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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

A. B. J., PHILADELPHIA.—Rest assured, Brother, that a reasonable end will be accomplished by the communication you sent us.

POEMS DECLINED.—"Prayer for the Second Birth;" "Loved Ones Pass Beyond the River;" "Justice vs. Ambition;" "Lines," by J. H.; "Answers to Questionings."

DE VEE, COLUMBIA, MICH.—"Why should we Mourn?" and "Wake, Sons of Columbia," are received and on file for examination. We approve your spirit, and rejoice in your adherence to the true, the beautiful, and the good. Study and care will be your passport to success.

Mrs. J. J. B., LANGROVE, VT., thus writes concerning Progress in that vicinity: "There are but a few firm friends here, but they will never turn back to the orthodox ranks of superstition and ignorance. Circles are being held at the house of Mr. J. H., while he and his able companion are doing, in their quiet way, much for the extension and diffusion of our beautiful religion." The following extract from a poem by our correspondent, shows her own belief in angel guardianship:

Yes! they're around us as of old,
Those angel forms of friends most dear,
They leave their mansions bright to cheer,
Our spirits sad when grief is near—
'Tis then they're 'round us as of old.

When one most loved lies still and cold,
They come with Truth the clouds to break;
They come with Truth the clouds to break;
"She sleeps not long, she soon will wake,
And God will then her burden take—
She'll soon be near thee as of old."

For the Herald of Progress.

MY SHIP.

BY VINE W. OSGOOD.

On a fair and sunny peninsula, out in a silver sea,
I watched and waited long ago, for the ship to come to me,

Which should bear me baby girls and boys,
And childhood's fabulous wealth of joys,
In sweetmeats, dresses, and baby toys,
From ports beyond the sea.

Although I waited patiently, it came not over the sea,
But each retreating wave bore out some priceless boon from me;

They gathered my childhood's stainless hours,
Entwined, like a wreath, with starry flowers,
Refreshed and kept with pearly showers,
On the remorseless sea.

But would not girlhood's golden dreams bear to me in their train,
This beautiful ship of Fortune over the snowy main?

Ah! yes. But when the bright warp was done,
Before the brilliant woof was spun,
The waves took the sweet threads, one by one,
And tangled them in the sea.

Most surely womanhood, sweet and brave, with its developed powers,
Would bring to port this famous ship one of the twilight hours;

No one would doubt that a bonny bride,
Blushing with joy, at her loved one's side,
Would miss this vessel over the tide—
Over the rosy sea.

But I watched with tearful eyes and dim, looking o'er the sailless wave—
"No, not yet!" whispered the wind, but the sea this answer gave:

"Yes, it will come, and the bells will ring,
And thy waiting heart with joy will sing
For the beautiful gifts the ship will bring
Over the silver sea."

Ever and ever the hungry waves beat up against the strand,
Till the little lone peninsula was severed from the land;

'Twas washed and beaten by heavy rains,
And the waves bore off the golden grains,
Till naught but a little strip remains
Afloat upon the sea.

I listen still for the signal bells—wait with outstretched hands
The advent of the stately ship, coming from foreign lands;

It will come from afar the floating wreck,
It will heed my call and come at my beck,
And bear me away, on its beautiful deck,
Safely over the sea.

The Physician.

"The whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick."

Medical Whisperers.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Medical Whisperers."—Among our numerous solicitations for medical aid, we find that those received previous to the first of May, and not already replied to, must, with two or three exceptions, remain unanswered. It will be obvious to our friends that, in the first place, while striving to accomplish the herculean work of answering individual applicants, the symptoms of many of them have changed, and that, in the second place, many other cases have been covered by prescriptions which have already appeared in the HERALD. It will be remembered that our "Whispers" are designed to be general and comprehensive rather than special and limited. Therefore if persons suffering from sudden and acute attacks of disease write for medical aid, they cannot but be disappointed; their symptoms will change in many cases before they can receive our attention.

J. H., MARIETTA, IOWA.—No remedy is yet seen for the case you describe. It may not yield to any medicine long at a time.

B. F. B., ELLSWORTH.—We do not accept patients under special treatment. The clairvoyant physicians who advertise with us, are giving much satisfaction. Try them.

"MARY," WORCESTER.—In order to heal your body of its "debility and neuralgia" it will be necessary for you to alter your habits at the table, in the house, and perhaps a journey will also be indispensable.

"Irritable Eyes."—JOHN M. KENNAN, of TERRE HAUTE, should be operated upon by a magnetist. There is nothing so likely to restore his eyes. It would be well for him to live in a hilly or pine country. Bathe his eyes in very salt water every morning.

"A Fashionable Remedy."—A lady waited on a doctor to purchase some fashionable remedy that was to cure everything. "Lose no time, my dear madam, in using it," said the doctor, "for in less than a week it will be out of fashion."

"Epileptic Fits."—We are informed that C. Robbins, M. D., No. 3. Haverhill street, Charlestown, Mass., has discovered new remedies for "fits," "St. Vitus' Dance," and "Convulsive Diseases." If this be so, our sick friends should know it, so that they may test his pretensions at once. We shall be glad to publish the testimony of any one who gets relief from the affections indicated.

"More Force Wanted."—Certain sensation lovers, who complain that peaceful persons are not enough energetic in their public efforts, may find gratification in the following testimony: "Ah, me," said a pious lady, "our minister was a 'powerful' preacher, for the short time he administered the word of God among us, he kicked three pulpits to pieces and banged the in'ards out of five Bibles."

"Freckles and their Cure."—In No. 74 we published a prescription for the cure of freckles, sun-spots, &c., on the skin of the hands and face. It was directed to dissolve the phosphorus in hot water. This will only liquify the substance. It is now recommended to use a sufficient quantity of olive oil for the purpose, and to double the quantity of the acid named, when the preparation will be ready for immediate application, as directed.

"Pain in the Joints."—Mrs. W., KANKAKEE CITY. In cases where the joints are painful and stiff, and particularly where the bones of the neck and back head are sore and rheumatically affected, we prescribe the following palliative, which may be applied with the hand: Common brandy, one gill; laudanum, one drachm; oil spearmint, one-half drachm; tincture arnica, two ounces. Mix, and use whenever the pain and rheumatic aches are troublesome.

"Cure for Ill Temper."—A sensible woman, the mother of a young family, taught her children from the earliest childhood to consider ill-humor as a disorder which was to be cured by physic. Accordingly, she had always small doses ready, and the little patients, whenever it was thought needful, took rhubarb for the crossness. No punishment was required. Peevishness or ill-temper and rhubarb were associated in their minds always as cause and effect.

"Duration of Life."—By calculation it is shown that, of 1,000 individuals, 23 die in their birth, 277 from teething, convulsions, and worms; 7 in measles, 2 women in child-birth, 195 of consumption, asthma, and other chronic complaints, 250 of fever, 12 of apoplexy, and 41 of dropsy. Or, in another point of view, of 1,000 persons 200 die within the first year, 80 in the second, 40 in the third, and 24 in the fourth; and within the first eight years of life, 445, or almost one-half of the number, are cut off by premature death.

"Spermatorrhea."—F. A. W., BOSTON. We are not able as yet to point out with certainty the cause and cure of this afflictive disease. The seminal "guards," adjustable "levers," bands and "belts," so generally advertised, are not certain to do anything effectual for the victim. We think that the causes of Spermatorrhea are hidden in the inversion of the reproductive and spiritual forces, and hope

the day is not distant when a full ray of light will let us into the secrets of the remedy. In order to get well, first purify your thoughts, spiritualize your meditations, from this hour.

"St. Vitus' Dance."—FRIEND SMITH, of WATERLOO, N. Y. The best and simplest remedy for St. Vitus' Dance, in the young, is cold water and human magnetism. The water should be applied to the whole body, every day, by means of a wet sheet and a plunge bath afterward, and the magnetism by means of another's hands rubbing the body entirely and rapidly dry. Passes should be made from the back and sides of the neck to the ends of fingers and toes. Take mandrake root, two ounces; lobelia leaves, half an ounce: boil in half gallon of water to one pint. When cold add one-half pint of brandy and half pound of sugar. Dose: One tea-spoonful before breakfast and dinner.

"Melancholy and Meanness."—GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: I should be much obliged for a remedy for the following complaint: Dullness of mind; incapacity to study much without becoming sleepy; confused thoughts; some melancholy, and, perhaps, some meanness.

REMEDY:—It will be necessary, first of all, to wash your body every morning in cold water. Next, eat nothing animal for your breakfast, not even a grain of butter, nor drink a spoonful of milk. Next, eat a light dinner on the day when you wish to read and meditate. Never attempt to read or think soon after a hearty meal. Next, take up some one subject and concentrate your Will upon it, and think steadily while your Will is positive. For "Meanness," take plenty of exercise, and think of the Summer Land.

"Rhubarb and Charcoal."—MR. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: In Vol. 2, No. 15, of the HERALD, under the head of "Persistent Biliousness," you state a case which is very similar to mine—constant inactivity of the liver, biliousness, jaundice, &c. I have taken your remedy, (a tea-spoonful of both, only, instead of a table-spoonful of each, which I found sufficiently strong, causing six or seven evacuations) and pronounce it the best purgative I have ever taken. The action it produces is free from everything disagreeable, is very efficient, and the feeling is perfectly natural. It started the bile, and relieved the body of much incumbrance. It seems to me that if I had taken the quantity you recommend, it would have been greatly too much, although the doctor considers me difficult to move.

[We think, with our correspondent, that, as a general rule, a tea-spoonful of each would be sufficient.]

"Ladies' Health Institute."—This institution, recently established, is under the entire control and direction of women, and is exclusively for the treatment and cure of chronic diseases and weaknesses peculiar to their sex. And while we make no war on other similar institutions, or their method of examination, or treatment, we have felt the necessity of an institution where females could come under the direction and have the sympathy and care of those of their own sex, who are well skilled, by long experience, to manage these difficult, and often dangerous, diseases; knowing, as we do, that many go to their graves every year, rather than make known their ailments, and submit to the examinations of male physicians.

The location of this institution is healthy, pleasant, and quiet, commanding a view of the Central Park, Jones' Woods, and their vicinity. For more particular information, persons interested can communicate with the Matron, either personally or by letter, at No. 114 East Fifty-first St. (near Lexington Ave.) or with Mrs. Bronson, 26 Cooper Institute, New York City.

Mrs. MARIA BURNAP, Matron.

"Frauds Practiced upon the Sick."—We are heartily glad to record the following statement, so brimful of truth, made in a recent pamphlet by Dr. Trall, of this city:

"Of the specific nostrums which are so disgustingly paraded in newspaper advertisements, and so knavishly lauded—'warranted to cure in every case'—in the trashy publications of the cheap-literature dealers, it is enough to say they are, without a single exception, lying frauds. I have had hundreds of patients who had been the whole round of the advertising empiries, and paid a special fee for a 'sure cure' to several of the authors of small books on 'Spermatorrhea,' 'Impotency,' 'Human Frailty,' 'Sterility,' 'Venereal Diseases,' etc.—each one claiming to be an 'American Record,' or an ex-surgeon and professor to some European hospital—yet not one of them ever received any permanent benefit, while most of them were sensibly and materially injured. Nor have I ever known any lasting benefit to be derived from 'Medicated Bougies,' 'Urethral Supporters,' 'Terminum Compresses,' 'Ricord's Blood Purifier,' 'Etherized Veratrum Viride and Iodine,' 'Treisemar,' 'Cauterization of the Seminal Ducts,' nor from a score of other equally prominent nostrums and contrivances for making money. They have, however, done something to impart life and vigor to trade. They have augmented the energy of the circulating medium. They have kept no inconsiderable stream of the 'constitutional currency' moving en route from the pockets of the people to the publishers of newspapers all over the land, and to the coffers of their authors and inventors in the cities, so that, in a business point of view, these enterprising medical advertisers may be deserving of all praise.

That some professed water-cure physicians advertise to cure seminal emissions by 'cauterization,' as a speciality of professional business, proves nothing in favor of the practice, but suggests a suspicion of the honesty or intelligence of the physician."

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 reliance of reason must be shaken, or truth must remain silent."

NUMBER SEVEN.

"SEEING THE LORD."

Isaiah vi: "In the year that king Uzziah died, I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple." No, you saw nothing of the kind, or else the New Testament was false in its declaration that "no man hath seen God at any time." Here we again have another pretense of an Old Testament writer seeing God. Christians set forth in their creeds that "God's presence fills immensity," which, being true, he could no more contract himself to sit upon an earthly throne than the waters of the Pacific Ocean could be put into the shell of an acorn.

"THE PROMISE OF IMMANUEL."

Such is the caption of the 7th chapter of Isaiah. The names Immanuel, Messiah, Redeemer, etc., are synonymous with the name of the person known as Jesus Christ, of New Testament history. The passage to which allusion is made in the above caption, speaks simply of a "sign," which the account says the Lord condescended to make to Ahaz, to convince him of an immediate pending event. It reads thus: "Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign: behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good. For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings." Now if any person, in their rational senses, can make out that this had any reference to Christ, we should certainly be enlightened by understanding the application. "Before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings." Aside from the *prima facie* evidence that the child to be born and called Immanuel was no other than one born 758 years before Christ, and preceding the event that the land which Ahaz abhorred should be "forsaken of both her kings," Christians would be very slow to admit that Christ, even when an infant, was, at any time, unable to "know to refuse the evil;" yet the passage in Isaiah distinctly affirms that a certain event would transpire before the child Immanuel should know to refuse the evil. The account, therefore, had no more allusion to Christ than had the birth of Ishmael or the two sons borne by the daughters of Lot.

PREDICTIONS OF THE MESSIAH.

All disciples of Christianity profess to believe that the advent of Jesus Christ was distinctly predicted by the Old Testament writers, called the prophets. Isaiah is the rendezvous whither they all congregate to exult from his conglomeration of random words and sentences a "prophetic announcement" of the "Messiah's approach." And what do they there find? Certain vague, indefinite, and obscure utterances, that would apply with equal propriety to any who suffered martyrdom at the massacre of St. Bartholomew as to Jesus Christ. If Isaiah distinctly foresaw the advent of a Messiah, whose mission was to redeem the world from the sin of the "fall," why did he not tell the world of it in such a manner that he could be understood? If a field-piece would not carry any nearer to the mark, in a battle, than the "canon" of Old Testament inspiration did in its prophecies, a more sure retreat from danger could not be found than an area of two rods square in front of one constantly discharging "chain," "grape," and "cannister." It is a stupid, ridiculous, and wicked imposition upon human ignorance and credulity, to pretend that man's guide to heaven is a book—written by whom, or when, no one knows—and in such a manner that you can prove from it twenty different religions, and all at variance with each other; a book whose God is frequently depicted as in character inferior to a heathen tyrant; a book that makes the buying and selling of human beings, wars of extermination, rapine, and plunder, prostitution, and lying, things of divine command—we say it is a scandal and libel upon the character of the true God, and a heartless iniquity towards the moral well being of man to hold that the Bible—which, in the main, answers faithfully to this portraiture—is of divine origin, and designed as the only light and guide to a state of future felicity.

But to return to the pretended prophecies of a Messiah: In the 9th chapter of Isaiah, the writer speaks of "battles" and "garments rolled in blood," and abruptly introduces the declaration: "For unto us a child is born—unto us a son is given—and the government shall be upon his shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end; upon the throne of David," etc.

Now it is no uncommon thing to find parents naming sons Napoleon Bonaparte, Julius Caesar, George Washington, etc.; but while we have known many an urchin to bear these names, we have never known that possessing them made the bearers Napoleons, Caesars, or Washingtons. That a Jew might have had a son born unto him, is an event, so far from being a marvel or miracle, that it has its parallel sometimes even in our own day; and that the Jews might have dignified a son with the appellation of "the Everlasting Father, the Mighty God," etc., is an insane extravagance not at all improbable. But calling a boy by such titles, (which would be impious,) and his being in character what those titles denote, are not exactly one and the same thing. But Isaiah says: "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end upon the throne of David." Christ never established his kingdom upon a Jewish dynasty, nor in the slightest degree recognized the authority of any. His mission, as a reformer, was spiritual, and had no more affinity with the pomp and vain-glorying of a Jewish monarchy than light has with darkness. Therefore the personage alluded to by Isaiah could have had no possible application to Christ. In the 53d chapter we again find a reference of the same vague kind, to somebody, or something, that Orthodox says means "the coming of Christ and his humiliation." But it is one of those random shots, like that of the man who "drew a bow at a venture" and shot Ahab; which can be made—with a little stretching, contracting, and twisting—to apply to almost anything which the fancy or caprice of a person might desire. A portion of it is in the present tense, ("He is despised and rejected of men,") and other parts in the past, ("He was oppressed, and was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.")

If, in Modern Spiritualism, a prophecy of a pretended coming event were given in the obscure and general manner that this assumed one of the Messiah is, by Isaiah, it would (and justly, too,) be treated with contempt and derision; but, being in the Bible, on the principle of "distance lending enchantment" to an object, the more vague and enigmatical it is, the more significant and important it is supposed to be.

With one or two exceptions—James, the New Testament writer, for example—the whole of the Bible is given in a discursive, erratic style, that would require seventeen Philadelphia lawyers to make head or tail to. Take the writings of any of the so-called prophets or apostles, and the same intangible style pervades the whole. To make anything else resemble it could only be done by taking a lot of sugar-kiss mottoes, and putting them into a hat, with equal quantities of selections from Mother Goose's Melodies, Milton's Paradise Lost, Doctrinal Gems from Dr. Watts, etc., etc., shaking them together, and reading them as they happened to come out; the resulting jargon would closely resemble a large portion of the Bible, so far as continuity of thought or consecutiveness of logical sequence is concerned.

DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S HOST.

The following interesting strain Isaiah puts into the mouth of the Jewish Jehovah, pertaining to the invasion of the land of Judah by Sennacherib, king of Assyria. "I will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest." How it was done: "When the angel of the Lord went forth and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred and fourscore and five thousand, [185,000] and when they [the ones that were killed] arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses." Certainly the Paddy, who expected to "get up some morning and find himself dead," was rational in his ideas, for the Bible tells us of an hundred and eighty-five thousand men getting up in the morning and finding themselves all dead!

EZEKIEL.

Against the Jews, that Jehovah "swore" to Abraham should be multiplied like the sands of the sea and the stars of the firmament, he at length gets so furious that he tells Ezekiel he will bring a siege and famine upon Jerusalem so terrible that the inhabitants shall eat barley-cakes baked with human ordure; (Ez. iv: 12.) and that fathers should eat sons, and sons eat fathers; (v: 10) and that a third part of the Jews should perish by famine, a third should fall by the sword of their ene-

mies, and that the remnant should be scattered to the winds.

Now, if the Jewish God could have seen into the future, he would never have been guilty of making promises to Abraham respecting the multiplication of his seed on such a grand scale as to vie in numbers with the sands of the sea, if he could, at the same time, have foreseen that he (Jehovah) was to be continually quarreling with them for sins, which he must (had he been omniscient) have seen from the first they would commit, and for which he would destroy them!

In Ezekiel xiv : 9, we have the following respecting the manner in which Jehovah treated his prophets: "And if the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I, the Lord, have deceived that prophet, and I will stretch out my hand upon him, and will destroy him from the midst of my people Israel."

This infamous passage is the counterpart of that in 2 Samuel xiv, where the Lord moves David to number Israel and Judah; which, when done, the Lord politely informs him that, for having done it, he (David) can choose one of three things as a reward for his obedience, as follows: "Shall seven years of famine come unto thee in thy land? or wilt thou flee three months before thine enemies while they pursue thee? or that there be three days' pestilence in thy land?"

That a book containing such monstrous lies and ridiculous representations of an imaginary God could be ascribed to the source of infinite wisdom, justice, and goodness, is entirely unaccountable. To minds at all advanced in spiritual philosophy, and which entertain more elevated and just conceptions of the Father of Spirits and Ruler of the Universe, it portrays in melancholy characters the deplorable depths of degradation and spiritual darkness in which the upholders of such an oracle as the Bible are sunk.

We now take leave of the Old Testament and go to the New. To pursue it further is to encounter at every step but a repetition of the same demoralizing tales and predictions. That the Mosaic code may have subserved some good to the benighted age in which it was promulgated, we do not deny. But that the God of the Universe was party to, or in any way connected with the production of the Bible—either the Old or New Testament—we most distinctly and emphatically deny. The great evil, to-day, resulting from a belief in the Bible as the infallibly inspired word of God, is that it brings a standard of morality which was inaugurated by the people of a benighted and unprogressed age, down to the otherwise refined and enlightened era of the nineteenth century, as a rule of practice, both in matters of Religious, Governmental, and Social Economy. The Bible sanctions slavery, polygamy, the use of intoxicating drinks, in short, every vice and crime to which undeveloped humanity is addicted. It is the source of numberless conflicting religious doctrines, the various adherents of which are ever arrayed in rancorous animosity against each other. Instead of proving the source of "peace on earth and good will to men," it is the prolific cause of strife, hate, alienation of hearts linked together by the holy ties of consanguinity and the rites of marriage. Christians affirm it is the only guide to heaven, and yet, since man has lived upon the earth, how few have ever seen or heard of it. Nothing more distinctly attests than NATURE, that God is a being of infinite love; yet if a knowledge and belief of the Bible were the only means of attaining heaven, how can it be maintained that God is a loving Father, when so few of the human family, who are passing from earth to the spirit world at the rate of one in every second, are acquainted with it? Educational bias and unexercised reason may give a false estimate of the supposed importance of the Bible, but when the wedge is once entered, and reason takes the place of blind faith, its discrepancies and deformities will stand revealed in their true light, and the tottering fabric will fall—a mass of disgusting rubbish—to rise again never more.

In regard to an examination of works, called by the Christian world "Infallible," we can never forget a remark once made—during our childhood—by a young clergyman, respecting the reading of Paine's "Age of Reason." Said he: "I have never seen the work; but they say that it is written in such a fascinating, seductive style, that it is almost impossible for any one to read it without being more or less led away by it. But," added he, "I should not be afraid to read it. I would not dare attempt it, though, without constantly praying that I might not be left to believe it." Long since, this individual passed to the spirit world. It is to be hoped that ere this he has learned the fact that belief is not a voluntary act of the mind. Yet, if he is correctly reported by Mark, not only Christ, but the Christian world generally, are resting in the egregious error that an individual, irrespective of evidence, can believe what he chooses. Mark makes Christ say to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." If Christ ever uttered this language, he was totally ignorant of all laws of the mind in its relation to evidence. Who does not perceive that, where there is a preponderating weight of evidence proving a thing, that belief is unavoidable; and that where the requisite amount to establish a thing is wanting, there belief is impossible, however much the individual might wish to believe. Many suppose, in accordance with this criterion, that a person is responsible for his belief. The supposition is entirely fallacious. All that one can do towards securing belief of a thing is to set the mind in the attitude of receptivity toward the evidence appertaining to a case, and belief

will follow, or not, according as evidence is convincing or inconclusive. But to the New Testament.

MATTHEW.

This book opens with the genealogy of Jesus. From David to Joseph it gives twenty-seven generations. Luke gives forty-two. No two names agree in their order. Commentators and priests attempt to smooth these contradictions by claiming that one traces the genealogy of Mary and the other of Joseph. A glance at Matt. i : 16, will show that Mary is not concerned in the genealogy there given, and Luke does not even mention her name in connection with his. But suppose either one or the other did give the genealogy of Mary, we ask, in the period of 1100 years, (that which intervened from David to Joseph), would the generations of either Mary or Joseph exceed the other by nearly one-half? But the ridiculousness of the thing is, that after calling Jesus the son of David, (Matt. i : 1), and tracing his genealogy from David down, link by link, to Joseph, Matthew then annuls his own conclusion by saying, (verse 18), that the Holy Ghost was his father, thus virtually making out, according to Orthodoxy, that Jesus was both his own father and son. For the whole foundation of the Trinity rests upon, not only the coeternity, but coequality of the Son and Holy Ghost with the Father.

The preposterous assumption of Orthodoxy, in making Christ, God, is subject to numberless exposures to ridicule which are scarcely ever noticed. The persistent blindness of those who avow this claim would compel them to acknowledge things, respecting the acts of Christ, which, while they might—in the possible—have been actual, would, nevertheless, appear not only wholly incongruous with his imputed personality as God, but ridiculous. With a view to awaken thought and startle a blind belief in his identity and coequality with God, and rebuke the groundlessness of the assumption, let us for a moment imagine the possibility, during the period of his childhood, of the occurrence of incidents like the following: Suppose a neighbor of the family of Joseph to have called at their residence, in Nazareth, during the youth of Christ, when he was "subject" to his parents, and, among other inquiries casually made, have said, "Where is God?" "He is out turning grindstone for Joseph," Mary might have replied. Or a person, in passing along through Nazareth, and espying a new building, might have interrogated the owner as follows: "Joram, that is a nice house of yours; who built it?" "Jehonadab did the mason-work, and Joseph the carpenter, and God fitted in the window and door-sills."

Now, if representations like these are impious, it is Orthodoxy alone which makes them so, not the writer of this essay. The former takes a human being, one who was subject to all the necessities of corporeal life, and invests him with the attributes of the great, incomprehensible being of God, who dwells in light unapproachable, and yet exhibits him as liable to all the incidents and events which naturally appertain to the condition of human life. The whole matter of the Trinity is fraught with absurdities, which, while they cannot affect God, are yet pregnant with evils of the grossest character to the human mind.

Orthodoxy affirms that man was originally created pure and holy; that God suffered a temptation to take place involving the moral constancy of the first pair, which, from his foreknowledge, he knew would seduce them from the assumed sinless condition in which they were created; that, after the "fall," he suffered four thousand years to elapse, during which a peopled world poured an unbroken stream of souls into "hell;" that, after this period had passed, for the purpose of setting matters (in part) back to where they were in the first place, he was born, a child of a woman of his own creating—became both his own father and his own son, took the place of "fallen" man as culprit, acted the parts of judge and criminal, instituted means to secure his own execution, prayed to himself on the cross, died and went to heaven, remained three days, came back and resumed his body, since which time (except when dismounting Paul from his horse) he has not been heard from.

Now what has been accomplished by all this? Are all mankind to be saved? "No," says Orthodoxy, "none but the elect, or those whom, from all eternity, God knew would be saved at any rate." Think of this! human beings, who never asked God for an existence, are brought into being, without their knowledge and consent, and, when their time comes, have to depart to a hell of endless duration, and that, too, when the being who made them knew, from all eternity, that they would not be included among the elect, and hence would be lost.

"But," says pious Orthodoxy, "God does not actually create for the express purpose of damning; damnation simply means that he foreknows who, of their own inclination, will be so perverse and wicked as not to accept the offers of salvation." Worse and worse! If he foreknew that any "would not" accept the offers of salvation, what are they created for but to be damned, seeing he knew their end from the beginning? The rumormonger, who sets the intoxicating draught before the sight of the victim of intemperate appetites, knowing that the temptation will be too strong for his power of resistance, by public sentiment is held responsible for that man's intemperance; and if the other is true, God alone is responsible for the loss of souls whom he foreknew would yield to temptation, for which it would be necessary to damn them. Which of the two, ridiculous absurdity or wicked impiety, the more abound in these assumptions, it were difficult to determine.

"Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying," etc., etc. (Matt. i : 22.) Reader! what would hinder you and me from being prophets if we could but have somebody to fulfill our predictions? Suppose you should gravely proclaim—as a prophetic organ—"just one year from to-day and the steeple on that church will fall to the ground!" The year comes round, and some persons who heard your declaration go and attach ropes to the steeple and commence pulling. Some one arrives and inquires "What is all this for?" You reply, "This is being done that it may be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, Sam Johnson, saying: 'One year from to-day (a year ago) and the steeple on that church will fall to the ground.'"

The genuineness of the pretended prophecies of the Bible may be easily judged of if we reflect that no one knows who wrote those of the Old Testament or New. Not the slightest clue exists as to who were the authors of most of the books of the Old Testament, nor when they were written. Much of the New Testament is involved in equal mystery. And when certain events have transpired, it is the most facile thing imaginable for any one to predict them, dating their predictions at a period as long prior to the events as they please; they will, of course, be true prophets, for their pretended predictions are about things already transpired.

Not unfrequently, however, did the pretended oracles of heaven's utterance get caught "napping" by prophesying of things before they happened, when they did not succeed so well at the business. (See Ezekiel xxvi : 7 to 14, relative to the destruction of Tyre.) Every calamity that was to befall the devoted city is mentioned with the minutest exactness; while in the 29th chapter, verses 18 and 19, we find Nebuchadnezzar attempting to carry out upon Tyre what the prophet said he would, and that he fails in toto, so in the latter statement the prophet takes back his predictions.

Respecting the writers of the New Testament, we have the authority of the early "Christian fathers" to the effect that the authorship of the New Testament is a perfect enigma. Bishop Faustus, distinguished for piety and profound scholarship, who flourished in the fourth century, boldly and honestly declares that "it is certain that the New Testament was not written by Christ himself, nor by his disciples, but a long time after them, by some unknown persons, who, lest they should not be credited when they wrote of affairs they were little acquainted with, affixed to their works the names of Apostles, or of such as were supposed to have been their companions, asserting that what they had written was according to those persons to whom they ascribed it." Mosheim, the great luminary of church history, says, (vol. 1, pp 74-78), "Nor did any apostle, or any one of their immediate disciples, collect and arrange the principal doctrines of Christianity in a scientific or regular system."

Eusebius, Bishop of Caesarea, in Palestine, a celebrated Christian writer, who flourished in the fourth century, has a whole chapter, under the head of "Pious Frauds; or, how it may be proper to use frauds as a medicine, and for the benefit of those who may require to be deceived." Mosheim again affirms (Vol. 1, page 155), that "pious frauds and impositions were among the causes of the extension of Christianity" in the third century. On page 184 he says: "Thus they who wished to surpass all others in piety, deemed it a pious act to employ deception and fraud in support of piety." S. J. Finney, in his work entitled "The Bible: Is it of Divine Origin, Authority, and Influence," (page 29), says: "It is admitted by the brightest luminaries of the Church that they do not know in what language some of the most important books of the New Testament were written—whether in Hebrew, Greek, or Syriac; and that 'the time when these parts were written is very uncertain.'"

"That there are no original apostolic autographs in existence, and not a single particle of evidence in history that there ever were any such originals; that, if there had been, the Christians would surely have quoted them in their disputations with heretics. But they do not so quote, and hence we may safely infer their nonexistence."

"That we do not know when, or by whom, the New Testament books were collected into one volume; that we do not know when the New Testament canon was closed, or by whom; that, according to Dr. Lardner, it was not closed as late as the sixth century."

Matthew, the reputed author of the first book of the New Testament, is not mentioned until the 9th chapter and 9th verse of the book bearing his name—of which Adam Clark states, in his Commentary, that until the "call" of Matthew by Christ, it is probable that he had no acquaintance with him, (Christ) and yet he is made the recorder, *verbatim et literatim*, of the sermon on the mount. As to the time when the book of Matthew was written, various conjectures prevail. (See Robinson's Calmet, "Gospel of Matthew," page 469.)

Hug draws from internal evidence the conclusion that it was written shortly before the siege and capture of Jerusalem by the Romans, about the year A. D. 65. The same account (Robinson's Calmet, page 469, states that it is supposed John's Gospel was not written until A. D. 96, sixty-five years after Christ's death, and when John was more than eighty years of age. It must be borne in mind, too, that no system of stenography was in use in those days, as now, by which a discourse could be noted down as it was delivered, but that all reports of speeches, not written by the authors themselves, could only be made from memory. What success

would a person have now-a-days, in reporting, *verbatim*, a sermon which he might have listened to twenty years ago? "But," says the accommodating faith of Orthodoxy, "the writers of the Bible were divinely inspired, and hence could not err in their statement." Let us see! Let us catechise Luke and John about the the "miraculous draught of fishes," and see how their inspiration (!) tallies! Luke v : 6: "And when they had done this they inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake." John xxi : 11: "Simon Peter went up and drew the net to land, full of great fishes, an hundred and fifty and three; and for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken." Besides the point-blank contradiction in these two accounts, is the stupendous, astounding announcement, of "one hundred and fifty and three great fishes," mentioned by John, filling two ships, mentioned by Luke, "so that they began to sink." Luke v : 7, "And they came and filled both ships so that they began to sink." Either the fish must have been whales or porpoises, or else the ships must have been of the formidable size of bark canoes.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Present War not Justified.

WASH. A. DANSKIN TO CLAUDE LAWRENCE.

MY DEAR SIR: Your comments upon the article entitled "THE HERALD OF PROGRESS and the Banner of Light," have been read by me with respectful attention and friendly interest, but excuse me when I say that I fail to perceive the applicability of any one of your arguments to the article in question.

In writing for the press, I have no other object in view than to present such truths or principles as, in my opinion, will tend to elevate or purify mankind—discussion upon smaller collateral issues are neither accordant with my tastes, nor, in my estimation, worthy of the time and mental effort which might be more profitably employed. In the present instance, however, I will endeavor to direct my thoughts along the channel which you have opened, and give a kindly response to your discursive critique.

In the first place you say, "The principal grievance of which your intelligent correspondent complains is, that the above-named papers have become imbued with the spirit of self-defense so prevalent throughout the Northern States."

I answer, that the article referred to does not contain either one of the words "complain," "grievance," or "self-defense." I certainly did not feel aggrieved by the course of those papers. I never intended to complain, nor did I, for one moment, suppose that inciting others to go forth with "burning indignation" in their hearts, and action, "swift, strong, and terrible"—to destroy lives and lay waste property—was evidence of having become imbued with a spirit of self-defense.

You next say: "Now it appears to me that Bro. Danskin does not fully understand the struggle that convulses our nation."

I will grant that I do not look at the question which now divides the two sections with the same perceptive faculties which enable you to see all that is hideous on the one hand, and on the other to perceive only that which is brave and noble; yet I have, necessarily, my own intellectual perception of the origin, progress, and probable termination of this quarrel, and also of the comparative mental capacity, resources, and powers of endurance, of the two parties engaged.

Being a Marylander, occupying, geographically, a middle ground, having seen much of Southern men and Southern life, having had constant and most intimate business and social relations with the people of the North, having given much thought to the political condition of the country, and watched with somewhat anxious gaze the growing animosity which was being fostered by reckless politicians, I have deliberately formed what I conceived to be a tolerably impartial opinion in regard to the causes which have produced the struggle which now convulses our nation.

You then give us a glowing eulogy upon the "highly enlightened form of government" we have. I cannot exactly agree with you that it is a "highly enlightened form of government;" but I have no hesitation in saying that I believe it to be the most perfect form of government yet devised, and think that when administered by "highly enlightened" men it has been productive of a greater amount of happiness and prosperity than any other system. However, as my article made no reference whatever to the character of the government, I am at a loss to perceive the necessity for your eulogy.

Following this eulogy comes a paragraph prolific of pungent epithets—"frightful hydra," with "slimy folds," "insidious monster," "gigantic evil," "blighting curse," &c., &c.—all of which, I presume, is intended to apply to negro slavery.

If it would not extend this article to too great length, I would willingly give you my views upon that much talked of and little understood question—negro slavery; but as neither "hydras," "monsters," nor slavery were named in my article, I am at a loss to imagine why they were introduced into your review.

Next you say: "My Brother will not be offended if I proceed to illustrate his very fraternal doctrine of non-resistance."

As the doctrine of non-resistance is not a doctrine of mine—is not even named by me in the article referred to—I cannot possibly take offense at any illustration you have thought proper to give of such doctrine. In response

to your supposed case of an intruder found in my parlor, I will call your attention to an incident related by the very individual whom you have volunteered to defend—Andrew Jackson Davis—who, on one occasion, finding a burglar in his apartment, resisted him with the omnipotent power of love, and not only overcame and defeated his burglarious purpose, but thereby secured the friendship and affection of one who afterward rescued him from great peril.

To your assertion that the present is a war of "civilization against barbarism," I will reply, that the "barbarism" of a people who have given to the world—a Washington, a Jefferson, a Madison, and a Jackson, will, perhaps, compare favorably with that "civilization" which so loudly calls for our admiration.

And now, my friend, may I be permitted kindly to suggest that before publicly criticizing the production of another it would be well to read carefully and comprehend at least something of its principles and purposes.

The Banner of Light has long claimed to be the recipient of inspirations from the inner life—a medium for communications from the spirit world—giving clearer views of the relations of man to his common brother. In its columns the brutal outrages perpetrated by the "chosen ones" of God, as recorded in the ancient history of the Jews, have been depicted in true and striking colors. The bloody persecutions of the so-called Christian sects have been justly held up before the world as the natural offspring of undeveloped conditions; and Spiritualism has been presented as—in striking contrast to these two systems—tending to elevate man into a sphere where love and harmony would take the place of hate and angry strife.

The Herald of Progress is edited by one who has given to the world a "Great Harmonial Philosophy," which is expected, in its progress, to sweep away all the antagonisms and discords of the past, binding all men, through the unfolding of their rational faculties, in one common brotherhood. Both papers have labored energetically and with marked ability to inculcate the principles to the dissemination of which they were dedicated, and I confess my surprise when I read in their editorial columns those sentiments to which, in my article, I called attention.

I neither "grieved" nor "complained," for such is not the habit of my life; but I did that which I conceived to be my duty—called the attention of Spiritualists to the fact that our leading journals were falling back to the ancient Hebrew or present sectarian plane.

My philosophy has taught and my experience has demonstrated that a mightier power than hate exists, wherewith man may resist and overcome all forms of wrong, all conditions of error, all degrees of ignorance; and that power is the divine attribute—love.

As I have said before, carnage, rapine, and slaughter, never excite the kindlier emotions of the human heart, never quicken into activity the nobler faculties of the human mind. They are, indeed, the instrumentalities which have been used, in all ages of the past, to degrade and imbrute the family of man, and bring into subjection the purer aspirations of the soul; therefore, I trust that all Spiritualists—all men and women who claim to have been blessed with the companionship of angels—will rise above the mad excitement of the hour, and increase their efforts to diffuse a purer light, a gentler influence abroad upon the world. Your friend, WASH. A. DANSKIN.

BALTIMORE, July 12, 1861.

The People's Lyceum.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

A Review of Prof. Spence's Analysis

OF THE PERFORMANCE OF H. MELVILLE FAY, IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

EDITORS OF THE HERALD: Pardon me for claiming the attention of your readers while I attempt a review of Mr. Spence's Analysis, the title of which heads this article. Mr. Spence's Analysis appears in No. 70 (June 22) of the HERALD. I have waited until my patience has been taxed to the utmost in the hope that some one who has more time than I have to devote to reformatory labors, and who is more competent to the task than I am, would notice Mr. Spence's Analysis in a proper manner; but I have waited in vain. Two interesting writers in the HERALD of July 13th, Mr. Colchester and Mr. Conger, defend Mr. Fay's honesty, sincerity, and integrity, and, I think, completely vindicate them, so far as testimony can do so; but, after all, the articles of these two gentlemen merely raise issues of veracity, and leave the whole subject to rest upon the adverse opinions and conclusions of the several witnesses, either of whom may be mistaken or deceived.

I think the subject involves issues of sufficient moment to the cause of reform, and of sufficient importance to Mr. Fay, to demand a more strict and searching analysis, and a more logical and philosophical investigation, than Mr. Spence's article has yet been subjected to.

I, as an impartial reader, without prejudices or prepossessions, being an entire stranger, personally, to both Mr. Spence and Mr. Fay,* and never having witnessed any of Mr. Fay's performances, took up Mr. Spence's article with

*I believe I once met Mr. Fay in an old room, and, if so, was introduced to him, but did not exchange ten words with him.

sensations of mortification when I found that it purported to be an exposure of Mr. Fay as an impostor; but after having read it, and having found that the exposure could not prove satisfactory or conclusive to any impartial mind, and reflecting upon the incalculable mischief such an article must exert in the hands of the enemies of Spiritualism, I laid it down with inexpressible pain. I was satisfied of the genuineness of the manifestations through Mr. Fay from reading Mr. Spence's Analysis, because Mr. Spence had put Mr. Fay on trial as an impostor, and, after an elaborate effort, had proved nothing, unless it was that he, Mr. Spence, suspected Mr. Fay of deception; and in placing before the public the reasons of his suspicion, I am quite certain he has furnished the enemies of reform a weapon with which to battle the cause, and has thrown in the pathway of the sincere and earnest investigator a considerable obstacle.

We are informed by Mr. Spence's Analysis that he first bore testimony of the genuineness of the manifestations through Mr. Fay, and that he wrote out the report of them for the *Banner of Light*; and we find, also, that he afterwards came to a different conclusion, and assumed to publish Mr. Fay as an impostor. In this, then, it appears that Mr. Spence has testified on both sides of the issue. This is sufficient to put the readers of the *HERALD* on their guard in receiving Mr. Spence's testimony, and to admonish them to distrust the whole statement of a witness who is vacillating and wavering in his conclusions, especially when the statement is accompanied by the admission that he sometimes comes to conclusions hastily.

Mr. Spence undertakes to demonstrate the truth of his present opinion. This is undertaking a good deal. Mr. Spence cannot discharge the obligation he assumes in this engagement by simply arraying his opinions and conclusions against those of other individuals entitled to as much credit as himself, or by basing his naked assertion against that of Mr. Fay. Facts are demonstrated by evidence, not by mere testimony. I, therefore, expected some evidence to support Mr. Spence's opinion, instead of which I found only Mr. Fay's assurances that his manifestations were genuine, and not spurious, simply controverted by the opinion of Mr. Spence to the contrary. This does not satisfy my mind that Mr. Fay is an impostor. Mr. Fay's pretensions and assertions are corroborated by my own knowledge of natural law, and by my own experience in like natural phenomena; and now, if I am to be convinced that Mr. Fay is an impostor, it must be by the very best evidence only; and that, too, superior to all suspicion or distrust.

I now propose to analyze Mr. Spence's evidence, as he has arrayed it in his article, to demonstrate the truth of his opinion that Mr. Fay is an impostor. I propose to take it apart and see what it is made of.

CLASS A.

1st. Mr. Spence says that he has discovered that he can tie himself as Mr. Fay was tied, and untie himself again in five seconds. Five seconds is a very brief period, but, admit that he has made such a discovery, does the conclusion necessarily follow, that, because Mr. Spence can do so, that Mr. Spence did so? are Mr. Fay's assurances and protestations valueless? are they to be ignored? Is the truth of Mr. Fay's assertions inconsistent with Mr. Spence's discovery? Is the value of Mr. Fay's declarations impaired by the discovery? I think not. I have discovered that I can ring a bell in the dark; yet this discovery does not prove that disembodied spirits never do ring bells in the dark, through the sphere of living mediums; much less does it prove that the bell-ringing medium is an impostor.

2d. Mr. Spence says that when a light was, on one occasion, accidentally introduced into the room, Mr. Fay was distinctly seen holding the horn up to his mouth, talking through it. Who saw this? Did Mr. Spence see it? He does not say he did, nor does he say to the reader who did see it, and leaves the reader to infer that he did not. Thus, in this limping and crippled manner, Mr. Spence attempts to bolster up his present opinion (under a solemn and deliberate engagement to demonstrate its truth,) by the introduction of secondary or hearsay evidence. Why not give the name of those third parties who saw all this? Why are not Mr. Fay's declarations as reliable as theirs in this emergency of contradictory statements? Why bring shame, infamy, and ruin upon a young man, and suspicion and distrust upon a sacred cause, upon such testimony, and conceal the names of the witnesses? This will not do. This evidence is inadmissible, and cannot be received. Its suspicious and ambiguous character casts a cloud upon the whole array of testimony; for it is only drowning men that catch at straws. No man ought to cite so doubtful an incident, based upon so doubtful a declaration, to demonstrate an imposition fraught with such disasters as must result from such an exposure as Mr. Spence has engaged to make.

Mr. Spence says that, on another occasion, the mouth of the speaking trumpet was discolored with marking ink, and that, afterwards, when the light was brought, marks of the ink were discovered around Mr. Fay's mouth, and that, therefore, it must have been Fay talking through the horn. Not necessarily so by any means, I think. The most that this shows, is, that it may have been Mr. Fay—not must have been. These "must have been" prove nothing, because they are not inevitable, legitimate conclusions. I was once tied and locked up with the Davenport Boys, in their large box; while tied in the box, the mouth of the speaking trumpet was repeatedly placed over my mouth, without my agency, or any

other human agency. Had Mr. Spence, or some other officious and suspicious doubter, been present, and had they taken the same precaution to have secured the mouth of the trumpet with marking ink, the same evidence would have existed against me as an impostor that does against Mr. Fay; I would have been accused accordingly; while, in fact, I would have been innocent. May not Mr. Fay have received the marks of the ink around his mouth in the same manner, and through a like agency? If so, then it does not follow that it "must have been Fay talking through the horn."

The conclusions in the whole of Mr. Spence's second proposition rest upon mere supposition, and none of them are such as to preclude the possibility of the existence of the contrary; they are, therefore, to be rejected entirely by common reason, as proving nothing.

3d. Mr. Spence says that Mr. Fay was always found tied in the same manner, describes the manner, and then says: "This shows that some studied form of a tie was used which admitted of a quick liberation of the wrists and a quick tying of them up again." &c. This shows no such thing. The most it does show, is, that such might have been the case, but it does not show that such was the case, for it leaves it possible that it was not the case.

The fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth propositions of Class A, prove nothing, and are unworthy of notice. Their admission, and their most comprehensive construction against Mr. Fay, prove no imposition, and at most might, in a small degree, corroborate other direct proofs, had they been adduced.

CLASS B.

Mr. Spence's reasons for believing that Mr. Fay untied himself when tied by committees:

1st. Mr. Spence had discovered, to his surprise, that it was not so difficult to perform this operation as he had at first supposed, and, therefore (I presume he would have the reader to conclude) Mr. Fay must have untied himself. This discovery may be a sufficient reason to bring the mind of Mr. Spence to such a conclusion, but it is not sufficient to bring my mind, or that of any unprejudiced and impartial man, to any such conclusion.

2d. When certain sounds which Mr. Spence had heard had ceased, then he says he knew that one or both hands were freed. How did he know it? did he know it by the cessation of the sounds? was this evidence that his hands were freed? was it not simply the basis of an inference on the part of Mr. Spence that his hands were freed? Has not the reader the right to form his own opinion, under all the circumstances, as detailed by Mr. Spence, whether the cessation of the sounds was sufficient to lead to such a conclusion? Is it not the reader's province to form his own conclusions from the facts presented by Mr. Spence? Now, did Mr. Spence know that one or both of Mr. Fay's hands were freed, or did he only think he knew? Mr. Spence says he knew; the reader has the same opportunity from Mr. Spence's narration to know as much about that fact as Mr. Spence knew, and the reader does not know whether his hands were freed or not; therefore, it follows that Mr. Spence says he knew his hands were freed, when, in fact, he knew nothing about it.

3d. After the untying process had been protracted (narrates Mr. Spence, in substance,) Fay was found tired and perspiring. What of that? Was there no other cause, under the circumstances of the case, which could have produced this effect? If not, then he must have untied himself; but if there was any other cause which could have produced this exhaustion and perspiration, perhaps that cause did produce it; if so, then untying himself did not produce this phenomenon, and the peculiar phenomenon does not prove that he untied himself.

4th. In such cases it was observed that the skin was abraded by the friction of the rope in the struggle to loosen the knots on his wrists. How does Mr. Spence know this, which he assumes to state as a fact? He again states his own inferential conclusion as a fact, when he does not know it to be a fact. The argument applied to the third proposition is equally applicable to this one.

5th. Mr. Fay always tested his chair, so as to get one that would creak as little as possible. What if he did? does this fact prove anything? who is fond of sitting on a rickety chair?

6th. He requested the circle to join in the singing, evidently to drown his own noise. Not evidently. This is a gratuitous conclusion of Mr. Spence's own mind again. How does he know that Mr. Fay's object in soliciting singing was to drown his own noise, and not to harmonize the circle?

Touching propositions third, fourth, and fifth, I would say that all of this class of mediums I have seen (except the Davenport Boys,) while under the spirit influence, are very much agitated during the manifestations—frequently contorted—writhing on their chairs, accompanied with laborious and loud respiration; I have seen them thrown from their chairs in some instances; from their paroxysms they would recover perspiring, panting, and in a state of exhaustion. This may account for some of the phenomena which are Mr. Spence's reasons for some of his conclusions.

CLASS C.

Mr. Spence is sure that Mr. Fay did, in all cases, remove one hand from its position, manipulate the experimenter, and then replace it again, for the following reasons:

1st. Mr. Spence finds, upon trial in the dark,

that one of the hands can be removed from the arm of the experimenter, &c. I have not found this to be the case, after repeated experiments; but find, on the contrary, that such a thing cannot be done by me, or those who assisted in my repeated experiments. I do not believe that any one, except it be Mr. Spence, and, perhaps, his assistants, has found, or can find, this to be the fact. I am not willing to condemn Mr. Fay as an impostor on Mr. Spence's testimony, when it is contradicted by my own experiments.

2d. In some cases the experimenters declared that they felt Mr. Fay remove his hand.

It is improper to introduce the declarations of third persons as evidence upon which to convict an impostor, or to demonstrate an important truth.

3d. Mr. Fay refused to submit to such tests as the ingenuity of a partial and prejudiced, perhaps captious and suspicious caviler might suggest, and his having acted with prudential caution and good sense in this respect should not be offered or received as evidence against him.

4th. Mr. Spence, Dr. Hallock, and others, smelt sulphurous and phosphorescent odors, which he thought very spiritual, until his suspicions were excited, and he ceased to be an impartial investigator, and then, in his opinion, it was "surely Fay's hand on all occasions." Mr. Spence does not tell the reader whether Dr. Hallock and those others came to a like conclusion, and upon a like experiment. If they did so change their opinion, this fact would, to some extent, strengthen and give some validity to Mr. Spence's statement; if otherwise, the act renders Mr. Spence's opinion worthless, and impeaches his statement. Justice to the public requires that this fact should be stated in an article of the pretensions of Mr. Spence's. When, I wonder, was Mr. Spence mistaken? Was it when he agreed with Dr. Hallock and others (before his suspicions had made him partial,) that this was a most remarkable and spiritual manifestation? or was it after he became suspicious and partial, disagreed (for aught we know,) with the others, quarreled with his former opinion, and assumed to become both witness and judge, to consign Mr. Fay to infamy and shame, as an impostor? We must receive Mr. Spence's statement with a great deal of suspicion and distrust. He declares in the same proposition that he was the subject of delusion when he declared that he felt different-sized hands touch his face, and pretends to explain how he was deceived. Witnesses who are in the habit of being deceived, are not very reliable at best; if the objection ought not to shut them out on the ground of incompetency, it effects very materially their credibility. I, for one, am not willing to take Mr. Spence's statement in relation to this touching experiment, when the experiment is so easily made for myself. I find by my experiments in this line, that it is impossible to delude any one, in the manner Mr. Spence was deluded, upon whom I have yet tried the experiment. Perhaps I might succeed with Mr. Spence, as it appears he is an easy prey to delusion.

My experiments contradict Mr. Spence's statement; and I must be permitted to say that all of his statements require the severest tests, and that he can blame no one for doubting them and applying the tests. He has, by his attack (apparently unprovoked,) upon Mr. Fay, struck a bold and dangerous stroke. He has placed himself in a position to incite criticism and investigation. This fourth (smelling) proposition of Mr. Spence's smells stoutly of that fire and brimstone intolerance which was wont to consign the enemies of old orthodoxy to the lower regions of "kingdom come."

CLASS D.

Mr. Spence's reasons for believing (not his evidences which demonstrate according to his engagement,) that Mr. Fay wrote a certain letter, and placed it where it was found:

1st. There are unmistakable points of resemblance between his hand-writing and that of the letter. This may be so, and still Mr. Fay be innocent of having written the letter, so this leads to no certain conclusion. There are strong points of resemblance between Mr. A's hand-writing and Mr. B's hand-writing, and still the fact is no evidence that Mr. A did write this, and that Mr. B did not write that. I regard this statement of Mr. Spence as evidence in Mr. Fay's favor, instead of against him. If Mr. Fay is the astute and accomplished impostor that Mr. Spence pretends he is, capable of deluding Mr. Spence, Dr. Hallock, and others, he will soon be detected by omitting to disguise his hand sufficiently to conceal all points of resemblance to his ordinary style, when he deliberately sets down to write a letter which he knows must be subjected to the strictest scrutiny, and the most penetrating investigation, to detect a resemblance.

2d. Mr. Fay came last into the house, and could easily have dropped the letter on the door-step. But this does not prove that he did. So this reason for Mr. Spence's opinion, like the others, turns out to be no reason at all, but a miserable subterfuge.

3d. Mr. Fay said that the letter had been brought up two or three miles. Mr. Spence asserts that the power that brought it that distance could have brought it into the house; but he gives us no evidence of the truth of this assertion. Perhaps Mr. Spence's own presence rendered the spirit which brought it negative, so that it had no physical power when within his sphere or atmosphere. Mr. Spence's bare assertion proves nothing, and cannot be received in any instance when he passes from facts, and assumes to decide questions of natural law; for, in the natural phenomena, others are supposed to be as wise as he is. We hear such declarations from cavilers every

day almost—such as this: If Spiritualism be true, the same power that can make you a medium can make me one; and why am not I one? And this: The same power that can move a burden one mile, can move it ten. And this: The same power that can move one hundred tons can move one hundred and ten tons. And this: The engine that can move two tons with a heavy pressure of steam, can move it with an escape pipe open and with a low pressure. And this: The same power that can bring a letter two or three miles, can bring it into the house. Such assertions prove nothing.

If Mr. Spence knows anything about Spiritualism, he must have learned that peculiar conditions and combinations must transpire to render it possible for a spirit to manifest its power physically, and that when these cease, the power must also cease with it. The cessation of the proper conditions may have prevented a spirit from bringing a letter into the house, which it may have brought two or three miles.

CLASS E.

Turning water into wine: The detail of this sham operation, as Mr. Spence calls it, places that gentleman in an unenviable position before the readers of the *Banner of Light* and the *HERALD*. He simply asserts that what Mr. Fay presented as wine, was not wine, and adds, that Mr. Fay asserted that it was wine, and thereby makes a merit of staking his veracity against that of Mr. Fay. As he assumes the burden of proof in the outset, it is his duty to do more than this. He thus raises between himself and Mr. Fay a mere question of veracity, and leaves the public to determine between them; each must determine for himself. In my opinion, Mr. Fay is entitled to the most credit, for Mr. Spence is an accuser, interested, and, perhaps, prejudiced. Mr. Spence says that Mr. Fay had an opportunity, and no doubt did conceal the wine materials. I have many doubts of this, whether Mr. Spence has or not. Having an opportunity to conceal is no evidence that he did conceal the wine materials.

I think it is very unjust and ungenerous in Mr. Spence thus to push these hasty, nay, reckless, conclusions of his own mind upon the public, to the great injury of Mr. Fay. Mr. Fay may be an impostor; I do not say that he is not. I simply say that I have no reason to think he is. I have never witnessed his manifestations, and cannot speak from my own observation; but as his pretensions are in accordance with my own experience, I must say I have no reason to doubt their genuineness, and Mr. Fay's honesty, until some better evidence has been adduced against him than has yet been presented.

In conclusion, permit me to say that I most sincerely regret the appearance of Mr. Spence's article—not so much on account of the injury it may do to Mr. Fay (for in that respect I regard it as entirely harmless,) but on account of the injury that such an article may do to the cause of Spiritualism. If Mr. Fay is an impostor, he cannot be too soon exposed. But imposition cannot be reached by bare assumption, sophistry, and that species of empiricism which make up the sum of Mr. Spence's Analysis. Mr. Spence's assumption was a bold one, and, as shown by the Analysis, uncalled for. To charge a man as an impostor in public prints, is an offense in view of the civil law, which is visited by the infliction of severe penalties. This charge of Mr. Spence's, aggravated by the fruitless and shabby attempt to sustain it, and thus bring about the ruin of (for aught I know,) an innocent, amiable, and worthy young man, is highly reprehensible and blameworthy—nay, execrable.

S. C. COFFINBERRY.

CONSTANTINE, Mich., July 13th, 1861.

Tidings from the Inner Life.

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

From the Alpine Land.

EARLY SPRING.

ZURICH, Switzerland, June, 1861.

DEAR HERALD: I never thought of seeking for romance in Switzerland. Life is here so sublime, and Nature so supremely glorious, that one seldom thinks even of its being beautiful.

Yesterday we wandered away to a "sheltered dell" to gather violets—the first spring violets, of which the whistling thrush was the herald. Every morning for a week he had been piping away on the budding bushes beneath our window, and calling us to his love, until we were wearied with his imploring, and could resist him no longer. We crossed one of the little foot-bridges spanning the crystal brook that gurgles along the northern boundary of our grounds, and wended our way along winding paths, up daisied hills, and through nestling valleys—past rivulets fringed with buttercups, and the golden blossoms of water-cresses—through orchards on whose velvet carpet of tender grass great frolicsome cats were frisking, to the certain discomfiture of the mischief-loving field mice—along still, slumbering vineyards, to a tiny dell, from which the incense of hidden violets arose to greet us. We found the sweet beauties at last, but I thought of the melodious thrush and his tuneful love, and I could not find it in my heart to bereave him. Therefore the early violets blossom on unmolested.

It is of their home I would speak—such a secluded and lovely spot I have never seen before in Switzerland. As we descended the pretty slope, all the mountains and the snow-capped Alps were lost to view; we saw neith-

er city, lake, rivers, cascades, nor any fountains, save the clear rill at our feet—we saw nothing save the singing brook, and its banks covered with wind-flowers, and soft grasses, and hidden violets; and there was beauty, we felt it, we spoke of it. We cannot talk of beauty in connection with the landscape we see continually from our windows; there is might, majesty, and glory here, but there was beauty there, that gave us rest and quiet satisfaction. The violets came into my soul; their atmosphere was as a song to my heart—as a May-day song filling the pauses of Life's anthem with harmonious warblings.

We shall visit the dell again, and the inconstant thrush will have grown weary of his love—he will have ended his song—then I may gather some of the forsaken violets; but the thrush must first dream out his dream. Life has many dreamers. Love may have other thrushes.

There was another frequenter of the garden arbors all during the month of February; but he was silent, and sent no vocal song up to the listening heavens. I saw him walking there all through the harvest days of the gorgeous Autumn, and wondered why he never stepped over the little foot-bridge that spans a deep road cut through the hill-side to the happy vineyards, where the peasants sang as they gathered the white and the purple grapes. Everybody is joyous in the vintage time, but the walker, dreaming in the garden, seemed only the sadder. He was a delicate lad, a mere boy; his movements interested me, so I watched him as he glided about the graveled pathways, plundering every rosebush, only to scatter the leaves beneath his feet—even the little blushing roses that blossom on in Switzerland after the first snow falls, were not exempt from his destruction. He was always looking away and aloft, and never noticed any one who happened to pass him in his silent perambulations.

One morning I saw him looking brighter than he had ever looked before. He was wearing a wreath of immortal, whose glow is never dimmed, even in winter. Poor fellow, thought I, I am glad you have found an amusement at last. Not long afterwards, he walked with a firm tread out of the garden, straight onward to the lake, jumped in a little boat, and rowed slowly over to the other side; the garland of immortal lay among roses and myrtle on the smaller seat before him.

The day wore on, and just as the last rays of the setting sun were glittering upon the Alpine mountains, the triumphant pealing of the bell-chime in the valley below us broke musically upon the air of the evening. Ah, thought I, there is to be a wedding; I will go. Then I remembered that weddings were always in the morning, and as I listened, I heard that the tones of the iron bell kept time with the melody of the others. There is no tolling of bells at funerals here, but a joyous heralding of gladness, as if the freed soul would catch the welcome as it watched over the burial of its earthly temple. I like the practice. There is something soul-full in it—something glorious.

As I descended our little hill, I saw a fleet of small boats crossing the lake; they came slowly. I entered the churchyard, and stood beside the open grave. It was covered on the bottom with branches of roses, and green ivy leaves. The boats drew nearer the shore; they lifted a white-rose garlanded coffin from the first; the mourners stepped out of the others; the boatmen fastened their small crafts, and then followed the bier to the churchyard. The bearers sat down the coffin by the side of the flower-lined grave, and all went into the church to listen to the service for the burial of the dead—all save one—our dreamer of the garden. I moved slowly away; but I saw him take a small screw-driver from his pocket and open the coffin-lid; I came nearer. "Come," said he "you may see her; I thank you, for coming; I thought you would come. I wish to talk of her to you in other times—look!"

I had never spoken with the boy, and it was the first time he ever addressed me. I did not know even that he was conscious of my existence.

That dead face—it was as the face of an angel. The wreath of immortal lay on her bosom, over which her luxurious hair swept in glowing waves.

"Did you know when she died?" asked my companion.

I told him that I did not.

"Could you not see the path she made through the darkness as her soul went up to the spirit land? It was only two days ago, and she left such a trail of glory along the night."

He kissed the beautiful brow, and fastened the coffin lid again, just as the people came pouring out of the church to witness the burial. I waited until the last handful of earth had been thrown upon the coffin, as is the custom by the men who attend funerals—each throwing in a few shovels full until the last, which is laid on in handfuls, all of which is covered with flowers. The young man sat down by the side of the grave. I would not disturb him, so I walked home, hoping, as I went, in my practical fashion, that he would not stay there long enough to take cold.

Nine o'clock came, and I could see by the light of the moon, and by the twinkling of the bright stars in heaven, that the boy was still sitting by the graveside.

He was a young artist, who occupied a room in one of the wings of our house; his meals were always sent him by the landlady, so that no one had made his acquaintance, and I think he was not even an object of interest to any one save myself and my sympathizing friend.

"We will go to him, poor child," said she; "we dare not allow him to expose himself in that manner longer." So we walked into the churchyard; she, in her kind, motherly way,

took hold of his hand and led him unresistingly to the house.

EARLY SUMMER.

Switzerland is fragrant with June roses. Our young friend is always in the garden, diligently at work upon a picture, which I never ventured to look upon until this evening, just at the hour of twilight. I had supposed he was painting an Alpine scene, as he was continually looking toward the eternal mountains. Not so; it was a portrait of the most spiritually beautiful face I ever beheld—a girl's face—the face of an angel.

"That is her," he said, pointing to the flower-covered grave in the churchyard. "It has been done from the living spirit itself."

"How can that be," said I, "you surely cannot see her?"

"Can you not?" he questioned. I told him that I could see nothing save the clouds, with their wonderful glowing of light.

"And what makes the light but her smile, but the glory of her sweet beauty," said my companion.

"The angels wanted her up in heaven, But they never asked for me."

"I loved her, but I never told her so; she knows it now. Is she not beautiful?"

"More beautiful than all the faces of earth," I answered.

"Now I shall go forth into the world," said the boy, "and I shall have a great name by-and-by; it will all be owing to the influence of this, my guardian spirit."

He took the picture—his first-love dream—and his easel, and carried them to his room.

His health and spirits have returned. He is going to Rome soon. The world will hear of him by-and-by.

MAY MORNING.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.—The very handling of the nursery is significant, and the petulance, the passion, the gentleness, the tranquillity indicated by it, are all reproduced in the child.

His soul is a purely receptive nature, and that, for a considerable period, without choice or selection. A little further on, he begins voluntarily to copy everything he sees. Voice, manner, gait, everything which the eye sees, the mimic instinct delights to act over. And thus we have a whole generation of future men, receiving from us their very beginnings, and the deepest impulses of their life and immortality. They watch us every moment in the family, before the hearth, and at the table—and when we are meaning them no good or evil, when we are conscious of exerting no influence over them, they are drawing from us impressions and molds of habit, which, if wrong, no heavenly discipline can wholly remove; or, if right, no bad associations utterly dissipate.

—DR. BUSHNELL.

Poetry.

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

THE MOTHER'S REQUIEM.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

A soldier's grave hath won thee,
My brave and noble boy!
No more do I behold thee,
My blessing and my joy.

My eyes are dim with weeping,
My heart is rent with pain,
For my darling one is sleeping
Among the ghastly slain.

How proud and firm his bearing,
The morn he left my side,
While down my cheeks were flowing
The tears I could not hide.

One moment o'er his features
A quivering anguish fell,
Then youthful courage triumphed,
As he waved his last farewell.

Oh! could I once more see him
As he looked to me that day,
When with his gallant regiment
He bravely marched away!

His cheek was fair and ruddy,
His eye was filled with light,
And his heart was bold and buoyant
As an eagle in its flight.

I laid him on the altar—
My beautiful, my own—
The altar of my country,
And wandered forth alone.

My heart is wrung with sorrow,
But its wail shall not be heard;
I will hush its moan of anguish,
Though its deepest pulse is stirred.

For if alone by carnage,
By the bloody hand of strife,
By the slaughter of our kindred,
Who are dearer than our life,

If by this alone can FREEDOM,
For the white man and the slave,
Be, in all the North and South land,
Raised, like Lazarus, from the grave,

I will bear this weight of anguish,
I will beat the tempest back,
That has swept so fiercely over
My lone and rugged track.

In silence and in darkness,
When the happy sink to sleep,
Then only, 'neath the starlight,
Shall the stricken mother weep.

And perchance the hand will lead me,
Which in my own was prest,
When his shining little ringlets
Nestled upon my breast.

And down the golden pathway
Which leadeth to Heaven above,
He will come—my angel Willie—
He will come with words of love.

Then hushed be this bitter sorrow!
He battled long and well;
How brave should be the mother
Of a son who bravely fell.

In the Cause of Human Freedom—
For the Liberty of man—
Lo! the angels crown my darling
For the work which he began.

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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THE PEEP INTO THE SACRED CANON is continued this week.

THE LETTER FROM THE ALPINE LAND will interest every reader.

We print this week Judge Coffinberry's extended review of Prof. Spence's Analysis of the performances of H. Melville Fay, hoping the cause of Truth may be served thereby.

The original Miscellany (on our sixth page) should not escape attention.

A Programme for the Nation.

DESIGNS AND OBJECTS OF THE WAR.

HOW TO OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

NEW YORK, July, 1861.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, DEAR SIR: Will you not take a view of the present condition of our country? Is it not time for you to examine into the causes of this War, and to give some impressions as to its prosecution, or suggest a remedy? What is the prospect of the country? Why were our gallant troops so panic-struck at the battle of Bull Run? Our vast bodies of brave soldiers were, by some unaccountable cause, converted into a rabble of frightened citizens. * * *

What is the end to be? Have you anything to offer? If so, now is the time for you to publish it to the world.

Yours, for Peace and Progress, A. C. W.

OUR ANSWER.

Numerous correspondents have applied to us for some rays of "light" respecting the present War, and as to its probable result. We have been waiting until now for some definite impressions concerning a subject which is justly near and dear to the homes and hearts of all true Americans. Thousands and thousands of Reformers, and perhaps half a million Spiritualists, are waiting for some definite plan—some well-defined and worthy object, by which to work and at which to aim in the momentous struggle so stupendously organized in this country.

In fact, the time has at length arrived when all the loyal inhabitants of America, who are substantial friends of the Government, are anxious to fix upon some programme for a campaign, which shall be practical and at the same time commensurate with the magnitude of the ends to be accomplished. This is absolutely necessary. The mass of the people must first fix upon some well-defined plan, must conceive of some positive object to accomplish by means of the present stupendous struggle, and then they will waste no more precious human life and strength, and will squander no more hard-earned money and time in the pursuit of indefinite objects and unworthy designs. The present day is too pregnant with good and evil to be spent in military movements and official operations to gratify political favorites or personal ambition. Great men in power will soon fall into universal contempt unless they at once arise in moral majesty, and, as one man, grapple bravely with the mighty questions now before the American people. From the inmost Heavens, as it were from the mouth of the King of Kings, two questions are put to the people of this country:

1st. Will you recognize and perpetuate Slavery?

2d. Will you establish the reign of Freedom?

Political parties, and all the policies of parties, whether past, or present, or prospective, must be permitted to take no part in the solution of these Heaven-pounded questions. Noblemen of the North! and loyal lovers of the Government wherever you may be! you are admonished to unite as one undivided power against the dangers that threaten you in a thousand different forms, and from as many different points of the compass. Let no past expedients or present policies dictate your decisions of to-day. "Now's the day and now's the hour." The whole country calls for and imperatively demands UNITY OF PURPOSE AND ENERGY OF ACTION.

It is impossible much longer to disguise the fact that this war is waged by Slavery. Freedom is assaulted and trampled upon by a multitude of misdirected slaveholding citizens, and the millions of the North are summoned to do battle against them and for the Right. It is impossible that the spirit of Liberty should be defeated on the soil of America. But it is possible, nay, it is probable, that the "Day of Judgment" is about to dawn upon men in high places. The true source of all true power is not in the Departments of Government at Washington, nor in the Pulpit or Press of the nation; but it is where Truth unfolds day by day, and where the landscape blooms with

flowers of infinite beauty. There is a mighty phalanx of over-watching and controlling powers "behind the throne," the straightforward purposes and undivided energies of which no earthly "Cabinet" or Confederate "Tribunal" can disregard or withstand. It is therefore time that the real causes and magnitude of the present struggle be recognized, and openly and fearlessly avowed, regardless of what a short-sighted political sagacity may represent as the unavoidable consequences of such recognition and avowal.

The powers of Heaven will defeat the Federal armies, and will overwhelm their Generals in disgraceful disaster, unless the real object of the present campaign be fully accepted and systematically prosecuted to its ultimates. If this war is designed by our loyal men and patriots to defend the Union against the aggressions of the SLAVE POWER, in the form and style of a Southern Confederacy, why not avow the fact at once? What is the moral benefit of misrepresenting the nature of this War? Our leading men must very soon take heed lest they fall. They fear that the North will not unite in a great War for Freedom as against Slavery. "O, ye of little faith!" arise above the profound imbecilities of your political wisdom, and for once evoke the spirit of God in the millions of America!

If to protect constitutional liberty, and to perpetuate the Union, it be necessary to decree a war of emancipation, as an offset to the merciless and unparalleled aggressions of the slave power, why not shoulder the responsibility, and call upon all men to share the labor and the results? If it be found necessary, in order to establish the American Union on an immovable basis, to unstate the Slave States, to occupy all their centers of power by Federal forces, to reduce them all to the condition of territories, to utterly conquer and provincialize them root and branch—why not avow the fact? Why not organize an army and a navy, with a mastery perfection of plan and detail, for the accomplishment of some well-defined and worthy object? This great people must not shrink from its great function—namely, to establish the reign of freedom throughout this part of the earth. Why not accept the just and legitimate punishment of long years of political corruption, as growing out of our voluntary complicity with the system of Slavery, and attempt to atone for these national sins by giving freely of both men and money to the cause of universal progress and liberty? Prayers, professions, parades, and politicians, cannot accomplish these sublime ends. If we do not accept this labor, irrespective of personal ambition and political creeds, then woe! woe! to the inhabitants of beautiful and prosperous America! The common enemy is earnest, merciless, and powerful; and his name is "Legion!" Other nations, not friendly to our blockade, will disrespect our insufficient power; and our objectless battles, and aimless marches, and disgraceful defeats, will demagnetize the energies of our best men. We say, then, provide at once for the reduction of the Slave "Confederacy." Provide for it both by sea and by land. Proclaim it as a National duty, as a "military necessity," as the positive expression of the united North; and let the halls of Congress at once resound with the passage of every law necessary to its accomplishment. Let the real causes and the ultimate designs of this War be proclaimed to all the people; and, with perfect faith in the triumph of Freedom, let us prosecute our objects with unexampled energy and unquestionable wisdom.

It has been often asked of us, "What plan would you propose?" "How can this War be justified, and turned to the overcoming of evil?" "Suppose we go forward and do battle for the Union, what will be the result?"

In reply, we disclaim all right to dictate to any human conscience the course of action to be pursued; we make no claim to rule by supernatural authority, or to the possession of "light" above the reach of our fellow men; but we do feel authorized respectfully to submit the following eighteen "Resolutions" for the consideration of every American:

THE FUNCTION OF A TRUE GOVERNMENT.

1. Resolved, That the primary and sole function of a true Government, which always derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, is to secure the largest liberty, the most perfect order, and the progressive prosperity of all human beings within its jurisdiction. This liberty, order, and prosperity, are secured to the people by promoting general industry, imparting scientific and moral education, and by protecting the property and rights of its citizens, whether native or adopted, regardless of age, sex, race, situation, religious or political convictions.

THE QUALITY OF THE AMERICAN DECLARATION.

2. Resolved, That the preamble of moral and political principles to the Constitution of the United States—embodied in that inspired instrument, the "Declaration of Independence"—constitutes the broadest political ground, and most spiritually righteous foundation, upon which to build a free, just, and progressive Government.

THE VALUE OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

3. Resolved, That the Government of the United States, which is built upon the preamble of principles set forth in the Declaration, is, notwithstanding its incompleteness and manifest imperfections, the best, and, in all essential respects, the freest

Government ever yet unfolded beneath the heavens.

RELATION OF STATES TO THE GOVERNMENT.

4. Resolved, That our Government, with its expansive powers and beneficent purposes, consists of and represents the particular and combined interests of several lesser Governments, or separate States, which, although integral parts of a grand and inseparable system, yet have separate and distinct duties to discharge, by means of loyal legislation and the enforcement of their laws, in accordance with the designs and decrees of the general Government.

SOURCES OF STATE RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

5. Resolved, That the distinctive rights and constitutional duties of the separate States—by which they should be regulated and governed in the matters of legislation and the enforcement of laws—are defined and prescribed in and by the preamble and Constitution of the general Government; therefore, that the citizens of a State, acting in harmony with constitutional authority, are bound to say, as did Henry Clay, "I owe a supreme allegiance to the general Government, and to my State a subordinate one." This short sentence contains and explains the whole doctrine of "State Rights," and clearly defines both the political and moral relations subsisting between the separate States and the general Government.

REVOLUTION A NATIONAL RIGHT.

6. Resolved, That the right of revolution in and by a separate State, is both a natural and a political right; that "whenever any form of government becomes destructive" of the ends of liberty, justice, order, and prosperity, "it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government on such principles, and organize its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." (See Declaration of Independence, Section 2, passed July 4, 1776.) In short, that the citizens of any State have a natural and political right to revolutionize, and to resist the enforcement of the laws of the general Government, whenever such State is visited by oppression and protracted injustice from the Government of which it is an integral part.

WHEN REVOLUTION IS NOT RIGHT.

7. Resolved, That without the moral and political justification arising from such injustice and oppression, no State can justly rebel against, or politically withdraw from, or legally repudiate its obligations to, the general Government; any more than can blood in the human body physiologically refuse to obey the heart, or the dependent and loyal hand ignore the energy and government of the brain.

INTERESTS OF THE MAJORITY MUST BE CONSULTED.

8. Resolved, That no State, without the above-mentioned honorable causes of justification for revolution and insubordination, has any natural or political right to inaugurate by legislation any system of commerce or merchandise, or to perpetuate by practice any domestic or social "institution," which past experience, common sense, and the political voice of the majority of the people under the general Government, has condemned and repudiated as incompatible with the peace, order, liberty, happiness, and progressive prosperity of the largest number.

WHEN THE CITIZENS OF A STATE ARE GUILTY OF REBELLION.

9. Resolved, That any separate State that shall persist in supporting such repudiated systems, and in fostering such condemned "institutions," which are known to be contrary to the happiness, expressed wishes, and best interests of the majority of the people, is guilty of violating its moral and legal obligations to mankind in general; and that the citizens of such demoralized State are not entitled to be styled "revolutionists" (who are, for the most part, Reformers and the friends of Progress), but are worthy only to be styled traitors, rebels, and enemies, who, either ignorantly or voluntarily, set themselves against the rights, peace, prosperity, and happiness of the common humanity.

SLAVEHOLDING STATES ARE GUILTY OF REBELLION.

10. Resolved, That South Carolina and other slaveholding States, without suffering from any act of injustice and oppression—without being justified for one moment by any act of tyranny proceeding from the general Government, or any State within its jurisdiction—have inaugurated hostile resistance, have instituted unconstitutional legislation, and have attempted to dignify the motives and objects of their treason and rebellion, by appropriating the terms, "revolution" and "independence," by which expressions and professions many very worthy friends of mankind, and many loyal to the general Government, residents of the South, have been politically con-

verted to a bad cause, and thereby morally deceived.

OBLIGATIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT TO THE LOYAL CITIZENS.

11. Resolved, That, inasmuch as it is the object of a true and just Government to protect the person and guard the property of each of its loyal citizens, and inasmuch as the Government of the United States is manifestly the freest and truest ever organized on earth, for the purposes named; therefore, it is deemed a natural and political right to call upon such Government to put down, by the immediate concentration and exercise of its every constitutional and magnanimous power, all enemies and traitors, in every station and of whatever profession, who are known to be actively hostile to the political safety and general prosperity of the loyal inhabitants.

ONE SIDE OF WAR IS FRIENDLY TO JUSTICE AND HUMANITY.

12. Resolved, That War, however sanguinary and protracted, is not an inherent evil, but the inevitable concomitant of mankind's progress out of the inhumanities of barbarism—a state of society which generates selfishness, servitude, cupidity, rapine, arrogance, perfidy, pride, physical prowess, and feudal aristocracy. War, like everything else, is two-sided—one part is defensive and for self-preservation, in obedience to which it stands and unselfishly fights for the rights and liberties of the people; the other side, on the contrary, is aggressive, and seeks to accumulate wealth and power for selfish and subversive ends, and its unprincipled motto is, "Give us what we ask, and then—let us alone!"

THE TERRIBLE RESPONSIBILITY OF ENEMIES TO FREEDOM.

13. Resolved, That, inasmuch as a few thousand slaveholders have inaugurated an unjustifiable armed resistance to the peaceful Progress and constitutional Freedom of many millions, it is but natural, and, therefore, legitimate, both politically and spiritually, that such men should be compelled to assume the terrible responsibility of having instituted a war for selfish and subversive ends, against the combined interests and welfare of millions of loyal and peaceful citizens.

HOW TO JUSTLY PUNISH THE REBELLIOUS STATES.

14. Resolved, That, as a just and magnanimous punishment (which is calculated not to destroy, but to subdue and reform, all whom it embraces) there should be a speedy reduction, and consequent political degradation, of every disloyal State, to the original condition of province or territory.

HOW TO OVERCOME THE EVIL OF WAR WITH GOOD.

15. Resolved, That, while this reduction and humiliation are in due process of accomplishment—which will be inevitable from military victories, and from consequent occupation by the loyal soldiers of all governmental positions of importance to the safety of the country—the Constitution should be amended (in the glorious light of its own preamble), so that it will not only keep all existing territories forever free of African servitude, but prohibit forevermore the admission of any State into the Union which contains in any form the least vestige of oppression—making Slavery historical and impossible, and FREEDOM universal, and constitutional, and absolute, equally and everywhere, in all Territories and States under the protection of the general Government, now and hereafter. Let Liberty be proclaimed throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

HOW TO PUNISH TREASON AND REWARD PATRIOTISM.

16. Resolved, That, inasmuch as there are thousands of our loyal countrymen at present residing in the slaveholding States, who are proprietors of slaves, or implicated in the institution (as a consequence of the external circumstances in which such men and their families have been reared), and inasmuch as such holders of slave-property or property in slaveholding States are likely to lose their entire wealth, and be reduced to embarrassment and poverty, all which will occur as surely as the work of Emancipation goes forward; therefore, the general Government should insure and indemnify such loyal and impoverished citizens South—whether slaveholders or not—by appropriating to their indemnification from monies accruing from the confiscation of the properties of known active rebels, whether North or South, which would be a just and merited punishment for their unjustifiable disloyalty, and consequent treason, to the freest, and best, and truest of Governments.

INDEMNIFICATION OF THE LOYALISTS OF THE BORDER STATES.

17. Resolved, That, inasmuch as, from the over-mastering force of their geographical, political, and moral circumstances, the Border States are confusedly loyal, uncer-

tain, and neutral; and inasmuch as (because of the dangerous and treasonable relations subsisting between such States and the cause of the Government) it is unavoidable that the persons and property of the citizens thereof should be particularly exposed to the wasteful vicissitudes and ruthless ravages of War; therefore it is deemed just that the loyal citizens be legally, efficiently, and equitably protected and indemnified by the constitutional provisions of Congress and the unanimous proceedings of the general Government; to which end it is suggested that a Committee be appointed to search out, take an inventory of, and fix a just valuation upon each and every Slave owned by known loyal citizens of the Border States, in accordance with which report and appraisal the general Government should purchase and pay for every Slave, and that on and after the date of such appraisal and purchase, the frontier and central States shall be declared forever independent of Chattel Slavery.

THE CORONATION OF AMERICAN FREEDOM.

18. Resolved, That, as soon as this patriotic and magnanimous struggle for constitutional and unlimited freedom, is terminated—which may be signified by the overthrow of the power of the slave-oligarchy, and by the reduction of all the rebellious States to the condition of territories or conquered provinces—the general Government should open all such territories and provinces to all the people of the loyal States and existing Territories, giving full privileges and equitable opportunities for the introduction of Free Labor, Free Schools, Free Speech, and Freedom, to all the inhabitants thereof, regardless of sex, age, race, situation, religious or political convictions.

A CALL FOR RE-ENLISTMENTS.

Not a little confusion and some risk has occurred to our government in consequence of the expiration of the term of service, at an important period, of the three months' volunteers. Their re-enlistment for "during the war" is everywhere considered desirable.

We have a similar feeling respecting the Herald recruits to the cause of Progress. We are always glad of six months' subscribers, but those enlisted for a longer term are preferred. The time of subscription of quite a number expires next week, and their renewal for at least another half year is greatly to be desired in these times of commercial depression and business distrust. Any essential diminution of our "army" of supporters would be likely to embarrass "forward movements" already contemplated and in progress.

A correspondent writes: "My soul is enlisted in the good cause, not for three years, but for all time!" We hope many of our readers possess an equal attachment for the principles of Progress, and will be equally ready to manifest it by a prompt renewal of their own subscriptions and efficient effort in obtaining new.

NO TRAVELING AGENTS.

For the benefit of all concerned we desire it to be well understood that we employ no traveling agents to collect subscriptions for the Herald of Progress. We assume no responsibility except in the case of those agents whose names are published in our columns. When persons pay subscriptions to traveling agents, or others, they do so at their own risk.

We make this statement because of information, which has just reached us, of the operations of a person in New Hampshire—a lady, we are sorry to say, and one who is, or pretends to be, deaf and dumb. She is entirely unknown to us, and yet claims to be authorized to receive subscriptions for our paper. Other complaints have come to us of failures nearer home, because of a betrayal of trust by parties to whom money has been paid.

Let all interested persons remember that direct dealings with this office will best promote our mutual interests. Money should be sent by mail, or by the hand of some person in whose integrity you can confide. Or the paper may be obtained through any well-established news agency. When the paper is to be received through the mail, let subscribers address us directly, and certainly never pay their subscriptions to traveling agents who are strangers to them, and probably to us also.

A. J. DAVIS & CO.

PRAYING CURSES.

"A good story is told of Rev. Dr. Bellows. Rev. Dr. Lothrop said to him the other day, that, after reading Jeff. Davis's Message, he could scarcely keep from swearing. Dr. Bellows said that he had frequently felt so of late, and when he did he always took up the Psalms of David concerning his enemies, which about satisfied him and eased his mind."

[Boston Investigator.]

It is, of course, a matter of taste, which biblical method of "easing one's mind" to prefer—brief and explosive profanity, or the more "refined" and diabolical imprecations contained in the 109th Psalm. If, however, our life were depending upon the mercy of either a man who expended his wrath in a volley of oaths, or one who hoarded his for the prolonged "enjoyment" of the terrible desires expressed in "David's devotions to his enemies," we should prefer to be delivered to the tender mercies of the swearing sinner, rather than the "devotional saint."

We doubt the story told of Dr. Bellows. If true, we shall provide a pocket edition of the 109th Psalm for a protection when we meet irate persons.

Ce Empe.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

We have the authority of the *Christian Register* for attributing the defeat of the Federal forces at Bull Run, not to civilians and teamsters, exhausted soldiers and drunken officers, neither to Gen. Patterson, Gen. Scott, Gen. Cameron, "Gen. Correspondent," or even Gen. Greely, but to Providence!

This evangelical authority states that the defeat was caused by "Him who doeth all things well." "God saw that we needed sorrow, and Providence, in hidden kindness, spoiled the brilliant picture of the American's cherished hopes. Grievous is the disappointment, but God knows that our sorrow is our safety."

No more complaints should be made of subordinate, since the senior officer always receives the blame or praise.

We cannot refrain from expressing the hope, however, that the same God loves the secessionists, also, and since, "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," we would respectfully suggest that the chastening hand may now be properly stretched forth upon the rebels, that, in their sorrow, not only can they "see their safety," but we be able to see the safety of the nation, also.

The Vision Fulfilled.

In the *Liberator* of March 10, 1857—four years and four months ago—we published an account of a remarkable spirit-manifestation, through a medium, in a neighboring city, purporting to have been made by the late N. P. Rogers and Professor Follen. Here is a portion of it, which finds its exact fulfillment in the present civil war now raging in the country:

Charles Follen then indicated his presence by spelling out his name, and said he, too, had a message to Henry C. Wright. A test was called for—a test that might be unmistakably recognized. One of the mediums present directly became cold, and much agitated, shuddering greatly, and seemingly suffocating as one drowning, and said, "I am chilled through—but my head is on fire. I am dreadfully distressed." The chest heaved convulsively. "I am surrounded by fire and water." The extremities were cold as if life was indeed passing away. This state lasted but a short time, when the communication continued, the following questions being put, and answered mostly by alphabet:

"Do you and your associate spirits interest yourselves in the present struggle between the North and South in regard to liberty and slavery?"

"Yes, most deeply we do—ever watching the anti-slavery movement with deepest interest."

"Can you tell the result of this conflict?"

"We can—the certain dissolution of the present slaveholding Union, the formation of a Northern Republic on the principle of 'No Union with Slaveholders,' and the abolition of slavery."

"How is this to be done?"

"ONLY BY BLOOD!"

"At this point, one of the mediums saw, with the clearness of light, in a trance state, the fearful scene of conflict, and became greatly agitated—wep bitterly—threw up her arms, and exclaimed, 'You have never seen a FIELD OF BLOOD! This is frightful! This influence must be removed, or I shall die.' Soon a sound trance-like state succeeded, and the following was written with a pencil:

"This vision shall surely be realized. Waves of desolation shall roll, in quick succession, over this devoted nation. They set at naught all the laws of justice, and defy the Supreme Judge of all the earth, and are filled with their own devices. They have drunken in iniquity like water. I WILL GIVE THEM BLOOD TO DRINK."

"Where will this bloody conflict be?"

"In Washington and the Border States."

"Do you approve of this way of abolishing slavery and the Union?"

"There is no other way now left by which to abolish slavery but by blood. The day of peaceful settlement of this question of slavery and the Union is past, no more to return. The responsibility of the blood that must flow must rest on those in Church and State, who, twenty years ago, had the power to forestall the fearful, bloody tragedy, but who were too busy in opposing and denouncing abolitionists to do it. The blood of the slave, and of those who shall fall in the conflict between the North and the South—between Liberty and Slavery—will be required at their hands."

This, in substance, and by far the most part in words, is what was given by Charles Follen to H. C. Wright. A presence filled the room while the above was being communicated, that deeply impressed, even to tears, those who were in the circle.—*Liberator*.

PROGRESS IN FRANCE.

A FEMALE LECTURER.

The Paris correspondent of the *Evening Post* sounds a note of progress from the city of fashion, full of promise for the French people.

"A French woman, Mlle. Augusta Royer, has been making a bold inroad on Paris customs and ideas, which the press and the public are busy criticising from various points of view."

"Mlle. Royer having succeeded in obtaining a liberal education in this city, went to Switzerland to try her powers, and, having delivered several courses of lectures in that country, with great success, has come back to Paris to see what she can accomplish in that line among her own people, and has just given her first lecture—on the 'Female Poets of Antiquity'—under the auspices of a society which has been recently formed here for giving lectures on popular subjects, to mixed audiences, in the English style, 'in the hope,' say the managers of the affair in their circulars, 'of introducing among the people, and especially among the ladies, a rational, improving, and agreeable method of passing an evening, much in vogue in England and America, where the attractions of the lecture-room are found to vie with those of the theater, the concert, and the ball, and to operate most beneficially upon the public mind by popularizing science among persons of both sexes not specially devoted to scientific pursuits.'"

"This society having secured the services of

many of the most eminent literary and scientific men of the capital, and being particularly anxious to attract the attention of women to something more important than the frivolities which occupy so large a share of Paris life, have thought that Mlle. Royer might be a useful auxiliary, and included her in their list of lecturers. The lady lecturer has shown herself to be perfectly mistress of her subject, and possessed of a pleasant voice and good delivery. The experiment, notwithstanding the alarm expressed by many, has proved a successful one."

Horace Greeley and "The Tribune."

Many people cling to the belief that "Horace Greeley" and "The Tribune" are synonymous and identical terms. The multitude of sins which Mr. Greeley has, under this superstition, been forced to bear, has called for a larger mantle than charity often weaves for any one personage. Other and more observant readers have been constrained to acknowledge that the personnel of Mr. Greeley has of late been about as little manifest in the daily conduct of the *Tribune* as in the management of the *Independent*, for which paper he has contributed weekly. The conviction that Mr. Greeley stood at the head of the *Tribune* only in name, has given pain to many ardent friends of the noble veteran editor.

A recent issue of the *Tribune* contains a personal card from Mr. Greeley, occasioned probably by the bitter aspersions cast upon him individually—not the least important being charging the defeat at Bull Run solely to his account. This document contains two or three admissions, which may enlighten the class to which we have alluded.

"I am charged with what is called 'opposing the Administration' because of the selection (of Mr. Seward,) and various paragraphs which have from time to time appeared in the *Tribune* are quoted to sustain this imputation. The simple fact that not one of those paragraphs was either written or in any wise suggested or prompted by me, suffices for that charge."

"I did not write, and I did not intend to have published, the article calling for a change of Cabinet, which only appeared through a misapprehension."

"I wish to be distinctly understood as not seeking to be relieved from any responsibility for urging the advance of the Union Grand Army into Virginia, though the precise phrase 'Forward to Richmond!' is not mine, and I would have preferred not to iterate it."

It thus clearly appears that Mr. Greeley's "preferences" have not always been consulted in regard to the daily "iterations" of the *Tribune*; also that articles do appear which he "did not intend to have published."

The next day's *Tribune* contains an article evidently from the pen of Mr. Greeley, as creditable as it is remarkable for that sheet. It is an acknowledgment of error. This we do not remember to have ever before seen in that paper. A singular obliviousness to cherished positions, has at all times been observable, with a studied avoidance of all confession of even common human fallibility. How refreshing to one loving a frank and disingenuous spirit, are words of free, and we trust sincere confession, like these.

"We have confessed our own terrible mistake in the premises, and are trying to amend it. Gen. Scott has been equally ingenious and candid. 'It was a miscalculation of forces,' he says of the recent disaster. That is the real truth. None of us had any idea of the immense numbers and tremendous ingenuity of war that the rebels had silently collected around their position at Manassas Junction."

"Put all the blame on us that can be laid there for the benefit of the Cause, but hush all bickering—well-meant, doubtless, but most untimely—and let us try to save the country."

In another paragraph we are led to hope that Mr. Greeley has resumed the editorial management of the *Tribune*, a conjecture, we trust, well founded. These are the words:

"The *Herald* professes anxiety to know who is now editor of the *Tribune*. It need but look closely to see."

"The *Times* also shall be relieved from all concern on that head."

A WORLD IN TROUBLE.

The world is in disorder. Nations are convulsed, thrones are trembling, governments are agitated, people are excited, and the whole social organism of civilization appears to be sensitively influenced by some strange influence premonitory of a great change. Let us take a glance at the facts:

Despite all rumors to the contrary, Pope Pius IX is really dying: a sleep is overcoming him, from which nothing will probably awaken him except the trumpet of eternity. Count Cavour, his arch-antagonist, has just gone before him. The Sultan of Turkey has also passed away. The Chinese emperor is admitted to be on his death-bed, and the rebel army at the gates of Peking. Louis Napoleon has been attacked by disease. The queen of Austria has been given up as beyond the reach of medicine. The empress of France is ill. The queen of Great Britain, it is positively asserted, in private circles, is exhibiting traces of that mental aberration which is hereditary in her family.

Now let us add to this catalogue of scepter ills, that the Papal states, at the decease of Pius Nino, will probably be handed over to Victor Emanuel, king of Italy. That Francis, late dictator of Naples, only awaits the event to foment a reactionary movement among his partisans—a movement in which the exiled dukedoms will join to recover, if possible, their lost dominions. That Venice is pausing for that movement of disorder to assert her claim to independence. That Hungary is equally on the eve of a revolution, and Poland following its example. That Spain is again menacing Morocco. That France and Austria are preparing for another conflict as a sequel to the treaty of Villa Franca. That England, France, and Spain, are now threatening Mexico. That one portion of St. Domingo has already lost its freedom, and that the other bids fair to follow. That the petty states of South America are nearly all engaged in civil war, and that

the great North American republic of the United States is absolutely struggling for life, a prey to domestic discord of the most serious proportions.

What is this but a picture of a world in disorder—a world preparing itself, as it were, for some gigantic and social metamorphosis which no man may comprehend, and which the visionary resort to prophecy to interpret? It may be the prelude, a few will say, to that overwhelming orgasm, which is to introduce the millennium. It may be, alas! the handwriting upon the wall which betokens the downfall of free institutions throughout the globe. It may be, let us rather hope, a token of that *coup de grace* to despotism which events are about to precipitate, in order to give the SPIRIT OF HUMAN LIBERTY ONE MORE CHANCE TO FOLD ITS WEARY WINGS OVER ALL MANKIND.—*New York Sunday Times*.

Public Meetings.

The Friends of Progress meet at North Collins (near Kerr's Corners), Erie Co., N. Y., August 16, 17, and 18.

William Denton continues his engagement at Chicago during August.

Grove Meetings at East Norwalk, Huron Co., O., Aug. 9, 10, and 11.

At Leonidas Centre, St. Joseph Co., Mich., Aug. 24 and 25.

At Churchill's Grove, (camp-meeting ground) near the junction of the M. & P. D. C. and W. & B. V. Railroads, fourteen miles west of Milwaukee, Aug. 22d.

At Gun Plains, Kalamazoo Co., Mich., Aug. 17 and 18. Messrs. Brown, Fish, and Jamison, Mrs. Eddy, and others, expected as speakers.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE AT OSWEGO.

The National Conference of Spiritualist and Reform Lecturers convenes at Oswego, N. Y., on Tuesday, August 13th, to continue over the following Sunday. (Call published heretofore.)

Strangers will report themselves at Music Hall, over Gordon & Purse's store, on West First Street.

The excursion announced below is a part of the programme of the Conference.

GRAND PLEASURE EXCURSION TO CANADA.

AND TRIP UP THE BAY OF QUINTON TO THE LAKE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

The Spiritualists of Oswego, having chartered two of the Northern Transportation Company's lake or screw steamers, will make an excursion across Lake Ontario, and up the Bay of Quinton, to the Lake of the Mountain, on Thursday, August 15, 1861, leaving Oswego from foot of West Seneca Street, at precisely half-past 7 o'clock, A. M., returning the same night. It is proposed to land on Indian Point, at the Gap, or entrance to the Bay of Quinton, where is located a magnificent pine grove, and where the picnic and exercises will be held, remaining there till about 5 o'clock, P. M. Thence proceeding up the bay of Quinton to the Lake of the Mountain. This Lake is elevated some three hundred feet above the bay, about half a mile in length and nearly the same in width, and a most wonderful natural curiosity. It has no perceptible inlet, but discharges a large volume of water; which is used in propelling several mills of different kinds. It has been visited by many naturalists, but no satisfactory conclusions obtained regarding the source of its supply of water.

The party will reach the Lake shortly after 6 P. M., remaining there about one hour, to witness one of the loveliest of sunset scenes, rivaling in grandeur an Italian sky. The extensive view of the bay and distant highlands for beauty is unexcelled.

At 7 P. M. the party will return homeward, reaching Oswego about midnight. The trip down the bay, with daylight view for the whole distance, is of the most interesting character, both banks abounding in beautiful and picturesque scenery, interspersed with several villages.

It is expected that a large company from Picton and the surrounding country will meet the excursionists at Indian Point, where suitable amusements will be provided. The United States Convention of Speakers are to be in session in Oswego at the time, and as that body will accompany the party, several excellent addresses may be expected at the grove on Indian Point.

In case the weather should be unfavorable on Thursday, the 15th, arrangements are completed for a postponement to Saturday, the 17th, at the same hour for starting.

Tickets for the trip, 50 cts.; children 25 cts. To be had at Pool's Bookstore, on Wednesday, the 14th, and of the Committee, at the boats, Thursday morning.

Fruits and ice cream will be for sale on each boat. Families will need to provide themselves with all other refreshments. Music will be provided for each boat. To insure passage, promptness in being at the boats is indispensable.

All are invited to participate.
By order of the Committee.

Brief Items.

—Gen. McClellan has been appointed to the command of the army on the Potomac. He has commenced several needful reforms.

—Congress has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of liquors to the soldiers.

—Gen. McClellan's old troops express their devotion to him in the following emphatic if not elegant manner: "We would, every one of us, fight for old Mac till hell froze over and then die on the ice!"

—Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde (a daughter of King Emanuel) with their suite, are now in this country. They came in a yacht devoted to their use.

—The *Tribune* adheres thus far strictly to its new policy of refraining from all strictures upon the administration or army, likely to embarrass their operations, constantly urging singleness of purpose and devotion to the great work. It would be well if other papers adopted the same course. The *Evening Post* has never, we believe, departed from it.

—Some thirty distinguished thieves, whose photographs adorn the Rogues' Gallery of the New York Detective Police, have united in a protest against the injustice done them by placing in the same collection the likenesses of Jeff. Davis, Howell Cobb, Henry A. Wise, John B. Floyd, &c. They confess to no villainy so deep-dyed as "conspiring to ruin a mighty nation—to beggar and enslave a continent."

—Another Louis XVII has been discovered, to swell the list occupied by the late Rev. Mr. Williams, among others. A watchmaker called Trévisan died lately at Zara, in Dalmatia, and on his death-bed communicated the secret that he was the unfortunate Dauphin; that, after escaping from that cobble of bad memory, Simon, he went to London, thence to Scotland, and finally to Padua, where a married couple named Trévisan took him up and gave him their name. The authorities thought this story of so much consequence that they had his portrait taken, and have instituted inquiries.

—Mrs. Browning's son, now twelve or thirteen years of age, is said to have inherited a large share of the genius of both his father and mother.

—Eleven new churches are being erected in the vicinity of Boston.

—Since 1852, 690 students have entered themselves at the Female School of Art, London, and the number at the present time is 118, of whom 75 are studying with the view of ultimately maintaining themselves.

—Rev. Dr. Sloan, of New London, Conn., has commenced a suit against Rev. L. R. S. Brewster, of Wilbraham, for damage in a horse trade. When clergymen go to cheating, the rest of the world should become honest.

[*Springfield Republican*.]
—Mr. Whipple, a photographer, of Boston, somewhat famous for his photographs of the moon and stars, has been making an effort to get a picture of the comet. He says that its photographic power of light is so feeble as scarcely to make an impression on his most sensitive preparations. As compared with that of the moon, or fixed stars even of the third or fourth magnitude, it is, photographically speaking, not one thousandth part as brilliant.

—Du Chaillu, the African traveler, says of monkeys: "The only playful monkey I ever saw is the Koolo Kamba, who has been frequently known to offer to its offspring a coconut from which the milk had been previously extracted."

—It is stated as a fact that in Ireland and Norway there are more blind people, in proportion to population, than in any other country in the world. The reason is that it is so common, in both those countries, for cousins to intermarry.

—A London letter writer says that Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, after their long separation, are living together again.

—The island of Manhattan, on which New York now stands, was bought of the Indians by Peter Minuits, the first Dutch Governor, in 1626, for twenty-four dollars.

—The internal condition of Hungary is in some respects exceedingly deplorable. In the last three years seven hundred and twelve persons have been executed for capital offenses.

—A contraband negro being asked what he cared about the war, replied: "Wot does I care? Why, I reckon dis child fect mighty onsartin 'bout tings now-a-days. It make heap of difference wid me. I want dis t'ing settled. Las' year ole massa he git offered for me jist fifteen hundred dollar, and dis year he git, may be, four hundred. I jist want de ting done fixed, so as I be worth not'ing or full price; jist one or toder."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Our latest advices from Europe are to the 18th of July.

—The message of President Lincoln had been received by the English press. The *Daily News* eulogises the document, and says: "It sets at rest the question of Compromise, and the Government is now in a position to secure, by its energetic action, the sympathy of foreign powers." The *Times*, as was to be expected, makes it the occasion of sinister forebodings, and predicts the final recognition of the Southern Confederacy.

—In a debate in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell, in reference to a rumor of the probable cession of the Island of Sardinia to France, said that such a scheme could not be permitted, and would terminate the alliance of England and France.

—By the census of Ireland, taken on the 8th of April last, it appears that the population was 5,764,543, showing an absolute decrease of 787,342, or about 12 per cent., since 1851. Since 1841 the decrease has been 2,410,581, or 36 per cent. The Catholic population of the island, by the late census, is shown to be 4,500,000, leaving 1,273,960 to other persuasions.

—The trial of the Baron de Vidil for an attempt to murder his son, Alfred John de Vidil, was progressing at London.

—The French Emperor's health is said to be much improved from his temporary retreat at Vichy.

—A report was current in Paris, of a treaty, offensive and defensive, between Austria, Prussia, and Russia, in the event of an insurrection in Hungary or Poland.

—Prince Adam Czartoriski died at Paris on the 15th instant.

—Trade in France was extremely depressed. The harvest was, on the whole, making satisfactory progress, although there are, as usual, many complaints.

—Several conflicts had taken place in the Neapolitan provinces between the royal troops and the brigands, in which the latter suffered great losses.

—The Fourth of July was celebrated by the Americans at Genoa, under the presidency of the United States consul at that port, in patriotic style.

—The American and English Embassadors were formally received by the Queen of Spain on the 15th July.

—An attempt was made on the life of the King of Prussia, at Baden-Baden, on the 14th of July, by a young Leipzig student named Becker. A pistol was fired at the king, and the ball grazed his neck.

—Prince Charles Lobkowitz has been appointed by the Austrian government as governor of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg, in the place of the Archduke Charles Louis, relieved of the office at his own request.

The political news from Europe is unimportant.

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 around with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

Joan, the Inspired Heroine.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY W. H. MILLER.

That the reader may properly understand the responsibilities assumed by the subject of this sketch, it will be necessary to recount a few events that transpired previous to her appearance as commander of the French forces.

Soon after the accession of Charles VI to the throne of France, he resolved to punish the Duke of Bretagne for a serious outrage which he had committed without provocation. Although suffering from an attack of fever, and worn down by excessive activity in the discharge of official duties, he summoned his troops, and set out on horseback from Paris to join them.

In passing through the forest of Mann, he had strayed apart from his attendants, when a giant form, pale, haggard, and shrouded in white, arose in his path, and grasping his rein, exclaimed in a sepulchral tone, "King, you are betrayed! Advance not!" It then immediately disappeared.

The agitation produced by this incident, in combination with the debility already mentioned, overpowered the mind of Charles, and he became a raving maniac. Partially recovering his reason, he lived for 30 years to sway an imbecile scepter over the French nation.

It was during this period that Henry V of England renewed the claim of Edward III to the throne of France, and with an army of 30,000 well disciplined men, invaded the domain of the insane Charles.

Disease stalked remorselessly through the English camp, and prostrated by his withering touch, whole battalions sank powerless in the arms of Death. This was almost the only enemy with which Henry had to contend, and, although its ravages were appalling, yet, with stubborn bravery, the English pressed onward, and gained nearly all the important positions in France.

Establishing his residence at Paris, Henry entered into negotiations with Charles, and was soon after crowned King of France; that potent monarch passively assenting to every transaction. In the course of the succeeding year, death terminated the triumphs of the victorious Henry and the sufferings of the unfortunate Charles.

The former appointed the Duke of Bedford regent of France, and the latter was succeeded by his son, who claimed the throne under the title of Charles VII, and proceeded to enforce his claims.

And now it was that the inspired Joan of Arc appeared upon the stage of action as the avenger and deliverer of the French. High authorities differ regarding the time of her birth, but I am inclined to credit those historians who fix her nativity in 1410. She was born of obscure parents, in the village of Domremy, near the Meuse river, in the province of Lorraine. Her educational facilities were, of course, limited, and during her early years she obtained a subsistence by acting alternately as a shepherdess and a serving maid in the village inn. In the latter capacity she tended the stables, and became an expert in the management of horses.

Being much in the open air, and engaged principally in a business requiring strength and agility, her physical powers were well developed, and her capacities for enduring fatigue were remarkable. While guarding her flock upon the banks of the murmuring Meuse, surrounded by the birds and flowers of summer, she reclines upon the emerald carpeting of the earth, and as she listens to the free winds sweeping the giant harp-chorus of the wood to aolian strains of nature's harmony, her soul rises above the lowly train of duties that devote upon her, and holds communion with the denizens of higher spheres.

When thirteen years of age the glories of inspiration first dawn upon the rustic maiden; a brilliant light flashes around her awed and trembling form; the trees, the flowers, and each familiar scene upon which she has often gazed admiringly, seem to change and assume a supernatural radiance; she stands in silent wonder at the glorious change, when a voice, clear and silvery, breaks the stillness, and bids her be pure and good, and heaven will vouchsafe especial protection to her.

Upon her knees the enraptured Joan proclaims obedience; and utters a vow of eternal chastity. Henceforth, this obscure and uneducated daughter of poverty and toil resigns herself to the guardianship of angels, and, probably under their impression, ponders continually upon the deplorable condition of France; while her noble soul is pervaded by an unconquerable desire to grasp the sword, and hasten to the relief of the down-trodden and oppressed nation. Still she toils unremittently, and being principally engaged at the village inn, she tends the horses and performs other labor which in our age and country usually devolves upon men.

Thus her powers of endurance were developed to the highest degree; her mind was vigorous, and at the appropriate moment her angelic protectors proclaimed that under their direction she was to take command of the French, triumph over the hosts of Britain, drive them from Rheims, and crown the youthful Charles in that city. Startled by the boldness of her declarations, and aware of the aspiring spirit of their daughter, her parents endeavored to force her to marry a neighboring peasant; but Joan, strengthened by her guardians, and comprehending the dignity of her mission, frustrated their efforts, and, escaping to Vaucouleurs obtained an interview with commander De Baudricourt. In this she implicitly obeyed those watchful guardians who for four years had been fitting her for the wonderful drama in which she was to figure as principal actor. Baudricourt rejected her proposals with ill-concealed contempt, and Joan returned to Domremy disappointed, but not despairing, for her spirit counselors were ever near her with words of encouragement and wisdom.

At this time the French were meeting with nothing but disaster and disgrace. Orleans was the principal place of which they held possession, and upon suffering a defeat at the battle of Herring the garrison was reduced to great distress. In this hour of darkness, when the last ray of hope had departed from the

breasts of the Loyalists, when nothing earthly could render their condition more deplorable, Baudricourt conceived his prejudices, and commissioned two gentlemen of rank to conduct Joan to the unfortunate king. To reach him she must pass an extensive region occupied by the enemy; but she eluded their vigilance, and arrived safely at Tiorbois, whence she departed for Chinon, the residence of Charles, at his request. Here she was closely questioned by the incredulous courtiers, and one of them demanded a miracle as a test of her sincerity. Rising to her full height, she haughtily replied, "Grant me my requests, and I will soon exhibit one at Orleans!" It is said that although the king had laid aside every insignia of royalty, she selected him from among his courtiers, and told him secrets known only to himself. After due consultation, he gave her the command of his forces. By direction of her angel guides, she procured a suit of armor, and sent to Tiorbois for a sword which she minutely described, and declared to be buried in a particular vault in the Church. It was found precisely where, and as she had described it. This increased the confidence of her adherents, and is a strong proof of her mediumship; but her enemies afterwards perverted it into evidence of imposture, as she had rested a few days at Tiorbois, and might possibly have discovered the deposit at that time. But those conversant with similar phenomena at the present day, will not hesitate to adopt a different and more charitable construction of this (for the times) remarkable circumstance.

Mounted on a snow-white charger, clad in polished armor, by her side the mysterious sword, and in her hand a banner which she declared was sent from heaven, this young and inexperienced maiden passed unmolested into Orleans, while the English armies stood paralyzed with fear and wonder. Her reception in the city wrought a complete change in the tide of military affairs. The ranks of the besiegers were filled with an undefinable dread. The fame of Joan had reached them before she departed from the borders of Lorraine, and regarding her as one chosen by heaven to avenge the wrongs of the French, they believed that to oppose her was equivalent to warring against the Most High. The besieged also regarded her as commissioned by the Almighty, and her presence elevated them from the depths of despondency to the highest degree of enthusiasm.

Under her command they endured incredible fatigue, and fought with superhuman bravery. For a short time the English withstood their fierce onsets, and then, in superstitious dread, threw down their arms and fled. Victory followed victory, and in a few days after her entrance into Orleans, the hosts of Britain, overwhelmed with fear, raised the siege, and precipitately retreated. A fresh army was raised and placed under the command of Sir John Falstaff to cooperate with Talbot, the English general. This simple, rustic maiden, not yet in her twentieth year, marched away with her little band of enthusiasts to meet the powerful and well disciplined battalions which were combined under the command of England's ablest generals.

On the 18th of June, the opposing hosts were drawn up in battle array. Joan ordered the men to be supplied with spurs. In alarm one of her officers inquired if she anticipated a defeat. "Oh no," she replied, smilingly, "we shall have to ride hard to overtake the enemy."

Her prediction was verified. The English soldiers, declaring it madness to fight against God, turned and fled in intense trepidation. Nor was this cowardice displayed by the ignorant soldiers alone. Officers of the highest reputation and most undoubted courage, were panic stricken in her presence, and, pallid with fear, joined in the flight, nor drew rein until beyond the reach of pursuit. Even Sir John Falstaff, who had sternly met the shock of battle in many a bloody engagement, was one of the first to put spurs to his steed, and fly from the field in consternation. For this he was disgraced, and shorn of all the honors he had won by a long series of gallant exploits.

The wonderful incidents of her remarkable military life cannot be enumerated in this brief article. History preserves only a few of her inspired remarks, and gives but a brief general account of her life. Without extensive researches it would be impossible to place before the reader a minute detail of the various thrilling adventures of her unparalleled career. Let it suffice to say, that wherever she appeared, the enemy made but a feeble resistance. Impregnable fortresses surrendered without a struggle, towns and cities submitted without raising an arm in self-defense, thousands flocked to her standard, and whole battalions deserted from the ranks of the English. In triumph the victorious maiden led the bewildered and delighted Charles to Rheims which was garrisoned by a powerful force of the enemy who fled in wild dismay upon her approach. The citizens threw open the city gates, and received their deliverer with enthusiastic manifestations of gratitude and joy. Here, as Joan had from the commencement predicted, the coronation was performed, and Charles assumed the direction of the affairs of his realm. Beneath the folds of her consecrated banner, the triumphant maiden witnesses the imposing ceremonies, and beholds the realization of her wildest dreams. What thrilling emotions must course through her girlish brain as she stands before that august assemblage of princes, pontiffs and noblemen, the center of admiration, the conqueror of Britain's serried battalions, the deliverer of France, the Savior of a Nation, the favored of Heaven!

What a startling contrast between this hour and her early years, before the robes of inspiration descended upon her. Behold the simple-hearted, uneducated shepherdess moving amid her flocks, deficient in every attraction save a well-formed, graceful physical organization, a vigorous intellect, and an indomitable will. She romps with her pets, and twines the wild flowers into chaplets for their fleecy necks. Her mission is yet unrevealed, and without a thought of the future, she sports, a happy child, upon the banks of the Meuse. Behold again! Her spiritual vision is unsealed; robed in resplendent coruscations, she sinks upon her knees, and in an attitude of devotion, converses with her celestial visitants. Mark how her form dilates, and her child-like features glow with the radiance of heavenly beauty, as they reveal to their chosen one her high and holy destiny.

Again, behold her in the arena of strife! This low-born maiden, uneducated, and with no knowledge of military tactics, sits serenely upon her trembling charger amid the surging tides of battle, and out-generals the most consummate commanders of Europe. Inspiring her little handful of men with spar-

tan valor, she points to the foe, and bids them bury their steel in the bosoms of their oppressors. They charge with the ferocity of demons, and as the fierce clangor of strife rises to the ears of the once rustic shepherdess, a smile of triumph wreathes her lips, and her eye sparkles with celestial radiance. For a time the enemy withstand the fiery onsets, then, convulsed with fear, their ranks falter, waver, and fly, break, and in a moment more the invincible of England are flying, a confused rabble, from the field, crushed, overthrown, out-generaled by the peasant maiden of Lorraine!

Behold her once more, when her mission is accomplished, and Charles has donned the vestments of royalty! All her predictions are fulfilled; as if by magic a nation has risen from thralldom, and cast off the yoke of foreign usurpation at her command. Victory has crowned her every effort; England is humbled and France is saved. She has won the unbounded love of the French, the applause of Europe, the admiration of the world. But as she stands surrounded by princes and noblemen at the close of the coronation ceremonies, her heart turns to the vine-clad cottage of her parents, and yearns for the companionship of the dear ones in her rural home. She starts as if awakening from a dream, and stands awed and trembling before the high-born throng. Again she is the artless shepherdess of Domremy, and her mind runs rapidly back over the scenes of her eventful life. Astonished at her unparalleled success, and bewildered at the altitude of glory to which she has attained, she falls at the feet of the king, and with tears streaming from her eyes, begs permission to return to the home of her childhood.

But still the English have a foothold in France, and Charles wishes to retain her in his service. By means of presents, promises, and persuasions, he prevails upon her to remain, and she once more reluctantly assumes command. But her star has reached the zenith, and is already upon the decline.

While heading a sally from Compiegne, her officers, with a portion of her soldiers, basely deserted, and retreating to the city, shut the gates and refused to admit her. She was taken prisoner by the Count Vendome, and by him sold to Bedford, who, instead of treating her as an honorable prisoner of war, vilely cast her into prison on a charge of sorcery. Her fortunes sank to the lowest ebb. She who, but a few days before occupied the loftiest pinnacle of fame, was now reviled as an enchantress, forsaken by the genius that had guided and assisted in her strange career of glory. She was arraigned before judges, bribed by Bedford, who found her guilty of witchcraft, and sentenced her to death by burning.

On the 30th of May, 1431, she was brought into the market-place at Rouen, and surrounded by an infernal guard of howling ecclesiastics; the sentence was executed with fiendish malignancy, and her ashes were gathered up and thrown into the Seine. Thus terminated the wonderful career of a highly developed medium, and a most remarkable character. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

The barbaric sentence, and its inhuman execution, will ever remain a foul stain upon the character of the English nation. Her judges were ever afterwards detested by both French and English. They never appeared in public without receiving open insults and contemptuous treatment. Execrations and abuse were showered upon them by all classes, and Mezerai informs us that the judgment of God fell upon them, and they all died violent deaths.

It is difficult to determine the cause of Joan's unfortunate decline. Had she obeyed the commands of her guardian spirits, and retired to private life immediately after the coronation at Rheims, all might have been well. They at first only promised assistance until Charles was crowned, and perhaps, when this was accomplished, they left her to depend upon her own resources; or what is more probable, there was some change in her physical or mental organization, that prevented their obtaining that direct control of her which they had previously done. Thus left partially to herself, she was unable to foresee the results of her actions, and every effort terminated in disappointment and failure. Be that as it may, however, there are few amid the increased light of the nineteenth century who will fail to recognize her claim to inspiration, and she will eventually be considered a pioneer medium, as she has long been regarded the Princess of Heroines.

For the Herald of Progress.

His Home is with the Angels.

BY H. W. BOOZER.

I know not whether I was asleep or awake. But this I know, that things seemed to be as bright, living realities, as anything I ever saw or heard. Often the spirit sees things with an inner eye, when we cannot reason out the why or the how of the vision. So it was with me then.

I turned and pressed my cheek restlessly against the pillow, when I thought I heard a voice. Yes! it was a voice—in my very room!

I gently raised my head, and listened, while the voice sounded forth in a sweetly musical low whisper. I caught breathlessly the last words of the sentence: "His home is with the Angels!"

A thousand thoughts passed through my mind in less time than I can tell you one of them. I knew I was alone; yet I cautiously raised myself on my elbow, and looked in the direction from whence the voice proceeded. Nothing was there save the pure, calm beauty of the moonlight, streaming through the window on the carpetless floor.

But, as I sank back again, wondering, I glanced on the wall above, and there I saw the most beautiful sight that ever mortal eye gazed upon, whether in a state of wakefulness or dream.

Surrounded by a mellow halo of glorious light, with his hands and eyes raised in an attitude of passionate, angelic devotion, knelt a lovely cherub-boy. Such an expression as there was on that child's face—it seemed as if heaven had been all shut in one beam of light, and that shone through his features. Angelic was the smile that played among the dimples hovering near his perfect lips. He was too beautiful for description. I gazed until my eyes dimmed, and my emotion became so great that I almost choked for breath.

Suddenly there came that same sweetly musical, low whisper. I listened. It spoke:

"His home is with the angels!"

Instantly, as if by magic, the vision changed. With hair disheveled, and kneeling in the same spot, seemed a woman, whose beautiful features were distorted by an intense agony, whose frame shook as if in a winter's chilling blast. She appeared young—scarcely twenty-five. The blue veins on her temples were swollen by grief, and as the low sobs convulsively escaped her lips, the tears fell in fitful, scattered profusion. I turned to get a still better sight, and—the vision was gone!

I slept no more that night; and when the sun rose on the following morning, I was busily sketching the features of that cherub-boy; and so indelibly was his image impressed in my memory, that I succeeded beyond my most sanguine hopes. After some weeks' work on the painting, it was finished, and I placed it under lock and key, among the beautiful relics of the eventful past.

Five years after the above occurred, I was residing in the city of N—. It was one bright morning in June, that a servant came to the door of my studio, and informed me that there was a lady in the parlor below, waiting to speak with me. I went down. It seemed I had seen her face before, but when or where I could not remember. She was in deep mourning, and young—apparently not over twenty-five.

Her business was this: she wished me to paint a portrait of her only child, a boy, four years old, from a daguerreotype. I asked her if she left her boy at home. She said she did. After taking down her address, I promised to call on her in the morning and see the child, and told her she might send for the picture in five weeks.

I called in the morning to see the child. He was unwell, and at the time, asleep. The young mother drew aside the veil that covered his face, and there—heavens!—there, in still repose, lay the embodiment, the reality of my vision of five years ago!

I awoke. Now I remembered, too, where I had seen the mother before, and I trembled like a leaf.

"You are ill, sir, this morning, are you not?" she said, as she took the child in her arms, and glanced at my pale countenance.

I told her it was nothing but an emotion caused by a passing remembrance, and after asking for the daguerreotype, with her eye interestedly on me, I hastily took my hat and bade her good morning.

"In five weeks," she said.

"In five weeks, ma'am," I answered. The painting was finished; but I copied it from the one I made five years before.

A servant called for it one evening, with the request from the lady that I would call on her in the morning with my account. Accordingly, on the morning of the next day, I called at the door of the mansion. A young girl came to the door.

"Is your mistress at home?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," she answered. "Please walk in and be seated. She will be with you presently;" and suiting the action to the word, she opened a large door from the hall to a well-furnished room, and I went in.

But I started—for there, in tears, before the painting I had sent home but the day before, with hair disheveled, the very picture of agony itself, knelt the young widow, now childless. As I entered, she rose slowly. Turning to me, with her raised arm she pointed to the painting, and, with the tears streaming in torrents down her cheeks, said, in a low, sweetly musical, yet deeply painful whisper:

"His home is with the angels!"

From the German.

A TRA-DUCING.

The transparent, colorless, in-the-dark-brightly-shining, easily inflammable, strong-smelling, soft-and-easily-fusible, extremely-poisonous phosphorus, for example, is by due and steady-warming into an opaque, red-brown, with-difficulty-enkindleable, light-in-darkness-development-incapable, brittle-and-as-such-infusible, completely odorless and unpoisonous substance changed, which by still stronger up-heating, suddenly again her original condition assumes, whereby the phosphorus not the slightest change in its weight shows, which strikingly proves that these changes neither upon a combination nor decomposition, rest.

A TRANSLATION OF THE SAME.

Phosphorus, for example, which is transparent and colorless substance, which shines brightly in the dark, is easily inflammable, of a strong odor, is soft and readily convertible into a liquid, and is extremely poisonous, by being slowly heated to a certain degree, is changed into an opaque, reddish-brown substance, which is with difficulty inflamed, is incapable of emitting light in the dark, is brittle, and as such does not fuse, and is entirely odorless, and destitute of poisonous qualities, which, on application of a stronger heat, suddenly assumes its original condition, and this without the slightest change in its weight—which is a striking proof that these changes depend neither upon a combination nor a decomposition of substances.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

On the 4th of August, 1763, Thomas and Richard Penn, and Lord Baltimore, being together in London, agreed with Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two mathematicians or surveyors, to mark, run out, settle, and fix the boundary line between Maryland on the one hand, and Delaware and Pennsylvania on the other.

Mason and Dixon landed in Philadelphia on the 15th of November following, and began their work at once. They adopted the peninsular lines, and the radius and tangent point of the circular of their predecessors. They next ascertained the north-east corner of Maryland, and proceeded to run the dividing parallel of latitude. They pursued this parallel a distance of 23 miles, 18 chains, and 21 links, from the place of the beginning at the N. E. corner of Maryland to the bottom of a valley on Dunkard Creek, where an Indian war path crossed their route, and here, on the 19th of November, 1767—ninety-two years ago—their Indian escort told them it was the will of the Sioux Nation that the surveys should cease, and they terminated accordingly, leaving 36 miles, 6 chains, and 50 links as the exact distance remaining to be run west to the south-west angle of Pennsylvania, not far from the Broad Tree Tunnel, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Dixon died at Durham, England, 1777; Mason died in Pennsylvania, 1787.

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William Denton will speak in Chicago during the month of August.

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Mrs. M. B. Kenney will make engagements for lecturing after Sept. 13; will speak till that time in New Hampshire. Address Lawrence, Mass.

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

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John Mayhew will receive applications for the fall and winter, addressed Wyoming, Chicago Co., Minn., up to November 1.

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

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

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

E. Whipple will speak in Linesville, Pa., Sunday, Aug. 11; Kelloggsville, O., Saturday, Aug. 17; Monroe, O., Sunday, Aug. 18.

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

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.

H. B. Storer, Inspirational speaker, will accept invitations to lecture in the Eastern States during the summer and fall, if addressed, New Haven, Conn., box 612.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will lecture in Bangor, Me., four Sundays of August; Bradley and Bucksport, four Sundays in September; New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 29 and Oct. 6th.; Chicago, Oct. 20 and 27; Oswego, N. Y., Sundays of November. Address J. W. Currier, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

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

N. Frank White can be addressed, through August, at Quincy, Mass.; September, Willimantic, Conn.; October, Taunton, Mass.; November, Seymour, Conn.; December, Putnam, Conn. All applications for week evenings must be addressed as above, in advance.

S. P. Leland will speak at Richfield, Ohio, Aug. 4; East Norwalk, O., Aug. 10 and 11; Fremont, Ind., Aug. 17 and 18; Leonidas, Mich., Aug. 24 and 25; Rockford and St. Charles, Ill., during September. Address Cleveland, Ohio.

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Union, 5th Av. and 16th St.

HOTELS.

Astor House, Broadway, fronting the Park.
St. Nicholas, 315 Broadway.
Metropolitan, 382 Broadway.
Lafayette, 671 Broadway.
Fifth Avenue, junction of 5th Av. Broadway & 23d St.
Beverly House, 3th Av. cor. 8th St.
Everett House, fronting Union Square.
Clarendon, 58 and 60 Union Place, Union Square.

DINING ROOM FOR LADIES & GENTLEMEN.

Baker, 125 Grand St. nr Broadway.

PROMINENT CHURCHES.

Grace Church, 804 Broadway—Episcopal.
Trinity, Broadway opposite Wall Street—Episcopal.
Rev. Dr. Chapin's, 348 Broadway—Universalist.
Dr. Osgood's, 728 Broadway—Unitarian.
Dr. Bellows', 249 Fourth Av. cor. 20th St.—Unitarian.
Dr. Cheever's, Union Square—Presbyterian.
Dr. Hawkes', 267 Fourth Avenue—Episcopal.
Dr. Tyng's, Stuyvesant Sq. and E. 16th St.—Episcopal.
Rev. H. W. Beecher's, Brooklyn, nr Fulton Ferry.
Rev. T. L. Harris, University Hall, Washington Sq.

SUNDAY CONCERTS.

Good Music may be enjoyed by lovers of this art if they will attend service at Trinity Church, Broadway, opposite head of Wall St. on Sunday at 10½ A. M. or 3 P. M.

Mass is performed by a choir of artists at the Catholic Churches on West 16th St. near 6th Av. and on East 28th St. near 3d Av. every Sunday morning at 10½ A. M. Admittance 10 cents, which is paid to the sexton after he has shown a visitor to a seat.

VESPER SERVICE is performed at the 16th St. Church at 4 P. M., and at the 28th St. Church at 4½ free. The music is generally very fine, and visitors are expected to drop a small silver coin into the plate. At the Unitarian Church over which Dr. Osgood officiates, No. 728 Broadway, a new form of Vesper Service has been introduced. It is held on the first and third Sundays of each month at 7:30 P. M. QUARTETTE CHOIRS, made up of efficient vocalists, may be heard at all the churches named in this list.

PRINCIPAL FERRIES.

To Brooklyn, from Whitehall St. to Hamilton Av. and Atlantic St.; from Wall St. to Montague; from Fulton St. to Fulton St.; from Roosevelt St. to Bridge St. near the Navy Yard.
To Williamsburgh, from Peck Slip to South 7th St.; from Grand St. to South 7th and Grand Sts.; from East Houston St. to Grand St.
To Greenpoint, from 10th and 23d Sts.
To Jersey City, N. J., from Cortlandt St.
To Hoboken, from Barclay, Canal, and Christopher Sts.
To Weehawken, from Christopher St.
To Long Dock N. Y. & Erie R. R., from Chambers St. Staten Island, from Whitehall St. nr Battery, every 4 h.

EXPRESS OFFICES.

Adams' Express Co. 59 and 442 Broadway.
American and Kinsey's, 72 and 416 Broadway.
Harnden's, National, and Hope, 74 and 442 Broadway.
United States, 82, 251 and 416 Broadway.
Manhattan City, for baggage, 276 Canal St.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

Academy of Music, East 14th St. cor. Lexington av.
Laura Keane's Theater, 624 Broadway.
Winter Garden, 667 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.

GALLERIES OF ART.

International Art Institution, 694 Broadway.
Collection of Paintings, 548 Broadway.
Goupil's Gallery, 772 Broadway.
Private Galleries are open on certain fixed days, for details of which inquire of the janitor, at the Artists' Studio building, 10th St. near 6th Av.
N. Y. Historical Society Rooms, 2d Av. cor. 10th St.
Brady's National Photograph Gallery, 785 Broadway.
Gurney's Photograph Gallery, 707 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, ferriage 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, ferriage free.
HIGH BRIDGE is accessible by Harlem Railroad; fare 12½ cents. Also by Harlem boats, leaving Peck Slip nearly every hour, with landings at 10th and 120th Sts., East River. Fare 6 cents to Harlem.
TO FLUSHING 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, ferry 4 cents.
UP THE HUDSON RIVER, as far as Poughkeepsie, a boat leaves foot of Jay St. daily, at 3½ P. M., and returns from Poughkeepsie at 6½ A. M. It makes several landings on the route.
FOR YONKERS, HASTINGS, DOBBS' FERRY, IRVINGTON, TARRYTOWN, AND NYACK, a boat leaves foot of Jay St. at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.
FOR CONEY ISLAND, a ferry boat leaves pier No. 4 North River, at 10, 1 and 4 o'clock. This is a famous bathing place. The last return trip is at 6½ P. M. from Coney Island. Boat stops at Fort Hamilton. Fare, with return ticket, 25 cents.

FOR SHREWSBURY, LONG BRANCH, RED BANK, and other localities in that neighborhood, a steamboat leaves foot of Robinson St. daily. Time according to tide.
FISHING EXCURSIONS boats leave Pier No. 4, North River, daily, at 9 A. M. Fare 50 cents.
THE SPIRIT OF TAINITY CHURCH may be reached at any time, on application to the Sexton at the Church. Fee voluntary, if any is given.

PUBLIC MEDICINES.

Mrs. Abbott, Developing, 221 6th av. Hours 2 to 5 P. M.
Mrs. M. L. Van Naughton, Test and Medical, 11½ 3d av. All hours.
Mrs. D. G. Price, Natural and Medical Clairvoyante, 103 Prince St. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Charles Colchester, Test Medium, 30 Bond St.
J. B. Conklin, Test Medium, 599 Broadway. 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Mrs. Fish, Medical Clairvoyante, 88 E. 16th St. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Mrs. Beck, 227 new and 145 old West 16th St.
Mrs. Johnson, (trance and seer) 113 Essex St.
Mrs. Sarah E. Wilcox, Test & Healing, 558 Broome St.

MAGNETIC PHYSICIANS.

Dr. E. B. Fish, 88 East 16th Street.
Dr. N. Palmer, 60 Amity Street.
Mrs. P. A. Ferguson Tower, 65 East 31st Street.
Mrs. Ward (Eclectic) 195 Nassau St. Brooklyn. Take Flushing avenue cars from Fulton Ferry.
Dr. E. B. Fish, 88 East 16th Street.
Dr. N. Palmer, 60 Amity Street.
Mrs. P. A. Ferguson Tower, 65 East 31st Street.
Mrs. Ward (Eclectic) 195 Nassau St. Brooklyn. Take Flushing avenue cars from Fulton Ferry.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

NEW YORK SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, Tuesday evenings, Clinton Hall, Eighth and Ninth St. and 4th Av.
SUNDAY CONFERENCE, 19 Cooper Institute, 3 P. M.
LAMARINE HALL, cor. 29th St. and 8th av. Conference Sunday 3 P. M., lectures in evening.
FARE CIRCLES, 12 4th av. 1 to 3 and 7 to 10 P. M. every day except Tuesday. Strike the bell twice.

Mrs. A. D. Giddings, 238 Greene St., cor. 4th.
J. E. F. Clark (Eclectic) 84 West 26th St.
John Scott, 30 Bond St.
Mrs. Towne, Milton Village, Ulster County, residence of Beverly Quirk.
Dr. J. Loewendahl, 163 Mott St. bet. Grand & Broome.
Mrs. M. C. Scott, 99 East 28th Street, near 3d Av.

FARES.

To the Central Park, or any point below it, by the 3d, 6th, or 8th Av. cars, 5 cents.

To Yorkville and Harlem, by 2d or 3d av. cars, 6 cts. Anywhere on the route of 9th or 4th Av. cars, 3 cents. To 23d St. cor. 8th Av. or any point below it on the 8th Av. Bleeker St. and Broadway below Bleeker, 5 cents in the Knickerbocker line of stages. These are distinguished by their color—dark blue.

Other lines of omnibuses, through Broadway and the various avenues and leading streets of the city charge six cents, payable on entering.

Ferries to Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, generally 2 cents, or 16 tickets for 25 cents.

For public hacks the legalized rates are: For any distance not exceeding one mile, 50 cents for one passenger, 75 for two, and 38 for each additional one. For any distance exceeding one mile, but less than two, 75 cents is allowed for one fare, and ½ of a dollar for each additional person. Every passenger is allowed one trunk, portmanteau, or box. \$1 per hour is the time tariff.

CARTAGE AND PORTERAGE.

Heavy parcels are carried upon drays. The carmen who own them are allowed to charge ½ of a dollar per mile. Household furniture 50 cents, and 50 cts. extra for loading, unloading, and housing it.

There are City Expresses having offices in various locations, that carry parcels and packages generally from place to place within the business limits of the city for 25 cents each.

Portage is 12 cents for a package carried a distance of half a mile or less, and 25 cents if taken on a wheelbarrow or hand-cart. If half a mile is exceeded, 50 per cent. is added to the tariff, and so on.

Travelers' Guide.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.—Passenger trains leave via Plover Ferry and Long Dock, from foot of Chambers Street, as follows:
Dunkirk Express at 7 A. M.
Mail at 8:30 A. M. This train remains over night at Elmira, and proceeds the next morning.
Way at 4 P. M., for Middletown, Newburgh, and intermediate stations.
Night Express daily, at 5:00 P. M. The train of Saturday stops at all main-train stations, and runs only to Elmira.
CHARLES MINOT, General Supt.
NATHANIEL MARSH, Receiver.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—For Albany Troy, connecting with trains North and West. Trains leave as follows:

FROM CHAMBERS STREET.

Express, 7 and 11 A. M., and 3:30 and 5 P. M.
Troy and Albany (with sleeping car) 10:15 P. M.
Poughkeepsie train, 6 A. M., 12:15 M., and 4 P. M.
Peekskill train, 5:30 P. M.
Sing Sing train, 9:50 A. M., and 3:45 and 4:30 P. M.
Fishkill train, 6:40 P. M.

FROM THIRTIETH STREET.

Express, 7:25 and 11:25 A. M., and 3:50 and 5:25 P. M.
Troy and Albany, 10:45 P. M. (Sundays included).
Poughkeepsie Train, 6:25 A. M., 12:40 and 4:25 P. M.
Peekskill train, 5:55 P. M.
Sing Sing train, 10:15 A. M., and 4:10 and 4:55 P. M.
Fishkill train, 7:55 P. M.

A. F. SMITH, Superintendent.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD.—For Philadelphia, from Pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Camden and Amboy Railroad line for Philadelphia will leave as follows:
Morning Line, at 6 o'clock A. M., daily, (Sundays excepted), by the steamer Richard Stockton, Captain John Simpson, for South Amboy, and thence by cars and steamboats to Philadelphia. Fare by this line, \$2.25.

Afternoon Express Line, at 2 o'clock P. M., daily, (Sundays excepted), by the steamboat Richard Stockton, stopping at Spotwood, Jamesburg, Hightstown, Bordentown, and Burlington, arriving at Philadelphia about 6 o'clock P. M. Fare by Express Line, \$3.00; fare to Freehold and Monmouth, 50 cts.

Afternoon Way Accommodation Line, at 2 P. M., by steamer Richard Stockton, for South Amboy, thence by cars at 4:30, stopping at all the Way Stations, arriving at Philadelphia about 8:00 o'clock P. M. Fare by this line, \$2.25.

Meals provided on Board. Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper, 50 cents each.

Returning passengers will leave Philadelphia at 5 A. M. and 2 P. M., from foot of Walnut Street.
Accommodation and Emigrant Lines at 1 and 5 o'clock P. M. 1 o'clock Line, 1st class passengers, \$2.25; 2d class passengers, \$1.50. 5 o'clock Line, 1st class passengers, \$2.25; 2d class passengers, \$1.75.

I. BLISS, Agent.

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 Norwalk, 7:00, 8:30 A. M.; 12:15, 3:15, (Ex.), 3:50, 4:30, 5:30, and 8:00 P. M.
For Darien and Greenwich, 7:00, 9:30 A. M.; 12:15, 3:50, 4:30, 5:30, and 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, and 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, and 8:00 P. M.

JAMES H. HOYT, Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.—Through trains for the West leave New York, foot of Cortlandt street, as follows:

Morning Express, 7 A. M. Evening express, 6 P. M. Also at 7½ P. M., from same place, via Allentown, arriving at Pittsburgh at 12:40 next day, and connecting there with all Western trains.

Office No. 1 Astor House, corner of Vesey Street.

J. L. ELLIOTT, Passenger Agent.

Miscellaneous.

TO THE ADVERTISING PUBLIC.

We present to the readers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS some of the peculiar advantages, as an advertising medium, which its columns afford.

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LYNN, June 28, 1861. GEO. H. CHASE.

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