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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.

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?

The Physician.

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

Medical Whispers.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, and Chocolate."

T. M. C. ROCHESTER. Coffee, or tea, or chocolate, when very strong and very hot, are injurious. It is not the tea, nor the coffee, that is injurious to the constitution, but it is their strength, their too great heat, and their excessive use. Cold coffee is sometimes a pleasant and highly valuable tonic. Tea is not very injurious, and weak cocoa and chocolate are both important beverages in some lingering and nervous complaints.

"N. E. Female Medical College."

We understand that the Wade Scholarship Fund of \$20,000, having, within the past year, become available, affords free tuition to a large number of students, without limit as to their place of residence. We mention this, as it may be a matter of interest to some of our lady readers, in view of the approaching annual term, as also the fact that those wishing the benefit of the scholarships can address the Secretary, Dr. Gregory, Boston.—*Tribune.*

"The Physiology of Courage."

Courage—the old physicians taught, (and their meaning holds good, if their physiology is a little mythical)—courage, or the degree of life, is as the degree of circulation of blood in the arteries. "During passion, anger, fury, trials of strength, wrestling, fighting, a large amount of blood is collected in the arteries, the maintenance of bodily strength requiring it, and but little is sent into the veins. This condition is constant with intrepid persons." Where the arteries hold their blood, is courage and adventure possible. Where they pour it unrestrained into the veins, the spirit is low and feeble. For performance of great mark, it needs extraordinary health. There is no chance in results. With adults, as with children, one class enter cordially into the game, and whirl with the whirling world; the other's have cold hands, and remain bystanders, or are only dragged in by the humor and vivacity of those who can carry a dead weight. The first wealth is health. Sickness is poor, and cannot serve any one; it must husband its resources to live. But health or fullness answers its own ends, and has to spare, runs over, and inundates the neighborhoods and creeks of other men's necessities.—*Emerson.*

"Sweet Oil as a Remedy for Poison."

"It is now over twenty years," says a dairyman, "since I learned that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing that it would cure any other poison. Practice, observation, and experience, have taught me that it would cure poison of any kind, both in man and beast. I think no farmer should be without a bottle in his house. The patient must take a spoonful internally and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse it requires eight times as much as a man. Here let me say, one of the most extreme cases of snake bites in this neighborhood, eleven years ago this summer, when the case had been over thirty hours standing, and the patient given up to die by his physicians, I heard of it, carried the oil, gave him one spoonful, which created a cure. It is an antidote for arsenic and strychnine. It will cure bloating in cattle, caused by eating too freely of fresh clover; it will cure the sting of bees, spiders, or any other insects; and it will cure persons who have been poisoned by low running vines, growing in meadows, called ivy."

[The reader is prepared to believe that our confidence in the sovereign virtues of olive oil is strong, from the frequency with which it is prescribed in this medical department. But we do not indorse the merits and uses of sweet oil to the above extent. So much reliance upon its power, to antidote every kind of poison, would be attended with great and fatal disappointment.—*Ed.*]

"Remedies for Fever and Ague."

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, as we have before written, illustrates the origin and philosophy of all human diseases. It will be seen that the temperature of the body is thrown into a positive state by certain electrical conditions of the atmosphere, and into a negative state by conditions which are exactly opposite. The negative condition is cold, and the positive warm. In other words, the positive state is the feverish condition, and the negative state the condition of chill. Fever and chills in the atmosphere, therefore, develop and strengthen fever and chills in the human system. This atmospheric condition can and does exist in a mephitic condition in some seasons and countries, being long in time, in some seasons and countries, before the resisting power of the human body is overcome. But the physical structure, like the spiritual structure, is ever subject to the influence of surrounding conditions and circumstances; and the power which these conditions and circumstances possess, is not only

sufficient finally to overcome the resisting power of the body, but they first throw the mind itself out of health, harmony, and due proportions. The abounding dampness and electricity (which are negative) contract the cuticle glands, relative membranes, and serous surfaces of the organization, and thus are repelled the spiritual forces and fluids, which reside in and circulate through them when the healthy temperature and condition exist. The consequence of long-continued disturbances of this kind, is a chill, which soon reacts into a fever; and thus is established the intermittent complaint. The fever is occasioned by a partial return of the forces and fluids to their appropriate places on the external surfaces.

The difference there is between intermittent fever and other spasmodic complaints, consists in this: in Fever and Ague there occurs an incessant succession of spasmodic motions during the whole paroxysm; while in the other affections these motions are more concentrated and conspicuous; but in every spasmodic disease, the same muscles are affected in the same manner, and by the same primary causes, differing from chills and fever only in degree of violence and frequency, according to which difference they have been branded with a Greek or Latin name by the medical profession. If an individual has once had chills and fever, he is liable to a recurrence of the disease at any time—especially whenever a heavy cold is taken, or the bodily temperature is changed. The disease is simple, however, and its cure is correspondingly easy and natural.

If we have been enough fortunate to fully impress the reader's understanding with the true Philosophy of Disease, he will not need to be reminded in this place that it is the nerve spirit, (or force within the nerves,) which shakes and trembles in the cold or chilly stage of this disorder. No man's nerves would stir if his spirit was withdrawn from them. It is the dynamic life of the mind—the force, the energy, the power within the nerves—that is disturbed. Hence the spirit, and the Will, are the chief agents of cure. It is this fact, underlying the ten thousand "charms" practiced by superstitious "seventh sons" and credulous old ladies, by which many Fever and Ague patients have been instantly healed. But what will cure one in a few days, or hours, perhaps, would exert no remedial power upon persons of different organizations. The success or failure of psychological "charms" among the sick, is wholly referable to temperament—which law is strikingly illustrated in religious revival meetings, where, under the enchanting God-spell, (or Gospel,) imparted from the pulpit orator, one person is straightway "converted and saved," while another remains cold, untouched, uninterested, and, therefore, unchanged.

And yet, in friendship with the requirements of this law, we prescribe for the disordered individual. If a person has been long afflicted with this nerve-chill, with its accompanying headache, resultant fever, and ultimate prostration, it will be necessary for him to leave the country which brought the disturbance upon him. It is within the power of every person to prevent attacks of this disease, simply by keeping his appetite within bounds, discarding gravies, fat meat, butter, hot drinks, and newly-baked bread, and not working his strength down to a low point in the spring or autumn. But the "pound of cure" is most in demand, and that doctor is considered the "cleverest," and most "wholesome" to send for, whose doses are largest and most energetic in their operation. If an ignorant man pays fifty cents for a dose of medicine, he wants his "money's worth" in quantity of the article to be swallowed. The "quality" is of little account in his estimation. Many ignorant, but good people, swallow calomel and quinine, as if it were within the power of such minerals and barks to heal their bodily infirmities.

Before prescribing for your Fever and Ague—or chills and fever—or intermittent disturbances—all the same thing under different names—we urge you to remember that your restoration will depend upon the promptness and energy with which you exert your own Will. All medicines are sometimes liable to fail. Nature's laws will never fail. They are the law of God. They cannot be changed, nor stayed in their slow, calm, eternal round of operation. They tell us, infallibly, that MIND IS MASTER OF MATTER. So let it be!

When you feel the chill coming on, prepare your mind to resist it, arise to your feet, walk, or enter upon gymnastic exercises, and do everything to bring up the arterial circulation. Your coldness is owing to the blood principally occupying the veins, thus depriving the arteries of their customary magnetism and warmth, and producing a sensation of cold or chilliness all over the body. If you wait for the reaction, then you get an unnatural heat, which is the prostrating fever. Do not wait for such slow reaction.

The following is a sure remedy for breaking up the chill: Get one gill of best brandy, put in it a table-spoonful of fine salt, mix thoroughly, and take a wine-glass full on the first sensation of the ague; the influence of salt on the sympathetic and pneumogastric nerves is very surprising. It is well known that salt will counteract the action of brandy in the human stomach, so that a very drunken man may be perfectly sobered in less than an hour. Salt and water will stop a hemorrhage of the head, nose, or stomach; the same, tea-spoonful at a time, is good for stomach worms. If an ague patient should try the above remedy he will be astonished at the relief which it will bring to his shaking nerves. In some cases it may be necessary either to reduce the quantity, or take several doses, before the exact point of benefit is reached. The true way to cure this disease is to meet the chill with both your Will and your remedy promptly and energetically.

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

E. M. W. ROCHESTER, VT.—"Life's River" will, we think, find its way to the public through our columns.

B. C. M.—Your article on "Female Employment" is received, and on file for editorial consideration.

M. W. H., PHILADELPHIA.—Your lines, Brother, are a little too late to produce their due effect. The lesson of defeat has, we trust, already taken root in the heart of the loyal North.

Y. W. O., SEBAGO.—Thanks for "The Rosary," and for "Singular Scenes in a Life," both of which we shall be happy to publish in due time. Thy written thoughts will be welcome guests to us and the public.

S. D., HOESHEAD, CHEMUNG CO., N. Y.—We rejoice with you, Brother, in your emancipation from the dark creeds of superstition. We cannot publish the poetical "Prayer," but you may rest assured of our interest in your spiritual progression and happiness.

S. E. P., PETERBOROUGH, N. H.—"Fairy Lita" is welcomed with many thanks. Permit us to repeat your private words on the War, that our readers, too, may take courage: "How good the faith, sure and everlasting, that God lives, and that we must needs come up from the troubled waters, healed of the Nation's worst infirmity."

L. L., TITUSVILLE, PA.—We have waited in vain for time to answer your inquiries. Some person in the line of teaching—for instance, Theodore Weld, late Principal of the Eagleswood School, Perth Amboy, N. J.—could best tell you what books to study; and a few months spent in such a school as his would be an excellent initiative to the course of education you wish to pursue. "Steep and craggy is the path of the gods."

S. W., OF LOCKPORT, N. Y.—The exception you take to the concluding paragraph of the "Peep into the Canon," published in No. 77 of the HERALD, was fully answered in a previous issue (No. 47.) The two accounts of the Miraculous Draughts of Fishes, in our opinion are really one. That in Luke is the earlier, and is by him assigned to the opening of Jesus' ministry; this was subsequently made use of by John for the construction of his account, and he assigns the miracle to a date subsequent to the Resurrection. Both writers were indifferent to the *time* of its occurrence, because neither of them regarded it as anything more than a didactic myth. Its true locality was simply in the brains of the two Evangelists. Please refer to No. 47 for further particulars.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM."

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

We have received, says the Boston Transcript, the following patriotic lyric for publication, from its author, Rev. John Pierpont. It proves that the unwearied fire of genius still glows, undimmed by age, in the soul of an honored American poet, whose first production was published half a century ago. Mr. Pierpont is seventy-six years old, and his poem has the "spirit of '76." As regards mere age, however, time practices on us a deception in regard to him, for his form seems to grow more erect, his gait more vigorous, his mind more vivid and creative, as he advances in years.

The harp of the minstrel with melody rings
When the muses have taught him to touch and
But, though it may have a full octave of strings,
To both maker and minstrel the harp is a unit.
So the power that creates
Our republic of states,
Into harmony brings them at different dates;
And the thirteen or thirty, the Union once done,
Are "E Pluribus Unum"—of many made one.

The science that weighs in her balance the spheres,
And watched them since first the Chaldean
began it,
Now and then, as she counts them and measures
their years,
Brings into our system and names a new planet.
Yet the old and new stars—
Venus, Neptune, and Mars—
As they drive round the sun their invisible cars,
Whether faster or slower their races they run,
Are "E Pluribus Unum"—of many made one.

Of that system of spheres, should but one fly the
track,
Or with others conspire for a general disper-
sion,
By the great central orb they would all be brought
back,
And held, each in her place, by a wholesome
coercion.

Should one daughter of light
Be indulged in her flight,
They would all be engulfed by old Chaos and
Night;
So must none of our sisters be suffered to run,
For "E Pluribus Unum"—we all go if one.

Let the demon of discord our melody mar,
Or Treason's red hand rend our Union asunder,
Break one string from our harp, or extinguish
one star,
The whole system's ablaze with its lightning
and thunder.

Let the discord be hushed!
Let the traitors be crushed!
Though "Legion" their name, all with victory
flushed!
For aye must our motto stand, fronting the sun:
"E Pluribus Unum"—though many, we're ONE.

Pulpit and Rostrum.

"Every one's progress is through a succession of teachers; each without whom, at the time, to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new."

National Spiritualist Con- vention,

AT OSWEGO, NEW YORK, AUG. 12TH TO
18TH, 1861.

REPORTED BY LITA H. BARNY, FOR THE HERALD
OF PROGRESS.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Assembly called to order at 2 o'clock by the President, and, after music by the choir, we were favored by the following remarks, from Uriah Clark, of Auburn:

"As in the natural world there are mental and natural forces, which we recognize, so in the spiritual there are spiritual forces. Paul speaks of temporal and eternal things—these correspond to the former; but nothing is substantial except that which is unseen. The whole globe is a bubble, which might vanish in a moment; it is all composed of spiritual elements, and, if compacted, might not leave us a square inch to stand upon. The changes which take place in Nature are owing to a spiritual life beneath. We base everything on external things, but time shows us our basis is nothing. We are apt to take alarm at changes in external Nature—at storms and whirlwinds, &c.—yet when we see their effect we realize that they only give ventilation to elements that are needed. So with States, Governments, Institutions, and Organizations. We find that as principles of Divine Government begin to operate, everything not substantial passes away, and in this transition there are many alarming signs, but all things will become subservient to man's good. Creeds of churches are only external shells, and when man expands he becomes a substitute for churches. So in social life: new things are attended with omens, and anguries, and alarms; when man begins to become disintegrated he rises up in terror and astonishment, till he learns the inherent powers of his own nature, and comes to stand upon them. It is claimed that the doctrine of Spiritualism is able to meet the exigencies of the times, and that whatever has lived out its purpose must inevitably pass away, and must rely upon principles of its own, for reconstruction. While Spiritualism is considered radical, it must also be considered conservative, as it seeks to preserve all that is good.

"The changes in external government are to waken man to a knowledge of the principles underlying all government. It often becomes necessary to recognize some type of the higher and holier, and thus our independence was declared. Some ignore precedents, but it becomes man to look up to some ideal in order to grow like it. We should model our Government after our highest idea of Divine Government. We must see, therefore, that whatever compacts are broken, thrones tottering, creeds or parchments shaken, they need not fall, and it is really a hopeful sign for the churches. How many gray-headed men have bound themselves upon the family altar, victims to prejudice, until the tiny raps came bringing their ministrations. Every form of government upon this earth is being shaken and tested. So in Christendom, every sect, even the old mother church, seems tottering to its foundation. Where are we all drifting? We must stand upon our own feet and become conscious of our own responsibility, and then we shall no longer fidget ourselves in waiting for what others are going to do. Am I to consider my individuality of so little consequence that I must take alarm at some so-called medium, lecturer, or Spiritualist, because he does not happen to conform to the general usages of society? We must feel most stand upon our own feet and become conscious of our own responsibility, and then we shall no longer fidget ourselves in waiting for what others are going to do. Am I to consider my individuality of so little consequence that I must take alarm at some so-called medium, lecturer, or Spiritualist, because he does not happen to conform to the general usages of society? We must feel

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it, but if not we must work for something else. Every means of salvation which has been before the world looks to a salvation from future misery and recognizes an immortality. But the means proposed are not a high-toned, moral life, but "have such a faith," &c. We all know that there are no fewer prisons in the most Christianized lands, so fewer lunatic asylums, than in communities that do not make such pretensions. Where you see one extreme of *professed* morality, you have the other of a *practical* immorality. We have had a religion to teach us how to die, now we want one to teach us how to live. We expect Spiritualism to be sealed off by upper-tendons, and trust there are not many here; if so, take yourselves into a clique and prepare for death. You poorer classes have not enough gold to buy a through ticket to heaven by the way of Christ, or Plymouth Church; it remains for you to unite with others, and work your passage. Acts are needed, not canting hypocrisy. I rejoice that there is a religion for God's lower million, leaving upper-tendons to try, upon the strength of an ill-gotten ticket, to smuggle goods into an orthodox heaven. There is even talk of instituting systems for the Magdalen and outcast. Take care how you condemn; if you dare not approach these, your virtue is flimsy. One has been brought before you, at this Convention, as unholy. We do not wish you to think we indorse such acts. But would you consign him to eternal degradation? What more could you do with the Rev. Mr. Comstock, of Adrian, Michigan, who seduced nineteen young ladies of his church? Spiritualism is more tolerable and charitable than to eternally condemn the *man* for his *acts*. We say, cease everything degrading, and sacrifice not principle. Grow out of wrong-doing. Teach a man he is totally depraved, and, of course, he does not wish to disgrace his parentage. Christ is taken as an end of salvation, instead of a means. Win souls to you by love, not by threats; don't condemn another for not living upon your platform; if you have true virtues in your soul, is it going to hurt you? What is reputation worth? Not a dime. Wendell Phillips says, "He who has a reputation to lose, has not done his duty;" for if you dare do this, you will be consigned outside the synagogue of respectability. Let principles stand first always, and let mankind seek to inaugurate the golden age of "peace to men." While scrofula and disease are gentled, and consumption fashionable, we cannot expect sin to flee away.

Letters were presented from Mrs. C. M. Stowe, L. K. Cooney, and H. F. M. Brown, of greeting to the Convention. Also one from A. E. Newton, which will probably appear entire in the public prints.

The question of the appointment of committee for ensuing year was brought up, and a motion made to continue the last year's committee in office, which was also objected to.

Mrs. Spence spoke of the fact of the whole committee and body of Spiritualists being poorly represented in this Convention; that this committee were persons eminently qualified for their place; that she would withdraw her name and allow another to be substituted, but could not consent to an entire change of committee. Spirit influence originated this movement, and much good had come out of it, in an acquaintance growing up between the mediums, and in a comparison of views. The motion was seconded, and Mr. Randall objected upon the ground that those in office were those most prominent before the public, and that those not so favored could not get an opportunity to speak as well.

Mr. Wadsworth: "I cannot say that the statement is true. As to the inability of some to gain an audience, I have made it as plain as my speech could to urge them to come forward. We call Conventions to represent all speakers; and to help all, and to advance this, it is necessary that those who have been in the field longest, and understand this best, should control this. I will withdraw my name and say the best committee in the country is already elected. Our objects are, not to ultimate, but only to suggest. We must have minds to suggest thoughts which shall be the stones in the grand temple we are trying to build by these Conventions. The chief proposal of this committee is to become acquainted (spiritually) with each other. As to the preceding gentleman's assertion that many have been kept away from this Convention on account of Committee—if it is so, I can only say, 'I pity them!'"

Mr. Jackson hoped that the Spiritualists of Central New York be represented in committee. Mr. Tooley said he ignored this idea of being controlled by spirits; that he called a Convention for the same purpose a year before the spirits thought of it, [how did he know their thoughts?—*Ref.*]; that he wished this to be a *real* thing, and not so indefinite. He also wished a representation of New York. The question before the meeting was put and motion carried in affirmative.

Mr. Wadsworth was aware of Mr. Tooley's call for a Convention, but never heard anything of it after the call. As to the originality of it, he did not care about it. He proposed that there be a committee from New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, to cooperate with the other committee, and that a list of names be brought before the Conference this evening to be acted upon.

The motion was carried and the session adjourned.

SUNDAY EVENING.

The meeting was called to order by the President at 8 o'clock.

Singing by the choir—"Joy and Peace shall dwell in thee."

The following resolution, in relation to the people of Oswego, was read and accepted.

Resolved, That we, the visitors at this Convention, render unfeigned thanks for the genial and hospitable manner in which we have been entertained by the friends of Oswego, while, in recompense for the encouragement and satisfaction we have received, we hope the richest blessings may remain with them and attend all their noble labors and sacrifices in behalf of the cause of Spiritual Progress in this city. Also, that we return thanks to the choir for the beautiful music with which they have favored us during our sessions, and which has helped in keeping up the feeling of harmony which has characterized our whole course.

A letter was received from Miss Sprague, who is convalescent, and who regretted very much her inability to be present.

The names reported to the Convention as candidates for a Central Committee are J. V. Mapes, of Webb's Mills, N. Y.; J. H. W. Tooley, Penn Yan, N. Y.; U. Clark, Auburn; Miss Libbie Lowe, Leon, and G. M. Jackson, Plattsburg, N. Y.; Mrs. E. C. Kingsbury, Philadelphia, and G. C. Stewart, Newark, N. J. Accepted.

The following greeting was sent to absent friends: The National Conference of Spiritual Workers, assembled in Oswego, N. Y., send greetings to their brothers and sisters abroad. Regretting that the condition of our country has prevented the attendance of many of you, whose presence we had joyfully anticipated, it is nevertheless our pleasure to report a spirit of general harmony pervading our numerous sessions during this convocation, and as the result of our deliberations and interchanges, while thus convened we are happy, as far as we have learned, to report the prospects in the great field of progress as far more encouraging than would have been expected, and calling for renewed devotion on the part of all true and heroic workers for liberty and humanity.

Mrs. Spence then addressed the meeting for about one and a half hours, upon the uses of Spiritualism:

"Many are perplexed to comprehend its object, and in order to show this I must contrast it with Christianity. There are a multitude of creeds in the Christian world, so in Spiritualism there are various beliefs, which all unite, however, upon one point—the belief in spirit communion. I have, for a long time, seen that Christianity is based upon a living truth in Nature; therefore I do not need the Bible to sustain it, but only use it to satisfy the minds of those to whom it is a criterion. I have no wish to put the Bible beneath my feet, for I have naught to destroy. The church has not discovered the living principle there, but only the theory. In looking over the world I see that man is human, and all matter passing through a transition process. The same germ passes through many changes before it reaches the human, and then the divine. This career is all laid out in the regenerate new birth of the Bible, and is the whole concentrated point aimed at in it.

"The transitional state is not a pleasant one, for you must all die—die that you may live. When we rise from the human to the divine, we can say, 'Get behind me, Satan.' The doctrine of Christ has been taught in the churches for hundreds of years, and yet where is the church up to the Christ nature? Can you find a minister who does not call, 'To arms! to arms!' Where, then, are Jesus' representatives? You find no pious nor pruned-look on the battle-field, but only the sword and spear. The Christians are full of war, and urging on their sons. They pray at night that the battle may go on 'our side,' notwithstanding they have taught their children, 'Thou shalt not kill!' How would Jesus look in General Scott's epaulettes, flourishing a sword, and crying 'Victory or Death?' Have your eyes open; if eighteen hundred years have not been able to develop the Christ-principle, there is something wrong, and this wrong we charge to the application, and not to the principle.

"Animals exhibit vast intelligence by being trained, but across their animal natures and the training will not keep. Christians have been trained the same, read the Bible, prayed morning and night; but it is only an automaton system, educating the human to do certain things, but still remaining human. Some of these profess to ignore war, but have it in their hearts when the day of war comes. Circumstances draw this out and show they are unregenerate still. Trouble the waters and you see father against son, and brother against brother; if this separation can be effected, what cannot be done? They call this duty, but they would not dare send any unconverted souls to hell, as Christians are sending if they believed in the theory they advance. As far back as history takes us, it has been the custom to war. The Caucasian race has determined to rule the world or die in the attempt. They came here with the same determination, and said to the red man, 'Get out of my way!' and he has been driven off and annihilated—destined to be totally so. The red man is like the zebra—untamable; you must kill him; the African is tractable, you can enslave him. Wars are necessary; the lion eats the lamb, the eagle fish, and vultures the dove; the same principle is in man. The consuming is the transitional process in all things. Thus all Nature goes on until she begins to declare her determination to create immortal souls. She has combined all in the human, and now she will refine it to a divine life.

"This cannot be done by a creed, any more than an acorn can grow to an oak, by educating it into the belief that it shall be such; but actual conditions of growth must be gone through with. Eighteen centuries of education have been expended upon the acorn of Christianity, yet we see it has failed to reach the oak of the Christ-principle. Jesus found out through persecution that he was teaching something the people could not receive; but this works out for us a far more eternal weight of glory. What if persecution takes from you within your breast; you have something to live for and enjoy, besides reputation, which is the truth. Then the God which was up in the sky comes down, and finds a home in your own breasts. But to the unwakened nature, these things are folly. Many Spiritualists say these are false communications; I have it known, these troubled but dare not have it known. These influences are the great salvation of men. When the human nature is done away with, these influences cannot come. Is the human, therefore, bad? No, but a necessary degree to the divine. Christianity's first work is to try to dissolve the conditions of growth, and hurry people out of the human to the celestial. There is one grand principle pervading both

the Bible and Nature, and that is the disintegrating power which the advent of Truth always brings with it. Look not for a creed from Spiritualists, it is impossible. Expect not peace in the body, but say in your hearts, plunge me into the furnace, and at last you will bring out the nature that cannot be tried by human ills. The science of the external world does not apply to this. When Spiritualism came, it was a disgrace to have women on the platform, now they nearly send off all the men; do not feel bad; we are only taking our turn. There was no proof of future life until Spiritualism came. Formerly, if a woman wished to know anything, she must go home and ask her husband; no matter whether he knew anything or not, nor whether she happened to be an 'old maid!'

"Mediums all over the country have seen each battle that has been fought, but who will believe their report? This state of our country is the climax aimed at for twenty years; the culmination of which is on the battle-field. Secession spirits, rising on the battle-field, come back full of fight as ever. Instead of going by party dictation, let the people make known their wants, and return in peace to the old idea of Republicanism!"

Music by the choir.—How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those that publish peace!

A resolution of thanks was read, addressed to the President and officers of the Convention:

Prof. Tooley: "The remarks of Mrs. Spence must have been gratifying to us all, yet I cannot say that Spiritualism is all that has advanced humanity. But we dare everything except to be untruthful to ourselves. We dare to challenge the scholarship and science of the country; we will criticize spirits and everything else. We ignore both the Catholic and the Protestant as possessing the requisite truth. We must march through antiquity, through suffering, and happiness, with questioning spirits. To this I am willing to give the powers of my soul and intellect. The

holocaust, or the Magdeline, are sacrificed in the great warfare of ages, as is also the most sinful soul that ever suffered. When I think of the mediocritic intellect that is thrown away for want of culture, I feel the need of our teachers to come into the scientific world, and we are really moving toward that point. Having mingled with all classes of men, poor, suffering, and degraded, what keeps me here? My soul is struggling with great thoughts of salvation for you. Had you heard the confessions by mediums, you would no longer have questionings arise as to what good Spiritualism has done. I may not live to see the end, but my soul leaps up in the grand idea of Union, Liberty, and Fraternity, forever. I rejoice to know of the humane project of Professor and Mrs. Spence. As for the resolution which I introduced, a certain editor here insists on making me responsible for his lack of comprehension; I may say that he is not as wise as he thinks himself to be. Among the great things that we have to hold accountable is the Press. It does much harm as well as good; witness the case of our country, for which my heart bleeds! Let us work for the world, and in time even the Press shall be purified; science will be on its right hand, history on its left, humanity in its heart, immortality in prospect, and happiness in destiny!"

The convention was adjourned to meet again at call of Committee.

THE EXCURSION TO THE BAY OF QUINTE, CANADA.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17TH, 1861.

Being at such a distance from New York city, and the express companies being what I term rather uncertain, (as I find lately that it takes them just about twice as long, to transport a package from here to New York as it would for me to transport myself) I have deferred the account of the excursion until I had finished up the Business Report. A beautiful morning gladdened our eyes, upon Lake Erie, and its promise was well fulfilled throughout the whole day. A party of fifteen or sixteen hundred persons wended their way from all directions toward the landing, where lay three commodious screw propellers, each with a band of music on board. I should have stated, previous to this, that the excursion was postponed from Thursday until to-day, on account of a storm which raged upon the 17th inst., and which prevented two of the boats from reaching us. The boats were comfortably filled; the Michigan steamed ahead, with the *Backeye* and *Jefferson* following. The lake was as calm as a mirror, and the passage across was charming. Of course our company was not entirely Spiritualists, but I have often noticed that Spiritualists and Universalists always have large excursions, when they have any, owing, I suppose, to the genial influences they shed abroad, and the lack of formalities with which they greet all who are disposed to be friends with them. We started from Oswego at 9 o'clock, and reached Stone Mills, in the Bay of Quinte, at 12 o'clock, P. M. This is a beautiful bay, and its scenery is well compared to that of the Hudson, which it strikingly resembles. The bay is dotted with islands of all sizes, covered with verdure and trees, which add to the picturesqueness of the scene. In crossing Lake Ontario, to reach the bay, we were out of sight of land for about two hours. The color of the water is a dark blue-green, very beautiful, and it was so calm as almost to invite one to visit its depths, and peep in its waxy caverns. The Lake of the Mountain is situated about 200 feet above the level of Lake Ontario, between which there are only a few rods of land at the top of the steep, rocky precipice, which summit we reached by a more circuitous route. From here the view of the bay and surroundings is beautiful, and well repays the traveler for the pains he takes to gain it. The lake itself, as I learn from the account of the expedition in the *Oswego Times*, is one mile in breadth, and two in length, and having no visible inlet, though very deep at different points. Some of our people carried their provisions to the banks of the lake, before opening their picnic baskets, but more preferred to carry up the hill only their particular quota, and partook before ascending. After stopping here about an hour, we reentered the boat that awaited us, and went up the bay about 20 miles farther, to Picton, Prince Edwards Co., where we had another grand dismounting. The distance by land from the Lake of the Mountain to this place is only about 5 miles, as we learned from some of the Lake people, who "hitched up" their horses and came over to hear a woman speak! A large number of

Picton people were awaiting our arrival, and it was told us that as many more had left, thinking we were not coming. They led the way to a fine grove, where seats were prepared for our reception; Mr. Blisha Sills was chosen chairman, and Mr. Tooley, of Penn Yan, N. Y., opened the exercises with a few appropriate remarks; Mr. Sills was followed by appropriate remarks, with other remarks suited to the place, hour, and meeting. "We came from the other side, and another nation, to grasp friendly hands, and interchange friendly greetings; to stretch a line—not of battleships, (some one in the audience said, 'No, we don't fear that!') but a line of brotherly love, from our shores to yours, that you may bloom in every soul, for individualization shall sustain it!"

Mrs. Spence referred to Bible Spiritualism as analogous to that of modern times. She spoke mostly of Phenomenal Spiritualism. Also of the twilight as indicative of the state of the world. Made some good illustrations, as she always does. Said the foundation of Scripture rests upon remarkable dreams:—instantly that of Joseph. Spoke of uniting people and nations by these pleasant interchanges. She said, "We came here to represent not only a different nation, but a different religion, and that is, to bring to you the evidence of our existence beyond the grave, as a reality!"

There was much curiosity apparent in the multitude, (about 3,000) of upturned faces to see a woman speak; but this soon deepened to a respectful and earnest interest in the matter discussed. I think no speaker has been to this people before, except our friend, Miss Harding, who gives us an interesting account of her visit, in her letter from Oswego, and of whom several spoke while we were there. I had forgotten we were in the Queen's dominions, until a load of man rode past us in the street, and one of them, taking off his hat, swung it above his head, and cried out, "We are for the Union, ladies and gentlemen!" The subjects of the good Queen seem to sympathize much with the Unionists in this struggle for Liberty.

At 8 o'clock in the evening we "set" our steam, (or we had few sails) for Oswego; we had a pleasant night, and arriving safely at our starting place at 5 o'clock in the morning, returned to our home, and the most of us took a short nap before repairing to the Hall at 10 o'clock, this becoming quite refreshed to attend to the duties of the day.

The weather, during our sessions, was delightful in the extreme. It was clear, with the exception of the first day, and of a pleasant temperature. Our attendance was necessarily small, as far as speakers are concerned, owing to the pressure of the times. Only three of our whole committee were present, and these from the East; one of these, Miss Sprague, was prostrated by sickness the whole time; so that this, as a National Convention, is really no representation of the nation. Those who were present regretted very much the absence of those they hoped to meet, and I suppose the absent regretted equally their inability to be present. It was intended to be a grand fraternal meeting between the East and West, and central parts of our country, but we were doomed to be disappointed. But soon another year shall roll its "round" and we will "try again!" By that time, may peace be restored to our distracted country, and all be united in the bonds of a great brotherhood.

At our next national gathering, let us all strive to be present, and mingle our sympathies and hopes together. Oswego is as fine a place for our Convention, as could be selected. The locality is pleasant, the Hall commodious, the city neat and orderly, and above all, the people have big, warm hearts, large enough to entertain the whole world. There is a number of Spiritualists here, and they did all they could to make our stay pleasant, and fully succeeded. As far as relates to my colleague in reporting, Mr. Clark, says to myself, our entertainers, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, deserve and receive our unqualified gratitude for the kindnesses extended toward us. Their warm hearts shall never grow cold, for they contain the life-gem of love within, and continually radiate to all within their sphere. The Committee of Arrangements had everything arranged for the comfort of strangers, and deserve the greatest credit for their excellent management. Lastly, I would wish to thank Brother Clark (who has reported the proceedings for the *Banner*) for his kind assistance to me, through the sessions, and to him I am indebted for the whole of the first day's report; for I did not arrive in Oswego until Wednesday morning. I must ask the speakers whom I have reported in these columns to have charity, as I feel my reports to be faulty; not, I trust, through misrepresentation, but a lack of fullness, and in condensing a speech we cannot avoid mutilating more or less. We have now an excellent National Committee to arrange affairs for the coming year, an addition having been made from the Central States, so that the whole country may be fully represented.

LITA H. BARNES.

A Word for the South.

BY WM. H. MELLENS.

Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.

At the outset it may not be improper to state that I am not a regular soldier. Being bound by no party pledges or sectarian creed, I fight upon my own responsibility, and as conscience dictates. Glaring evils should be met and banished upon all practicable occasions, whether they be found North or South, East or West; in the ranks of the Republicans or the Democrats; in the Churches or among Reformers, as we learned from some of the Lake people, who "hitched up" their horses and came over to hear a woman speak! A large number of

shrink back in dismay or to combat it with less energy; wherever it appears, whether under the form of ecclesiastical, political, or domestic Slavery, or in Disunion, Abolitionism, Free-lovelism, or Spiritualism, in Mormonism, Protestantism, or Catholicism, it is the duty of all to make war upon it.

In undertaking to fight the battles of Truth, no true man intends to labor for what an individual or a sect declares to be right, but for that which, from his own plane of intellectual and moral development, seems to embody the highest, purest principles.

If what I denounce to-day as erroneous, should to-morrow recommend itself to my reason as truthful, I shall lose no time in delay, nor attempt to evade the charge of inconsistency, but boldly proclaim my error, and earnestly advocate that which, at the moment, seems to approach nearest my highest conceptions of truth.

It is a fault of all, when engaged in controversy, to manifest too little respect for the opinions of their antagonists, too little magnanimity towards an opponent. Especially has been the case in all controversies between the two sections of our country. We of the North are too much inclined to censure the South for the existence of Slavery, and hold her exclusively responsible for the countless evils that follow in its train. This is ungenerous and unjust. For nearly a century we have bowed ourselves to the dust, and knelt, like cravens, at the feet of the slave power; we have compromised, and conciliated, and conceded; we have given new guaranties to oppression, and shamefully debased our manhood by a cringing servility to "the sum of all villainies;" we have transformed ourselves into bloodhounds, doing the degrading work of arresting and returning the weary fugitive, in whose bosom the light of liberty was just beginning to dawn; we have bent a pliant knee to every demand of the high priests of this iniquity, until it has spread over nearly a million square miles of fertile territory, when we start back amazed at the magnitude of our wickedness, and inconsistently denounce our Southern brethren for the existence of the very evil we have been instrumental in nourishing, defending, and perpetuating.

The compromises of the Constitution were a fatal mistake; but principle must succumb to policy, and Northern merchants, muzzling conscience, consented to twenty years' continuance of the African slave trade, in consideration that Congress should have unrestricted power to pass Navigation Laws. Thus Northern men sacrificed their honor, silenced the voice of conscience, forgot the appalling horrors of the middle passage, and disregarded the stupendous curse they were entailing upon posterity—all this they did that they might fill their coffers with ill-gotten hoards of gold.

The three-fifths slave representation has been the corner stone of oppression, and is to-day a living witness of the wickedness and pusillanimity of the North; while the Missouri Compromise, the Fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas Nebraska Act, and the English Bill, stand recorded as among the most glaring instances of human perversity which the world has ever exhibited. Had it not been for the cowardice and selfishness of the North, these abominable acts would never have disgraced the statute book. We should stand, to-day, far higher in the estimation of every civilized nation on earth, had Daniel Webster, Stephen A. Douglas, and James Buchanan, first opened their eyes upon the light of heaven south of Mason and Dixon's line. Had they been born and reared in the "hot-beds of Slavery," society might have pardoned their treason to humanity, but now there is no palliation.

Had the North stood firm when the Constitution was formed, or had we been a unit in 1820, 1850, or even in 1854, Slavery might, in the first instance, have been numbered with the things that were, years ago, and at the later dates might have been hastened to a peaceful decline. But no! Our forefathers compromised with Slavery at the sacrifice of honesty; and, years later, Daniel Webster bowed his neck to Southern oligarchs, and, in the vain hope of becoming Chief Executive Magistrate, gave his influence to Slavery, and present war is the direct cause of the spirit that pervaded the editorials of the *Herald* and *Banner*, and it was that spirit which called forth your article; therefore Slavery was immediately connected with it. It being the cause of the war, the question naturally arises in this form: If Slavery extension is right, the war is wrong, and the above-named papers are wrong, while you are right; but if Slavery extension is wrong, the war, as a last resort, and only preventive, is right, the course of those papers is right, and you, my friend, are wrong in opposing a justifiable conflict. Now, perhaps, you will see the reason of the introduction of Slavery into my reply, viz.: That I might justify the course of the *Herald* and *Banner* in relation to the war, which is the legitimate offspring of *Negro Slavery*. Had you descended a little lower from your dignified position, and, instead of glancing superficially over this subject, looked more deeply into its principles, you might have saved your self the trouble of writing an inconsistent article, and an obliging editor the trouble of inserting the same.

You say the theory "of non-resistance is no doctrine of mine—is not even named by me in the article referred to." If it is not a doctrine of yours, then does your pen belie you? When you say that you "hope no Spiritualist will engage in, or incite others to enter upon, this scene of fratricidal strife," what doctrine do you intend to advocate, if it is not non-resistance? Is it not virtually saying: "Let Southern fanatics tear down the proud pillar of our national existence without opposition?" If your country calls you to hasten to her defense, engage not in this scene of fratricidal strife! but remain at home in traitorous, infernal inactivity! If this is not non-resistance, will my dignified Brother inform me in what he understands that doctrine to consist?

"Leave him to heaven, And to those thorns that in his bosom lodge, To prick and sting him."

We censure Benedict Arnold because he sold himself for British gold; then why pass in silence the hundreds of Northern men who, since that day, have bartered themselves, body and soul, for vague promises of political promotion from the South?

Even now we have those amongst us who, were it possible, would gladly reconstruct this government by opening our Territories to Slavery, and permitting masters to travel with flesh and blood chattels through the Free States.

It is this same spirit of compromise—the concession of right to wrong—that tends to ruin this great nation. The South is not alone responsible for the calamities that at present bow our Republic in humiliation and sorrow. Had the North been true to herself, true to humanity, and true to liberty, all this anarchy and degradation might have been averted. And yet, with these facts staring them in the face, many would have the world believe our Southern brethren the exclusive wrong-doers in this matter of human slavery! How unjust and inconsistent! It is recorded that one

Judas betrayed his master for thirty pieces of silver; but we do not read that he subsequently endeavored to transfer the reproaches of mankind from himself to his brother disciples. Weak, erring man that he was, he had a higher sense of justice than to attempt this, and, unlike many Northern men, he chose to bear the responsibility of his crime, and die humbled and repentant. We, too, who, Judas-like, have betrayed the cause of Liberty, ought to stand manfully up, and confessing our hypocrisy and meanness, bear the deserved rebuke of the world. But, profiting by the lesson of the past, let us also present a determined front to the slave power, bravely do battle for freedom, and, by an energetic, manly course of action, atone for the wrongs of by-gone days. Let us look as leniently as possible upon the deeds of slavery propagandists; but, in the holy name of Liberty, let us prosecute the present war vigorously, and never again stain the annals of our nation by a compromise with oppression.

I believe that the day for such things has gone by, and most fervently do I thank God that it is so. The North has arisen from the cesspool of iniquity in which she has so long wallowed, and her patriotism is fully aroused. The last concession to the sable demon has been made. The doom of Slavery is fixed, and the death sentence has been pronounced. Already the contortions of the gigantic monster are felt in every portion of the land. Its dying throes may shake the pillars of our government to their foundations, but the spirit of Liberty will hover near us in this momentous crisis, and, perched upon our banners, will guide the serried hosts of freedom on to victory.

The day is near at hand when the arm of advancing justice shall strike the shackles from the limbs of every slave, and they will stand forth free men, upon God's free soil. We are on the side of Liberty, of Right, and of Humanity; and, although the struggle may be long and bloody, I feel that the God of Justice will be with us, and that we shall eventually triumph.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

The War Justified.

CLAUDE LAWRENCE'S REPLY TO W. A. DANSKIN.

MY BROTHER: Your article, entitled "The Present War not Justified," (in this journal, No. 77) has received my candid attention.

Instead of attempting to meet and overthrow my arguments, you evade them upon the pretext that they do not refer to your article that called them forth. That this assertion is unfounded, I will prove. You say that the production to which I replied contains no one of the words, "complain," "grievance," or "self-defense." I answer that a lengthy essay may be written upon either of those subjects, without using either of those particular words; and when you say that you "certainly did not feel aggrieved," neither "intended to complain," you only assert that your pen did not move in obedience to your will; for the seventh line contains what Webster defines to be an exclamation of grief, and the general tone of your article seems to me to be that of an aggrieved complainant. You do not "suppose that inciting others to go forth with 'burning indignation,' and 'action swift, strong, and terrible,' is evidence of having been incited with a spirit of self-defense." I reply that, in every well-conducted war, the action must be "swift, strong, and terrible," inasmuch as it is destructive of property and life; and had you given our national difficulties the deliberate attention you boast, you should know that those who go forth to fight the battles of the Union, do so in self-defense.

You are "at a loss to perceive the necessity for my eulogy upon the Government." It is given to represent the prosperous condition of our nation, the wickedness of its destroyers, and the nobleness of its defenders—the latter of whom it was the especial object of your article to reproach. "As neither hydras, monsters, nor Slavery, were named in my article, I am at a loss to imagine why they were introduced into your review?"

Friend Danskin, you do know that Slavery is the direct cause of the present war—the present war is the direct cause of the spirit that pervaded the editorials of the *Herald* and *Banner*, and it was that spirit which called forth your article; therefore Slavery was immediately connected with it. It being the cause of the war, the question naturally arises in this form: If Slavery extension is right, the war is wrong, and the above-named papers are wrong, while you are right; but if Slavery extension is wrong, the war, as a last resort, and only preventive, is right, the course of those papers is right, and you, my friend, are wrong in opposing a justifiable conflict. Now, perhaps, you will see the reason of the introduction of Slavery into my reply, viz.: That I might justify the course of the *Herald* and *Banner* in relation to the war, which is the legitimate offspring of *Negro Slavery*. Had you descended a little lower from your dignified position, and, instead of glancing superficially over this subject, looked more deeply into its principles, you might have saved your self the trouble of writing an inconsistent article, and an obliging editor the trouble of inserting the same.

You say the theory "of non-resistance is no doctrine of mine—is not even named by me in the article referred to." If it is not a doctrine of yours, then does your pen belie you? When you say that you "hope no Spiritualist will engage in, or incite others to enter upon, this scene of fratricidal strife," what doctrine do you intend to advocate, if it is not non-resistance? Is it not virtually saying: "Let Southern fanatics tear down the proud pillar of our national existence without opposition?" If your country calls you to hasten to her defense, engage not in this scene of fratricidal strife! but remain at home in traitorous, infernal inactivity! If this is not non-resistance, will my dignified Brother inform me in what he understands that doctrine to consist?

You suggest, that, before publicly criticising the production of another, it would be well to read carefully and comprehend at least something of its principles and purposes. Thank you for the advice, my friend, and permit me to say, that, as example is usually more effectual than precept, it would have been highly appropriate for you to have given your readers a practical illustration of the advice recommended. How one comprehending so clearly a theoretical truth, should fail so completely in its practice, I cannot conceive. Instead of attempting a candid, manly defense of the positions assumed in your former article—instead of replying to the arguments embodied in my answer—you gravely retreat behind a hastily-assumed dignity, and, after asserting that you dislike to stoop to the discussion of such insignificant issues, you proceed, in a letter replete with evasion, if not falsity, to persuade the public that I am an inconsistent simpleton, unable to comprehend what I read. Our productions are the best possible evidence in determining which of us best understands himself.

When, Brother, again you unlimber your high dignity—to publicly criticise the production of another, it would be well to guard against stooping to misrepresentation and evasion, as they are not considered the most effective agents in the elevation and purification of mankind. I will close this reply, which can be of little interest to the general reader, by saying that the Union must be preserved by force of arms—not that we may reap a paltry vengeance upon the South, but that we may develop and preserve a grand idea—the great principle of universal Liberty, for which our forefathers fought and bled, and which we, their sons, have sworn to defend and perpetuate.

Yours, with fraternal regard,
CLAUDE LAWRENCE,
VERMONT, N. Y., August 27, 1861.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

Spirit Teachings on the Peace Question.

HUDSON, August 19, 1861.
FRIEND A. J. DAVIS: On reading the article "From a man of Peace," in a late number of the HERALD, I felt strongly impressed to forward thee two Spiritual communications, written by my hand in 1856. Please use them to thy judgment may dictate.
S. E. MICHENER.

FIRST COMMUNICATION.

There are means within the power of Omnipotence adapted to all ends. There are powers at work for the accomplishment of all good and beneficent purposes. There are means employed in the immense vortex of Nature, for the formation of all that will venture in good. Let Nature, let the principle that is inherent in Nature, then continue to work. Let rapine, let war, let murder, their work. They are means to a great end. They are the means used to accomplish great and glorious results. But while these on the plane of their development are right—are righteous—there is a plane from which the elevated mind, the unfolded understanding, should not descend. Let those who are on the lower plane work out their deliverance by blood. Let those who are on the higher plane work out their deliverance by love. Let all humanity be governed by the highest idea of right that each individual may possess. Let not the mind who perceives truth from the higher plane of unfolding—who has advanced into the wisdom of love, to perceive the more truthful and more effectual mode of exterminating error—descend to the plane below him. Let him aspire after higher and higher unfolding. Let him seek higher and higher degrees of development, that he may have clearer understanding of the true and the right, and be enabled to conquer through the agency of more efficient weapons—those of love, of mercy, of justice, and of all the humanitarian feelings that seek the universal good of the human family. War, when confined to the warfare, will be but opposing force to force, will be but meeting the opposition with the weapons with which they can alone wage war upon existing evils. They cannot wield the swords of love and of mercy, for they have them not; they cannot conquer by the power of love, for they possess it not. It is for those who have this two-edged sword, to wield it. Thy brother, who, by the circumstances of his surrounding, may not be blessed with this inestimable treasure, cannot use it; but by no means let those who have this been blessed, cast aside their armor, and labor for humanity with less efficient weapons. Let the work be done. Let progress be going forward. In motion there is life. In action will the elements of life be purified. Let each, then, press forward. Let all labor. Let the pure in heart labor with the pure in heart, for the establishment of peace, of love, of righteousness, and universal brotherhood.

Let all have their hearts set upon the right so far as they are capable of perceiving it, and let those who perceive that wrongs exist, do what they can, though they may not be well equipped for the battle that must be waged against error.

SECOND COMMUNICATION.

Write: and we will give thee that which will be to thee words of life. Write: and let the inspirations that angels breathe forth, flow from thy pen. Truth, holy truth, is to be revealed to the world through this channel. Mediums of power will proclaim truth through the inspirations that angels will breathe upon them. Holy and divine will be the light that will bless man. Pure and ennobling the truth that shall descend from spirit-life, to lead man to know and to follow the path of peace. Holy

and just the admonitions to be given for man's future guidance.

Who shall be found worthy to be our mouth-pieces? who shall be the channels through which we shall send forth the stream of living truth? Those who are true to their convictions of right. Those who stand firm to what they have attained. Those who aspire after higher and holier revelations of truth. May all sons and daughters of the truth abide firm. May they be prepared by their devotion to the great duty of life, to brave the storm of persecution, and the fires of opposition, that will be hurled upon them.

When time has so unfolded the understanding of the family of man, that they can perceive the true path, then will there be those, who, standing firm to all they have received of the truth, will be enabled to pour a flood of light upon the human understanding. Through the tongue and the pen will the truths be set forth that are to arouse the attention of mankind. First must there be wars and rumors of wars—the time is not yet. Desolation must cover the earth. Sorrow and sighing will be heard through the land. The cries of the widow and orphan will fill the air; and the afflicted of every land shall have no refuge. No, none! save in the tent of Israel. No, none! save in the strongholds of faith. No, none! But in abiding firm to what they know to be the true and the right, and knowing that in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength, and a sure retreat.

Would that the hearts of the people could be made sensible of the wishes of their angel-watchers concerning them. Would they could be impressed with the truths that will enable them to come off victorious. For the battle must be fought; the day of strife is at hand; the field of mortal warfare must be dyed with blood. Far from home and kindred, far from the ties of blood, many shall perish!

Let these things be, for so they must be. They must be, for man's further unfolding requires that such means should be employed. For in this movement, the elements of man's nature will be purified. Man, with his animal propensities and desires, his thirst for blood and desire for revenge, will not be appeased till brothers' hands are dyed in brothers' blood. Let these things, then, be, and await the issue. Wait in patience, trusting in the power of truth. Wait in faith, looking to the All-wise Ruler of all for deliverance. Wait in hope, abiding true to all that has been made known. Wait in lowliness of heart before the awful display of omnipotent power; for behold in all that may transpire, but the promptings of the Infinite mind towards the development of man towards the goal that awaits him: the goal of love, of harmony, of peace and repose; after all the evil passions shall be thoroughly purged from his nature.

What do you mean by conditions? What do you require us to do? Hark! what is that? as a few slight taps are heard upon the table. And again the pencil is moved, while another distinct movement comes, and a different hand-writing appears, which reads as follows: "My son Charles, you are welcome here. I prompted you, have been at your side, and am made happier now that you have come, where I could tell again the unchanged love of your devoted mother, Lucy."

No. Two, again, seizes the paper, declares "Lucy" to be his mother's name, and Charles also asserts the same, and that the hand-writing is very similar to that of his mother. Then follow such questions as these: "Now, mother, tell me, do you see Jesus Christ? Are you happy? Is Jesus the Lord God? Have you seen John, Peter, and Moses? Is John Brown in heaven? Where is Jeff. Davis now? Which army will be victorious? etc., etc. You know how anxious I am on all these points, and you can promote the cause if you will post me, which you certainly ought to do."

This excitement and disorder again disturb the fine emanations of that subtle influence which constitutes the telegraphic wire between spirits and mortals.

Again comes a stream of questions with hasty conclusions, ending generally with the declaration, that if I, the medium, can write five lines, I can write fifty as well; if I can tell them of one spirit, I can as readily communicate with all spirits. This I grant; but I assure them that as I am only the instrument, I cannot do anything beyond the influence present, and that if, of my own volition, manufactured communications, it would afford me great pleasure to convince them of a truth beautiful above all others hitherto revealed to humanity.

Presently No. Three, who has ventured only an occasional remark, (in which I distinctly hear the words, "free love," "affinity," "insanity!" and "infidelity,") asks, with great force and all possible solemnity, gazing at me meantime as if I were a wizard, "Do you believe the Bible?" I answer, "Oh yes."

Well, I read therein that the dead are not raised until the last great day, when the trumpet sounds. I don't expect to hear from my friends that are dead and gone to heaven; it is only the wicked that cannot rest. I don't believe in ghosts, and I regard it blasphemy to call up the dead."

I assure my friendly visitor that for me it would be quite impossible to "call up the dead;" that I have failed to find such information in Holy Writ, as his eyes have been blessed with; that I regard the Biblical history as an account of an ancient people, which, when divested of its mysterious sacredness, becomes more useful and one the less holy than before.

"Yes," replies the investigator, with an ominous shake of the head, "this is one great reason why I (putting great stress on the pronoun I) cannot become a Spiritualist; for Davis and Owen repudiate the Bible, and scoff at all 'forms of religion,' denying the 'divinity of Christ,' the 'efficacy of the atonement,' &c., &c."

Here again I interpose—telling them if they will but read for themselves they will find these gentlemen neither infidels nor barbarians, but men of sound mind, noble impulses, and fine perceptions, laboring to promulgate simple truths; and, for best proof and most reliable authority for the same, would undoubtedly refer them to the very Bible and the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, and I further ask them to read I Corinthians, chap. xii.

This settled, next in order follows, from my Bible-loving party, (who, of all people, should be charitable and refrain from speaking evil,) an attack upon mediums, and they detail this one's deceptions, that one's tricks, and the low origin of a third, to all which I reply that, if admitted, such facts cannot affect the truth of the genuine phenomena—the most beautiful and fragrant flower springs from the same soil that nourishes the noxious weed, the same

sunlight and air ripen both, and we wipe the dirt from our feet from which they spring and in which they exist. We do not vent our spleen upon the soiled leather-bag in which our loved one's letters are conveyed to us, nor do we find fault with the postman, if our letters are brief and unsatisfactory.

"But," say my sitters, "I see no good arising from this belief; many become insane. I had a friend who lost all his property, his business suffering because of his being known as a Spiritualist, and by his doing strange things by the advice of mediums." "All this may be," I reply, "but I have seen great good arising from this kind of communion with those we love, and do know that their influence, when properly understood, never fails to elevate the mind and inspire us to higher and holier pursuits; while I doubt not that he who surrenders his individuality to spirits in or out of the form, to promote his or her material welfare, will be led a 'wild goose chase,' and will 'lose' by so dangerous an operation. As to insanity, more have become lunatics through loss of property, continued study, religious excitement, as excess of any kind, frequently overthrows reason; but if a man becomes insane in the production of some invention which is a great improvement and benefit to humanity, does it necessarily follow that all further study should be prohibited? Or if a steam boiler explode, killing multitudes, as is frequently the case, should that prevent all further experiment?"

Thus am I frequently detained two, three, and sometimes four hours at a sitting, and though exceedingly wearied I am happy that I have been faithful to the cloud of witnesses that crowd about me, to shed, if possible, one ray upon the pathway of benighted friends.

It has been common, and apparently respectable, from the first, to assail mediums. While I abhor all deception, I am not surprised that, with the present morbid curiosity and love for the marvellous in sitters, that some of our physical media resort to frauds and tricks, being drawn into it by the anxiety and powerful will of investigators, who are determined to have "monstrous" and "miracles"—something which passes comprehension.

My experience teaches me that he is most likely to fail, in securing satisfactory communications, who presents himself to the medium (excuse the vulgarism) "on the sly," as if ashamed to be known as investigating man's immortality and endless progress, and determined upon having that, as "a test," which is positively fixed in his own mind, not admitting a single point, however many may be obtained, which, upon after deliberation, should prove to him the insufficiency of the theory of "mind reading" to account for the facts.

Take the case of Judge M—, of Kentucky, who called upon me as an honest investigator. After a brilliant display of his book knowledge, together with an elaborate account of his experience in mesmerism, psychology, or biology, all of which he explained and exploded, he turned to me with the remark: "Now, if you possess the power of invoking spirits from the 'rusty deep,' call up my old friend, Henry Clay; he ought to come to me." I replied that I had always supposed that spirits came down, or at least I hoped the noble Henry Clay was not in that questionable locality known as below.

Presently was written, slowly and unsteadily: "No, Massa William, [which was his Christian name], Massa Clay not here dis time; ole Lillie come. Don't you 'member ole Lillie, what tote young Massa down in —, [naming the place of his nativity.] Dis is truf; Lillie 'member when she pull you out ob de creek, whar she wash de yaller star quilt what you trow in de mud—dat quilt what your mudder tink so much ob, cause ole missus patch him long time ago."

The Judge, somewhat sobered, owned all these as facts, and assured me, as Lillie had said, that the quilt was a valuable relic in his family, the pattern of which was accurately given by the spirit.

"What was your name?" asked the Judge. "Priscilla, but dey called me Lillie for short."

"Now," said the Judge, "this goes farther to convince me than all heretofore obtained, as none of these things were in my mind. But," added he, "pray tell me what are the requisites to become a medium like unto yourself?"

I replied I thought a natural fool made the best medium, for I was sure a learned one never could be, even though

"The fool that been to Rome Exceeds the fool that stays at home."

Without occupying your space farther, I would ask whether it is not fair to suppose, when investigators make up their minds to receive truth, in whatever form it presents itself, and become free from suspicion, that the mediums will deal at least as honorably as the majority of investigators who come to a sitting?

Your friend, DEBARRIE.

So long as man is looked up to and bowed down to, so long as he is flattered, admired, exalted and worshipped, because he has a superabundance of wealth, and exempts himself from performing his natural share of the labor allotted to all as the means of sustenance, development, and enjoyment, so long he will strive for its accumulation. He will tax his energies to their utmost, and tax to their utmost the capabilities of all those he can make subservient to him.

C. N. K.

Jean Paul, in one of his works, speaking of little children, says: "The smallest are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun."

Laws and Systems.

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

The True Religion of the Bible.

REPLY TO GERRIT SMITH.

Continued from HERALD No. 78.

The penal, vindictive, proscriptive spirit of Christianity, an intolerant, threatening, denunciatory, and damning spirit, an angry and revengeful God, a personal Devil as the embodiment of evil, an endless fiery hell, the expulsion of demons or evil spirits from the bodies or souls of men, arising from the belief that they were the immediate cause of sickness and disease, a bloody propitiatory sacrifice as an atonement for sin, the most peremptory dogmatic requisition upon all men to square their religious views by the Christian standard of faith, with or without evidence of its truth, and without that standard of faith being clearly defined, as well as the firm belief and strong anticipation, fifty times expressed in the Christian scripture, of the speedy conflagration of the world, an earthly millennium, the gathering of the "elect," the banishment and destruction of the wicked, to be preceded by "the coming of the Son of Man" which means the son of God, (thus implying that God and man were synonymous terms)—these are among the errors of some of the old pagan systems which were transferred by Christ and his disciples thence and incorporated into the Christian religion, now constituting the "true religion" according to Brother Smith and the rest of Christendom.

Commencing with the first proposition in the above enumeration, I hold myself in readiness to prove that there never was another religious system known to history which was fraught or characterized by such an intolerant, merciless, and wholesale spirit of denunciation and damnation as that more especially evinced in nearly every chapter of the Christian department of the Bible, which, in this respect, is worse and more reprehensible than the Jewish religion.

It commences with the bloody atonement, and ends with the consignment of nine-tenths of the human family to an igneous world, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," though, according to the Rev. Dr. Edwards, a still larger proportion are consigned to this doom. He estimates about 1 in 18 saved, which leaves over 200 to drop into hell every minute. I think it was Gerald Massey who remarked that "if I had known that a portion of mankind were born to be damned, I will be damned if I had been born at all."

The principal groundwork of several ancient religious systems seems to have been an original contest or war between the Good and Evil Geniuses (God and the Devil) for the mastery over the human family, or the empire of human souls. In the Egyptian system this contest was waged between the God Osiris and the Demon Typhon—in that of the Persian, between Ormuzd and Ahriman—in the Indian or Hindoo theology it was between Brahma or Vishnu and Mahesa, while in the more recent Christian system the rivalry has ever been between God, the Father or Creator, and the great arch-demon known as the Devil, Satan, or Beelzebub; and to redeem mankind from the power of this great and wicked genius (the last named being in each of the above complets) God the Father, known as Brahma, Ormuzd, Jehovah, &c., sent down his son, his "only begotten son" (though he seems to have been begotten several times, as he made his appearance in each of the above systems, and was crucified under each). This son and saviour was sent down and incarnated in order to die for the people, that is, to suffer the punishment meted out as due to their sins. The blood of a God must atone for the sins of the people; as that of animals, (bullocks, rams, goats, &c.) had done under a former system or dispensation; at least this was the case with several systems, including that of the ancient Buddhists and the modern Christian systems. For it was a doctrine prevalent in the religious world, both in Jewish and Pagan countries, and subsequently transferred to the Christian system or "plan of salvation," that no sin could be canceled or forgiven, without the shedding of blood; that is, it must be washed out with blood. This is the monstrous doctrine of the atonement or "propitiatory sacrifice," which, so far from "forgiving men their trespasses," avenges them by the murder of an innocent, sinless being. The Apostle Paul holds this doctrine so absolutely that he tells us "without the shedding of blood, there can be no remission of sins," that is, somebody's blood must be shed, somebody's veins and arteries depleted for every real or imaginary offense committed against the moral law, the faith of the church. Somebody must pay the penalty in blood, somebody must be slaughtered, butchered, murdered, for every little foible or peccadillo into which erring man may stumble in his pilgrimage through the wilderness of time even if it requires a God from the throne of heaven to be massacred, this end must be accomplished, this superstitious requisition complied with.

And this is the system or "plan of salvation" constituting the basis, or substratum, of "the true religion," and claimed to have been established by the all-loving Father, who, we are told, is "long-suffering in mercy," and "plentiful in forgiveness." Forgiveness! Talk of forgiving an offense after an innocent being has been put to death—a God murdered to

avenge it! It is almost an affront to good sense. We are told that we are to be "saved by grace," and that "the grace of God is freely given to all men." But I submit that there can be no grace where a full equivalent is demanded—and that in blood. And it is an insulting misnomer to talk of a "free gift" where such a monstrous price has to be paid. To talk of a debt being forgiven, when it is paid—over-paid—is to trifle with, or overlook, a correct appreciation of justice, sound morality, and sound sense; and it is a deep dyed stigma upon the character of the Father of Mercies, to charge him with sating his wrath upon his own children, the workmanship of his own hands, by the murder of his own innocent son. And here let me observe, that no man, actuated or influenced by a strict sense of justice, could accept salvation on any such terms. It is manifestly both too unjust and too devoid of mercy, besides a violation of the first principles of criminal jurisprudence. It is a double wrong to punish the innocent for the guilty—the infliction of injustice on the one hand, and the omission of justice on the other. Moreover, this doctrine of atonement (that is, of appeasing the wrath of an offended Deity by murder and blood) possesses several other erroneous features which I cannot occupy time and space to notice. And now let it be observed, that this doctrine of "propitiatory sacrifice for sin," is one of the cardinal principles of Brother Smith's "true religion," while, on the other hand, several of those systems which he, and the Christian world generally, would denigrate as "the false religions," do not possess it. It is not found in them at all.

But I hasten to notice other serious errors found incorporated in Brother Smith's "true religion." Mr. Smith thinks "the writers of the Bible got nearer to God than those of other religions." But he must either entertain quite derogatory views of God, to think, or assume, that the writers of the Bible correctly portray his character, or else he must be ignorant of the fact that the "inspired writings" of his "true religion," as found in "the glorious gospel dispensation," (as some term it) are characterized by a more bigoted, cruel, and relentless spirit of intolerance, as I have before observed, and will now adduce some of the evidence to prove, than that of any other religion known to the pages of history.

When the Christian missionaries some years since urged the claims of their religion upon the king of Siam, he replied, "Your religion for you—ours for us. As nations differ with respect to their food, dress, and climate, so they may with respect to their religions." And we are told that when Mahomet was informed that one of his disciples had been to England, and got converted to Christianity, he replied, "Well, he must settle that matter with his conscience and his God." The noble-minded Hindoo, Rammohun Roy, once remarked, that he believed "that God looked with an equal eye upon the professors of all religions, who worshipped him in sincerity." In the same spirit an emperor of China, when petitioned to drive out the Christian missionaries from his kingdom, replied, that "if there is anything good in their religion, we should have it, and if not, our religion is too pure to be corrupted by it; therefore, let them stay." And some of the ancient Romans and Grecians held that God was incapable of anger or revenge, and therefore would not punish even for heresy. Now let us see how all this will compare with the teaching of Christ and Paul. The former enjoined, "Go ye into all nations, teaching whatsoever I have commanded you, and whoever believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved, but whoever believeth not shall be damned." The latter evinces the same spirit: "Whosoever preacheth any other doctrine than that which I have declared unto you, let him be accursed." Gal. 1: 9. "Let him be accursed!" This is the goal from which the intolerant spirit of superstition again started on her errand of ruin, and the warrant upon which the demon of despotism again erected its throne of usurped authority over the minds of men, after an age of peace had been inaugurated and had begun to shed its bland influences upon the pagan world. At least Mosheim and other Christian writers tell us this was the state of things at the time Christ was born upon the earth. Peace had hung her bow of promise in the great archway of the moral heavens, and its salutary influence was beginning to be felt. But "let him be accursed!" "He that believeth not shall be damned!" breathes forth a spirit of denunciation and enmity, which, when fully matured, becomes the spirit of war. And, when coupled with the injunction, "He who hath not a sword let him sell his coat and buy one;" has ever been regarded as a sufficient license or pretext for a crusade for crowding creeds and catechisms down men's throats with the sword, or driving them into heaven (alias the church) with bayonets.

The efforts of this kind I shall neither attempt to enumerate nor essay to depict. This brief sentence may faintly comprehend the whole—Christianity has floated down to us on an ocean of blood. And the bones of eighteen millions of human beings now lie bleaching upon the Christian battle-fields, slaughtered under the banner of the cross, under the ensign of the "Prince of Peace"—victims to the practical workings of "the true religion." During three-fourths of the entire period that Christianity has boasted of an existence, blood virtually flowed in one constant stream, while nearly two score of kings, emperors, and rulers, were either assassinated, butchered, or dethroned. All this was the result of efforts on the part of the Christian sects to force their creeds and catechisms down each others' throats, or their bibles into the brains of the heathen. Or may we not say it was the humanitarian efforts of the Christian world to

make the people believe "the true religion" in order to prevent them from being damned—the legitimate effects of the malediction, "Believe or be damned"? They were fighting for the glory of God and the good of souls, or, as a Christian writer expresses it, "fighting to save souls from perdition." They fought to make all men believe alike, from which they are now a thousand times further removed, than at the inception of the contests. And if this belligerent principle of Christianity has now subsided in its practical operations, it is solely because the progress of infidelity, which is only another name for science and civilization, has infused into it a more liberal spirit, or compelled it to assume a more humanitarian aspect. For I have no hesitation in averring that the spirit of Christian intolerance and persecution has subsided only in the ratio of the increase of religious skepticism, only in the proportion of the people's loss of faith in its dogmas, which has been owing to their discovery of a "more excellent way." It would require a long chapter to expose and portray fully the evil results of the practical operations, through the whole period of Christian history, of the imperious, nonsensical, and tyrannical scriptural requisition to be "sound in the faith," and the consequent reiterated denunciations and damnations visited upon the heads of those who plead the impossibility of complying with this unreasonable and despotic demand of "the true religion." While, on the other hand, no instance can be cited from history of the votaries of the "false religion" of Buddhism, whose believers outnumber those of Christianity, two to one, ever setting on foot a war for the promotion of their faith, or to compel people to believe it.

I will conclude my remarks upon the tyrannous nature of the Christian "faith" (faith being a word reiterated a hundred times, and constituting the pivot on which the whole system swings) by observing that the whole thing is based upon a false assumption. It assumes that a man's belief is entirely under the control of his will—that he can believe this way or that way, just as he pleases, or just as another may bid him—that belief is as a garment to be put on or off at pleasure—while nothing is further from the truth. Thousands desire every day to believe certain doctrines or propositions which no effort of their wills, in the absence of the requisite evidence, can effect. How manifestly unreasonable and unjust, therefore, to condemn, and much more to consign men to endless perdition, for refusing to believe certain dogmas, when the evidence, in their view, is all against their truth and utility. To those who fear for the overthrow of Christianity, and ask for a substitute, I will reply as a lady friend once did when she was asked what she would substitute for the little common sense if you have it, and if not, get an almanac. "But seriously, Christianity may have been the best thing for its time, and if confined to the age for which it was designed, I should have no quarrel with it. The present age having outgrown it, the garment is too short to fit."

K. GRAVES.
HARVEYSBURG, OHIO.

Poetry.

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

For the Herald of Progress,
TO MY FRIEND, JOHN SNYDER,
ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE WAR.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Go, Brother, where the solemn voice of duty calls to thee,
Where waves the star-flag of our land, above the
leave and free;
Go, crush the serpent in his lair, strike bold
rebellion down;
Thy watchword: "Freedom unto all!" go, win
the hero's crown!

No tears from eyes beloved shall fall, to damp thy
warrior joy—
A patriot father's blessing rests upon his soldier
boy.
A mother's best and holiest gift is laid on Free-
dom's shrine.
Her free-will offering unto God, that brave young
heart of thine!

For thee, at morn, at noon and night, the greeting
winds shall bring
The prayers of home, the household words, the
merry jests that fling
Their rose-hued memory o'er the life, so stern and
tolle some now;
A sister's waited kiss illumine with joy the war-
rior's brow.

And I, thy friend, will grasp the hand inured to
danger, toil,
And share with thee the conqueror's joy, on Free-
dom's hallowed soil;
My spirit shall go forth with thee, where surges
loud and long
The tumult of the battle-field—where Right o'er-
masters Wrong.

Go, Brother, where the solemn voice of duty calls to thee,
Where waves the star-flag of our land—onward
to victory!
Thy watchword: "Freedom unto all!" thy hopes
enthroned above;
In camp and field encompassed by the angels of
His love.
PHILADELPHIA, August 25, 1861.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. LYDIA BARCELOW.

How pleasant, at the evening twilight,
While Nature sings herself to sleep,
To hold communion with our being,
And bring back memories from the deep.
Then, while the outward shadows gather,
Let the bright inward light abound,
And hold sweet converse with the spirit,
And draw the angel world around.

Oh, what a joyful, happy feeling,
Oh, how it makes my bosom thrill,
To know that with the dear departed
Loved ones can hold communion still!
I would not give the blessed knowledge,
This sweet assurance that we live
When Death has claimed his earthly portion,
For all the wealth this world can give.

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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In a "Word to the South" we have a faithful statement of the short-comings of the North that prepared the way and invited the present Rebellion.

We give in this issue the conclusion of the report of the Spiritualist Convention at Oswego. It is followed by a pleasing sketch of the Excursion to the Bay of Quinte.

Read the statements of a Lady Medium, on page third; it clearly explains why the responses from spirits are frequently unsatisfactory—the questions are generally extremely incoherent and stupid.

The case of writing without visible hands, related as having occurred in Calabria last year, was communicated to the editor of the Revue Spiritualiste by a responsible Italian physician.

Heaven and Earth.

Bright and beautiful are the countenances of the pure in heart. Surprisingly beautiful and bright are the eyes of the higher angels. The meditations of the higher intelligences are celestial and heavenly.

But there is a beauty in the external form of every created thing. There is an expression of tender love and wisdom in the eyes of guardian spirits. They bring beauty and light in their garments. How pure—surprisingly pure—are they, in all their deeds of mercy among the children of men!

With what graceful tenderness do they bend over the fallen in battle! They ride upon the bosom of the rivers of magnetic fire—from their lovely homes in the Summer Land, through the star-paved immensity, down to the couch of the wounded patriot. Into his undulating brain they breathe the breath of celestial love. They mitigate his pains by the aroma of their hearts, and they impart beautiful dreams of coming happiness to the dying.

How incessantly employed in deeds of friendship are all the noble and pure in the Summer Land! There is no North, no South, to the inhabitants of celestial spheres. They leave their valleys and plains for the mountains and rough places of earth. They depart from their beautiful gardens, and from the enjoyment of their luxuriant possessions, to mingle their feelings with those on earth who pray and work for the reign of Freedom. Goodness infinite is proclaimed by the noblest tongues. The atmosphere of a deathless divinity fills all the space in which they dwell. They would spread such a gospel and exhale such aromas throughout all the habitations of men. The fallen woman, the lost child, the dying soldier, is covered by the temple of their love. The sky is full of bright eyes, and the earth is peopled with dark objects, and those eyes and those objects meet both day and night. Each object is instinct in its claims upon the heavenly visitors, and each visitor is prompted to perform some kindly office for the sake of humanity.

Garments of whiteness are thrown around the fallen spirit, and a magnetic life steals into the heart's darkest chambers. Whether the soldier ascends from the battle-field, or from the retirement of the hospital couch, the heavenly visitors descend to enfold him in their exalting love. There are hundreds of philanthropic celestial visitors to every camp; and there are ten helpers for every man whose spirit is lodged by war. Think how many tender-hearted mothers dwell in the Summer Land! Of the benevolent and unselfish, who once lived on earth, there are millions in the adjoining world. A stream of constant philanthropy flows from them earthward; and, when possible, they lift the downtrodden, and save the falling from a lower depth.

In all this we behold the face of Mother Nature, and feel the omnipotent hand of our Father God. The manifestations of God are goodness, and truth, and wisdom; but the love, and purity, and philanthropy of the world, are from the heart of Nature.

The attributes of humanity are more displayed in the Spirit Land. This world is rudimentary—is filled with ignorance, selfishness, and strife.

All men in this world are children; in that sphere the children are all men. The selfishness of earth is not fostered in the Summer Land. Philanthropy, not hatred, arches the door of every heart. Lovelier and lovelier beam the countenances of the guardian hosts; and sweeter than the waters of the rivers of Paradise is the breath of every one who visits mankind on missions of mercy. What a Moral Police are the strong soldiers of the higher worlds! What beautiful "Sisters of Mercy" are the lovely nurses of the heavenly hospitals! How free from earth's drugs are all their medicines for the sin-sick and earth-tossed soul! Bright jewels of truth adorn the crown of every philanthropic spirit. And lovelier than the multiplied flowers of a thousand summers are the faces of those who still the troubled waters of earth.

Why do they not lift men's minds above the sphere of war? Why do they not extinguish the flame of passion? Why not put forth all their combined powers to heal political sores? Will they not, having the power and the wisdom, save mankind from destroying one another?

Beautiful questions! All answered by the fact that this world is the rudimentary sphere of human existence. Millions of angels, all obedient to the laws of the infinite Good, cannot do impossible things. Thunder will reverberate in that world which is filled with lightning. War will disturb all men who foster the fires of passion. Passion is the electricity of the mind, and war is the thunderbolt. Ignorance is the diabolical monster of the human mind, and selfishness is the "roaring lion" that goes up and down the earth seeking whom it may "devour." Progression is the angel of our deliverance, and our heavenly visitors can but hasten the day of its power. The race, like the globe, revolves. Its revolutions are less and less eccentric, as the wheels of time fly swiftly round, but the perfect circle is not yet reached. We must work out "our own salvation" from the causes of war. The angels will help us just in proportion as we help ourselves.

Spiritual Manifestations in Southern Italy.

[The following letter written to Dr. Gatti, of the Homeopathic Institute of Genoa, was communicated by the former to the Editor of the Revue Spiritualiste, to be published. We translate it from the last issue of that journal.]

GENOA, July 20th, 1861.

MY DEAR DOCTOR—I here give you what it was my fortune to verify and witness in my tour in Calabria, in the month of November, 1860.

My relatives and friends were always telling me that they were the subjects of extraordinary phenomena, and I used to laugh at their credulity. They made me promise to witness an experiment. What was my surprise when I saw one of my friends lay a half sheet of paper with a pencil in the middle of a table, and then with the tip of his fingers touch the edge of the table, which in two minutes began to balance itself and turn about! My nephew then questioned it in this way: "Are you animated by a good spirit?"—"Yes," it answered. "Will you answer my questions?"—"Yes,"—"Well; I would like to know whether we shall gain the law-suit we are carrying on with the Theatine fathers (monks) or whether the bench of judges will be opposed to us?"

After ten minutes' silence, the pencil which he had laid on the table, arose vertically above the sheet of paper, as if an invisible hand were directing it, and wrote these words: "You will lose it through that wretch Mazzi!" (one of the Judges.) After writing these words, the pencil quietly laid itself down near the paper.

Two months passed after this sitting, and the suit was lost through the management of the bad judge. At the same sitting I wished to inquire in regard to a fact which had transpired in a castle belonging to my family. The excitements of the district declared that at certain hours of the day and during the night, the spirit of my father was in the habit of walking in the garden of the castle, and even in the building itself; so I questioned the table, which answered my inquiry with tips, and asserted that my father would continue to walk thus in the castle until he should have atoned for his errors.

Such is my experience, my friend, which I make known to you, because I am aware that you used to study these phenomena. A day will come when we can do great good to humanity, and it will come when young men shall devote their attention to this science which is so majestically rising above the horizon. Wholly yours,

FRANCESCO SPEDALIERI.

CHILDREN'S CONVENTION.

We observe in the Educator and Museum an account of Joseph A. Dugdale's Seventh Annual Convention for little folks, recently held at Longwood, Chester Co., Penn. An interesting feature of the occasion was the presence of an Indian maiden, "Larouqua," (a waving reed) dressed in native costume. Her songs electrified the whole assembly, and awakened

a deeper interest in the addresses of John Benson, the Indian's friend, and of "Uncle Joseph," the friend of children. The Chester county children ought to make noble men and women, true reformers, every one of them.

Eagleswood Military School.

It will be seen, by an advertisement in another column, that the beautiful building at Eagleswood, near Perth Amboy, which was formerly occupied by Mr. Weld's school, has been taken by Mr. Wisewell, proprietor of the well-known Collegiate and Military Institute of Yonkers. A finer position for such a purpose could not well be found. It is in a healthful and picturesque region, about equally distant from the great cities of New York and Philadelphia, and enjoying unexampled facilities for boating, swimming, skating, and other recreations necessary to the physical well-being of children. The edifice is large and airy, and supplied with gas and water throughout, while there is attached to it a commodious and thoroughly furnished gymnasium.

Mr. Wisewell's long experience as a teacher has taught him that, while the military order is best for maintaining the discipline of schools, it invigorates the frame, mends the carriage, and imparts habits of punctuality, quickness, courtesy, and submission. Pupils almost invariably delight in it; their neat and uniform dress raises their self-respect; the exercises of the drill give them great physical vigor and alertness; they learn incessantly, and in a pleasurable way, the need of instant and cheerful obedience; and an esprit de corps is kindled which lends the most remarkable animation to the discharge of all the duties of the classes. Boys who would be sluggish and dolts under the monotonous influence of ordinary schools, become quick and lively learners in these military establishments.—Evening Post.

Those of our readers to whom the advantages of Eagleswood are known, will not require any word of commendation from us. Every friend of liberal education will regret the withdrawal from so useful a field, of that veteran educator and reformer, Theodore D. Weld.

We are happy to know that Spiritualists and Reformers seeking a desirable school for their children, will find in his successor, Mr. M. N. WISEWELL, an intelligent and earnest teacher, a candid and conscientious worshiper of truth, and a fearless and high-minded man.

We hesitate not to predict what we cordially desire, that this change of location will prove in every respect advantageous.

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

LOVE—WILL—WISDOM.
INTEGRITY—FRATERNITY—UNITY.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE AGE:
ONWARD TO HARMONY!

"Through the years and the centuries, through evil spirits, through things and atoms, A GREAT AND BENEFICENT TENDENCY INHERENTLY STRUGGLES."

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.—Report of American Delegation in 1853. See PRESENT AGE AND INNER LIFE, p. 117.

WHAT IS THE WAR FOR?

An intelligent correspondent from Western New York, gives expression to a widely prevalent feeling.

"I give an affirmative vote on your eighteen resolutions. We ought to know, beyond all question, what this war is for. If for Freedom, let it be so said and distinctly announced. If for the flag, or some abstraction, let that also be known, that we may act accordingly."

THE ALPHA AND OMEGA.

A correspondent from New Hampshire writes:

"We have been, and are now, constant readers of the New York Day Book and the Herald of Progress—the Alpha and Omega!"

NEW YORK UNIVERSALISTS LOYAL.

At the recent session of the N. Y. State Universalist Convention the following resolutions were adopted.

Resolved, That the progress and ultimate triumph of Christian truth are intimately allied to the cause of civil freedom; therefore,

Resolved, That the present perilous condition of our beloved country demands a more united and self-sacrificing spirit on the part of professing Christians, and especially of the believers in the gospel of universal grace and love.

Resolved, That we, as a professed body of Christ's freemen, give our undivided influence to the support of the United States Government, in its struggles to disarm a despotic rebellion, and reestablish unconditional obedience to its laws throughout the entire Union.

THE RIGHT KIND OF OPPOSITION.

The Oswego Gazette, a democratic paper, is "opposed to the war," and says it "would therefore crush by the whole power of the nation its authors, who commenced it by robbery and treason, and by cannonading Fort Sumter. It is "in favor of peace," and to that end would put down rebellion by the strong arm of the law. It is "opposed to taxation," and therefore would make the war as short as possible by bringing the whole force of the government to bear upon it.

poured him a glass of wine, intermingling her efforts, all the while, with the fondest caresses, and applying to him every endearing epithet that her loving heart could suggest.

"What has caused this sudden attack, dear Henry? You were well enough at breakfast?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure; it came over me as I was passing through the hall."

Had the tones of that sepulchral voice, and the vision of that never-to-be-forgotten face no agency in causing this sudden attack? The query did not even suggest itself to the trusting wife, who saw in her husband one of nature's noblemen, and worshipped him as such.

Meanwhile in the parlor below a scene of fearful excitement was being enacted, God alone being witness to it.

"Oh, my God! my God! help me! help me! what shall I do?" burst from the poor woman, as Mrs. Ross disappeared up stairs with her husband.

And, pacing the room, she threw up her arms, beat her breast, smote her forehead, and in other frantic ways sought to vent the suppressed emotion which almost rent her in sunder.

"Why have I come here? Do I want to kill her—the good, beautiful creature? I must never tell her! never, never, never! How she loves him! But oh, my poor boy, my dear child! I will take him with me to the grave. Haven't I the right—, who have endured four years of death in life for his dear sake? Is not his life mine? Is not murder sometimes justifiable? Oh, God, help me! help me! help me!" and falling on her knees on the sofa, she fell forward on her face, which she buried in both hands, her whole frame shaking violently with tearful sobs.

Here Mrs. Ross found her almost insensible, when her husband, having recovered partially from his sudden attack, went down town to his office, leaving his wife once more at liberty.

Stooping over the cowering figure, she raised her with difficulty, and was frightened when she saw her face. It was like that of one struck with death. The poor creature attempted to stand, but staggered back helplessly on the sofa.

"Let me go home!" she said feebly; "you can do nothing for me; I was a fool to suppose you could."

"Lie quietly on the sofa a few moments," said Mrs. Ross, with gentleness. "You are not able to go yet. You need a glass of the port wine which has revived my husband; lie still, and I will fetch it."

And, unheeding the remonstrances of the half-dead woman, she brought the wine, and held it to her white lips till she had drained the last drop.

"I was just going to say to you, when my husband came in," resumed Mrs. Ross, as Maria rallied, "that if the wife of this man be what you say she is, perhaps she would do something for your son, when you are no longer able to do for him, and—have they children of their own?"

"Perhaps she might consent to adopt him?"

"Oh, but this woman loves her husband—she loves him as her life—worships him—thinks him faultless—it will kill her to know the truth."

"Is her husband a bad man—I mean habitually?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; everybody calls him good—everybody thinks well of him—and he is not what you might call a bad man. He did me a great wrong; but thinks he repaid it with money; his wife wouldn't think so, though. I think he meant to make me his wife, though. Sometimes, when I see her, I don't blame him for she is the most beautiful and the best woman in the world."

"Such a woman is just the one for you to go to with your story. So good and pitying, I'm sure she will not refuse to do something for you—she may find your boy a good home—perhaps take it herself."

"Oh, no, ma'am, that she never would; it's against nature. Would you do such a thing, dear lady?" and the poor creature rose up with earnestness, and looked eagerly in the face of Mrs. Ross.

"It's my impression that you had better go to her," was the reply, for the question seemed irrelevant. "Tell her the whole truth, not re-vengefully, but carefully, humbly, and for the sake of your child. I am sure she will be moved by it."

The woman turned to leave, but the excitement of the hour had been too much for her, and she dropped fainting and gasping on the sofa.

"You are very weak," said Mrs. Ross, pityingly; "you must wait till the horse is put into the buggy, and I will send you home. I will see you at your home, and if it be desirable, I may go to the lady with you myself."

Mrs. Ross was singularly interested in this poor girl. She could think of nothing else, and when her husband came home to dinner, still pale and grave, from the attack of the morning, she narrated to him the whole affair. He listened with little apparent interest, and asked, in a nonchalant way, "What she proposed to do for her?"

"She stated her proposition of the morning. I do not yet know what can be done, but I advised her to see the wife of this man, whom she represents as good, benevolent, and beautiful, and lay the case before her."

Mr. Ross looked up in surprise, anger, and affliction.

"Good heavens, Kitty! are you crazy? Don't you see you would break up the family altogether? The wife would instantly discard her husband, and then it would be out of the father's power to do anything for his child."

"No, I think not. From what this Maria Harley tells me—Mr. Ross started as if stung."

"Why, Henry, how nervous you are to-day! I am afraid you are going to be sick."

"Oh, no—there is no danger." Harley says, this woman is one of the best and noblest type. It would be I, undoubtedly, shock her, but she must learn the truth some time, and she had better know it now, when she can do some good. I am impressed that this is the best course; if I were a Quaker, I should say I was guided by the inward light."

Mr. Ross pined at what she called his wife's "womanish nonsense," and got quite out of patience with her persistence.

"Why, Henry, you amaze me! I am sure I'm right."

"Let the whole matter entirely alone, I beseech you," was his entreaty, uttered in an importunate and distressed manner; "only trouble can come of your interference. It's a bad matter, a common case, which cannot be meddled with. You will make a world of trouble unless you stop."

He was so deeply and strangely in earnest, that Mrs. Ross finally promised, despite her convictions, to content herself with ameliorating the condition of the mother, and with seeking a home for the child. Not even her husband could persuade her to promise more than this.

The very next day saw the beautiful, trusting wife, the queen of all hearts, in the humble home of the wronged and dying Maria. She was worse than the day before, and her little son stood beside her bed, with an anxious look on his unusually mature face.

Nurtured amid sorrows and cares, tears and privations, he was older and graver than his years, and his evident affectionateness and thoughtfulness went to Mrs. Ross's heart. There was something in his face that made her start, beautiful as he was, and the large, brown eyes, chestnut curls, firm, but finely-cut mouth, and the general bearing of the child, somehow reminded her of the woman followed, more painful and exciting than the day before. We will not recount it.

But before it was ended, Mrs. Ross was in complete possession of all the painful facts of Maria Harley's history—to the incoherent and gasping details of which she listened with a face in which interest intensified into ghostliness, and through with pain. When the recital was over, she went home like one stunned, reeling with weakness, and groping her way like one blind.

At noon she met her husband, so changed from the wife of the morning, that it seemed not she, but another. In answer to his inquiry, she stated where she had passed the morning, and then no more questions were asked, no information given, and the dinner was eaten in comparative silence. Not as on the day before, did she volunteer the particulars of the morning interview, but sat, cold, pale, silent, with a look of hopeless suffering on her face.

Her husband observed it; he read the stupor of a great grief which had invaded her soul; he saw that she was staggering under some mental burden, yet he forbore all inquiries as to the cause, and unaccountably made no allusion to her appearance. His remarks were forced common-places, which might have been heard, or might not; his wife gave no sign that she heeded them. It was the same at the tea-table; the next day, and the next succeeded; a week passed, and it became evident that a wall of partition was raised between the wedded couple, hitherto one in feeling and action. The gayety and sunny temper of the wife was gone. Silent, bewildered, she moved about mechanically, discharging every duty with rigorous fidelity; courteous to her husband, and regardful of his wants; but the gushing love which had formerly infused itself into her whole manner towards him, prompting a thousand nameless attentions, was wanting. No more did she run to meet him as he heard his footstep in the hall; no longer did they pass up and down the stairs with arms entwining one another; the good-night and good-morning kisses were renitted, more because the wife was so pre-occupied and absorbed as to forget them, than because of aversion; and while there was on neither side a lack of courtesy, the married pair were as widely separated as though a continent intervened. Poor wife! poor woman! the happiness which had wrapped her about like an atmosphere of heaven, had fallen away from her; she had believed she was leaning on an oak, but it had proved a reed, and bending under her, had pierced her with sorrow; she had worshipped an idol, believing it of fine gold, and it had proved to be only common clay.

With torturing anxiety and taciturn gloom, Mr. Ross watched his wife. No words of explanation had passed between them, but he knew too well whence the arrow had sped which had entered her soul. The cloud in his horizon, no bigger than a man's hand, had suddenly spread so as to darken the whole firmament, and now had burst above him. His only refuge was in silence, and so he offered to his wife's troubled spirit neither sympathy nor condolence.

Meanwhile, almost daily, Mrs. Ross paid a visit to the mother and child, who had awakened in her heart so strong an interest. The mother's descent into the grave was swift, and it was Mrs. Ross's aim to render it painless and peaceful. She had relieved her of all anxiety concerning her little son, who bounded to meet his new friend, with the trusting affection of childhood, his large eyes dilating with pleasure, and his fair face glowing with excitement. Their strong mutual love was cemented more and more by each successive visit, and in beholding it, the long unhappy mother found that peace in death, which had been alien to her in life. It was a relief to the heavy spirit of Mrs. Ross to supply the hitherto desolate boy with the pretty frocks, trousers, collars and caps, which set off his beauty to such an advantage; she found a pleasure in arranging his silky brown tresses, as abundant as those of a girl; and a glow came to her when she saw his eyes witness his exuberant delight at the rocking-horse, wooden soldiers, picture books, and other toys, with which she furnished him. To the mother she read, and with her prayed, her own sorrow adding pathos to her petitions, and tenderness to her voice, while the act assuaged the unspoken sorrow which had rolled in upon her. Whatever could alleviate the dying woman's sufferings, or divest death of its terror, was remembered by Mrs. Ross in this hour of extremity.

And so matters went on for weeks. Gradually Mrs. Ross seemed to be conquering her trials, whatever they had been; there was a slow and partial resuming of her old ways and manners, and less deadness of feeling towards all the former delights of her life. The mental trials of the last few weeks had told on her health severely—but their effect on her husband was even greater than on her. Mrs. Ross noticed it with real concern, and besought him to do something for his restoration. Still, however, there lingered in the house the hush and solemnity which follows a deep bereavement.

There came, at last, a day when Mrs. Ross seemed plunged anew into the depths of the sadness from which she was slowly emerging. She returned from her dying charge, with an unusually brief visit, in tears and violent agitation. Mr. Ross perceived it, and thought she had retrograded into the gloom of weeks before, but, as usual, was silent. Once, looking

up suddenly, she caught her husband's gaze fixed on her; troubled, anxious, mournful, and dropping her needle-work, she sprang, by a sudden impulse, into his arms, and wept long and uncontrollably on his bosom, the tears of her husband mingling freely with her own. Now, no word was spoken by either for some minutes, but in that mingling of tears, that proffered and accepted kiss, and the mute caresses that followed, pardon was asked and granted, and a reconciliation effected. Mr. Ross was the first to speak.

"Kitty, do you still love me?"

"Inexpressibly!"

"In spite of everything—everything?"

"Yes, Henry; in spite of everything! but you should have confided in me—you should have told me all!"

"Would you blame the criminal for postponing the confession which would doom him to death?"

"A confession from your lips would have wrought no more harm than the same thing from those of another. I ought not to have heard this—this—this painful story from another. Have you known since our marriage that Maria Harley resided in the city?"

"Yes."

"Did you recognize her that morning when she called?"

"Yes."

"I understand your fainting-fit, now?"

There was a momentary silence, and then she added, very softly, "Maria Harley died last night, and will be buried this afternoon. Thank God, she is at rest! I have made all necessary preparations for her burial!"

"Kitty," said Mr. Ross, pressing her close to his heart, and choking with emotion, "if you are one woman among a thousand; if I doubt if there is another like you, I have deserved your scorn and hate—"

"We will not talk of it, Henry; it has almost wrecked our happiness—but she, who separated you from me, and enjoined me to do so, and the world held her in small esteem, but neither you nor I reach to the stature of her excellence!"

"Where is the boy?" asked Mr. Ross, faintly, and with hesitation.

"At his home, where he will remain until after the funeral."

With moistened eyes but lighter hearts, they separated to business, the other to the house of death.

The funeral over, Mrs. Ross returned home, bringing little Harry with her, whom she led straight to her husband's library, where she knew he was writing. "Henry," she said, leading the handsome boy to his father's knee, "when Maria Harley was dying, I promised to be a mother to her child, to adopt him into my family, and rear him as my son. You cannot refuse to do less for your own son. Harry," she continued, with motherly tenderness, stooping to caress the little fellow, "this gentleman is your father, and now that your mother has gone to heaven, I am to be your mother. Will you be my little boy?"

The child did not immediately reply, but laying one hand in hers, turned with an inquiring look to Mr. Ross. A crimson flush mounted to his brow, for an instant, suffusing his face, and then fading away into a sickly whiteness—and opening his arms to the child, who sprang within them, he lifted him on his knee, pressed him to his heart, saying, "my dear child!"

"The flood-gates of long restrained tears were then unsealed, and he wept as his wife had never before seen him.

"Kitty?" he said, when calmer, "have you thought how this child in our family will render you the subject of gossip, the theme of scandal—how it will increase your care, and multiply your anxieties?"

"I accept the labor, and I do not care for the gossip. There is but one right way for us to take—that way we have chosen, and I am content to let consequences alone."

"What a woman you are, Kitty!" the husband repeated, drawing her to him; "you are one of a thousand; the noblest, loftiest, best of womankind!"

A PLEASURE FOR A CHILD.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child! for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of his childhood?

The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with long eyes he gazed on the flowers which were bright there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and, breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—flowers which were bright and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word; and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.—*Select*

"Is the physical and the moral world, in the natural and the human, ever seen two for action, invariable rule and continual advance, law and action, order and progress; these two powers working harmoniously together, and the result is inevitable—orderly movement, irresistible growth?"

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CLEVELAND, O.—Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, 288 Superior St. is duly authorized to act as our agent in Ohio and the West.

PHILADELPHIA.—SAMUEL BARRY, south-west corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets.

CANADA AGENCY.—Messrs. W. H. WARNE & CO., Booksellers and News Agents, Toronto, C. W., will supply the trade with our books and papers, and also act as Agents for Canada subscriptions.

LONDON, ENGL.—The HERALD OF PROGRESS and Books on our list may be ordered through the house of H. BAILEY, 219 Regent Street, London.

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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-book" 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 & 5th Sts. Gramercy Park, bet. 29th & 31st Sts. and 2d & 4th Aves. Stuyvesant Park, 2d st. bet. 15th and 17th Sts. Tompkins Sq. bet. Aves. 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 House, in Park St. 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 2d and 4th Aves. Mercantile Library Association, Astor Pl. nr Broadway. N. Y. Society Library, University Pl. nr 12th St.

LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

Literary Society, 2d Av. cor. 10th St. N. Y. University, west side of Washington Square. Columbia College, 49th St. nr 5th av. Free Academy, 23d 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, Washington Heights nr 15th St. Institution for the Blind, 9th Av. bet. 33d and 34th Sts. Pease House of Industry, 5 P's, nr Centre & Pearl Sts. Odd Fellow's Hall, cor. Grand and Centre Sts. Homeopathic Dispensary, 15 East Eleventh St.

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. Arney's Photograph Gallery, 707 Broadway.

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. Bullows', 249 Fourth Av. cor. 20th St.—Unitarian. Dr. Cheever's, 249 Broadway—Presbyterian. Dr. Hawkes', 267 Fourth Avenue—Episcopal. Dr. Tappan's, 255 Nassau 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 28th 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. Vespers 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 CHORUS made up of efficient vocalists, may be heard at all the churches named in this list.

SPRITUAL MEETINGS.

NEW YORK SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, Tuesday evenings, Clinton Hall, Eighth and Ninth Sts. 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.

HOTELS.

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CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, PAINTNESS, NERVOUS IRRITABILITY, NEURALGIA, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, MELANCHOLY, NIGHT SWEATS, HYPOCHONDRIA, LANGOUR, GIDDINESS, AND ALL THAT CLASS OF CASES SO FEARFULLY FATAL CALLED FEMALE WEAKNESSES AND IRREGULARITIES.

There is nothing its Equal.

Also, Liver Derangements, or Torpidity, and Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Kidneys, or any general derangement of the Urinary Organs.

It will not only cure the debility following CHILLS and FEVER, but prevent all attacks arising from miasmatic influences, and cure the disease at once if already attacked.

TRAVELERS should have a bottle with them, as it will infallibly prevent any deleterious consequences following upon change of climate and water.

As it prevents costiveness and strengthens the digestive organs, it should be in the hands of all persons of sedentary habits.

LADIES not accustomed to much out-door exercise should always use it.

MOTHERS should use it, for it is a perfect relief. Taken a month or two before the final trial, she will pass the dreadful period with perfect ease and safety.

THERE IS NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT.

THE CORDIAL IS ALL WE CLAIM FOR IT.

MOTHERS, TRY IT!

And to you we appeal to detect the illness or decline not only of your daughters, before it be too late, but also your sons and husbands; for while the former, from false delusion, often go down to a premature grave, rather than let their condition be known in time, the latter are often so mixed up with the excitement of business, that, if it were not for you, they would travel in the same downward path, until it is too late to arrest their fatal fall. But the mother is always vigilant, and to you we confidently appeal, for we are sure your never-failing affection will unerringly point you to PROF. WOOD'S RESTORATIVE CORDIAL AND BLOOD RENOVATOR as the remedy which should be always on hand in time of need.

G. J. WOOD, Proprietor, 444 Broadway, N. Y., and 114 Market St., St. Louis

Also for sale by all good Druggists. Price One Dollar per bottle.

READ WHAT THE PRESS SAY, after thoroughly testing the matter, and no one can have a doubt. The following is part of a business letter. Its testimony, thus incidentally given, is therefore the more valuable:

MONROE, OHS.

Prof. O. J. Wood.—Dear Sir: Please allow me to address you concerning your very valuable Restorative Cordial and Blood Renovator. I have been sick for more than a year, and have tried almost every method to get relief, and have found but very little until I tried your Cordial, and I must say it makes me feel better. I took a bad cold over a year ago, which ran me down very low, and I could get no relief until I saw your medicine advertised in the Bridgport Farmer. I sent to J. E. Shilton and got a bottle; have taken it, and it has greatly helped me. I desire to get some more. Your obedient servant, DAVID F. WHITLOCK.

This every one, no matter how low, nor how much they have suffered, may experience almost instant relief. How many thousands will bless the day that their attention was called to it. Come, all who suffer! Do not wait one hour. There is no mistake about it, it will cure you. Be wily and suffer no longer. One bottle will save you from suffering and a premature grave.

Read the following letter, just received:

Mr. W. Kirt, Esq., Buffalo, N. Y.—I purchased of you one week ago, a bottle of Prof. Wood's Restorative Cordial, and find myself entirely relieved of a distressing dyspepsia, producing a stoppage of breath, general debility, and pain in the side. I want one bottle more, and believe that I shall be cured, because the pain in the side and distress in the stomach, and cough, are all gone. B. DEWARD.

New Hartford, Oneida Co., N. Y., Feb. 10, 1861.

PROF. WOOD AND HIS TRIUMPHS.

The following complimentary notice of Prof. Wood was written by Finley Johnson, Esq., the well-known author, and editor of the Cambridge (Mass.) Herald:

Never before in the annals of the world's history has there been such wonderful cures as are now daily performed through the instrumentality of Prof. O. J. Wood's "CORDIAL AND BLOOD RENOVATOR," and these evidences of his skill, combined with the philanthropy, have made his name known throughout the civilized world.

If a world-wide reputation, founded upon over twenty years of practice, is any compensation for the labor of the physician, O. J. Wood has unquestionably obtained it. The patronage of all classes—the honors of science—the eulogies of the Press are his. A community may be deluded—quacks may triumph for a season, but the whole civilized world cannot be deceived by facts, and thus it is that Prof. Wood rides down all opposition.

His "BLOOD RENOVATOR" is a certain cure for all diseases of the blood. In Dyspepsia it is a specific, in Debility it has no equal, and even in Consumption it will cure if taken in time. One trial will prove it these facts. Delay no longer. It can be had at any Drug Store in the Union; or orders can be sent to 444 Broadway, New York.

Depot 444 Broadway, and sold by all Druggists.

WHAT WE THINK OF WARREN & LUDDEN'S COMBINATION PEN.—Pen manufacture has passed through several stages. The ancients wrote their letters, and the first drafts of manuscripts, with a stylus on wooden tablets covered with wax. The instrument was pointed at one end, and flat at the other, for convenience in erasing. When they wrote on papyrus they used reeds, cut into shapes somewhat similar to our modern pens. The best sort of these, in the days of Augustus Caesar, came from the vicinity of Memphis, in Egypt.

“Reeds fit for paper, gives the Memphian land,” says Martial. And we learn from the poet Persius (who lived in the reign of Nero) that authors in that age were occasionally vexed with both pen and ink—an annoyance which the ages have carefully transmitted to us. Says this satirist: “What arrests his speed? Alas! the viscous liquid clogs the reed. Dilute it—Push! now every word I write Sinks through the paper, and eludes the sight; Now leaves the pen no mark—the point's too fine; Now, 'tis too blunt, and doubles every line!” Their ink was a kind of pigment prepared from lampblack and gum.

How long a time elapsed before the reed gave place to “gray goose quill,” we know not. But the quill pen is at least several centuries old. Within the last thirty years we have reached the stages of steel and gold, and the metallic pen now culminates in Ludden's combination of gold with other ingredients, so that his instrument is the perfection of pens in elasticity, fineness, durability, and cheapness; and, provided the ink is of the right quality, this pen leaves the right mark; its point is not too fine, nor blunt; nor does it double every line. To be had at the corner of Broadway and Cortlandt street.

Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress. Departed: From Byron, N. Y., on the 2d inst, our Sister, Mrs. SALLY MERRIMAN, companion to our worthy Brother, Harry Merriman.

After a long and painful illness, her departure from the worn-out body was peculiarly peaceful and happy. She felt that to depart was gain; and although surrounded by all that could render home attractive, and this life desirable, she welcomed with pleasure the auspicious hour. Having given the parting kiss and last adieu to each of her numerous relatives and neighbors present, she experienced the new birth as peacefully as the infant resigns itself to sleep on its mother's bosom.

Her funeral has this day been attended at the Baptist Church, by one of the largest and most attentive audiences ever assembled on a similar occasion in this town. The services were conducted by our highly gifted and inspired Sister Mrs. F. O. Hysler. Her theme was Spiritualism—its adaptation to the needs of such an hour as this, and its mission both in the past and future. To say merely that the subject was ably presented and illustrated, would do far short of its deserts, for it was truly a masterly effort, at once touching and clear, sympathetic and convincing, captivating by its charming beauty and eloquence, and carrying conviction by its adaptation, reasonableness, and power. Indeed, out of that large concourse of deeply interested, I might say charmed listeners, there were few, very few who could not heartily respond to its spirit and teachings, and earnestly unite in the prayer, “ever more give us such bread” of life. At the opening and closing of her inspired discourse, she electrified the audience by singing in her sweet and touching manner two most appropriate improvised compositions, accompanied by the soothing tones of her melodion.

Byros, Sept., 4th, 1861. J. W. S.

For the Herald of Progress. Departed: From Loda, Ill., on the 14th of Aug., WILLIAM HARRIS, infant son of William H. and Sarah L. Shortwell. On the 29th of the same month, he was followed to the spirit-land by his twin-sister, ANNA FITZ-RANDOLPH. They could not be separated, and when one had winged its way to a happier clime, it returned and bore away from sorrowing hearts its beautiful sister spirit, that together they might seek the joys of a higher life, freed from the burdens of earth, when life's journey had just begun.

Of Writers and Speakers.

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

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. C. M. Stone may be addressed, till further notice, Cleveland, O., care of Sunbeam.

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

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

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

J. H. Randall will respond to calls to lecture, at the East, addressed Northfield, Mass.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney will make engagement for lecturing. Address Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcox may be addressed care of C. Doolittle, Oswego, for engagements in Central New York during October and November.

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

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

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

Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O., will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism and subjects connected therewith.

E. Case, Jr., may be addressed care Mrs. James Lawrence, Cleveland, or at Florida, Hillsdale Co., Mich., for engagements this winter in the West. Mr. Case opens his lectures with appropriate songs.

Leo Miller will speak in Stafford, Conn., Nov. 2 and 19; in Summerville, Conn., Nov. 17 and 24. Mr. M. will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address Hartford, Conn., or as above.

William Bailey Potter, M. D., will lecture on Scientific Spiritualism in Western New York and Northern Ohio until spring. Address care of C. S. Hoag, Medina, N. Y.

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

Rev. M. Taylor speaks every other Sunday, at Stockton, Me., once in two months at Troy, Me., and will answer calls for other days.

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

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

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

Miss Emma Harding will lecture in Quincy, Cambridgeport, New Bedford, in September, and Boston during October. In Lowell, Portland, Chicago, &c., the rest of the year. For week night lectures, address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller are to be in Penn.sylvania and New York until November next. Will receive calls to lecture in Northern Ohio and Michigan next winter; also attend on funeral occasions, if required. Permanent address, Conneaut, Ohio, care of Asa Hickox.

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

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will lecture in Brad ley and Bucksport, in September; New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 29 and Oct. 6th.; Chicopee, Oct. 20 and 27; Ware, N. Y., Sundays of November. Address J. W. Carrier, box 818, Lowell, Mass.

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

Miss De Force, owing to ill health, is unable to lecture through September, but can be addressed care of Judge Barr, Vincentown, N. J., in October, at Portland, Me.; December, Cambridgeport, Mass.; February, Philadelphia, Pa.; March, Omaha, N. Y.; April, Lyons, Mich.; May, Milwaukee, Wis.; through the remainder of 1862 at La Crosse, Wis.

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Miscellaneous.

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The importance of the topics discussed in this book, with the earnest spirit and forcible style in which they are presented, have won for it a universality of commendation quite remarkable.

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which is devoted to the elucidation of the science and religion of Modern Spiritualism, will enter upon its TENTH VOLUME, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so disastrous to many newspaper establishments in our country, has made us feel its influence severely, yet we are proud to say we have surmounted all obstacles, and been able to keep the BANNER on a foundation of solidity and respectability; yet we need, and must have, in order for our continued existence, the support of all true Spiritualists. We have resolved to make every personal sacrifice and self-denial for the good of the cause, and we ask our readers to assist us in the same spirit; for they know, as well as we do, that the BANNER is well worth its subscription money, as more labor is expended on it, we venture to say, than on any other weekly paper in America, it being generally filled with entirely original matter, and often—anonymous or otherwise—from some of the brightest minds in this and the spirit sphere.

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MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, 288 Superior Street, (a few doors east of the Public Square), Cleveland, O., has for sale a general assortment of Juvenile and Liberal Books, among which are the complete works of L. Maria Child, Theodore Parker, Andrew Jackson Davis, Baron O'Hanlon, Rev. Robert Taylor, Robert Dale Owen, Henry C. Wright, and Thomas L. Harris.

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