flock hither from all nations and climes, she remarked that she had traveled extensively in the States, and found "some good, generous souls, and others of high Spiritualistic pretensions, compared with which the 'Digger Indians' were perfect gentlemen." The country evidently admits of strong comparisons. Earth, however, has neither Christs nor Devils; none are perfect; accordingly, if sinners must be stoned, let none but SAINTS presume to do it.

Both in the cities and mining districts, there is a large sprinkling of Asiatics—Chinese, Malays, &c.,—affording fruitful themes of contemplation for historic students. Seeing their degradation, and recalling my early readings of that great Chinese philosopher, Confucius, I feel half inclined, for the moment, to doubt that mighty upheaving law, PROGRESS, or the progress of the races. The lowest human specimens, however, are the native California Indians. Studying them from the standpoint of the physiognomist and phrenologist, the non-immortality theory of Prof. Spence has flashed upon my mind more than once. But a deeper, diviner philosophy assures me that Nature never

retracts her steps—knows no absolute loss—no retrogradation. It is positively impossible, in the very constitution of things, for anything to become nothing.

HAVE YOU RENOUNCED SPIRITUALISM?
Write a friend, more fearful than philosophy. Suppose I had, the sun would shine, the stars gladden, the world move. Truth would be awed, and hights highted. No, I have not renounced Spiritualism, Universalism, Unitarianism, Quakerism, or, rather, the truths that underlie them; for much symbolizes a central truth, and all truths manifest the harmonic law of unity. Ours are notes do not jar, nor does unripe fruit contradict the mellowed fruitage of autumn. There are a few one-sided, one-sided "Spiritualists," who can perceive no truth in the universe unless "christened" Spiritualism, and they seem to think themselves heaven-appointed watchmen to gruffly growl around and guard their imperfectly-conceived notion of that "ism." It becomes a hobby, and they ride the poor thing headless. I would as soon accept the teachings of Pius IX., or sectarian Churchdom, as *authoritative*, as the communication from spirits. Being a conscious individuality, I must be myself, and will exercise my reason and judgment, touching all things *Spiritualistic*. Never a truth perished; though it walk the wilderness to-day, 'twill tread the promised land to-morrow.

WHY THE ABOVE QUESTION WAS ASKED.

A few months since, I wrote a private letter to a friend in California, the most unspiritual portion of which was published, and portions of that portion were copied as editorial matter and purposes dictated. In said letter I did say that "Universalism is the broadest and highest in the universe," and I now emphatically repeat it: the scale running upward thus: Individualism, Socialism, Familism, Neighborhoodism, Nationalism, Planetarism, *Universalism*; this latter term, embracing, in one boundless, sympathetic sweep, the good of the immortalized intelligences of all worlds and systems of worlds, peopled, individualized, and inspired by one common Father, God. Derived from the adjective universal, and seen from the summit of an expanded vision, *Universalism* is the broadest and highest *ism* in the universe. But, "mark well," I am speaking of *isms*, not principles—those fixed and eternal forces in Nature: these bear the same relation to the former that substance does to show, or buildings to tremulous scaffolding. It is sometimes necessary, to find ideas, language to clothe them, and brains for others to comprehend them. Every thinker, given to meditation, will discriminate between *use* and *abuse*. To affirm there have been no *abuses*—no "froth nor scum" under the name of Spiritualism—manifests not only a most deplorable ignorance and imbecility, but the very quintessence of impudence!

Spiritualism, as significant of the science of spirit-communing, is as grand and beautiful as true; setting ajar the gates celestial with armies immortal, reaching down their loving hands to greet their mortal Brothers. I am indebted to spirit intercourse for my knowledge—I say *knowledge* of immortality—the location of the spirit land, the condition of the immortalized, the occupation of the "loved gone before," and their progressing towards the Infinite. Those love-messages that have greeted me from the thither side of "Death's peaceful river," I cherish above all price, and shall, till I reach the sunny shores of that "Island Home." Still, I can be the exponent of no one "ism," to the exclusion of other and all great reforms, that begin to glow upon the brow of this illustrious age.

Brother Davis, I more and more admire the Harmonical Philosophy, standing above the creeds and cliques of a traditioned past, as well as the thousand isms of an angular and agitated present; seizing on truth wherever found, and valuing it for its infinite worth, regardless of names or banners hoisted by friends or enemies. I want to thank the good and earnest Emma Hardinge for her letter on "Organization." There should be order, there must be system; hence business organizations among reformers are indispensable.

I shall remain in Sacramento for the time being, speaking upon an independent platform, as health warrants. Most truly thine,
J. M. PEEBLES.

A Letter from the Itinerant.

EDITOR HERALD: Quietly seated in the peaceful home of Ephraim R—, in the fair city of A—, Mich., I've been peering meditatively out into the world of life that surrounds me. What a scene! how beautiful and grand! It is spring-time here in temperate zone; the shooting blade, the expanding leaf, and bursting, flowering buds, proclaim it. With mankind, I think, 'tis spring-time, too, for as "underneath the winter snows the invisible hearts of flowers grow ripe for blossoming," so do the holy thoughts and aspirations of the human spirit gather renewed strength, and, at proper periods, manifest themselves more perfectly. It seems that the spring-time of a new era is as apparent and consistent as the spring-time of '61. What follows? Why, we must think of changes to be made—a complete overturn of things, a doing away with wintry customs and costumes.

1st. We can venture out beyond partition walls and enjoy the sunlight and growing warmth, and whistle Yankee Doodle to the world without fear of Jeff. Davis or Jack Frost. Old "Buck" and "Breck" can "graze in pastures North or South," and fat or fall Abraham and "Bob O'" Lincoln's clear notes will be heard through all the land, and we'll enjoy them "Scott" free.

2d. We've got some personal property and real estate to look after—not quite so romantic that. Here's the house to be cleaned; begin at the attic (head)—I believe that's the place, after making all things ready in the

basement. Here's rubbish enough: old clothes, (opinions) outgrown and worn, moth-eaten and rusty. Beans (creeds) that once were large enough to hold all the "necessaries" (ideas) that were subject to attic disposition; old paper—(compromises, speeches) where? what a pile, and how dusty! a "Confession of Faith," (in democracy.) "Presbyterian Catechism," old Bible out of binding, with 'a for a's, (logos for supporters,) out with them! We've better ready for use, and in use. These are useless, and why occupy they the room, and render foul the air? Run up the windows, let out the dust, and let in the aura of flowers, borne on the "wings of the wind."—Now to the parlor where "social joys" are "fair exchange," where fraternal greetings bleed and enoble. Be careful! don't put on airs and think yourself "dressed up" because you're in the parlor. We'll brighten and cleanse the things of use that are here, (unless they are really rusty, and if they are, they don't belong here,) and keep fresh flowers on mantle and stand. The parlor is for use, and holy comfort; that stove, (artificial generator of heat—priest and politician) can be removed from the reception room, we need it no longer, it is so warm—the free air, (thought and inspiration) is more cheering and strengthening. Never keep "stoves" in the house when it is warm—they are dirty things. See the "grotesque spots" here on the "dining-room" floor (with boils on the body full as large)—air the room and keep it cool, so that you can stay in it with comfort more than ten minutes at a time. Oh! here's the kitchen (stomach) what a place! everything huddled together; one might think "Billy Wilson's Zouaves" had tarried here for a time and left in haste; now for a regular scouring, (reform), it's no use to *shirk* it, for if the kitchen isn't in order, no other part of the house will be *cleanly and free*, remember that. Out of doors now, when your own "house is in order," and stir the soil; be workers, every man and woman, bearing in mind that he who "plants the thistle, reaps a crop of stings;" he who "sows the wind, reaps the whirlwind." Aye, *re-form-ation*, and rearranging is the work of spring-time; and who can say that this work is not upon us, with us—politically, socially, and religiously—as well as in the change of seasons. Some will cry out against change, because it is destructive. So will icy bands on flowing streams protest against the impulsive, "fanatical" rising tide; and how much *less damage* would be done to farm and glen, if these piles of resisting "coolers" would "get out of the way," and let the waters pass. Let spring-time come, say I; let the waters pass; let flowers burst forth; let stagnant thought be "aired," and old clothes buried. Let the "house be cleansed from attic to kitchen," and blessed forever be the "Republic," society, man or woman, that doeth the work faithfully.

FRANK, THE ITINERANT.

HAVE you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long, or more. If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If every thought be pure and right, the soul will be pure and lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

Poetry.

"The truly beautiful ever leaves a long echo of harmony in the soul."

For the Herald of Progress.

FREEDOM.

Seas of ignorance there are,
So tideless and still,
That tempest nor storm-wind
Their silence unbar,
Or to motion may find.
Yet a zephyr doth find,
From Freedom that's blown,
The mystery to breathe
To the waveless a moan.

And many a heart
The dark wing of despair
Hath brooded to sleep,
As their life were the part
Of death's fostering care;
But none e'er so deep
Death's slumber hath held,
That one voice waked them not,
And the life-springs up-welled.

E'en where falsehood hath burned
Man's immortal soul,
Till the signet divine
No more is discerned,
And the heavenly scroll
Lies black on the shrine;
Though the ashes seem dead,
A spark flickers there,
Which by Freedom is fed.

O thou last, and yet first!
Thou holiest and best
Of the Infinite's gifts!
For this quenchless thirst,
Which doth Freedom attest,
For this hope, which lifts
From the depths of death,
Shall our homage arise
With each morning's breath.

Ev'ry battle that's fought
'Tween darkness and light;
Ev'ry victory that's gained
For unfettered thought,
Or 'gainst unholy might,
Which hath Freedom profaned,
To thy seal divine
Sets the eternal truth
That all shall be thine.

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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A CHRISTIAN'S SERMON ON WAR.—We give this week the *Tribune's* report of a remarkably able discourse by Rev. Mr. Frothingham, of this city. It will reward every one who candidly reads the sermon from text to conclusion.

UNDER the head of "Laws and Systems" will be found an interesting letter setting forth the rights of the South, under the Constitution, to unrestricted property in slaves, and arguing the right of the South to hold them in the Territories. D. L. adds a few comments on the letter. Perhaps our readers may like to hear both sides.

THE OUTER CIRCLE of contributors to our columns will hereby receive cordial acknowledgments of their papers entitled: 1. "Things to be Considered;" 2. "The Great First Cause;" 3. "Office of Reason;" 4. "Organization of Labor;" 5. "The Wickedness of Slander;" 6. "Immortality;" 7. "What Science May Do;" 8. "Association." Besides the above-mentioned able contributions, we take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of several "Voices" from loved correspondents, and a goodly number of poetic inspirations.

Work of the Reformer.

Reformation presupposes the existence of comparative wrong and imperfection. Is a political reform needed?—then that necessity arises from imperfect political conditions. Is a social reform needed?—then that necessity presupposes a wrong in the social state. Is a theological and religious reform needed?—then there must exist certain imperfections in the present systems of theology and religion. Accordingly, the demand for reform in any age or nation, supposes the existence and action of certain causes antagonistic to the interests of man. It becomes then the business of the reformer in this age to inquire first, what is the true and righteous demand of the race? and secondly, what are the causes existing in the present institutions of the world, which tend to prevent the satisfaction of this demand? Having ascertained the first, he is prepared to discover the nature of the second; and thus he is enabled to develop and direct the forces necessary in the great work before him.

When the real requirements of the age, in all their vast extent, are perceived and realized, it is easy to discover through the medium of reason and analogy, the required conditions by which these may be most fully and directly reached. Thus, if a mechanic has before him a peculiar kind of work to perform, he sees at once, from the very nature of the work, the particular tools which are necessary in its accomplishment; and that mechanic cannot truly and perfectly complete his labor until the required instruments are put to use. It is so with the Reformer. He must study the demand of the age, and from this draw a plan of the work to be accomplished. He must examine the existing institutions of society, in all their peculiar phases and aspects. He must dissect and analyze them; examine their original and intrinsic elements; study the peculiarities of their combination; then view them as a great whole, and watch their effect on the interests of the race.

But this is not all. The reformer must not only himself understand the requirements of the age, but he must also be able to delineate them to the perceptions of other minds. The defects of the old must be boldly and fearlessly exposed; the deformity of ancient errors must be delineated; in all its gloom and hideousness; and the crumbling altars of superstition must be thrown down by the power of truth. Yet, while he compromises no truth, by fearing to proclaim the errors of existing institutions, he must speak ever with the voice of love; he must go forth clothed with the holy armor of kindness. Let him remember that no truth spoken in love shall be powerless, for the life of God shall be breathed upon it, and it shall rise and flourish in immortal vigor. Love should be the great central sun of the soul; and the light which flows out from this source shall banish fear, and ignorance, and error, from the universal mind.

We would not wish the Reformer to rush blindly or madly onward into a vortex of social or political anarchy; but let him, with the clear vision of a prophet's eye, survey the wide field of action before him, and in the calm grandeur of the godlike mind, move onward amid the crash and ruin of falling institutions. With the magic, creative power of love and wisdom, he shall rear those splendid temples of celestial truth in which man can worship and be free, and through whose crystal dome shall descend the radiance of Heaven.

The Virtue of Economy.

These are the times to try men's bodies as well as souls, and the voice of Wisdom, speaking to the rich in high places, enjoins the practice of the rare virtue of economy, as the truest expression of benevolence and justice to all. Thousands of persons have accustomed themselves to the daily use of expensive luxuries, not at all compatible with the laws of physiology, and thousands of families are living entirely at variance with every principle of pure religion and philanthropy. In these times of trial, therefore, when the wheels of business are blocked, and multitudes of the poor are deprived of employment, we suggest the following healthful economies:

1. A reduction in the amount of food prepared. Most wealthy families are exceedingly poor in consequence of over-eating. A human being, whether idle or industrious, needs but few articles of food, well prepared, in not very large quantities. Very few persons will believe that they are guilty of gluttony. But the true physician knows the signs and symptoms of this particular vice. What are they? 1. Sleepiness after eating, or a feeling of indolence. 2. Loss of memory, headache, and depression of spirits. 3. Flatulency, and difficulty of breathing. 4. Oppression at the pit of the stomach, and particularly throbbing about the heart. 5. A fretful disposition, and recurring expressions of discontent and ingratitude amid actual blessings. Other symptoms may be mentioned, both mental and physical, but these signs never fail. We do not say that every glutton exhibits all these evidences of his vice, but that one or more of such signs are certain to follow the over-feeder.

2. Make no more pies, cakes, puddings, or pastries, except as a part of your regular meal. As supplements and sequels to dinner, all pastries are absolutely unnecessary, as well as injurious and expensive. Good reader, try our suggestion in your family at once—save the eggs, milk, cream, butter, sugar, and flour, which you have habitually squandered to make mischievous articles of food—and then behold! how many dollars you will have saved for the benefit of the sick and poor who dwell in your midst.

3. And in the matter of dress. Your real needs are few, in this particular, although your wants (false or educational needs) may be numerous. Heed none of your false and fashionable wants; administer to your needs only, and the result will be a great reduction of family expenses, and more money for purposes of benevolence and patriotism.

Let reform begin in your own home, as from the core of your inmost heart, and the Angel of happiness will visit you every day. Try it, good friends.

How to be Saved.

"The fearful charge of depravity which the Word of God brings against human nature, is not canceled or even mitigated by the renovating influence of Christianity upon individual minds, and the consequent leavening of society, its institutions and laws. For these incidental, external influences of Christianity do not change human nature, and when passion or ambition is aroused, or some great selfish interest is at stake, human depravity breaks through all restraints of law, compact, decency, and shows itself as ever full of deceit, malice, bitterness, cursing, bent upon mischief, swift to shed blood."—Independent.

If human nature remains unchanged under the influences of Christianity, if the strong passions of the heart among men at large are liable at any moment to burst forth in wild disorder, though subjected to the most potent influences of Christian training and discipline, one would like to know what especial object is to be accomplished among men by that system of religion. We had supposed that it is the peculiar boast of Christianity, that it alone can subdue human depravity and so control passion, ambition, and the selfish interests generally, that they shall be perpetually subject to the restraints of law and decency. But it seems we are mistaken. This declaration as to the inefficacy of Christianity, is not quoted from D'Holbach, Diderot, or Voltaire, but from the leading Christian paper of America. What a confession!

There is a bit of truth in it, however. Human nature is destined to the complete sway of Reason and Love—a subjection to benign influences so thorough, that its depravity will cease utterly to exhibit itself in all unseemly outbreaks, or in any form of social disorder. And the reason is, because Man is a progressive being, and all the evil there is in him consists in the excess or deficiency of good impulses, or in their misdirection. He is simply an unbalanced creature, every impulse in him being naturally good. He is created with these good impulses, in a crude state, some being over-strong, and some over-weak, and many liable to misdirection, in order that he may reduce his soul to harmony by his own exertions, earn the blessedness of a heart full of love and good will, by strenuous self-discipline, as he wins his daily bread by the sweat of his brow.

Christianity—if by this term is meant a system of doctrines which represents man as intrinsically evil, and as constitutionally liable to eternal ruin—can of course never effect his redemption; because the system reposes on a monstrous error. Man was always destined to be saved, because he was always destined to grow from the crude to the ripe state; and the great means of his redemption—or rather, of his steady and consistent growth—are two: Self-knowledge, and Self-culture in the light of that knowledge. So it is true, Christianity will never save mankind. Wisdom—that is, knowledge of the laws of his being, aided by the earnest pursuit of Excellence, is the only Savior man will ever know, either in this world or any other. But this Savior is steadily advancing to the possession of his kingdom.

Sacred Hours and Consecrated Apartments.

"Every dwelling should have its consecrated room, or rooms, kept wholly sacred to religious contemplation and spiritual communion. (The domestic architecture in general makes no provision for this; just as, till recently, it made no provision for ventilation, bathing, etc. It is as unspiritual as it has been unphysiological and unhealthful. Spiritual men and women will demand a new and improved style."

"This room should be at the top of the house, above the noise and bustle of busy life. It should, if possible, be lighted from above, giving opportunity to gaze up into the blue depths of infinity and upon the quiet stars. It should be furnished only as will best tend to facilitate its purposes. Each should follow his or her own bent, and worship in his or her own way. An hour spent in such a room, in the early part of the day, with a reverent opening of the interiors to divine influx, would be no waste of time, but an immense help to its most wise, energetic, and useful employment."—A. E. NEWTON, in the *Banner of Light*.

Holy days and sacred edifices have been regarded as belonging to an age of formalism. The true Spiritual era is supposed to mark a disregard for times and places, prayers and benedictions, daily appointments and ceremonies, all of which are appropriate to superstitious religious observances. Simplicity is the characteristic of modern religious worship, as opposed to the multitudinous forms and ceremonies of the past.

There is now no "Holy of Holies," where profane feet are not allowed to tread; and priests and religious teachers no longer require fixed times and certain places for the expression of the soul's needs. The God of Nature, to the true worshiper, abides not in "temples made with hands," and showers blessings upon the people every day and night, regarding no special period with peculiar favor.

Periodical religious observances are convenient and useful, when the devotional spirit lacks strength and fervor to serve all periods. Many a man's piety, strained through the narrow channel of Sunday exercises, appears a deep and powerful current; but spread over the week it becomes shallow indeed. Men are apt to live their religion too much in their closets and churches. Our counting-rooms, work-shops, and labor-fields, need to be consecrated as well.

Purposes of remedial discipline and improvement may be subserved by a voluntary retirement, at regular intervals, for meditation and communion. If felt to be necessary or important by any "sin-sick soul," its uses are not to be disregarded. But the exercise is one strictly of individual necessity or choice, and hence belongs to the private department of life, wherein no one man can dictate for another.

We prefer not to enjoin upon our spirit the recollection of any fixed periods for stereotyped devotion, and object to any effort to impose such formalism upon others. If any one feels a spiritual hungering, let him seek a baptism from above. We would no more expect or desire a special "divine influx" at a certain hour each day, than we would pray for a shower every morning precisely at seven o'clock!

God's countless myriads of living creatures below us in the scale of being sanctify their homes and their lives by obedience to the laws of their organizations, which constitutes the only true religious observance, and they enjoy a perpetual baptism from Nature's exhaustless fountains. Every bird consecrates its nest, every lion his lair, to the work of life, in its own sphere. No one cell of the comb is more sacred to the bee than another, no cavern in the bank more sacred to the beaver.

Religion, with human beings, should consist in the perpetual incense of true lives; and to such, no room for contemplation or communion can exceed in "sacredness" the kitchen where no undue burdens are imposed, the dining-room where no excessive appetites are indulged, the parlor where no vain sacrifice of use to beauty exists, or the chamber where no loves are slaughtered by passion.

Aye! every dwelling should have its "consecrated rooms," and they should comprise every room in the dwelling, one and all consecrated to purposes of use, purity, love, and industry.

Every spot of space we occupy, and every moment we live, is truly consecrated, when that time and space mark the inception of a true purpose, the growth of a pure aspiration, the execution of a noble deed. C. M. P.

NEGRO INSURRECTION.

The *Pine and Palm*, James Redpath's new anti-slavery paper, has an article in the second number, entitled "*Insurrectionists not Madmen*," in which it is denied that John Brown Jr., Mr. Redpath, or men of that class, are now endeavoring to incite a servile insurrection at the South. We quote a few paragraphs from the article, in order to show the attitude occupied by this class of anti-slavery men:

"Justice is what we want, not vengeance. We do not wish to see the slaveholder killed, but the bondman freed. If freedom can only prevail through the agency of vengeance, so be it; if the Temple of Liberty can only stand securely on the corpses of slaveholders, so be it; rather let the white race be swept from the earth, than endure by the perpetuity of negro bondage."

"There never was an era since America had a name, so utterly unpropitious as this of ours for a successful negro insurrection. The time for a servile rising is when the dominant classes are securely sleeping—when they are pulling down their barns to build greater, and forgetting that their soul may momentarily be required of them. But now the whole South is armed and alert, and an insurrectionary fire would instantly be drowned in the blood of the unfeeling blacks."

Not only would an insurrectionary attempt on the part of the negroes be speedily suppressed, but, if aided or incited by abolitionists, it would inevitably tend to a cessation of hostilities, and a compromise between the North

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and, South favorable to the perpetuity of slavery. The only hope of freedom now is that this conflict between the North and South shall go on until slavery is abolished as a military necessity. It is the duty of abolitionists, then, to wait and watch silently, but not to participate in the conflict, until, instead of meaning LAW AND ORDER, as now, it shall mean JUSTICE AND LIBERTY FOR ALL."

TEMPERANCE IN A LIQUOR SALOON.
THE CHURCHES PUT TO SHAME.

We have had marked for publication for several weeks an account of an address delivered by Mrs. Carrie Filkins Bush to the liquor dealers and drinkers of Shelbyville, Ind. The statement is from the pen of Mrs. Bush, contributed to her own paper, the *Western Ohio Branch*, published at Indianapolis.

It appears that no church could be obtained in Shelbyville for Mrs. Bush, and Mr. A. B. Cross, a liquor dealer, volunteered the use of his saloon, which was suitably prepared for the occasion, and, at her request, the bar closed during the lecture. The eighteen whiskey-shops in town were closed, and proprietors and customers, to the number of two hundred, came and listened for two hours and a half to a temperance discourse. Mrs. Bush says:

"We willingly bear testimony to the fact that a more orderly, respectful, attentive congregation, we have not had in Indiana. If there was or could be any of that Christian religion which makes the whole heart and face radiant with love, these men might be saved. Vituperation and abuse hardens them."

"If any other commentary is needed upon the comparative virtue of churches that refuse to open their doors for a woman to plead the cause of temperance, and a liquor trafficker, who shames them by his manliness, it is found in the words of Mr. Cross' offer. He said to Mrs. Bush:

"It is over five years since a preacher or member of a church has said to me, I care for your soul. The reverse of this—abuse, ridicule, epithets of 'thief,' 'murderer,' 'vagabond,' 'scoundrel,' have been hurled at the whiskey sellers, from every direction; that too by men who now come early in the morning and late at night after their bitters. Mrs. Bush, we would gladly hear any one speak if they will control their own tempers, and give us pure argument—pure reason."

NOW THEY SEE IT.

In an editorial upon the causes of Southern demoralization, as evinced by the wholesale repudiation of individual and State obligations, the *New York Times* has the following "plain talk":

"We repeat that the cause of this general dereliction lies much deeper than the rebellion. It has its origin in the peculiar organization of Southern society—is the legitimate and inevitable result of Southern institutions, acting upon and forming the principal stratum of Southern character. The people who live upon the unrequited labor of a race, whose theory of civilization is based upon the perpetuation of a gigantic wrong, can have but small appreciation of the principles of right."

CONTRABAND OF WAR.

Three slaves "owned" by a rebel colonel, escaped recently to Fort Monroe. Their return was demanded under the Fugitive Slave Law. Gen. Butler refused to restore the "chattels," declaring them contraband of war. He offered however to return them, if their owners would swear allegiance to the Government of the United States.

Since this decision, it is stated that upwards of four hundred fugitives have sought protection under the American Flag, to escape being sold South. They are made serviceable in the construction of defenses and other necessary labor.

The prevailing opinion is, that, since slaves are "articles, by their own nature fit to be used in war," this decision of Gen. Butler will not be reversed. If so, this kind of property will soon disappear from Virginia. The Secretary of War has formally approved of the action of Gen. Butler.

H. MELVILLE FAY.

In the last *Banner of Light* we observe a note from Payton Spence, recalling his previous endorsement of Mr. Fay's mediumship. Professor Spence says:

"Mr. Fay has taken us all in. I have attended seven or eight of his circles, and have studied his manifestations carefully, and I now have the facts, by which I can demonstrate that Fay himself did everything that was done in his circles."

NO MORE MAILS.

On and after the first day of June no mails will be forwarded to the seceding states; Western Virginia will be supplied from Wheeling. The remainder of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, are henceforth to be cut off from all mail communication with the North.

All papers due subscribers in these States will be carefully preserved, and held subject to their orders, or mailed on the resumption of the mails, when peace is declared.

ENGLISH SYMPATHIES.

The *London Christian Observer*, a journal that represents the piety of the Church of England, furnishes singular evidences that whatever is for the interest of England in the struggle in this country, they will deem moral. We quote a few sentences:

"We cannot profess a national interest on behalf of a revolution, however successful it may be, which aims at the establishment of a great wrong, a vast national crime. Yet, if it must be so, we wish to be on friendly terms with a republic, whose very foundations are laid in oppression and human suffering!" * * * We regret the course on which the Confederate States have entered, but as a nation, we have no feelings towards them but that of *unconditional good will*. And why?—Because Congress has imposed a tariff, or scale of duties, on articles of foreign commerce which will effectually destroy some of the greatest branches of our trade with her."

COL. ELLSWORTH'S LAST LETTER.

The last letter of the lamented Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth, to his parents, written the night before his departure, is a model production. He had evidently a foreboding of his fate, beyond the ordinary feeling of uncertainty common to a soldier's life. What a choice legacy to the parents he had ceased not to honor through a life signally marked by temperance, devotion, and patriotism!

HEADQUARTERS 1ST ZOUAVES, CAMP LINCOLN, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 23, 1861.

My Dear FATHER and MOTHER: The regiment is ordered to move across the river to night. We have no means of knowing what reception we are to meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed a large force have arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner. Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of the morrow, and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who neth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose, even in the fate of one like me.

My darling and ever-loved parents, good bye. God bless, protect, and care for you.

ELMER.

CARELESS PAUL!

The *New Covenant* repeats an anecdote of an old lady in Connecticut, who on hearing for the first time of the formation of Universalist Churches, based upon a belief that all mankind will be saved, remarked:

"Well that's just what I told my father more than thirty years ago, that old St. Paul was so CARELESS in some of his expressions, some people would yet believe all mankind would be saved."

Persons and Events.

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

ANOTHER DISCUSSION.

There will be a discussion in the Second Advent Church at Blooming Valley, Crawford Co., Pa., (six miles east of Meadville,) between O. P. Kellogg, a speaking medium, from Newton Falls, O., and Elder Dunn, a Second Adventist Minister of Crawford Co., on the 21st and 22d of June.

The subject of discussion the first day will be Spirit Interference; the second day, the Plenary Inspiration of the Bible.

EMMETT DENSMORE.

GROVE MEETINGS.

S. P. Leland and Edward Whipple will hold a Grove Meeting at South Kirtland, Ohio, Saturday and Sunday, June 22d and 23d.

They will also hold a Grove Meeting at Farmington, Ohio, Saturday and Sunday, June 29th and 30th. All are invited to attend.

The Spiritualists of Bradford, Me., will hold a Grove Meeting at Bradford Corner, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 26th and 27th. A general invitation to all. Mrs. A. M. Spence, and other speakers, have been engaged to address the meeting.

HARMONIAL CELEBRATION.

The fourth annual celebration of the Harmonicalists of Grand River Valley will be held in the grove, at Laphamville, Kent Co., Mich. on Thursday, July 4, 1861. Mrs. M. J. Kutz and other local speakers will be in attendance, and all speakers who can make it convenient to do so are cordially invited to meet with us, and take a part in the proceedings.

Speaking will commence at 10 o'clock, A.M., and the exercises of the day will be concluded by a social party at Pickett's Hall in the evening.

JAMES DOCKERY, Secretary Com. of Arrangements.

MEETING POSTPONED.

The undersigned are authorized by the Harmonical Association of this place, and also by the friends of reform in this vicinity, to state that the Annual Jubilee Meeting, advertised to be held in this village in July next, will be indefinitely postponed.

The reasons for this postponement, are, chiefly, the intense war excitement, which is unavoidably absorbing the leisure time and spare money of the whole community, and also the stringency in financial affairs, which renders it impossible to carry forward such a meeting successfully.

We would not have it understood that there is any great dearth in Spiritualism through this vicinity, or that the friends of reform are any way lukewarm in well-doing, for such is not the case.

We are holding meetings at this place regularly every Sabbath; have an interesting juvenile class organized, which is receiving in-

structions unbiased by sectarian prejudice, and are doing what our feeble means will admit of for the promotion of human progress, the elevation of mankind, and the advancement of general reform.

H. B. VINCENT, S. G. ANTIDALE, CHAGRIN FALLS, Ohio, May 27th, 1861.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Col. J. C. Fremont is to be made Major General, and to have charge of the Western Division of the Army. *Ex-Gov. Banks* has been appointed to the head of the Quartermaster's department, to rank as Brigadier or Major General. *Gov. Sprague*, of Rhode Island, is said to be affianced to Kate Chase, eldest daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury. He is reputed worth \$10,000,000! *Rev. Hosea Ballou*, President of Tufts' College, well known as a leading Universalist, has recently left the form. *Mr. E. Ellis*, the sculptor, celebrated for his medallion portraits, has recently executed a portrait of President Lincoln. His cast of the head of Kate Fox may be had at this office. *Col. Ellsworth* was at the time of his death only twenty-four years of age. A movement is on foot for a testimonial to his parents, whose chief support he was, which shall place them above want. *Carl Schurz* has been deprived of the gratification of leading his brigade to Fort Monroe, his leave of absence as Minister to Spain having been recalled. He leaves at once for Madrid. The decease of *Senator Douglas* (at Chicago) was hourly expected (on May 31st.)

BRIEF ITEMS.

—The movement upon Virginia mentioned in our last, has been continued, each point being fortified as fast as gained. No collisions have yet occurred.

—From Wheeling, Va., and Bellaire, O., troops have moved on to Grafton, which they now occupy, with the obvious purpose of moving simultaneously with the Pennsylvania forces upon Harper's Ferry.

—At Fortress Monroe, General Butler is commencing active operations, which may soon result in the capture of Norfolk and Sewall's Point.

—Reports continue to be made of atrocities committed at the South upon men and women of avowed Union sentiments. We trust they are exaggerated.

—It is proposed to form a new regiment in honor of Col. Ellsworth, to be composed of one man from each town and ward in the State, such men to be selected by a committee of members of the "Ellsworth Association," who shall contribute to the expenses of forming such a brigade.

—An attack has been made by the Federal forces on board the *Freeborn* and *Anacosta*, upon the rebel batteries at Aquia Creek—an important point on the Potomac.

—The seceding States have been supplying themselves during the months past with United States mail-bags, not one having been returned by them. A great scarcity prevails here in consequence.

—Most disgraceful accounts are given of the heartless speculations by contractors upon the government troops. Worthless articles are furnished at extravagant prices, and not only is government defrauded, but the poor soldier is made to suffer from insufficient protection, and want of proper food and clothing. If this thing is not frowned down by the public sentiment of the North, it will be found a more formidable foe than Jeff. Davis and his army.

Patriotic soldiers can meet an open enemy, but have no means to resist the deadly assaults of traitors among those they supposed were friends.

—Jeff. Davis has stigmatized the President's blockade as one of *paper*. Unquestionably he will find it a *stationary article* of his ports.

—It is said that Parson Brownlow keeps the Stars and Stripes floating over his residence at Knoxville, Tenn. His daughter, armed with a revolver, resisted successfully an attempt by the secessionists to haul it down.

Lieut. Geo. H. Derby, author of the "John Phenix" papers in the *Knickerbocker*, died a few days since in an Insane Asylum.

—According to investigations lately made in Paris, it has been discovered that the gaudy colors and the great glare of gas-lights in the *cafes* tend to produce brain diseases in persons who frequent such establishments.

—A woman in Buffalo was awakened by hearing her dog at her chamber door. She got up and let him in, when he seized her by the gown and would not let go until she had followed him into the parlor, where she discovered that the carpet was on fire from coals which had fallen from the grate. "Grate dog!"

—The Southrons are grimly humorous, saying that Miss Dix is admirably qualified to take charge of Northern hospitals, as being accustomed to the treatment of the insane. We had thought the South was *Dix's* Land.

[*Boston Traveler*.]

—An old farmer in Southern Illinois, seeing the cannon at Cairo, remarked "that them brass missionaries had converted a heap of folks."

—The Confederate Congress have prohibited the exportation of cotton, except through their own seaports.

—The sale of pictures, contributed by the artists of New York to the Patriotic Fund, realized the sum of four thousand five hundred dollars.

—The *London Court Journal* is responsible for the statement that the French Empress appeared at the last court ball in a dress, the mere adjusting of which occupied three-quarters of an hour. Her Majesty stood upon a high stool, while the bouquets were placed upon the skirt under the direction of a head tiring-woman, who stood at a distance observing the effect and directing as to the position of each bouquet.

—Glass casks are now extensively used in the south of France, instead of wooden ones.

—The Royal National Life-boat Institution is one of the most practically humane in Great Britain. 3,697 lives were saved by its life-boats in the year 1860, in which year there were 1,379 shipwrecks on the coasts. It has saved altogether, since its origin, 11,856 persons, and it has expended in the service nearly \$250,000. A noble institution!

—The secessionists of Virginia are seizing their fellow citizens known as Union men, as hostages, for the safety of the rebel prisoners.

—General Scott being asked what he intended to do with Jeff. Davis, is said to have made answer by merely extending his open hand and gradually closing his fingers till his hand was clenched.

—When I see justice put down, I feel like a lion of the tribe of Judah. When I see a great moral principle overborne, there are no bounds to my indignation. When I see a great humanity trodden under foot, I long to be a champion for it.—H. W. BEECHER.

—Gen. Butler's action in declaring slaves contraband of war, has revived the story of his action in behalf of a poor factory girl, who had obtained a judgment against a wealthy corporation. Mr. Butler placed an attachment on the water-wheel which supplied the motive power to the factory. This blow told effectually. Has he not placed an attachment on the motive power of the rebels?

—The *Scientific American* says: "As a significant indication of Southern confidence in the security of affairs in that section, we may mention the fact that, within a few days past, we have received from parties, residing in slave States, thousands of dollars intrusted to us for safe keeping. This shows, in language stronger than words can express it, what some of our Southern friends think of us and the government under which we live. We received one single draft for ten thousand dollars."

—The editor of the *Milwaukee Press* is responsible for the statement that Mrs. Davis, the wife of Jeff. Davis, is, or has been strongly anti-slavery in sentiment. She is alleged to have said "if the women of the South could be consulted, slavery would be speedily abolished."

—A dry goods house in this city has received a letter from Mississippi, containing the following honorable sentiment: "There can be no law enacted, or no policy adopted by the North or South, that would deter me from paying my debts so soon as I can do so."

—A new complication has arisen at Baltimore. John Merriman, a prominent citizen, was arrested on a charge of treason. Chief Justice Taney issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, but General Cadwalader declined to obey it, whereupon Judge Taney issued a writ of attachment against the General. Thus the matter stands at present. The Chief Justice declaring the authority by which he proceeded with such alacrity to interpose in behalf of a traitor to the government superior to the military power. He denies the right of the President, under the constitution, to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*.

—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says when he heard of the murder of Col. Ellsworth, he felt "forty feet high!" He grew so fast he was scared. Subsequently remembering the words "Vengeance is mine," he "calmed down as peaceful as a lamb."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Royal mail steamship *America*, from Liverpool, with advices to the 18th of May, reached Halifax on the 30th.

—The Queen's proclamation relative to the conduct of English subjects, in the war pending in America, was agreed upon in council on the 14th, and immediately published in the *Official Gazette*. It forbids all interference on the part of English subjects, and warns those who engage in privateering, under the Confederacy letters of marque, that they can expect no aid from their own government, if captured by the United States.

—In a debate in the House of Lords, on the 16th, discussion turned upon what constituted a "lawful blockade," and whether privateers designated in the proclamation of the Queen could be considered pirates. The Earl of Granville, speaking for the government, held that it was not necessary to an effective blockade, that all ingress and egress should be rendered strictly impossible. Lord Brougham maintained the contrary. The Earl of Derby maintained that the United States, by the law of nations, cannot treat privateers as pirates; to this Lord Brougham assented, but declared that to join an expedition against a power at peace with England is a piratical act. Lord Campbell agreed with the Earl of Granville as to what constitutes an effective blockade, and held, with the Earl of Derby, that, though privateers of the Southern Confederacy might be treated as pirates, the subjects of another power, acting under letters of marque, are not guilty of piracy. In this sentiment Lord Kingsdown concurred.

—Queen Victoria held Court at Buckingham Palace on the 16th inst., at which Mr. Dallas delivered his letter of recall, and presented Mr. Adams to Her Majesty.

—Advices from Jamaica state that the Cotton Growing Company had determined to plant several thousand acres immediately, so that the crop may be in Manchester before the close of the year.

—Tempting offers to purchase the Great Eastern are said to have been made by a broker, supposed to be acting for the United States or the French government. A meeting of the shareholders had been called, to determine as to the price that should be taken, and other matters.

—During a debate in the French Senate, on the Syrian question, M. Billault explained that France would evacuate Syria on the 5th of June; France would leave six vessels to cruise off Beyrout, and English and Russian vessels will act in concert with them.

—It was reported that M. Lesseps had returned from Egypt to Paris, to raise further funds for the prosecution of the Suez Canal. It was said that £800,000 had been expended without adequate results, an expensive dyke on the Mediterranean side having been washed away.

—France and England are said to have proposed to Austria and Turkey to yield up respectively Venetia and Turkish Croatia—Austria to take Croatia in return for Venetia, and Turkey to receive pecuniary compensation from Italy.

—It has been ascertained that Count Telcki died by his own hand, and not by the hand of an assassin. He shot himself while laboring under nervous excitement.

—Austria is withdrawing her forces from her Italian provinces, with a view, it is supposed, to have them ready for any struggle that may arise in Hungary.

A St. Petersburg letter says that the disturbances at Kasan originated in an impostor's declaring himself a descendant of Peter III, and real heir to the throne of Russia; he was shot. Kossuth was in Turin; Klapka had been to see Garibaldi, and was to return to meet Kossuth.

—The cotton market at Liverpool and Manchester was dull when the *America* sailed. The stock at Liverpool was 1,050,000 bales, of which \$60,000 are American.

—The *America* brought out \$1,200,000 in specie; the *Etna*, which arrived at New York May 27th, brought \$1,500,000.

Attractive Miscellany.

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

THE REALIZATION.

BY VINENAP, OSGOOD.

Softly the sunlight streams into the glen,
And down on the banks below,
And just beyond, in the mossy green fen,
The fragrant violets grow.
And I hear the song, the gleeful song,
Of the sweet brook dancing softly along.

A golden glory is shimmering down
Over glen, and glade, and tree;
The wild birds welcome the beautiful crown,
With a flood of melody;
My heart is whispering plaintive runes
As an undertone to their blithesome tunes.

For an angel-face smiles into the dell,
I list with suspended breath,
And ken already the tale he will tell—
"The placid, white angel, Death."
The lives are firm in that chiseled face,
But he speaks to me of a resting place.

I have dreamed of home, of beautiful rest,
Near the bloom of bearded lips,
And of being clasped to a loving breast—
Two souls blest in love's eclipse;
But a whisper came: "It cannot be,"
And Death is the chaste reality.

My Whistling Neighbor.

We had moved into a new house, situated about the center in a row of ten, all run up together in a hurried, mushroom fashion, and divided from each other by partitions of brick so thin that sound was only a little deadened in passing through. For the first three or four nights I was unable to sleep, except in snatches, for so many noises came to my ears, originating, apparently, in my own domicile, that anxiety in regard to burglars was constantly excited. Both on the first and second nights I made a journey through the house in the small hours, but found no intruders on my premises. The sounds that disturbed me came from some of my neighbors, who kept later vigils than suited my habits.

"There it is again!" said I, looking up from my paper, as I sat reading on the second day after taking possession of my new home. "That fellow is a nuisance."

"What fellow?" asked my wife, whose countenance showed surprise at the remark. She was either unconscious or unaffected by the circumstance that annoyed my sensitive ears.

"Don't you hear it?" said I.

"Hear what?"

"That everlasting whistle."

"Oh!" A smile played over my wife's face. "Does it annoy you?"

"I can't say that I am particularly annoyed by it yet; but I shall be if it's to go on incessantly. A man whistles for want of thought, and this very fact will—"

"I'm not so sure of that, remarked my wife, interrupting me, 'the poet notwithstanding. I would say that he whistles from exuberant feelings. Our neighbor has a sunny temper, no doubt; what, I am afraid, cannot be said of our neighbor on the other side. I've never heard him whistle; but his scolding abilities are good, and, judging from two days' observation, he is not likely to permit them to grow feeble for want of use."

I did not answer, but went on with my reading, silenced, if not reconciled to my whistling neighbor.

Business matters annoyed me through the day, and I felt moody and depressed as I took my course homeward at nightfall. I was not leaving my cares behind me. Before shutting my account books, and locking my fire-proof, I had made up a bundle of troubles to carry away with me, and my shoulders stooped beneath the burden.

I did not bring sunlight into my dwelling as I crossed, with dull, deliberate steps, its threshold. The flying feet that sprung along the hall, and the eager voices that filled, suddenly, the air in a sweet tumult of sound as I entered, were quiet and hushed in a little while. I did not repel my precious ones, for they were very dear to my heart; but, birds do not sing joyously except in the sunshine, and my presence had cast a shadow. The songs of my home birds died into fitful chirpings—they sat quiet among the branches. I saw this, and understood the reason. I condemned myself; I reasoned against the folly of bringing worldly cares into the home sanctuary; I endeavored to rise out of my gloomy state. But neither philosophy nor a self-compelling effort was of any avail.

I was sitting, with my hand partly shading my face from the light, still in conflict with myself, when I became conscious of a lifting of the shadows that were around me, and of a freer respiration. The change was slight, but still very perceptible. I was beginning to question as to its cause, when my thought recognized an agency which had been operative through the sense of hearing, though not before externally perceived in consequence of my abstracted state. My neighbor was whistling "Begone, Dull Care!"

Now, in my younger days, I had whistled and sung the old and words of this cheerful old song hundreds of times, and every line was familiar to memory. I listened, with pleased interest, for a little while, and then, as my changing state gave power to resolutions quick born of better reason, I said, in my thought, emphatically, as if remanding an evil spirit: "Begone, dull care!" And the fiend left me.

Then I spoke cheerfully, and in a tone of interest to quiet little May, who had walked round me three or four times, wondering in her little heart, no doubt, what held her at a distance from her papa, and who was now seated by her mother, leaning her flaxen head, fluted all over with glossy curls, against her knee. She sprang at my voice, and was in my lap at a bound. What a thrill of pleasure the tight clasp of her arms sent to my heart! Oh love, thou art full of blessing.

From that moment I felt kinder toward my neighbor. He had done me good—had played before me as David played before Saul, exercising the evil spirit of discontent. There was no longer a repellent sphere, and soon all my little ones were close around me, and happy as in other times with their father.

After they were all in bed, and I sat alone with my wife, the same day "in the day" made a new assault upon me, and vigorously strove to regain their lost empire in my mind. I felt their approach, and the gradual receding of their thoughts with every advancing step they made. Is my struggle to maintain that tranquillity which so strengthens the soul for work and duty, I arose and walked the floor. My wife looked up to me with inquiry on her face. Then she let her eyes fall upon her needle-work, and as I glanced toward her at every turn in my walk, I saw an expression of tender concern on her lips. She understood that I was not at ease in my mind, and the knowledge troubled her.

"How wrong in me," I said, in self-rebuke, "thus to let this brooding over mere outside things, which such brooding can in no way affect, trouble the peace of home?" and I made a new effort to rise again into a sunnier region. But the fiend had me in his clutches again, and I could not release myself. Now it was that my David came anew to my relief. Suddenly his clear notes rang out in the air, "Away with Melancholy!"

I cannot tell which worked the instant revolution of feeling that came—the cheerful air, the words of the song which were called to remembrance by the air, or the associations of by-gone years that were revived. But the spell was potent and complete. I was myself again.

During the evening the voice of my wife broke out several times into snatches of song—a thing quite unusual of late, for life's sober realities had taken the music from her as well as from her husband. We were growing graver every day. It was pleasant to hear her utter tones again, very pleasant, and my ear hearkened lovingly. The cause of this fitful warbling I recognized each time as the notes died away. They were responsive to our neighbor.

I did not then remark upon the circumstance. One reason of this lay in the fact that I had spoken lightly of our neighbor's whistling propensity, which struck me in the beginning as vulgar; and I did not care to acknowledge myself so largely his debtor as I really was.

We were in our bedroom, and about retiring for the night, when loud voices, as if in strife, came discordantly through the thin party walls from our neighbors on the other side. Something had gone wrong there, and angry passions were in the ascendant.

"How very disagreeable!" I remarked. "The man's a brute!" said my wife, emphatically. "He does nothing, it seems to me, but wrangle in his family. Pity that he hadn't something of the pleasant temper of our neighbor on the other side."

"That is a more agreeable sound, I must confess, was my answer, as the notes of 'What Fairy like Music steals over the Sea' rose sweetly on the air.

"Far more agreeable," returned my wife. "He plays well on his instrument," I said, smiling. My ear was following the notes in pleased recognition. We stood listening until our neighbor passed to another air, set to Mrs. Heman's beautiful words, "Come to the Sunset Tree."

To a slow, soft, tender measure, the notes fell, yet still we heard them with singular distinctness through the intervening wall, just a little muffled, but sweeter for the obstruction.

"The day is past and gone,
The woman's ax lies free,
And the reaper's work is done."

My wife recalled these lines from her memory, repeating them in a subdued, tranquilizing tone. The air was still sounding in our ears, but we no longer recognized its impression on the external senses. It had done its work of recalling the beautiful Evening Hymn of the Switzer, and we repeated to each other verse after verse.

"Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The loved one at the door."

To which I added:
"But rest, more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more sorrow,
No weary, wandering feet;
And we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies—
To the Sabbath of our God."

All was now still on both sides. The harsh discord of our scolding neighbor had ceased, and our whistling neighbor had warbled his good night melody, which, like a pleasant flower growing near an unsightly object, and interposing a veil of beauty, had removed it from our consciousness.

It was a long time since I had felt so peaceful on retiring as when my head went down upon my pillow—thanks to my light-hearted neighbor, at whose whistling propensities I was inclined in the beginning to be annoyed. But for him I should have gone to rest with the harsh discord of my scolding neighbor's voice in my ears, and been ill at ease with myself and the world. On what seeming trifles hang our states of mind! A word, a look, a tone of music, a discordant jar, will bring light or shadow, smiles or tears.

On the next morning, while dressing myself, thought reached forward over the day's anxieties, and care began drawing her somber curtains around me. My neighbor was stirring also, and, like the awaking bird, tuneful in sweet matins. "Day on the Mountains" rang out cheerily, followed by "Dear Summer Morn'" winding off with "Begone, Dull Care!" and the merry laughter of a happy child which had sprung into his arms, and was being smothered with kisses.

The cloud that was gathering on my brow passed away, and I met my wife and children at the breakfast-table with pleasant smiles.

In a few days I ceased to notice the whistling of my neighbor. It continued as usual; but had grown to be such a thing of course as not to be an object of thought. But the effect remained, showing itself in a gradual restoration of that cheerfulness which care, and work, and brooding anxiety about worldly things are so apt to produce. The "voice of music," which had been almost dumb in my wife for a long period, was gradually restored. Old familiar ditties would break suddenly from her throat as she sat sewing, and I would often hear her singing again, from room to room, as in the sunnier days of our spring-time. As for my-

self, scarcely an evening passed in which I was not betrayed into beating time with my foot to "Auld Lang Syne," "Happy Land," "Comin' through the Rye," or "Hail Columbia," in response to my neighbor's cheery whistle. Our children also caught the infection, and would commence singing on the instant our neighbor tossed his pipes. Verily he was our benefactor—the happy David to our Saul!

"You live at Number 310, I think," said a gentleman whose face was familiar, though I was not able to call his name. We were sitting side by side in the cars.

I answered in the affirmative.

"So I thought," he replied. "I live at 314—second door east."

"Mr. Gordon?"

"Yes, sir, that is my name. Pleasant houses, but mere shells," said he. Then, with a look of disgust on his face, "Doesn't that whistling fellow between us annoy you terribly? I've got so out of all patience that I shall either move or silence him. Whistle, whistle, whistle, from morning till night. Pah! I always detested whistling. It's a sign of no brains. I've written him a note twice, but failed to send either time; it isn't well to quarrel with a neighbor if you can help it."

"It doesn't annoy me at all," I answered. "Indeed, I rather like it."

"You do? Well, that is singular! Just what my wife says."

"First-rate for the blue devil, I find. I'm indebted to our whistling friend for sundry favors in this direction."

My new acquaintance looked at me curiously.

"You're not in earnest," said he, a half-amused smile breaking through the unamiable expression which his face had assumed.

"Altogether in earnest; and I beg of you not to send him that note. So your wife is not annoyed?"

"Not she."

"Is she musical?" I inquired.

"She was; but of late years life has been rather a serious matter with us, and her singing birds have died, or lost the heart for music."

"The history of many other lives," said I. The man sighed faintly.

"Has there been any recent change?" I ventured to inquire.

"In what respect?" he asked.

"Has there been no voice from the singing birds?"

A new expression came suddenly into the man's face.

"Why, yes," he answered, "now that I think of it. There has been some low, fitful warblings. Only last evening the voice of my wife stole out, as if half-afraid, and trembled a little while on the words of an old song."

"The air of which our neighbor was whistling at the time," said I.

"Right, as I live!" was my companion's exclamation, after a pause, slapping his hand on his knee. "I could hardly help smiling at the look of wonder, amusement, and conviction, that blended on his face."

"I wouldn't send that note," said I, meaningly.

"No, hang me if I do! I must study this case. I'm something of a philosopher, you must know. If our neighbor can awaken the singing birds in the heart of my wife, he may whistle till the crack of doom without hindrance from me. I'm obliged to you for the suggestion."

A week afterward I met him again.

"What about the singing birds?" I asked, smiling.

"All alive again, thank God!" he answered with a heartiness of manner that caused me to look narrowly into his face. It wore a better expression than when I observed it last.

"Then you didn't send that note?"

"No, sir. Why, since I saw you I've actually taken to whistling and humming old tunes again, and you can't tell how much better it makes me feel. And the children are becoming as merry and musical as crickets. Our friend's whistle sets them all a-going, like the first signal-warble of a bird at day-dawn that awakens the woods to melody."

We were on our way homeward, and parted at my own door. As I entered, "Home, Sweet Home" was pulsing in tender harmonies on the air. I stood still and listened until tears fell over my cheeks. The singing birds were alive again in the heart of my wife also, and I said "Thank God!" as warmly as my neighbor had uttered the words a little while before.

Alone with the Dying.

It would be difficult to find in the whole range of fiction a more affecting incident than is contained in the following extract from a letter, written by a British seaman to his wife. It was his first service as a soldier, he having been sent on shore with a boat's crew of marines to silence a fort and take some guns.

"We dispersed at a few hundred yards' distance from the beach, to keep the coast clear while the boat's crew made prizes of the guns. The enemy had advantage of the wood, and also knowing the country well; and a troop of them showed in advance. We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim, and fired at my man at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone."

"At the same time a broadside from the went in among the trees, and the enemy disappeared, we could scarcely tell how. I felt as though I must go up to him and see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of him than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It is a strange feeling to come over you all at once that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of the chest, where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound, and also from his mouth, every breath he took. His face was as white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright, as he turned them and stared at me. I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five-and-twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast felt so full as though my own heart would burst. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy. What I felt I never can tell; but if my life could have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said, and every time he went to speak the blood poured out, so I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I couldn't help it. His eyes were closed, when a gun was fired from the — to order aboard, and that aroused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat

was just pushing off with the guns which we had taken, and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat, and then he pointed to the wood where the enemy was concealed. Poor fellow! he little thought how I shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die, and so one near him, when he had something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over, and without a sigh he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down on the grass and left him."

"It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time. I somehow thought of everything I heard about the Turks and Russians, and the rest of them, but all that seemed so far off and the dead man so near?"

A Lesson for Parents.

I had been married fifteen years. Three beautiful daughters culminated the domestic hearth, the youngest of whom was in her eighth year. A more happy and contented household was nowhere to be found. My wife was amiable, intelligent and contented. We were not wealthy; but Providence had preserved us from want; and we had learned that "contentment without wealth, is better than wealth without contentment."

It was my custom, when returning home at night, to drop into one of the many shops that are constantly open in the business streets of the metropolis, and purchase some trifling dainties, such as fruit or confectionery, to present to mother and the children. I need not say how delighted the little ones were at this slight expression of paternal consideration. On one occasion I had purchased some remarkably fine apples. After the repast, half a dozen were left untouched, and my thrifty companion forthwith removed them to the place of deposit, where it was her custom to preserve the remains of our nick-nacks. A day or two after, when I had seated myself at the table to dine, she said to me smilingly:

"I was at a loss to understand the meaning, and desired her to explain."

"Have you not been in my drawer?"

"What drawer?"

"The upper drawer in my chamber bureau. Did you not take therefrom the largest of the pippins I had put away for the girls?"

"No—I did not!"

"You did not?"

"Not I. I have not seen an apple since the evening I purchased them."

A slight cloud passed over the countenance of my wife. She was troubled. The loss of the apple was in itself nothing; but we had carefully instructed our children not to appropriate to their use any article whatever of family consumption without permission; and as permission, when the demand was at all reasonable, had never been denied them, she was loth to suspect any one of them of the offense. We had a servant girl in the family, but as she was supposed to know nothing of the apples, my wife hesitated to charge it upon her. She at length broke the silence by saying:

"We must examine the affair. I can hardly think one of the children would so act. If we find them guilty, we must reprove them. Will you please look into it?"

The girls were separately called into my presence, the eldest first.

"Eliza, did you take from your mother's drawer an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Maria, did you take from your mother's drawer an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Mary, did you take from your mother's drawer an apple?"

"No, sir."

"It must have been taken by the servant—call her to me," said I, addressing my wife.

"Nell, how came you to take from the drawer of your mistress, without permission, the largest of the apples she placed there?"

"What apples?"

"Did you take no apple from the drawer of your mistress?"

"No, sa."

Now it was evident that falsehood existed somewhere. Could it be that one of my children had told me a lie? The thought harassed me. I was unable to attend to business. I went to the store—but soon returned again. Meanwhile the servant girl had communicated to her mistress that she had seen our youngest go into the garret with a large apple, the morning before. On examination, the core and several pieces of the rind were found upon the floor. I again called Mary to me, and said to her, affectionately:

"Mary, my daughter, did you not go into the garret yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you go there with an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Did you notice anything on the floor?"

"No, sir."

I was unwilling to believe my sweet child capable of telling me a falsehood, but appearances were against her. The fault lay between her and the servant, and while I was desirous to acquit my child, I did not wish to acquit unjustly the negro. I therefore took Mary into a room alone, I spoke to her of the enormity of lying—of the necessity of telling the truth—of the severe punishment I should be compelled to inflict upon her, if she did not confess the whole to me, and with tears in my eyes urged her to say that she had done it, if indeed she had. Gradually, I became convinced of her guilt; and now I felt determined she should confess it. My threatenings were not without effect. After weeping and protesting her innocence, and weeping and again protesting, my threatenings seemed to alarm her, and, falling upon her knees, she said: "Father, I did take the apple."

Never shall I forget that moment. My child confessed that she was a liar, in my presence!

Suppressing my emotion, I retired; and Mary, rising from her position, ran to her mother, and in a paroxysm of grief, cried out:

"Mother, I did not take the apple, but father has made me confess that I did."

Here was a new aspect of affairs. Lie multiplied upon lie. Could it be possible. My dear Mary, who had never been known to deceive us—so affectionate, so gentle, so truthful in all the past—could it be possible that she was a confirmed liar! Necessity was stronger than the tenderness of the father. I chastised her for the first time in my life! It almost broke her heart—and, I may add, it almost broke my heart also.

Yet, Mary was innocent! After events proved that the negro was the thief.

She had conjured up the story of the garret, knowing that Mary would not deny having been there, and to make the circumstances strong against her, had strewn apple rinds on the floor. I never think of the event without tears. But it has taught me a useful lesson, and that is, never to threaten a child into a lie, when it may be he is telling the truth. The only lie I ever knew Mary to tell me, I myself forced upon her by threatenings. It has also fixed in my mind the determination to employ no servant in my family, when I can possibly do without.—*Firenze Journal.*

The Whip among the Romans.

The whip played a very conspicuous part in both the public and private life of the Romans. The lictors, always attending the consuls, wore their bunches of rods, not merely for state show, although it was not permitted to beat Roman citizens except in the case of their being thieves; but slaves were beaten with smooth leather straps, called *ferulae*; more painful were the *rutulae*, made of several strips of parchment twisted together; and the superlative was the *ox-hide*, called *flagellum*, often right terrible. Most terrible of all was an instrument imported from abroad, the Spanish whip, used only by very severe masters. They had not only the right of whipping slaves at pleasure, but even of killing them. Some masters, not satisfied with the plain Spanish whip, made it more terrible by fastening small nails or bones, and little leaden balls to it. Slaves were stripped, their hands tied to a tree or post, and their feet hindered from kicking by the clog of a hundred pound weight. The most trifling faults were punished in this manner, and a poor fellow might be flogged for the mere amusement of his master's guests. It was no rare occurrence that a slave died under the whip, and there was no more regret than for the loss of a pan, or other piece of household property.

The ladies were particularly cruel to their slaves. The poor girls in attendance, scratched and bleeding from wounds made with the long pins the ladies wore as ornaments, sometimes filled the whole house with their cries.

The cruelty toward the slaves increased so much that the emperors made some efforts to check it. Laws were made, pursuant to which, such masters as would forsake their slaves in sickness, forfeited their rights to them after their recovery; and a Roman who would intentionally kill a slave, was to be banished from Rome. Any woman who would whip or order the whipping of a slave, to such a degree that death ensued before the third day, was to be excommunicated from five to seven years.

The young Roman libertine often chose the disguise of a slave's dress for his love adventures. Rich people kept so great a crowd of slaves that they did not know them all personally, and thus, the introduction to houses was made easy. Sometimes, however, the master of a house got a hint, perhaps from the shrewd lady herself, and the intruder was flogged as a runaway slave, or spy. Such an occurrence gave a particular delight to the real slaves. It was a misfortune that happened to the celebrated historian, Sallust, who courted Faustina, daughter of Tulla, and wife to Milo. After having received a severe flogging, Sallust was released on paying a considerable sum.

Caligula used the whip with his own hand, and on the spot; even upon people who, by talking too loudly at the theater, spoiled his enjoyment of the players. He did not much care who the offender was. Even the vestals were not exempt from this punishment. The vestal Urbina was whipped by a priest, and led in procession through the streets. Other vestals, we are told, had been whipped for the same offense. The guilty one, covered over with a thin veil, was whipped by a priest in a dark room. Even empresses were not always spared, at least in the Christian time, and in Constantinople, where the mother of Justinian II. was so admonished. To be whipped, however, was in the eyes of a Roman, the lowest disgrace, and for this reason, judges ordered Christians to be whipped at their first examination.

CONTACT WITH THE WORLD.

Many persons believe that, as no beast dares taste the seed of the herb Palma Christi, so no man ought to aspire to the palm of Christian piety as long as he lives in the bustle of temporal affairs. Now to such I shall prove that, as the mother-of-pearl fish lives in the sea without receiving a drop of salt water, and as, toward the Chelidonian Islands, springs of fresh water may be found in the midst of the sea, and as the fire-fly passes through the flames without burning his wings, so a vigorous and resolute soul may live in the world without being infected with any of its humors—may discover sweet springs of piety amidst its salt waters, and fly among the flames of earthly concupiscence without burning the wings of the holy desires of a devout life.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

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. M. B. Kenney speaks at Gloucester, June 23d; Newburyport, June 16th.

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

E. Whipple will speak in southern Michigan up to July. Address Sturgis, Mich.

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

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

William Denton may be addressed for lectures on Geology and General Reform, Painesville, Ohio.

Leo Miller will respond to calls to lecture week evenings. Address Hartford, Conn.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, O., answers calls to lecture in the trance state.

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

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

Gibson Smith will answer calls addressed to Camden, Me.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will answer calls to lectures, addressed 1305 Tine Street, Philadelphia.

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

E. Case, Orem, Hilldale Co., Mich., will visit New York and New England for lecturing purposes. Address Orem, N. Y.

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

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

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

Herman Snow, formerly Unitarian minister, will address Spiritualists and Friends of Progress not 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.

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

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.

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

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown will speak in St. Louis, Mo., the three first Sundays in June. She may be addressed care J. H. Brown.

Mrs. A. F. Patterson, (formerly A. F. Pease,) will respond to calls to lecture. Residence, Springfield, Ill.

W. K. Ripley speaks in Bradford, Me., each alternate Sunday; every fourth Sunday at Glenfield and Kennebec.

H. P. Fairhead may be addressed at Elkhart, Ind. He will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism, in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Will also attend to the sick.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture at Oswego, N. Y., the Sundays of June; Seymour, Conn., through July. All calls for the year following, in the East, Address soon as above.

Frank L. Wadsworth will return East in August. Those wishing to secure his services for the fall or winter months can address him at Detroit, Mich., during the month of June.

S. P. Leland will speak at Brushy Prairie, Ind., June 15 and 16; South Kirtland, O., June 22 and 23; Conneaut, O., July 14; Adrian, Mich., July 21 and 22. Address Cleveland, O.

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Miss Emma Harding will devote the entire fall and winter to the establishment of an institute for homeless women. Up to next Christmas, therefore, she is compelled to relinquish all engagements that are not within a convenient distance from Boston, and will receive applications for a few disengaged Sundays, addressed to the care of Bela Mark, 4 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. She is engaged during September and October.

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AN IDEA CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD, AS RELATING TO NATURAL BELIEFS. By D. M. New York. For sale at this office. Price 15 cts.

The Destiny of Man and Nature has been the grand question of thinking minds since the dawn of the historic epoch. With the unthinking it has been a question in periods antecedent to those of authentic history. For the earliest traditions of the race always suppose some religious system in vogue in the rudest forms of society; and Religion poses the question of human destiny long before it is taken up by Philosophy. Suppose the religious sense inquires, How shall we gain the favor of the gods? and that this is the essence of the religious problem enunciated in its grossest form—is not the possibility of the inquiry proof that man is super-brutal, in the simple fact that he can contemplate his own existence as dependent upon conditions? What animal other than man, shows the least tendency to inquire into the laws of its being? To seek the favor of the gods, when analyzed to its elements, is merely to ask what are the conditions of a happy existence for man.

The great stimulus to this inquiry, with the unthinking mass, is present Misery and the Fear of Death. For if the search for the favor of the gods is an endeavor after the knowledge of the conditions of a happy existence, it is likewise a confession of a profound sense of thwarted aspiration, of wants unsatisfied. The cause of these unsatisfied wants, savage and uncultivated minds instinctively seek in *invisible personalities* that wield all the forces of Nature. The reason of this is, that to every human soul its first idea of a cause is derived from its own will. Reasoning from the known to the unknown, because its own deliberate acts spring from volition, it infers volitions back of Nature. Hence the oldest religions have a god for Fire, Air, Water, and other supposed Elements. With a more extended experience, these inferior deities give place to the Sun and Moon, and other celestial bodies; and, at last, these latter to an Omnipresent Person.

To propitiate these different species of gods, there springs up a ritual, or system of ceremonies, by which it is thought the gods are won over to the side of man, and by the neglect of which it is supposed their anger is incurred. This ritual is modified from age to age, as the special gods disappear, and in proportion as the human intellect is forced back upon the abstraction of One Supreme Personality. The successive stages in the retreat of these imaginary deities marks the eras in religious revolutions. But Religion always remains firm in its faith in Personality as the supreme cause in Nature, and cannot abandon that idea without compromising the existence of its ritual. Religion without some species of propitiation would be such only in name.

Philosophy enters upon the problem posed by Religion in a different way. The gods of Religion are called by Philosophy, principles; and the question of Religion—How shall we gain the favor of the gods?—becomes: What are the ultimate laws of human existence? These laws being known, the conditions of man's happiness and misery are known likewise. Now of these conditions some are unchangeable and not modifiable by his volitions; others are modifiable. Philosophy has to do chiefly with the former class. But to determine them she is driven upon the inquiry of the laws of the Universe, for the unmodifiable conditions of human existence are identical with the laws of universal being.

In the solution of her problem, Philosophy is doubtless impelled, in the first instance, by a purely speculative instinct, but the older she grows, the more is she inspired by a religious aspiration, so that it seems, at last, as if a divine Philosophy were destined to satisfy the aims of Religion.

If this be true, she must be able to find in the Universe some guaranty against the triumph of Pain and Death over the individual human soul. As the very possibility of Philosophy has been within the last forty years questioned by the French school of M. Comte, we will briefly state certain *new ideas* which it seems to us must soon enter Philosophy at once to vindicate her claims against the assaults of the Comtists, and to furnish the basis of a new method of inquiry.

The Universe, whatever it may be, is at least a system of functions. Leaving the consideration of final causes, which have been so much decried since Bacon's day, entirely out of view, there can be no disputing the reality of these functions. But the functions admitted, it would seem probable that there are somewhere in the Universe, products as permanent as the system itself and its laws. Otherwise, this whole system is an insignificant series of transient states of being. If the creation of indestructible products is the grand function of Nature, somewhere the secret of her processes to this result, and the infallible indications of the character of these products, are to be found. Of course, it will be the business of the Philosophy which is to harmonize the apparent discords of the Universe to blend the study of the laws of Nature with the investigation of ultimate functions. The study of laws alone will not solve the riddle, for laws are but the limits of functions.

If it should be found that individual human souls are the ultimate products of Nature, the aspirations of Religion will be satisfied by Philosophy, and a guaranty would be offered by the Universe at large for the triumph of man over the unsatisfactory limitations of his being, particularly Pain and Death. On the one hand, Nature would be seen to furnish con-

ditions for the eternal permanence of his conscious identity, which conditions he can never annul, and on the other, conditions to his happiness, which he can modify within definable limits; so that there shall always be for him motives to exertion, counterbalanced by the impossibility of jeopardizing his endless welfare.

To make discoveries of such consolatory truths, is to be henceforth the province of Philosophy; and now that ritual religion is steadily dying out of favor with all thoughtful men, the inspiration of the spiritual movement must soon lay the foundations of a Philosophy which shall satisfy the aspirations of the religious soul, and solve the problems that have tortured the intellect of man for ages.

Accordingly we see that Spiritualism during its brief career has called forth more free and hopeful thought than the literature of the Church for half a century; and what is more, it has stimulated such thinking among classes whom the Church has been unable to reach. With Spiritualists almost solely, is inquiry into the origin and destiny of man, and the mystery of life, earnest, free, and cheerful, and from their bosom must come the Philosophy which shall be universal.

The pamphlet, the title of which appears above, is interesting to us for the reason, that it is one more indication which way the tide of speculation in our day is setting. While released from the leading strings of the letter of the Bible, speculation does not abandon the old faith that destiny has something better in store for individual man than his utter extinction, or the hazards of perdition, and is thus true to unsophisticated human instincts. We like this essay on the Origin of the World, therefore, not because the difficulty is solved, not because there are not many things in it that seem rather fanciful than true, but because it looks at the problem from a new point of view, and even in its fancies, suggests a great deal more than it expresses. And this must be an apology for having amplified what we intended as a brief notice, into a homily. Perhaps, the same thing will happen to the readers of the pamphlet, who, in perusing some forty pages, will be led on, unawares, to think for themselves what, if written, would make another forty. If this result should follow, as we think it would, it would be no mean commendation of the work. Read it and see.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for May, American edition, Leonard Scott & Co., publishers, has come to hand, with papers on the following subjects:

The Ministry and the Budget; Mrs. Beauchamp's Vengeance; Motley's History of the Netherlands; The Euthanasia of the Ottoman Empire; The Executor; The Origin of Species; Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt, by Earl Stanhope.

The writer of the paper on the Ottoman Empire exhibits a considerable amount of research into the present condition of that disabled country, and the causes of its decrepitude. He expresses the view that an abolition of the land tax would tend to restore the population to a condition of prosperity and growth. Every species of tax upon the agricultural portion of a population he regards as a detriment to the progress of such country, wherever it may be located.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. No. CXCI. April, 1861.

The following are the topics treated in the number before us: 1. Criminal Procedure. 2. Smith's Tables of Ecclesiastical History. 3. Explorations in Eastern Africa. 4. Documentary History of the Revolution. 5. De Gerando. 6. Temporal Power of the Church. 7. The Literature of Power. 8. Slavery: Its Origin and Its Remedy. 9. Appleton on the Rules of Evidence. 10. Travel in Europe. 11. Critical Notices, etc.

To those who are familiar with the noble essay of Baron De Gerando on Self Education, and have learned in the perusal of that masterly performance to admire the abilities of its author, the article treating of his life and works cannot but be highly acceptable. It will be a pleasure to them to discover that the sentiments of the Essay alluded to, were embodied in the actual life of De Gerando himself; and they will close the reading of the biographical sketch in the Review with the emphatic declaration: This was a great and good man. France indeed has never produced his peer, for he was equally distinguished as a philosopher, statesman, scholar, and philanthropist. Says the writer of the article: "To seek truth, to do good, was the device of De Gerando, and he was faithful to it. He was one of the few who find the ends of life in the inclinations of the heart, their felicities in their duties. He lived to demonstrate salutary ideas, and to sustain suffering humanity. We have seen that, as a philosopher, he defended the activity of the spiritual nature, while the cold doctrine of sensation reigned over the mind of his time. As a historian, he brought a glorious and fruitful past of the human mind before an age which the brilliancy of new discoveries had left too ignorant of the thoughts of other ages. As a publicist, after having borne part in the administration of a vast empire, he made a regular scientific digest of the laws of that administration. As a philanthropist, after having diffused instruction under all its forms, and applied charity to all miseries, he drew up a methodical code of beneficence, in order to teach others to do what he did so perfectly himself."

De Gerando died in November, 1842, at the age of seventy. The last thirty years of his life he was a member of the French Council of State, holding that position through all the changes of Government. His most famous philosophical works are, "The Genesis of Human Knowledge," and the "Comparative His-

tory of Philosophic Systems." His noblest volumes on philanthropic subjects are the "Visitor of the Poor," the "Education of the Deaf and Dumb," "Normal Course for Primary Instruction," and "Treatise on Public Beneficence." The last named work is "a comparative history of Charity in all times and in all nations, containing accounts of the heroes of beneficence and their methods, made with immense and generous labor, involving journeys into other countries and examination of their institutions. It is an exposition also of the doctrine, that society, as such, must combine all efforts for the profit of its indigent classes." This single article on De Gerando is worth the price of one number of the Review; but of the remaining articles, several are of great merit, and of much interest to the general reader.

Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Apotheosis.

"Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door to show us those we love."

"His life was noble, true; and the elements So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up And say to all the world—This is a man."

DEPARTED: From Westfield, N. J., May 22d, 1861, EDGAR JONES, aged 43 years. This true friend of Progress and Freedom had recently removed from the city to enjoy life in more immediate relations to our dear mother Nature; and in the midst of the most enterprising efforts to improve and beautify his farm, he has been called to explore the truths and beauties, and experience the joys of Nature in the Spirit-Spheres.

His gentle and manly deportment secured the affectionate regard and esteem of all who knew him, and being free from the shackles of sect and creed, possessing a fine, harmonious development of both head and heart, it may be truly said of him: "He was one of Nature's noblemen." His affectionate wife, who fully sympathized with him in his love for Truth, Freedom, and Progress, will realize that death cannot sever the chain of affection which binds heart to heart, but that his spirit-presence will be a source of continual strength and consolation; and the sweet communion she and his large circle of friends may have with his loving spirit, will assist and guide them in life's journey on earth, and prepare them for that welcome which awaits them on the flowery banks of the beautiful Spirit-Land. P. D. M.

Miscellaneous.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT

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SEE WHAT OTHERS SAY OF IT.

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

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

Yours, truly, JAMES WHITE, M. D.]

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

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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 has 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 clergies. 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 use of this remedy, and its effects can only be beneficial, as its compound, if it does not cause a manifest improvement, is incapable of doing harm, as its component elements are perfectly innocuous.—Boston Transcript, April 22, 1859.

A GENUINE BOON.

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

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