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DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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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 such Wednesday, at the publication office, a few doors east of Broadway.

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

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

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

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

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

JOHN B. M., CHELMSFORD.—The book you mention has not been received.

HUBSON T., OHIO.—"Wonders of Nature," No. VII for the little ones of the Household, is received.

POEMS DECLINED.—"Words from a Spirit Wife and Mother;" "A Whisper;" "The Great Rebellion."

L. L., TITUSVILLE, PA.—The crowded state of our "poet's corner" forbids the immediate publication of your articles.

W. S. RIPLEY, MAINE.—The present P. O. address of the author of the "Enchanter" is West Winsted, Ct.

MRS. J. M. P., WOODSOCKET.—We think that your friend may find the best prescription in the "Harbinger."

TRUMAN B., INDIANA.—The individual has long since suspended his paper. He is now traveling, and a letter would not be likely to reach him.

S. E. P., PETERBORO, N. H.—We are in receipt of "A Woman's Appeal," for which we thank you. Very soon it will be given to our readers.

W. B. M., NEW YORK.—It may be well for you to become the member of a "circle," but it is not promotive of individual development to rely too constantly upon the influence thus generated.

E. C., SOLSVILLE, N. Y.—"Education of Children," Numbers 1, 2, and 3, are received. We have not decided as to publication. The subject is a good one, and we think your thoughts reach toward important conclusions.

L. M. W., COLDWATER, MICH.—Thanks for No. 7 of your series. We have used, for two years and more, one of "Kedzie's Rain-water Filters," and find it an admirable invention. Large and small ones can be obtained at reasonable rates, from the inventor, John Kedzie, Rochester, N. Y.

G. RICHARD B., BROOKLYN.—A word of wisdom is hereby whispered. Do not indulge a feeling of unrest. It will affect your mind injuriously. When the hour arrives for doing another work, you will be duly apprised. Let a reasonable faith pervade your whole spirit.

M. F., NEENAH, WIS.—There are several papers now published by abolitionists. Prominent among them may be mentioned the *Liberator*, W. L. Garrison, Editor, Boston, Mass., and the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, published in this city both very true to humanity, and ably conducted.

C. R., CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—Your communication, received some time since, was welcome. We decline publishing it, however, because it is more a criticism on the past than a recital of your clairvoyant experiences. We would gladly publish any carefully prepared facts in clairvoyance which you may be moved to send us.

L. L., BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—You are right, Brother. The old orthodox church has a moral power that does not yet appear among the comers. But the best always comes last, as the fruit after all the primal labors of the tree, and thus it will be with reformers. As old forms decay, their intrinsic life, and all that was vitally good in them, will re-appear more effectively in newer forms of human effort. Keep silent, Brother, but see to it that your own soul be not lacking in the beautiful essentials.

E. A. H., POINT ISABEL, O.—It is never too late to mend. Your heart has not beat harmoniously with the key note of spiritual truth. If it had, you would not have "unhappiness" as a companion, even though you may be chained to the wheel of unfriendly circumstances. Milton, the poet, said truthfully that

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

The curtains of the future, in this world, may roll up darkly or promisingly, as you may determine. Consider yourself just 35 years of age, with a good heart, and ready to enter upon true marriage. Great peace have they that love the truth, and nothing shall disturb them. Improve the realities of to-day, trusting no delay, and the to-morrows will take care of themselves.

Doings of the Moral Police.

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

Temptation Resisted.

Many a man can recall to mind a point in the experience of his youth at which the moral character of his after life received its permanent direction either toward good or evil—when the dream of Hercules became reality to him, and he was called upon to decide between the allurements of Vice and the uncompromising requirements of Virtue. Happy is he to whom the good angel, in whatever shape, appears at such a crisis, to strengthen his wavering resolution, and to save him from ruin.

An interesting example of the successful endurance of such an ordeal has lately come to our knowledge, which we record for the encouragement of any young man or woman who may be balancing between good and evil. A worthy clerk in one of our city post-offices tells us that soon after he had entered the service, happening one day to be alone in his part of the office, a gentleman called at the window and handed him a letter for the far West, remarking at the same time that it contained fifty dollars. The mail was about to be made up, and after stamping the letter, the clerk threw it in among those which were partially prepared for mailing. The thought now occurred to him that, as the letter was going to such a distant point, he could appropriate it with little or no risk. He had but little time for reflection, as the clerk would soon arrive who was to make up the mail, so he seized the letter and put it in his pocket, that it might not be out of his reach should he conclude to become a thief. It was some time before he had an opportunity to leave the office, and to take the final step of breaking open the letter. During this interval "began a tempest in his soul." His father had died not long before, leaving behind him an untarnished reputation, and having inculcated upon his only son, both by precept and example, the principles of honesty and truthfulness. The memory of this father was the first obstacle to the commission of a crime which, if discovered, would bring disgrace upon a name as yet unsullied. But this was not all. The heart and the hopes of a widowed mother were bound up in her child, and the thought of her sad face pleaded with him not to add a deeper shade to that sadness, nor to render her home utterly desolate. The Sunday-school, too, rose up to reproach him for his intended villainy. He was a teacher, and how could he face the innocent gaze of his pupils, and speak to them of moral and religious truth, while his own soul was stained with crime?

But the force of these reflections was broken by the thought that detection was next to impossible, and that the crime was not so great a one after all. The person who sent the money could afford to lose it, and it was no matter if such a tight old hunk was made to "shell out" for once in his life.

Thus reasoning, the young man was about to break the seal of the letter and appropriate its contents, when a rap was heard at the box-window of which he had charge. A bright-eyed little girl, some twelve years old, asked for box No. —. Two letters were handed her, and she went away, but in a few minutes she again appeared at the window. "Please, sir, one of these letters is not for father, and he told me to bring it right back. I'm sure I would not keep it for the world," and with a pleasant smile she handed him the letter and retired. It had been boxed up wrong, and he rectified the mistake. He recognized the little girl as a member of his Sunday-school class, and the lesson in virtue which she had thus unwittingly taught, showed him, as he had never seen it before, the enormity of his half-accomplished crime. The pupil and teacher changed places for the time being, and he felt that no instruction which he had ever given her could possibly equal in value that which he had received from her timely visit. His virtue, just about to yield, received a new impulse; his better feeling revived. The letter which had so nearly proved his ruin, was inclosed in a wrapper and dropped into the first mail-bag which left the office, and, to use his own words: "Never, since this terrible conflict, has any one of the many valuable letters which have passed through my hands been any temptation to me, and I attribute my rescue from ruin to the visit of my little friend, who was not a moment too soon. Five minutes later might have found me a thief and a ruined man."

May the tribe of such "ministering spirits" increase. There is need enough of them everywhere.—*United States Mail.*

A Touching Scene.

A French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh, sir! what can he do for me?"

"The Court must send you to the House of Correction."

"Here I am, sister—here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court, and at the same instant a little boy with a lively countenance started forth from amid the crowd, and stood before the Judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rome, the brother of this little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim my Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille."

"Oh, how good you are, James!"

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate. "The court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. But you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago," continued the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself: 'I will be an artist, and when I know a good trade I will support my sister.' I went apprentice to a brush-maker. Every day I used to carry her half of my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept in my bed while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard, and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself: 'Come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better.'"

"I soon found a place, where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needle-work. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the Judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy, "I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." Then turning to the magistrate, he said: "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?"

He threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept tears of affection.

Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

Polarization and Depolarization of the Mind.

BY PROFESSOR PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.

NUMBER TWO.

In an article which was published in the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* of the 19th of October, I gave a few illustrations of the polarization of the mind as a healthy physiological action. In further illustration of the subject, I wish now to offer a few cases of insanity, or diseased mental action.

In most cases of insanity, the diseased mind is highly polarized, and in the quality of its action it does not differ from the sane mind which is highly polarized. The only difference in such cases between the sane and the insane mind is in the intensity and duration of the polarized state; it is a difference in quantity, therefore, but not in quality. If the polarization is of such a character—so fixed and intense in degree that it defies all ordinary depolarizing influences, and endures for an unusual length of time—then the mind is said to be diseased, or insane; if, on the other hand, the polarization yields to the ordinary depolarizing influences, and is, therefore, limited in duration, then it is considered that the mind has not departed from a state of health, and is therefore sane. Hence a purely healthy mental action, by becoming intense, fixed, and prolonged, becomes a diseased action. Thus, in the psychological experiment referred to in my former article, in which a man was made to believe that his cane was his wife, although she herself was present before him, if he had retained that belief, and had gone home with it, and for days deported himself and talked consistently with it, notwithstanding the evidence of his senses and the testimony and arguments of others, his case would have been one of monomania. In these days of military excitement, a person may imagine that he is present at a great battle, and he may even go far enough in his mental reveries to imagine himself commanding the grand army of the United States in its advance on Manassas Junction, and yet be perfectly sane all the while, perceiving things around him as they actually are, and being easily aroused from his reveries and brought back to the realities of his situation. But if a reverie of that kind becomes so deep and all-absorbing that the person irretrievably loses consciousness of himself and his actual surroundings, sees nothing but contending armies, hears nothing but the roar of artillery, and does nothing but issue his commands to imaginary subordinates, so that the realities about him cannot reach him, or, if they do, are only worked up and transformed into moving parts of the grand mental panorama which has taken possession of his mind and holds it, then, in that case, the reverie, the fixed, unyielding polarity, is insanity.

The thoughts and fancies which may fix and polarize the mind in insanity are endless. One lunatic believes that he has swallowed a snake, another that he is damned, another that he has lost his head, another believes that he is dead, and refuses to eat because the dead never eat; another believes that her neck is petrified; but, upon accidentally feeling the pulsation of the temporal arteries, she becomes convinced that her neck has melted, and is flowing in a torrent; another refuses to urinate, for fear of deluging the earth.

A woman, fifty-eight years of age, a monomaniac, believed that Pontius Pilate, and all the personages of the New Testament, were in her stomach, and sometimes all the personages of the Bible. Sometimes she would say to those about her, "To-day they are crucifying Jesus Christ," (in her stomach.) "I hear the strokes of the hammers which are driving the nails." She believed that the popes also held their councils in her stomach.

A person is sometimes said to be petrified by fear—he is struck dumb and paralyzed. A very interesting case of this kind is related by Esquirol. It is probably one of the best examples which can be presented in illustration of mental polarity, carried to such a degree as to paralyze every power of the mind, except the one which was held in the intensified state by the object which induced the polarization. It is also interesting on account of the great length of time during which the polarized state continued, without the slightest trace of a relaxation. A girl about twenty years of age was frightened by some soldiers; from that moment until her death, which occurred seven years afterwards, she seemed to be conscious of nothing but the imaginary object of terror which was constantly before her mind, riveting it immovably in one direction. The last four years of her life were spent in the Salpêtrière asylum; her mental condition, during that time, may be thus described: She speaks not a word, makes no movement voluntarily, eats nothing without being urged to, never gets up and never goes to bed without being told to. As soon as she is dressed in the morning, she goes and sits on a bench, (where she remains until told to go to bed,) always in the same place and in the same attitude, her arms crossed and resting on her knees, her head turned a little towards the right shoulder, her chin inclined towards the chest, and her eyes immovably fixed upon the floor, as if riveted upon the object which terrifies her, and from which she cannot escape. Her food must be taken to her, and she must be urged to eat; in doing so she does not change her position, nor remove her eyes from the imaginary object which so terrifies her; but, in her state of intense alarm and exalted watchfulness, merely reaches out her right hand, takes the food that is presented to her, and conveys it to her mouth. The only few words that ever escaped her, indicated that terror absorbed all her faculties.

Esquirol records the case of a monomaniac who believed that every night knives and daggers were plunged into his chest; that sometimes an arm, sometimes a leg, and sometimes his head was cut off. If he was told that his head was still on his shoulders, that he still had his limbs, and that there were no wounds nor scars on his body, he would reply: "They are rascals, magnetizers, free masons, who possess the secret of readjusting the members without its appearing that they were removed." If it was insisted that he was mistaken, he would reply: "You are in collusion with these monsters. Kill me! kill me! I cannot resist the suffering which they cause me to endure."

It is curious to observe how, in insanity, everything that is presented to the mind is either seized upon and worked up into the disease, so as to become a part of it and to justify it; or if it cannot be absorbed and assimilated with the disease, how it is either entirely disregarded, or else held at bay, as it were, and prevented from getting behind the disease, so as to reach the sane part of the mind, which seems concealed in the background and rendered inaccessible. The polarized faculty, or faculties of the mind, seem to repel everything which they do not attract, everything which they cannot appropriate to themselves, everything which would weaken their present power, if allowed free access to the other faculties of the mind. In the case just related, the lunatic, who believed that his arms, legs, and head were cut off, at night, when reminded of the fact that his arms, legs, and head were in their proper places, received the fact only however, to aggravate the disease with it; it convinced him that the rascals who tortured him were no ordinary rascals, but rascally free masons and magnetizers, who had the power of cutting off his arms, legs, and head, and yet making it appear that they were still in their places. When assured by his physician that he was mistaken, he repels the assurance, and his physician is at once held at bay as being in collusion with the monsters who torment him. This is the most puzzling feature of insanity; yet if it was not just as I have described it, there could be no insanity. If facts, reasons, arguments, persuasions, or impressions of any kind, were permitted to pass beyond and behind the self-protecting, self-sustaining polarity of the mind, its dominion would be broken up, and the insanity cured.

Herein lies the whole difficulty of curing insanity; and, therefore, the secret of curing insanity lies wholly in overcoming that difficulty with the least possible violence to the body or to the mind of the patient. This has been done so often, and the success has been so speedy and so complete, that it is somewhat to be wondered at that the medical profession has not profited by the valuable indications of such cases, and turned their attention, more than they have done, to the psychological method of treating insanity, which such cases suggest, instead of either abandoning all hope of accomplishing anything, or else experimenting with physical remedies in the vain hope of curing insanity with drugs and medicines.

Persons who have so completely lost their wits as to be demented, form a distinct class of the insane. The mind, in this kind of insanity, which is called dementia, is permanently depolarized, so that no ordinary stimulants or impressions can polarize it. I might offer a few illustrations of this form of mental disease, and I might also enter somewhat into a detailed explanation of it; but as the theory of the mind which I have proposed is very easily applied to this form of insanity, and as I am now writing for the purpose of stimulating thought and inquiry in the right direction, rather than of exhausting the subject, I shall say nothing further upon this branch of the subject at present.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

OUR COUNTRY.

Sweet peace bestows her sunny smile
In gentle radiance on the land,
O'er many a fair and verdant isle,
O'er many a rocky, billowy strand;
O'er many a forest of richest green,
And many a rolling river of blue;
And the joy of her glad presence is seen
In the cloudless sky and the rainbow's hue;

And Nature slumbers in soft repose
As the infant sleeps on its mother's breast,
And never the future of sorrow knows
To ruffle the calm of its innocent rest.

But hark! in the distance a sound I hear,
Like the jar of the rumbling thunder's roar,
Or, far off, the waves, in a wild career,
As they're lashed to foam on the rock-bound shore.

And lo! it breaks on the troubled ear,
Like the fiercest voice of the raging deep.
When high o'er the hurricane's roar we hear
The dashing of billows that madly leap.

'Tis the thundering tramp of an army vast,
And the valleys tremble beneath their tread,
As when from the Alps is the avalanche cast
From its lofty height to the torrent's bed.

'Tis the threatening storm of an army vast,
And a blow will be dealt with its strong right arm
Which shall crush fell treachery in its path,
And scatter vile treason in wild alarm.

Now Liberty calls; 'tis a mandate supreme,
And the fire in a million hearts glows at the call;
And the war trumpet sounds, and the bayonets gleam,
And Slavery's minions in ruin must fall.

For where is the arm that can parry the blow
Of freemen who strike in humanity's cause?
And though their warm blood in rivers may flow,
They'll fight for their country and die for her laws.

And when far away from a suffering world
The Upas of Slavery is swept by their hand,
Oh! never again shall war's banner unfurled,
Spread slaughter and death o'er the terrified land.

But then shall sweet Peace, with her presence befriending,
Again bless the earth with a plentiful store;
And the psalm of gladness to heaven ascending,
Proclaim that the nation shall sorrow no more.
W. C.

For the Herald of Progress.

Lying Spirits.

MUNDY, MICH., October 18, 1861.

BROTHER DAVIS: Though a subscriber, I am not a constant reader of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*. I would like to read every word in every number, but business calls me away from home so much of the time that I can only occasionally take an intellectual feast from its columns. As I cannot read from your paper to-day, I send a few lines for publication. I frequently receive messages from the spirit-world, in style and sentiment very much as follows:

"Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God."

When we look back to ancient times, and read the writings of ancient authors, we find that a belief in spirit manifestations is as old as the belief in God. All the old sacred writers were Spiritualists, believing and teaching the doctrine of spirit intercourse. Christ's disciples were all subject to spirit influence.

But, so far as we can learn, all ancient mediums were occasionally influenced by "lying spirits." Lying spirits would sometimes make them say things not true. From the Bible we learn that the old prophets sometimes went forth and deceived the people, under the influence of lying spirits. I think we have no reason to doubt this, for we certainly know that some of our best mediums have been influenced, if not deceived, by lying spirits. Now, all this is perfectly natural. In all ages of the world, liars have lived on the earth. God, in conferring the power of speech on man, did not confine that power wholly to the truth-teller. Liars generally have as free use of the tongue as those who always tell the truth. These liars are subject to death, the same as other men. They pass to the spirit world, and until they reform they are as great liars there as they were here—hence the necessity of the warning: "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God"—that is, use your own reason, and if a spirit tells you anything that looks at all doubtful, criticize it closely, as you would if it came from an inhabitant of this mundane sphere. If it will not bear candid criticism, throw it aside. Listen to whatever is said, but always reserve to yourself the right to criticize everything, whether it comes from a spirit in the form, or out. The more closely you criticize truth the brighter does it shine.

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good"—that is, do not reject every good thing because you find some things that look bad to you. The man who refuses to hold any communication with his fellow-man because somebody once told him a lie, has just the same amount of reason on his side as he who opposes Spiritualism because lying spirits sometimes tell what is not true. I have heard men argue that it is impossible for spirits to talk with men, when the best, and, in fact, the only reason they could give, would be to tell what some "lying spirit" had said. A strange way to prove their point, to quote what a spirit did say in order to prove that spirits cannot say anything! as if one were to argue that man does not possess the faculty of language, and cite in proof a falsehood uttered by some noted liar.

I hardly know how one dare possess a belief in the Bible, and not believe in spirit-intercourse. Saint Paul was a Spiritualist. He saw spirit lights and heard spirit voices; he listened to the words of instruction spirits gave; he was guided by their counsels, and aided by their power. Saint Peter, too, was a Spiritualist, a strong physical medium, and when the persecutors of Spiritualism bound him and cast him into prison, spirits came and set him free. The chains that bound him down were unloosed, the fetters that held him fast were broken, the prison doors were opened, and he, rejoicing, went his way.

B. S. CASWELL.

[NOTE.—The quotation from 1 John iv: "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of God," we think wrongly interpreted. The "spirits" in that passage are not persons that have departed this life, but living teachers. This is evident from the context, and particularly for the reason given for the injunction—namely: "Many false prophets were abroad in the world." This would be no reason at all, unless the spirits to be "tried" were false prophets, or teachers, still in the world. In verses 5 and 6, these "spirits" are contrasted with the brethren of the writer. "They are of the world"—"we are of God."

The text may serve to confound the opponents of spiritual investigations; but its efficiency as a weapon of defense will depend upon the ignorance of the party against whom it is employed. Whether real spirits will lie, depends on the other hand, very much upon the character of him who communes with them. In this field, it is most strictly true that we reap as we sow.]

Laws and Systems.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

"Help Yourselves."

MR. EDITOR: In your paper of Oct. 12, and under the above heading, a correspondent—Mr. Hermann Studer—put forward some well-timed and cogent remarks in connection with that all-important question of self-reliance, i.e., that semi-embryonic element in the human soul, which, when properly developed, prompts mankind to "help themselves." Now, while heartily endorsing Mr. Studer's views, I desire to call the earnest attention of my brother workmen—the toiling millions, who are alone the wealth-producers of the world—to the necessity for at once commencing a higher order of cultivation, designed to ultimate in a more perfect development of those elements of self-reliance, or "help yourselves" philosophy, so positively essential in properly comprehending the following simple, but immutable propositions.

First: All mental and physical workers should speedily learn, if not already conscious of the fact, that their elevation and improvement, in a moral, religio-spiritual, and pecuniary point of view, depends solely upon themselves! Inasmuch as all those assuming to be above them—as a consequence of wealth, power, or chance, not merited, governing stations—clearly comprehend the necessity for strenuously preventing a greater augmentation of their numbers. Therefore, all those desirous of attaining higher successive standpoints of moral and spiritual culture, while similarly ameliorating their material relations in life, must individually cultivate the faculties of self-reliance and self-interest—I allude to that genuine and truly ennobling self-interest, which, in benefiting one being, profits his neighbor as well—as the only means of effecting these desirable ends.

Secondly: Every member of that mighty army of too long down-trodden and too poorly remunerated workers must heroically resolve to banish from his or her heart all those big-

oted, intolerant, and anti-fraternal views or opinions, be they of a political, social, or religious tendency, which have so long divided the toiling millions into antagonistic parties, sects, and strangely unspiritualized creeds; thereby wholly paralyzing the earnest and unswerving labors of the few bold, dauntless spirits, who have ever sought to harmonize the many discordant and conflicting elements in man's nature; thus securing a speedy triumph for those principles of unity and fraternal action, or oneness of purpose, alone potent enough to insure the advent of that reign of rational equality, when real merit, coupled with superior intellectual acquirements, shall alone procure high preferment, either in public or private life—a glorious reign of honesty, capability, and widespread justice to all.

Thirdly: The working people, of all degrees, classes, and creeds, must thoroughly learn that the election of capable men, from their own ranks, as municipal, state, and national legislators, judges, etc., etc., will alone secure to them such rights and privileges as common justice demands. They must learn, also, to hurl such recipients of their suffrage from power, and condemn them to a long season of repentance, the moment those public functionaries forget to work for the real advancement of their constituents.

Thus I might go on enumerating the various modes and practical ways in which the working classes could permanently improve both their spiritual and temporal condition, until I had filled page after page; but what do these mere word disquisitions profit, unless the toiling millions evince a willingness to try the experiment of helping themselves!

To insure success, the pointing out of the ways and means, in which the millions may ameliorate their condition in life, must be met with an irrevocable resolve to effectually try what virtue there is in the apparently simple proposition, "Help yourselves!" or, in other words, when the people have earnestly determined upon taking an active part in their own reformation!—of individually helping themselves, in accordance with the immutable principles of "justice to all!" then the moral, political, social, and religious skies will flash with rays of living light, more hopefully promising than has ever before gladdened the eyes of the earnest, untiring, and ever-working few who have ministered at the altars of Truth; those dauntless spirits who have dedicated their lives to the holy cause of elevating, refining, and blessing the entire brotherhood of man!

FORWARD.

QUINCY, Ill., Oct. 20, 1861.

For the Herald of Progress.

Reform in Instruction.

A thorough education of our youth is without doubt one of the principal safeguards of the public welfare, one of the surest guaranties for peace, order, wealth, and virtue at home, and a noble and honorable reputation abroad.

We boast of possessing a complete system of school instruction. I am of a different opinion. In my eyes, our system of education is full of defects and fundamental errors.

Not only do our schools generally lack a developing method, pursuing, for the most part, a mere exterior, superficial training in words and forms, but they are especially deficient in moral and religious discipline, important as this is for a harmonious culture. They even exclude this department of education, and abandon it to the various religious sects. Is it then to be wondered at, that our citizens present so equivocal an aspect in their moral and religious character, before the rest of the civilized world?

All this should be changed. If the schools lack discipline, morality, and religion, they are defective in the foundation of all education, and so long we cannot expect more from our system of public instruction than the manufacturing of one-sided intellectual virtuosi.

In this respect we are greatly behind-hand, and herein I detect the principal cause of the present angry national struggle.

Had the youth of our country been educated for the past eighty years in pure morality and pure religion, affairs would be much better with us, both North and South. Slavery would have gradually disappeared, and true principles of humanity would now prevail throughout the Union. Indeed, what is the present desperate struggle but the just consequence and punishment of wrong moral and religious development on both sides, North and South? If the North were morally stronger and religiously better trained, would its watchword be "The Union and the property of the Union?" or rather would it not be the progressive ideas: "LIBERTY AND HUMANITY?"

If the American people would not fall like former nations, who were not planted on the foundation of humanity, they must not take moral and religious instruction at the hands of sectarian priests. They must take instruction into their own hands, that is, deliver it over to the common schools, so that it may really be in the control of the people.

Moreover, every public teacher should become a teacher of morals and religion, not by Bible and Catechism, but Nature and Man should be studied as they are, in the light of pure reason, so that their pupils may become familiar with natural, moral, and religious laws, and able to obey them at every juncture in life.

No amount of talking, writing, or preaching, will avail, if we do not commence our work at the source of all discipline. When priesthoods desire to change the customs of a people, or their habits of thought and action, they cunningly take possession of the schools. Why have the Jesuits so mighty an influence over the minds of the people in nearly all

lands? I will tell you. These inexorable religious despots, who are secretly undermining, like moles, even now, the structure of the Union, accomplish their ends by monopolizing the moral and religious instruction of youth.

We must follow their method. Let us control and reform the schools, introducing into them sound, rational, and natural methods of discipline, for the HEART as well as the intellect, so that honesty, probity, and simple truth may be inculcated and a true morality and religion come to prevail. Then it will spread through families and neighborhoods, and finally through the larger circles of the States and the Union. Thus may we hope for the realization of a true universal democracy, because the entire people will then stand intellectually, morally, and religiously, upon the same platform of uniform and harmonious culture.

If we neglect to do this, then all our exultation will amount to nothing; for our fate will be like that of that narrow, bigoted, and self-righteous people, the ancient Jews; that is, we shall, like them, be ruined by becoming factious and disunited; perhaps even at some future day dispersed throughout the world; for eternally true are the words of a great poet and prophet: "THE WORLD'S HISTORY IS THE WORLD'S JUDGMENT." JEREMY CRAFT.

The True Religion of the Bible.

NUMBER SEVEN.

REPLY TO GERRIT SMITH.

Continued from HERALD No. 83.

My last article closed in the midst of a host of thoughts, reflections, and arguments, bearing on the penal or retributive spirit of "the true religion," which I was compelled to omit for the want of space. I therefore propose, with your indulgence, to devote another brief article to this subject, in which I will endeavor to compress my thoughts into the least space and most abstract statement of which the several points will admit.

I alluded in my last to the Christian method of disposing of the wicked after they have been "called to judgment" and "given an account for the deeds done in the body." One or two thoughts relative to the destination or "reward of the righteous," also, I feel inclined to suggest. The future home of the "well-done" servant is to be a "house of many mansions"—rather solitary, however, for the want of inhabitants, as "few there be that find it." Now, the Christian's heaven, being a "house," or "golden city" (Rev. iii: 7), must have a substantial foundation—a "terra firma" to rest upon. Assuming this to be in the nearest fixed star (Sirius), it must require a hundred thousand years to reach it. And yet it is, according to the Bible of "the true religion," and Christian writers, generally within hailing distance of the great "bottomless pit"—as Lazarus and Dives conversed from one to the other—so that our eyes are to be constantly pained with the sight, and our ears eternally stunned with the heart-rending wailings of our friends lost by "breaking one of the least of these commandments." This being the character of the Christian paradise, or paradise of "the true religion," I have but little choice between their heaven and their hell, as no man or woman, "with a heart to feel," could be happy for a moment in the most beautiful Eden of bliss while a single human being was suffering the torments of hell, and most especially such a hell as Christians imagine. The heaven of "the true religion" may, therefore, be regarded as something like the Irishman's horse, "very hard to catch (or reach,) and of no value when caught." Though, according to the popular orthodox preaching, during the long reign of Christianity preceding the dawn of science and civilization, the wailing agonies of lost friends writhing in unutterable woe, is rather calculated to enhance than to destroy or diminish the happiness of the elect in the celestial abodes. In proof of this statement, I will quote from two of the most popular Christian divines, of less than two centuries ago: "The happiness of the elect (says Rev. Mr. Emmons,) will, in part, consist in witnessing the torments of the damned in hell; and among these may be their own children, parents, husbands, wives, and friends. * * While the decree of reprobation is externally executing on the vessels of wrath, the smoke of their torments will be eternally ascending in the view of the vessels of mercy, who, instead of taking part of these miserable objects, will say: Amen! hallelujah! praise the Lord!" (See Emmons' Sermons.)

Again, in the Rev. Jonathan Edwards' "Practical Sermons," we are told that: "They (the elect) will not be sorry for the damned; it will cause no uneasiness or dissatisfaction to them, but, on the contrary, when they see this sight, it will occasion rejoicing, and excite them to joyful praises."

Now, who will not blush to be called a Christian, after this exhibition of "the true religion"? For what other inference is possible from these extracts from popular Christian authors, but that Christian saints become transformed into demons either before or after their entrance into the celestial abodes? Otherwise they could not behold unmoved, or, rather, could not be moved to "rejoice" by beholding millions of their fellow-beings—"their own children, parents, husbands, wives," &c.—in never-ending, ineffable misery and agony; eternally goaded with raving torments. Nothing less than a heart of adamant would be adequate to this task. No unbeliever, no infidel, no "natural man," could witness such a sight for a moment without being shocked and moved to excessive weeping. We have a well-authenticated story of a father's feelings being

so powerfully wrought upon, on learning that his son had been, for some misdemeanor, publicly exposed to the lash by the city authorities, that it had the effect to drive his "reason from her throne," and make him a raving maniac. But Christians tell us that our Heavenly Father, instead of being distracted, or even moved to pity, by such scenes, looks on the punishment of his children to all eternity with perfect composure, indifference, and even complacency.

Bacon's remark seems appropriate: "We may as well have no God as to hold unworthy views of God (such as above exhibited); for to conceive him to be what he is not, is to put an idol in his place"—which, putting this and that together, is tantamount to saying: "Christianity is a system of idolatry."

In the preceding article I quoted authorities to show that the doctrine of future endless punishment was an invention and contrivance of the priests of ancient Greece and Egypt, to serve as an auxiliary means of governing the multitude. Suffer me to quote a little farther and more directly, upon this point. Augustine, in his "City of God" (Book iv.) says: "Princes, under the name of religion, persuaded the people those things were true, which they themselves knew to be idle fables—by this means, for their own ease in government, tying them the more closely to civil society." The celebrated Roman historian, Livy, pronounced it to be "A most efficacious means of governing an ignorant and barbarous populace" [Hist. i: p. 19.] Seneca says: "Those things which make the infernal regions terrible—the darkness, the prison, the river of flaming fire, the judgment-seat, &c., are all a fable, with which the poets amuse themselves, and by them agitate us with vain terrors."

A still more ancient writer—Timæus the Locrian—a Pythagorean, remarks: "For as we sometimes cure the body with unwholesome remedies, when such as are most wholesome produce no effect, so we restrain those minds with false stories which will not be persuaded with the truth." Many other writers might be quoted to the same effect, if we had space, and it were needed. From all which we learn:

1st. That the notion of a hell, or future punishment, was an invention of the ancient pagan priests.

2d. That it was concocted for the purpose of scaring weak and ignorant-minded persons into loyal submission to priests and princes; and,

3d. That the honor of its invention, or discovery, is awardable to heathen mythology, and not to Christian revelation—it existing in several pagan systems long prior to the advent of Christianity. We have an abundance of history to prove that the notion existed in India and Egypt at least several thousand years anterior to the birth of Christ; whence it was transferred to Greece; and at a still later period was borrowed by Christ and his apostles, and incorporated into the Christian system. The hell of the ancient Persians was a more reasonable thing, and for a more reasonable purpose. It was to serve the double or twofold end of punishing and purifying. Fire they held to be the most effectual mode of purifying either body or soul. And hence the candidate for endless bliss was baptized with fire (and the Holy Ghost, too,) in this life, while "the wayward and disobedient were punished, purged, and purified" with fire in the next life. After which he was admitted through the "pearl gates" into the golden city of paradise. Even the great "prince of darkness" himself, it was held, would, after the lapse of 14,000 years, become sufficiently renovated by the fires (of his own kindling,) to be allowed to emerge from his fiery prison, and ascend up into the mansions of "the just made perfect." And hence it will be observed that the Persio-pagan doctrine of hell-fire was a hundredfold more reasonable, sensible, and humane, than that of the "true religion," or Christianity.

I will here drop the line of history and close with a few remarks and suggestions relative to the stultifying absurdities and evil influences of the Christian doctrine of endless punishment.

1st. I have already suggested that "the remedy is worse than the disease," and I will here illustrate the statement by an anecdote: A boy, on being told, by his mother, that God would punish him eternally for swearing, replied, "Why, mother, that would be worse than swearing."

2d. The doctrine of future, or post mortem punishment, has been so long and so universally taught throughout both Christendom and Paganism, and the belief in its results so thoroughly dyed or interwoven into the web and woof of all our institutions, that I observe that even many who claim to be reformers still hold to the notion of punishment of some kind in another life, to be meted out to the wicked—a belief which entirely overlooks the true nature and causes of evil, which is simply the effect or result of the operation of a complex system of natural laws. What are generally termed wicked actions, are simply the eruption of the disturbed, unbalanced mental elements, as natural, and as inevitable, and as beneficially renovating in their effects, as volcanic eruptions. They are as useful (morally speaking) in the way of removing morbid secretions from the body politic, and thus purifying the moral atmosphere, as boils and other epidermis secretions are useful in the way of rectifying, and purifying, and rendering healthy the physical body. And the work of the philosopher is to aid in removing the causes, and not the effects. It may be laid down as a philosophical axiom, that no man possesses the power to generate his own thoughts, form his own belief, or control the machinery of his own actions. Because he is, to all intents and purposes, a machine, mov-

ing only as he is moved, acting only as he is acted upon, by either external or internal forces, or both combined. How unphilosophical, therefore, is the doctrine of unequalled human accountability, either with respect to action or belief, as taught in every chapter and nearly every text of "the true religion."

3d. The consignment of man to endless perdition would amount to a tacit acknowledgment, on the part of the great "master mechanic," or artist, that the human machine is a failure—has failed to answer the purpose intended. It makes him virtually say, "The creation of man is a provoking botch. I am very sorry I made him," ("it repented him that he had made man,"—Gen. vi: 6.) "and now I will give vent to my chagrin, mortification, and spite, by thrusting him into unending flames of 'unquenchable fire.'"

4th. God "wills not the death of a sinner, but that all should be saved." Having, then, the will to save all, the failure must be attributed to the want of power. And thus omnipotence ceases to be omnipotent, or God to be almighty.

5th. Again, the Christian world glory in considering themselves free agents, which, so far from being true, they are, to my comprehension, the veriest slaves. For how can a man be free who is virtually driven into heaven, or forced into it as a refugee from a devouring enemy—who seeks it merely as a means of escape from the jaws or claws of a "roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." It is the climax of absurdity to talk of being a "free agent" while chased by an all-devouring, ferocious, and fire-vindictive devil—that is, while his fire-proof and fire-threatening Satanism is employed by our loving "Father of mercies" as a hound-dog to frighten him into paradise.

6th. And we have the ludicrous absurdity presented us, in "the true religion," of the Creator allowing a being of his own creation to come in as a rival claimant for the best portion of his "heritage." Had the claims or rivalry of King Satan been restricted to the lower orders or department of creation, the absurdity would be less glaring and less in magnitude. But no! he is permitted to rob the almighty, omnipotent Creator, of not only the best portion, but of the greater portion of the work of his own hands—of beings he had created "for the purpose of his own glory." And thus Christianity, or "the true religion," levels down the character of the great omnipotent "creator of unnumbered worlds" to that of a mere bantam or prize-fighter in a contest in which he is badly worsted.

7th. It is another remarkable doctrine taught us by "the true religion," that Satan, though a "fallen angel," "bound fast in chains of darkness," chained and "cast down into the bottomless pit," should still retain the absolute dominion over one entire world, in which is situated the "kingdom of darkness," and not only so, but unlimited power and jurisdiction over other worlds which God had created specially for his own use—that is, his dominion is greater than that of the power that chained him.

8th. And it may be observed that it requires, by the system of "the true religion," a twofold power—a kind of double leverage to get Christians into heaven, (that is, the "few" that are saved,) viz: the coaxing invitation of the Father, "Come unto me, all ye ends of the earth," &c., and the devil-driving pressure from behind of the "unwearied adversary," who pursues the Christian candidate for immortality, or "seeker for the kingdom," roaring on his track like a lion.

Thus, with the combined exertions of two omnipotent powers—one in front, the other in the rear—a "few" (the "elect") succeed in reaching "the kingdom." What strong proclivities to damnation a Christian must possess, that it should require two omnipotent powers to save him!

9th. Another egregious absurdity of "the true religion" and one inculcating a principle not less demoralizing than absurd, is that of its damning the saint and saving the sinner. It assures us, that a man or an outlaw, more properly speaking, after leading a life of the most flagrant and revolting crime, has only to ask forgiveness ("ask and ye shall be forgiven") to be received up into glory; while on the other hand, the virtuous, moral man, who has strewn his whole life with acts of virtue, kindness, and practical goodness; if his creed happens to fall a little short, in the "hour of judgment" is turned over into perdition, where there shall be weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. The Christian world now exhibit much evidence of the practically demoralizing effects of these doctrines which are still alive.

10th. Did I hold the doctrine of future endless punishment, as taught by "the true religion," I would never be a father; nor can any Christian, in my view, consistently be a father or a parent; for the chances are much against the salvation of his offspring. The probabilities, as disclosed by the teachings of the Bible of "the true religion," are that the child will be lost; for "broad is the road which leads to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat." Now I would never have any agency in bringing beings into existence attended with the thousand or hundredfold danger or liability of being consigned to endless misery. And I therefore conclude that no man can, while ruled by the impulses of his higher, his nobler, his better nature, be both a Christian and a father. It looks to me impossible to possess the affection of a parent and the belief of a Christian as inculcated by his "true religion."

11th. I therefore do not, in view of this and many other objectionable features of Christianity, or "the true religion," wish my name to descend to posterity as a Christian. I prefer simply to be called a man.

12th. I may be told that I am mistaken in representing the doctrine of a local hell, and a personal devil as being taught in the Christian Scriptures—that they are mere allegorical figures or spiritual emblems. Hear what one of the ablest and most popular divines of his day, the Rev. Robert Hall, says relative to the latter point—the personality of the devil (which being admitted a local hell follows as a matter of necessity): “If there be no personal devil, the temptation of Jesus must have been a mere vision or tendency to evil. But this would represent Jesus as being corruptible, fallible, weak, and sinful; whereas the Scriptures say he was ‘holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners.’ (Hebrew vii: 26.) We have therefore just the same evidence of the real personality of Satan as of the Holy Spirit, and exactly of the same kind. Both are described by inspired persons, and to both, volitions, purposes, and personal characteristics are ascribed.” Such is the testimony of a very able and very popular expounder of the Christian Scriptures. And it may be added, as previously remarked, that if there is no devil, no hell, there can be no Savior—nothing from which to be saved. Each is an essential pillar or plank in the Christian fabric.

13th. All the foregoing notions and absurdities, which are yet popular in the greater portion of the Christian world, and constitute essential elements or tenets of “the true religion,” should be abandoned as figments of the dark ages long prior to the birth of Christ. They are all, with many others of a similar character, which I have not space to enumerate—borrowed legends of ancient heathenism. And although they are fast dying out, there are few even in the ranks of reformers who have issued their “Declaration of Independence” against them as a whole, or who seem to appreciate fully the immense mischief and direful evils yet flowing in upon the world from the propagation of these dark, bewildering absurdities; and especially that spirit of intolerant proscription which enunciates “Believe or be damned,” yet rife in the Christian world. Bible writers were evidently sometimes under the influence of their better feelings, and sometimes of their propensities—which accounts for both their noble precepts and their bitter invectives. I admire the spirit often exhibited by Jesus. But when he gave utterance to the old Pagan creed-bound proscription, “Believe or be damned,” I cannot conceive that he was under the impulses of his loftiest nature. How different this is from the motto of the harmonial school, which is, “Search all things and believe as you can—as you must.”

The harmonial philosophy fastens no ball and chain to the leg of the investigator—it holds no thought under duress. It plants no pickets or outposts to circumscribe either investigation or belief. It has no “hidden mysteries,” no “mysteries of godliness” sacredly concealed from the eye of the uninitiated. The infidel’s or harmonialist’s Bible is the great volume of Nature. His revelation is the bubbling wells of science—all o’er the fields of nature.” His commentary is his common sense. His temple, his pulpit, is the great rostrum of fact and experience, planted on the “holy mountain” or high arched hill of knowledge; and his ultimate tribunal is the great law of cause and effect, and his judge, the enlightened—the intelligent self—the great “I am” of his own manhood.

“Where’er it may be found,
Whether on Infidel, Christian, or heathen ground,”

I am ever and ardently for truth.
HARVEYSBURG, OHIO. K. GRAVES.

CONCLUDING REPLY TO MR. SMITH.

NUMBER EIGHT.

BROTHER DAVIS: I have concluded, as I suspect that you and some of your readers have also, that my reply to Mr. Smith is becoming rather prolix, especially that portion (including most of my last three articles) which relates to the threatening and coercive spirit and policy of Christianity—which I have dwelt upon for the purpose of showing that, despite the virtue of love as a boasted element of the Christian religion, it is characterized by a spirit of intimidation, coercion, and vindictiveness, which pervades the whole system of “the true religion,” from St. Matthew to St. John the Revelator, and really constitutes the great central wheel or pivot on which the whole system revolves, and is the great motive power which drives Christians into heaven and sinners into the church, thus evincing “the true religion” to be one of fear rather than of love.

Brother Simonds takes me to task for denouncing Christianity the “true religion.” But surely if he had read the whole of my reply, he would have perceived that the phrase “true religion” is borrowed from Mr. Smith, and that the very purpose of my essays was to show that Christianity is not the “true religion,” as Mr. Smith inappropriately terms it. The “misnomer” originated with Mr. Smith, and not with me, and Brother Simonds must settle the matter with him. Now I propose to show, in this essay, that so far from being “the true religion,” or “a true religion,” it avowedly originated in falsehood—or at least has been sustained and propagated by falsehood from its earliest existence—that its very founders and propagators openly confess and plead guilty to this charge. Instead of adopting the motto long since chosen by the infidel world—“the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth”—it is a sad and lamentable fact, if any reliance can be placed upon their own ecclesiastical histories, besides the open avowals upon “the pages of inspiration” itself, that the authors and the advocates of both the Jewish and Christian religions have

had recourse to falsehood to promote their respective systems of “Divine Revelation.”

They seem, primarily, to have adopted, and ever since practically acted upon the conclusion, or policy, that “the end justifies the means,” while descending, according to their own confessions, to the most absolute abandonment of truth and the adoption of downright fraud and falsehood as justifiable modes of furthering the ends and advancing the propagation of those “soul-saving religions,” while the Gentiles, the Infidels, or “world’s people,” as Christians style all outside of the Christian church, have ever maintained that a religion, based on fraud and falsehood, or sustained and propagated by such means, so far from being the “true religion,” is essentially pernicious, and should be, and is, in the very nature of truth, doomed to destruction. And more especially is it true of the Christian religion—the only true religion, according to Mr. Smith’s lecture on Miracles, (though I perceive, in a more recent lecture of his, on “The Religion of Reason,” published in No. 85 of the HERALD, that he has been taking lessons in the school of the Positive Philosophy, and is consequently making rapid strides out of the mists and myths of his “true religion,” into the broad ocean of truth.)—I say it is especially true of the Christian religion, and it is with feelings of sadness and sorrow that I make the unwilling announcement and proceed to adduce some proof of the allegations that it has ever been a settled policy with its founders and propagators, commencing with its “inspired prophets,” and continued by Paul, and even Christ himself, and imitated ever since by their disciples, to lie and deceive whenever (as was not unfrequently the case) they became persuaded that such a course was better calculated to promote the “glory of God” and the cause of the “true religion,” than a rigid adherence to truth, candor, and honesty could do.

Recurring back to Jewish history (the case has already been cited in a previous article, of God himself being represented as lying through the mouths of the prophets (see 1 Kings xxii) And Jeremiah virtually prefers a still higher charge against Jehovah, viz.: that of his lying direct with his own lips—“Wilt thou be altogether to me as a liar?” (Jer. xv: 8); “Oh Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I am greatly deceived.” (Jer. xx: 7.) And then Ezekiel caps the climax by representing him as openly confessing to the sin of lying or deception—“If a prophet is deceived, I, the Lord, deceived that prophet.” (Ezek. xiv: 9.) Now deception and lying being synonymous, at least convertible terms, it follows that the great “God of truth,” who is to “lead out of all error into all truth,” stands here charged with stooping to falsehood and then owning up to it. And thus God is made to acknowledge that he stood at the head of the whole business of lying and deception, so rampant in the religious transactions of that age, and clearly traceable on nearly every page of religious and ecclesiastical history since that period. And surely if God lies, man may—as we are only required to be “perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect.” (Matt. vii: 35.)

Descending the line of history, we arrive at the Christian system, and here we find, as I have before stated, the same fraudulent and deceptive policy pursued in the cause of “the true religion,” which we have just shown to exist in the Jewish religion. Even the great author and founder of this system, Jesus Christ—he in whose mouth we are told “no guile was ever found,” and who was “without sin,”—is reported by his own friends and interested biographers as “departing from the truth” and having recourse to falsehood. Lest, however, it may seem to savor too much of the nature of blasphemy, and perhaps offend the veneration of some of my good readers to accuse the Christian Savior with lying, I will take back the charge and merely submit the facts in the case, and leave the reader to judge and decide for himself how far such an accusation is warranted or can be sustained. The case I have special reference to is John’s report of Christ’s attendance at the feast in Jerusalem. He (Christ) is made to say, “Go ye up to the feast, I go not up.” (John vii: 8.) But the context shows that he did go. And our translators—the translators of the common version—in order to conceal or smooth over the apparent falsehood, have themselves had recourse to fraud and dishonesty in translating the text. Instead of making it read “I will not go up,” the true rendering, they have adopted the peculiar soft, and senseless, and ambiguous phraseology, “I go not up,” which Mr. Griesbach, a more honest translator, has shown to be wrong, and has given it the true rendering, “I will not go up.” Now it appears to me, as the case thus stands, that one of two conclusions is inevitable:

1st. Either that Christ falsified by declaring he would not go to the feast, when he intended to go, and knew he would go, and thus, by becoming guilty of practical falsehood, descended to the lowest standpoint of human imperfections, and evinced the most base-born manifestations of a misdirected mind; or else,

2d. That he was so far characterized by human fickle-mindedness, or short-sightedness, as not to foresee that he would change his mind after declaring he would not go up to the feast. In either case his promises were not reliable, and in either case his divinity or deityship stands impeached.

As for Paul, he pleads guilty, in open court, to the charge of lying, and glories in the act. “For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged a sinner?” (Romans iii: 7.) Here “the chiefest of the apostles” seems to assume that if he lies for the glory of God, or the “truth of God,” he is not to be judged or

adjudged a sinner, which is virtually saying, “the end sanctifies the means,” and that we may “do evil, that good may come of it”—a flat denial of one of his own precepts. And then we must either conclude that the “inspired Paul” was at the time under the influence of the devil, or else that there is another parental author of falsehood, besides his serpentine or satanic majesty, who is elsewhere declared in the pages of “Holy Writ” to be the “father of lies.” And this “chiefest of the apostles,” or “chief of sinners,” presents us with a still further practical exhibition of the same spirit, in his boast to the Corinthians, that he had caught them with guile—“Being crafty, I caught you with guile,” (2d Cor. xii: 16.) Now here we have before us a man and an “inspired apostle,” held up by the Christian world as an exemplar, or model, of virtue and goodness, and as a perfect representative of the “true religion,” and as an illustrious example, a paragon of practical truth and righteousness, worthy to be imitated by the whole world, and the principal writer and expounder of “the only soul-saving religion ever revealed to mankind,” this man, with these exalted claims, besides the claim of being inspired at the fountain-head of immaculate purity, openly and boldly confesses to being addicted to the use of shameless fraud, falsehood, and deception, (the lowest manifestations of “depraved” human nature) for the promotion of the “true and living gospel.” Desiring only truth, if this is an overdrawn picture, or is not a fair presentation of the matter, I stand ready to be corrected. Now if God is to be, or may be considered a personification or embodiment of “truth,” then I hold myself in readiness to show that some of the professors or votaries of other “pagan religions,” “got nearer to God” (Mr. Smith to the contrary, notwithstanding,) than ever Christian Paul did.

Had we time and space to follow down the line of history, we should soon observe that the precedents or examples, which we have pointed out in both the Old and New Testaments, of a resort to “guile” and “lying” to further the ends of religion, have not been without their practical effects upon the Christian world. The stream or scheme of fraud and deception, starting from the (assumed) fountain of Bible inspiration, grew deeper and broader, until it seemed to become a fixed and established system of means for the promotion and dissemination of the gospel of “the true religion,” as two or three brief quotations from the earliest, ablest, and most popular writers of the Christian Church will show. Mosheim, a standard ecclesiastical writer, and one of the most zealous defenders of the Christian faith, tells us: “It was an almost universally adopted maxim (in and prior to his time) that it was an act of virtue to deceive and lie, when by such means the interests of the Church might be promoted.”—Mosheim, vol. 1, p. 198. These are his exact words, excepting those in the parenthesis. In his fourth volume he puts forth this similar declaration: “It was held an act of virtue to deceive and lie for the interests of the Church.” He, however, makes this qualification elsewhere, which contradicts the foregoing statement—that, “If among the causes of the propagation of Christianity, there is any place due to pious frauds, it is certain they merit a very small part of the honor of having contributed to this glorious purpose, since they were practiced by few, and that very rarely.” This statement of Father Mosheim does not exactly tally with our first quotation from him, that: “it was an almost universally adopted maxim, that it was an act of virtue to deceive and lie.” “Almost universally,” and “by few,” are hardly harmonious phrases. The former best agrees with the testimony of the learned Mr. Higgins, than whom, perhaps, no writer ever lived who more thoroughly versed in religious history, having devoted nearly half a lifetime to its investigation. He declares: “Great numbers of the priests of every age and of every religion have been guilty of frauds to support their systems, to an extent of which we could have no conception without making the investigation.” He says again: “I am supported in my charge against the priests, of systematic falsehood and fraud, by some of our first divines. In the early ages they not only practiced it, but they reduced it to a system, and they avowed it, and they justified it, by declaring it to be meritorious, if in a good cause. I repeat it was justified by the highest divines in the Church, openly practiced, and, I believe, was never disavowed by any council or authorized body. It is still continued to a greater or less degree.”—Ana., vol. 2, p. 40. And Bishop Burnett, Howitt, and other Christian writers, testify to the same effect. That well known early popular Christian writer, Eusebius, heads the second chapter of the twelfth book of his “Gospel Preparations” thus: “How it may be proper to use falsehood as a medicine, and for the benefit of those who require to be deceived.” Certainly, then, we need be restrained by no squeamish delicacy or mock modesty in preferring the charge of willful falsehood against the Christian world, practiced during the whole period of their history—1800 years—when they thus confess it without any concealment or palliation—and practiced, not merely to promote their own religion, but to disgrace or misrepresent, disparage and put down, other religions. For proof of which charge see Higgins’ Ana., vol. 1, p. 32. In addition to the texts already cited, tending to show that there is “divine” or scriptural authority for the lying, treacherous, and deceiving policy which the Christian world owns it has ever pursued, I will cite one other—that of Paul’s monstrous—not to say blasphemous declaration—as found “inspired” in 2d Thes. ii: 11, that God himself virtually lied by deluding men into the

acceptance of falsehood for truth, in order that he might damn them. If this is not the *me plus ultra* of blasphemy, I can hardly conceive any legitimate use for the word. Let not Christians rehearse the names of Paine and Voltaire as blasphemers, or that of Robespierre as a synonym of wickedness, while they deify or canonize the author of this—may I say infamous—declaration. For it exceeds anything for ignominious calumny upon the divine character I have anywhere found, either in infidel literature or “heathen mythology”—a declaration, too, which constitutes part of Brother Smith’s “true religion,” from which, I am gratified to say, his recent lecture evinces he is rapidly “seceding.” If, as John tells us, “all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone” (Rev. xxi: 8), what fearful apprehensions must have possessed the minds of the cotemporary friends of Peter and Paul—I will not include Jesus Christ—relative to their *post mortem* fate, especially the former, who occasionally “let off” in both swearing and lying (for proof, see Matt. xxvi).

I will dismiss this unpleasant theme by a quotation from a Christian writer, illustrating the moral value of such “divine revelations” as we have been exhibiting, and the reliability, or rather, unreliability of the testimony of those who were “inspired” to pen them. “It is difficult,” says an English Christian writer (Nimrod), “to estimate facts delivered under circumstances which deprive the testimony of all moral value—where falsehood is not an accident, but a property of the speaker’s character, and is not the error of a moment, or the property of an individual, but an organic system.”

For truth and a truthful religion,
HARVEYSBURG, OHIO. K. GRAVES.

P. S.—To those readers of the HERALD who have written me privately, desiring me to continue my contributions, so far, at least, as to make good my promise to show that “there is nothing new or superior in Christianity” compared with other religions, I desire to say that I may do so at some future time, when the contribution-drawer of the HERALD shall cease to groan under its present burden. And if not, in my forthcoming work: “The History of sixteen Crucified Saviors who lived and figured anterior to the time of Jesus Christ,” this subject will be elaborately treated, and every doctrine, miracle, and precept of Christianity be shown to be a “thrice-told tale.” K. G.

Brotherhood.

“Let no man call God his Father
Who calls not man his brother.”

For the Herald of Progress.

The True Religion.

BY I. REHN.

As the earth responds to the warm glow of the solar ray, and yields its increase in due season, so does the soul of man respond to the warm glow of the spiritual sun, by which the springs of its action are invigorated, and its tendrils shoot forth to clasp in a blest atonement those beautiful affections which flow down from the throne of God to fructify the moral vineyard of the inner life.

True religion is an element of the soul—a part and parcel of its nature—and is to it what the blood is to the body. It is its Shekinah, upon the threshold of which are sitting, each hour of our life, both hope and faith; and however rude and unpolished may be the surroundings, yet, when unsoiled by the falsities of school divinities, invests the spiritual atmosphere with a savor acceptable to the pure in heart, wherever found.

I think it was Swedenborg who said that he saw a truth let down from heaven, and it became a lie. To what else could he have referred than to this inborn element, cotemporary with human existence, and eternal as God himself? What has become so great a lie, and what so shamefully caricatured, as this principle, in all that pertains to human welfare? What has so desolated the earth—swept over its green surface like a devouring pestilence, marking its fearful track with devastated cities, wasted empires, and hecatombs of slain?

In the battle of sects it would seem that God had well-nigh forsaken his children, and given over to the angel of ruin and discord the reins of dominion; that the earth had become a vast arena in which pious gladiators met in the insulted name of God to glut their sanguinary spirits in deeds of cruelty. Nothing can exceed the bitterness and fury of fighting sects. In them are concentrated all the savage ferocity of the tabled devil; the rack, the wheel, and the fagot are their engines of sport, and the groans of the dying victims are sweet music in their ears!

Thus it was for two hundred years from 1096, at which time the Crusades were commenced, under the auspices and promptings of that great and eloquent enthusiast, Peter the Hermit. During the turbulence of those fearful times, it is estimated that not less than three millions of human beings perished! But it is needless to particularize. The long history of the race is, in each page, stained over with the records of bloody deeds inspired by religious zeal, all of which serve to show how deeply-rooted in the human breast is that sentiment which could thus drive men to such fearful issues, and to show, also, how great is the necessity for its proper direction. Unfortunately, too, these religious feuds were not confined to the past, but in a more modified form present their ugly brazen front in our day. And thus each sect is ready to fight until the last drop of its blood is spent in the propagation of its *ism*, and with its

“Holy text of pile and gun”

thunder forth its “Anathema maranatha,” till the old earth reels with her intoxicated pietists, who go about spreading the love of God with fire and flame, and

“Prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks.”

The soul shrinks when it looks back upon the bloody footprints of the past, whose dripping holocausts come streaming over the ages like frightful nightmares made real by actualization.

In all time the sects seem to have acted as though Deity had taken them under his especial care, and that all others were but outside barbarians, fit only to be plundered and butchered in this world, and damned to all eternity in the next. The Jews were “God’s chosen people!” Emphatically his people. He rained bread upon their heads, fought their battles, directed their movements, and discomfited their enemies. Moses says (Exodus xv): “The Lord is a man of war. The Lord is his name. Thy hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed the enemy in pieces.”

The Mahomedans, imitating their illustrious predecessors, were not exempt from the same pious zeal for “the true religion,” always ready to “come up to the help of the Lord.” Mahomed says (Koran, latter part of chapter entitled: “The Cave”): “We will assemble all of them when the trumpet shall sound: then will we open hell to the wicked, and to such as would neither see nor hear the Alcoran.”

The Chief in the Chinese rebellion, in his address to the residents of Hong Kong, exhibits the same idea, viz.: That the Deity favored their arms to the discomfiture of their enemies.

But we shall be told, no doubt, that this is not religion at all that thus sets the hand of man against his brother; and further, that the sects of modern times do not persecute or destroy the lives of their enemies.

We must admit that the Church of the present day does not sanction such atrocious crimes; but it is little less intolerant in its way. It does not build inquisitions of stone, nor wheels of torture, but it fills the air with a spirit of persecution. Each sect has a star-chamber of its own, and its victims are immolated by a poisoned public opinion, which hunts the independent mind as a bloodhound does his prey. They cry Atheist!—Infidel!—Deist!—Agrarian!—Enemy of God!—and employ other pious denunciations, with the view of defaming their reputation and lessening their influence. They point their bony fingers, and wag their empty heads, at all who scorn their harness and their eight-by-ten heaven.

Religion, as popularly understood, is a mere ceremonial symbolism, more a matter to be believed than practiced. If we go to church on Sunday, contribute to the missionary fund, tract society, and expenses of the sect, we shall pass for good pious saints. It does not operate as a redeeming element of human character, by fitting us for the duties of every-day life in such a sense as to practice and propagate the principles of justice, and inculcate the sentiment of the Brotherhood of the race.

But whether all these sad results are religion or not, one thing in my opinion is certain—viz.: That they have their origin in our religious nature; and they demonstrate this great truth, that the nobler the elemental sentiment, the grander and more sublime the power, the more capable it is of lifting us heavenward, when rightly directed, the greater its power for all that we call wicked—of desolation and depravity.

Heaven’s sunlight warms and invigorates all life; so, too, will it parch up the earth, breed pestilence and death. The rain returns to the bosom of Nature to bless her with increase; so, too, does it come as the deluge, and sweep away cities, and the abodes of peace and plenty. The wind fans our heated brows and wafts our merchandise across the seas; so, too, does it chill us to the core, dash our ships against the rocks, and submerge them beneath the waves. The storm and the lightning restore the equilibrium of the disturbed elements; so, too, do they strike terror and death to man. The earth is young, and her harmonies are not perfected. Hence all the attendant evils I have named. Yet, what are all the material powers of inorganic Nature, compared to those divine elements which enter into the constitution of a human soul? If the former, in the angularity of their action, effect destruction, what ought we to expect of the soul’s transcendent power, when, in the angularities of their youth, their purposes are misdirected?

Here, then, we may look for the origin of religion, its forms and ceremonies, of every name and clime; its glory and its shame; its blessings and its curses; its benefactions and its butcheries; all the good deeds which adorn the world’s history; and every crime which in the name of God has scourged the earth.

All religion, therefore, is “true” to its time and the circumstances of it, in one sense; but I wish to make a more exact analysis of the subject, and show, if I can, its nature and relations, with the view of clearing it of the mass of rubbish in which it has been enveloped.

Religion, then, I take to be the expression of certain impulses inhering in man and inseparable from him, the objects of which impulses may be expressed in the following formula:

1st. The existence of a Being, or Principle, which answers to our idea of God.

2d. The continuation of the soul’s existence beyond the present life.

These propositions I regard as axiomatic, and their acceptance give rise to the following necessary relations:

1st. The relation of God to man.

2d. The relation of man to God.

to empty benches and bare walls, instead of to a crowded audience of attentive listeners. Mr. Beecher's most numerous and most enthusiastic hearers and readers are those who value the very portions of his sermons, which, escaping stereotyped revision, loosened from the orthodox "mold," come fresh from the pure fountains of the preacher's soul—a true inspiration. No straight-jackets for the people's preachers now-a-days! We want more, not less freedom.

Another Free Hall.

We find in the *Banner of Light* an interesting account of the dedication, on Saturday, October 26th, of a new Hall on Kelley's Island, near Sandusky, O. The building has been erected at an expense of some \$2,000, by Datus and Sarah Kelley, and is devoted to the Islanders "for the purpose of disseminating useful knowledge in the shape of lectures, preaching, exhibitions, and for social enjoyment." It is not to be used exclusively for any considerable length of time, "for the benefit of any sectarian creed or denomination, if wanted for other purposes; but shall be an open platform for all respectable persons to promulgate their sentiments and convictions of truth, free and unimpeached."

The aim, we believe, is to have it devoted to the moral, intellectual, physical, and social interests of the citizens of the Island. The head, the heart, and the muscle, are all to be cared for; the great object being to furnish the Island with a room suitable for public gatherings of all kinds.

The control of the Hall remains with Mr. and Mrs. Kelley during their natural lives, after which it passes to the heirs, who vest the control in a committee of three, selected for the purpose; but at the end of fifty years it passes into the keeping of the Trustees of the township, who are ever to observe the conditions of the bequest in its use and control.

The dedicatory exercises consisted of instrumental Music (Organ,) by Mr. Huntington. "My Country, 'tis of Thee," by the choir. Reading of the will of Datus and Sarah Kelley, by Mr. Webb. Address by Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin. Remarks by Mr. Willis, of Coldwater, Michigan. National Hymn, a quartette.

Arrest of Mason and Slidell.

One of the most important events of the last few days is the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Rebel Commissioners to England and France.

The capture was effected by Commodore Wilkes, of the San Jacinto, returning from the coast of Africa. At Havana he learned that the rebel emissaries were to leave on the British Mail Steamer Trent for England; and while passing through the Bahama Channel he met the Trent, and sent a force on board and secured the prisoners.

They now represent the rebels at Fort Warren.

An Author's Confession.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in a recent card to the readers of the *Independent*, respecting a story the continuation of which is suspended, acknowledges that—

"It has always been her experience, that a short story once begun, was taken possession of by certain spirits infesting the inkstand, and pulled out and extended in such ways, that the author never could predict where it would go to. * * * Out of the simple history of the little Pearl of Orr's Island, as it had shaped itself in her mind, rose up Captain Kittridge, with his garrulous yarns, and Misses Roney and Ruey, given to talk, and a whole pigeon-roost of yet undreamed-of fancies and dreams, which would insist on being written."

A True Patriot.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Jones, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Perth Amboy, is a native of Charleston, S. C., and was for many years the pastor of an Episcopal Church in Virginia. He has six sons, born in the South, who are all serving in the rebel army of the Potomac. Dr. Jones himself, however, notwithstanding the treason of his children, is a most devoted and thorough-going Union man. He read from his pulpit the recent circular of President Lincoln and Lieutenant-General Scott, asking the loyal women of the country to exert themselves in behalf of the army hospitals, and, after commending the work to his congregation, said, with marked emphasis, that it was peculiarly incumbent on him, who had so many sons fighting to destroy the best and noblest government that the earth ever saw, to do what he could to support that government, and to atone for the wrong done by his children. In conclusion, the reverend doctor, lifting up his hand and voice, exclaimed with energy and feeling: "May the Star-Spangled Banner float in triumph over every part of this land, even though," he added, in a lower tone, "it shall float over the field where my six sons are lying." In view of all the circumstances, we think it would be hard to find on record a higher expression of patriotism than this. It is worthy of the noblest ages of Roman heroism.—*Tribune*.

New Music.

OUR LOST ELLALIE. Song and Chorus. By S. Wesley Martin. Published by H. M. Higgins, 117 Randolph street, Chicago.

This very tender and plaintive melody, after the style of the improved Ethiopian songs, is one of a new set called "Heart Melodies." It belongs to that class of songs which strike most ears pleasantly, and is, therefore, a success.

NEW STAR SPANGLED BANNER. Song and Chorus. Words by Edna Dean Proctor. Music by J. P. Webster. H. M. Higgins, Chicago, Publisher.

It is a bold and somewhat hazardous experiment to present at this time a *New Star Spangled Banner*. But these words would seem to

justify the title, and the music adapted to them by Prof. Webster is proving immensely popular at the West.

We quote one verse of this song for the times:

From prairie, O plowman, speed boldly away,
There's seed to be sown in God's furrows to-day;
Bow lowward, low fisher! stout woodman, come home!
Let smith leave his anvil, and weaver his loom,
And hamlet and city ring loud with the cry:
"For God and our country we'll fight till we die!"

Here's welcome to wounding, and combat, and scars,
And the glory of death for the Stripes and the Stars!

"TREASURED MEMORIES." Composed by R. T. Curtis. Published by H. M. Higgins, 117 Randolph street, Chicago.

We have received from the composer the first and last of a series of six "heart songs," styled, "Treasured Memories."

The words of the first of this series, "Make me a Child again," are by Florence Percy, and familiar to many:

—Backward! turn backward, O Time, in your flight;
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore—
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!"

Mr. Curtis has a faculty of correctly rendering in song the poetry of the affections, and these exquisite lines lose nothing in his hands. The song will have a lasting popularity.

"The Home that I left Long Ago," the last of this series, is a sweet song, that will prove even more generally a favorite than the first. The words are by Mrs. Abby.

THE PRACTICAL SINGING CLASS; Being part first of the "Festival Chimes," a new collection of Secular and Sacred Music, by S. Wesley Martin. Chicago: H. M. Higgins, 117 Randolph street.

We have not yet had time to examine this work critically, but think that to those musically inclined, it would prove attractive. Its publication at this time is indicative of enterprise, and we see no reason why, hereafter our Western friends should not have their own music-books for use in schools, choirs, and glee-clubs, instead of depending upon Boston and New York publications. Certainly, from what we have heard, we judge the western musicians quite as capable of reaching the popular heart through the popular ear.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer is lecturing at Sanson Street Hall, Philadelphia. Miss Lizzie Doten is speaking at Lyceum Hall, Boston. Ephraim D. Ellsworth, father of the late Colonel Ellsworth, has been appointed military store-keeper by the President, but is not yet assigned to duty. J. H. Green, the reformed gambler, is raising a regiment of troops, in Indiana, for the war. H. R. Holper, of North Carolina, author of the "Impending Crisis," has been appointed consul to Buenos Ayres. Hon. J. T. Headley, the historian, is in Washington, collecting material for a history of the present war. He contemplates witnessing the next battle.

BRIEF ITEMS.

—Journalism has made rapid strides within the last few months in Naples. The *Gazzetta di Napoli* was the only daily paper fifteen months ago, and now there are fifteen.

—The German scientific journals tell us that Professor Lamont has nearly brought his researches on terrestrial currents to a close, and has arrived at most remarkable results, having succeeded in proving that electrical currents on the surface of the earth are transmitted in a definite direction, and that a perfect correspondence exists between them and the variations of the magnet. The bearings of the facts established cannot at this moment be accurately estimated, but at all events electrical and magnetic researches will be put upon a new footing by them.

—We have accounts of a devastating prairie fire in the western part of Kansas, sweeping over the greater part of Davis and Dickinson Counties, involving the destruction of fences, grain, hay, utensils, stock, &c. The fire was kept away from Junction City only by the greatest exertions of the citizens. Rumors of loss of life were current.

—The Gloucester Chronicle, of England, announces a singular physico-psychical fact, viz: The death from grief of the Rev. R. Greer, curate in charge of St. Mary de Crypt. He had recently returned from Teignmouth, where he had lost a child, and his wife dying on Thursday, the 15th ultimo, he was so overwhelmed with the double calamity, that he expired on the following Wednesday, leaving five little children.

—A Paris journal tells of Ch. Grandemange, a "calculator," born without arms or legs, who possesses the faculty of solving, with equal rapidity and accuracy, the most complicated arithmetical and geometrical problems. Though of humble birth, uneducated, and deprived of the most indispensable members, he has learned to write with his mouth. At first, he had no clear conception of the means by which he effected his calculations; but he has at last succeeded, after long study, not only in forming a clear idea of his processes, but also in explaining them so as to teach others.

—London covers now 78,029 acres. The London of 1861 is equal to three Londons of 1801; and nearly one million of population has been added to it in the last ten years.

—Provost Judge Freese, of Alexandria, has recently decided, in the case of a drunken soldier, that the culprit might go free if he would authorize the Judge to send all the remainder of his pay to his family at the North. It is understood that this penalty will hereafter be enforced in all trials of intoxicated soldiers.

—At Troy, last week, the workmen in Starbuck's foundry held a meeting in aid of the Sanitary Commission, and contributed one hundred dollars.

—The Marquette Journal says that if all the iron of that region was dug from the earth, it "might almost entertain the apprehension that the earth would lose its balance, and stagger from its orbit."

—An extra of the Western (Ky.) Recorder has just been issued, announcing the suspension of the paper in a strain of fretful dissatisfaction which culminates in the following passage: "We have no plan to suggest; we suppose we will have to wait the indications of Providence in this matter, however annoying and inconvenient."

—Everybody applauded the Sultan when he showed a disposition to abolish the ruinous harem system by no longer keeping so many wives; but an order lately given is in the strongest contrast with the previous indisposition. Abdul Aziz has sent a deputation of the Circassian slaveholders here resident to their native country, to bring him thence 150 young and beautiful girls for his harem.

—There are in Indiana twenty thousand more boys, between the ages of five and twenty-one, than there are girls.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

By the arrival of the steamers Norwegian and Saxonia, we are in possession of European advices to the 7th inst.

—A convention has been signed by England, France, and Spain, for intervention in Mexican affairs. The three Powers are to send to Mexico an equal naval force, while Spain is to send two-thirds of the land force. They will first take possession of Vera Cruz; but it is stipulated between the Powers that no one of them is to occupy the country permanently.

—Monsieur Soloms has been appointed Minister of Belgium to the Court of Turin. This is considered as a recognition of the Kingdom of Italy.

—The frigate Warrior had arrived at Queens-town after a sea-trip, in which she realized the highest expectations. She is said to have reached seventeen knots an hour under steam and canvas.

—A considerable portion of Ireland is again threatened with famine. In the north of the island, the failure of potatoes is more general and complete than in any year since 1846.

—The military occupation of the Swiss valley of the Deppes by French forces still continues.

—The Bank of France has raised its rates of discount to check the alarming export of gold for the purchase of cereals. It is calculated that that country will be compelled to purchase from fifty to sixty million dollars worth of grain before the next harvest.

—Hungary is said to be very unquiet. A recent order from the Emperor to the Austrian chancellor dismissed large numbers of civil officers in various districts and commanded the appointment of new ones more favorable to the imperial authority.

—The finances of Italy are reported to be in a very bad state, and speedy economy necessary to prevent serious disaster.

—Numerous arrests, without any important cause, continue to be reported from Warsaw, while in the Polish provinces, the violence of the soldiers is represented as more terrible than ever.

—The speculation in cotton is going on in England at a tremendous rate, and is beginning to rival the railway mania of 1845. Clergymen, ladies, and lawyers, are said to be the principal speculators, the professional dealers having retired from the field to await the collapse of the bubble.

—The Prince of Wales has been admitted a bencher of the Middle Temple.

For the Herald of Progress.

Shocking Facts at Barnum's Museum.

MR. EDITOR: If you wish to acquire some reliable knowledge of things, both natural and artificial, go to Barnum's immense Museum and Theater. Everything is wonderful, and is capable of imparting valuable instruction.

But there are many intensely curious objects of Nature on exhibition, which must shock the sensibilities of every truly creed-ridden member of this Christian community. For example, where in the Bible can you find any reference to, or the least shadow of authority for believing in the existence of any such semi-human, or super-beastial creature or thing, as the "What is It?" The intelligent animal on which Baalam rode did not bear the remotest resemblance to this bright-eyed, grinning, extra-quadrumanal, whose manners before the Christian multitude are far more natural than scriptural. Mr. Barnum insists upon his question, "What is It?" notwithstanding the injunction that we should not become "wise above (or outside of) what is written." Where in the Bible can the great Showman find any proof that such a creature even now exists? The mischief of the thing is, that, to ignorant or improperly-educated minds, the "What is It?" suggests the possibility of there being some truth in the theory of progressive development—that the Creator, through a series of progressive unfoldments, developed the human family as the flower of the system of Nature.

We, however, find some consolation and biblical indorsement, when looking at the wondrous "Hippopotamus." There are references to something like this creature in the inspired book of Job. It is a scriptural, and, therefore, a canonical object of interest. In his presence we defy the march of atheistic science, and the skeptical insinuations of philosophical minds. The very name of the creature may be found between the lids of the Bible. "Hip." This, the first syllable in his musical name, occurs in Numbers xv: 8, where, speaking of Samson, the writer says, "He smote them hip and thigh." The next syllable, "Po," may be found in many passages in the Old Testament. The well-known river of that name is said to have several "mouths;" but we do not infer from this fact that that river is the "Great Dragon" spoken of in Scripture; and yet who knows? The next syllable, "Pot," also occurs in many passages

of the Old Testament. (See Exod. xvi: 33; Psa. lxxviii: 18 and 81; Jer. i: 13; Zach. xiv: 21.) Thus it is evident that the creature's name is very nearly scriptural. The next letter, "A," may be found in any part of the Hebrew record. And "Mus," the last syllable, is easily made out by dropping the letter "t" at the end of the word must, which is likewise a scriptural phrase. It is, however, quite probable that the proper termination is "muss," from the efforts the ponderous creature put forth to obey his Egyptian keeper. The word "Egyptian" is also to be found in the Old Testament. As the Egyptian keeper fed the *Hip-po-potamus* with corn, so the animal fed with orthodoxical satisfaction. But there is one difficulty which is calculated to disturb any creed-ridden mind, namely, How did this pachydermatous water-elephant get his appropriate fodder, (i. e., dry-land herbs, &c.) during the continuance of Noah's universal flood? There is no proof that this scriptural marvel can live upon sub-marine animals or vegetation. Let Mr. Barnum explain away this serious difficulty, or let the community forthwith indict him, and let him be at once sent as a prisoner to Fort Lafayette.

There is, however, some theological relief to be obtained from the *Aquaria*. In the Scriptures we read of "fish and creeping things," &c. Here, in these beautiful aquaria, the "living things" of river, lake, and ocean, are exhibited, true to Nature and Revelation, and the student of both may be greatly instructed by an examination. There are, also, a variety of natural objects from which valuable lessons may be drawn, and what is better than all, in examining those objects, your belief in Revelation is not shocked.

But this cannot be said when the case of the newly-arrived *Whale* is brought to your attention. Passing the Museum last Wednesday morning, we observed a large display-bulletin announcing his whaleship on exhibition. At first we thought, as we had seen a whale-ship, we would not "go in." On second thought we concluded that, as the monster of the deep was only twenty-one feet long, it would not take a very long time to see him. (We can easily look one foot of whale in thirty seconds, if we have the advantage of a favorable "stand-point.") As we had just a quarter of an hour to spare, we paid a quarter and "went in."

"Is the whale up stairs, sir?" we asked the ticket-taker.

Ticket-taker smiled, and replied: "No, sir. Down stairs."

At once we saw the absurdity of supposing a whale to be above, when it is his nature to roam in the lower regions, through the mysterious realms of "the vasty deep," in New York.

Down we accordingly went to the lowest "place" in Mr. Barnum's Museum. There was the pent-up ocean, in full view. Investigating ladies and gentlemen were promenading; the sandy beach [floor] looking contemptuously upon "the bosom of the deep," which did not seem to yield them much gratification. The first man we saw of much moment, was the keeper of the whale—a Neptune, we suppose, who, with his mysterious trident, swayed the purposes and inclinations of the mighty fish, as a skillful driver regulates the motions of his steed. A column of water was visible in mid-ocean, reaching to the ceiling, which we took to be a "water spout," or a whale spout, but Neptune said it was the North River being pumped by steam into this ocean! We shuddered at the thought that the glory of New York Harbor was so soon to disappear beneath the enchanted depths of the Museum. But Neptune said: "It was Mr. Barnum's way to keep up a tide of living water, somewhat salt, for the health and accommodation of the whale."

"Where is the whale?" we asked.

"He'll be up in a few minutes," said Neptune, "just as soon as I stop the running water."

Men and women on the shore looked anxiously for his whaleship. A young regimental officer approached Neptune and inquired as to the "size of the whale's swallow."

"Very small swallow, indeed, sir," replied Neptune. "Jonah couldn't have been swallowed by a whale, sir. The Bible, in one place, says it was a fish. I think," he continued, "it must have been a shark. A shark's throat is capacious for swallowing a man, but that of a whale is not."

Young officer looked astonished, as well he might, at this doubt thrown upon his faith, and said: "Do you use that as an argument against the Bible?"

"No, sir," exclaimed Neptune, with loud emphasis—so that the audience could hear—"I believe in Revelation, sir. The Bible says it was a fish, sir—not necessarily a whale, that hasn't got a throat hardly large enough to receive a man's fist."

"Perhaps," we suggested, timidly—"perhaps Jonah was a small pattern of a man, and could be swallowed according to Scripture."

Neptune shook both his head and his trident. "We continued," there is no difficulty in believing that Jonah was received into the whale's abdomen. We know very learned and respectable men in this city who have swallowed both Jonah and the whale. Marvel not, therefore, when you read that the whale only swallowed Jonah."

Neptune again shook his head incredulously, and put in another sentence on behalf of the shark, insisting that his faith in Revelation was not shaken by the seeming discrepancy.

But the water-spout kept running, and the whale kept himself out of sight. The quarter of an hour was up, and we were compelled to leave, without getting a glimpse of his whaleship.

N. B.—Mr. Barnum will please remember that he now owes us a sight at the Scriptural monster.

Attractive Miscellany.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Regina Lyle.

BY CLARA WESTWORTH.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HEART'S DESPERATE RESOLVE.

"Tell me why, good heaven,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man?—Ah! rather, why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?
Is this just dealing, Nature?"

[OTWAY'S VENICE PRESERVED.]

"And in that deep and utter agony,
Though then, than ever, most unfit to die,
I fell upon my knees and prayed for death."
[MATERN'S BERTRAM.]

How the night passed I know not, nor have I cognizance of the time when my eyes opened once more upon the light of day. And then, as I sat on my bed and recalled the occurrences of the past night, such a terror of grief and shame fell on my spirit, that I called loudly upon God for deliverance by death! I prayed that my despair might find oblivion in the grave; that the blot of my existence no more should tarnish the fair white page of life; that the summoning angel might lead me forth to that other land, where the prejudices of this could not follow; for I could not believe that an all-righteous Spirit-father would condemn a soul for the guilt of its progenitors. Closely anchored to my faith in the hereafter, I had lost all trust in man. The revelation of Allan's baseness and treachery had made a misanthrope of me in one hour! My young, warmly beating, impulsive heart, was chilled; all my radiant hopes were blighted; earth was to me a desert; fervently and despairingly I prayed for death!

The bright winter sun beamed lovingly in at my window; I shivered as its golden benediction touched my dishevelled hair, and pallid brow. I looked down at my disordered attire, and laughed in sardonic mockery at the changed appearance of my former self. I must have stumbled, fallen, or caught in some impediment during my maddened homeward flight; for my neat brown merino dress hung in tatters around me, and there were large rents in my crimson shawl; my hood was lost; and the comb had fallen from my hair, and the tangled curls fell in damp, heavy masses, around my face. At the reflection of myself in the glass, I started with a cry; could this haggard, lividly pale and care-marked woman, be the hopeful, expectant Regina of yesterday? The dark eyes that a recreant lover and a faithful brother had likened to the summer stars, were dimmed by the one great shadow of an irredeemable woe; the rounded cheek was sunken; the full coral-hued lips were blue, and compressed with the soul's mighty agony. I had been conscious of beauty, of almost regal grace and musical utterance; I was conscious then, of the deepest humiliation and the direst change.

I sat there praying and frantically imploring Heaven, weeping and striving with a remnant of the olden pride to stifle my choking sobs, and hush my grief into silence. One thought predominated over all others, it was to know the full extent of my undeserved wretchedness, to know the entire truth, and the purport of the mysterious words hissed into my ear by the dastard tongue of my soul's worst foe!—"never can I again believe in man;" I cried; "for it is false, oh, who on earth is true?" And then arose within me a wild longing to escape from all the olden associations; from all the remembrances of my unhappy love. Anywhere, away from the haunting shadows of the hills, from the eternally recording pines; from the familiar scenes and rustic faces of my home. My morbid feelings were excited to such a point that I dreaded to meet the friendly gleam of Thomas Wakely's eye, the smile of the true-hearted Charity. The burden of my fatal secret weighed me down to the very earth. When at last the good mother rapped loudly at my door, and her shrill voice cried cheerily: "Well, Jinnie, my gal! be you a going to sleep till noon?—hain't you goin' to help me do up the chores?" I started like a guilty thing, and trembled like a criminal.

I opened the door to her, and as she caught sight of my wretchedly altered looks and torn garments, her face paled to an ashen hue, and she leaned upon a chair for support.

"Jinnie! goodness gracious sakes alive!" she cried, as soon as she had recovered from the first shock of surprise: "what is the matter dear? Have you seen a ghost, or have you had the nightmare? The dear Lord preserve us! But you look as if you'd been off gallivantin' with the witches, a hocus pocusing with the hobgoblins from the Pirate's Glen!—that comes of cronquin around when you ought to be in yer bed, child! Do tell me; have you had a bad, wicked, frightful dream?—and maybe you've been a somnabulin' as our John calls it; walking over the ruff with yer eyes wide open a seein' nothin'; is that the way you got yer frock torn and yer hair all in a skrimmage? I never seed you in such a dishill before, Jinnie."

"I went out in the evening as you know," I replied; I could not say mother; my lips refused to utter that holy and sanctified name.

"I know that, but when did you get home, darter?"

"I don't know; I have no further knowledge nor use of time. I came back when the

moon was yet shining, and I lay in a swoon until daylight. I have met with a terrible experience; my heart is crushed forever; my life is blighted! I am a hunted, despised, down-trodden wretch! I would that I were dead, that to-morrow's sun would shine upon my grave!" I cried with passionate vehemence.

"Lord and blessed Redeemer!—what in the world's happened to ye? What have ye seen or heard in the night?—come back when the moon was shining—and what d'ye say ye laid in till daylight, Jinnie?" said Charity with dilated eyes.

"I was insensible for many hours," I explained.

"In a faint, is that it, darlin'—and you looks as if you'd been dead and buried; but I'm so befuddled and confusticated I don't know my head from my heels! I can't stand this suspension, Jinnie; for mercy's sake, tell me what's come over you! why d'ye wish yerself dead, and talk in such an outlandish way about bein' trod under, and hunted down; what is the matter, child?"

"Is my father's husband at home, Aunt Charity?" I faltered out.

"Eh? what's that? my husband? call yer mother, yer aunt. Aunt Charity? are you clean gone demented, or out of yer five natural senses that ye speak in that kind of a style to me?" cried the astonished woman, with increasing alarm.

"Is he at home?" I persisted.

"He's off to S—with a load of somethin'. Jinnie, you've got a ragin' fever, the typhus or somethin' dangerous of that sort; yer as pale as wax, and yer eyes glitters—what does make you act so queerly?"

"Sorrow, oh my God! bitter, unavailing, terrible sorrow!" I cried, with a violent outbreak of tears, as I flung myself on my knees before her and hid my face in the folds of her gown.

"Oh Lord! it's that young rascalion from the city as is a breakin' my poor gal's heart; the popinjay is a leavin' her to fret and pine and dwindle for his sake! The young high-flyer is with his own mushroom 'ristocracy as our John calls them; and he don't give another word or thought to 'his queen of the ocean,' as he used to call her. I wish the ocean, with all its salt and bitter waters, were down his lyin' throat, and all the crabs an' lobsters an' shell-fish a stickin' there, so I do! Have you heard anything Jinnie, from the young scamp? Come child, don't fret and worry so! ye'll make yerself sick, and we shall be obliged to have a long-tongued, solemn-spoken fool of a doctor in the house. Tell yer mother, Jinnie, all that presses on yer poor little sufferin' heart!" The rough toll-woman hand gently stroked my hair, but I retained my position and still averted my face.

"I saw Allan Graham last night," I said with a supreme effort at self-control; Mother Charity started back in such amazement she threw down the chair behind her.

"Saw Allan Graham last night!" she repeated; "where in the wide world did ye see him?"

"At Rollins' cottage," I replied.

"There!" exclaimed the superstitious villager, "at Rollins' cottage?—why, Jinnie, the place has a curse on't, and it's haunted by a bleeding ghost of a young girl as was barbarously murdered there! It's an unlucky, evil, dreadful, awful, wicked place! how come you to go there, or he to get there? I'm so conglomerated I don't understand a thing! There's some mystery, or misery whatever ye calls it, in this. When did Allan get back?"

"Yes, mystery and misery both," I responded, as I crouched upon the floor, and turned my face from the hateful light of day. "I met Allan there by appointment; I found him in possession of the secret you have guarded so faithfully. Dear, kind friend!" I said kissing the hand that had sustained me from a child. "I can no longer call you mother; for since last night I know that your honest name is not mine; that I am the offspring of shame, the unacknowledged daughter of a haughty aristocrat and a weak and guilty mother!"

The loud shriek of my foster-mother rang through the quiet house; old Major came bounding in to see what had occurred to disturb the peace of the household; Mouser, our large Maltese cat, jumped from the window-sill, and came purring around his mistress; Poll, from his cage in the adjoining room, sent forth shrill cries of alarm; the sympathy of my poor dumb favorites manifested itself for her and for me. But in the story closing up of my affections, I turned from even these lesser favors of the all-compensating Good. I pushed away the faithful dog, as he came fawning towards me; I turned from poor Mouser's caresses; I gave no answer to the spoken pleadings of my tame pet bird. The overwhelming calamity that crushed sense and feeling, had for the time hardened me to all softer impressions; there was no humble resignation in my soul; my tears afforded no relief; they fell like molten lava on the smarting wounds of my spirit; I was filled with impotent rage, and with contempt for myself and humanity—with despair such as seeks oblivion in death alone!

Mother Charity stood for awhile appalled and white; then the large tear-drops streamed down her sallow cheek, and the tenderest pity shone from her motherly countenance; in a voice choked and gasping, she said:

"So they've gone and told you, poor gal—an' I an' the old man would have kept it from you—to the last hour of yer life! You never should have knowed it, darlin', from us, and it wur wrong in the young chap to tell ye. But don't take on so unchristian-like, my gal! Yer as good in the sight of God and his holy angels as the best and highest in the land. Don't worry, darlin', and tell yer mother—as

will remain yer mother to the end of time—all about it."

The good-hearted woman kissed my brow, and wiped her brimming eyes with her checkered apron.

"I am disgraced! branded through life with the double curse of my birth!" I cried. "Friend, foster-mother! good, true heart, tell me all; conceal nothing from me; for the worst has been told. Henceforth I can be nothing in the world but a monument of warning to such as indulge in their sins. I am an outcast from all that constitutes life and happiness; even on the social plane, all who know me will shrink from me in disgust and scorn. Listen, Aunt Charity—for that is the most familiar name I can call you by—I know all!" And I bent my head and whispered in her ear the fatal words I could not speak aloud. She clasped me in her arms, and shed her pitying tears upon my face, and said, soothingly:

"Never mind, darlin'; see love you all the same; but hark ye, Jinnie, don't be harsh an' onfeelin' 'gainst yer mother, as maybe is dead an' at rest, an' long since forgiven of the blessed Savior! She wur't wicked, nor wilfully a transgressor of God's law, as the minister calls it. She was defuded, as many wiser an' older people is; an' she believed herself a married wife, until the devilish laws they has made her a poor nobody, an' yer father went an' married a rich lady, one of his own kind, and a 'ristocrat. Then yer poor sorrowful mother went ravin' mad, and scoured the country like a poor, forlorn ghost, an' you was left in the care of Agnes Lyle."

"What is she to me?" I questioned, eagerly.

"Yer own mother's sister, darlin', and a true second mother to you. She brunged you here when you war a little squallin' baby, an' she has cared for you in comforts, an' education, an' money, all yer life. Yer blessed mother was not a bad woman; she was a poor martyr and a saint before her troubles turned her brains. An' I guess there'll be a good seat for her in Heaven at the right hand of the Lord—"

"But was she not—" I could not conclude the sentence.

"Well, what of it?" retorted the liberal-minded, humble woman. "She's none the worse for that! we are all born as the Lord ordains, and ekeal in his blessed sight; for all the folks on earth make such a rumpus an' a stir 'bout their all-fired distinctions! But what else did the young rantypoler have to say?"

I told her how his ruthless hand had torn away the last stronghold of my love. How I had fled from his presence, and how he had whispered in my ear the blighting words that, more than the stigma of illegitimate birth, had bowed my soul in anguish.

The anger of Charity knew no bounds. Her pale cheeks crimsoned. Her pale blue eyes blazed—her hard, bony hand, was clenched, as she almost shouted:

"The miserable, dilly-dallying, white-livered rascal! the mean, rampuncious young scamp! the gallivantin', sneakish, crawlin', serpentine hound! the make-believe popinjay! I wish that Look-out Rock was planted on his breast-bone for a punishment from Heaven! that the whole salt sea was down his false, deceivin' throat!—thistles, an' thorns, an' briars grow on his path! an' may his meat turn to pizen on his stummack, an' his drink to gall! May yer sweet face, my poor gal, haunt him forever, an' his conscience, if he's got one, go thump-a-thump from now an' for evermore, amen! I'm a Christian woman, an' commanded to love my enemies, but that miserable young Satan's disbeliever of the gospel truths—he's a Atheist, as our John calls such people—an' a demoralizer! he's a liber-tine, an' an emissary of the Old Seraph, as goes about roarin' an' seekin' whom he may devour! Thank Providence, my darlin', you didn't fall into his fishin'-net. If he ever sets his foot over this honest threshold, I'll get Tom to choke him, an' my John to wring his neck for him—the mean, dirty sneak of a highflyer! I wish the Old Boy had his own! He'll never prosper, as true as there's a God in Heaven, an' a great, big, hungry devil down below!"

Never had I seen my good foster-mother so excited. That true and womanly heart sympathized with my grief, and joined in indignant denunciation of Allan Graham's most unworthy conduct.

She told me how I had been brought to the cottage a wailing child, just able to walk alone; how the few immediate neighbors who knew that I was not the child of the fisherman were yet in ignorance of my true parentage. She told me of my proud and worldly father, of his sacrifice of principle to gold, of humanity to the prejudices of the society he lived in; one dark cloud was uplifted from my spirit as Charity related the story of my mother's wrongs; my own heart proclaimed her innocent of the intent of evil; I saw in her a victim only; and a deep and burning hatred of my cruel father filled all my being. I thirsted for revenge upon the monster who could repudiate the innocent woman who had believed herself his lawful wife; who could cast off the child that owed to him the gift of life. Strange, whirling thoughts of avenging her wrongs and mine passed through my brain. Also, for the vain plottings of the unforgiving soul!—what a waste of the precious moments of existence is the time dedicated to unholy schemes of vengeance. And yet the frenzied prayer of my despair was heard, and its petition granted, but not in the manner that I had designed. "He who doeth all things well," led me along a widely differing path, through the fields and by-ways of discipline, to the lofty summits of compensation and peace.

The good mother told me, also, that the life of Agnes Lyle had been visited by heavy ca-

lamities; that, on the discovery of the secret in which we were all involved, the husband of her love deserted her; and for thus inflicting sorrow upon her heart, he had been punished by the unfailing retribution of Heaven. He died in a foreign land, of a malignant fever, that caused friends and attendants to flee from him. His fortune fell to the possession of his widow, but her joys were buried in the grave of her little Regina, her only child, for whom I was named. For years a vindictive hatred of my father had possessed her, and she had bound herself by a solemn vow to avenge my mother's unknown fate. But of late years a higher appreciation of her human duties, a better understanding of the supreme rights of forgiveness, had taken the place of the fiery desire of retaliation. She did not visit me oftener, nor evince greater affection towards me, because, much as she loved me, I recalled to her the bitter memories of her youth, and the lost sister she mourned for still. Then, in strict confidence, she told me of an incident connected with my mother's flight, that heightened my love and admiration of Agnes Lyle into unbounded reverence. Such sisterly devotion and utter self-abnegation was seldom to be met with. I prized her as a saint, and adored her in silence as an angel.

"Does John know—that I am not his sister? has he known it long? Is he aware of the double stain upon my name?" I asked his mother, with a strangely palpitating heart.

"Not a syllable till Mrs. Lyle told him, when he went with your letter, Jinnie dear! He never knowed but as you wur his natural born sister, an' I can tell ye, he's been completely upset ever since he knows. He's a blessed critter, is that there John of mine!"

"Yes, and he, too, will despise me, like the rest. Oh, dear, good friend! I saw the change upon the face of Allan, and my hope of love and truth died out. John will despise me, as they all will, when they know."

"Let me tell you that there's a vast sight of difference between my own true, honest boy, and that there beast in lamb's clothes! Them city butterflies there's no dependence on; they're scrawwags and nincoms; but my boy's of the right stamp, if he has got a rough and ready father, an' a poor, ignorant, nobody of a mother! We've learnt him truth, an' honesty, an' temperance, an' religion; and he's learnt a sight of things from the great sea, as he calls God's voice of Immortality. No, no, Jinnie, we'll stand by ye while the world lasts, child! John Wakely loves ye better nor his own life, and Tom couldn't have a darter to love better nor he does you! As for me, I'm yer mother in feelin', whether ye calls me Aunt, or Charity, or Come-here, or Nothin'! Yer best friends are in this here shanty by the sea, allers exceptin' yer own blessed aunt, as is near an angel as anythin' made of earth can be. An' now, Jinnie, let me brush up yer hair, an' get ye a tidy frock, and don't stay a-mopin' here in the cold, but come with me to the sittin'-room, an' put on a smilin' face to cheer yer father, as allers is, with. Rouse up, my pretty! The Lord sends, calamities to raise our hearts to him; you're young, an' a long life's before ye, an', please God, a happy one. Don't wish yerself dead; it's a awful sin, an' none is over-ly prepared."

Thus, with kind words and gentle ministrations of comfort, she sought to soothe my misery and revive my interest in life. I submitted passively to her will, and she brushed my hair, and brought me fresh, warm garments; and when I had arrayed myself, she led me to the comfortable lounge in the sitting-room, and made me lie down by the fire. That lounge, of humble material and rude construction, had been fashioned from a city model by my brother John. My tears flowed fast at thoughts of him; I longed, and yet I dreaded, to meet with him.

I heard Thomas Wakely, that night, say to his wife, as I lay awake in my bed, "that if he coched a sight of that ere young treacherous Allan, he'd give him a settlin'! He's a mean-minded, underhanded Tory! that's what the young villain is!" said the excited man; "and if he ever comes a-prowlin' and a-sniffin' round here after that gal, as I loves like my own flesh and blood, I'll plant him a sockdologer as will settle him for the remainder of his life. The serpent! I'll break his handsome neck for him! And mind ye, Charity, if our John sets his two eyes on him, he's a goner! That boy's true blue, and he'd lick him like a cur, and pummel him so he couldn't see daylight for three months at least! I wish I knew where to find the rascal—I'd try my hand, as has been out of practice for this many a day! Never mind the bottle, old woman! I don't want any 'oh-be-joyful' comfort this night!" and he consigned my heartless lover, with a strong imprecation, to the sulphuric region famed in fable and theology.

That night I slept by fits and starts, dreaming now of the pale face of Agnes Lyle, and of the haughty, forbidding countenance of my unknown father. Then I roused again amid the tropical beauties of the sunny southern clime, and my foot bruised the venomous head of an enormous serpent, that in the death struggle changed to the human lineaments of him who had so cruelly abused my faith. I wandered, oh, how wearily! over desert sands and through dim, impenetrable woods; I rested 'neath the shadows of the maple and the elm, and passed through the crowded thoroughfare of a mighty city. Even in my troubled dreams I wept for the lost illusions and the stern awakenings; for I awoke to find my pillow steeped in tears, and the great sobs rising in my throat. At the first glimpse of dawn I arose, and looked forth on the wintry earth, cold and desolate as was my heart. But in the distance, the tall, snow-covered pines, offered the contrast of their vivid green to the white vestment spread over Nature's concealed treasures; and I greeted them as

the emblems of that eternal life that God has prepared for all that lives. And in that hour, looking forth on the majestic evergreens, I felt stirring within my soul, stronger than ever, the hope, the joy, the blissful certainty of immortality; to that one safe anchorage I clung with heart and strength, and prayed for the fulfillment beyond the grave!

I wandered listlessly around the house, helping mechanically at my usual duties, although, with rare consideration, Charity declared "she didn't want her poor, sorrowful gal, to do the chores; all she wanted was for Jinnie to get well and strong, and laugh and caper about as she used to." The strength of my natural constitution kept illness from my path, and the busy project forming in my brain kept me from insanity. I could not obtain from Charity the name of my unworthy father; no entreaties availed, though I felt sure she was in possession of it.

Two weeks passed on, and not a vestige of color had returned to my wan and wasted cheek. My foster-father gazed on, with the tenderest commiseration speaking from every feature. He was more than usually kind and gentle: would open wide his stalwart arms and say: "Come, Regie, my own dear blessed gal, give yer poor old father a good hug; an' if you feel like cryin', don't keep it in; it's a glorious relief to the heart, child, an' prayer is good for the soul. Ye'll come out of this brave and bright, my gal, for ye've kept the Lord's commandments, and the holy angels is watchin' over ye! Don't give up the ship, Regie!—good fish in the sea as ever was coched out of it. Only wish half-a-dozen whalers' harpoons, and a lot of other sich like fishin' stuff, was down somebody's throat. Please Providence, but he'll fry in everlastin' torment, amen!"

One snowy day, father Wakely returned from town with a letter from John. There was a cloud upon his brow, and he spoke long and privately with his wife. Their conference ended, Charity came to me with a grave, pale face, and told me that John had found a situation in the city of Brotherly Love, whither he had gone; his mechanical genius and ready speech and pen had found him employment in a large upholstering establishment; and as he could have his evenings to himself, and obtain access to various libraries, he would endeavor to improve his mind, and strive for all the knowledge within his power of attainment. "Tell Regina," he wrote, "that she, I know, will fully approve of my course as regards herself; knowing all her history, I have for her the same fraternal regard I ever cherished towards her. Tell her to trust in God, to hope for the future, and to strive for forgetfulness of one so unworthy."

These tidings gave another cruel shock to my feelings. I saw in the self-imposed absence of John only a reluctance to meet with me. I thought the words he addressed to me were cold; there was that in their spirit that struck me as studied and constrained. A prey to a morbid sensitiveness that augmented daily as I brooded over my sorrows, I felt that he would not return to his home while I darkened it by my presence. Aunt Charity had not read to me the entire letter; she had concealed a portion of it from me, and I knew that the son had made a confidence to the mother, in which I was concerned; the fluttered, confused manner of Charity, corroborated my impression.

I merely expressed my regret at the resolution he had taken, and said I hoped he would soon tire of city life and return home. The sad mother shook her head, and said, faintly, "I shan't see my boy for many a day to come!" "And you are the cause!" whispered the tormenting demon in my breast; but I made no comment, offered no further consolation, and maintained the stolid indifference I was gaining, outwardly at least, by degrees.

But alone in my room, I threw aside the veil of restraint, and exclaimed, in all the re-awakened agony of my despair: "I am a curse to myself and to all! A blight upon this household! An incumbrance on the earth! My place should be with my only relative, the only one who acknowledges me, but even Agnes Lyle, my own mother's sister detests the sight of me! I will not intrude upon her presence; I will go far away among strangers! This boy, who is his mother's idol, his father's hope and stay, he shall not be an exile for my sake! He, too, despises me! I will at least creep from his path; I will no longer darken home for him and them! Out, out into the world! Not with my former ambitious dreams and brilliant fancies, they are gone forever; but away to toil, to live a life of privation and drudgery, if need be, anything for change, to give relief to those best friends who have been all to me from infancy. I will never disgrace the honest name I have borrowed from them!" Now was my resolution fully taken, and I proceeded to execute it speedily; with feverish haste I set about my preparations.

I wrote to Mrs. Lyle in the hope that my letter would find her in recovered health; and as tenderly as I could I revealed to her that my past was known to me. I worded the long and imploring epistle carefully, vailing from her, as I thought, all of the keen anguish of my soul, and soliciting from her the one yet lacking testimony—my father's name. In a few words as possible, I mentioned the perfidy of my betrothed, and that, in consequence of the stain upon my birth, all was at an end between us. I did not inform her of his further business; I could not pen the record. Thomas and Charity Wakely added a few kind words.

I counted the hours thenceforth with a restless impatience, and when the answer came I could scarcely control myself sufficiently to read. Agnes Lyle wrote kindly, say, lovingly;

she called me her dear niece, her poor unfortunate child; assured me of her returning health and strength, for which I had manifested the tenderest anxiety. She spoke with reverential and devoted affection of my mother, committed me to the all-consoling guardianship of the Most High and his ministering angels; promised soon to visit me; but refused then and forever to grant me the knowledge that I thirsted for with such insatiate longing—she would not reveal to me my father's name.

"In our veins, beloved Regina," she wrote, runs the strong tide of passions not yet wholly overcome by the discipline of life, and the love of God. As she who gave you birth as I once was, are you now. You feel deeply the stings of human injustice, you would revenge yourself upon the authors of your misery. Against your father you feel only resentment so deep and strong, that in your present state of feeling it might lead you to crime! No, no, dear girl! leave retribution to the all-omnipotent Power, that in the outworking of its own laws brings chastisement for every evil; that from the bosom of each sin ordains the inevitable penalty. I may not, I dare not tell you your father's name."

I gnashed my teeth with rage, I uttered imprecations loud and fearful, I exhausted my remaining life-powers by blind submission to ungoverned fury. For some days afterwards I was incapable of the least exertion. Charity consoled with me sincerely, and Thomas gave me all the comfort of his fatherly heart; but they could not read the predominant idea of my soul, nor comprehend the natural hatred that glowed within as a devouring flame!

Hitherto my projects of departure had been undefined; I had not determined upon any place whither I should wend my footsteps in the search for change and oblivion; prepared as I was soon after the reception of my aunt's letter, an unaccountable impression bade me stay awhile, although I deemed that my absence would be the immediate signal for John's return. I lingered yet for three weeks, and then I knew why the inner voice had bade me remain. A neighbor coming in, took Thomas Wakely aside and whispered to him. I saw my foster-father start and clench his fist. When the man was gone I went up to him. "Father," (he insisted that I should call him so,) "what has Dick Lawton told you? I think it must be something that I ought to know."

"The gal's a witch!" exclaimed the honest fisherman.

"Only the least bit in the world of a natural prophet," I replied, and I forced a smile to my face. "But tell me, father."

"Is it anything about our John?" cried Charity, advancing toward us.

"Bless yer heart, old woman, no! The boy's well and thrivin' as yer knows. It is something as concerns my Regie here, but I daren't tell her, I daren't!"

"Yes you may. I am calm and prepared for anything; tell me at once."

"Well, you does look all concentrated, any how; and ye'll have to hear it some time, an' it's better as I should tell than some stranger. That young devil of a flyin' 'ristocrat, Mr. Allan Graham—"

"Well, father, well!" I said, as he hesitated, and tenderly passed his arm around me.

"Don't you go to faintin' now, my gal; don't you go into highstrikes, and them there sort of things; ye've borne up brave as a soldier, now be brave to the end, my pretty! The young scaramoosher's a-goin' to be married!"

"When? Do you know the lady's name?" I asked, in a tone unmarked by one tremor of emotion.

"Married? he!" burst forth the indignant Charity; "it's buried the monster oughter be, with the snails, an' lizards, an' grave-worms a-crawlin' all over him! Maybe it'll rain fire and brimstone on his wedding-day, as it did on Sodom an' that ere other wicked place."

"Don't, don't, Charity! you confound me, and I can't answer my gal's question; what did ye say, dear?"

I repeated my inquiry.

"I don't know when, my darlin'; but Dick said as her name was Arabella Livingstone; she's a great heiress, and he marries her for her money, and they're a-goin' South to live."

The red blood mounted to my face in an instant. "Arabella Livingstone," I said; "I wonder whether she is good and loving? The name has a harsh, repellent sound."

"Sne gentle?" interposed aunt Charity; "think he can ever catch anything gentle and good for anything? I hope she's a reg'lar she-dragon, a house-torment, an incarnation devil, so I do! She's rich, eh? an' she'll be as proud as Lucifer, I bet! Won't she lead him a dog's life? and won't he rue the day when he went off a-warkawkin after her! Them as lives to the end'll see the wonders of the Lord rectified, they will!"

"Where's the marriage to take place?" I asked, quietly.

"In New York city, to be sure; and the bride an' her father's a-puttin' up at some gran' hotel, I forgets the name."

I knew Allan Graham's address, and that sufficed me. "As I left the room I heard Charity whisper to her husband, 'She hain't got over it yet, poor bird! It'll take time to make her forget.'"

And Thomas Wakely opened and shut his brawny palms, saying, in a stifled voice: "I only wished I had his neck here."

That night I took a mute farewell of my dumb favorites, and in the solitude of my chamber I prayed long and fervently for my kind foster parents, and my adopted brother, although his letters spoke so cold and distantly of the once-loved sister and companion of his childhood. At dawn I stole forth, with

my carpet-bag concealed beneath the ample folds of my cloak, and a part of the sum of money Agnes Lyle had sent for my wedding outfit, carefully placed therein. The remainder I had left as a present for my aunt Charity. In a note left on the table in my room, I stated my reasons for leaving forever that hospitable roof, and I left them no clue whereby to track me.

I passed on speedily over the snow-covered earth; even had I met Thomas, or some other traveler, my appearance at that early hour would have attracted no attention, for I was known as a good walker and great explorer of the neighborhood. Charity would not miss me, for although I heard her stirring about the kitchen, she had, since the night of my return from Rollins' cottage, dispensed with my help in the morning, as she said that what I most needed was rest, and she "wouldn't think of wak'ing me from the blessed sleep, for sleepin' was forgettin'." I passed through the adjacent village, and at its furthest end procured a conveyance for the town of L.— There I took the cars, and was soon steaming off on my way to New York city.

I was bewildered by the discordant sounds, the strange faces around me; but my purpose faltered not.

(To be Continued.)

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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-board" to those of our readers who visit the city, and useful also to citizens for reference.

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

PARKS AND PUBLIC SQUARES.

Battery, with Castle Garden, lower end of Broadway. Bowling Green, entrance of Broadway, near Battery. The Park, opposite Broadway from Nos. 229 to 271. St. John's Park, bet. Light, Varick and Hudson Sts. Washington Sq. west of Broadway, bet. 4th & 8th Sts. Union Square, Broadway, from No. 860 to 17th St. Gramercy Park, bet. 20th & 21st Sts. and 3d & 4th Aves. Stuyvesant Park, 2d av. 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 Aves., 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.

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

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

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

PRINCIPAL FERRIES.

To Brooklyn, from Whitehall St. to Hamilton Av. and Atlantic St.; from Wall St. to Montague; from Fulton St. to Fulton St.; from Roosevelt St. to Bridge St. near the Navy Yard; from Catherine Street to Main Street.
To Williamsburgh, from Peck Slip to South 7th St. from Grand St. to South 7th and Grand Sts. from East Houston St. to Grand St.
To Greenpoint, from 10th and 23d Sts.
To Jersey City, N. J., from Cortlandt St.
To Hoboken, from Nassau, Canal, and Christopher Sts.
To Weehawken, from Christopher St.
To Long Dock, N. Y., & Erie R. R., from Chambers St.
Staten Island, from Whitehall St. or Battery, every 15 min.

EXPRESS OFFICES.

Adams' Express Co., 39 and 442 Broadway.
American and Kinsey's, 72 and 416 Broadway.
Harnden's, National, and Hope, 74 and 442 Broadway.
United States, 82, 251 and 416 Broadway.
Manhattan City, for baggage, 276 Canal St.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

Academy of Music, East 14th St. cor. Lexington av.
Wallack's Theater, Broadway and Thirteenth St.
Laura Keane's Theater, 621 Broadway.
Winter Garden, 467 Broadway.
Bowery Theater, 48 Bowery.
New Bowery Theater, 82 Bowery.
German Theater, 37 Bowery.
Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway.
Barrow's Museum, 218 Broadway.

GALLERIES OF ART.

International Art Institution, 694 Broadway.
Collection of Paintings, 348 Broadway.
Goupil's Gallery, 772 Broadway.
Private Galleries are open on certain fine days for details of which inquire of the janitor, at the artists' studio building, 10th St. near 6th Av.
N. Y. Historical Society Rooms, 24 Av. cor. 10th St.
Brady's National Photograph Gallery, 783 Broadway.
Garney's Photograph Gallery, 707 Broadway.

LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

Historical Society, 24 Av. cor. 10th St.
N. Y. University, east side Washington Square.
Columbia College, 49th St. or 5th Av.
Free Academy, 234 St. and Lexington av.
New Bible House, 8th and 9th Sts. and 51 and 4th Aves.
N. Y. Hospital, Broadway, bet. Duane and Worth Sts.
Orphan Asylum, in Bloomingdale rd., near 80th St.
Insane Asylum, Bloomingdale rd., 7 miles from City Hall.
Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Washington Heights or 150th St.
"Institution for the Blind, 9th Av. bet. 33d and 34th Sts.
Pease House of Industry, 5 Pts. or Centre & Pearl Sts.
Odd Fellow's Hall, cor. Grand and Centre Sts.
Homeopathic Dispensary, 15 East Eleventh St.

PROMINENT CHURCHES.

Grace Church, 804 Broadway—Episcopal.
Trinity, Broadway opposite Wall Street—Episcopal.
Rev. Dr. Chapin's, 418 Broadway—Universalist.
Dr. Osgood's, 728 Broadway—Unitarian.
Dr. Bellows', 249 Fourth Av. cor. 20th St.—Unitarian.
Dr. Cheever's, Union Square—Presbyterian.
Dr. Hawkes', 267 Fourth Avenue—Episcopal.
Dr. Tyng's, Stuyvesant Sq. and E. 16th St.—Episcopal.
Rev. H. W. Beecher's, Brooklyn, or Fulton Ferry.
Rev. T. L. Harris, University Hall, Washington Sq.
Rev. G. T. Flanders, 2d Av. & 11th St.—Universalist.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

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

HIGH BRIDGE is accessible by Harlem Railroad; fare 12½ cents.
THE SPIRE OF TRINITY CHURCH may be reached at any time, on application to the Sexton at the Church. Fee voluntary, if any is given.

SUNDAY CONCERTS.

Good Music may be enjoyed by lovers of this art if they will attend service at Trinity Church, Broadway, opposite head of Wall St. on Sunday at 10½ A. M. or 3 P. M.
Mass is performed by a choir of artists at the Catholic Churches on West 16th St. near 6th Av. and on East 28th St. near 3d Av. every Sunday morning at 10½ A. M. Admittance 10 cents, which is paid to the sexton after he has shown a visitor to a seat.

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

SPIRITUAL 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 10½ A. M.
DODWORTH'S HALL, 806 Broadway, Sunday, 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.

PUBLIC MEDIUMS.

Mrs. Abbott, Developing, 221 6th av. Hours 2 to 5 P. M.
Mrs. M. L. Van Haughton, Test and Medical, 54 Great Jones St. All hours.
Mrs. H. S. Seymour, Psychometrist and Impressions Medium, 21 West 13th St., between 5th and 6th Aves. Hours from 2 to 6 and 6 to 8.
Mrs. D. C. Price, Natural and Medical Clairvoyant, 103 Prince St. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Charles Colchester, Test Medium, 371 Fourth St.
J. B. Conklin, Test Medium, 599 Broadway. 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Mrs. Fish, Medical Clairvoyant, 344 Second Avenue, near Twenty-second Street. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
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MAGNETIC & ELECTRIC PHYSICIANS.

James A. Neal, 371 Fourth Street. Hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M.
Prof. S. B. Brittan, 407 Fourth Street.
Dr. N. Palmer, 60 Amity Street.
Dr. W. Reynolds, 287 Bowery. Hours 2 to 5 P. M.
Mrs. P. A. Ferguson, Tower, 152 East 33d Street.
Mrs. Ward (Electric) 195 Nassau St., Brooklyn. Take Flushing Avenue cars from Fulton Ferry.
Mrs. A. D. Giddings, 238 Greene St., cor. 4th.
J. E. F. Clark (Electric) 84 West 20th St.
John Scott, 407 Fourth Street.
Mrs. Towne, Milton Village, Ulster County, residence of Beverly Quick.
Dr. J. Loewendahl, 163 Mott St. bet. Grand & Broome.
Mrs. M. C. Scott, 99 East 28th Street, near 3d Av.
Mrs. Gookin, Medical Clairvoyant and Developing Medium, 1151 Broadway.
Mrs. W. R. Hayden, Medical Clairvoyant, 66 West 14th St., west corner 6th Avenue.

FARES.

To the Central Park, or any point below it, by the 3d, 6th, or 8th Av. cars, 5 cents.
To Yorkville and Harlem, by 2d or 3d Av. cars, 6 cents.
Anywhere on the route of 9th or 4th Av. cars, 5 cents.
To 23d St. cor. 8th Av. or any point below it on the

8th Av. Bleeker St. and Broadway below Bleeker. 5 cents in the Knickerbocker line of stages. These are distinguished by their color—dark blue. Other lines of omnibuses, through Broadway and the various avenues and leading streets of the city charge six cents, payable on entering.
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Heavy parcels are carried upon drays. The carmen who own them are allowed to charge ¼ of a dollar per mile. Household furniture 50 cents, and 50 cts. extra for loading, unloading, and housing it. There are C. Y. Expresses having offices in various locations, that carry parcels and packages generally from place to place within the business limits of the city for 25 cents each.
Portage is 12 cents for a package carried a distance of half a mile or less, and 25 cents if taken on a wheelbarrow or hand-cart. If half a mile is exceeded, 50 per cent. is added to the tariff, and so on.

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

Medical.

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THE REJECTED STONE; or, Insurrection vs. Resurrection in America. By a Native of Virginia. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., 245 Washington St. 1861.

Never have we felt a more profound conviction that "the pen is mightier than the sword," than in reading the pages of this volume. Like the voice of the prophet in the wilderness, or the ominous thunders which reverberated in mid-air over doomed Jerusalem, come the words of this writer to all who will pause to hear. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight," is the burden of the cry. Justice is this "King of Glory," and he is preparing to pass through the "everlasting gates" of the temple of Freedom. Conquering and to conquer will be come, and woe betide those who have not ranged themselves under his banner.

Every chapter, every sentence in this volume, is eloquent with meaning. It seems the inspired work of one who speaks as solemnly and earnestly as though his testimony were to be sealed with martyrdom. The fire-marks of the patriot are here—the humanity-loving patriot—who could dip his pen into his own ebbing heart's blood, if thereby he might write a sentence that would secure Freedom to his country and the race. This book is one of the oracular utterances, always needed in that fearful crisis when

"To every man and nation comes the moment to decide. In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side."

It may prove one of the great moral forces, which, like the written words of Thomas Paine in our first Revolution, pierce the sleeping conscience like a two-edged sword, and arouse a nation's dormant enthusiasm for Liberty and Right.

The writer, choosing the most simple and direct style, starts with a few plain propositions, so plain that he who runneth may read, and then brings to his aid a wealth of learning, a power of illustration, and a breadth and clearness of argument, that, while they lead and fascinate the reader, bring his mind to conviction at every onward step. Under this magician's wand, the difficulties which beset the most radical movement possible, on the part of our Government, even Emancipation itself, (which is most strenuously advocated throughout the volume,) vanish like the morning dew before the advancing sun. We are made to see that it is *safe to do right*, and not only so, but that this is the *only course* in which there is any safety.

In the eighteenth chapter, entitled "To the American People," the author says:

"Old legends state that once, in the midst of the city of Rome, a vast and fearful chasm opened. The people fled in terror to their oracles, which said, 'When that which is in Rome is most precious shall be cast therein, the chasm will be closed.'"

"Then did each Roman—old and young, man and maid—bring of their treasures the richest, and cast therein; but yet the abyss yawned wider and wider in the city's heart."

"At length a young man rose before the council and said, 'Romans, what is it that Rome holds most precious? Is it not her manhood?' Thus saying, he leaped into the chasm, and it closed above him forever."

It is not all fable. In every nation the abyss has at some time yawned, and closed only by the sacrifices of manhood.

"Under the heart of America it opens today. We began by casting in this and that treasure. One brought his compromise, another his diplomacy, another his military fame—still the abyss closed not."

"Is there not, then, in America, anything precious enough to close it? My brothers! it is not the order of this universe that an emergency should come to brute, or man, or nation, for which—if to pass it be lawful—the strength has not been prepared. When wings are formed in the egg, and no atmosphere provided to sustain them—when eyes are fashioned in the womb, and no sun rises to meet them—then may you believe that a nation worthy to survive is committed to an ordeal for which there are no resources, or insufficient ones."

"Resources there are in this land, did we only draw upon them, which would close this war with the closing of this year."

"**INTO THIS CHASM AMERICA'S MANHOOD MUST LEAP.**"

"It is not manhood that fights for its own freedom, holding itself ready to 'crush with an iron hand' others who would seek their freedom."

"It is not manhood that raises a question of rule over a question of humanity."

"It is not manhood that apologizes for every blow it is compelled to give to the greatest wrong against man."

"It is not manhood that fears or distrusts the consequences of doing right."

"When this becomes a war of our manhood—i. e., a war for Humanity—then the abyss will close; not before. Many treasures may be swallowed up ere that Curtius comes."

"Americans, for the first time in many years you have an administration that really represents you. Your President is by history, and habit, and sympathy, one of the people; he has not lived long enough in Washington to get on that political tripod which destroys the current of connection with the heart of the masses. However much individuals may be dissatisfied with the present management at Washington, there are many proofs that it represents the average status of the masses."

"As we, then, the people, grow, it will grow; as our energy ripens, the government will ripen. When Vallandigham is not sent from Ohio, his treason will not be tolerated at Washington. Be sure that the President will mirror your manhood when it arrives."

"Bring forward the strength of your manhood, my countrymen, to whatever post of labor you are appointed! We need Ellsworths of the press, Winthrop of the freestone, Lyons of the pulpit. We need not only the brave men who shall defend the standards when they are lifted up, but earnest hearts who shall lift them up—ay, upon the very towers of

Humanity and Freedom. We need a banner on which every eye of the earth looking shall see written its freedom and joy. We need a school of seers, of prophets, who, as of old, shall cry aloud and spare not, showing the evils, the inhumanities, which must be conquered in ourselves, before we are worthy to fight for and win the victories of right over wrong, of freedom over slavery. Liberty's arm is not shortened that it cannot save, but our iniquities have separated between us and that arm. Let every tongue that can speak be touched with a live coal from the altar of God; let every pen that can write be dipped in the truest blood of an earnest heart; let every arm that can strike, nerve itself to smite or be smitten for universal freedom! Let none stand back and say, 'I will wait until this is a noble war—a war for Humanity! let all enter and make it a noble war, make it the struggle of humanity. Our President is a Resolution which the people have passed. Added by them, it will be repeated by every sword and cannon that goes southward from Washington. Whilst the water rises to but twenty feet with the people, let them not expect it to be thirty with their representatives. As we hold up their hands, or fail to hold them up, the day will be won or lost."

"Forward, then, to the breach! No war of Manhood was ever yet lost. 'The Rejected Stone, whose name is Justice to Man, is, in the order of God, once more offered America. It is for the people to give it the master-builder, to be laid as the head of the corner in the future fabric, the Republic of Man."

"That day, and that alone, which sees the nation 'broken' to the measure of this stone upon which it has now fallen, shall see its one foe, upon which that stone shall then fall, GROUND TO POWDER."

We would gladly quote largely from these glowing pages, but to do them justice would be to begin and end with the volume itself. We can, therefore, only recommend it entire to the consideration of our readers, hoping that it may, for the sake of justice and humanity, be circulated far and wide. For sale at the office of this journal. Price 50 cts.

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."

FRANCIS JACKSON, a well-known citizen of Boston, died in that city on Thursday morning, November 14th, 1861. His death was sudden, at last, from an attack of acute disease, though he has been an invalid for several years. Mr. Jackson was best known to the public from his long and devoted adherence to the Anti-Slavery cause. When, nearly thirty years ago, the "broadcloth" mob of Boston undertook to suppress all expression of Anti-Slavery sentiment by an attempt to hang Mr. Garrison, Mr. Jackson, from pure love of fair play and free speech, threw open his house to the devoted women whose meeting was the immediate cause of the mob. Since that day his door has never been closed to those who suffered persecution, whether black or white, and especially has his home been a haven of refuge to those flying slaves whom neither man befriended nor the law protected; but though Mr. Jackson has been for so many years conspicuous among the advocates of more than one cause of reform, a very large circle has known him in quite other relations, where the tenderness of Christian sympathy and the generous openness of Christian charity were the qualities brought into action, rather than the stern virtues of the reformer. Mr. Jackson was a natural democrat, who was literally no respecter of persons, and saw no difference between man and man, but who possessed that large pity for human suffering of every nature that was never appealed to in vain. Hunger and nakedness, whether of soul or of body, whether in the high or the low, found in him a ready helper, and his winning simplicity and kindness, his wisdom and his benevolence, made him the center of a circle who held him in such reverence and love as is given to not many men in a generation. While all Boston will bear testimony—in spite of the fact that she has pointed her finger at him so often on the Anti-Slavery platform—that her honestest man has died, there will be a deep and silent sorrow among very many people who will mourn a benefactor as wise and kind as he was unassuming.—*Tribune.*

Departed: From her home in Parkman, Georgia County, O., October 24th, of inflammatory disease, MARY P. TODD, wife of L. C. Todd, Jr., aged 33 years.

She was sick but six days, suffered much with astonishing patience and resignation, has left a husband, who worshipped her, and two children, to lament her loss. On account of the great number of friends and acquaintances she has made in many places, as well as on account of her many virtues and great worth, I think her death deserves something more than an ordinary notice.

She was a poor orphan girl when she became a member of my family sixteen years ago. She was then mentally undeveloped, but manifested a taste and thirst for knowledge. Although her hand has been generally engaged in domestic duties, her head has been industrious in the pursuit of science. As we lived together as one family, she was in the habit of interrogating me; but, not resting with what I could teach, she questioned the universe around her. She dared to look Nature in the face, to study its everlasting laws, and try to live in accordance with its divine requisitions. Her aspirations were high, and by years of mental effort she had become thoroughly acquainted with astronomy, geology, physiology, chemistry, history, and politics. She had also become known as an interesting writer. She believed in the political and social equality of both sexes and all races. Averse to all slavery and despotism, her charity, sympathy, and benevolence, were ever active, and embraced all human kind. She was ushered into being with a fatal predisposition to disease, and she often predicted that she would die about this time; though perhaps none ever tried more faithfully to live in accordance with the laws of life than she. When first taken, she told me that her time had come—that she must die. Said she had no fear or dread of death, but would rather live for her children and friends. Said she was very skeptical about any conscious existence after dissolution; but, if she should have

such a being, she would be always with us. Said she "had always tried to be good." I believe she was good. I think very few parents, nobler, or better spirits ever visited this world of sin and sorrow. And, although she had no faith in divine revelation, except what is exhibited in the heavens above and the earth beneath, yet she practiced the good precepts of Jesus, more strictly than most of those who believed in their divinity. I think it literally true, that she was beloved by everybody that knew her. And she gave the wealth of her heart's full devotion to all her friends. She was the light of our home, and every effort was made, in vain, to save her. Mr. Allen, of Newbury, Spiritualist, gave a very appropriate discourse at her funeral, and the tears of a multitude indicated the hold she had acquired upon the affections of her acquaintances. While waiting for the hearse, the writer of this article improvised the following lines, which the speaker read in connection with his address. Though perhaps their only merit consists in the deep parental sentiment they convey, I will give them to the public and her many friends:

Her good angel-head is at rest,
His thinking and loving are o'er;
Her once warm affectionate breast,
Thrills with warm sympathies no more.
She's gone! how dismal the sound
Vibrates on the unwilling ear;
No soothing balm can heal the wound,
Felt in the loss of one so dear.
She's gone, alas!—too good to stay—
Too good for earth, she passed away.
To live and love, we trust for aye,
In brighter spheres of endless day.
Where pains and woes can never come,
Nor Death's frost blight the joys of home!
L. C. TODD

Of Writers and Speakers.

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Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson may be addressed, till further notice, Hammon, N. J.

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

Mrs. C. M. Stowe may be addressed, till further notice, at Sturgis, Mich.

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Leo Miller will make engagements to lecture week evenings. Address Hartford, Conn.

James Cooper, M. D., will respond to invitations to speak, addressed Bellefontaine, Logan Co., O.

J. H. W. Tooley will lecture on Temperament, Physiology and Phrenology. Address Penn Yan, N. Y.

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

Rev. H. S. Marble will answer invitations to lecture, addressed Iowa City, Iowa.

Dr. H. F. Gardner may be addressed, 46 Essex Street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will not visit the west this season, but will answer calls to lecture in the Eastern States. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.

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

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

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

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

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

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 Glenfurn and Kenduskeag.

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

William Denton has closed his labors in the mineral regions of the West, and will spend the winter in the Eastern States and Canada. Address Painesville, O.

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.

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.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller will receive calls to lecture in Northern Ohio and Michigan this winter; also attend on funeral occasions, if required. Permanent address, Conneaut, Ohio, care Asa Hickox.

Miss De Force has been obliged to return to the West, owing to ill health. Address, through November, La Crosse, Wis.; December, Vincennes, Ind.; January, Owensboro, Ky.; February, Philadelphia.

G. B. Stebbins will speak in Springfield, Mass., Dec. 8 and 15; Portland, Me., in January. Address for engagements in Massachusetts through December, at Rochester, N. Y., till Dec. 5. After, care Bela Marsh, Boston.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Taunton, Mass., in November; in Sutton and Milford, N. H., Lowell and Portland, Me., up to December. For week night lectures, or Sundays of next year, address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

F. L. Wadsworth will lecture in Battle Creek, Mich., every Sunday until further notice; in Providence, R. I., four Sundays of May, 1862; Taunton, Mass., first two Sundays of June; Marblehead, Mass., three last. Address accordingly. He will answer calls to lecture in New England during the summer of 1862.

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