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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 post-poned 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 unbiased correspondence (which the writers design for only the editor's personal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."

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

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

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

E. T. D., WHITINSVILLE, The desired shadow can be purchased of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

A. H., OF CHAGIN FALLS, O.—Your reply to Wm. Donovan's "Sincere Objections," is marked for publication.

L. W. M., NEW BOSTON, ILL.—You will be heard on the "Land Monopoly" question. We think it is time to strike at the root of "all servitude."

A. B. W., FLESHING, MICH.—The translation of the "Koran" can be ordered of C. Blanchard, 76 Nassau Street, or from this office. Price \$1.50. Postage, 35 cents.

M. A. HUNTER, OF GRANGER, N. Y., has forwarded a communication on "Land Monopoly." It seems that Spiritualism is really taking on a practical form.

E. W., WARSAW, N. Y.—"Random Sketches," and the lesser matters, have reached our drawer in good order. The contributions will appear shortly. We will mail you the copies as requested.

K. G., HARVEYSBURG.—We can supply books from any publishing house, and usually at publishers' prices. If known, it is well to mention the name of publisher, in ordering miscellaneous books.

follows, it seems to be almost too good to be true. Here it is:

A PAINTER'S BILL for work done in a village church in England in the year of our Lord 1443.

THE VESTRY OF ST. JACOB'S, DR.

To HANS SNYDERKENS.

To filling up the chink in the Red Sea and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host - £1 2 6

"a new thief on the cross - 0 17 0

"cleaning six of the Apostles and adding an entire new Judas Iscariot - 1 1 2

"a pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den and a set of new teeth for the lions - 1 2 0

"a new alteration in the belief, mending the Commandments, and making a new Lord's Prayer - 2 15 0

"repairing Nebuchadnezzar's hand - 0 7 6

"mending the pitchers of Jacob's daughter - 0 4 6

"a pair of sleeves for Susannah's shift and repairing the breeches of one of the elders - 0 18 0

"cleaning the whale's belly, varnishing Jonah's face and mending his left arm - 0 16 6

"a new skirt to Joseph's garment and a lascivious eye for Potiphar's wife - 1 4 9

"a sheet anchor, long boat, and jury-mast, for Noah's ark - 1 2 2

"adding some Scotch cattle to Pharaoh's lean kine - 0 14 0

"making a new head for Holofernes, and cleaning Judith's hands - 0 18 0

"making the cunuch perfect attending on Esther - 0 15 0

"giving a blush to the cheek of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam - 0 17 6

"mending the net in the miraculous draught of fishes - 0 8 6

"a perspective glass for David viewing Bathsheba, and mending David's right eye - 1 10 0

"painting a new city in the land of Nod - 2 3 0

"cleaning the garden of Eden after Adam's expulsion - 3 15 0

"finishing the tower of Babel and furnishing most of the figures with new heads - 1 4 6

"to painting a shoulder of mutton and a shin of beef in the month of the two ravens feeding Elijah - 1 6 9

Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

Who are the Quacks?

Extract from Dr. S. M. LANDIS' Lecture in Philadelphia.

The Author of Nature has made us freemen of this earth; kindly has He bestowed upon us the faculty of Reason, by which we should be guided; giving us the liberal and noble privilege to "seek and find," "knock, and it shall be opened unto us;" and to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," instead of "living as we list," regardless of the holy and sublime truths, which are within the grasp of every enlightened and civilized mind! Therefore, beloved friends, we ask you all to exercise your reasoning powers—independent of prejudice or obsolete dogmas. By so doing, you may be able to judge for yourselves, whether our teachings are sound or unsound.

We do not come before you as demons, to lure you into the path of darkness, sin and folly; but we are here to exhort you, to speak to you in affectionate entreaty and counsel; being fearfully conscious of the glories and dangers of the "deep, deep sea of life," and solemnly impressed with the importance of every word we utter!

We are here to act the part of benefactors to our fellow-beings, whom it is our duty to "love as ourselves;" not to abuse any one, or any sound doctrines; but to expose and denounce improper, unphysiological, erroneous, or incompatible theories and dogmas—whether they are sanctioned and supported by the rich or poor, religious or irreligious, liberal or bigoted-minded people. Nor do we ask any person to believe what we say, unless he see pure and untrammelled truths propounded to attest our assertions.

But may every one feel the importance and dignity of the subject in consideration. Yea, may the "God of love" awaken a feeling within your parental bosoms which will compel you to cast aside all bias, and list to the voice of an unperverted instinct! Thus we would recommend to your consideration, our philosophy or doctrines, being actuated, as we believe, by the sincerest desires for the welfare of our fellows; for the welfare and happiness of all the children, and children's children of the earth! As truth-loving and independent people, let us look "quackery" square in the face, and denounce with thundering tones those things which tend to undermine our constitutions and impair our virtues.

Let us "seek truth where'er 'tis found,
On Christian or on heathen ground;
The flower's divine where'er it grows;
Neglect the prickle, but assume the rose."

We boldly affirm, and can, and daily do, substantiate it by practice and principle, that we can preserve health, and eradicate all manner of acute and chronic diseases, easier and speedier, without a particle of internal drug-medication, than the most learned and pretended scientific "medical men" can do, with all their profound learning—with all their technicalities, conflicting and varied opinions, and com-

plicated medicaments combined. Nor do we claim this ability to be a miraculous talent, inherent in us only; but it is the sublimest and greatest blessing of blessings! In your own minds, you may question the truthfulness of these assertions. But you can attain the same knowledge and understanding by giving this very indispensable subject judicious thought and action; by exercising your reasoning faculties, and doing as we have perseveringly done.

It has been through personal sufferings that we were induced to make trial, as a very last resort, of the water-cure and hygienic treatment, which was then in its apparent infancy, it being about seventeen years since.

But, notwithstanding these assertions and our experience, both as invalid and for ten years practitioner, how can we prove to your minds that our experience is more legitimate and truthful than that of other persons, unless through an exposition of the fallacies, imperfections, and precariousness, of the "drug systems," which are so fashionable and prevalent in this community?

However, by referring to their own standards—that is, to the highest "medical authority" in the world—we can readily inform ourselves that the most learned and experienced physicians have repeatedly acknowledged the imperfections—aye, the deleterious and destructive effects of their poisonous materia medica, and their ignorance upon the subject of the "Nature and Causes of Diseases," and of the modus operandi of their favorable medicaments!

Indeed, men of the keenest minds, the most thorough explorers in the mysteries of medicine, now freely admit that, with all their learning, they know nothing, and that "medicine has groped its way through the mists of ignorance, halting and blind." Even the great Majendie himself, is among the brilliant lights of modern times who are willing to destroy the medical records of the past, and start afresh upon investigations and experiments. In fact, we know some of the most honorable and experienced physicians who have left the profession in abhorrent disgust. And many more would follow their noble footsteps, if they could make a livelihood by any other avocation.

But the people are often too selfish and stubborn themselves, to support a man who is honest enough to tell them their faults, and, in spite of all that honest physicians can do to save mankind from the horrid jaws of drug-stimulation and deterioration, they are determined to take physic and stuff themselves with vicious ailment, even though they are equally as ignorant as inexperienced "quacks" who seek notoriety at the expense of humanity; and who little dream that drug-medication is one of the greatest causes of the decline of health and normal beauty, and, therefore, produces lack of true moral courage, which is requisite to carry out a truly happy and godly life.

Medicines may change the character of disease, as long as a sufficient amount of vitality exists to resist their unfriendly and corrosive intrusion upon the citadel of life.

They may often be used to patch the system by allaying symptoms, obscuring thereby the exciting cause of disease. Even at the best, on an average, physicians are less successful than ignorant grannies, who use hot-bricks, hot foot-baths, and simple gruels as remedial agents.

We take the liberty to state that we have been educated in the various profound systems of medicine; and we are sorry that, in "years gone by," we used to diagnostic disease, and treat our patients according to the "Medical Books," and, verily, they used to die according to the books!

We used to physic and vomit them according to the books, and they used to gag and gripe according to the books. We used to believe in accordance with the books, and our patients used to suffer in proportion and accordance.

But, thank God! we have learned better, and our patients now generally begin to get better from the first, without having authoritative occasion to put them through a horrible, nasty, filthy, and poisonous course of bleeding, blistering, leeching, cupping, and scari-fying, puking, purging, and mercurializing them with small, or so-called tonic, doses of rank poisons.

Now, friends, we would not have you imagine for a moment that we blame the physicians near as much for the "quackery" which exists in our progressed and very enlightened country, as we do the people themselves. Why, if Johnny, Jacob, Isaac, Sammy, Susan, or Kate, should get a little stomach-ache, or a slight diarrhoea, which is not near as bad a condition as even a mild dose of "castor-oil," would induce—papa, or mamma, or both, would be horribly frightened—fearing that Jimmy's precious internal fabric might become seriously afflicted; and post-haste John or Bessie must run for the doctor, who comes and examines the case, and discovers that Jimmy had eaten a little too much lobster, or oyster-pie.

The physiological remedy necessary and judicious would be, to make Jimmy swallow glass after glass of pure warm water, until the stomach became thoroughly distended with the pure fluid, when the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal would be reversed, and the nasty mess ejected by the same route it got there, and thus, Jimmy be fully and properly cured. But, nay, this would be considered too simple treatment for so complicated an engorgement; and more than its simplicity, it would give "papa or mamma" a chance to dodge or dispute the payment of the doctor's bill, as he gave nothing of value—simply used the plentiful and cheap article, "warm water." In such a case, the physician would not only lose his pay, but his reputation would be forfeited as a non-scientificist.

As long as the people justify the useless, abusive, and barbarous habit of swallowing drugs of various kinds, so long may they expect to be cursed with imbecility, disease, and premature death—and a true "Healing Art" be overlooked and scorned by the masses of the people.

Again, it is not only physicians and apothecary men who deal out the poisonous drugs for disease, but the people use them repeatedly and continually while they enjoy comparative good health. Even the conscientious and Christian men and women indulge in teas, coffees, catsups, peppers, tobacco, and the thousand and one poisonous drugs, which have no business in the houses of an enlightened and Christian community. These agencies belong to the Materia Medica, or Book of Medicine, and, therefore, are poisonous—they are neither food nor drink—yet they provoke the vital powers to action for their expulsion, and make a similar impression on the human organism as a whip makes upon a horse, at a useless and unphysiological expenditure of vitality. Do you think that he who was a pattern of all purity ever indulged in such habits? Do you believe that any human being could, consistently, possess the pure and holy spirit of Christ, whilst his body and brain were vitiated and stultified by such incompatible agencies, which were never designed for the use of man, but for the purpose of aiding in the purification of the earth, by assisting in the atmospheric changes, &c.

It makes little difference to us whether you call us Fanatics, Atheists, Christians, or Heathens; yea, notwithstanding all the sneers, scorns, and scoffs which we have, time and again, been compelled to put up with, we still delight in God's physiological sayings and doings, and we thank the Divinity of Nature, that we are possessed with the goodly feeling in behalf of the welfare, the health and happiness of our "fellow-brothers and sisters." It makes us exceedingly happy to see others happy; and to be happy we must be healthy, and this is the reason we desire all humanity should be perfectly healthy—so that we can all resemble gods, and unite in outpourings of normal gratitude of the "God of Love."

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

From the Spirit of One of the Three Thayers.

BUFFALO, July 29th, 1861.

BROTHER DAVIS: I think, in your several visits to Buffalo, you must have heard of the "Three Thayers," who were executed for the murder of one Love, some thirty-eight years ago. It was long before I came here; but the murder was then seemingly quite new, for the Three Thayers were in almost everybody's mouth. They were quite ignorant farmers, knowing but little of the difference between doing right and doing wrong, save by the designations of law; and this, if it could be cheated of its victim, was all that was necessary to make them pass pretty smoothly, though suspicion might lie hard against them. Their ignorance was too clumsy for their caution, and they were executed. Since then I have never heard from either of them till now.

Mrs. Swain holds a circle every week; and to this circle the spirit of one of them came and made his report. The sending of the spirit of him whom they had murdered to teach them the true way of life, and direct them how to shun the fate of more hardened murderers, seems very ungodlike in an orthodox light.

I am induced to send it to you, for the reason that it is so plain and unequivocal, and carries with it so much of the light of truth.

S. ALBRO.

FRIENDS: We would like to give our friend Thayer an opportunity. He feels desirous to comply with your invitation to give you some of his experience. If you are willing he will proceed. [Signed by the circle.]

I shall commence my autobiography at the time of my departure from this life. On the

scaffold all the horrors of my situation rushed upon my mind. I struggled hard to be calm and meet my fate like a man, but the uncertainty of what my future condition was to be, preyed upon me like a consuming fire. My brain whirled, and I felt a sinking situation. I tried to collect my scattered thoughts and pray for pardon, but not a word of petition dropped from my lips. Thus I remained until the last few minutes allotted us of human life had expired. I was led upon the trap. Oh the horrors of what I suffered!

A burning sensation passed over my whole body—a feeling of suffocation—and I knew no more until my spirit had emerged from the material world, and everything melted into a kind of ethereal shadow. I saw my old body hanging, and a new one, which seemed to be in a state of formation. I existed between the two, and was being continually drawn nearer and nearer to the new one. I saw the black, distorted countenance of my old body, with its tongue protruding from the mouth and the eyeballs started from their sockets. I noticed with distinctness the anatomical process which my old body had to pass through before the spirit could escape—the twitching of the nerves and fibers, contraction and relaxation of the muscles. Both bodies seemed to be operated upon by the same power; and as atom by atom escaped from the old body, the new one became more complete, until the last feeble ray of human life was broken, and I bounded forth into the broad expanse of spirit life.

For a time I slept, or was in an unconscious state, but how long I know not. On returning to consciousness, I looked around me and saw some that I had known in life, and some that I had never seen. I heard fearful oaths and curses, and boisterous laughter. I asked those around me where I was, but they said I had no claims upon their sympathy, that I was foolish, ignorant, and a murderer. At these words I thought that if this was heaven or hell, where was the one I had so cruelly assisted in murdering. In a moment Love stood before me. I would have fled, but he said: "Nelson, I forgive you all." At these words his face became lit up with a brilliancy I cannot describe. He said, "Listen to me, and I will help you." I asked, "Where am I?" He replied, "This is the spirit land. You must begin a new life." I replied, "How can I begin a new life? Have I not passed beyond the reach of all hope and mercy?" He answered, "You have only passed from the material to the spiritual world, where you can no longer transgress or violate your moral and spiritual nature. You can now begin to cultivate the higher attributes of your immortal being." But these things appeared so new and strange I thought he must be deceiving me—that he had taken this method of giving me hope to make me the more wretched when that hope should become shivered to atoms by the reality of my true condition. I said, "Why do you come to me, when you know that your presence, above all others, makes my condition most dreadful. Give me hell, with fiends and devils, but deliver me, oh deliver me, from this man whom I have so dreadfully wronged!" He said, "Poor, unhappy spirit! I have not been sent to you to make you more unhappy, but to persuade you to leave this sphere of ignorance and wretchedness, and to point you to higher regions—to those bright messengers who would gladly welcome you to that Eden of immortal gladness and joy to which sinners of the blackest dye can aspire." "What!" said I, "can one like me ever be happy?"

He answered, in the most tender, soothing tones, "Nelson, the way is open before you, if you will be guided, as I have been, by those who only wish to do you good. Man may err, but the divinity of God is within the gross material. He may even take away the life of his brother man, and steep himself in all kinds of iniquity, but the archangel is still there, and must ascend. You can remain in this bewildered condition for ages, but if you will listen to the voice of reason, truth and wisdom will fall upon you, like glittering dewdrops, from higher spheres, showing the way to moral beauty and eternal life."

I struggled hard and fearfully, but the truth dawned upon me at last. I am a free and happy spirit now; but, dear friends, if the echo of my soul grates harshly upon your more refined and aspiring feelings, remember I was an erring brother, but one who is struggling to be able to thrill the hearts of mortals with the joyous music of the skies. NELSON THAYER.

—You will hardly find any man unhappy from ignorance of what passes in the thoughts of other people; but he that does not attend to the regulation of his own thoughts, must necessarily be miserable.

—That which is not for the interest of the whole hive cannot be so for any single bee.

—Persevere in acting agreeably to the principles and sacred truths of Reason, and in ten days you will be revered as a god, by those who now think you a fool and a madman for any singularities which your Philosophy may exact from you.

Laws and Systems.

"There is no man who built his starved fast— And he but asked, things he asked up in street, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Land Monopoly.

J. G.'S REPLY TO D. L., WITH A FEW MORE EXPLANATIONS.

NUMBER FOUR.

(a) The "world does move," and I think we are making some progress in the Land Monopoly question. Brother D. L. first asserted this monopoly to be "the unjust privilege of accumulating," but he now modifies it to mean, "such a privilege of accumulating property of any kind as is unjust." This is a little better; but try again, and the next time look into our standard dictionaries, and you will there probably find it to mean: To purchase the whole of any commodity, or the greater share of it, with the view of thereby being enabled to advance the price, and having the power of commanding the price of that article.

Should you come to accept this definition, it seems to me that we can get on better.

I have stated that there was no Land Monopoly in this country, and if the above definition is correct, you will probably agree with me, for the greater part of the land is still held by Government, which is not monopoly, with this definition, any more than lands held by private individuals.

(b) You ask: "Does any one know of land in small quantities, contiguous to a large town in the civilized world, which can be bought for an average price of ten dollars per acre?" Yes, sir; and within two hours' ride of your large town of New York. I told you in my last letter that there was an abundance of this land at from five to ten dollars an acre, and asked, as a favor, that you would send me the customers.

You say: "The evil lies in the framework of society," and propose "to limit this privilege of accumulating land, so that all classes may own it in some form."

Now, here you make a tangible proposition, and one that I have long since thoroughly examined, and will give some of the results in my mind.

(c) Suppose we limit the amount to be held to ten acres. What would be the result? First, there would be more farmers than at present. Why? Because it would require a vastly greater amount of labor to produce the same product, than with larger farms.

1. To divide and fence off ten acres into all the fields wanted in a farm, would be a great extra expense. There would be the orchard and garden, the meadow and pasture, the oat, wheat, and corn-fields to provide for, which would cut those little farms into fields so small, as to render it inconvenient and expensive to work them.

2. The great labor-saving machinery of the age could not be used. The reaping, mowing, and threshing machine would need to be dispensed with, and the bone and sinews of man substituted for horse and steam power; and even the plow would be used to disadvantage. Brother, I would rather see ample farms, and I would not care if they were controlled by "Joint Stock Companies" managing "20,000 acres."

If they could make mind control machinery, with horse-flesh or steam, electricity or some inanimate power for a motor, instead of human bone and muscles, I should like it, and "the world would be the better for it."

Horse-power costs but about one-tenth, on the average, of the cost of man-power, or free white labor; and slave labor costs about the same as free. Now, if the large farm, or associate-labor system, will perfect machinery, so that horse-power or the elements will do all the drudgery now performed by slaves at a less cost, we can and shall do without them, simply because they will not pay.

(d) There are now plenty of men engaged in farming—more than can get fairly paid for their labor. If there were fewer farmers and more consumers, their produce would fetch a better price, and they would be better paid for their hard labor; as it is, they are the worst paid of any class of men; they work from twelve to sixteen hours a day, and get much less for it on the average, than the mechanic who works but ten hours, or even the day-laborer in the cities. Then, I say, give us the large farms, where labor-saving machinery can be used to advantage; so that the farmer need not work more hours daily than the rest of the world, and that he may be well paid for what he does do; so that he may dress himself and family, as well as the laborers in the city; that he may ride in his carriage, and have time to enjoy it; then he will have cash to buy fine clothing, carriages, and the like, and thus furnish employment for the manufacturer, the machine-maker, the carriage-maker, &c., enabling them to live, and live well, owning their own houses and lots, and getting a good living by their labor, instead of doing nothing, and saying: "I can't get a lot, for the Land Monopolist has got it all!"

(e) Your proposition to tax unoccupied lands is not a new one. The State of Michigan once carried such a law into force. From 1833 to 1837 there was a vast amount of land sold in that State—four times as much as was settled; a large amount of it was bought by men who had the means to buy the land, at ten shillings an acre, but had not enough to open and fence the farms, build buildings, and move themselves and families; so they remained on their homes in the East till they could earn enough to move and begin in their new homes. In this crisis, the State Legisla-

ture being composed of very sharp men, anti-Land Monopolists, concluded to act upon this plan of taxing extra all unoccupied lands, and they did it so effectually, as to sweep a great share of these lands out of the hands of their owners, and in many instances the taxes were so high that no one would buy them. They were, therefore, sold to the State, and these legislators had killed the goose that was laying the golden eggs, for there was no owner thereafter to pay the taxes.

I do not know how acute they are in New York who levy your taxes, but in Michigan, and all these Western States, they have grown wiser by that legislation, and they levy taxes no higher than the land will pay, and that they are quite sure to levy on all lands, whether a farmer owns one acre or one thousand.

(f) The politicians and office-holders are all gentlemen, mostly lawyers and professional men from the cities and villages, and before elections they agree among themselves who shall be nominated, and visit the farmers to tell them for whom to vote. And they do it; whether they are Democrats or Republicans matters not—they must vote the ticket presented them. They would scout the idea that a boor of a farmer should be put in the place of this gentleman. When elected, this worthy must have a salary in keeping with his high position, and some new offices are created for relatives and friends, and by reason of their great abilities, they contrive to appropriate large amounts by a system which the law cannot call stealing.

Now, these gentlemen want all the tax that can be raised for their salaries and appropriations. Farms are the property most readily reached, for their owners cannot hide an acre, and farmers are most readily made to submit, so they are heavily taxed; but they have learned by Michigan experience better than to tax the unoccupied lands too high; it is the dollars they are after.

(g) I really cannot see any absolute necessity for farmers being the dupes and drudges of the world.

One reason is, there are too many farmers; the business is over-done; their products fetch so small a price, that they must overwork in order to get a living; consequently, they have not time enough left for study, mental improvement, and recreation.

Suppose they were to cultivate large farms, and if one man had not the means, suppose two or ten were to unite, so that they could buy and use labor-saving machinery of the most approved construction. They might thus reduce their daily labor from fourteen to eight hours, and become independent withal; so that if their produce would not bring a sufficiently remunerating price, they could hold it over, raising less the succeeding year, and gaining more time for mental improvement, instead of raising more corn to glut the market, and prevent the sale of that already on hand.

A FOURTH REPLY.

(a) D. L. first asserted that Land Monopoly exists, and attempted to show that it is a serious injury to the people. He spoke of it in the popular acceptance of the term, using it in the sense of those who disliked the evil. He did not go to the dictionary for the meaning of the word, because words get their accepted significations from general use, which significations lexicographers afterwards collect by examination and comparison.

An unjust privilege of accumulating property is the popular sense to-day of the word monopoly, which means such a privilege of accumulating property as infringes upon the rights and opportunities of others to accumulate. This D. L. asserts is the popular sense of the word, or, as he has before remarked, it is the sense in which it is taken by the opponents of Land Monopoly, and in their sense he maintained the existence of the evil. Whether he has proved the evil to exist, and to deserve some effectual remedy, he leaves to those who have read our discussion to decide.

To monopolize in the original sense of the word, meant doubtless the engrossing of a commodity so as to command the sale of it in favor of the engrosser. But even in this, the original "dictionary" sense, it was never understood that the entire commodity, or even the greater part of it should be thus engrossed. The legislation of all countries, in which this form of social evil has been dealt with, clearly proves this. Thus, in England laws were early enacted against "forestalling;" or the purchase of provisions before they came into market, in order to raise the price in favor of the purchaser; and that evil has always been considered a monopoly. But this might exist in one market, when in a hundred others there was no forestalling. So that the engrossing of a commodity in one locality, in order to profit by the unjustly enhanced price, is monopoly. Now, even in this "dictionary" sense of the word, one should rather inquire, where, in the settled portions of the Union, this scandalous curse of the monopoly of land does not exist, than where it does. Near every village and every city in the country, immense quantities of land are held at speculative prices, so that it cannot be purchased by those who need it for food, nor for homes, much less for farms. In other words, it is engrossed by monopolists. Now let me consider your answer to an interrogatory in my last reply.

(b) My question was whether land in small quantities could be purchased in localities contiguous to any large town, at an average price of ten dollars per acre. You answer that within a two hours' ride from New York there is an abundance of land to be had at from five to ten dollars per acre. I think I understand where that land lies to which you allude. It is beneath the waters of Long Island Sound, and at the bottom of New York Bay. Pray admit with me, brother, that the

locality of this land is neither convenient for homes nor for the production of food. But at a less distance from the city than the line to which a rail-car would carry me in two hours, I know of land not submerged by water, uncultivated, and fit for homes, but unoccupied, (contiguous to the city,) which cannot be purchased for many hundred dollars an acre. I do not well see how any other similar land near this can be bought at an average price so low as ten dollars an acre. Land for food only, and for homes only, must be more strictly contiguous to a city than forty miles distant, to make it available to those who need, and who can purchase it at low prices.

(c) There are various ways in which the land might be limited. D. L. did not pretend to say how it must be done. But it is evident that the less the amount that could be held by any one person, or one company, the more persons could own a little, and the less the average price of all land. D. L.'s idea is that the greater the number of families in a State capable of owning homes, the more free and more prosperous would the people be, because they would be less dependent upon their wealthy fellow citizens. The object of limiting the accumulation of land is to diminish its average price, so that more families could purchase it for the production of food only, or for homes only, or for farms. The object is not specially to reduce the size of farms; though doubtless, under the action of such a law, they would tend rather to diminish in size than increase. The smallness of the farms, however, would be no obstacle in the way of the adoption of labor-saving machinery. On the Western Reserve, in Ohio, the smallness of the grazing farms has not prevented the introduction of mowing-machines, though perhaps not one farmer in a dozen has as yet procured one for his own use. But professional mowers have in some districts sprung up, who go from farm to farm and do the mowing at a set price. Professional threshers, with the machine for that purpose, in other parts of the country, go from barn to barn to perform that sort of labor. In other words, the diminution of the size of the farms creates new branches of industry, and thus makes more independent laboring men. The greater the number that can employ themselves, the freer the people. Is not that so? And the greater the number that must look to one capitalist for employment, the more uncertain that employment, and the more dependent and servile must the people become. Is it not true?

I therefore dislike the prospect of converting our farm population into the hirelings of joint stock companies, even though they can use labor-saving machinery on a large scale. I fear, however, that it must come. The end, I trust, will be, that the hirelings of the farm will become partners in the concern. Only, I would rather this result should come through the excessive subdivision of farms, and an immense multiplication of new industries, than through the despotic agency of the monopoly of land and capital. Of course, I could have no objection to the cultivation of large masses of land by "associate labor." That is where society is to bring up at last. But it were better to reach that result through free concert of action, than under the iron grasp of monopoly, *peonage*, then anarchy, and a final discovery of the true system.

(d) Very true. And why? Because there is not a sufficient diversion of labor into other industries. But why are there not more industries? Let us see. To create a new industry, there must be either a diversion of capital from those already existing, or an employment of capital now lying inactive. But if the industries already existing employ all the capital they require, we cannot expect to abstract from their fund the resources needful to start a new one. We must then consider un-employed capital responsible for the non-existence of the new industries that are to enhance farmers' prices. Now what is the greatest source of un-employed capital? Evidently the net profits of trade in the community at large, which are generally measured by the rate of interest. But why do not these net profits find direct employment in new industries? Because they can be employed in trade in a commodity which no labor produces, but which is universally needed. If speculation in this commodity were not possible, the net profits of trade would be compelled to set new labor to work. What is this commodity? Land. And the opportunity which many possess, of getting labor done on it, without returning any equivalent labor of their own, is represented by rent, which, like the average rate of interest, is also a measure of the net profits of trade.

As long as land can go on enhancing in price in the community at large, and as long as it can be engrossed by fewer and fewer hands, either in the great centers of trade or in the country, un-employed capital will create few new industries. It will prefer a metamorphosis into rent.

So that farmers are poorly paid because there are too few engaged in other employments; and there are too few employments to diversify industry, because of the facilities offered to capital for engrossing land. Or to make a long story short, one of the reasons why farmers are poorly paid, is because of the opportunities for Land Monopoly. The capital that should be invested in new industries, creating independent laborers who can employ themselves, lies idle, to be used in a great measure in land speculation.

(e) If Michigan taxed the lands owned by non-residents so highly as to cause them at last to revert to the State, and thus for a time lost the taxes that would otherwise have been paid upon them, she more than made up the loss by the actual residents drawn into the State. One productive laborer on a farm of fifty acres

is of more value to a community when living in it, than a tax-payer on a thousand acres who is a non-resident. Where a large proportion of the lands of a State are held by non-residents, I should deem it good policy to apply the screw of heavy taxation. I remark again, that I do not assume to determine the best method of limiting Land Monopoly; and I do not remember to have proposed the taxing of unoccupied lands as the most efficient means to that end. I would prefer to exempt one homestead, for every land-holder, from all taxation.

(f) I really did not know that politicians and office-holders in the West are so troublesome animals. I knew that that class of men are fond of large salaries and light labors, but I was not aware that they devise so cunning expedients for emptying the pockets of farmers. One would think they had sat among the aldermen of New York, who are skilled in the matter of bleeding tax-payers. But at present I could not undertake to proscribe any plan for circumventing the wiles of those western politicians. Could they not be induced to enlist under Jeff. Davis? Let me tell you of another bad thing of them in passing—I doubt not that they are generally in favor of Land Monopoly.

(g) Nor do I; my hope, however, is, that under the teaching of the politicians and office-holders, they will learn a great many valuable lessons. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, says the old Latin proverb, which I freely render, "It is right to learn even from Clooty."

I have no objection to the size of the farms they cultivate; it is the size of the farms that are not cultivated about which I am concerned. And I am still more concerned for men who are not farmers, and who never expect to be, but who at least deserve to have the way to the purchase of homes made a little more easy. It is in their behalf especially that I venture to condemn Land Monopoly—an evil which I have shown to exist, and have proved to need a remedy.

For the Herald of Progress.

The French and the English View

OF THE EXISTING COMMOTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

AN AMERICAN OPINION UPON THE SAME SUBJECT.

This nation, under all the disadvantages which the present attempt to disturb the Union impose upon us, is now the most powerful nation in the world. The opinion of trans-Atlantic observers relative to our existing troubles, is a matter of comparative indifference. We have only to look at home, and perform our whole duty, as the sovereigns of a free Commonwealth.

The sympathies of the French people have ever been with us; whilst the British rulers and people remain indifferent to the successful administration of a government which was set up in defiance of their will, and whose success is felt as a silent reproach upon their own more arbitrary system. Like all other warlike and commercial nations, so long as Great Britain fears us, or can secure a profitable trade with us, she is our friend. Among the French we have friends who are magnanimous and disinterested in their attachment, yet even the more intelligent amongst them do not comprehend the true character and full strength of the principle which binds this people together as one nation.

If each and every individual is not aware of the true character and practical operation of our government, there are enough of honest, independent, and intelligent citizens in every vicinage to impress the fact fully and clearly upon the minds of the people, that all power is in their own hands, and that each and every one is a component and equal depository of that sovereign power which rules the nation. Every citizen feels and knows that each and every public officer, from the county clerk to the President of the United States, is a servant of the people, and accountable to them for a just performance of his appropriate duties.

The controlling intelligence of every State, county, town, and municipal organization, is thoroughly conscious of this fact, and the inevitable corollary is equally understood and indelibly impressed on every mind, that all questions relating to the common interest, whether national, State, or municipal, shall be irrevocably decided by the will of the majority.

This form of government has been familiar to the colonies for more than two centuries, and is the basis of all municipal regulations. It has prevailed under the federal constitution nearly three-fourths of a century. This, we all know, is not only constitutional, but practical liberty, so far as liberty is possible, or compatible with social or political existence. As a people, we are all aware of the liberty we enjoy under free institutions—of the right to change or modify the existing laws, whenever and in whatsoever manner we choose; nor is there a true patriot and intelligent citizen amongst us, who would not sooner sacrifice his life, than forego for himself, his family, and fellow-citizens, the political liberty which we inherit. This love of liberty is born within us, we have drawn it from our mothers' breast, it impregnates our blood, and is in the marrow of our bones.

No form of government less free, or that is not the choice of the people, can be established and maintained on American soil, until the present race of free and independent men and women are expelled or exterminated. A Revolution, as generally understood when applied to the government of a nation, is a change of dynasty, which is not only essentially, but identically, the same as a change of masters—nothing more. The American people have no

masters, and can have no change of dynasty. When the rules which they have adopted and sanctioned for their own convenience and safety, require correction or modification, it is not only readily, but thoroughly, accomplished by legislative and constitutional provision.

"The Rights of the People," is an entirely new element in the government of nations, and is utterly misunderstood and misconceived by foreigners, and not unfrequently misunderstood, undervalued, or ignored, at home.

To those who have profoundly studied the principles and the origin of American government, and the predominating character of the American people, no assurance is necessary to a full conviction that all which is essential to the permanence of free institutions is safe, not only from any consequence of the existing Southern rebellion, but from any and every hostile influence which the art or force of man can array against it.

The instigators and leaders in this rebellion have contemplated disunion, and the scheme of establishing an independent Southern Confederacy, for many years. Their first pretext, as Andrew Jackson told them in 1835, was the tariff, and he, at the same time, with almost preternatural sagacity, predicted that their next pretext would be the slave question.

No conceivable rashness and folly could have justified this attempt, but their total misconception of the character and resources of the non-slaveholding States. The leading conspirators now see their mistake, and can have no rational hope left, beyond their own personal safety.

We cannot forget that South Carolina led off in this rebellion. This State is controlled by an aristocratic influence as unmitigated, and more sensitively jealous of the least popular bias, than may be justly attributed to any government of modern Europe. But in South Carolina even, there is an under-current of popular feeling and of sound common sense, which recognizes the rights of the people, and wholly dissents from the present revolutionary proceedings. This conservative element is overborne by the aristocratic influence which flatters and urges on to deeds of violence that reckless and desperate band of outlaws that have so long infested the Southern cities, and in an especial manner the shores of the Gulf.

But let these men who have incited and who urge on this rebellion, be admonished to give a few hours to a serious and common sense view of the inevitable consequence that must have followed, had a divided North, or any other improbable incident, permitted them a temporary success. The love of freedom, and an unshaken devotion to the rights of man, as secured by our national constitution, are an inheritance of the whole American people. The "rabble"—as some of our distinguished Southern statesmen love to denominate poor men who get an honest living by the sweat of their brow—and even the rowdies and loafers of their own cities and villages, feel that in political rights all men are, or should be, equal. Had these rash leaders succeeded in establishing a government, as they intended, without submitting it to the people for a sanction, no sooner had the storm of revolution subsided, and an opportunity for reflection been permitted, than the same men who had been the most prompt in the work of sedition, would be among the first to resent the imposition of an arbitrary government upon the people. The fraud would be at once exposed, and its authors punished; nor could the new and more sanguinary revolution be quelled, until the same rights that are assured to the people under the existing constitution and laws of the United States were fully restored.

To establish these positions, no true American need look further than into his own heart. If a foreigner would inquire into the merits and probable result of the outbreak, let him look at the spontaneous and glorious uprising of a whole people to sustain, in all its purity, the government of their choice. Our free institutions are not now, nor have they been at any moment, in the slightest danger. Is it not preposterous to suppose that an intelligent people will overthrow a government in which every individual amongst them is a sovereign, and equally empowered to alter, amend, or constitute anew? To designate this wretchedly-conceived and madly-conducted rebellion, a national crisis, is a manifest exaggeration. It is a mere incident in the progress of free government. Wisely improved, it will purify the political atmosphere, and teach the people more care hereafter in the choice of their public servants.

Before the American government was established, the Will of the People was never acknowledged, nor felt, in the administration of government. The Rights of the People, is a discovery of the eighteenth century. The American people now possess, enjoy, and understand these rights. They will be deprived of them when the race becomes extinct.

Our Southern brethren have been hurried into revolt with their passions inflamed by false representations, and the apprehension of continued injustice and oppression from the North. This we all know to be wholly unfounded; that not a constitutional right has been denied or abridged, and moreover their own good sense in calmer moments would teach them, that to oppress or deny justice to any portion of the nation, would fatally imperil the rights of the whole, and that constitutional or legal power to deny justice to any portion or section of the nation does not, nor can exist under the federal constitution. Not only are a considerable portion of the people of the revolting States dissatisfied, but the leaders who instigate them have entirely misapprehended every probable or possible result of this rebellion. But nothing can be more clear than the duty of the general government to the people of the seceding States who are now suf-

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fering all the horrors of civil war, with the paralyzing dread of servile insurrection. That great duty is, to put forth its whole strength, and terminate the war. So far as the performance of this great duty may depend upon the energy and firmness of one man, the nation has nothing to fear from its present chief magistrate.

W. S. W.

Voices from the People.

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

SONG OF THE OLD.

MARQUETTE, Lake Superior, June, 1861.
FRIEND DAVIS: I inclose a few lines of poetry, written by Caroline, Baroness of Nairne, Scotland, when she was over seventy years of age. Lady Caroline is the author of many old Scottish songs of exquisite beauty, one of which is entitled, "I am Wearing Awa', Jean," or "The Land of the Leal."

Yours, respectfully, J. C. C.

Would you be young again?
So would not I;
One tear to memory given,
O'erward I'd lie.

Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Tread o'er your way,
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed—
Heavenward—away!

Where there are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight,
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight—
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me,
Fly, Time, fly speedily,
Come life and light!

The Oswego Convention.

LETTER FROM HENRY C. WRIGHT.

MUSIC HALL, OSWEGO, Aug. 16, 1861.
A. J. DAVIS, MY FRIEND: This is the fourth day of the National Convention of Spiritualists and friends of freedom and progress, held in this place according to the call. A scene of earnest, determined, but loving conflict of ideas, is being waged around me. The rule of the Convention is that no vote be taken on any sentiment or resolution. Any one that wishes offers a resolution for discussion, not for adoption. The following resolutions, among others, are before the Convention for discussion:

Whereas, It is a self-evident truth that man has certain inalienable rights, among which is the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and

Whereas, Individuality is pivotal to the soul and fundamental to all progress, therefore

Resolved, That in protesting, as we do, against the excesses of persons connected with Spiritualism, that we neither wish to interfere with them as individuals, nor limit the most comprehensive rights of men and women.

Resolved, That we urge upon all men that a right to life gives a right freedom of body and mind; that all have an inalienable right to the soil, as much so as to the air they breathe; and he who monopolizes the soil commits a wrong against society and the great human brotherhood, as much so as he who should bottle up the air of heaven and advertise to retail it at five dollars per bottle.

Whereas, Man has no power to create or annul a moral obligation; therefore

Resolved, That whatever is right in a state or nation is right in each individual, and whatever is wrong in one man, acting alone, is wrong in millions acting as a state or nation.

Resolved, That whatever is right in a man, acting with a license, certificate, or commission, from human government, is right in him acting without it; and whatever is wrong for a man to do, acting without such a sanction, it is wrong for him to do when acting with it.

Whereas, Health is heaven, disease is hell; therefore

Resolved, That the only way to escape from hell and attain heaven is to expel disease from body and soul, and to secure to ourselves healthy souls in healthy bodies.

Whereas, Man's natural demands are God's only commands; therefore

Resolved, That those who most perfectly understand, and most healthfully supply these demands of Nature, most truly walk with God, and present the truest and noblest type of manhood or womanhood.

Such are the sentiments presented to the Convention as embodied in resolutions. They are being fully, earnestly, and pleasantly discussed, but are not to be voted upon. The interchange of thoughts and feelings, in regard to the above points, has been and is very free, and full, and profitable—with especial reference to those who go forth to lecture. The great aim of all the speakers is to bring their ideas of immortality to bear on the passing, living issues, and events of the day.

An impression is heavy and deep on the Convention, and on the city of Oswego, and the entire North, that overwhelming evils are upon us. An earnest purpose to inquire into the cause and cure of these evils seems to pervade every soul. THAT SLAVERY IS THE CAUSE, AND ABOLITION THE ONLY CURE OF THESE EVILS, is the one thought of the Convention. Scarce a speaker has appeared on the platform who has not, in some form, expressed this conviction.

The following is put forth in the call, as one of the subjects to be discussed in the Convention, i. e.: "What are the special demands of the age upon us, as Spiritual teachers; and, How can we best become fitted to meet those demands?"

This has opened the way fully to discuss the cause and cure of the present civil war—the prostration of business, and the danger that

threatens free labor, free schools, free homes, free society, and free institutions, on the continent. Oswego, though once strongly saturated with a pro-slavery democracy, is now all but unanimous in support of the administration in prosecuting a war that so evidently must eventuate in favor of Liberty and against Slavery. Indeed, it is of little use to present any subject to public consideration except in connection with passing events. For myself, I have no desire to divert the public mind from the great issue now before the world—SHALL LIBERTY OR SLAVERY rule the Western Continent? One or the other must hold the dominion. All efforts to divide the dominion between these two eternal moral contradictions, must prove abortive. Where Liberty rules, Slavery must die; where Slavery rules, Liberty must die. No man can be for Liberty and for Slavery. The advocate and apologist for Slavery must be a spy and a traitor in the camp of Freedom.

Such has been the general tone of the Convention. The feeling is, that the demands of the day are imperative on all who go forth as teachers.

An excursion across Lake Ontario—seventy miles—to the Canada shore, was planned for yesterday, (the 15th), but the steamer failed us, and we did not go. Some 5,000 were gathered there to meet us, from Canada. The excursion is to come off to-morrow—Saturday. Many will go. May the great ruling power say to the winds and waves, "Peace, be still!"—provided, peace and stillness of those elements will be productive of general good.

Oswego is a beautiful city. Its water-power is immense. In the future, it must become a great city, and, in our commerce with Canada, a most important port.

The Spiritualists here have been sorely tried the past year, but they and the people around are fast learning to distinguish between the good and evil: between good spirits and bad spirits. They keep up their meetings, and make them conducive to the practical elevation and happiness of all who attend them.

It is true, my dear friend, that a new and more harmonious era is at hand. True, our thirty years War of Ideas, has, solely through the wrath, disappointment, treachery, and violence, of despots, culminated in a War of Bullets. But the War of Bullets must cease—the War of Ideas must go on; Truth shall triumph over Error—Liberty over Slavery; and the world be raised from its sensualistic position to a more spiritual and noble life.

I leave to-morrow morning, and cannot give you any account of the picnic and excursion beyond the lake, or the course of the Convention on Sunday.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

For the Herald of Progress.

A Few Words of Explanation.

TO THE EDITOR, DEAR SIR: The prefix—"THE PRESENT WAR NOT JUSTIFIED"—attached by you to my response to Claude Lawrence, in your issue of the 10th inst., will probably create a false impression upon the minds of your readers. I therefore ask room for a few words of explanation.

The DIVINE PHILOSOPHY which I have deduced from the teachings of angels, tells me that not having the power to discern what prompts man in his course, I have not the capacity to judge his acts. I have not, therefore, either "justified" or condemned this war.

I look upon war, with all its sanguinary horrors, as a necessary consequence proceeding from an undeveloped condition of humanity. It is an effect which flows legitimately from the predominance of the animal over man's intellectual and spiritual attributes.

In all the vast creations which fill the Universe, I see no flaw—no error—no imperfect work. The Great Deific Mind, as seen in these wondrous manifestations, exhibits, to my perception, infinite Love, infinite Wisdom, infinite Power; therefore, I do not sit in judgment on His works—I do not assume the prerogative to justify or condemn.

But I do see many stages of mental development, and various degrees of spiritual unfoldment among men. In some, I perceive what is termed the more gross or sensuous appetites, demanding gratification without respect to the rights or happiness of others, without regard to the peace or order of society. In others, I observe the intellectual predominate, and the lower propensities become subordinate to a desire to strengthen and expand the mental powers for personal advantage.

There also comes before my vision another class. Those who have learned that man has a spiritual, as well as an animal and intellectual department of his nature, and who consequently understand that there is a divine principle, superior to the animal or intellectual, which is, germinally, the birthright of every human creature, and which binds all humanity in one common brotherhood.

To this class of minds it was that I addressed my first article, entitled "THE HERALD OF PROGRESS and Banner of Light." I believed that, among the readers of those journals, there must be men and women who dwell in an atmosphere more pure, more calm, than that which seems to have enshrouded our people during the last few months—men and women who, having a clear perception of the divine laws that bind us to Deity and to each other, live above the antagonisms of this changeful sphere, and, consequently, enjoy a condition where Love and Peace will ever be their companions.

To such minds I appealed, and I do not wish to be misunderstood by them. I have, necessarily, my own intellectual perception, or opinion, of the causes, consequences, and probable ultimate results of this conflict, but I entertain no feelings of unkindness toward either party.

The North claims to fight for several objects: first, "The Flag;" next, "The Capital;" then, "To see if we have a Government;" and, finally, "To emancipate the slaves." The South says, "We fight to defend our homes from a sectional party that has avowed its determination to surround us with a cordon of Free States, and then crush out our domestic institutions—institutions over which each separate State holds exclusive control." The South further says: "To wait until this sectional party has gained entire possession of the forts,

fleets, munitions of war, and all the material wealth and power of the central government, would be an act of imbecility. If we intend to defend our rights, we must strike before our opponents are prepared to resist the blow." And thus they enter upon a career from which suffering and sorrow must flow copiously to both.

I neither condemn the one, nor justify the other. The act is but the external manifestation of the interior condition of either section. Had they been blessed with the influx of divine love and truth, which flows from angelic spheres, their history would never have been stained with the bloody record which must now forever rest upon its pages. Spiritualists, if properly comprehending the great mission intrusted to them, I did not believe would either engage in, or incite others to mingle in, this sanguinary strife.

When the scoffer at Spirit-intercourse demands of me a single practical result as evidence of its value, I desire to direct his attention to men and women whose daily lives attest that the higher and nobler attributes of their nature have been brought into activity by "communion with Spirits." I cannot point him to a Spiritualist arrayed in the fantastic garb of a wild Arab, with musket on shoulder and pistol at side. I cannot well refer him to the columns of our leading journals, if they are filled with promptings to human slaughter. I cannot place in his hand the current lectures of our most popular speakers, if they breathe vengeance upon a misguided brother. I can only say to him: "These are not the teachings of angels, as I have received them."

Yours, truly, WASH. A. DANSKIN.
BALTIMORE, August 12th, 1861.

[When the scoffer at Spirit-intercourse demands of us a single practical result, as evidence of its value, we shall direct his attention to those men and women whose love of FREEDOM and PROGRESS is sufficiently wise and philanthropic to render them firm and useful friends in every just and honorable struggle for "Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."—Ed.]

For the Herald of Progress.

Trust in Moral Power.

AN EXPLANATION.

DEAR BRO. DAVIS: In the HERALD of July 13th, a friend takes exception, in an article entitled, "Trust in Moral Power," to a single sentence in my letter published in a previous number, the tenor and scope of which, I think, he misapprehends. It was not my purpose to put the extreme "non-resistant" and the fire-eating "chivalry" of the South in the same category, but only to represent them as the opposite extremes of civilization, that find their proper balance in the feelings and purposes that animate the hearts of the Northern masses at this hour. Had I been speaking of the future and its conditions, instead of the present and its needs, I should have held far different language.

I believe the time is coming when men "will learn war no more," but passing events are endowed with a terrible logic, to which the theories of man must bow. To me there is an unseen power moving upon the hearts of the masses, and urging them on, even to the battle-field, to die, if need be, by saber-cut or gunshot wound, in defense of those principles of liberty through which alone we may hope for the world's redemption from the darkness of ignorance and crime. True, if the world were already redeemed, and the force of moral and spiritual obligations were felt and acknowledged, there would be no need of this sacrifice. But let us not confound the ideal with the actual, lest we waste our energies warring with the inevitable. Let us, rather, accept all instrumentalities, and make the best possible use of them for the advancement of every good work and influence. In the present struggle, North as well as South needs purifying; and he or she who takes the position of a partisan on either side, actuated by any baser motive than the love of liberty for all mankind, will surely pay the fullest penalty at the judgment-seat of God with his or her own soul; and believing that the minister of justice abideth ever with them—with all—I pray that the spirit of condemnation may be far from us, that when the trial-hour of moral and spiritual quickening comes, we may be ready with words of sympathy and encouragement for those who have kindled the fires of purification in the centers of selfish and animal existence. It has been well said that the mightiest forces are silent in their workings. The earthquake and the volcano are but the visible effects of invisible potencies; and their influence, we may reasonably infer, is to harmonize and perfect earth's physical structure; and if this is true, it must apply equally to all physical disturbances. And I would ask, Are not the mental and spiritual elements of man's nature subject to the operation of similar laws and influences?

M. M. TOUSEY.

SMITH'S MILLS, N. Y., July 21, 1861.

For the Herald of Progress.

Where is the Standard of Right?

FRIEND DAVIS: The spirit, purpose, and expression of your correspondent, "E. W.," in the HERALD OF PROGRESS of the 17th of Aug., making inquiry as to where the standard of truth and right in morals may be found, I greatly admire; the subject is opportune and important.

Mankind need an unalterable and uniform standard by which to regulate their conduct toward each other. Is there such a standard? It seems clear to my mind that there is. Where, then, can it be found? It is written by the finger of the God of Nature on the imperishable tablets of the innermost soul of every human being.

The varied types of mankind give ample evidence of having a common nature. Every individual of the great family, not infantile, idiotic, or unusually insane, either intuitively perceives, or can be made to intellectually accept, in greater or less degrees of clearness and force, the fundamental rule of moral obligation so clearly, concisely, and beautifully expressed, in the record of the sayings and doings of the distinguished man of Nazareth in these memorable words, namely: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

This is my conception of the substance and locality of the unalterable standard of right

and truth, enthroned in the holy of holies of man's inner being, sharing harmonious and beneficent empire with the claims of the absolute religion.

Hoping that the esteemed and gifted friend, H. C. Wright, who is so earnestly implored by your correspondent to respond, will do so, and that your able minds will do the same; and trusting that this brief response of mine will not subject me to the reproach contained in the old proverb which declares that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

I am yours, for light and truth,
E. W. TWING.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Aug. 15, 1861.

For the Herald of Progress.

Lectures of Sophia L. Chappell.

BREWERTON, N. Y., Aug. 5, 1861.

DEAR HERALD: Spiritualism is new to this prim little village upon Oneida Lake, but we have recently been favored with discourses, upon three successive Sundays, by SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL, of Hastings, N. Y., which were attended with some "physical manifestations" of interest, as will shortly appear.

The subject of the first discourse was taken from the opening piece sung by the choir, "Cast thy burden on the Lord;" the speaker concluding that man was the highest expression of Nature's divine soul, and could not "cast" the "burden" of life-labor upon any outside power, but should awaken his own "lordship," and place his trust in it.

At the close the local genius of superstition arose and articulated, "Sophistry!" "Falsehood!" "Dammed Spirits!"

The second discourse was upon "The Mission of Life"—the cleansing the temple that enshrines the immortal, and the guard that should be set at all the doors where perverting influences might enter.

Again the perturbed spirit rose and made a gross and violent onslaught upon the fair speaker, who received the manifestation, as before, with courteous good humor, and sang a song to quiet the agitated audience.

Now these discourses had been delivered in the Union Church, and were listened to with eager interest, the speaker's voice and manner enchainng even those who could hardly be attracted by the deep truthfulness of her utterances.

At one hour before the time for the third lecture, the church trustees, under pressure of a few alarmed spirits of the church militant, (which is, being anglicised, the fighting church,) revoked their permission for its use, and forbade the sexton to open the doors. But he rang the bell, and, standing in the doorway, directed the gathering people to a large hall at a little distance, where they listened to a most appropriate discourse upon LIBERTY—the iron creed molds and the growing spirit—the multifarious slaveries of ignorance and their inevitable end—all illustrated by the present war.

This time the audience dispersed in quiet, untroubled by the ghost of demonology; after which the speaker was waited upon by skeptical gentlemen, who desired her to attempt the delineation of the character of a well-known citizen. Her apt success in so doing produced much mirthfulness, and swelled again the full tide in her favor.

By-and-by we'll have a meeting in the grove, where the very freedom of the air repels all spirits of superstition. So the heaven works in the village meal-tub; thanks to all the spirits and mediums concerned.

A. B. PRESCOTT.

Doings of the Moral Police.

"There is a golden chord of sympathy
Fixed in the harp of every human soul;
Which by the breath of Kindness when tis swept,
Wakes angel melodies in savage hearts."

AN ERROR FORGIVEN.

ROCHESTER, 1861.

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR FRIEND: I have recently been informed of a noble act, that I consider suited to your "Moral Police" department.

The son of a lady acquaintance, formerly a resident of our city, recently became attached to and married a girl who had previously been seduced, and, therefore, as the world judges, had lost her character, and, of course, was looked upon as one of the fallen; on this account they were married privately, and, I suppose, intended to live in obscurity, but the good and affectionate, angel-like mother, decreed otherwise. As soon as she became acquainted with the real facts of the case, she hurried to their residence, had their marriage published, invited them to her house as a home, adopted her new daughter with the same tenderness, and love, that she would had she come from one of the first circles in the city.

How plain to a discerning mind is the truth that she will be amply rewarded by the refining and ennobling effect her course will have on her children. May her bright example inspire us all to go and do likewise. S. D. F.

A Letter from Boston.

The following contribution to our Moral Police Department, received some time since, will have lost none of its interest by the delay in its publication. Familiarity with noble institutions, and with the excellent deeds of the good and true, ever proves a source of lofty inspiration.

BOSTON FREE LIBRARY.

BOSTON, MASS., 1861.

EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS: Allow me to make a contribution to your valuable and suggestive "Moral Police Department."

By the kindness of a friend I have just visited the City Library.

A few years since, Joshua Bates, of London—a rich merchant, of Boston birth—gave \$50,000 to endow a free library in his native city, and has since doubled the gift. Generous residents have added to these rich donations, the city gave the building, (costing some \$100,000) and the result is a library of over 80,000 volumes, open to all, free of cost.

The tasteful and substantial building erected for this noble library, fronts toward the Common, and from its windows that ample field of shade and verdure is in sight, and the State

House, the old Hancock mansion, and private residences beyond.

Passing through a broad entrance hall, you reach, on the first floor, rooms in which persons find catalogues of books, enter their names and residence, and then can obtain from the librarians whatever they wish. A spacious reading room, with a varied supply of magazines from both continents, is on the same floor, in which were men and women quietly reading.

Going up a broad and handsome iron stairway, you reach the center of the great Library Hall, a lofty room, some one hundred feet long and sixty or seventy feet wide, with floor of black and white marble, around the sides of which—in deep alcoves rising floor above floor, light winding stairs going to the two upper galleries, which reach the roof some forty feet above—are the books.

The assistant librarians are mostly women, who fill their places to the satisfaction of all. Entrance all day and evening is free. The use of reading-room and library, is equally free. Quiet and order prevail as much as in any private library, and books are as carefully returned. This speaks well for human nature, and such wise and noble benevolence, refining and enlarging life, broad and impartial as the sunlight. Who can tell how much strength and hope it gives, how much despair and crime it prevents!

THEODORE PARKER'S LIBRARY.

I visited, too, the Library of Theodore Parker, which is soon to be placed in this City Library, in accordance with his request.

In the center of the upper room of his house stood his desk and apparatus, by which he wrought with such strong and persistent industry, marshaling and arranging thoughts and facts that stirred so many souls.

All around were his books, ranged from floor to ceiling, filling every foot of available space, piled on shelves in the middle of the room. Ancient black-letter tomes, formidable volumes of ponderous size, Greek, Hebrew, Latin, German in abundance, French, and other tongues, that are "all Greek to me," even in name. Books rare, quaint, learned, and thoughtful. Four-fifths of them in foreign tongues—as he could more easily get English books from libraries, and liked to read originals rather than even the best translations.

He was conversant with thirty-two languages, and had a mastery of most of them more entire than scholars often gain. Perhaps had he wrought less with books, and given more serene growth to his own intuitions, he might have lived to do more and higher work. But where one does so much and so well, grateful reverence softens criticism. Were he here now, how strong and inspiring would his word ring out for the right in the great struggle now going on.

But he may be working in higher ways, of which we can but get faint glimpses. At one end of the chamber, on the floor, with books piled on it, stood a small, plain, old-fashioned set of drawers, with sloping desk on the top, in which, when a boy in the old homestead at Lexington, he kept clothing, books, papers, and the precious valuables that every thoughtful and heartfelt boy has.

In the lower drawer was the "huckleberry dictionary"—a plain Ainsworth's Latin and English Dictionary—to buy which he picked and sold huckleberries, and thus earned the first book of his library.

The halls and rooms below had books in every available space, and the two upper floors of the house were thus well furnished indeed. Yet neatness, order, and system were visible.

An intelligent German gentleman was busy in making a catalogue, which two weeks' steady work had nearly finished, and in a month this rich collection will be transferred to the City Library—the gift of its beloved and revered owner to the people.

Mrs. Parker will reserve such books as she may select for her own use, and as mementoes of one between whom and herself existed the most tender affection.

LOWELL LECTURES.

A word on another of the "Moral Police" institutions of Boston—the "Lowell Lectures." Some twenty years since, John Lowell left the bulk of his wealth, some \$250,000, to sustain yearly courses of scientific, moral, and literary lectures, free to all.

Under care of competent trustees, these lectures are given each winter by able scholars, distinguished in their departments of thought and labor, and are of great use and interest to those who attend without cost to themselves. Truly their founder still lives.

One more kindred fact and I am done: At Portland, Maine, are the spacious and beautiful grounds, the flowers, shrubbery, green-houses, and choice exotics of John L. Brown, open to the people, and much frequented in summer. Yet deprivation, rudeness, or injury to the most delicate plants, rarely occur. The thoughtful generosity of the owner is appreciated, and met by a care equally thoughtful, and thus giver and receiver bless each other, and rich and poor live a larger and warmer life.

THE LATE CHAS. F. HOVEY.

Going down Summer street to the Post-office, I passed the granite front of the great dry goods store of C. F. Hovey & Co., filled, as usual, with the many customers which the skill, care, and energy, and especially the high integrity, of the firm attract.

I remembered how, in 1857, when the crisis in business compelled all to "take in sail," C. F. Hovey called together some sixty girls they had employed making ladies' garments, paid them a month's wages in advance, told them it was impossible to give employment longer, but tenderly said, "Keep good heart;

if you are in want or sickness, come to us for aid, and remember that as soon as it can be done, we give you all work again."

They knew these words had meaning, and in a few months were reinstated in their places. This was but one of the many good deeds of this high-minded and generous man—a popular and successful merchant, yet aiding unpopular reforms, frank and independent in his course, the friend of the poor, the advocate of the right of the slave to his freedom, the opponent of bigotry and superstition, the ready helper of those who were working in the glorious minority in which the right so often begins its conquering work.

This must suffice. Has not humanity an "angel side"? Yours truly, G. B. STEBBINS.

—Why should any one be alarmed at the perpetual changes which take place in the world? For how can the world subsist without them? Or what is more consonant or more advantageous to the system of the Universe, or even to the convenience of Mankind? How could your baths be heated, if the fuel were not changed by fire? Or how could you be nourished, unless your food were transformed by digestion? In short, nothing useful could be brought to perfection without these changes and transformations. Do not you, therefore, perceive that the great change and dissolution which awaits your own person, is similar to those others, and equally necessary to the good of the whole?

Poetry.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

TO MY DARLING.

BY M. C. CORWIN.

I'm thinking of the time, darling, When you passed from earth away, And my heart grew very sad, darling, For I knew that I must stay; While I missed so much the gentle touch Of your soft and dimpled hand, On cheek and brow—it thrills me now, Though you've gone to a better land. I've pillowed thy little head, darling, And hushed with a mother's art— Have lulled you, when weary, to rest, darling, With the pulsing of my heart; With a gentle strain and a low refrain Have I closed thy sleepy eyes, Then crushed in my heart, with a nervous start, The thoughts that would in me rise. For I knew that the angels would come, darling, And take my treasure away; And thy mother's heart was pained, darling, She so longed for thee to stay, That in manhood's prime, or the golden time, Thy spirit might seek its rest— When thy work was done, and the victory won, Find a home among the blest. But 'tis long, long days ago, darling, That the angels bore thee home, And thy mother's heart has yearned, darling, For a knowledge of thy return— For assurance sweet that thy little feet Are pressing the shining way, Where wisdom leads and darkness recedes Before its mighty sway. Yet I know when the angels call, darling, In their music tones so sweet, They are bearing a message to me, darling, That my joy may be complete; For they say thy bright, with no waning light, In that golden Summer Land, Where the angels live, and their blessings give To each harmonious band. I will try to be very patient, darling, And wait till the angels come To bear me up to thy home, darling, To thy radiant spirit home, Where bliss shall be the destiny Of every human heart, Where love unfold, in our Father's fold, Shall forever form a part. LAKE CITY, MINN.

For the Herald of Progress.

WAKE, SONS OF COLUMBIA.

BY DE VERE Vining.

Wake, sons of Columbia! awake from your sleeping, For treason and anarchy threaten the land; The dark clouds of discord in anger are sweeping, With a force which the down-trodden cannot withstand. Awaken once more from your long-cherished slumbers! 'Tis no idle dream that disturbeth your rest, For traitors and madmen have risen in numbers, To strike the death-blow at fair Liberty's breast. Oh! let not your glorious emblem be Sundered, Nor one star be torn from its station on high; Remember how nations applauded and wondered, When that constellation arose in the sky. Humanity hailed it with joyful emotion, As a beacon of hope to the wronged and oppressed, And thousands from tyranny fled o'er the ocean, To seek, 'neath its folds, for protection and rest. Then let not humanity's fond hope be blighted, But strike for your freedom, by land and by sea, Keep sacred the vow which your forefathers pledged, That "Freemen shall rule o'er the land of the free." Forget not the time when your fathers, to battle For justice and right, met the legions of wrong; And then march ye on at the drum's stirring rattle, With cause just as sacred and arms just as strong. And may noble success crown each faithful endeavor, And peace spread her downy wing o'er you at last. May your country remain undivided forever, And her stars shine more brightly when the storm-clouds have passed.

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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All notices, advertisements, or communications, intended for publication, should be sent in the week preceding the date of publication. The earlier the better.

All letters to be addressed to A. J. DAVIS, PUBLISHERS, 274 Canal Street, New York.

Office Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Publication Office located a few doors east of No. 418 Broadway.

"A DISCOURSE FOR THE TIMES" will appear in our next issue.

"WHO ARE THE QUACKS?" is a bold question, boldly and truthfully answered in this number.

THE SPIRIT OF ONE OF THE TRAYERS has at length spoken from the Land beyond the clouds. Read his communication to the Buffalo circle, on our first page.

"A FEW WORDS OF EXPLANATION," "Trust in Moral Power," "The Standard of Truth," "Lectures of Sophia Chappell," (on our third page,) will be found interesting articles, and profitable to all our readers.

THE OSWEGO CONVENTION, called by the Spiritualists and friends of Progress, is briefly reported by Henry C. Wright, on our third page. We wished ourself there, for we wanted once again to mingle with the true friends of Reform, but the "times" and duty at home would not grant to us a furlough.

"THE MORAL POLICE" are, we fervently believe, not less active each week than hitherto. If we record their "Doings" less frequently, it is because their deeds are being recorded elsewhere, perchance to be remembered when the generations of the future shall learn war no more, in the enjoyment of blessings purchased at a fearful price by the Moral Police of the nineteenth century.

THE NATIONAL PROGRAMME.

The demand for the issue of the HERALD OF PROGRESS containing our "Programme for the Nation" having exhausted the edition, leaving many orders unfilled, we have concluded to reprint the document for more extensive circulation.

To divide the expense with those wishing copies for distribution, we will furnish the number containing the Resolutions (probably No. 82 or 83) for one dollar a hundred, if sent by express, or two cents a copy sent by mail, postage paid.

Our friends will please send in their orders early, that we may graduate the edition accordingly.

Traitors, Pirates, Prisoners.

SHALL WE HANG THEM?

The Tyrant's code of inexorable laws should exert no positive influence upon the American mind. Progressive and liberty-loving rulers—as the Chiefs of the nation in Washington should be—will not be regulated by the bloody decrees of the brutal past. The death penalty is a relic of ancient barbarism, and should be embodied in the age that instituted it. Revenge, and wrong, and evil, according to the laws of cause and effect, are certain to reproduce their kind. He who commits a wrong will surely suffer it. You need not make haste to aid "Providence" in applying the appropriate penalty. "The way of the transgressor is hard." The severity and duration of the punishment are invariably and mathematically in proportion to the nature and extent of the crime. The God-code of laws, with their legitimate verdicts and penalties, should be obeyed and applied by all our legal and military chiefs.

According to this immutable code, no man is obliged to suffer premature death by arbitrary means. Death, like birth, is natural. It is a mistake to die by accident or by disease, by war, or by any unnatural and arbitrary agency. And yet the world is filled with all these causes of death. Thousands, not wise and obedient to the ways of life, suffer death accordingly. Of course such receive the just and natural consequences of their ignorance, heedlessness, or willful violations.

Traitors, Pirates, and Prisoners of War, will begin to multiply upon us rapidly—many of them, according to the rules of war, guilty of crimes punishable with death—the question is, Shall our people favor the execution of a penalty so barbarous? We answer, no; never destroy a life if you can save it. If a man is wicked, and therefore dangerous to the peace and happiness of a brother man, or if he be an enemy to

the peaceful progress of an industrious people, then it may be wise, and not cruel or barbarous, to deprive him of liberty. He would be receiving the consequences of his evil actions—reaping as he sowed. It seems to us that, if an offensive and wicked man be within your power, and so bound and circumscribed in personality as not to be longer dangerous, then it cannot be right to deprive him of his life. Our forts and prisons are large and strong enough to receive and confine these pirates and enemies to Freedom. Let our Government never be guilty of taking the life of a human being, however evil his motives or atrocious his crimes, after he has fallen within our lines and under our ample protection. There is no salutary end to be accomplished by shooting a traitor or hanging a prisoner. He is not ready for a life in the other world, but he can be made better and useful on earth. Only give him an opportunity, plenty of time, proper food, and plenty of useful work in a healthful prison, and he will be likely to improve in both body and mind. "Imprisonment for life" is a penalty far more terrible than "death" to most convicts. The preservation of the individual, during the natural term of years in this life, may result in great reformation of character. If, however, this reformation does not take place in the culprit's heart, the world will not be in any danger from his presence and managed life in a fort or prison.

We urge the greatest leniency toward all enemies who fall within our power. Let human life be sacred, unless its possessor is an active foe to the peace and progress of millions; then PRINCIPLES only are sacred, while persons appear as grains of sand upon the iron track of an advancing train. It should be remembered that the traitors, and pirates, and prisoners of war, are men and brethren. They have the dire misfortune of being evil. But where one man is evil from his organization, a thousand are thus from the magnetic force of their circumstances, and therefore "ninety and nine" in every hundred culprits are entitled to our protection and commiseration. Let our Government retain, in strong prisons, every arrested enemy to Freedom and Progress. In future months, or years, perchance, they may have repented, in "their very hearts," whereupon it may be deemed wise to open the prison door to every captive, whether good or evil, and

"Then they will return with shame, To the place from whence they came, And the blood they shed will speak In hot blushes on their cheek!"

"Every woman in the land Will point at them as they stand— They will hardly dare to greet Their acquaintance in the street."

"And the bold, true warriors, Who have hazarded danger in the wars, Will turn to those who would be free, Ashamed of such base company."

In short, "the mark of Cain" will be burned deep into the brow of every foe to the peaceful progress of America. The mothers of such sons will not welcome them home again. The hearts of loyal maidens will be sealed to the sons of all traitors to America's welfare. Sisters will shut their homes against once beloved brothers, who betrayed the best and freest of Governments. The natural punishment of all pirates, and renegades, and conspirators, will be "greater than they can bear." The God-code of punishment is the best. Therefore let us abolish the Death penalty, which is a relic of barbarism and a shame to civilization.

THE NEW STAMPS.

We have seen specimens of the new one and three cent stamps. They are quite superior to the original issue in beauty of design, elegance of finish, and delicacy of color. The old were not creditable to American art, and we are glad to have them displaced by so neat and delicate a substitute.

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

We have constantly accumulating back numbers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, which we will gladly send for gratuitous distribution on receipt of stamps for postage. Will not all who can make use of copies advantageously, advise us, that we may supply them. Only one cent a copy for postage!

WREN JUVENILE COMEDIANS.

We understand that the Wren family of Juvenile Comedians will give a farewell entertainment at Washington Hall, Williamsburgh, on Monday, Sept. 2d, afternoon and evening. This is their last appearance prior to the departure of three brothers for the seat of war, they having enlisted in various capacities in one of the new regiments now forming. In view of this fact, and the acknowledged worth of the family, and their merit as actors, established by a public career of several years, they are entitled to a substantial benefit, which we trust they will receive.

G. B. Stebbins, of Rochester, will speak at Farmersville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., Sunday, Sept. 1st, morning and evening; Rushford, Allegany Co., Monday evening, Sept. 2; and at Lyons, Chautauque Co., Sunday, Sept. 8th, morning and evening.

GOVERNMENTAL PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOR.

The recent action of the authorities at Washington betrays an official prejudice against color, which is mortifying and contemptible. It is enough that the Constitution should be interpreted to uphold a system of black slavery, without governmental action expressly indicating an unjust and causeless prejudice.

One of the New York Regiments, a few days since, was leaving Washington, and with them were a dozen or more black men, who had been employed as servants, about to return with the regiment. The government interposed, and the blacks, charged with no crime, were denied permission to leave the city in any direction, and compelled to subsist there as best they might.

We are glad to observe that the Evening Post censures severely this action of Washington officials. We quote:

"The Provost Marshal's officer declares that 'no negroes, without sufficient evidence of their being free, or of their right to travel, are permitted to leave the city on the cars.' It might as well be ordered that no person shall be permitted to leave Washington 'on the cars,' unless he can prove that he has never stolen a cent of money in his life. The one is no more absurd than the other; for it is clearly as difficult for a man to prove that he has not been a slave as that he has not been a thief. In this way the Provost Marshal or the President might have kept the whole Congress in Washington for the balance of their lives."

"The Government has no right, power, or authority to detain a black man any more than a white man. Both must submit to a military necessity. If a general in our armies needs laborers, he can, under the military law, force all men he can lay his hands on, both black and white, to perform the duties which are required in an emergency. If he has no such needs, he has no more right to detain a black man who comes into his camp, than a white man who comes in in the same manner. The Government knows no distinction of colors. It has no right to detain persons who are accused of no crime. It does wrong when it makes any distinction between the white and black fugitives who take refuge in our camps or cities from the cruelties and violence of the enemy. It must treat all alike, because, in the eyes of the supreme law of the land, they are all alike."

ARE WE?

A writer in the Congregational Herald, of Chicago, asks with pious unction concerning the New York Independent:

"Are we being sold out to the devil by that paper? Are our denomination going to follow, meekly and adoringly, wherever Beecher pleases to lead us, and never utter one protest because it is Beecher? I am exceedingly distressed in view of the developments of that man's sermons. Some of them I esteem as super-excellent, and some of them are about on a par with Fowler and Greeley, in respect to theology. The last would do for Gerrit Smith or Beriah Green. I have taken the Independent a long time, have recommended it, and added to some extent its circulation. May God forgive me. All the religion that it now brings its readers is in the sermon, and that is such religion as our denomination did not formerly relish."

This repentant brother must remember that "all the religion the Independent now brings to its readers," (that is, the weekly sermon from Mr. Beecher,) it carries under protest; witness our recent quotations. It may aid his distress in the premises to recall the fact that much of the religion now preached was not formerly "relished" by orthodox religionists, and that the people who are "being sold out to the devil" rather like the transfer! In view of this fact what will our distressed friend do about it? Are we going to follow meekly? Are we being sold out to the devil?

RUSSIA ON AMERICA.

Many Russians, as well as Americans, are puzzled to know what the government is fighting for. The St. Petersburg Journal publishes the President's message, and thus comments on that portion respecting the policy towards the Southern States after the suppression of rebellion:

"There is nothing in these words definite regarding the abolition of slavery. Wherefore, then, this civil war? Wherefore this panic on one side and this determination on the other? If the condition of the blacks be not changed after the triumph of the Union, we confess we do not comprehend the object of this fratricidal war."

ITALIC AND ROMAN.

Those words which, in our English Bibles, are printed in italics, have none corresponding to them in the original, but were supplied by translators in order, in their opinion, to complete the sense. They are not always just, and are by no means binding upon us.

[T. H. T., in the New Covenant.] How is it with the words printed in Roman? Are they "always just"? And who knows whether the italics are properly placed? If the Bible is God's infallible word, and "binding upon us," this matter of type should be clearly settled. A fearful hazard is, it seems, incurred in consequence of allowing fallible men to supply words, and fallible printers to put them in italics. What doubt and danger come from printing God's words in Roman and men's words in Italic!

THE TRUE METHOD.

We some time since recommended the withdrawal of all patronage from disloyal newspapers and business establishments, as a just mode of expressing condemnation for want of fidelity to the government. One or two rebel newspaper offices in New England have been destroyed by the mob, a means so true-minded citizen can approve. Far better is the exam-

ple of forty-seven prominent business firms in Philadelphia, who publish the following agreement:

"We, the subscribers, having seen in some of the morning papers a statement of the number of regiments under Gen. Banks' command, which information must be of great importance to the enemy, do hereby agree to withdraw our subscriptions and advertisements from any newspaper which shall continue to furnish information of the military movements of our government."

A full report of the Oswego Convention, from the pen of Lita H. Barney, will appear next week.

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

LOVE—WILL—WISDOM.

INTEGRITY—FRATERNITY—UNITY.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE AGE:

ONWARD TO HARMONY!

"Things seem to tend downward, to justify despondency, to promote repugnance, to defeat the just. . . . Although knaves win in every political struggle, although society seems to be delivered over from the hands of one set of criminals into the hands of another set of criminals, . . . yet heaven's eyes are answered. . . . Through the years and the centuries, through evil agents, through things and atoms, A GREAT AND BENEFICENT TENDENCY IRRESISTIBLY STREAMS."

The War for Freedom and Progress.

We come to you, Beloved Inhabitants of America! to testify that you are wanting in vital integrity. Your laws of Liberty are local in their operation. Your principles of Justice are partial in their application. To the Church you look for all spiritual progression. To the Government you look for all temporal improvement. This is your error. . . . Be watchful, O Americans! . . . For when you think that your Government is complete, then are you on the way to death; and when you think that your Church can enlighten you, then are you on the road to papal supremacy.—Reports of American Delegation in 1853. See PRESENT AGE AND INNER LIFE, p. 117.

Indications of Progress.

As time advances—as the rebellion and the war instituted by the slaveholders, are proceeding to bring forth their appropriate fruits—as Northern men come nearer to a full understanding of what dispositions and what principles are formed by the practice of slaveholding, and of the readiness and thoroughness with which the Southern despots extend their tyranny, when occasion serves, from blacks to whites—more and more indications appear that the free States are learning their appropriate lesson for the hour; more and more plainly it is manifested that the doom of Slavery is sealed.

The letter of General Butler is the most signal specimen of this advancing change. His keen observation sees that the people are changing, and that the causes of this change must necessarily lead them much further in the same direction, and he seizes the occasion to make himself conspicuous in the advance. His "contraband" theory was an ingenious trick for an existing emergency, but its consequences showed him that the subject must be considered, approached, and acted on, with seriousness and with energy. However little his good-will may have gone with this movement, he must have the credit of actively and openly entering upon it first of all the people in authority; of preceding the President and the Cabinet in the discharge of a most important duty, which they should have fulfilled months before, but which they have been ignoring and evading in a manner as discreditable to their character as to their office. General Butler accepts this duty, from which his employers shrink. He speaks plainly of the new ground needed to be assumed, of the reasons which make it needful, and of his personal readiness to act in the premises; and, by demanding explicit instructions upon the very matter which those employers had been evading and ignoring, he obliges them to make some open movement towards a solution of the great problem.

The reply to this letter, sent by Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, instructs General Butler (or seems to instruct him, for the language is circuitous and involved) to receive "into the service of the United States" all negroes who seek refuge with him, and to employ them "under such organizations and in such occupations as circumstances may suggest or require," for the benefit of that service, whether their flight be from loyal or disloyal masters. General Butler is required also to keep a record, showing the names and descriptions of the fugitives, and the names and characters (as loyal or disloyal) of the masters, and to report to the War Department, at least twice in each month, his action in the premises.

There is in this order from the Secretary of War—just as there has been in all the messages and proclamations of our "Republican" administration—a parade of faithfulness to the pro-slavery provisions of the Constitution. The Secretary volunteers his opinion that "a just compensation" will be paid by Congress for the services of fugitives from loyal masters, and that this will be paid to the masters instead of to the laborers who perform the service. Nevertheless, the expressions quoted in the paragraph preceding this, plainly authorize General Butler to enroll in the army so many of these fugitives as he shall find or make in a prompt and practical illustration of the effectiveness of men selected from these fugitives in a war against those who have hitherto held them in slavery, he will have done more than the whole government have yet done towards bringing this contest to a successful termination. Whether he will do this remains to be seen; but his antecedents authorize the supposition that he will not shrink from vigorously pursuing any course of policy which it has judged it fit openly to commence.

A further sign of encouraging progress is seen in many of those members of the periodical press which have hitherto been avowedly anti-slavery. In them we must recognize vacillation—an occasional mention of slavery as the source of the whole trouble, and needing to be treated as such, alternating with their customary silence about carrying on the war

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solely to maintain the Union and the Government—as real progress. As the war advances—as the burdens of it fall more and more heavily upon the people—as the rebels display more and more of those base and cruel and dishonorable traits of character which have become familiar and customary to them as our Northern editors, will increase. They will talk less and less about respecting and guarding the “institutions” of highway robbers. They will hesitate less and less about designating that which is at once the enemy’s weakness and wickedness as the chief point to be attacked in this war. Their praise and advocacy of Union will be directed more towards a prospective union of those who prize freedom for all, and who wish to found their government on that idea, than to that past, merely nominal union, which absurdly attempted to combine slavery with freedom, and which has cherished the former well-nigh to the ruin of the latter. Every new instance of a flag of truce fired upon by the rebels—every new battle after which our wounded are bayoneted by them—will cause more and more of these hesitating manufacturers of public opinion openly to say, Slavery must now be overthrown and exterminated! It is time to crush the viper whose growth we have been so foolishly cherishing!

Another indication of progress is seen in the condition and attitude of the more persistently pro-slavery Northern newspapers. Some of these (like the *Courier of this city*) are reduced to the necessity of crying out for help, and of representing large and speedy extra contributions as indispensable to their continuance. Others (like the *New York Journal of Commerce*) are redefining their efforts for compromise, working with a zeal which seems to show them seriously fearful that “their time is short.” The paper last mentioned dwells upon the evils of open contention, as if that were worse than the quiet continuance of an alliance used to betray and ruin us; it enumerates the taxes which war will bring, as if these were worse than the continual eating out of our very vitals by slavery; it laments over the diminished congregations in the churches at Washington, as if the forms of public worship were more important than the substance of religion, and as if prayer for peace were more important than prayer for righteousness; and the one thing which it finds to rejoice at is the establishment of a new paper in Cincinnati, called *The Banner of Reason*, devoted to the advocacy of compromise.

In my judgment, these various and diverse signs of the times, point to successful progress far rather than to discouragement and retrogression.—C. K. W., in the *Liberator*.

Woman and the War.

Mrs. M. A. Livermore contributes to the *Chicago New Covenant*, an interesting article entitled, “Woman and the War.” We copy the concluding portion:

“A month ago, and we saw a large class aspiring only to be ‘leaders of fashion’ and belles of the ball-room, their deepest anxiety clustering about the fear that the gored skirts and bell-shaped hoops of the spring mode might not be becoming, and their highest happiness being found in shopping, poking, and the schottisch—pretty, petted, useless, expensive butterflies, whose future husbands and children were to be pitied and prayed for. But to-day we find them lopping off superfluous, retrenching expenditures, deaf to the calls of pleasure or the mandates of fashion, swept by the incoming patriotism of the time to the loftiest height of womanhood, willing to do, to bear, or to suffer for the beloved country. The riven fetters of caste and conventionality have dropped at their feet, and they sit together, patrician and plebeian, Catholic and Protestant, and make garments for the poorly clad soldier. An order came to Boston for five thousand shirts for the Massachusetts troops at the South. Every church in the city sent a delegation of needle-women to ‘Union Hall,’ a former aristocratic ball-room of Boston; the Catholic priest detailed five hundred sewing-girls to the pious work; suburban towns rang the bell to muster the seamstresses; the patrician Protestant of Beacon street ran the sewing-machine, while the plebeian Irish Catholic of Broad street basted—and the shirts were done at the rate of a thousand a day. On Thursday, Miss Dix sent an order for five hundred shirts for the hospital at Washington—on Friday they were ready. And this is but one instance, in one city, similar events transpiring in every other large city.

“But the patriotism of our Northern women has been developed in a nobler and more touching manner. We can easily understand how men, catching the contagion of war, fired with enthusiasm, led on by the inspiring strains of martial music, and feeling their quarrel to be just, can march to the cannon’s mouth, where the iron hail rains thickest, and the ranks are mowed down like grain in harvest. But for women to send forth their husbands, sons, and brothers, to the horrid chances of war, bidding them go with many a tearful ‘good-by’ and ‘God bless you,’ to see them, perhaps, no more—this calls for another sort of heroism. Only women can understand the fierce struggle and exquisite suffering this sacrifice involves, and which has already been made by thousands.

“We were in Boston when the President’s requisition for 75,000 troops flashed over the land, and when the first regiment left Massachusetts for the South. The memory of partings then witnessed, which almost wrung out the life from wifely and motherly hearts, will never be forgotten. They were the very flower of Massachusetts youth, who were ordered away, and they were leaving behind them wives and mothers worthy their Puritan ancestry. ‘Well, good-by,’ said a young soldier, as the last moment of departure came, bending over and kissing his wife, a girlish matron of nineteen. ‘Good-by, Molly,’ and he turned to go. But she held him nervously with both hands, and for a moment it seemed as if her courage would go down in the conflict within, which shook her slight form like an aspen. But no. ‘Good-by!’ came from her white lips, but as if a spasm of pain forced out the words, ‘Good-by—God bless you, dear Henry—I never expect to see you again,’ and then, lifting her aching face to his, while a new light came to her tearless eyes, and a half smile flickered about her white lips—‘but I haven’t the heart to tell you not to go. Good-by! God bless you!’

“Did you see James and Charles in that company?” asked a mother, pointing to troops

“Yes, as real progress. As the war advances—as the burdens of it fall more and more heavily upon the people—as the rebels display more and more of those base and cruel and dishonorable traits of character which have become familiar and customary to them as our Northern editors, will increase. They will talk less and less about respecting and guarding the ‘institutions’ of highway robbers. They will hesitate less and less about designating that which is at once the enemy’s weakness and wickedness as the chief point to be attacked in this war. Their praise and advocacy of Union will be directed more towards a prospective union of those who prize freedom for all, and who wish to found their government on that idea, than to that past, merely nominal union, which absurdly attempted to combine slavery with freedom, and which has cherished the former well-nigh to the ruin of the latter. Every new instance of a flag of truce fired upon by the rebels—every new battle after which our wounded are bayoneted by them—will cause more and more of these hesitating manufacturers of public opinion openly to say, Slavery must now be overthrown and exterminated! It is time to crush the viper whose growth we have been so foolishly cherishing!”

“My head is white with the frosts of fourscore winters; but the great Power above that has preserved my constitution and continued my health, almost in the vigor of middle age, may yet defer ‘marching orders’ till I witness the overthrow of slavery. God’s will be done. But I perceive that a great change must come over the free States, especially over the government, before my hope can be indulged that any decisive steps are likely to be taken in that direction, at least for the present. I am prepared to witness, as I have already, scenes enacted by those in authority, which would wring tears of anguish from anything that had a heart. When six colored men had the courage, inspired by despair, to attempt to recover the liberty which God gave to man, and in so doing encountered perils and hardships which would have immortalized white men, to reach Fort Pickens—only to be returned by Lieut. Slemmer to the hell of slavery, to writhe under the torture of five hundred lashes each—my blood rose to fever heat, and my indignation higher still, to think that I had aided in changing an administration which had been damned to everlasting shame for its corruptions, crimes, and war upon humanity itself, only to be repeated by another. * * * * * The barbarism of slavery was never overrated, and never can be. In the eyes of some, the foreshadowing of its overthrow appears. Let it come, at whatever cost. My motto is: LIBERTY BEFORE UNION! JUSTICE BEFORE LAW! WAR BEFORE TYRANNY! DEATH BEFORE SLAVERY!”

An Old Man’s Position on the War.

A correspondent, residing at Springfield, in the “Green Mountain” State, in a letter to the *Vermont Chronicle*, among many stirring sentences, says:

“My head is white with the frosts of fourscore winters; but the great Power above that has preserved my constitution and continued my health, almost in the vigor of middle age, may yet defer ‘marching orders’ till I witness the overthrow of slavery. God’s will be done. But I perceive that a great change must come over the free States, especially over the government, before my hope can be indulged that any decisive steps are likely to be taken in that direction, at least for the present. I am prepared to witness, as I have already, scenes enacted by those in authority, which would wring tears of anguish from anything that had a heart. When six colored men had the courage, inspired by despair, to attempt to recover the liberty which God gave to man, and in so doing encountered perils and hardships which would have immortalized white men, to reach Fort Pickens—only to be returned by Lieut. Slemmer to the hell of slavery, to writhe under the torture of five hundred lashes each—my blood rose to fever heat, and my indignation higher still, to think that I had aided in changing an administration which had been damned to everlasting shame for its corruptions, crimes, and war upon humanity itself, only to be repeated by another. * * * * * The barbarism of slavery was never overrated, and never can be. In the eyes of some, the foreshadowing of its overthrow appears. Let it come, at whatever cost. My motto is: LIBERTY BEFORE UNION! JUSTICE BEFORE LAW! WAR BEFORE TYRANNY! DEATH BEFORE SLAVERY!”

THIRTEEN DOLLARS A MONTH, AND A PENSION OR LAND-GRANT AFTER THE WAR.

There is a point that seems as yet to have escaped attention, and which, when corrected, will, we doubt not, give a great impulse to recruiting. The pay of \$13 a month is rather above the average of wages of farm hands for the year round. It is good pay for not hard and, for the most part, pleasant work, where the chance of being killed is not much greater—not so great as in some districts of both country and city—than the risk of dying from disease at home. Then comes the pension or the land grant, when the war is over, which will set up many a young fellow for life who otherwise, perhaps, would have struggled in vain for so good a start. But there is one drawback which gives pause, we do not doubt, to many who would otherwise come forward without hesitation to the defense of the country; they are unwilling to leave wife and children, or, perhaps, helpless parents, uncertain as to the future, a hard winter before them, and ignorant as to whether they can send these poor ones at home their wages as a support. This obstacle in the minds of the proposed volunteers should be removed immediately. Every soldier, when he enlists, might be offered a printed form of an order on a Government office here, to be filled up with one-third, one-fourth, one-half, or any fraction he pleases, of his wages, to be paid every month to the holder. This will remove all anxiety on a very important question to him from the mind of the recruit—will do away with a strong objection to his going, in the minds of his friends—will release him, when in camp, from the temptation of squandering his money in riotous living—will insure them from want, and from dependence upon uncertain charity. There is positively no single objection to the adoption of a plan of this sort, while the advantages attending it, and the consequent impulse it would give to recruiting, are great and many. Why don’t the Government adopt it?—*Tribune*.

For the Herald of Progress.

FIGHTING MERELY FOR THE UNION.

You are right, Mr. Davis! (See “A Programme for the Nation,” in No. 77.) The North has fought up to this time for the mere word “UNION,” and for the protection of its “Property.” These are not Principles. They are mere things, unworthy of a war of true men. The South, on the other hand, fights for a Principle—for SLAVERY! She has been trained and nourished in the institution, and has imbibed its spirit. This makes her a unit—makes her strong. Now the North must also become a unit, and therefore strong, by rallying around the Principle of FREEDOM. The North must become thoroughly anti-slavery, of which the whole people should be clear and conscious. Freedom, being higher in the scale of human development than Slavery, will make the North mightier in the combat. AXTOS.

“THE PROGRAMME FOR THE NATION.”

MR. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: YOUR ANSWER TO A. C. W., in No. 77 of the *HERALD*, is the best exposition I have yet seen of the present condition of our Government, and the cause of the War. We, the people, all fear that our representative men at Washington do not look below the surface. They will wreck the Ship of State if they do not. Would that all the people of the North would at least read and ponder over that article! I hope the press generally will extract it—or, if too proud to do that, hope they will appropriate its ideas and sentiments, and spread them before the public.

Yours, for Progress,
New York, Aug., 1861. H. W. R.

THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS MUST EMIGRATE BEFORE NEXT WINTER.

There is much emigration to the West. The people are evidently scattering preparatory to winter. Some, with staff in hand, and with pockets poorly lined, are leaving on foot, intending to knock at every door for employment until they obtain it, if the journey should carry them to Minnesota. Others, equally well, but a little better off, are leaving by rail. Some of these adventurers have written back to their friends that they have found good situations among the farmers, and that others can be had on application. Thus every city population is scattered by a monetary crisis. Such has ever been its fruits with us, and such will they be now. There are too many of us crowded up within city limits, standing idle in the market place, with no man to hire us. Thousands of us must emigrate. The sooner we begin to move, the sooner we shall be better off.—*Phil. Cor.*

A SPIRITUALIST PREACHING THE CRUSADE OF FREEDOM.

MR. E. V. WILSON, known as a lecturer on Spiritualism, spoke at Good Templar’s Hall last evening, on the War, its Causes, and its Results. The speaker announced himself as a life-long Democrat, up to the present year, but is now preaching the crusade of Freedom, advocating emancipation for the slaves, the confiscation of the real estate of the rebels, and selling the land in small tracts to the emancipated slave, giving them a proper length of time to pay for it, and, when paid for, a government title to issue to the purchaser. Mr. Wilson is evidently an uneducated man, but has natural capacities of mind that make him a very effective speaker. Few stump orators can make sharper points, or deliver periods of more graphic power.—*Daily Life, Milwaukee.*

Brief Items.

- The President has issued a proclamation forbidding all commercial intercourse with the rebel States, and declaring rebel property confiscated.
- The New Orleans *True Witness* says: “Oakland College has suspended until next September. Also, La Grange College, Tenn.; Stewart College, at Clarksville, Tenn.; the University of Mississippi, at Oxford; and the Centenary College (Methodist) at Jackson, La., have all suspended for the season. We believe in each case the war fever carried off most of them.”
- A passenger on board the “Persia,” with \$200,000, which he boasted was for the Confederate Government, was arrested on the arrival of the steamer, and his money detained for safe keeping.
- The prompt acceptance on the part of leading bankers, of the government loan of one hundred and fifty million dollars, is already felt in financial circles. The confidence it indicates in the government is inspiring.
- Col. Farnham, who occupied Ellsworth’s position in command of the Fire Zouaves, died from wounds received at Bull Run.
- The *Post* has the following startling caption: “From one of the Killed.” It turns out a communication, not from one of the fallen at Bull Run, but from one of the twelve hundred poets slaughtered by the report of the Committee on a National Hymn.
- Count Cavour’s confessor, Brother Giacomo, visited the Pope soon after the statesman’s death. On learning that the Count had made no recantation, Pius grew exceedingly angry, and threatened the monk with the terrors of the Holy Office, unless he either reported that Cavour had recanted, or signed an acknowledgment that he had failed in the duty as confessor. The monk’s only answer was: “Would that all Christians could die like Cavour!”
- A vessel which recently arrived at Bordeaux from Senegal, brought a cargo of ten thousand parrots.
- Two children having lately died in London, the police, in trying to find out the cause of their death, discovered that their parents belonged to a sect called “The New Lights,” who think it a crime to use any medicine, God alone being the arbiter of human life and death.
- Barnum recently brought from the Gulf of St. Lawrence two live whales. They were trapped and then transported in tanks. They survived but a few days after their arrival. A living hippopotamus takes their place.
- The argument that “the Indian is superior to the Negro, because you can make a slave of the black but not of the red man,” is about as sensible as one were to insist that the hog is superior to the horse, because you can make slaves of the “equestrian hosts,” but not of the “swinish multitude.”—*Pine and Palm.*
- In the U. S. Circuit Court the Grand Jury “presented” the *Journal of Commerce*, *News*, *Day Book*, *Freeman’s Journal*, and *Brooklyn Eagle*, as treasonable.
- We see by the official journals of Stockholm that the Swedish government is about to dispatch to the American coast two vessels of war, to protect the large Swedish mercantile fleet which is constantly in our waters, from injury by privateers and otherwise.
- The Magistrates of Burton-on-Trent, England, lately dismissed an aggravated case of assault, because one of the witnesses would not say that he believed all the contents of the Bible.
- It is said by those who are acquainted with the history of American battles, that not a single battle, waged and fought on the Sabbath, was gained by the attacking party, during the war of the Revolution.
- By the last census, taken on the 8th of April last, England is found to have a population of 20,223,746, and London 2,803,034.

—It is said that the war preparations have exposed the fact that very few women know how to make a shirt.

—Dr. Daniel Adams, the author of “Adams’ New Arithmetic,” known to every schoolboy, resides at Keene, N. H., and is eighty-eight years old.

—Very perfect counterfeit five and ten in the Prescott Bank of Lowell are in circulation.

—The squirrel has hitherto been classed among the strictly herbivorous animals, but a person lately working in the woods of Selkirk, Scotland, saw one of the family rob a nest of young thrushes and devour the nestlings, one by one, with great apparent relish.

—The rain man places his chief good in the opinion of other people; the voluptuous, in his own sensual gratifications; but the wise man depends on virtue alone for his happiness.

—How many highly celebrated men are now considered to oblivion! How many also of those who concurred in extolling them, are themselves now entirely forgotten!

—However other people act or talk, my business is to be good. We should be as true to our nature as inanimate beings—an emerald, for example, or gold, or purple. Let envy or malice do or say what they please, I shall still be an emerald, keep my color and shine on, in defiance of them.

—Repentance is the reproach of a man’s conscience for having neglected something advantageous. Now, whatever is morally good, must necessarily be advantageous, and ought to be the concern of a good and virtuous man. But no good or virtuous man ever repented of having neglected or slighted any *senual* pleasure. It is evident, therefore, that such pleasure is not really good or advantageous.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

By the arrival of the steamships Bremen and Canada, we are in the receipt of intelligence from Europe to the 11th of August.

—The news of the disaster at Bull Run reached England on the 2d instant. American affairs in consequence attracted universal attention.

—The *Times* comments with great sarcasm and bitterness on the result of the battle, and is evidently highly delighted that the whole Union suffers from the calamities of civil war.

—The *London Post*, in an editorial on the blockade, says: “If, unfortunately, England should be compelled to drift into the quarrel, the blame will not rest with England, but with a Government which has endeavored, to the ruin of innocent commerce, to enforce the validity of a blockade which it is manifestly incompetent to maintain.”

—The *Daily News* defends the Northern army from malignant attacks on account of the retreat from Manassas, the estimates formed on the hurried flight of a mere panic-stricken mob of camp-followers, and eulogizes the gallantry of the Union troops.

—On the last day of the sitting of Parliament, which was prorogued on the 6th inst., Lord Palmerston stated a principle in reference to the raising of a blockade, which is likely to guide the action of the English Government. “If the blockading force,” said he, “should allow any vessel to enter a blockaded port by the payment of duties, the blockade from that moment is raised.”

—The Bishop of Durham died on the 9th instant.

—The Queen’s speech, read upon the prorogation of Parliament, expresses the determination of her Government to observe a strict neutrality in the civil dissensions now dividing the United States.

—The action of the Papal Government is becoming exceedingly offensive to France, and the *Moniteur* asserts that the French Cabinet had sent dispatches to Rome demanding immediate satisfaction.

—The monthly returns to the Bank of France show an increase of over 12,000,000 francs.

—The Emperor has conferred the military medal on the King of Sweden and the Prince Oscar.

—The Italian Government has canceled the order for the withdrawal from Naples of the Swiss soldiers formerly in the service of the King.

—It is rumored that a conspiracy had been discovered, at St. Petersburg, to set aside the Emperor Alexander, and give a Constitution to Russia.

For the Herald of Progress.
GROVE HILL FARM, July, 1861.

Departed: From Laphanville, Mich., NELLIE, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Smith, between four and five years of age. Yesterday morning (July 20th) two little angels, some time since translated, came to the earthly dwelling, and, taking little NELLIE gently by the hand, they led her through the gateway, Death, out upon the green hills of Immortality, where “she can die no more, being equal unto the angels.” This quotation was chosen by the beautiful immortals as the subject for remarks made through the writer at the funeral.

The following poem was composed for the occasion, and read at the grave:

She gathers spirit flowers that grow
On the eternal shore,
And drops them one by one below,
Till pain is felt no more.

She joined her little hands in those
Who long ago went o’er,
And from the whirlpool, “Death,” arose,
Safe on the Spirit shore.

She will not sleep within the grave,
This little mound may swell,
But on life’s hills her garments wave—
Weep not, for all is well.

Farewell, thou little foam of clay,
Thou bud, but scarce half-blown,
We hide that in the ground away—
With angels she hath flown.

Mrs. M. J. Kutz

Conjugium.

“True marriage is natural, inevitable, harmonious, and eternal.”

Married: At Dayton, Ohio, July 30th, by Rev. Mr. Conrad, the Hon. F. P. Curry to Mrs. LAURA McALPIN, daughter of the Hon. Elmer Steele, M. P.

Attractive Miscellany.

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

Wrecked.

BY MARY ORME.

“It is an awful night,” said I, shuddering over all my body, as I heard the roar of the surf, the rush of the wind, and the dash of the rain against the windows.

We lived on the sea-shore, in a village of Massachusetts. I do not give the name, because my story is too personal to dear ones still living.

My husband was out in the storm. He was the favorite physician in the village, because he was skillful, never pressed for his pay, and endured stormy nights, watching, and many other troubles, like a good-natured hero.

I could not go to bed this terrible night while Angus was away. He was always my Angus, though he was the Doctor to a great many others. I sat by the fire, covering over my baby, and wishing and longing for my husband. I was sorry that fate ever made him a doctor. If he had been a farmer, a mechanic, a teacher, a clerk, he might have been in his bed now, and I should have been regretting that what *might have been* was not.

Very foolish I was, and a great many others are just as foolish. At last I heard his steps, and the outer door opened, and the blast blew him in, as it seemed, and he had hard work to shut the door. He came up stairs, and exclaimed, “Not in bed, Mattie?” It is past midnight! Lay that little man away, and make haste after him. You should have been asleep two hours ago!”

He spoke cheerfully, but there was a trembling in his voice, as if he were frightened, and did not wish me to know it. I looked up into his face—it was pale, as if he were dead.

“What is it, Angus?” said I.

“What is it? Why the hardest storm that ever cracked the shell of old Egg Rock?”

“But something is the matter with you, Angus. Is old Mrs. Pratt going to die?”

“No, not till she is a hundred years old. Make haste, Mattie, and get in bed—Dick will wake, and cry in a minute, and the storm is bad enough, without his storming.”

I still looked in his pale face, and at that moment a dreadful sound smote my ears. Angus started to his feet.

“You heard it?” said he. It was the gun of a ship, driving on the breakers, almost at our very door, for we lived close to the sea, and on the most fearful part of the coast.

“I saw her driving right towards the rocks, in a flash of lightning, just before I came in to-night. Go to bed, Mattie dear, and I will wake John, and we will go down and get Higgins and Dort, and see if anything can be done.” Higgins and Dort were fishermen, and had boats, and ropes, and a great many things that might be needed in such a time of terror and trial.

“Angus,” said I, “don’t ask me to go to bed. What if you were on board that ship?”

He called John, our man of all work, again put on his storm garments, and silently kissing me and the baby, went out. Again the booming gun sounded. It was much nearer now, or else the storm had hushed its roarings.

I warmed some milk for my baby, for I knew I was too much frightened to nurse him. He waked hungry, and I fed him. He slept again, and I tried to look out into the pitchy darkness. I heard nothing but the roar and crash of the storm. “All is over with the ship,” said I to myself. I waited for my husband. I waited for the morning. I waited and longed for the sound of the gun. But they came not.

It was early autumn, and the weather, though chilly, was not such as would be fatal from cold. Day dawned at last, and I got my husband’s spy-glass, and swept the shore with it, before I could distinguish anything. After a time I made out the ship, wedged in among the rocks, and the sea running hills and mountains over and against her.

Meanwhile my husband and others were on the shore. I should have been there but for my baby. As soon as the light served to see any small object, a barrel was sent ashore from the vessel, with a line wedged in at the bung-hole; when this was secured, a hawser was fastened to the line and drawn ashore by means of it. One by one the men ventured upon this support, which was drawn away from the breakers by those on shore, and fastened securely.

All came safely to the shore but the captain. He was the last to leave the ship, and by some means he lost, or never gained the support of the hawser, and his lifeless body was thrown ashore, at some distance from the point where the men were received. A young man, who had been the last to leave the ship before the captain, was passing to and fro on the beach, in an agony of anxiety, when the body was thrown high upon the sand, almost at his feet. With a wild cry he seized upon what was a few minutes before the animated master and preserver of them all. My husband was at his side. A fisherman brought a piece of sail, and they laid the body upon it; four men bore it between them to our house. The young man who received the corpse from the waves, started with him, but then he turned back, and, after giving some advice or directions to the sailors, who had all been saved, he followed the sad cortege to our house. It was a miserable end of my suspense, but I still felt relieved. The crew was saved, and sent to Boston, after they had been treated to breakfast and dry clothing by the people of the village, and afterward gathered up their coffee and oranges, as they came ashore, with as much diligence as if they had had a bill of sale of the whole.

When the captain of the merchant ship Midas was brought to my house, a strange feeling shot through my heart. I did not feel as if a corpse were being borne over my threshold.

“Angus,” said I, “he is not dead.”

"He is dead, my dear," said he solemnly, at the same time pressing me gently and firmly away from the body. The men who had been the bearers, lingered after placing their burden gently on the floor. "His friend and I can do all now," said my husband, very thankfully, to them. "and Higgins, you and Dort had better see if you can't save some of the cargo, that will be driving ashore. They will call us pirates, or Arabs, if it is appropriated, as the cargo of the Mary Ann was."

"Men don't consider it stealing to pick up a box of oranges, or a bag of coffee, on the seashore," said Higgins. "They would not take a cup of coffee or a single orange out of a shop for their right hands."

"I know," said Angus, "but you must tell them that somebody owns that cargo, and not nobody."

"We will see to it," said Dort, and then they all went away.

The young man had laid his hand over the captain's heart, to see if he could feel warmth or motion. He could discover neither.

"Angus," said I, "won't you put him in my bed? There is a fire in my room, and we must try to bring him to life. I am sure he is not dead."

Angus seemed out of patience with me, but he made a very thorough examination of the body, and failed to find any signs of life.

"My dear," said he, "I will do everything just as if I were sure of the man's life, as sure as I am that he is dead. Young man," said he—

"My name is Willson, sir," said the person addressed.

"Mr. Willson, we must carry this body up stairs."

He called John, and the captain, who was a large, fleshy man, was carried to my room. I took away my baby, and they stripped the body and laid it in my bed. Two women came in, and I gave one my little Richard, and the other, the breakfast to get; and I devoted myself, with my husband and Mr. Willson, to endeavor to resuscitate the drowned man. We raised the head on pillows at the back side of the bed, and let the legs and feet lay over the front of the bed in a pail of warm water.

I laid flannel cloths on his chest and stomach, wrung out of hot water, or hot spirits, or hot vinegar, for I used all in turn, and Angus, and Mr. Willson, and John rubbed him. At first they all rubbed him together, and then they took turns. All the time I was sure the captain was alive, and I was almost vexed that I could not make Angus believe as I did.

"My poor child!" said he to me, "the wish is father to the thought."

Mr. Willson hardly spoke at all. He worked right on, never stopping to take anything, but some Port wine sangaree. Some of the time he was rubbing the body, again he was inflating the lungs with the bellows, and again he was fomenting it with warm fannels and spirits. Something he contrived to do all the time. At the end of six hours, he sat down, and seemed very despairing. He sat for some minutes with his face in his hands, and then he rose and flung himself on the bed beside the body. He clasped the cold form to his bosom and exclaimed: "O, my friend! How can I ever tell Annie and Lizzy that I left you to drown!"

Then he wept long, loud, and bitterly. My husband led him out of the room. "It is all over," said he, "and you are worn out. Take a morsel of food and go to bed. We will do all."

While they were gone out, I examined, for the fiftieth time probably, the space over the heart; there was a scarcely perceptible warmth. Still, it was perceptible. I ran down stairs to tell my husband. He was standing by Mr. Willson, whose head lay on his bosom, while his arms hung beside him, as if they were palsied.

"There is warmth about the heart," I cried. Willson sprang up as if he were galvanized. My husband looked at me with tender reproach, as much as to say, "Your hope is false and foolish;" but he did not speak, and we went up stairs. He examined the heart with his hand and his ear, and then bade Willson do the same, saying:

"There is life!"

Hope seemed to have reanimated and transformed Willson; but my husband would not allow him to do anything.

"If you will take a piece of toast and some hot wine sangaree, then I will let you do something—not till then."

I brought the food, and the young man ate it, my husband and John fomenting and rubbing the captain all the time. The flutter and warmth at the heart increased, and in an hour more we were rewarded by the first struggling, half-stifled breath of the drowned man. (Is a man drowned when he comes to life again, or only half drowned?)

I never saw such joy as Willson manifested, when he knew that the captain was alive, and likely to live. He was not as much bruised as we had feared, and, altogether, he seemed strangely well, when he was warm in bed, and breathing steadily. He took a cup of warm broth, and said, "Let me go to sleep, Willson, and I'll wake up as good as new. All hands are safe now, and I can afford to turn in and sleep till to-morrow, or next day."

He smiled a good-natured, happy smile, and went to sleep.

home at all," said the captain. "After the wish to see home, I have but one want, and that is to sleep."

We left him to his repose, and went down to the parlor with Mr. Willson, who had very little of the Captain's patience. I suppose because he was not so sleepy.

"You have been very, very kind to me, my friends," said he, "and before I leave you, I wish to tell you something about myself, not that my affairs are of much consequence, but you have been so kind and friendly, that you seem my own."

"Three days ago I was homeward bound, with a heart full of hope. Now my hopes are gone, or indefinitely postponed, but I am happier than when I was hopeful. If I had been left to the terrible sorrow of going home with Captain Martell's body, instead of his living, breathing, happy self, then I should have known trouble. As it is, I have never had any trouble. Some misery I did have yesterday, for six or eight hours, but no trouble. Two years ago I begged my mother to let me go to sea. She is a widow, and I am her only son. She did not like the idea of my being a sailor, but seeing that I could not be happy at home, she finally consented to see Captain Martell with me, and take his advice. Of course he advised her to submit to fate, and he took me on his own vessel; this good Midas that is being broken into a thousand pieces out there on the rocks. Our first voyage was to China, and we came back laden with tea and silks. I was twenty years old when we reached home. I stayed with the captain a day and night before I left to go and see my mother, who lives some distance from the city, in an interior town. On this visit to my captain's home I first saw his wife's sister, Annie L. That was a fatal day and night for me. I lost my heart to the dear girl the first day I saw her. They say a sailor loses his heart more easily than a landman, and I had seen no pretty girls for a year. Annie was a lady, and her father was wealthy, and she had many suitors. She was a year younger than I was. Moreover, she had set her heart against the sea.

"I will never marry a sailor, though he be captain of a golden ship," said Annie. "I would sooner marry an apothecary, and live back of the shop, and smell assafetida all day long, and all night too."

"Captain Martell laughed, and said his wife, Annie's sister Lizzy, used to say just the same; 'but,' said he, 'she got bravely over her prejudices when she found that I was not to be coaxed or driven.'"

"My mother had a comfortable property, half of which she put into my hands to make ventures with my master, the captain, and for a year past I have been trading with him to the West Indies, and adding to my pile very rapidly. Just before our last voyage, I felt determined to have a last word with Annie about the sea. She knew well enough that I loved her better than all the world, though I had never told her so. I felt myself too young to ask her to engage herself to me, but now there was a young physician who was very attractive, who visited often at Captain Martell's, and the day before I sailed I determined to speak out. It may seem strange that I can tell you two all this, who were utter strangers to me two days since, but you are my brother and sister now.

"It was a lovely summer evening, and Captain Martell and his wife, and Annie and I were sitting in an arbor, in their little garden, for their house was a city one, and the garden, though very pretty, was not large. Captain Martell called his wife Lizzy, and Annie called her Lizzy, and if I had been suddenly awakened, and had wished to call her, I should have called her Lizzy.

"She was not quite two years older than Annie. She was very merry this evening as we sat in the arbor, and at length she said: 'Come, Martell, let us go away. Ralph wants to make a bargain with Annie to mend his socks when he comes back, or, at any rate, he wants her to promise not to mend anybody else's socks while he is gone; and she run off. I presume Annie blushed, but the light was rather dim, and I could not tell just how she received her sister's sally. The captain stayed a little while, and then said he must have a cigar, and we were left alone.

"Annie," said I, "are you in earnest about never marrying a sea-faring man?"

"I am," said she.

"You know, Annie," said I, "that I am now second mate of the Captain's ship, and that when I am twenty-one, which will be in two months, I shall be first mate."

"Is that anything to me?" said she, almost harshly.

"Annie," said I, "I love you, and if you love me half as much as I do you, it is something to you."

"She buried her face in her handkerchief as I said this, and began to weep—not quietly and lovingly, but passionately—terribly!"

"Oh, Ralph," said she, "you don't know how miserable I am. People think I know everything to make me happy. I have a competence—that is, my father is wealthy, and he has only Lizzy and me. I have many friends, and I am of a happy disposition; but oh, Ralph, ever since Lizzy was married, I have been wretched about Captain Martell, and since I have known you, and have come to—to—be your friend—"

"To love me," suggested I. "Do say that, Annie."

"Well, ever since the first day and night I saw you, Ralph, and heard you talk, and thought of your going on the hateful, treacherous ocean, with Captain Martell, I have dreamed about you every week, I verily believe. And I have always dreamed that you were wrecked—cast away on some dreadful breakers—and always, either you or Captain Martell were drowned. I have seen your bruised and bleeding bodies on the rocks, and on the sands, and beaten about among the breakers, half fifty times. Who ever would love a sailor if it were possible to avoid it? Oh, if you could escape from the sea!—but Captain Martell is a fate. He will never leave the sea, and you will never leave him, and the end will be as I have seen it in my dreadful dreams so many times. And then what will become of Lizzy and me? She wept long and passionately. I strove to comfort her, but she would not be comforted.

"I enter my solemn protest against the sea, now and always," said she.

"But will you marry me, Annie, if I will leave the sea? I must go to-morrow, that can't be avoided."

"You will never return alive," said she.

"You and Martell will be drowned. I saw you both last night, wrecked and cast ashore, both dead—dead!" She shuddered and sobbed, and I became infected with her terror.

"Annie," said I, "if I return alive from this voyage, will you marry me on condition that I go no more to sea?"

"It was of no use that I pressed for an answer. Her only reply was, that Captain Martell and I would both be lost if we made this voyage. I left her the next day, in profound sorrow, and yet she did not allow the Captain or Lizzy to know anything about it. They supposed that her love for me made her sad at parting, and Martell said she should go on the next voyage. Now I am going back to her penniless, for all my ventures were absorbed in this last one; but Martell and I are alive, thank heaven! How can I bear to marry and live on my wife's money?"

"It is better than being wrecked beside Egg Rock," said Angus.

"Better, but not well," said Ralph Willson. In the afternoon Captain Martell was able to get up and be dressed. In the evening he came down stairs.

"I shall be as good as new to-morrow," said he. "I wonder if your people will save the pieces of my dear old Midas," said the Captain, turning to my husband. "If they do, keep a piece for me, big enough to make a cane. I don't want to see the beach, or the fragments of the vessel, or her lading. I don't believe I shall ever go to sea again. We were fully insured—vessel and cargo."

"Insured! How is that?" said Willson.

"I knew nothing of that, except that a portion of the Midas was insured."

"I suppose I should not have been so very particular, but Annie begged it of me. She said I would not be ruined if we were wrecked, but you would be, and she said it was hard for a young man to lose all sense of independence just as he had gained it."

"Then she did not quite believe that I would be drowned," said Willson, smiling.

The next day Captain Martell and Ralph Willson went home.

Ten days after, my husband received a letter from Mr. Willson. I give an extract:

"I am to be married to Annie, my darling Annie. Captain Martell and I are going into a commission business, selling coffee, tea, and tropical fruits. I promise Annie to give up the sea, and she promises me to give up dreaming, and be my loving little wife forever and aye."

"I wish you could come to the wedding, but that baby would not consent, I suppose, either to stay or be brought. Next summer we mean to come and see you, even if you don't invite us. Meanwhile, you will accept love and the best of good wishes from four very happy people."

Besides this letter, we got wonderful Christmas gifts from our four friends, and ever since they have visited us in summer and we have visited them in winter.

Of Writers and Speakers.

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Frank L. Wadsworth can be addressed at Boston, Mass., care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street.

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

Gibson Smith will answer calls addressed to Camden, Me.

S. P. Leland will speak at Rockford and St. Charles, Ill., during Sept. Address Cleveland, Ohio.

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

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

Mrs. J. A. Banks will answer calls to lecture, addressed Newtown, Conn.

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

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

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 814.

Mrs. L. E. A. De Force will lecture at Saratoga Springs, the last of August, and first of September, Putnam, Conn.; second and third Sundays of Sept. at Concord, N. H.; two last of Portland, Me., October.

Dr. John Mayhew may be addressed (all October) 24th at Sweet Home, Wyoming post-office, Chicago, Minn. He has been a month open to engagement for the coming winter and spring. Early application is desired, that he may arrange his route in good season.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe will receive calls to hold graves 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 of "Sunbeam," Cleveland, O.

Mrs. Augusta A. Carver will lecture in Bangor, Me., four Sundays of August; Bractley and Bucksport, four Sundays in September; New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 20 and Oct. 6th; Chicago, Oct. 20 and 27; Oswego, N. Y., Sundays of November. Address J. W. Carver, box 213, Lowell, Mass.

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

Strangers' Guide AND N. Y. CITY DIRECTORY Prepared expressly for this Journal.

Those who visit the metropolis during the pleasant season are often at a loss how or where to obtain information which will guide them to the various points of attraction found in and near so large and wealthy a city. It is to meet this demand that we have expended the labor necessary to gather and condense the information here appended, and which we trust may prove a valuable "guide-board" to those of our readers who visit the city, and useful also to citizens for reference.

Any of our friends in possession of useful data not here given will confer a favor by supplying it.

PARKS AND PUBLIC SQUARES. Battery, with Castle Garden, lower end of Broadway, Bowling Green, entrance of Broadway, near Battery. The Park, opposite Broadway from Nos. 229 to 271, St. John's Park, bet. Light, Varick and Hudson Sts., Washington Sq. west of Broadway, bet. 4th & 8th Sts., Union Square, Broadway, from No. 800 to 17th Street, Gramercy Park, bet. 20th & 21st Sts. and 3d & 4th Sts., Stuyvesant Park, 2d av. bet. 15th and 17th Sts., Tompkins Sq. bet. Ave. A and B and 7th and 10th Sts., Madison Sq., Junction Broadway & 5th av. and 23d St., Central Park, 5th to 8th av., and 59th to 110th Sts., Reached by 3d, 4th, 6th, or 8th Av. horse cars—most conveniently by the 6th and 8th, which leave head of Canal St., cor. Broadway, and also head of Barclay St., cor. Broadway, adjoining Astor House, every 3 minutes; fare 5 cents.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS. Merchants' Exchange, Wall St. Custom House, Wall St. City Hall and Court Houses, in the Park. Post-office, Nassau, Cedar, and Liberty Sts. The Tombs, Centre, Franklin, and Leonard Sts.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES. Astor Lib., Lafayette Pl. bet. Astor Pl. & St. Jones St., Woman's Library, University Bldg., Washington Sq., Cooper Union, bet. 7th and 8th Sts. and 3d and 4th Aves. Mercantile Library Association, Astor Pl. or Broadway, N. Y. Society Library, University Pl. or 12th St.

LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS. Historical Society, 2d Av. cor. 10th St. N. Y. University, east side Washington Square, Columbia College, 49th St. or 5th av. Free Academy, 25d St. and Lexington av. New Bible House, 8th and 9th Sts. and 3d and 4th Aves. N. Y. Hospital, Broadway, bet. Duane and Worth Sts., Orphan Asylum, in Bloomingdale, nr 80th St., Insane Asylum, Bloomingdale rd, 7 miles fr City Hall, Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Wash'n Heights nr 159th St., Institution for the Blind, 9th Av. bet. 32d and 34th Sts., Peace House of Industry, 5 P's, nr Centre & Pearl Sts., Odd Fellows' Hall, cor. Grand and Centre Sts.

HOTELS. Astor House, Broadway, fronting the Park. St. Nicholas, 515 Broadway. Metropolitan, 582 Broadway. Lafarge, 671 Broadway. Fifth Avenue, Junction of 5th Av. Broadway & 23d St. Brevoort House, 5th Av. cor. 8th St. Everett Hotel, fronting Union Square. Clarendon, 58 and 60 Union Place, Union Square.

PROMINENT CHURCHES. Grace Church, 804 Broadway—Episcopal. Trinity, Broadway opposite Wall Street—Episcopal. Rev. Dr. Chapin's, 548 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 St. 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 10 1/2 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 26th St., near 3d Av., every Sunday morning at 10 1/2 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 4 1/2, 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.

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, urney's Photograph Gallery, 707 Broadway.

PRINCIPAL FERRIES. To Brooklyn, from Whitehall St. to Hamilton St., and Atlantic St.; from Wall St. to Monongie; 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 St.; from East Houston St. to Grand St.

To Greenpoint, from 10th and 12th Sts. To Jersey City, N. J., from Cortlandt St. To Hoboken, from Barclay, Canal, and Christopher St. To Weehawken, from Christopher St. To Long Dock N. Y. & Erie R. R., from Chambers St., Staten Island, to Whitehall St. or Battery, every 15 min.

EXPRESS OFFICES. Adams' Express Co. 59 and 442 Broadway. American and Kinley's, 72 and 416 Broadway. Harnden's, National, and Hope, 74 and 442 Broadway. United States, 92, 231 and 416 Broadway. Manhattan City, for baggage, 278 Canal St.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT. Academy of Music, East 14th St. cor. Lexington av. Laura Keane's Theater, 624 Broadway. Winter Garden, 601 Broadway. Bowery Theater, 48 Bowery. New Bowery Theater, 81 Bowery. German Theater, 472 Broadway. Bryant's Minstrels, 31 Bowery. Christy's Minstrels, 637 Broadway. Barum's Museum, 218 Broadway.

SUBURBAN RESORTS. GREENWOOD CEMETERY, on Gowanus Light, 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, five cents. Cards of admission obtained at the office of the Company, 39 Broadway. THE PUBLIC CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS, including the Penitentiary, Lunatic Asylum, Depot for sick immigrants, 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, 100th, and 123d Sts. The shortest route to these streets is by 3d or 2d Av. horse cars. Fare 6 cents, ferriage free.

HUN BRIDGE is accessible by Harlem Railroad; fare 12 1/2 cents. Also by Harlem boats, leaving Pier 55 slip nearly every hour, with landings at 10th and 120th Sts., East River. Fare 6 cents to Harlem. To FLEMING, an agreeable passage may be made for 15 cents, by boats from Fulton Market Wharf, foot of Fulton Street, East River.

ASYLUM is beautifully located on the East River, opposite Blackwell's and Ward's Islands. Route by 4th or 3d Av. cars to 86th St., thence by ferry to Astor. Cars 6 cents, ferry 4 cents.

UP THE HUDSON RIVER, as far as Poughkeepsie, a boat leaves foot of Jay St. daily, at 5 1/2 P. M., and returns from Poughkeepsie at 6 1/2 A. M. It makes several landings on the route.

FOR YONKERS, HARTSDEN, DUNE'S FERRY, JAYHOLE, TARRYTOWN, AND NYACK, a boat leaves foot of Jay St. at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.

FOR CONY 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 5 P. M. from Cony Island. Boat stops at Fort Hamilton, Fair, with return ticket, 25 cents.

FOR SHREWSBURY, LOWE BRACKEN, RED BANK, and other localities in that neighborhood, a steamboat leaves foot of Robinson St. daily. Time according to tide. FISHING EXCURSION boats leave Pier No. 4, North River, daily, at 9 A. M. Fare 50 cents.

THE SPIRE OF TRINITY CHURCH may be reached at any time, on application to the Sexton at the Church. Fee voluntary, if any is given.

PUBLIC MEDIUMS. Mrs. Abbott, Developing, 221 6th av. Hours 2 to 3 P. M. Mrs. M. L. Van Haughton, Test and Medical, 11 1/2 av. All hours. Mrs. D. C. Price, Natural and Medical Clairvoyant, 103 Prince St. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Charles Colchester, Test Medium, 271 Fourth St. J. B. Conklin, Test Medium, 599 Broadway. 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Mrs. Fish, Medical Clairvoyant, 88 E. 16th St. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Mrs. Cook, 227 new and 145 old West 16th St. Mrs. Johnson, (France and sewing) 113 Essex St. Mrs. Sarah E. Wilcox, Test & Healing, 438 Broome St. Mrs. Goodkin and daughter, Healing, Clairvoyant, Test Mediums, 221 Sixth avenue.

MAGNETIC PHYSICIANS. Dr. E. B. Fish, 89 East 16th Street. Dr. N. Palmer, 60 Amity Street. Mrs. P. A. Ferguson Tower, 392 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. Ward (Elettie) 195 Nassau St. Brooklyn. This is a Flushing avenue cars from Fulton Ferry. Mrs. A. D. Giddings, 238 Greene St., cor. 4th. J. E. F. Clark (Elettie) 84 West 26th St. John Scott, 50 Bedford St. Mrs. Towne, Milton Village, Ulster County, residence of Beverly Quick.

SPRITUAL MEETINGS. NEW YORK SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, Tuesday evening, 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. Sunday, 10 1/2 A. M.

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 ct. Anywhere on the route of 9th or 4th Av. cars, 5 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 88 for each additional one. For any distance exceeding one mile, but less than two, 75 cents is allowed for one fare, and 1/2 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 1/2 of a dollar per mile. Household furniture 50 cents, and 50 ct. extra for loading, unloading, and hauling 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.

Porterage 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.

The central office of the Metropolitan Photo is located on Broome Street, corner of Elm, where may be seen the "Rogues' Gallery"—a collection of photographs of most of the notorious rogues in New York and other cities. It is an object of considerable interest, and is open to the public.

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LEADING QUARTERS REVIEW, No. CCXXX, July, 1861. American Edition. New York: Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton St.

CONTENTS: 1. "Thomas de Quincy." 2. "Montaigne on Western Monarchism." 3. "The English Translators of Virgil." 4. "Kaiser's Ancient Law." 5. "Scottish Character." 6. "Basis in the Amount." 7. "Cavour." 8. "Democracy on its Trial."

The title of the last mentioned article indicates the importance accorded to the present American struggle. In treating of it, the reviewer accepts the experiment of American Democracy as a failure—the Republic as collapsed. Some of the remarks of this lover of Monarchism will interest our readers.

The Americans have been something more to us than relatives or friends. They have been coadjutors of a great experiment, intentionally set up in the face of all the world, designed to teach the nations wisdom, and to combat the prejudices of old times. They have told us that the old machinery of graduated conditions and balanced power is but useless and costly gear, working only for the benefit of the few, humiliating and impoverishing the many. They patented a cheap and ingenious mechanism of government, never tried before for anything like an extensive territory, which should neither wound the people's vanity by a substitution of rank nor trench upon their means for the support of a ceremonious court.

But the American democracy was destined for no such noble end. Its institutions have not fallen battling with the common enemies of all institutions—the mobs who form a standing menace to order and a standing excuse to tyranny. It has sunk from the discipline of a premature old age. The nation is young and vigorous, and doubts have before it a long career of that real progress which consists in subduing nature and refining the soul of man.

But the institutions which should have held that nation together, and guarded its unity as a State, have perished from the same malady as a State, have marked the extinction of the most corrupt and the most effete of the monarchies of Europe. The same disease which sapped the strength and insured the fall of the monarchy of France in the last century, and the monarchy of Naples in this, has proved fatal to the scarcely-fledged powers of the American Republic.

On the strength of the experience of the United States we have been led into many measures from which, but for such an example, we might have shrunk. We cannot, therefore, shut out all thoughts of past predictions when we behold their present calamitous fulfillment. We render to the Americans, with sorrowful alacrity, the tribute of sympathy which so great misfortune may justly demand, but we cannot permit their strange sensitiveness to criticism to bar us from drawing for our own use the terrible lesson which is written in their fate.

The truth is, that it is only by calamities so startling as this, that men can be warned of the dangers with which democracy is surrounded. It has fascinations which set all mere logical processes at defiance. In itself there are few theories more charming than the natural perfectibility and perfection of the human race. That this ideal Republic has collapsed is a fact which few are bold enough to contradict. Few people doubt that this war must end either in a division of its territory or a change in its form of government. But there are still some people who refuse to admit that there is any connection between the catastrophe and the nature of American institutions. An ancient faith is not so easily cast aside: its votaries will believe anything rather than admit that their idol is a block of wood. They say that it is not democracy, but slavery, that has rent the republic asunder. In the first place, we are assured, by some of the best authorities, that it is not slavery, but free trade, that is in issue; but let that pass. Such a defense is wholly beside the point. It ignores the very nature of the duties, in respect to which the American system is charged with having failed.

It is no affair of ours to discuss the right or wrong of the Southern insurrection. Mr. Motley will probably have convinced most Englishmen that the insurgents were legally in the wrong. But after all that has passed, and that we have recognized, in Belgium, in Greece, in Naples, in South America, nay, in the United States themselves, we cannot maintain that an insurrection is morally wrong because it is legally punishable. Whatever a rigid moral code may pronounce upon such a point, the baser alloy which we have accepted for the purposes of practical intercourse with other powers, forbids us to subscribe to the theory of indefeasible right in the government of Washington, which Mr. Motley so undoubtingly advances. Be that as it may, there can be little doubt that the Southern revolt was the appeal to arms of a minority against oppression which they either suffered or foresaw.

We, of course, have not alluded to the feelings which, as Englishmen, we entertain upon the slavery question. No political events can modify the abhorrence with which we look upon a system based on so much human suffering, and at war with so many of the holiest human ties. But in judging the conduct of the South, we are bound not to look at that question from an English point of view. The South believed property in slaves to be as sacred as we hold our property in land to be. It is nothing to the purpose that their view was based on a bad system, and would meet with no sympathy on this side of the Atlantic. It is a view which was indorsed by the American Constitution, and has been over and over again ratified without scruple by the North. The South, therefore, were quite justified, according to principles admitted on both sides, in resisting any threat of an attack on their slave property, with as much determination as we should show in resisting a forced benevolence. The really remarkable fact which is to

be inferred from the conduct of the Southern States is, the grossness shown with which they regarded the workings of Democracy. Scarcely speaking, they were not Democratic themselves. The peculiar electoral law, by which slaves were given a number of votes in proportion to the number of their slaves, inscribed a strong oligarchic element into their institutions. But they were no mean judges of the working of a Democracy. They had acted in partnership with one for seventy years. They had watched it ripening year by year to the full development of such supremacy, and they had enjoyed the fullest opportunity of judging of the temper and moderation with which it was likely to improve a triumph, or would enfold power over a conquered rival. We have seen what was the judgment that they formed. They deliberately decided that civil war, with all its horrors, and with all its peculiar risks to themselves as slaveowners, was a lighter evil than to be overthrown by the justice of the democracy of the American Democracy. It is not for Europe to discern the accuracy of their judgment. They had facilities for forming it that none can rival, and they have sealed its sincerity by braving risks which nothing but the apprehension of overwhelming calamity could move men to incur. We can only pray that we may ever be delivered from a master against whom such terrible securities are required.

We have passed in as full a review as our scanty limits will permit, the inherent defects to which the American Republic owes the calamities under which it is now suffering. That spirit of mutual concession, through which alone, whether in public or private affairs, cooperation is made possible, was wanting to the untought and passionate energy of the multitude. The majority pursued its civil victories in the spirit of warlike conquerors, dismissing with a contemptuous *Ve vultis!* the remonstrances of the minority. At last the minority despaired. They had been groaning for years under the crushing bondage of the Northern Protectionists, and they looked forward with an exaggerated, though not an unnatural terror, to the mastery of the Northern Abolitionists. They betook themselves to the only appeal which lies against tyranny upon earth. The Democracy proved too weak to defend the despotism it had set up.

On the Northern Federation, the stern, though salutary lesson, will not be lost. It is idle to talk of her career being closed, because she is henceforth to be confined to a territory not more than ten times the size of France. But the same malady will renew the same mischiefs, unless it be healed. As long as the peculiar vices of democracy are not expelled, the same scene will be liable to be repeated at any time, in the case of the Pacific States, or of the North-west States, or of Pennsylvania. Rival interests will clash again, majorities will tyrannize, minorities will lose all hope, and the weak executive will again prove impotent to repress the efforts of their despair. The wisest American statesmen have long admitted with perfect frankness that, under the existing institutions of America, society could not permanently hold together. The frequent change of President, with all the ferment that accompanies it, the gigantic prostitution of his patronage, the degradation of the judicial office, and (in a minor degree) the jealous segregation of the executive and legislative authorities by the exclusion of ministers from Congress, are all consequences of uncurbed democracy, which it has been confessed by some, even of the most advanced Liberals on both sides of the Atlantic, that the soundest community could not long survive; and they are all well aware that all these consequences are aggravated by admitting to a full and immediate partnership of power, the millions of adventurers whom Europe has poured upon the American shores. But they have also felt that, except in some great convulsion, no man is strong enough to put the bit between the teeth of a democracy. The terrible opportunity is now ready to their hand. When the present struggle closes, the central power at Washington will probably have a stronger hold over all that continues to own its sway, than it has ever had before or will ever have again. We only trust that the occasion will not be missed by the stronger spirits whom the present distress is likely to bring to the surface of affairs. To have seized that moment for remolding the American polity into a happier form, will be a truer service, in the eyes of all wise patriots, than a brilliant succession of desolating victories from Richmond to New Orleans.

The Edinburgh Review, July, 1861. American Edition. No. CCXXXI. New York: Leonard Scott & Co., Publishers, No. 79 Fulton Street.

The contents of this number are: 1. "Popular Education in England." 2. "Literary Remains of Albert Dürer." 3. "Carthage." 4. "The Novels of Fernan Caballero." 5. "Watson's Life of Porson." 6. "The Countess of Albany, the last Stuarts, and Alfieri." 7. "Buckle's Civilization in Spain and Scotland." 8. "Du Chailu's Adventures in Equatorial Africa." 9. "Church Reformation in Italy." 10. "Count Cavour."

In the article on "Carthage" we have a criticism on the various modern efforts to determine the site of that ancient city. It is replete with historic lore. The linguist will be delighted with the sketch of the personal habits of one of the greatest of Greek scholars, in the critique on "Watson's Life of Porson." The reader of English history will be pleased with the article on the "Countess of Albany." Buckle's late volume on "Civilization in Spain and Scotland" is reviewed with great candor and skill, and unmistakable errors in the method and facts of that writer are ably exposed. There are many hours' entertaining reading in this number of the "Edinburgh."

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