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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.

Whisperings to Correspondents.

J. B. WASHINGTON, D. C.—We think many may be benefited by answers to your questions, and they will therefore receive attention.

"HORATIO," NEW YORK.—Your brief essay, entitled "The Orthodox Character of God," is filed for publication.

ENRIQUE CORTES, LONDON, ENGLAND.—We shall not long postpone our answer to your interesting questions. Our columns will be the medium of our reply.

"We call every reader's attention to the 'REQUEST' in No. 73, on our eighth page, over the initials of 'E. W.' whose design, which is easy to comprehend, should be seconded by all who have the facts and data in their possession.

DON. P. WYMAN, OF BROADHEAD, WIS. In a brotherly epistle states that the gospel of Spiritual Progress is making a favorable impression in that region. He relates interesting facts developed through Mrs. L. M. Wiltse, and speaks encouragingly of the skill of a clairvoyant, Mrs. P. Lane, whose powers have been well tested.

S. J. L. PHILADELPHIA.—He desires to place his brother at the head of the profession. If he succeeds, it will be more from fortune than competency on the part of the candidate. He has great energy, assurance, and volubility; the deeper elements of his life do not yet appear.

FRIEND CLARK, WRITING FROM BOONE CO., ILL., says: "Business is dull, and credit is gone, in the great Western Valley; but all Spiritualists look forward with hope, believing that better times and newer developments will come out of the present confused mass." We think they will not be disappointed.

HENRY CUMMINGS, OF OREGON, writes that he is at present engaged in establishing a progressive Society, to be called the 'Pantheon of Science.' Its object will be to secure all subjects a fair and candid hearing—subjecting them to strict scientific tests. Among the special scientific departments, a geological society and cabinet will first be formed. It is also designed to commence the establishment of a scientific, philosophical and spiritual library in connection with it. So the good work is going forward in the Far West.

A THEOLOGICAL QUESTION.

I know of two kinds of Providence. First, the immutable lawfulness and all-embracing designtfulness in Nature and humanity. Second, the special guidance by related beings from the spirit-world. My question is now: Is there a third Providence—a special oversight and attention of God?—a special supreme will for individual cases? (I mean, of course, a will always within the limits of instituted natural laws.)

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

Within the last year the sun's surface has presented an uncommon number of large spots. On the 24th of June, 1860, I viewed the sun, when near the horizon, with a telescope magnifying fifty-seven times, without protecting the eye. I counted thirty-one spots, some of which were nearly large enough to be visible to the naked eye. July 1st I counted thirty-six spots. August 5th I saw a large spot, which was easily perceived without a magnifying glass, by looking through a piece of smoked glass. When seen with a telescope, it was found to consist of fourteen or fifteen nuclei, or black spots, included in one penumbra—a spot of lighter shade. The large penumbra was about 75,000 miles long, and 56,000 wide. On the 10th, I found it altered some in shape, with several more nuclei; twenty, at least, in all. In the cluster that the large spot formed a part of, I counted forty-two separate nuclei. It was visible to the naked eye fully a week. On the 1st of September I saw the great spot on the eastern margin of the sun's disk again. There were seven nuclei, several of the smaller ones having run into one large one. When the great spot was passing off the western margin of the sun's disk, I could see a ring of yellowish light around it, (as viewed through a smoked glass and magnified fifty-

seven times,) that is, it was lighter than the rest of the surface. This I took to be a wave of the photosphere, thrown back from the edge of the penumbra. On the 26th of September the great spot again returned to the eastern margin. This great spot continued visible to the naked eye during three apparent revolutions of the sun on its axis, at least—that is, nearly three months. On the 14th of October there was another cluster visible to the naked eye. There is a spot now (June 18, 1861,) visible to the naked eye, which has been visible during two or more revolutions.

Medical Miscellany.

E. A. W.—NEW BRITAIN. The cause and cure of "Piles" was explained in our 56th number.

"Synovia."—J. W. W. The joints of the human body are oiled and lubricated by a fluid called Synovia.

"Eclecticism Legalized in England."—The bill to legalize the Eclectic practice in England has passed, and hereafter the Eclectic physicians will stand upon the same footing as the Old School.

"Sternum."—Is the Greek name for the breast-bone. "Cartilage" is softer than bone, but harder than ligament. The ends of the bones are covered by cartilage, which preserves the joints from wearing out.

"Cressote as a Gargle."—The American Medical Times calls attention to the efficacy of cressote as a local application for diphtheria. Ten drops of cressote to a gill of warm water is applied as a gargle; one or two applications effect a cure.

"Effects of Tea on the Body."—The general theory of chemists hitherto has been that tea lessens the gastric power of the stomach, and sustains the bodily powers with less nourishment than is otherwise required. Dr. E. Smith, at a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, gave the result of some experiments he had made to ascertain the truth of this theory. He found that if there was abundance of food in the system, and that especially of the farinaceous or fat kinds, tea is a powerful digestive agent, and, by promoting the transformation of food, it aids in nourishing the body; but with a deficiency of food it wastes the tissues of the body and lowers the vital powers.

"Where do Sea-Birds Stake their Thirst?"—The question is often asked, where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to stake their thirst? but we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper, with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them with water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks, on a hot day, at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain-squall a hundred miles, or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they can go without for many days, if not for several weeks.

"The simplest Laws of Health."—The Tribune's correspondent says: Our volunteers suffer severely from a lack of knowledge as to how to take care of themselves. Yesterday some twenty men in the New York 12th were sick, some of them seriously. They rushed from parade to the pumps around the camp, and drank immoderately, or lay on their heads under a stream of cold water. Every officer should be acquainted with the simplest laws of health, and should instruct his men. If not acquainted, he should make himself so, for more than half the sickness in our camps is the result of negligence or thoughtlessness of this kind. The lamented Ellison gained his strong hold upon the regards of his men, and kept them in excellent condition, by his care of their physique. When the men under his command had become heated from extreme exertion he had a bucket of water brought, and dealt out to each man what he considered a suitable quantity. Let our officers imitate his example.

"Curative Properties of Grapes."—Dr. BEAUX, of Metz, has published a very interesting account of the curative effects of grapes in various disorders of the body. They act, firstly, by introducing large quantities of fluids into the system, which, passing through the blood, carries off, by perspiration and other excretions, the effete and injurious materials of the body; secondly, as a vegetable nutritive agent, through the albumenoid nitrogenous and respiratory substance which the juice of the grape contains; thirdly, as a medicine, at the same time soothing, laxative, alterative, and defarative; fourthly, by the alkalies, which diminish the plasticity of the blood, and render all more fluid; fifthly, by the various mineral elements, such as sulphates, chlorides, phosphates, &c., which are an analagous and valuable substitute for many mineral waters. Employed rationally and methodically, aided by suitable diet and regimen, the grape produces most important changes in the system, in favoring organic transmutations, in contributing healthy materials to the repair and reconstruction of the various tissues, and in determining the removal of vitiated matters which have become useless and injurious to the system.

Sight and Insight. For the Herald of Progress. Saints and Sinners.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLES. NUMBER SIX. HYPATIA, THE NEO-PLATONIST.

Among the numerous faiths that vied with Christianity for power and influence, that of the Alexandrian school of Neo-Platonists, or Eclectics, as they were sometimes called, was the most prominent. The leaders of the sect were men of great talent, and highly educated, and some of them distinguished for miraculous gifts. Plotinus, the honored philosopher, was declared to be able to read the thoughts of men, and Jamblichus was said to have been raised fifteen feet from the earth while engaged in prayer. They practiced Theurgy, for which they prepared themselves by fasting and prayer.

"The Theurgist," says Jamblichus, "had no command of his faculties. He was insensible to any bodily injury. Carried by a divine impulse, he went through impassable places, through fire and water, without knowing where he was. A divine illumination took full possession of the man, absorbed all his faculties, motions, and senses, making him speak what he did not understand—or seem to speak it, for he was in fact merely the minister or instrument of the god who possessed him." We do not require a better description of a trance medium of our own day, than this given by the philosopher of the third century.

The doctrines of the Neo-Platonists were so similar to those of the Christians, that it was not easy for the two to hold controversy with each other. Both taught that God, the Unity, was mysteriously composed of three principles; both declared that the Son was the Logos; both believed that spiritual beings acted directly on human minds. The chief difference was in regard to the matter of Jesus. The Platonist conceded to his miraculously power; "for have we not," said they, "those who perform miracles?" but the Christians had already started the question of the Deity of Jesus, and on this they were open to attack from their philosophical competitors.

Hypatia, the most celebrated of the female teachers among the Neo-Platonists, was the daughter of the distinguished mathematician, Theon. She was born in Alexandria, in the year 370. Her father taught her the higher branches of his profession, and she was an apt scholar, as we learn from a mathematical table inserted in the manual tables of her father; but her mind was too versatile to be content with the cold abstractions of science. She reached forward beyond these, to the truths of the spirit. She went to Athens that she might be taught by Plato's secrets of the Chaldean oracles, and of Theurgy, "the science that related to intercourse with spiritual beings—Magic." She learned there the power of the spirit; we should say in these days, "she became developed as a medium."

When she returned to Alexandria, she was so beautiful, so modest, so talented, and possessed such graceful eloquence, that she became the admired of all. Her ambition was to revive the languishing school of Neo-Platonic Philosophy. She at once became the leader, and delivered public lectures before a numerous auditory. She corresponded with bishops and philosophers. Synesius, bishop of Ptolemais, addressed his letters to her: "To the Philosopher." Her lecture-room became thronged. As her clear, sweet voice rang through the hall, wise men and scholars were entranced; and yet she bore herself so meekly that her opposers could not say that she lost her maidenly mien or feminine grace. She taught the beautiful doctrines of the Spiritual Philosophy, and as her lips grew eloquent while the spirit rested upon her, it seemed as if an angel had come from the celestial country, to reveal the beautiful laws of the infinite and eternal.

But Hypatia did not belong to the sect then gaining power in Alexandria. She would not bow her head at the shrine of the Christian, and she was accused of influencing Orestes, the Prefect, and encouraging him in his feuds with the Christians. This was a serious charge against her. A woman was likely to subvert the power of bishops and priests; a woman could draw crowds from the church; a woman surpassed in eloquence all the preachers of the day. Cyril, the Christian Bishop of Alexandria, was disgusted—and had he not good reason to be? A woman—beautiful, modest, a scholar, a lecturer, but yet a woman—came between him and his object. What could be done? Alexandria was a free place: it had always been the arena of all new theories. There congregated the worshippers of Serapis, the Jews, the Persians, the Brahmims, the Ethiopians, the Arabians, all bringing their faiths and instituting their worship freely; for Alexander the great, when he founded the city, was far-sighted

enough to see that men are more tenacious of religious liberty than of civil; and as he wished to establish a great city, he was led to a liberal policy toward all religions. Therefore it was not easy, in Alexandria, to bring civil action against any teacher of philosophy or religion.

But could a great bishop like Cyril be baffled? Ah, no! There was a means left to him. Hypatia was returning home, full of a daughter's love, full of aspirations for herself, full of hope for humanity. Perhaps on her mind were then being stamped the thoughts from the immortal realm, which she was to translate to those who could not read the divine words; perhaps she was even then being fed with the food of heaven, that she might break it to the hungering waiting souls of her disciples; but the thought vanished, the manna ceased to fall. "For certain persons," says the ecclesiastical historian, "of fierce and over hot minds, who were headed by one Peter, a reader, conspired against the woman. Observing her returning home in her chariot, and having pulled her out of it, they dragged her to the church named Caesareum, where they stripped her and murdered her; and when they had torn her piecemeal, they carried off her members to a place called Cinaron, and consumed them with fire. This fact brought no small disgrace on Cyril and the Alexandrian Church."

Kingsley has invested these facts with poetry and romance, leaving little to be said to add a charm to the memory of the beautiful philosopher and martyr; but he did not give us the clue to her power; he did not show us how her study of Theurgy enabled her to develop her own spiritual powers, until she became one of the most remarkable of mediums.

Could we bridge over the interval of 1400 years, and bring her to our own century, would she receive more honor, or be safer in her public career? Ah, yes! the nineteenth century would not tear her limb from limb, but would it not seek to pierce her with its conservatism and sense of womanly propriety? But, noble Hypatia! thy followers are many, and lips of eloquence repeat thy words of spiritual truth; and thus shall they be repeated, until not only bishops hear, but all mankind; and the glow of the eternal life shall encompass the world, as the morning encircles hill and valley, continent and sea, while the awakening earth repeats, "LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

Things as they Are.

BY GEORGE STEARNS. ITEM TWO. DEITY IN HUMANITY.

Man has always been a mystery to himself. Humanity is as impenetrable as Deity, and revelation so-called, has never responded to reason concerning either. The Bible affords no extraordinary light on the subject, as a few quotations will show.

"Lord, what is man that thou takest knowledge of him! or the son of man that thou makest account of him!" is a voice of exclamation rather than inquiry, to which the same pen of marvel replies: "Man is like to vanity. His days are as a shadow that passeth away." It is a dubious inspiration also, that makes Job say, in utter despondency, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down. He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

But these shadowy similes of the Arabian poet, and the Hebrew psalmist, are somewhat luminous in comparison with the pitchy darkness of another anonymous, yet canonical Scripture, which asserts that "a man hath no preeminence above a beast. As one dieth, so dieth the other. All go to one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

I am glad to find the New Testament less dismal than the Old. In that are some glimmerings of light—some inklings of human nature. I doubt not that Jesus "knew what is in man," and in the specious record of his teachings we have here and there a fragment of his wisdom. "How much better is a man than a sheep," said he. And Paul, though a merely suppositions disciple of Jesus, admitting that man is not without faith that "the inward man is renewed day by day" forever.

But Paul was no philosopher; he explained nothing. "Great is the mystery of godliness," said he; meaning of course the Divine Entity or Deity; and as to man, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." This, though negative, is intelligible. But when he tells his converts that "the first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from Heaven," he wraps up an occult truth in mystical terms, and challenges marvel. This was his habit; and hence all the mummy of Christianity. Yet I do not wholly reject his teachings.

I care not what theologians have made of the last quotation, nor what Paul himself wished to say; but so far as his language means anything, it imparts to my mind a ra-

tional conception of humanity. To the same purpose there is also one saying of Jesus which is worth more than all the rest of the Bible. It elucidates Paul's mystical terms and discovers their rational import, by bringing the two essential mysteries to the light of reason, so as to reveal their correlation.

Jesus taught that God is the Father of man; this makes man the son of God. Now, says the unrepented Sage as well as Scer, "No man knoweth who the Son is, but the Father; nor who the Father is, save the Son and he to whom the Son shall reveal him." Why so? Simply because man is a progressive being. God of course understands and preconceives his own work; but man discerns God only through himself, and himself only through nature, of which man is, or rather is to be, the apex and perfection. Therefore, in the study of human nature, we cannot get a step in advance of the actual process of human development. At the same time, our thoughts of God can never much transcend our ideas of man. To human conception, Deity is the personification of humanity, clothed with the notion of an incomprehensible infinity. The creature represents the Creator. We see the Father only in the Son. We cannot worship man as he is; but what we worship as God is man as he is to be. All that is called godliness is true manliness.

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."

Grove Meeting at Hastings.

Held June 29th and 30th, 1861. CAREFULLY REPORTED FOR THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

At 2 o'clock, P. M. of the 29th, the meeting was called to order, and the published call was read by A. H. Morse, when, on motion, Geo. M. Jackson, of Prattsburgh, N. Y., was unanimously elected President of the Convention, and took the chair with a brief and stirring address.

The following officers were then unanimously chosen: Miss E. C. Tallmadge, of Manlius, N. Y., Vice President; A. B. Prescott, of Brewerton, N. Y., Secretary; Alex. G. Donnelly, of Bennettsburgh, N. Y., Assistant Secretary.

BUSINESS COMMITTEE.—Ada Clute, of Hastings, N. Y.; A. H. Morse, of Hastings, N. Y.; E. C. Devendorf, of Hastings, N. Y.; Josie Choate, of Auburn, N. Y.; J. S. Smith, M. D., of Brewerton, N. Y.; A. Prescott, of Brewerton, N. Y.

While the meeting listened to words of greeting from the speakers present, the committee retired, (unfortunately for their content not out of the reach of the ringing voices echoing through the grove from the speaker's stand,) and soon reported a series of rules, the fifth of which reads as follows: During the sessions of this Convention, the several speakers alone, and not the Convention, shall be held responsible for the sentiments which they may utter. The rules were unanimously adopted. The committee then reported the following resolutions for discussion:

Resolved, Man can secure happiness and self-development, and labor effectively for the happiness and development of his race, only by acting with, and through, and by the inherent laws of the eternally creative spirit.

Resolved, That knowledge of, and harmony with the laws of Nature—physical, mental, and universal—alone can constitute RATIONAL RELIGION, the most favorable condition of the soul's growth.

Resolved, That it is a self-evident truth, that the divine attributes of Wisdom, Love, and Power, have perfected and do pervade every natural law; hence, the jurisdiction of every law is perfect justice, and the slightest suspension of law must ever be a departure from perfection, justice, and law.

Resolved, That, by the dawning light of spiritual science, man can already see that the spiritual spheres (so-called) of the universe are governed by laws no less natural, immutable, and beneficent, than those that govern the material spheres; that the spiritual and material are connected by continuous gradations, that they coexist by complete inter-relation and inter-communication—the higher elements and organizations constituting the life of the lower, and the lower furnishing alimentary basis for the higher; that it is only owing to man's undevelopment, and non-compliance with requisite conditions, that he is unable to hold tangible and satisfactory psychological communication with any embodied or disembodied mind, and that only to ignorance does such communication seem improbable or mysterious; and therefore,

ances daily increasing in number, all uniting in proclaiming the era of communication with the Summer Land not yet ended, the Bible of Truth to man not yet closed.

Resolved, That the theory of Human Salvation, by a release from the consequences of action—effected by vicarious, sanguinary sacrifice, to appease Divine wrath—originated in a most crude and incorrect conception of the character and laws of the Father Spirit, and is necessarily degrading and debilitating in its effect upon human character and moral energy—a theory that formed the lowest features of the Brahminical, Egyptian, and Hebrew religions—is repugnant to the spirit of the Christian religion, and assuredly unfit to be held as the “plan of salvation” in the nineteenth century.

Resolved, That we are learning that our every motion of body and mind indelibly records its own existence and character, writing with double hand, both upon the imperishable tablets of the soul, and upon the vibrating leaves of the magnetic elements wafting through the universe; that, as Memory gives to us, and Science is giving to our fellows the key to our own life-book, so Science shall give to man the key to all the life-books of the universe; thus the histories written in the Gethesemans, and in the inquisitions of human life, shall be read upon the house tops, as they are read by the clear seers of the angel world, and that not one act shall fall to meet its due reward—not one flower shall waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Resolved, That in the present Civil War we see a striking exhibition of the certainty and majesty of the inherent Law of Justice; another example of the temerity of permitting outrage of the sacred ties of Brotherhood, and a mighty effort of Nature to carry the body politic through the crisis of disease beyond the point of reaction; that we rejoice in the sudden uniting of the freedom-loving men of America in defense of the life of the Republic, and feel that in earnestly laboring to deepen and protract the present onward movement we are hastening the reign of Universal Peace.

Resolved, That, as believers in Human Progress, we look forward to successive struggles in the establishment of Justice, until every individual human soul shall enjoy equal rights, until the half of humanity called *Woman* shall be politically recognized as human, and hence her “consent” to “government” be acknowledged as necessary to its “just power”; until married woman shall be as fully recognized as a *citizen* being as married man; until all the drag-weights of the Middle Ages shall have been removed from our common law, and the golden words of that Declaration of Principles, which stands out more than eighty-five years beyond its date, shall have passed through the fire to practical realization.

Resolved, That as justice requires of the human race that each member shall possess the liberty to “live free and happy, and to secure all the necessary conditions thereof; so Justice requires of the individual Will, that each organ of body and mind shall enjoy the conditions of Health, Purity, and Growth.

And finally be it Resolved, That henceforth we, as friends of Human Progress, will avoid that dastardly and reprehensible silence on the vital questions of the day, for which the Theology of this land, and especially the Priest-hood, has ever been distinguished.

The speakers who favored the Convention with their voice and presence were George M. Jackson, of Prattsburgh, N. Y.; Rev. E. Case, of Mich.; Sophia L. Chappel, of Hastings, N. Y.; Alex. G. Donnelly, of Bennettsburgh, N. Y.; L. E. Barnard, of Ohio; W. Woolson, of Scriba, N. Y., and H. Melville Fay, of Ohio.

The Convention held five sessions—evening sessions in the Hall—the time, from 9 to 10½ A. M., of the second day, being occupied in conference, speakers limited to ten minutes; the requested time of speakers in remaining sessions being one hour.

The exercises were culminated by the reading of poems, singing from the choir, and songs from Mr. Case, who accompanied himself on the guitar. The Sunday morning session being opened by the reading, by G. M. Jackson, of Gerald Massey's poem, commencing

“I have worshipped in Nature's cathedral
This glorious Sabbath in spring;
In the temple of living God,
Where, for choir, the wild birds sing.”

The weather was delightful throughout, and the people of the contiguous country flocked in, with vehicles of every description, during the day, while the hall was filled each evening, and many friends from a distance took this opportunity to visit their acquaintances in Hastings and attend throughout.

At the request of the meeting, a committee was chosen by the President to fix upon the place and make arrangements for a *similar meeting*, to be held in this section, the last Saturday and Sunday of June, 1862. The committee selected represent fourteen towns.

Before the close of the last session the following Resolutions were presented, and unanimously adopted by convention:

Resolved, That we, as a Convention assembled to provide ways, means and conditions for the advancement of eternal truth, and the amelioration of all wrong and error, do most heartily approve of the Mission as a principle of good, of the Mission, as one of human redemption, of the Mission, as an angel-guarded work now in progress by the noble efforts of our sister in truth, Emma Harding; and it is our wish for its advancement and success.

Resolved, That the report of this Convention be forwarded to the HERALD OF PROGRESS, Banner of Light, and to the local papers, for publication.

Resolved, That as speakers and friends who have attended this Convention we return our thanks to the noble friends in Hastings, who

have so generously opened their hearts and homes for our reception.

Resolved, That as a convention, we tender our hearty thanks to the officers of the meeting for the impartial manner in which they have discharged their various duties during its several sessions.

As the hour of adjournment had now arrived, the President of the Convention made the following remarks:

“Friends of Truth, Brothers and Sisters of a common humanity, I am now called upon to discharge the last duty I owe you as the presiding officer of this Convention. Our meeting has been a very harmonious one; as we met in fraternal love, so now we shall separate. And it seems to me that no person who has attended the various sessions, can deny that the teachings which we have had, are good without denying to God the character of such a Creator and Father as can be truly loved by true and loyal souls, loyal to truth and humanity. We may weave ever so fine-spun theories, of spirits and spirit spheres, or we may frame in imagination a genuine orthodox heaven, with its personal God seated on his golden throne, thinly peopled with its angel-inhabitants, but ultimately we must descend from all this castle-building, come to man as he is, and learn this lesson:

“Learn to live it all ye can,
The holiest of all lessons,
The Brotherhood of man.”

And especially does the truth-seeker find, in all the great reform questions of the day, noble truths, and a wide field in which to act. No narrow creed should contract our powers, but the whole universe of man should be ours. There is far more true religion in one tear of sympathy toward a fellow-being in distress, than is contained in all the prayers and offerings, all the tithes and fastings, which have insulted the Creator since the days of Moses.

We should aid the cause of human freedom, not freedom to the black man or woman alone, but freedom to the white man and woman as well—freedom from all the galling chains of the past—freedom from that tyrant custom—mental slavery, from ecclesiastical authority, whether that authority be derived from a Bible, a Koran, or a creed—freedom, if necessary, from the bondage of social ties, which often crush the soul, and place the victim in as degraded a position as the slave upon the Southern plantation, or the inmate of the *Harem*.”

“And especially in the present crisis of our country, when we are seemingly plunged in the vortex of national destruction, we as reformers are called upon to raise our voice in behalf of those higher principles of peace and justice. If it be right for us to aid in reconstructing this Union upon its original basis—a Union for more than three-fourths of a century cemented by the blood of the American slave, a Union to be again cemented by the blood of millions of our brothers—how and when shall we, as a nation, gain those higher summits of peace and brotherhood?”

But amid all this discord and strife, in the theological, political, and social spheres, we know that right must come uppermost, and ever will justice be done.

Then too will the baneful star of sectarianism set forever in an eternal night, no more to torment mankind.

Intemperance and licentiousness will flee this then happy earth, and it is to aid these great movements that we have here met.

I have been pleased to notice the happy combination of thought in the many eloquent speeches to which you have listened with such interest. Thus, our Brother Barnard has presented to us a rich feast, gathered with much thought, from the bosom of mother Nature, that kind-hearted old nurse, who is ever ready to present all children the evidences of their progressive existence in the present life not alone, but in the future as well.

Also our Brother E. Case has presented to us evidences gathered from the history of the past, and the facts of to-day, of an intercourse between the Summer Land and the present state of man's existence which have been presented in that fervid manner which characterizes the inspired teacher of the present era.

The voice of our Sister Sophia L. Chappel has been heard, blending in silvery accents, adding to the harmonies of the occasion, as she has proclaimed the glories of a higher life and a holier love to many a grateful heart.

And in the discourse of this morning, given by our young Brother Alex. G. Donnelly, on the Divine Nature of Truth, we have additional evidences of the fact, that the Bible of Truth to man is not yet closed, but is ever open, at all times and in all climes, to the seeker for higher truth.

To the scientific and historic evidences presented, were added the present facts of to-day in argument, and the manifestation, and as we bid those friends farewell, who from a distance have attended this convention, cheering us by their voice and presence, as you go to your distant homes, may you say that in obedience to the call which brought you here, “we have made two days progress in the right.”

I am requested by the Committee of Arrangements to express their thanks to those speakers who responded to the published call. They thank you for your attendance, and as we go to our fields of labor in the great harvest of humanity, may this Convention be one of the green oases which occasionally spring up in the life and labor of the pioneer reform speaker, and in the coming years of toil and tears, as perchance we may meet again at meetings similar to these, let us make this meeting a date in our life's history.

Friends, I know our assembling has not been in vain, and I know also that our parting cannot be long, for though we may not

meet here again, we shall all soon meet in the glorious Summer Land.

And now, in accordance with the published call of this convention, I pronounce it adjourned to meet the last Saturday and Sunday in June 1862.

A. B. PRESCOTT, Secretary.
ALEX. G. DONNELLY, Asst. Sec.

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.

A Peep into the Canon of Inspiration.

BY A “STUDENT.”

“The reliances of error must be shaken, or TRUTH must remain silent.”

NUMBER SIX.

“EVIL SPIRIT FROM THE LORD.”

1 Sam. xvi: 14: “But the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him.” Verse 23: “And it came to pass when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp and played with his hand.” Chapter xviii: 10: “And it came to pass on the morrow that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house. [From the character of the Old Testament, it would seem that many of its writers received their inspiration from the same fount from which Saul's came, as mentioned above.]

Before dismissing Samuel from the stand, we must detain him to ask how he wrote the first chapter and a half of the book bearing his name as author—before he was born—also, the last half of his first, and the whole of his second book, after he was dead? By reference to the 25th chapter of 1st Samuel and 1st verse, it will be found that he died: and yet he is made to carry on the history of the Jews for forty-three years afterwards, with as much facility as though he was “up and around.”

To reconcile this rather inconvenient disclosure, it may be alleged that the books bearing Samuel's name were not written by him, but by any other person who outlived him. But if by some other than Samuel wrote them, who knows whether the writer was “inspired”? or not? And if he was not thus supernaturally endowed, then the books are but “*profane history*,” and are of no more authority than the writings of Josephus, or any other uninspired historian.

Moses and Joshua, too, conclude their histories after they are dead and buried. Moses writes *seven verses* in Deut. xxxiv after he is dead, and Joshua writes in his book, chap. xxiv, “*that all the other orthodox religionists, “these mysteries of the Bible must be overlooked by reason—it being carnal—and believed upon faith.”*

But faith, we contend, is incapable of believing anything; for the good reason that there can be no faith without evidence, any more than there can be an effect without a cause. The contrary of this is alleged, it is true, but from no intelligent comprehension of the case. The quasi argument generally adduced to prove it is this: “Have you ever seen the city of Pekin?” No! “Do you believe there is such a city?” Yes! “Well, if you believe it, and yet have never seen it, you believe it upon the faith you have in the concurrent testimony of others, do you not?” No! I believe it from the credibility which my reason attaches to the evidence adduced by those who affirm that they have seen it; and this, as in all similar cases, will depend upon probabilities. Or, in the event of my believing a thing that is improbable, it can only be by a preponderating weight of testimony adduced, and the possibility of my receiving it as warrantable evidence—going to establish the affirmative of a question—will depend entirely upon the character of the witness for veracity, judgment, and understanding. If in these he is reliable, then I adopt his evidence of a thing as *my own*: but if I cannot yield credence to his testimony, then reason has no evidence or ground of belief in the case, and the thing affirmed is disbelieved.

Let us instance a case: A and B have a disease that is identical. A is cured by a certain medicine; he meets B, and says: “Here is a thing that has cured me of the same disease which afflicts you.” B has the evidence of his senses that A is well; he also knows that the disease was the same, in every particular, as his. Now, from seeing the effects of the remedy in A's case, and from perfect confidence in his veracity, B may believe that the remedy will affect him in the manner it has A; but he can only do it by *adopting A's evidence* of the efficacy of it. There will be no abstract faith in the case; but belief of the virtues of the medicine will rest entirely upon evidence, deduced from a credible source, and from tangible proof of its power to cure B, as he sees it has done in the case of A, the two being in character the same.

Belief of a thing, therefore, depends wholly upon evidence or probability. A person may hope or guess a thing true, and with most of the tenets of orthodox faith, this latter is only true. A belief upon faith is, therefore, wholly negative. It is to a positive belief—or one founded on evidence or probability—what darkness is to light. It is the vacancy occasioned by the absence of truth—it is a shadow in place of a substance.

1st Kings, xxii: 20, 21, 22, 23: “And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead?” “And there came forth a spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him.”

“And the Lord said unto him, *Wherewith?* And he said, I will go forth and be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets.”

“And he (the Lord) said, *Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also: go forth and do so.*”

“Now, therefore, behold, the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil concerning thee.”

It is humiliating—nay, mournful—to see how Bible worshippers abuse reason, in endeavoring to blind it, so as to reconcile the representations of the Old Testament God with the God that is worshipped in the hearts of true Christians.

The former is a capricious, cruel, deceiving, and lying monster; while the latter is, at least, an approximation toward the benign, adorable, supreme, incomprehensible Sovereign of the Universe.

DAVID.

This hero makes his *debut* by slaying a giant nine feet high with a stone and sling. The story is worthy of a comparison with the exploits of “Jack the Giant-Killer,” and other thauumatological tales.

David was remarkable for psalm-making, wife-stealing, and other things too numerous to mention. In fleeing from Saul, he becomes straitened in his provisions, and makes overtures to one Nabal for supplies. Nabal treats his messengers rather cavalierly, replying that he prefers to appropriate his spare produce to feeding honest working-men than to give it to fugitives and vagabonds. David prepares to take summary vengeance upon Nabal and his household. Abigail, Nabal's wife, hastens with a present of edibles to pacify David's resentment. He hears her intercessions, and abates his anger toward her household in the following admonitory manner:

(1st Sam. xxv: 32, 34): “And David said to Abigail, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel which sent thee this day to meet me. For in very deed, as the Lord God of Israel liveth, which has kept me back from hurting thee, except thou hadst hastened and come to meet me, surely there had not been left unto Nabal by the morning light any.” &c.

Abigail's figs and parched corn wrought so effectually upon the appreciation of David, and the refinement and delicacy of his address to her had such a winning and wooing effect, that a flirtation was engendered between them, which the timely removal of Nabal by a smite from “the Lord” precipitated into a “match.”

After this, David flees for refuge from Saul to Gath, and supplicates the favor and protection of Achish, the king, who, in the fullness of his confidence toward him, gives him Ziklag to dwell in. David requites his benefactor by going out (by stealth,) and slaughtering certain tribes of the land, and then returns and covers his treachery by lying to Achish—telling him he had been fighting his own (David's) people!

“After this, the “sweet singer of Israel” is out walking upon his house a pleasant afternoon (probably composing a psalm,) and spies a beautiful woman taking an evening bath. Finding that there was a husband in the way of his designs upon her, he deliberately lays a plot for getting him killed, and then takes the widow.

One Nathan comes to him and rebukes his iniquity by relating a parable. David swears that “as the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die!” but, finding it rather personal in its application, concludes to let old age fulfill his threat; of which oath the Polyglott Bible thus fritters away in a marginal note, making David say that the offender “is worthy to die, is a son of death,” which is a deceitful and disingenuous version, no language ever being more definite and explicit than was David's oath, as implying that the offender should suffer inevitable and immediate death.

SUPPORTING “THE LORD'S HOUSE.”

Peter perceived, from the moral drawn from his vision in the book of Acts, “that God is no respecter of persons;” while Paul says, in Acts xvii: 26, that God “hath made of one blood all nations of men.” In Old Testament times, however, the Jews were the only people that were recognized as having the rights of human beings, or as enjoying the favor of heaven. Reader! what would you think of paying ministers' salaries, and other church expenses, in our day, from “spoils won in battle”? Battles, too, in which men, women, children, and infants, were murdered by wholesale? Yet your “house of the Lord” was once maintained in this way—1 Chron. xxvi: 27—“Out of the spoils won in battles did they dedicate to maintain the house of the Lord.”

JOB.

This book is a compound of poetic imagery, absurdities, and enormities. “The sons of God” (who were on the earth 1,520 years before the “Son of God” of the New Testament was born) “came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.” Jehovah and Satan fall into a free and easy discussion about the virtues of Job. To convince the devil that Job's virtues were hoil proof, Jehovah unscrupulously turns him over to the “arch fiend,” to experiment on the constancy of his morality. Job grins and bears his inflictions for a while, and finally “cursed his day;” and Satan comes off winner of the stakes.

THE PSALMS.

As we have before remarked, the general tenor of the Psalms is an invocation of curses on the heads of David's enemies, and blessings upon himself. The 109th Psalm is a shower of imprecations upon David's enemies, not surpassed by the supposable efforts of the orthodox devil, when he and his crew were driven from heaven. That this specimen of Bible inspiration may be realized, we quote it from the 6th verse to the 16th inclusive:

“Set thou a wicked man over him, and let Satan stand at his right hand.”

“When he shall be judged, let him be condemned, and let his prayer become sin.”

“Let his days be few, and let another take his office. Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. Let his children be continually vagabonds and beg; let them seek their bread also out of the desolate places.”

“Let the extortioner catch all that he hath, and let the strangers spoil his labor.”

“Let there be none to extend mercy unto him, neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children.”

“Let his posterity be cut off, and in the generation following let their name be blotted out. Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered with the Lord, and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out. Let them be before the Lord continually, that he may cut off the memory of them from the earth.”

Again, in Psalm cxxxvii: “O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us.”

“Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.”

Here are the breathings of a spirit whose Psalms are sung to the praise of God in every church in Christendom—a man that Orthodox says “was after God's own heart.” We say that he was a man who thirsted for blood; whose treachery rendered him incapable of gratitude; whose animal passions prompted him to disregard the sanctity of the marriage relation, and to sacrifice the lives of those who stood in the way of their gratification.

For his conduct in the affair with Bathsheba—if retaliation is ever justifiable—a fate like that of Key's would have been his rich desert.

“But,” says Orthodox, “he repented of his sin and God forgave him.” Suppose he did. Let us apply the case in a practical way: Take a minister of the gospel; let him deliberately, in cold blood, murder the husband of a beautiful woman, that he might appropriate her to himself. Suppose human law takes no cognizance of his offense, and he confesses his crime before heaven; let us ask, Who would vote to reinstate him in his clerical capacity, and listen to his preaching afterwards?

One example more of David's Psalm-making, and we are done. Psalm cxxxvii: 10, “To him that smote Egypt and their first-born: for his mercy endureth forever.”

(17.) “To him which smote great kings: for his mercy endureth forever. And gave their land for an inheritance: for his mercy endureth forever.”

Was ever such blasphemy known in all the range of diabolical presumption and impiety? Attributing to God deeds of barbarity and injustice that would disgrace a fiend, and then adding, “for his mercy endureth forever!” If a person were to utter oaths and cursings, and interlard them with sentences of prayer, it could not be more blasphemous and incongruous. Pope says:

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Nothing but the habit of regarding the Bible as the word of God, and the neglect of reasoning upon the subject, shields its morality from the condemnation and rejection of every rational being. It is utterly inconceivable, amazing, astounding, that the believers of Bible inspiration can so entirely ignore the true character of an individual like David as to regard him an oracle of divine inspiration.

If Nero had written the Psalms, and they had been incorporated in the Bible, even with the adjunct of crime which attaches to his name, Bible religionists would reverence him as a paragon of angelic purity and supernal perfection. The Old Testament writers, and the God which they delineate, are entirely worthy of each other. But how any rational beings destined as they know they are to pass from outer life to the unseen world, can fix their hope and trust for future bliss upon a being so capricious, revengeful, and abhorrent, as the God of Judaism, involves a mystery no less inexplicable than that of a person who could yearn for immortality of being and yet be indifferent to the prospect of annihilation. For to conceive or hope for happiness and well-being beyond the grave, from such a reliance as the Jehovah of Moses, is impossible. But, thanks to the Infinite and Eternal One! who is from everlasting to everlasting, we are not left with such a doom awaiting us. Outside of the Bible—from the glitter of the stary hosts which bedsted the abyss of the nocturnal heavens, to the viewless atom which reposes upon the bosom of the atmosphere—there is an unbroken, incontrovertible attestation of a God, whose attributes of Love, Mercy, Justice, Wisdom, and Perfection, leave nothing in the manifold desires, hopes, and aspirations, which well up from the fount of the human spirit, to wish for. The storehouse of our Heavenly Father is garnished with every possible gift; is plenary of every conceivable benefaction. There, in righteousness of life, in purity of thought, in rectitude of purpose, in supreme love to God, in singleness of intention of the weal of your fellow beings, rest, child of earth, and be at peace; for with thy exit from these scenes of sublimity trial and affliction, with the light and glory which break on thy enraptured vision when the outer senses perish, thy redemption shall come. The sun of righteousness, whose refulgent beams shall forever gild thy pathway, will never, in all its circles of unending time, cast its shadow backward upon the dial of time immortality; but on! on! with the tread of ages, the round of eternities, shall its illuminating rays be thy pillar of fire, to guide thee onward and upward in these everlasting journeyings.

SOLOMON.

Although this prince is not sung and chanted in sanctuary and synagogue continually, as is his father, he is, nevertheless, in every attribute and characteristic immeasurably in advance of him. He is, indeed—imperfect as he may have been—the only redeeming personage thus far in the Old Testament. And it is a moral oasis, after tracing so long the history of barbarians, tyrants, and monsters, to at length reach a character whom we can contemplate without disgust and horror. Although in the single item of wisdom—for which Solomon was justly noted—he has been successfully rivalled, if not eclipsed, by the unpretending squire of the "erratic knight" in some of his utterances, while governor of the Barrataria Isle; yet, on the whole, he combined with his wisdom a degree of kindness of disposition, (which he could have inherited only from his mother), which entitles him to our respect and esteem. In the matter of a fondness for the society of the fair sex, by some testy old bachelors he may be criticized as being a little "fast" in the manner and extent of his gratifications. At the present day Brigham Young is pronounced a monster for abetting a system which inspired (9) men of old practiced, the enormity of which the Bible nowhere interdicts. How inspiration and licentiousness could dwell together in the same individual, is a mystery as great as that involved in the query, "Can a bitter fountain send forth sweet waters?" But we forget Reason is "carnal," and cannot expect to see through a mill-stone. As regards the immortality of the soul, Solomon was skeptical. In Ecclesiastes iii: 19 to 22, he gives vent to his incredulity as follows: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast. All go unto one place; all are of the dust; and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of the beast that goeth upward, and the spirit of the man that goeth downward to the earth? Wherefore I perceive," (by inspiration, of course,) "that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?"

SOLOMON'S SONGS.

he gives play to ecstasies that sevenfold beautiful women about him, in the character of wives and concubines, might naturally inspire. But it is peculiarly funny that Bible commentators should dress out his amorous descants with the grave, lugubrious captions they bear—as for example (Polyglott Bible): "Reciprocal love of Christ and his Church." Chap. I: 13: "A bundle of myrrh is my beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts." Chap. iii: 1: "By night, on my bed, I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but found him not." Chap. viii: 8: "We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day that she shall be spoken for?"

Bible worshippers are horrified at the idea of young folks attending a dance, at their playing cards, or frequenting the opera, on account of the supposed necessary immoral tendencies. The same persons will read Solomon's Songs—than which there can scarcely be writings more indelicate—and shed tears enough over them to water a flower-bed. Just so long as the spell of religion gilds the immorality and indecency of a thing, it is looked upon with devout veneration. Take away that spell, and present the same thing—and the person receiving it would resent it as an unpardonable insult.

The same phase of blind religious veneration shows itself differently under different circumstances: and not infrequently forms the most perfect union of the sublime and ridiculous that can be imagined. A most worthy dame, with defective vision, sat reading a sermon (in pamphlet) and being interrupted a moment, she arose and left it in her chair; while absent, her mischievous little grandnook took away the sermon, and placed in its stead an almanac: which, upon returning, she reverently took up, and read—thinking it the sermon—'Apogee—Aspects of Weather?'—and burst into tears, exclaiming: "Law me! how affecting!"

But to return to our subject. It is assinine stupidity and criminal wickedness to take such obscene love ditties as Solomon's Songs, and pretend they have any symbolic significance of a religious character. It would be just as proper to take the account of the Devil's running the hogs into the lake, and say it typified baptism. There is certainly no extreme of the irrational to which a blind religious reverence may not carry a person. Although God is incomprehensible, yet he should be worshipped with propriety; not that it makes any difference with him, but it does with us.

A religion whose oracle is a conglomeration of stupid lies, horrid butcheries, and voluptuous obscenities, cannot purify and elevate the spiritual natures of its possessors! The God that such a religion embodies and shadows forth, is as many times less perfect than the true Deity, as the measureless universe transcends in extent a point! Is it, then, a matter of no moment that minds should be freed from such shackles, be released from such impediments, that they may rise heavenward on the pinions of a God-given rationality—beholding above, beneath, and around, in Nature's open volume, the living evidences of an all-wise, beneficent, and just God, who is, indeed, no respecter of persons, but alike the loving Father of all mankind? Reader! ponder seriously—rationally—and decide.

ISAIAH.

In this writer, there is an advance even upon Solomon. His style is poetic—abounding in imagery—and evinces not only genius, but his

sentiment breathes much of love and fraternal kindness. Judging from the third chapter of his book, had it fallen to his lot to attend a fancy ball, his vocabulary would probably have failed to relieve his indignation at the performances.

He was an irreconcilable enemy to trinkets—especially those in the line of female adornments. Hear him (chap. iii: 16, and onward): "Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes—walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling sound with their feet—therefore the Lord (9) will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion, and the Lord will discover their secret parts. In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet and their cauls, and their round tires—like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, nose-jewels, wimples, crisping-pins," etc., etc.

It is well that the Old Testament God is but a chimera, or he would have trounced the writers that made him do such ridiculous things.

The fourth chapter discloses a tight situation for "one man" to be in, relative to the blessing of female society. Solomon, however, would have stood the trial like a hero: as, having women about him was in his "line." Isaiah ought to have known, that when beasts were so scarce that "seven women" would beset "one man," that they would naturally put on a few airs—walking with a "mincing" gait, etc.—for the purpose of making matrimonial conquests. If our ratiocination in the premises is not deemed justifiable, it, perhaps, may be, after a perusal of the passage referred to (iv: 1): "And in that day, seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach." It is perfectly clear from this passage that the present dread of single blessedness, at an advanced age, has a Scriptural warrant. But how would one man, beset by seven female suitors, manage to fulfill the injunctions of St. Paul touching celibacy?

For the Herald of Progress.

Bible Miracles.

A CRITICISM OF GERRIT SMITH'S RECENT DISCOURSE.

(Concluded from last week.)

It is a part of "the religion of the Bible" to execute vengeance upon the heathen—i. e., "kill" (murder) all dissenters in religious faith, "utterly destroy them." They were first to be stoned to death by Moses and then by the people. (Ex. xxii: 20; Deut. xii: 9.)

It is a part of "the religion of the Bible" to "slay both man and woman, infant and suckling;" (I Sam. xv: 2); yea, "utterly destroy" the little ones of every city; (Deut. ii: 34.) In those countries which did not subscribe to the Jewish creed, because they had not seen anything in it to convince them of its truth or superiority. The little innocent prattling babe must have its brains beat out or its throat cut while incapable of lisping a word or conceiving a religious thought, because not a member of "our church." Is it here Mr. Smith finds "the richest and truest views of God and man which human hearts have ever conceived"? I challenge him to point to the sacred records of any of the leading systems of the heathen world, detailing such fiendish, cold-blooded atrocities, perpetrated on account of a mere difference of religious faith.

It is a part of "the religion of the Bible" to decree that when a land had become "defiled" to cleanse it with human blood. (Numbers xxxv: 33.)

It is a part of "the religion of the Bible" to stop pestilence and plagues by human sacrifices. (Num. xv: 2 to 11.)

According to "the religion of the Bible," God regarded all nations who refused to kneel at the Jewish altar, or dissented from the Jewish faith, as "heathen" and "barbarians," and as "his enemies;" and was incessantly engaged in broils and bloody conflicts with them in the attempt to convert them, but was not always equal to the contest—as he had sometimes to beat a retreat.

Being, however, a "God of war;" he was fruitful in expedients; and if he failed to conquer "his enemies;" (Nah. i: 2) (his own children) with "fire and sword;" or to scare them to death by a terrible display of his omnipotent power, manifested by tearing up great rocks and rolling them down the mountains, (See Nahum i: 2) thus convincing them that he was mighty in "mischief;" indeed, (for it is confessed that he sometimes got into mischief in Deut. xxxii: 22.) then, as a dernier resort, he would sometimes assail them with the bow and arrow; for we are assured by "inspired authority" that Jehovah occasionally tried his hand at shooting as well as throwing. "I will spend mine arrows upon them" as are recorded as the words of Jehovah. (See Deut. xxxii: 22.) Is this Mr. Smith's "true religion of the Bible"?

Another method, according to "the religion of the Bible," of frightening the heathen into "the true religion;" or superinducing submission to "its" "inspired teachers"—was to chase them with wild beasts (as Christians are now chased into heaven by the watch-cry, "The devil is after you, seeking whom he may devour;" or be inspired "serpents" to bite and "poison" them into love and obedience. "I (Jehovah) will also send the teeth of beasts upon them with the poison of the serpents of the dust. (Deut. xxii: 24.)" "Is this a sample of Mr. Smith's "true religion of the Bible"?

The above is an instance to which we will

add another, of using beasts in lieu of devils as religious scarecrows in a country where his satanic majesty had not yet been introduced. The second case is that of Elisha setting two she bears upon some obstreperous and rather ill-bred children, which "tare forty and two of them" to pieces, after the prophet had cursed them in the name of the Lord." (2 Kings, ii: 24.) Thus "the religion of the Bible" sanctions the most foolish, hard-hearted, and shocking species of revenge for a childish offense on the part of some frolicsome boys, of reminding an old gentleman that a portion of his hair had "seeded" from his cranium.

It was a part of "the religion of the Bible" to practice the most disgusting, revolting, soul-sickening species of fraud and insult upon the stranger, which consisted of robbing the carrier-crow of its wanted food by selling the dead carcass of "every beast that dieth of itself" to "the stranger;" "for thou art (too) holy a people unto the Lord thy God" to eat carrion. (Deut. xiv: 21.) (But they were not too holy to replenish their coffers with the proceeds obtained by imposing it upon the shamblers of their neighbors.)

And "the chosen people of God" were authorized by "the religion of the Bible" to practice high-handed extortion upon the stranger in the loan of money. "Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury; but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury, that the Lord thy God may bless thee." (Deut. xxiii: 20.)

Mr. Smith talks of "the sublime moralities" of the Bible, as if they constituted the whole contents of the book, while the truth compels us to admit that its immoralities outnumber its moralities. Why, according to the history of "the religion of the Bible," God himself is not clear from the charge of practicing the greatest immoralities—aye was a very wicked being, "a great sinner," or, as a little girl once expressed it, "God was no Christian"—for he is represented as practicing every species of enormity incident to savage life—sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly. Nearly the whole interminable list of crimes with the relation of which the pages of "the Holy Book" are blackened, let it be borne in mind, were perpetrated under the authority of "a thus saith the Lord;" or "the Lord said unto Moses." And to cap the climax, God is made to declare that he is himself the author of evil. "I create evil" is the express declaration. (See Isaiah xiv: 7.) It cannot, in view of this declaration, be a matter of any marvel that his people—his own "chosen people"—were so addicted to, and so constantly engrossed in every species of evil and immorality—a "race of evil doers." (Isaiah i: 23.) And more especially when coupled with a similar declaration from their divine lawgiver, "I gave them also statutes that were not good," (Ex. xxii: 25.) We feel, therefore, less surprise, when David tells us that the subjects of these statutes were not good, "no, no, no." (Isaiah xiv: 8.)

"The religion of the Bible" also makes Jehovah confess that he "put a lying spirit in the mouth of the (his own) prophets." (2 Chron. viii: 22.) (So that all the lies they told were his and not theirs.) That he also taught them deception by his own practical example. (Ex. xiv: 9.)

That he hardened men's hearts on several occasions. (See Deut. ii: 3 and Ex. x: 1.) That he might have a pretext for displaying his vindictive power in destroying them. That he sent them "a strong delusion, that they might believe a lie and be damned." (See 2 Thes. ii: 11.)

That he taught them to swear, (Isaiah lxx: 10.) also to steal, (Ex. iii: 2.) to perpetrate murder, (Deut. xii: 9.) and even to commit fornication, and thus violate his own laws. (For proof, see Gen. xxx: 18 and Num. xxxi: 18.)

Are these "the commandments exceeding broad"—"the precious sentiments," "the sublime moralities" which Mr. Smith speaks of as peculiar to the "religion of the Bible"? That they are peculiar to it I readily confess— for he cannot find such a list of equally disgraceful and blasphemous representations of God either in the Koran, the Shaster, the Vedas, the Zenda Avesta or any other heathen Bible. And if the texts above cited, correctly indicate the character of God, and Isaiah's description of the "children of God" is accepted as true, that they were a "sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a race of evil doers, children that are corruptors;" (Isaiah i: 23.) "every one is a hypocrite and an evil doer," (Isaiah ix: 17.) then I readily concede that Mr. Smith is correct in saying that the speakers and writers of the Bible got nearer God and knew more of him than did others. For it is evident (besides their own confessions to that effect) that both parties kept bad company.

HARVEYSBURG, OHIO.
K. GRAVES.

For the Herald of Progress.

A Woman's Thoughts upon the War.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I, with the accord of thousands, love peace, with its benign and hallowed influence. I prefer the usual quiet of this Quaker city to the "pomp and circumstance of war" now filling its crowded streets. I shrink from all displays of violence, from thoughts of bloodshed, and from everything involving the loss of sacred human lives. But dearer to my soul than all the blessings of a peaceful state, is the sense of the country's honor, uprightly maintained at all and every cost—not the mere imaginary honor framed by conventional or military codes; but the soul's integrity of the

nation, vowed in eternal allegiance to the divine principles of justice and equality.

I dare not judge superficially of this present crisis; I must, to be a true patriot in the highest significance of the term, look away from the present revealed phases of suffering, and from those about to visit us, to the great ultimate and abiding good that is to be attained by sacrifice alone. To my woman's sympathies appeal the mother's tears, the wife and sister's wail of grief, as their beloved ones go forth, never, perhaps, to return. The cries of little children thrill my heart, and incline it to the tenderest sorrow; yet can I look beyond to a nation's exalted freedom and holly-won triumphs. Oh, mourning and faithful one! to whom the memory of the hero Ellsworth is so dear, I can comprehend thy stormy woe, to which, at first, no ray of consolation gives promise of a heavenly reward. Soul-stricken wife of the gallant Greble! I know thou art encompassed with the darkness of bereavement, that thy spirit gives no heed to present to avenge save the one haunting thought, that thy poor babes shall never call him father more! But Time, the great physician, the beautiful revelator of our God's designs, will shed o'er thy now bleeding heart the balm of a consolation, and the earthly assurances of the immortal reunion shall be the compensations of thy sorrows!

So with all whom the dread visitations of war shall render mourners for a little time. Upon the armed hosts marching in defense of liberty, in union of strength and principle, the eyes of the expectant nations are fixed in fear and wonderment. Shall Republican institutions be perpetuated, and the freedom of speech and pen bring forth the intellectual wealth and progressive spirit of the independent masses? or has man not yet outgrown his love of the puppet-show of royalty?

In the South, the enslavement of the African has led to a feudal system of tyrannical rule; there, indolence is the aristocratic mark of power and influence; honest, elevating labor is looked down upon with disdain; and as idleness breeds oppression, by a natural transition those pampered lords would place upon the necks of freemen the galling yoke under which their slaves are groaning, sighing—and now making efforts for deliverance.

They would, as tyrants have done in all ages, forbid the utterance of soul-felt opinions; clip the wings of our national aspirations; and bar and bolt the way leading to the great ends of humanitarian effort—universal emancipation.

Upon the soil won by and for freemen, they would proscribe free speech, and with the utmost violence punish the expression of the liberty they dread. From the olden records, they have gathered all that ancient barbarism sanctioned, and they would have that letter worshiped now: not by themselves alone, but by all who sought a home-shelter 'neath the magnolia and the palm.

We of the North, alas! too long and too guiltily complacent, have given way so far, that now, our national integrity is threatened, and the trumpet-blast of awakening has sounded over the land.

For Southern gold and trade, what unholy compacts have been made! In submission to the Slaveocracy, what unhalloved concessions have been rent from the reproving conscience! to the steadily increasing power of the ruling despots, what sacrifices of principle have been offered!

The day of retribution has come; shall we now act worthily a heroic part, or shall we, for mere worldly advantages, once again bow the head and bend the trembling knees of cowards to the all-absorbing slave rule? Shall we yield now and forever?—mocked by the delusion of a peace that would be as evanescent as the vapor—as insecure as the tottering foundations on which it would be built?

Shall we stand forever branded with the shame of moral cowardice, with the opprobrium of selfishness, because we shrink from the sacrifice demanded at our country's shrine? Is it not better for men to suffer physical privation and hardship, than with all the outward appliances of ease and luxury to lie dormant in a callous indifference to their country's weal? Will not the glorious dream of human equality be partially, at least, realized, by this mingling of all grades and classes for the defense of the land? Will not overweening pride learn a life lesson of beautiful endurance? and aristocratic assumption learn the value of a sweet humility? May not camp life, with its roughness and toils, be productive of great good? from the rules of subordination and physical exercise, may they not be taught obedience to divine and moral law? may they not be brought to look upon life as having higher aims than those of purely animal enjoyment? may not the soldier at his solitary post, or surrounded by the tumult of the battle, feel quickening in his soul the inspirations of the eternal life? will not a deeper love of home and dear familiar faces dwell in his heart thenceforth?

No individual hatred, no vindictive, blood-thirsty passions, will nerve the true patriot's arm; it is for Freedom, for the sacred rights of the meekest and the lowest, that he strikes. Alas, for the world! that to overthrow tyranny and uphold the standard of man's independence, it becomes necessary to strike the human hands, that would assail it, and aim at human hearts, in vindication of our first and holiest privileges!

But we must work with the instrumentalities at command. We of the North have tampered with enormous evils; our free soil has been polluted by the footprints of the slave-catcher; our hearthstones, as well as our legislative halls, have been desecrated by the apologists of "that sum of all villainies—Slavery." We refused to give up our cherished gold to aid the work of emancipation; years ago, if the

evil compact had been sundered that bound us to the vices of the South, we should have been freed from their despotic sway, and civil war would have been avoided. Had we resisted unanimously the first encroachments of what is now ultimatum in the would-be Slave Confederacy, we should have saved our honor, our commercial prosperity, and retained the peace we fondly deemed perpetual.

But we have given way step by step, until the mandates of all truth and justice demand the free-will offerings of a nation whose sense of honor is not yet extinct; whose slumbering fires of patriotism are anew rekindled; and whose one great heart is beating with the solemn "rhythm of Liberty."

The lives, the wealth of the people, is demanded—not by the Presidential voice alone, not only by the mandates of assembled Congress—it is asked for by the voice of God! Surely his human children will not, dare not, refuse obedience to the call.

Better, oh! far better, the terrible devastation of the battle-field, to the moral death that is the inevitable result of worldly submission to tyranny. For the ease and apathetic quiet of our usual lives, we have in exchange the excitements of this warlike period, and the emotion will do us good. We shall learn to "share another's woe;" to wrap ourselves no more in the aristocratic mantle of an utter forgetfulness of the neighbor; we shall arise in strength, casting off a hundred weaknesses, imaginary ills, and fancied evils, to minister unto others, and to place to suffering lips the cup of refreshing water. We shall learn to be useful; we shall cast aside reverie and impracticable theory, and become true agents of the divine will, by acts of sympathy and deeds of, perhaps, unheralded prowess. We may all be heroes and heroines in this final strife of Freedom with Oppression. Our words can encourage, and inspire with hope and zeal—our hands can fashion many things of combined use and beauty; while our hearts must be brave and strong.

Aggressive force, fraud, and violence, have compelled us into a defensive and warlike attitude. None but coward souls and world-entrapped hearts would now retreat. This life is not all, and the exchange from even the gory field of carnage to the blessed, immortal world, is soon achieved. And as we would not leave our children a heritage of slavery and shame, the exigencies of the times demand the record of an entire self-devotion from this long favored land.

Beautiful to me is the signification of "Union": the unanimous declaration of a people, dedicated to the vindication of the holiest principles. Although many have tasted of the surface flow of Freedom's stream, yet will even they learn, as they advance, that its beauty and its depth can be attained by all who strive.

Those who are most clamorous for peace at this period, are those mercenarily interested: those whose golden idols are enthroned on Southern ground. For the return of their mammon oracles, they would barter honor, loyalty, trust, and faith. Peace to them is the continuation of their favorite business; a life-lease of the enjoyment wrung from the daily cruel toil of their dependents.

Ask the laboring masses—those whom the sudden change in our country's condition has rendered breadless—whether they, suffering as they are, would invoke the semblance of a tranquillity such as these Baal worshippers would bring to pass. Ask those who are living in continual fear of their lives at the South—those whose sorrowful hearts are filled with the true, fraternal love of Union—whether they would have the present state of things perpetuated? Ask those who love honor and justice above trade; those who love humanity better than mere barter and exchange. Ask the true religionist, the brave and tender philanthropist, whether we shall accept with lofty purpose and complete self-abnegation; the stormy war alternative, or submit with dastardly cowardice to the rule from which all that is free and grand, loving and beautiful in humanity, revolts.

Feeling, then, most deeply for all the sufferings we are doomed to pass under, the promptings of the most genuine love to God, and good will to man, urge me to say with thousands: No compromise! no peace at such a cost. For God and our country—on!

PHILADELPHIA, July, 1861.

Philosophical Department.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Do Birds Sail in the Air without Motion?

MR. EDITOR:—In No. 68 of the HERALD, you have an answer to the question—'How do birds maintain a fixed position in the air without apparent exertion?' which, though some of its points are good, varies so essentially from my own views and observations, that, without wishing to renew or prolong a discussion, I desire to offer a few criticisms and to present the matter in another light.

The writer of the article referred to, appears to doubt the fact cited in the question, but I can assure him that I have repeatedly seen hawks and some other birds maintain an unvaried local position for several minutes, and their mode of effecting it has always appeared to me, until this question was raised, almost as simple as that by which Columbus made the egg stand on end.

The buoyancy of a bird in ordinary flight, or rather sailing, is due to his velocity or his momentum, and the amount of surface in his wings exposed to the air. Such buoyancy is

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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"DO BIRDS SAIL IN THE AIR WITHOUT MOTION?" is considered this week under the Philosophical Department.

"WAR," as contemplated by Cora Wilburn, will be found in this number.

Another paper full of Philosophical inspiration, from the pen of S. J. Philney, will be published in our columns soon.

THE WAR does not much lessen the people's interest in the great questions discussed in these columns. Every day brings us fresh evidence that our work is good and useful.

W. F. VON YLECK has enlisted as a Sergeant in the President's Life "Guard," of which Mr. R. D. Goodwin is Colonel. He promises to furnish us with an occasional letter from the "front" of war.

WILLIAM FISHBROUGH, our well-remembered and much-respected "Scribe" of long ago, is about to depart with the President's Life Guard. He goes as Chaplain, for which position his qualifications are many and well adapted.

THE VISION OF LIPPAARD, of "An Industrial Army," to be found in our Miscellany Department, foreshadows what will, we trust, soon become the employments of the nation's forces now engaged in deadly conflict.

"PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE."—We have received a communication from Mrs. Spence, which will be published in our next issue, in which she proposes, as soon as outward conditions are favorable, to open in this city an Asylum for the treatment of every form of insanity or moral disease.

"HYPATIA," the admirably written sketch in this number, from the pen of Mrs. Love M. Willis, will greatly interest those in search of spiritual truth. These sketches—"Saints and Sinners"—are all historical pictures, and the writer, with her clear interior vision, perceives and portrays with singular distinctness and beauty the spiritual facts underlying the bare historical record. Very recently Mrs. W. has been prostrated by a climate fever. She writes: "When ill, I beheld the immortal realm as a reality; and the beautiful forever seemed claiming me. But when my spirit had felt all the quiet rest of the Home, I returned to labor awhile longer, and, for the first time for many years, said, 'Yes, it is good and excellent to stay on earth.'"

WASHINGTON, D. C., June, 1861. J. B. L.

the same whether the velocity exist in the bird or in the air on which he rides. When a moving stratum of air impinges with the same effective force, upon the lower surface of the bird's wings while he is at rest, that he effects by moving at will at the same velocity, he would float without a change of position, in the same way that a boy's kite floats, with this difference: the kite, being totally insentient, plunges without discretion into the midst of the aerial stream, and must be held there by a string, whereas the hawk, sentiently or discretionally, seeks and rides upon the surface of this stream. Probably it may be thought that, even attempting thus the approximate surface of the aerial stream, the friction of the air against the bird would cause him to lose the fixed point and fall backward, as there is no string by which to hold him. But there are two prominent circumstances connected with this rare feat which tend to the bird's advantage. When he is sailing at his railroad speed through the still portions of the air above the moving wind-current, he may meet this current in nearly a parallel plane, horizontally with it, and the momentum acquired would counterbalance the friction for a few moments as he rides its surface without a stroke of his wings or the least progress forward.

The other circumstance which counterbalances the friction is, that all the aerial currents by no means move horizontally. They may often move on an ascending plane at exactly that angle which would counterbalance the friction or pressure against the bird, and also his weight, maintaining him at a fixed point for several minutes, while the current slides up beneath him.

These circumstances are subject to variation, and there are others that tend to mislead an observer as to a bird's momentary fixity in space. He may be heading in a direct line to the observer's eye, and move toward him five hundred feet, more or less, and appear only to remain fixed.

The "surface" of the moving wind-current above mentioned, is not as definite, perhaps, at any time, as the surface of a river; but it is a blending of the still with the moving air within the limits of a short distance, so that the bird's vibration at right angles with the current, for a moment only, would adjust him to the right pressure, even mathematically proportioned to his weight, surface, or previous speed.

This fixity of a large bird for some minutes in the air is a rare occurrence, which I have a few times witnessed, requiring the concurrence of many favorable circumstances, and yet the occurrence of phenomena originating in the disembodied mind, depending, as it does, upon far more rare and nicely adjusted circumstances, are, by many, summarily dismissed as mere matters of jugglery—however well intended their limited power and physical actions are—because the disembodied mind will not always comply with crude requests—will not effect the impossible—because phenomena will not take place as *visions* doubting men, often unbecomingly, demand. Can we have the phenomenon of the bird shown us *on condition* that we will believe, if it shall occur thus and so? The circumstances may not exist at the moment of demand by which it can be effected. Then how unjust to call in this conditional trade element, where eternal principle is sought. And how unstable the ground assumed by those who ridicule spiritual facts, summarily dismissing all new things because *new*—setting all down as a fact because ascended do not at all times conform to some cast iron requirement or crude request, that perhaps Galen himself could not effect, by reason of incongruous circumstances.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June, 1861. J. B. L.

FORGIVENESS.—The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave, it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security.

Poetry.

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

For the Herald of Progress.
LINES.

Respectfully inscribed to those ladies who, in different localities throughout the Union, have torn down secession flags.

BY WM. H. MELLEN.

Fair ones, the noble deed shall live,
Its fadeless memory inspire
The hearts of Freedom's gallant sons
With living, patriotic fire.

Ye emulate the glorious deeds,
The honored part our mothers bore,
When England poured her haling throng
Along our rent and blood-stained shore.

Yes, you, their daughters, proudly trail
Foul Treason's emblem in the dust;
True to your glorious lineage—
True to your high and holy trust.

Lo! Freedom's stars shall ne'er grow dim,
Her champions' courage never lag,
While woman thus, with daring heart,
Shall rally round our country's flag.

Daughters of Freedom, brave and fair,
Oh! be your names forever blest,
Around each pure and radiant brow
May wreaths of glory ever rest.

who composed Mr. Fay's circles. Since our publication of the exposé by Prof. Spence, the mails have brought us several very able papers, both pro and con—some defending Mr. Fay, and others corroborating the plaintiff's testimony—many of which articles we design to publish, so that the case may have a fair hearing, and be passed upon by our candid readers, who are the jury, and will, doubtless, yield an impartial verdict.

Just here, however, let us suggest once more that Mr. Fay return to this city without any great delay, and vindicate himself by means of tests, and other proofs of his professed abilities. All newspaper controversy is worse than useless. Let him come here honestly, and challenge his opposers to a closer investigation of his claims.

Dual Commerce.

These two words, which are used as a heading to one of our advertising columns on the eighth page, have doubtless attracted the attention of many if not all the readers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS. It is introduced as a permanent feature in the columns of the paper. Touching, as it does, upon an institution so important in its power of regulation and control among the affairs of men, we have to say of it somewhat more than is given in the motto of the advertising column.

COMMERCE, as conducted at present and in the past, ever since exchange of products has been a branch of life's labor, when analyzed, is found to be an antagonism of individual interests—working untidily, however, and seeming to develop humanity in the direction of intellectual individualization. Such a work is comparable to that of a gardener, who prepares and enriches his ground preparatory to putting in the seed from which shall grow the future harvest. That this portion of the work be accomplished is of the first necessity, and until it is done it would not be the part of wisdom to sow the seeds of a different system.

That antagonistic commerce has accomplished a vast and important work, every mind is prepared to recognize; and until that work has COMMENCED it will be vain to introduce or attempt to succeed with a system upon any other than the old basis. But all the signs of the times indicate that a portion, at least, of the race, has become individualized in spirit as well as in body. Following the individualized condition, must come (in the order of Nature) that of crystallization.

The present period, which finds the entire commerce and industry of the country paralyzed and tottering under the loss of confidence incident upon the civil war, is a suitable and proper one for bringing forward the system here introduced. There is at this time no less of gold and silver, which serve as the basis of exchange for conducting commercial transactions, than there has been at any period of the past; in fact, there is a larger amount of the precious metals in this country than has ever been at any previous time. The immense grain crops of the last year, united with the aggregate of manufactured industrial products, create an amount of wealth and prosperity exceeding that which has existed at any previous period. The country is not poor; on the contrary, it is overflowing with wealth. But the people are poor simply because *exchanges are blocked*; commerce is dead, and the reason why exchanges are at a stand still is because of the antagonistic conditions that have existed between man and man in commercial relations, all of which have grown out of the QUALITY of those relations.

No person will deny that these conditions can be changed, and that a system can be evolved through which to effect the change. Strictly honest and upright men are needed; in whom and through whom will be built up confidence that would never be shaken. Then there would not again arise those revolutions and changes that our past system engendered and brought about.

An Editor's department is one that places him in position to take a bird's-eye view of conditions, and enables him to transfer that view, through the medium of the press, to the minds of those whose interest in a subject is sufficient to enable them to receive the impression, as a well-prepared daguerreotype plate receives the picture of events and circumstances passing in outward life.

It is now deemed proper to take up and consider this subject: How those who are now individuals shall become part of a universal, "harmonious whole," in their *commercial relations*.

The definition of the word "Dual" is generally well known. It signifies *two in one*, and, when applied to commerce, it involves the idea of the two interests of producer and consumer being made "one" through commerce. The manner in which this is to be accomplished is by inverting the old relation, which was antagonistic to both interests, and harmonizing the two by simply making commerce the agent between them, or rather the servant of each rather than the controller of both.

The best method by which to explain a thought, idea, or plan, is by illustration, and for such purpose a single sketch will suffice. We will consider the case of Mr. Chapman—whose advertisement appears under the Dual Commerce department—and premise that both in his own estimate, and in accordance with our conclusions, he is so much an individual as to begin to labor upon this new platform. He is a practical business man, with some knowledge of chemistry, and thoroughly acquainted with the processes of soap manufacturing. He leases moderate-sized soap works at a fair rent, and is prepared to furnish his talents and labor to his human brethren, and asks from them, in return, simply that they will not disturb him in his right to enjoy

the use of so much house room, food, air, water, and ground, as is necessary to the comfortable subsistence of himself and family.

The knowledge of this comes to our possession, and we communicate it through the columns of the paper, and thus invite in this way, as well as with the voice of the spirit, and with the tongue, all who may feel disposed, to bring and lay upon the altar of Dual Commerce, through this office, any and all information, scientific or otherwise, which may serve Mr. Chapman in the production of a good quality of soap. A large and valuable budget is brought forward and submitted to Mr. Chapman, who investigates and sifts it, and uses what he considers practicable. The result is, a valuable quality of soap, which can be exchanged for a moderate sum of money. The price to the consumer is fixed by the producer at a small advance above manufacturing cost. His products are not sold to a commercialist or speculator, but are placed in the hands of a confidential agent, who disposes of them, and returns the proceeds to the producer. Each manufactured article has the price imprinted upon it, and all field for speculation is lost. The commercialist is paid a fair price for his time and labor. There is no exchange of notes, no drafts nor bills of exchange, and, consequently, the expensive process of banking is to a great extent dispensed with.

It now becomes the interest of the consumer to communicate to the producer, either directly or through the channel of the Dual Commerce agent, any suggestions that may offer to their minds of an improved way of preparing or putting up products intended for the district of country in which they live.

The consumer and producer become co-operators—members of one association—an association that is one in fact, though not one in law. A collective, coöperative, associate body, united in spirit to the accomplishment of one end, but not connected outwardly by any legal ties. Every person who acquires a confidence in an article, and in the man who makes it, through consumption of such article, interests himself to create as large a market as possible, for several reasons: First, he will benefit each family who comes to use such article, for they will receive a product of standard quality, one that will always be found the same. Secondly, he will in no way be subject to imposition. Thirdly, he will assist in a generally broad and valuable work: as he will be centralizing into the hands of a coöperative brother that business which has before been occupied by those whose necessities and education keep them in the old system—properly styled grab-system—when compared with one which does away with individual grasping.

When brought into extensive practice, the results which would ensue from this new system are many and great. As, however, we are dealing with a class of readers whose intelligence, and whose investigations upon subjects of this class, have already secured for them a pretty clear insight into the present conditions of commerce, and the importance of a revolution being quietly and steadily effected, we leave this generalization to work its own way through the minds of the many who are interested in the subject. In a future article we shall present some important considerations, which will properly come up as the movement develops and increases. Meantime, it will serve the advancement and growth of a good cause, if we receive correspondence from, and are brought in communication with, any high-minded producer, who would like to add such standard quality of the necessities of life as he may be engaged in producing, to this new family of commercial relations.

CALLS FOR HELP.

Scarcely a single religious paper that comes to our table, but contains urgent calls for pecuniary assistance. Many literary, religious, and even political papers, have been obliged to suspend; many more to diminish their size, or issue less frequently. And with nearly all, the effect of the war has been to lessen the receipts for both subscriptions and advertisements.

It is a cheering indication to us of the increasing interest felt in progressive and reform topics, that in spite of the widespread financial distress, the HERALD OF PROGRESS receives so encouraging a support. Encouraging, not because it is all that we could desire, or all that the cause of Progress demands, but full of healthful promise as indicating what in better times we may expect.

It should not be forgotten, that, while at the flood-tide of prosperity, even reform movements flourish; the hour of revulsion and depression is the proper time for renewed and earnest effort in extending the circulation of a journal devoted to health, progress, and reform.

DEATH-BED FRIGHTS.

The Springfield Republican says of the late Senator Douglas:

"The one thing which we admire about the death of Mr. Douglas is, there was no humbug about it. He died as he lived, and was not driven by fear, at the closing hour, to pay a respect to personal Christianity which in health he had never entertained. It was the one subject on which he had never spoken to his wife; and we may rationally conclude that it was the one subject which was banished from his thoughts. Let us give Mr. Douglas the credit, then, of dying a consistent man. * * * * If there be any one thing more sickening to a manly believer in Christianity than another, it is the patronizing testimonials to the truth of Christianity indulged in by great old sinners on their death-beds. Nay, we mistake. There is one thing more sickening than this. It is the importance which Christian ministers attach to these testimonials."

Exciting Scene at Flushing.

The celebration of the Fourth of July at Flushing—a beautiful suburb of New York—gave rise to an unusual and exciting scene. An immense concourse of people assembled in a grove to listen to an oration by Theodore Tilton. The chairman was John H. Lawrence, well known as a prominent Democrat and bank President in this city.

On taking the chair he made a brief address, preliminary to introducing the orator of the day, in which he went out of his way to utter an invective against men professing anti-slavery opinions; mentioning, with manifest bitterness, a class of persons whom he stigmatized as "misguided abolitionists, fanatics, and agitators."

Mr. Tilton, apparently taking no notice of the gratuitous discourtesy, not to say insult, which had thus been cast upon him in the face of several thousand people—to whom his anti-slavery opinions must have been well known—proceeded for a full hour's length in a discussion of various aspects of the present condition of public affairs, when, suddenly turning to Mr. Lawrence, he said:

"I feel bound, in good conscience, before I sit down, to pick up the gauntlet of criticism which you threw at my feet at the beginning of the hour," and, immediately quoting Mr. L.'s abuse of the abolitionists, added: "The shadow which you thus launched from your high chairman's seat upon those men, dropped midway upon me! I stand at this moment covered and darkened with it, not only in your presence, but by your hand. And yet, sir, I accepted not unkindly the severest word you spoke, for you honored me only too highly by the unexpected compliment of such reproach. I know of no nobler work for any man, not even, sir, for such a man as you—certainly not for such a man as I—than to give one's hand, and heart, and brain, to the cause of the poor, the down-trodden, and the oppressed. Nor, sir, can you point me, even with your own finger, to any nobler fame in history than that of a man like Wilberforce, who 'went up to heaven bearing eight hundred thousand broken fetters in his hands.' So far as your words were a censure only upon me, I have forgotten them already; they vanished away like the breath with which they were uttered; but so far as those words brought obloquy upon many better men than I—men of true hearts, of pure lives, of noble aims—men of genius, of learning, of eloquence—nay, sir, men of whom the world is not worthy—I can only say in reply, 'Would to God that by taking to myself a share of their reproach, I might win to myself a share of their honor.' Tell me, sir, have you ever heard of the legend of St. Humbert? After the good saint had been buried a hundred years, his coffin was opened, and a branch of laurel, that had lain in burial with him all the century, was taken from his ashes in perfect green, unfaded as if newly plucked, fresh as if wet with morning dew! Perhaps, sir, when these men, whom you seek to load with dishonor, shall come to their graves to be buried, their laurels will, in like manner, be buried with them; but I believe the hand of impartial History, before the end of a hundred years, will reach down gently into their graves, and lift their laurels into resurrection, to bloom green and perennial before all the world."

At these words, the entire audience rose to their feet, and shouted with spontaneous applause. The chairman also sprang to his feet, and exclaimed: "Since the gentleman has avowed himself an abolitionist, I must leave the chair," and immediately quitted it, retiring at once from the platform.

Mr. Tilton said to the audience: "I charge you, good people, to remember, for my sake, that your chairman was exiled from this platform by no word from my lips which ought to have fallen unkindly upon his ear."

The applause which followed this statement assured the speaker that he had gained what the chairman had lost, the sympathy of the entire multitude.

But just at this moment, another episode occurred, which kindled the general feeling into still greater and almost indescribable enthusiasm. Sitting in a carriage near the platform, with his family, was the Hon. Luther O. Carter, ex-member of Congress—a venerable, white-haired man—who, as the audience had thus been deserted by their chairman, stepped gracefully down from his carriage, ascended the steps of the platform, and took his seat in the vacant chair!

The outburst of applause at this bit of gallantry was thrilling. The orator, turning to the new presiding officer, bowed, and remarked: "I need not say, sir, how I thank you for bringing your gray hairs to lend honor to a young man. I remember how it is written, 'A hoary head is a crown of glory.'"

Amid a storm of applauding voices, the speaker then turned again toward the audience—the entire multitude of whom were still standing—and seeing that the highest possible climax of the occasion had been reached, drew his oration immediately to a close, adding only a few words prophetic of the reign of universal freedom, and took his seat amid prolonged cheers.—*Anti-Slavery Standard.*

WOMEN DELEGATES.

The Buffalo Association, N. Y., passed the following vote at its meeting on the 12th ult.:

"Resolved, That our Constitution be so amended as to authorize the various societies to add two female members to the usual delegation."

If, now, they send women of practical ability, who know what to do and say, and who are not afraid to act, they have taken a step in the right direction.—*New Covenant.*

Why should our Universalist cotemporary thus qualify its approval of this sensible action of the Buffalo Association? How would the *New Covenant* relish a similar notice of the fact that the wife of the editor contributes regularly to its columns? Instead of qualifying our indorsement of this "step in the right direction," by interposing an "if Mrs. M. A. L. proves to be a writer of practical ability, and knows what to write, and is not afraid to write it," &c., we distinctly assert that the interest of the columns of that paper testify each week to the ability of the female contributor. And we doubt not that the future action of the Buffalo Universalist Association will no less declare an increased intelligence and practical ability, in consequence of the addition of female members to the usual male delegations. The step in the right direction has been taken, and there is no if about it.

WOMAN vs. SLAVERY.

A correspondent of the Tribune, over the initials "C. D.," offers the following pertinent thoughts upon the real interest felt by true Southern women in the present struggle.

"There is one element of influence in Virginia society which will, in the final settlement of the account with Slavery, prove of unpassed importance. It is the female influence, which has a certain sovereignty of its own, to be felt sooner or later in every question. In Baltimore every elegant and high-bred lady meets with favors the South and slavery, and, in four cases out of five, secession. It is much the same in Washington. This is simply because these ladies know nothing whatever about slavery; they are rarely served by slaves; they do not raise their families in the immediate vicinity of slave-gangs and plantations. It is all theory—all Southern airs—all "chivalry," "hospitality," "noble Southerners," &c., with them. But there are things connected with slavery in its practical relations which make it actually impossible for any pure and earnest woman to favor it. I give it as my honest conviction, after living nearly all my life in constant contact with the institution, that there is not one Virginia woman in one hundred, who does not, in her heart, detest the institution. It is the serpent in her path as a wife, a mother, a sister. I was present on one occasion when a lady of that State was informed that her son, who had gone North to be educated, had become anti-slavery. "I had rather have heard that he was dead than that he was advocating Slavery," was her quiet reply. No fine airs about the Sunny South can satisfy the true woman, with whose very heart-strings this monster is grappling; no aristocratic vapors can compensate for the premature development of passions in her darling son, or the unholy fires too often detected in the husband's eye. I say again, and I know it to be true, that the vast majority of pure women in the South hate slavery, and if in this storm, some thunderbolt could leap forth and scathe and destroy the monster at once, they would press their children to their hearts with a wild, unknown joy—they would kneel and offer their Te Deum with happy tears, and sleep a peaceful sleep, which their watchful eyes have never yet known. In looking over, yesterday, a number of letters discovered in the slave shambles of Alexandria, I passed at one in which the writer, sending a letter to a gentleman, incloses it to another, saying: "Do not take it [this letter] to him at his house, but seek an opportunity to give it to him where none of his family can see you do so." How much was suggested in that caution. The traffic in human hearts and souls must be carried on away from where woman's eye can bend its pure glances upon it. In the south the slave-driver stays down at the barn and sends up for the gentleman of the house; in trafficking for Chloe or James he does not wish to meet wife or daughter. This very slave-trader, whose shambles was broken up in Alexandria the other day, had, to my knowledge, a wife who subscribed year after year to the National Era, of Washington, and never ceased the most ardent expostulations with her husband against his inhuman occupation."

"HOME GUARD DRESS."

Jennie June, the vigorous and spicy "gossip" of the Sunday Times, recently suggested the invention of a neat "Home Guard Dress" for ladies' household and country wear. In response, the celebrated modist, Madame Demorest, sends patterns and directions for a modest and sensible dress combining economy and convenience for home wear and country rambles.

The "specifications" conclude as follows: "The length of skirt can be regulated at pleasure. For house wear it should just clear the carpet, as the hoop to be worn with it measures only two and a half yards round. A small hoop I consider indispensable, as they relieve the limbs entirely from the weight of the clothing, and any lady can endure much more labor or exercise wearing one than without it. For country wear nothing could be better than the above style of dress, with the skirt about ten inches shorter than ordinary, and worn with full Turkish pants of the same material as the dress, and the little round cape now fashionable, and the proper shape for which accompanies the dress.

Doubtless Jennie June is innocent of any intention to inveigle a caterer to city style and fashion, into an approval of the American costume; but the extract, when quoted, looks quite like at least a step in the "Bloomer" direction. Many of our readers stand ready, we dare say, to follow the style, as soon as Madame Demorest and "Jenny June" shall have rendered the dress fashionable. And should they succeed in this effort, they will be entitled to the thanks of thousands of American women.

NOT QUITE THE THING.

Among the presentations to Col. Wilson's Regiment of Zouaves, was a wooden tobacco pipe and a package of tobacco, to each man, by the Ladies' Patriotic Association of Trinity Parish. Could not the ladies of Trinity find some more useful articles with which to supply our fighting men? There is rather too much difference between Testaments and tobacco pipes! We fear they will next vote a supply of flasks and a bottle of brandy, simply because it is a gift the soldiers would be likely to appreciate!

THE COST OF AN EMOTION.

Royalty is not exempt from misfortune. Queen Victoria is reported as advancing to lunacy, and a consultation of eminent physicians has been held. Some foreign journal learns (from Berlin) that the Prince and Princess Royal, with the little Prince William, are going to visit London, the object being "to procure a salutary emotion for Queen Victoria."

SWORDS vs. IDEAS.

The Pine and Palm has the following criticism upon the popular war talk: "We see that some of our exchanges are talking about 'putting down this doctrine of secession forever'—by the sword! When will

men learn that it is utterly impossible to suppress ideas by force? If the idea wrapped up in the word 'Secession' were a true one, neither the Northern army nor all the regiments in Christendom could suppress it. Ideas can only be conquered by ideas. It is folly to believe that they can be exterminated by material forces. Bury a truth up under a mountain of muskets, and it will soon melt their barrels into lava, and make the volcano vomit forth exterminating fire. The pure in heart and the seers are the only soldiers that can kill false theories. Before such men, they shrivel up and die. Billy Wilson's Zouaves may kill Jeff. Davis, but the theories of Calhoun are invincible to their weapons."

Public Meetings.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The joint committee appointed by Conferences of Spiritualists and Reform Lecturers, held in Quincy, Mass., in October, 1860, and in Sturges, Mich., in April, 1861, hereby cordially invite their collaborators in all parts of the country to meet them in a National Conference, to be held in the city of Oswego, N. Y., commencing on Tuesday, August 13th, 1861, and continuing over the following Sunday. The leading objects of this conference will be the same as those of its more local predecessors, namely, the promotion of mutual acquaintance, respect and confidence among the public advocates of Spiritual Reform, and thus the securing of greater unity of heart and purpose, and higher fitness for the work devolving upon us as Spiritual teachers.

The nature of this work is believed to be comprehensively indicated in the following language, from the call of the late conference at Worcester, Mass.: "The present agitated state of the public mind in relation to social and political institutions, as well as to religious and theological ideas, marks a transitional period in the world's history, of no ordinary moment. The old is passing away; the new is struggling into birth. It therefore behooves those who are called to be Spiritual teachers, that they be qualified to lead the way to a new age of wisdom and harmony—to the inauguration of both a more vital and practical religion, and a more just and fraternal civilization. Anything less than these will fail to meet the demand of the time, and the promise of the opening era."

It is proposed to devote the first three days (Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday) to the special benefit of lecturers and teachers. The sessions will be held in Music Hall, West-First street, and will be spent partly in informal conversation for the promotion of acquaintanceship, and partly in consideration of the following question: "What are the special demands of the age upon us as Spiritual teachers, and how can we best become fitted to meet those demands?" Friday (should the weather prove favorable) will be appropriated to a steamboat excursion upon Lake Ontario, and a public grove meeting to be held, probably, on one of the famed "thousand islands" of St. Lawrence.

The remaining days, Saturday and Sunday, will be devoted to public speaking in Music Hall. The claims of Spiritualism, and its practical application to human progress, will furnish an ample field for remark in these public meetings, and all speakers will be invited freely to express their views, so far as time and proper rules of order will admit.

As many lecturers from a distance will be unable to arrive on the first day, it is understood that no important business will be transacted before Wednesday. To prevent misapprehension, let it be understood that this conference is not called for the purpose of forming a national organization, nor to take any action which shall be in any way binding upon the general body of Spiritualists; yet the question of organization, and every other relating to the general interests of the movement, will be open for consideration, within reasonable limits. Speakers who may desire to address the conference at length on any specific topic within the general scope of its purpose, are requested to apprise the committee in advance, in order that a suitable time may be assigned them.

That there may be no disappointment, it should be understood that public gatherings of this kind are not suitable occasions for exhibiting the phenomena of Spiritualism—attempts to do this usually ending in confusion and dissatisfaction. Let none, therefore, come expecting to witness "spirit manifestations"; but rather let all endeavor to manifest the spirit of charity, toleration, and earnest devotion to practical truth and human good.

The time for women and barren speculation has passed. The hour for action is at hand. The friends in Oswego have generously offered to entertain all Lecturers, and as many others as possible, free of charge, during the conference. Strangers attending the conference will report themselves at Music Hall, over Gordon & Purse's store, on West First street, where the local committee of arrangements will direct them to places of entertainment. Further particulars relative to the proposed excursion will be announced as soon as arranged.

EASTERN COMMITTEE: A. E. Newton, of Boston, Mass.; H. B. Storer, of New Haven, Ct.; Leo Miller, of Hartford, Ct.; Amanda M. Spence, of New York; A. W. Sprague, of Plymouth, Vt.; F. L. Wadsworth, of Maine; M. S. Townsend, of Taunton, Mass.

WESTERN COMMITTEE: S. C. Coffinberry, of Constantine, Mich.; Stephen J. W. Tabor, of Independence, Ia.; J. T. Rouse, of Fremont, Ind.; Belle Scougall, of Rockford, Ill.; H. F. M. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio; C. M. Stowe, of Vandalia, Mich.; G. W. Hollister, of New Berlin, Wis.

There will be a grove meeting at Le-onidas Center, St. Joseph County, Mich., August 24 and 25. J. T. Rouse and S. P. Leland are engaged as speakers. Others will be welcome. Provision will be made for those coming from a distance.

The Friends of Reform will hold a three-days' grove meeting, at East Norwalk, Hudson Co., Ohio, on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of August.

S. P. Leland, G. W. Hollister, Mrs. C. M. Stowe, and other speakers, are engaged. Per order of Committee.

Brief Items.

Congress continues prompt and efficient in its legislation to meet the war exigencies. The Federal forces under Gen. McClellan, in Western Virginia, have completely vanquished the rebels, and have undisputed possession of that part of the State. The number of prisoners taken exceeds the ability of our army to dispose of. A forward movement has at last been inaugurated in the direction of Manassas Junction. Fairfax Court House was evacuated by the rebels without conflict. Gen. Patterson also has commenced an advance. The rebel forces at Bunker Hill under Gen. Johnson have fled before him. The United States troops in Missouri continue successful. Gen. Scott will, it is said, now himself take the field, and command in person. A vehicle provided with a comfortable sleeping accommodation has been provided for him. The complaints of the press respecting the slow movement of our army, are now silenced, and one universal response of satisfaction is heard, in answer to the recent forward movement from Washington.

Prof. Bond, of Cambridge, asserts that the late comet was not Charles the Fifth's, neither the comet of 1264, but a new visitor. The Boston Investigator has been counting the Spiritualist lecturers in the field, as advertised in the Banner of Light, and finds one hundred and thirty two!

A cowardly attempt has been made to inculcate Parson Brownlow with small-pox! The "gentle" parson thus comments upon the effort: "This attempt at our death, by the planting of a masked battery, manned by the ubiquitous spirit of secession, entitles the cowardly villain who did it, to the honor of being picketed in the deepest gorge leading to hell! Not only so, but he should be required to make nightly advances upon the ambuscades of the devil; and every morning of his life, by way of healthful exercise, he should make a reconnaissance of the damned, having the entire control of the guerrilla rebels of the infernal regions."

Fruit growers at points remote from market will find encouragement in the fact that the heaviest shipments of strawberries for New York the past season have been from Pittsburgh, Pa. An enterprising horticulturist there has a "bed" of fifty acres. One of the newest designs of patriotic envelopes we have seen, is for ladies' use. It represents a homestead engaged with the rolling-pin upon a roll of dough, while a motto expresses her sentiments thus: "If I cannot fight, I can feed those who do."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Our latest advices from Europe, by the steamer Saxonia, are to the 2d of July.

In the House of Lords, July 1, Lord Brougham assailed the action of the Spanish Government in respect to the slave trade, and protested against the annexation of San Domingo.

The poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, expired at Florence, Italy, an hour after day-break, on Saturday morning, June 29th.

The Turkish Government has accredited a Mr. Musurus as ambassador to the English and Belgian Governments.

The Patterson family case was decided (July 1st). The appeal was dismissed, and the first judgment was confirmed in the Tribunal.

The Siamese Embassy, readers were officially received by the French Emperor, (June 28th,) at Fontainebleau. Presents were produced for the Emperor; of a crown of massive gold covered with diamonds, of a gold waist-belt decorated with diamonds, and richly enameled gold dishes, with palanquins and costly arms. About thirty-five French glass furnaces have been stopped near Charleroi, in consequence of the troubles in America.

The wheat harvest in the South and Southwest of France, it is expected, would be completed about the middle of July. In some districts in Algeria, the grain crops have been totally destroyed.

A monetary crisis was imminent in St. Petersburg. Both gold and silver coin had disappeared from the market.

The health of the Pope had so far improved as to allow him to officiate at a mass on the 29th ult.

A deputation from the Hungarian Diet announcing the approval by that body of the Imperial rescript, had been received by the Emperor of Austria.

A National Loan Bill for raising 500,000,000 francs passed the Italian Chamber of Deputies, June 1st.

July an affray took place at Rome between the people and the Pontifical gendarmes.

By advices from Peking, (to April 29th,) by way of St. Petersburg, it is stated that the Imperial army had been routed in a recent battle, and that the insurgents were marching on the city.

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.

Departed: July 3, 1861, from the residence of her father, N. W. Tompkins, Wolcott, Wayne Co., N.Y., CHARLOTTE H. TOMPKINS, wife of James H. White, of Port Huron, Mich., in the thirty-sixth year of her age.

For the last few years the deceased has been a firm and triumphant believer in the glorious and beautiful truths of Spiritualism. By its divine teachings, her last days on earth were calm, holy, and peaceful. Death had no terrors for her pure spirit. Gladly and joyously she awaited the dread messenger, and smiled when she knew he was near. And thus it is that our kind Father in Heaven has taken from earth one of its brightest jewels. She was possessed of a well-cultivated mind and most amiable disposition, and was one of the fairest ornaments of society, beloved and respected by all who knew her. Many, many friends and acquaintances will sadly miss her bright face and cheerful, kindly voice. She was a true friend to all, in sickness and death; none could comfort like her. In the relation of daughter, sister, wife, and mother, she was ready, patient, loving, faithful, and true. Her work was

well and faithfully done, and she has gone to join the loved ones above, and reap the reward of her good deeds on earth.

She has left dear ones on earth, too; but they are sustained by the blessed hope of a speedy reunion in the home above, where pain cometh not, and sorrow is not known.

Her duty well was done; Beloved by all who knew her worth. And all who knew her mourn. Like a bright cloud of summer's day, CHARLOTTE'S spirit passed away From earth, to shine in heaven!

[From the Spiritual Magazine.]

Spiritualism and Popular Novelists.

BY T. S.

There are beliefs of the soul that are not formulated in the intellect, and that seldom rise through the superincumbent strata of conventionalism to the surface of the mind's consciousness. For the most part, our minds receive their impress from without, as the wax receives its impress from the seal. Belief, in the generality of instances, is a geographical accident, a reflection of "the very age and body of the time" and place in which our lot is cast. We sometimes speak of "habits of thought;" and there is more truth in the phrase than at first appears. Much of what is called thought, is, indeed, merely the mental costume of the period; we wear it as we do swallow-tailed coats—as our fathers wore knee-breeches and shoe-buckles, because it is the habit most in fashion. There is no sovereign so absolute as King Public Opinion—no authority so infallible as that of the Protestant Pope—Mrs. Grundy. He must be a bold man who dare, even with "bated breath," question her decrees. A man may think for himself—that's a misfortune that can't be helped, but he had better keep his thoughts to himself if he does not happen to agree with those of his neighbors. Woe to the unfortunate essayist or reviewer who dare to question any part of orthodox doctrine or ritual. The "drum ecclesiastic" will beat the alarm, and the jackals of the "religious press" will hunt him down with untiring step.

In the East, when a patriotic Vizier wished to tell the Sultan a useful but unpalatable truth, he was compelled to do so by some indirect circuitous method, wrapping it up in some cunning story or fable, leaving the "moral" to be detected by the penetration of his auditor; and there is so far a resemblance between the Sultan and Mrs. Grundy, that, that which, if spoken outright (say in the Spiritual Magazine) would be treason or heresy, is received with favor and applauded to the echo when sentimentally expressed or converted into an episode in the last new novel. Many of the deepest truths, those which show that we are sometimes "wiser than we know," often escape from the mind in what are called "works of imagination"—in the picture, the poem, and the novel. In their composition, it often happens that the intuitions of the soul have freer scope and a wider play, than its native beliefs assert their integrity, and vindicate their supremacy over conventionalism, or that conventionalism is altogether forgotten.

The novel is a form of literature which, in our time, has received new applications, and is year by year acquiring greater potency. Public opinion is influenced by it, perhaps, more widely and speedily than by any other. "Young England" sets forth its principles—not in a manifesto, but in a political novel. The advocate of freedom to the African appeals—not to "invincible statistics," but to invincible human sympathies; and for this purpose the novel is found considerably more effective than the "Blue-book." High and Low Church—not forgetting "Muscular Christianity"—fight their battles now not only in pews and pamphlets, but often in "three vols. octavo," Mudie's being the chief battle-ground.

Why should not Spiritualism avail itself of this "so potent art"? We commend the consideration of this query to genius in search of a subject. There would be no occasion to fall back upon the clumsy medieval machinery of Horace Walpole or Sir Walter Scott; no need for the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or the horrors of Frankenstein and Zanoni; albeit, we regard the latter work as the masterpiece of its author—the highest work of art in its particular sphere which any novelist has yet put forward.* To illustrate the relations between man and the world of invisible intelligences, the novelist need not go beyond the accredited facts—"stranger than fiction"—of modern Spiritualism. It is, indeed, upon the foundation of its leading principle, and as exemplified in certain of its phases (as we hope to show more fully

* In this connection, it may be interesting to supply the following anecdote, the authenticity of which may be relied on, as I had it from a gentleman—a friend of my own—who was present on the occasion. I have given it in his own words: "The Right Hon. Sir Edward Lytton and his son paid a visit, in 1854-5, to Mr. Rymer's, at Ealing, where Mr. Home was then on a visit. Among the manifestations, a spirit, whose rappings were unusually loud, said, in answer to Sir Edward's demand to know who, &c., &c.: 'I am the spirit that influenced you to write Zanoni.' 'Indeed! I wish you would give me some proof of your presence. Will you take my hand?' His hand was grasped with great power, which made him start from his seat. The alphabet was called for, and the words: 'We wish you to believe in the—' Whilst they were suggesting the word, the sentence was closed by a cross being put into Sir Edward's hands. It was made of card-board, and had been lying on a small table containing little drawing-room ornaments, in a distant part of the room. Sir Edward asked permission to take the cross away as a souvenir, to which Mrs. Rymer consented, provided, as she jocularly said, 'You will promise, Sir Edward, to observe the junction.'

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in future papers) that some of the highest achievements in art, using the word in its widest scope, have been built. At present, the most cursory examination may show that already many of our best popular novels are leavened with the spiritual idea, and that it is this which constitutes the interest of many of their most effective passages. So true is Spiritualism to the cravings of the human heart, that when it is put forward free from admixture with any obnoxious elements, and from all degrading associations, it finds a ready and universal response, even from those who receive with incredulity facts of the spiritual kind which clash with their preconceived opinions.

We shall probably best evidence this, by giving from some of the best known and favorite novels of the day such illustrations as our space will permit. And first, let us show some of the obligations we are under in this respect to our "lady novelists." Perhaps we cannot do so better than by commencing with one of the most remarkable works of this class—one which certainly needs not our commendation—*Jane Eyre*. Its perusal, we think, must satisfy the reader that it is an expression of earnest thoughts and feelings in the mind of the writer, and incline him to the belief that much in it, even in the way of incident, is the outgrowth of personal observation and experience.

On this point, however, we now are not left in doubt; it is no longer an inference, but a known fact.

But first, let us glance at what her biographer, Mrs. Gaskell, tells us as to the author's mode of composition, which, to those who have paid attention to the question of spiritual influx, will be found very suggestive. She says:

I remember, however, many little particulars, which Miss Brontë gave me, in answer to my inquiries respecting her mode of composition, &c. She said that it was not every day that she could write. Sometimes weeks, or even months, elapsed, before she felt that she had anything to add to that portion of her story, which was already written. Then, some morning she would awaken up, and the progress of her tale lay clear and bright before her in distinct vision.* When this was the case, all her care was to discharge her household and filial duties, so as to obtain leisure to sit down and write down the incidents and consequent thoughts, which were, in fact, more present to her mind at such times than her actual life itself. Yet, notwithstanding this "possession," as it were, &c.

And again:

I asked her whether she had ever taken opium, as the description given of its effects in *Villette* was so exactly like what I had experienced—vivid and exaggerated presence of objects, of which the outlines were indistinct or lost in golden mist, &c. She replied, that she had never, to her knowledge, taken a grain of it in any shape, but she had followed the necessity she always had adopted when she had to describe anything which had not fallen within her own experience; she had thought intently upon it for many and many a night before falling asleep—wondered what it was like, or how it would be, till at length, sometimes after the progress of her story had been arrested at this one point for weeks, she awakened up in the morning with all clear before her, as if she had, in reality gone through the experience, and then could describe it, word for word, as it had happened. I cannot account for this psychologically. I only am sure that it was so, because she said it.

But let us now give one or two incidents from her story. Jane has been describing a great crisis in her life, in which her heart was wrung with agony. She continues:

That night I never thought to sleep; but a slumber fell on me as soon as I lay in bed. I was transported in thought to the scenes of childhood: I dreamt I lay in the red-room at Gateshead; that the night was dark, and my mind impressed with strange fears. The light that long ago had struck me into rapture, recalled in this vision, seemed glidingly to mount the wall, and tremblingly to pause in the center of the obscure ceiling. I lifted up my head to look; the roof resolved to clouds, high and dim; the gleam was such as the moon imparts to vapors she is about to sever. I watched her come—watched with the strangest anticipation; as though some word of doom were to be written on her disk. She broke forth as never moon yet burst from cloud: a hand first penetrated the sable folds and waved them away; then, not a moon, but a white human form shone in the azure, inclining a glorious brow earthward. It gazed, and gazed, on me. It spoke to my spirit: immeasurably distant was the tone, yet so near, it whispered in my heart:

"My daughter, flee temptation!"

"Mother, I will!"

So I answered after I had waked from a trance-like dream. Her action consequent upon this vision influences her whole after-life. In the next passage we are about to quote, the importunity of her cousin had nearly wrung from her a resolution that would probably have been fatal, not only to her own future, but to that of another whose happiness was most dear to her. Her fate was trembling on the instant balance:

Something like this is related by the Rev. T. L. Harris, in the following passage in the *Millennial Age*: "A novelist, in whom we may have every confidence, affirms this statement: 'I saw the image of a book with all its thoughts, its scenes, its incidents, gathered up into a human form; it stood before my eye, palpable, gliding as it were, into the brain, and taking possession of it, so that I embodied scene after scene without any creative effort upon my own part, and the result was a volume complete, in scene, in story. In incident, to its last catastrophe.'" Mr. Harris, as is well known, affirms that his *Poems and Hymns*, and *The Arcana of Christianity*, were all spiritually given him, and after alluding to the rapidity with which, without any mental effort on his part, they were produced, he adds: "In the degree in which the man who has the organization and the use of the artist in words, becomes the child and agent of the spirit, this is the result. The work of days, before, becomes the work of moments now; the work of years, before, is gathered into weeks, or woven into the texture of a flying season."

I sincerely, deeply, fervently longed to do what was right, and only that. "Show me the path!" I entreated of Heaven. I was excited more than I had ever been; and whether what followed was the effect of excitement, the reader shall judge.

All the house was still; for I believe all, except St. John and myself, were now retired to rest. The one candle was dying out: the room was full of moonlight. My heart beat fast and thick: I heard its throbs. Suddenly it stood still to an indescribable feeling that thrilled it through, and passed at once to my head and extremities. The feeling was not like an electric shock; but it was quite as sharp, as strange, as startling; it acted on my senses as if their utmost activity hitherto had been but torpor: from which they were now summoned and forced to wake. Their rose expectant: eye and ear waited, while the flesh quivered on my bones.

"What have you heard? Who do you see?" asked St. John. I saw nothing, but I heard a voice somewhere cry:

"Jane! Jane! Jane! nothing more."

"Oh, God! what is it?" I gasped.

"I might have said, 'Where is it?' for it did not seem in the room, nor in the house, nor in the garden; it did not come out from overhead. I had heard it—where, or whence, forever impossible to know! And it was the voice of a human being; a known, loved, well-remembered voice—that of Edward Fairfax Rochester; and it spoke in pain and in woe, wildly, verily, urgently.

"I am coming!" I cried. "Wait for me! Oh, I will come!"

I flew to the door, and looked into the passage: it was dark: I ran out into the garden: it was void.

"Where are you?" I exclaimed.

The hills beyond Marsh Glen sent the answer faintly back: "Where are you?"

I listened. The wind sighed low in the firs: all was moorland loneliness and midnight hush.

"Down, superstition!" I commented, as that specter rose up black by the black yew at the gate. "This is not thy deception, nor thy witchcraft; it is the work of nature. She was roused, and did—no miracle—but her best."

There is a sequel to this strange narration—the other side of the story—as subsequently told by Rochester to Jane, which we subjoin:

Of late, Jane—only—only of late—I began to see and acknowledge the hand of God in my doom. I began to experience remorse, repentance: the wish for reconciliation to my Maker. I began sometimes to pray: very brief prayers they were, but very sincere.

"Some days since—say, I can number them—four; it was last Monday night, a singular mood came: one in which grief replaced frenzy—sorrow, sullenness. I had long had the impression that since I could nowhere find one, you must be dead. Late that night—perhaps it might be between eleven and twelve o'clock—I retired to my dreary rest. I supplicated God, that, if it seemed good to him, I might soon be taken from this life, and admitted to that world to come, where there was still hope of rejoining Jane.

"I was in my own room, and sitting by the window, which was open: it soothed me to feel the balmy night-air; though I could see no stars, and only by a vague, luminous haze, knew the presence of a moon. I longed for thee, Jane! Oh, I longed for thee, both with soul and flesh! I asked of God, at once in anguish and in humility, if I had not been long enough desolate, afflicted, tormented, and might not soon taste bliss and peace once more. That I merited all I endured, I acknowledged—that I could scarcely endure more, I pleaded; and the alpha and omega of my heart's wishes broke involuntarily from my lips in the words:

"Jane! Jane! Jane! Jane!"

"Did you speak these words aloud?"

"I did, Jane. If any listener had heard me, he would have thought me mad: I pronounced them with such frantic energy."

"And it was last Monday night: somewhere near midnight?"

"Yes; but the time is of no consequence: what followed is the strange point. You will think me superstitious: some superstition I have in my blood, and always had; nevertheless, this is true: true at least it is that I heard what I now relate."

"As I exclaimed: 'Jane! Jane! Jane!' a voice—cannot tell whether the voice came, but I know whose voice it was—replied:

"I am coming! Wait for me! and, a moment after, went whispering on the wind, the words: 'Where are you?'

"I'll tell you, if I can, the idea, the picture, these words opened to my mind: yet, it is difficult to express what I want to express. Ferdinand is buried, as you see, in a heavy wood, where sound falls dull, and dies unrehearsing. 'Where are you?' seemed spoken amongst mountains; for I heard a hill-scent echo repeat the words. Cooler and fresher at the moment the gale seemed to visit my brow: I could have deemed that in some wild, lone scene, I and Jane were meeting. In spirit, I believe, we must have met. You, no doubt, were at that hour, in unconscious sleep, Jane: perhaps your soul wandered from its cell to comfort mine; for those were your accents—as certain as I live, they were yours!"

Reader, it was on Monday night, near midnight, that I, too, had received the mysterious summons; those were the very words by which I replied to it. I listened to Mr. Rochester's narrative; but made no disclosure in return. The coincidence struck me as too awful and inexplicable to be communicated or discussed. If I told anything, my tale would be such as must necessarily make a profound impression on the mind of my hearer; and that mind, yet from its sufferings too prone to gloom, needed not the deeper shade of the supernatural. I kept these things, then, and pondered them in my heart.

I have quoted these passages at length, because they illustrate not only a wonderful psychological law, but also the personal experience of the writer. The "shadow clothed from head to foot" had crossed the wild Yorkshire moors, and entered her father's humble parsonage again; and each time as one of the household band disappeared, leaving a vacant place around the hearth, and in her sister's heart, there came to her, in the language of her biographer, (who attributes it to the "grim superstitions learnt from servants in her childhood"):

Such an intense longing once more to stand face to face with the souls of her sisters, as no one but she could have felt. It seemed as if the very strength of her yearning should have compelled them to appear. . . . Some one conversing with her once objected, in my presence to that part of *Jane Eyre*, in which she senses to that part of Rochester's voice crying out to her in a great crisis of her life, he being many, many miles distant at the time. I do not know what incident was in Miss Brontë's recollection, when she replied, in a low voice, drawing in her breath, "BUT IT IS A TRUE THING; IT REALLY HAPPENED."

With a knowledge of this fact, we can understand her as expressing her own deep convictions when she says:

Presentiments are strange things! and so are sympathies; and so are signs; and the three combined make one mystery to which humanity has not yet found the key. I never lauged at presentiments in my life; because, I have had strange ones of my own. Sympathies, I believe, exist, (for instance, between far-distant, long-absent, wholly estranged relatives; assering, notwithstanding their alienation, the unity of the source to which each traces his origin) whose workings baffle mortal comprehension. And signs, for aught we know, may be the sympathies of Nature with man.

And again, when she affirms in a still higher and more solemn tone:

Besides this earth, and besides the race of men, there is an invisible world and a kingdom of spirits: that world is around us, for it is everywhere; and those spirits watch us, for they are commissioned to guard us; and if we were dying under pain and shame, if scorn smote us on all sides, and hatred crushed us, angels see our tortures, recognize our innocence, (if innocent we be) and God waits only the separation of spirit from flesh to crown us with a full reward. Why, then, should we ever sink overwhelmed with distress, when life is so soon over, and death is so certain an entrance to happiness—to glory?

So another distinguished novelist, and something more—Harriet Beecher Stowe—writing under the heart's best inspirations, inquires:

May we look among the bands of ministering spirits for our departed ones? Whom would God be more likely to send us? Have we in heaven a friend who knew us to the heart's core—a friend to whom we have unfolded our soul in its most secret recesses—to whom we have confessed our weaknesses and deplored our griefs? If we are to have a ministering spirit, who better adapted?

Have we not memories which correspond to such a belief? When our soul has been cast down, has never an invisible voice whispered, "There is lifting up?" Have not gales and breezes of sweet and healing thought been wafted over us, as if an angel had shaken from his wings the odors of paradise? Many a thing, we are confident, can remember such things; and whence come they?

Why do the children of the pious mother, whose grave has grown green and smooth with years, seem often to walk through perils and dangers, fearful and imminent as the crossing of Mahomed's fiery gulf on the edge of a drawn sword, yet walk unhurt? Ah! could we see that glorious form! that face where the angel conceals not the mother—our questions would be answered.

It may be possible that a friend is sometimes taken, because the Divine One sees that their ministry can act upon us more powerfully from the unseen world than amid the infirmities of mortal intercourse.

Here the soul, distracted and hemmed in by human events, and by bodily infirmities, often scarce knows itself, and makes no impressions on others correspondent to its desires. The mother would fain electrify the heart of her child; she yearns and burns in vain to make her soul effective on its soul, and to inspire it with a spiritual and holy life; but all her own weakness, faults, and mortal cares, cramp and confine her, till death breaks all fetters—and then first truly alive, risen, purified, and at rest, she may do calmly, sweetly, and certainly what, amid the tempests and tossings of life, she labored for painfully and fitfully.

Conformably to these views, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* she represents the face of the dying Eva as "wearing only a high and almost sublime expression—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures;" and "the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed;" at the glorious spiritual vision she beheld; "those eyes that spoke so much of heaven!"* The same thought of "the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures" is delicately conveyed in representing the usually gay St. Clare exclaiming, while in full health and the prime of life, "I don't know what makes me think of my mother so much tonight; I have a strange kind of feeling, as if she was near me. I keep thinking of things she used to say. Strange what brings these past things so vividly back to us sometimes." That night was his last. He turned into a coffin to look over an evening paper, and while there was fatally wounded in seeking to avert a drunken fray. Being borne home—

The sinking paleness of death fell on him; but with it there fell, as if shed from the wings of some pitying spirit, a beautiful expression of peace, like that of a wearied child who sleeps. So he lay for a few moments. They saw that the mighty hand was on him. Just before the spirit parted, he opened his eyes, with a sudden light, as of joy and recognition, and said "Mother!" and he was gone.

After the death of St. Clare, Uncle Tom finds:

* How many mothers, who have read this story and admired little Eva, have experienced the truth of what Mrs. Stowe says in the following passage:

"Has there ever been a child like Eva? Yes, there have been; but their names are always on grave-stones; and their sweet smiles, their heavenly eyes, their singular words and ways, are among the buried treasures of yearning hearts. In how many families do you hear the legend that all the goodness and graces of the living are nothing to the peculiar charms of one who is not? It is as if heaven had an especial band of angels, whose office it was to sojourn for a season here, and endear to them the wayward human heart, that they might bear it upward with them in their homeward flight. When you see that deep, spiritual light in the eye—when the little soul reveals itself in words sweeter and wiser than the ordinary words of children—hope not to retain that child, for the seat of heaven is on it, and the light of immortality looks out from its eyes."

a very different master in the brutal savage, Legree.

In that simple heart (Uncle Tom's) waged a fierce conflict: the crushing sense of wrong, the foreshadowing of a whole life of future misery, the wreck of all past hopes, mournfully tossing in the soul's sight, like dead corpses of wife, and child, and friend, rising from the dark wave, and surging in the face of the half-drowned mariner! . . . Wrapping about him a tattered blanket, which formed his only bed-clothing, he stretched himself in the straw and fell asleep.

In dreams, a gentle voice came over his ears: he was sitting on the mossy seat in the garden by Lake Pontchartrain, and Eva, with her serious eyes bent downward, was reading to him from the Bible. . . . Gradually the words seemed to melt and fade, as in a divine music; the child raised her deep eyes and fixed them lovingly on him, and rays of warmth and comfort seemed to go from them to his heart; and, as if wafted on the music, she seemed to rise on shining wings, from which flakes and spangles of gold fell off like stars, and she was gone!

Tom awoke. Was it a dream? Let it pass for one. But who shall say that that sweet young spirit which in life so yearned to comfort and console the distressed, was forbidden of God to assume his ministry after death?

It is a beautiful belief. That ever round our head Are hovering, on angel wings, The spirits of the dead.

Nor can we omit that vision of the Divine Man, that in his utter dejection and prostration lifted him above all his cares and miseries, and gave him a foretaste of that peace and blessedness and freedom which he was so soon fully to realize in the Master's kingdom. On the very border of despair—

Tom sat, like one stunned, at the fire; suddenly everything around him seemed to fade, and a vision rose before him of One crowned with thorns, buffeted and bleeding. Tom gazed in awe and wonder at the majestic patience of the face; the deep, pathetic eyes, thrilled him to his inmost heart; his soul awoke as, with floods of emotion, he stretched out his hands and fell upon his knees; when gradually the vision changed, the sharp thorns became rays of glory, and in splendor inconceivable he saw the same face bending compassionately toward him, and a voice said: "He that overcometh shall sit down with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne."

After so glorious a spiritual vision, well might he "look up to the silent, everlasting stars—types of the angelic hosts who ever look down on man," and make the night ring with his triumphant hymns. "So short now seemed the remaining voyage of life—so near, so vivid, seemed eternal blessedness—that life's uttermost woes fell from him unarming."

Al! but this is all a mere invention of the writer without warranty in fact, it may be said. Not so, Mrs. Stowe tells us—

Those who have been familiar with the religious histories of the slave population, know that relations like what we have narrated are very common among them. We have heard some from their own lips of a very touching and affecting character.

Yes, and "those who have been familiar with the religious histories" of other populations can give similar testimony. It is frequent in the obituary of pious Christian men and women of every denomination.

(To be Continued.)

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."

A Sequel to the Legends of Mexico.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

The other night I had a most singular dream. I will tell you frankly how it happened, and, in strict confidence, mind you, that it goes no further. For this dream had filled me with singular ideas, and, in this day of concealing one's thoughts, and only telling that which everybody is pleased to hear, I'm altogether ahd to make this dream public.

Between you and me then: I was sitting in my room, and the candle was burning low, and the old clock ticked through the silence as though it was the heart of my home. I had been writing a Legend of Mexico. The pen lay in the manuscript, and, leaning back in my chair, a confused vision of battles fought with bayonets and knives, of cannons blazing hot through sulphurous smoke, of strong men grappling at each other's throats, and wrestling over ground red and slippery with human blood—a vision of all this and something more passed between my eyes and the light. For I had been writing of Monterey. I had been telling how a thousand men laid down their lives at Buena Vista. I had been picturing the chivalry of war, which goes to battle with banners and bugles, and meets the wave of death with hurrahs, and now—

—Now I only saw a thousand corpses lie stiff and cold in dull moonlight, on a field that was soft and miry with blood.

Certainly there is something grand in war. The mere work of disciplining a vast body of men into the mystery of killing demands the finest display of intellect. The impulse which induces the common soldier to stand up and shoot and be shot at, is an impulse which, however misdirected, tells a great story of the intrinsic self-denial of the human soul.

And while I was thinking all this over, and thinking, too, whether the very pictures of war and its chivalry which I had drawn, might not be misconceived and lead young hearts into an appetite for blood-shedding, the singular dream came over me.

I'll tell it to you frankly. You must not repeat it for the world. You may lay it up in your heart and think it over, and tell it to the young folks, when you meet, now and then, but don't publish it. For it was such a singular, absurd, good-for-nothing, and ridiculous dream.

And here it is: I saw a wide expanse of forests and meadows stretch indistinctly in the light of a daybreak

sky. It was a wild and dreary view. Great hills towered above the forests; savage beasts glared with wicked eyes from the crevices of the rocks; wide rivers rolled through the meadows, and in the distance the Alleghenies lifted their awful peaks into heaven.

Day broke slowly over the desolate scene. And day only revealed the features of a wild and desolate forest land. A desert of rocks, and trees, and rivers, and meadow-lands, but a desert because uncultivated. This last idea was vividly impressed upon me, in my dream, and I also thought that I beheld a portion of that part of Pennsylvania which has never heard the echo of an ax, or felt the wound of a plow upon its breast. That part, as you well know, is at least one-fifth of the entire State.

And while day was breaking, I heard a sound of drumming and fifing, and presently banners began to gleam among the green leaves. The drums beat louder every moment, and soon a vast army broke into view, its legions, regiments, and brigades, displaying far on either side, from the verge of the river along the meadow to the shadow of the forest trees.

It was a beautiful array. Gay attire flashed in the light of the sun. Banners fluttered gayly in the summer air. Ten thousand men were arrayed in the order of battle. An awful contest was near at hand. But where was the enemy?

That was what puzzled me. At the head of the army rode the General, surrounded by his best and bravest officers. It was Zachary Taylor—the bluff, hardy, common-sense old veteran—on his white horse, and all around him were such men as Wool of Buena Vista, Butler of Monterey, and Ringgold of Palo Alto.

And the old General was sternly preparing for a terrible battle. But what surprised me most of all was the singular character of the soldiers' arms. A battalion of infantry wheeled over the meadow, and I saw every soldier holding a spade on his shoulder. Just think of it, a spade instead of a musket! Then the artillery wheeled by, and I beheld on every cannon carriage a plow instead of a cannon. And then the mounted men came on, and every trooper carried an ax upon his shoulder—an ax such as you see in the hands of a backwoodsman, who has just commenced at the old forest oaks.

So, instead of cannon, musket, and sword, here was an army armed with plows, spades, and axes; and dressed gayly, too, with drums beating and banners waving, and bedizened sides-to-camp riding to and fro.

At last old Zachary gave the signal word of battle. It was an awful moment. I expected to see an ambushed enemy spring from the bushes and tear the gallant man and his tried veterans all to pieces—for what could Zachary and his soldiers do with these plows, and spades, and axes, and all that kind of thing, against a foe well armed with cannon, musket, and all the devilry of war?

But then the battle commenced. It would have stirred your blood to have seen it. Wool rode to the head of the artillery and gave the word, "Advance! To your work my brave fellows!"

And at once the artillery unlimbered their plows, and the cannoners spoke to the horses, and then every company and squad moved forward in regular order, and the whole regiment began to plow the meadow.

Then Butler came on with his mounted men. Look! they dismount, they raise their axes in the sun, they rush forward, and attack the forest trees.

It was a gallant sight to see a thousand men advance with one movement, strike with one blow, and attack a wide sweep of forest trees with indomitable vigor.

Next Taylor himself led on the infantry, and they sunk their spades into the plowed ground, and began to follow the plow and plant potatoes in the furrows. You should have seen the old man cheering the potato battalion to the charge.

Meanwhile, in other parts of the field, events as wonderful were taking place. A battalion of carpenters, gayly attired, were sawing logs and making preparation for the erection of huts by the river side.

A regiment of masons were marching with all the pomp of war to a quarry, and blasting rocks and heaving them into shape for building stone.

Ringgold led the masons to the charge, while Duncan, of Palo Alto, cheered the carpenters to their work.

It was wonderful to see how busy everybody was, and yet how beautifully all the regulations of severe military discipline were obeyed by this singular army. Butler was felling the forest; Taylor led the infantry at the heels of the artillery—only planting and the other plowing; Ringgold led his men to the encounter at the quarry, and Duncan cheered his soldiers as they heaved and sawed away at the immense stone.

Banners waved over every legion, battalion, and regiment. Pipes piped merrily; the whole army went to battle with cheers and loud hurrahs.

It would tire you if I were to tell you all the things which I saw in this singular dream. Let me compress it in ten words.

The battle went on all day. Toward night I surveyed the field of combat. The meadow had been transformed into a plowed field, with potatoes and wheat in its bosom. Lines of comfortable huts rose by the river side. Houses of stone also were there; houses that had slept in the quarry the day before. A mile of forest trees had been felled. In a word, the whole scene was changed.

And I thought—in my absurd dream—that this brave army went on, from day to day, conquering forests, building saw-mills, plowing meadows, and all to the beating of drums and waving of banners—all with the pomp and darning of blood-red war.

And I thought—in my absurd dream—that, after a campaign of three months, Zachary Taylor and his soldiers had transferred the desert of Pennsylvania into a very garden, adorned with the homes of one hundred thousand poor men, who, before the campaign began, had been starving in the suburbs of the great cities.

And I thought—in my absurd dream—that the cost of this campaign was, in dead, none; in wounded, one man cut with an ax rather badly, another with his toe chopped off; and in dollars, just one-nineteenth part of the dollars spent in the Mexican War.

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N. Frank White will lecture at Seymour, Conn., through July. All calls for the year following in the East. Address soon as above.

Frank L. Wadsworth speaks in Battle Creek, Mich., Aug. 4 and 11. Thence he returned east, and can be addressed at Boston, Mass., care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

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Mrs. C. M. Stowe will receive calls to hold grove or two-day meetings, or to lecture in Northern Ohio during the month of August. Also to lecture in New England in the fall and winter of 1861-1862. Address care "Sunbeam," Cleveland, O.

Miss L. E. A. De Force will lecture at Providence, R. I., July; Quincy, Mass., two first Sundays of August; New Bedford, third; Saratoga Springs, last of August and first of September; Putnam, Conn., second and third Sundays; Concord, N. H., two last Portland, Maine, October.

S. P. Leinard will speak at Euclid, O., July 27 and 28; Richfield, O., Aug. 3 and 4; East Newark, O., Aug. 10 and 11; Fremont, Ind., Aug. 17 and 18; Loudon, Mich., Aug. 24 and 25; Rockford and St. Charles, Ill., during September. Address Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. John Mayhew will speak at Grand Rapids, Wis., July 31 and Aug. 1 and 2; Needah, Aug. 3; and River Falls, Aug. 6, 7, and 8. Applications for lectures on the journey thither may be addressed care of Saul Brotherton, Pontiac, Mich.; for the fall and winter, to Wyoming, Chisago Co., Minn., up to November 1.

Miss Emma Harding will lecture in Quincy, Cambridgeport, New Bedford, and Boston, in September and October; in Taunton, Milford, and Portland, during part of November and December, and will fern engagements for other Sundays in the winter, in the East. Address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

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"Talent alone cannot make a writer; there must be a whole mind behind the book." A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF WOMAN'S RIGHT TO LABOR. Edited by Mrs. C. H. DALL. Walker, Wise & Co., Boston. 16mo., 63 cents. Postage, 10 cents. "Whoso cures the plague, Though twice a woman, shall be called a leech." "And witness, she who did this thing was born To do it; claims her license in her work." The principles involved are treated in the form of an autobiography of Marie E. Zakrzewska, M. D., late of Berlin, Prussia; a style that is quite acceptable to the public mind at the present period. There is much in the book that might appropriately be quoted here, coming as it does from the pen of a womanly mind whose life experiences have been intense, and who possesses much natural energy, vigor and health. The edittress writes of the narrative: "The early anecdotes give us the poetic impressibility and the enduring muscular fiber, that make themselves felt through the lively facile nature. The voice that ordered the fete-taken off of crazy Jacob is the voice we still hear in the wards of the hospital. But that poetic impressibility was not wild with crazy fancies when she was left to sleep on the floor of the dead-house; the same strong sense controlled it that started the tassel mangle factory in New York, where it had been meant to open a physician's office. Only thirteen years old when she left school, she had but little aid beside a steady purpose in preparing for her career." From Marie Zakrzewska we quote: "Free labor and free society"; I have often said to myself, in these two phrases lies hidden the future purification of society. When men and women go everywhere together, the sights they dare not see together will no longer exist. When neither has anything to hide from the other, no social duty will seem too difficult to be undertaken; and when the interest of each sex is to secure the purity of the other, neither religion nor humanity need despair of the result."

BIBLE RE-DISCOVERED IN 1861. EDITORS OF HERALD OF PROGRESS: A pamphlet entitled, "A re-discovery of the science of Bible Correspondence, written in symbolic narrative, through Elijah Woodworth, by spirits of antiquity," has been forwarded to our enlightenment, as touching our benightedness in Bible elucidation in the matter of the series of papers you are publishing of ours, entitled: "A Peep into the Canon of Inspiration." We do not crave much space in the HERALD'S columns to make our acknowledgments to the donor. The book assumes two things; namely, the Bible is the only means of salvation, the Bible is a riddle, the denouement of which has only been achieved by "spirits of antiquity" in the nineteenth century. Query: If the Bible is the only spiritual beacon which signals the way to heaven, and none can get there without a comprehension of its disclosures, which place did "ancient spirits" go to, seeing they did not get an inkling of the *Biblical Symbolicon* until 1861? Yours, "STUDENT."

Strangers' Guide AND N. Y. CITY DIRECTORY Prepared expressly for this Journal. Those who visit the metropolis during the pleasant season are often at a loss how or where to obtain information which will guide them to the various points of attraction found in and near so large and wealthy a city. It is to meet this demand that we have expended the labor necessary to gather and condense the information here appended, and which we trust may prove a valuable "guide-board" to those of our readers who visit the city, and useful also to citizens for reference. "Any of our friends in possession of useful data not here given will confer a favor by supplying it."

PARKS AND PUBLIC SQUARES. Battery, with Castle Garden, lower end of Broadway. Bowling Green, entrance of Broadway, near Battery. The Park, opposite Broadway from Nos. 229 to 271. St. John's Park, bet. Lehigh, Varick and Hudson Sts., Washington Sq., west of Broadway, bet. 4th & 5th Sts., Union Square, Broadway, from No. 860 to 17th Street, Gramercy Park, bet. 29th & 31st Sts. and 3rd & 4th Aves. Stuyvesant Park, 24 av. bet. 15th and 17th Sts. Tompkins Sq. bet. Ave. A and B and 7th and 10th Sts. Madison Sq., junction Broadway & 5th av. and 23d St. Central Park, 26th to 8th av., and 59th to 110th Sts. Reached by 3d, 4th, 6th, or 8th Av. horse cars—most conveniently by the 6th and 8th, which leave head of Canal St., cor. Broadway, and also head of Barclay St., cor. Broadway, adjoining Astor House, every 3 minutes; fare 5 cents.

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PLACES OF AMUSEMENT. Academy of Music, East 14th St. cor. Lexington av. Laura Keane's Theater, 624 Broadway. Winter Garden, 467 Broadway. Bowery Theater, 48 Bowery. New Bowery Theater, 82 Bowery. German Theater, 57 Bowery. Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway. Christy's Minstrels, 657 Broadway. Barnum's Museum, 218 Broadway.

SUBURBAN RESORTS. GREENWOOD CEMETERY, on Gowanus Heights, L. I., is reached by ferry from foot of Whitehall St. near the Battery, to Atlantic St. or Hamilton Av. Brooklyn. Thence by horse car to the Cemetery. Fare, ferrisage 2 cents, cars 5 cents. Cards of admission obtained at the office of the Company, 30 Broadway. THE PUBLIC CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS, including the Penitentiary, Lunatic Asylum, Depot for Sick Emigrants, and the House of Refuge, are located on Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands. They are reached severally by ferries foot of 61st, 106th, and 122d Sts. The shortest route to these streets is by 2d or 3d Av. horse cars. Fare 6 cents, ferrisage free.

IRON BRIDGE is accessible by Harlem Railroad; fare 12 1/2 cents. Also by Harlem boats, leaving Peck Slip nearly every hour, with landings at 16th and 120th Sts., East River. Fare 6 cents to Harlem. TO FLEMING'S an agreeable passage may be made for 15 cents, by boats from Fulton Market Wharf, foot of Fulton Street, East River. ASTORIA is beautifully located on the East River, opposite Blackwell's and Ward's Islands. Route by 2d or 3d Av. cars to 86th St. thence by ferry to Astoria. Cars 6 cents, ferrisage 4 cents.

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NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.—Spring arrangement, commencing March 11, 1861, Passenger Station in New York, corner 27th Street and 4th Avenue. Entrance on 27th Street. Trains leave New York: For New Haven, 7 00, 8 00 A. M. (Ex.) 12 15, 3 15, (Ex.) 3 50, 4 30, and 8 00 P. M. For Bridgeport, 7 00, 8 00 A. M. (Ex.) 12 15, 3 15, (Ex.) 3 50, 4 30, and 8 00 P. M. For Milford, Stratford, Fairfield, Southport, and Westport, 7 00 A. M., 12 15, 3 50, 4 30, and 8 00 P. M. For Norwich, 7 00, 9 30 A. M.; 12 15, 3 15, (Ex.) 3 50, 4 30, 5 30, and 8 00 P. M. For Danvers and Greenwich, 7 00, 9 30 A. M.; 12 15, 3 50, 4 30, 5 30, 8 00 P. M. For Stamford, 7 00, 8 00, (Ex.) 9 30 A. M.; 12 15, 3 15, (Ex.) 3 50, 4 30, 5 30, 8 00 P. M. For Port Chester and intermediate stations, 7 00 9 30 A. M.; 12 15, 3 50, 4 30, 5 30, 6 30, 8 00 P. M. JAMES H. HOYT, Superintendent.

Miscellaneous.

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NEW SETTLEMENT, WITHIN ONE HOUR'S RIDE OF PHILADELPHIA.

The subscribers having obtained a number of square miles of good land at

HAMMONTON, 30 miles South-east of Philadelphia by railroad, in Atlantic County, New Jersey, now offer it for sale in small tracts, or in FARMS and VILLAGE LOTS to actual settlers. The Property offered, lying upon the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, has the advantage of several railroad stations, only commenced three years ago, and the population now numbers Twenty-five hundred. The Settlers who have cleared their land properly, and cultivated it understandingly, have raised large and profitable crops. The soil produces excellent Wheat, Rye, Corn, Potatoes, Oats and Clover, and is particularly adapted to the cultivation of the

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

THE CLIMATE IS DELIGHTFUL, being located in the MOST TEMPERATE latitude in America. The winters are short and mild, the mercury being mostly above freezing point. The summers are long, the air pure and invigorating. The country is unsurpassed for its healthiness, fevers being entirely unknown. Many Pulmonary complaints have been cured by a change to this climate. The water throughout is excellent; wells, generally from ten to fifteen feet in depth, to never-falling springs of pure soft water. It will be seen by reference to the map, this locality possesses the

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

LOCATION, PLAN OF SALES, AND OPERATIONS. The course pursued heretofore has been to sell only to actual settlers, or those who would improve within a given time, and the result is, a LARGE FLOURISHING SETTLEMENT. And land has been known to raise in value four-fold in one year. These lands are divided into two districts. The Atison district, north and immediately back of Hammonton Station, containing about thirty thousand acres. The Hatoato district, east between Hammonton, Weymouth Station, and Pleasant Mills, containing ten thousand acres. The farm lands on the "Atison" will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers, from \$12 to \$20 per Acre. The 20 acre farm lots in the Hatoato district will be sold from \$15 to \$30 per Acre. Village and town lots at Hammonton and Weymouth Stations at VERY LOW PRICES, and in sizes to suit purchasers. An indispensable title will be given to purchasers. In the State of New Jersey there is a LIBERAL HOMESTEAD LAW, which protects the Homesteader to the extent of ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED dollars. Under the firm conviction that this arrangement will afford an opportunity for THOUSANDS TO OBTAIN A HOMESTEAD, and better their condition, and open up a new country to a practical utility and beauty never before witnessed, we lay this proposition before the world.

LONDON, NORTH & CO. N. B. Persons wishing to make inquiries by letter, enclosing stamp, will be answered cheerfully. Address or apply to JOHN LONDON, or Dr. J. H. NORTH, Hammonton, Atlantic County, New Jersey; JOHN KENAN, Weymouth, N. J.; NEWMAN WEEKS, Agent for New England, at Rutland, Vermont; and S. W. DICKSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dual Commerce. Advertisements under this heading are received only from parties personally known to us, and after the articles specified have been tried and proven. We are also made conversant with the ingredients used in their production, and the cost of manufacturing. It is by the introduction of such a system of advertising that we propose to benefit producers known to be honest and honorable, whilst the consumer is served by securing unadulterated articles of daily consumption at fair prices. Commerce becomes DEAL when the interests of producer and consumer are equalized. The Best Soaps for Family Use. As the present is a time when all parties need to study the most rigid economy, the subscriber would call the attention of the public to his list of Chemical Soaps, which have been prepared especially for Family Use. They are made of the best materials and so pains have been spared in order to make them in every respect first-class Soaps.

THE PREMIUM SOAP. This Soap, known to many as "THE WOMAN'S FRIEND," has been tested for the past two years by thousands of families in New England, who are unanimous in pronouncing it the best WASHING SOAP in the market. It will not lose weight or deteriorate in quality by long keeping. Price, by the box, 7 1/2 cents per pound. THE IMPROVED SODA SOAP. This is a very white, clear Soap, equal to the best Castile Soap for toilet purposes, and also an excellent article for washing flannels, &c. Price, by the box, 8 cents per pound. THE CREAM SOAP. This Soap combines, in an eminent degree, both the qualities of a first-class Toilet and a Washing Soap. It is not only very mild in its application to the skin, but possesses excellent detergent qualities. It is precisely the same thing as Stearns' Premium Soap; the recipe for its manufacture having been obtained from Mr. S. at great expense. The only objection to its use is its liability to shrink more in weight by keeping than many other Soaps. We endeavor to compensate for its shrinkage by putting it at the low price of 6 1/2 cts. per pound by the box.

CONCENTRATED JELLY SOAP. This Soap is designed for making Soft Soap in a neater and more economical manner, when Soft Soap is desired, than can be obtained in any other way. One pound of it, dissolved in one gallon of water, will make a gallon of Soft Soap, of twice the consistency of ordinary Soft Soap. Price, by the box, 7 cents per pound. These Soaps are all put up in boxes containing sixty pounds each, and may be obtained of Messrs. BRADFORD & TORREY, 183 State Street, Boston, Messrs. DAVIES & CO., 111 East Fourteenth Street, New York, Thiel Avenue, New York, and of the subscriber, 721

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