

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

Vol. 3, No. 2.

A. J. DAVIS & CO.,
274 Canal St.

NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING MARCH 1, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS
per Year.

[WHOLE No. 106.]

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

1. A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will soon expire, and that he is invited promptly to renew it, to insure the uninterrupted mailing of the paper, and save extra labor at this office. Renewals will in all cases be dated and receipted for from the expiring number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

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

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

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

5. 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."

POEMS ACCEPTED.—"Charity," by A. J. D.; "A Song of Love," by L. H.; "The Unknown Sea," by H.; "A Voice from the Departed," by A. M.; "The Spirit of Love," by M. A. J.; "Musings," by M. A. N.; "Brother—Heed," by T. H.

POEMS DECLINED.—"The Goodness of God," "Nature, God, and Church," "Oh do not Scorn the Helpless Poor," "Poem," by T. J. O. S.; "There is a God," "The Trials of the Post's Life," "Presence of Deity," "A Whisper," "Evil Spirits," "Welcome, ye Spirit Friends, To-night."

V. H. HYDE PARK, VT.—Your communication will probably not be published.

J. C., NEW YORK.—Your contribution to our "Medical Department" is marked for publication; also "The Spiritual Creed and Belief."

A. U., KILMORNE, N. Y.—Strike for Freedom is forwarded to its destination. We are glad to hear of your mental freedom, and of your daughter's health and progress.

M. P., HALLSVILLE, O.—We would gladly aid you in securing that interchange of thought which is needed for social and mental development, and will see what can be done.

MARY A. H., SPRING DALE.—We do not commend the settlement in New Jersey to your consideration. Your ~~affectionate~~ letter is fresh and most welcome. The 20,000 flowers would give you unmingled pleasure.

JAMES A. QUINCY, ILL.—"Labor and Its Reward" is received. The subject is most important. We trust it will attract very general attention, and lead to reformatory action in many parts of the country.

G. K., DAYTON, O.—Glad you felt "free" to write a friendly word. Should you sometimes stumble and hurt yourself among the thorns on the mountain of "Repose," be not cast down in spirit, but arise and press forward toward unselfish love and pure wisdom.

"BELL," MANSFIELD, O.—Such dogmatic imperiousness, profanity, and vulgarity, in a medium, may be referred to an unbalanced condition of his own semi-exalted faculties—large love of approbation, small conscientiousness and benevolence, and excited combativeness. Tests through such mediums cost more than they come to.

MRS. E. H., DOWAGIAC, MICH.—It occasionally happens that the human faculties, under the stimulations of mediumship, become inverted, when they act contrary to their accustomed habits. Thus a mental organ may be overstimulated, and so subverted as to exhibit disagreeable traits of character. Human magnetism is the true cure.

K. G., HARVEYSBURGH, O.—Please re-read the passages in the volumes referred to. There is but one mode of egress for the spirit from the body. In the case cited, where the freed spirit went forth from the open door of the tomb, the spirit was, as usual, organized by emanation. Its guardians foresaw that the door of the sepulcher would be opened by the sexton, who had left his spade within.

F. T. L., LAWRENCE, MASS.—Your inclosure of "two dollars for the next six months" will enable us to do more good. We do not very cordially recommend anybody's "Washing Machine," but we long for a "chance" to give an unqualified indorsement to some such invention. The world's mothers and daughters have done enough drudgery at the wash-tub. Bring out a genuine labor-saving machine! The people's clothes are exceedingly dirty, and need to pass through a mechanical purgatory. Hope you can shout "Eureka!"

"CHARLIE," SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Your opinion that believers in the Spiritual Philosophy should not separate themselves from society, but live and work in its vitals, is agreeable to our long-cherished impressions. Let true minds build up "Brotherhood" wherever they may reside. Let us not try to live beyond the sphere of the world in which we now abide. Rather let us practically live in this life with all our hearts and minds, and labor to elevate the world by good examples and magnetic rapport.

R. J. R., PORTLAND.—"FRIEND DAVIS: Is there any other way of curing snoring except cutting off the snorer's head? Our better half would like to know."

Answer:—The true cure is to sleep with your mouth tightly closed. Therefore it is better to "shut your head" than to have it removed violently from its appropriate pedestal. It would doubtless be a great relief to many better halves if the "head of the family" would not disturb the silence when sleep is more desirable than snoring. If husbands cannot keep their mouths shut while sleeping, then wives can make them by fixing a bandage under the chin and securing it at the crown. We do not approve of "cruelty to animals," but we do believe that it is physiologically best for every human being to breathe only through the nostrils while sleeping.

A WIDOW, NEW YORK.—Perhaps it may be cheering and suggestive to the benevolent to read the following whisper: "DEAR FRIEND: If you think it advisable, I would like to have you tell the publishers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS that I gratefully acknowledge and appreciate the kindness they manifest by sending their paper to me every week, free of charge. I consider it a very precious gift. It has comforted me, and made hours bright that otherwise would have been gloomy and sorrowful. While reading its pages my soul feasts on good things, and I feel that I am in company with the truly good and great, who minister to my needs. I think if many of the wealthy readers of the HERALD could know how happy they might make some lonely Brother or Sister of humanity, by making them a present of a year's or six months' subscription, they would do so immediately. It would confer a lasting blessing equally on the giver and recipient. It would cause the bereaved heart to rejoice, and would lighten the burdens of life, and cheer the sad in their loneliness."

A FRIEND, a resident slaveholder of Kentucky, speaking of the War, in a private letter, says: "Could the issue, as fairly tendered by the rebel States (of slavery, or the national existence), be as fairly accepted by the loyal men, and the war conducted upon that issue, a very little energy and common sense would soon subdue the despots and gladden the hearts of the oppressed. How much longer will the friends of liberty fight against slavery and yet strengthen slavery? Tell me the day and hour, and I would gladly sleep till that day dawns. Now we hear soldiers say: 'If this is to be a war of abolition, we will throw up our commission and go home.' Fools! fools! They know not what they say! They might as well say, and these would be more sense, justice, and humanity in it, 'If this is a war to kill anybody, we will go home.' Suppose the Constitution does recognize property in man, surely when the slaveholders trample on the Constitution, and use their slaves to crush out the liberties and rights of all the loyal citizens, we may make friends of the slaves to maintain those rights and liberties. The American mind is stultified, and alas! we must wait for the flash of barbarous battle to illuminate it."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Three Great Questions.

FRIEND DAVIS:—In your issue of Jan. 18th, 1862, I find the following queries by Dr. R. T. Hallock:

1. What, where, and how is God?
2. What is moral purity?
3. What is it to be religious?

Accompanying which is a request for an interchange of sentiments in regard thereto. Now I am not a man given to many words, whereby to produce a lengthy argument on any subject, but I must say I am very glad of the Brother's questions. I have been waiting for years to give my simple views, in as few words as possible, on the plain questions propounded by my learned friend. I shall wait with great anxiety to see his own views, and what disposition he makes of mine.

To begin, then, I contend that there is a God, and that there is no such thing as nothing. Therefore God is something—the greatest of all things—and is capable of being known. What then do we recognize as the greatest of all things? Answer—Love, Wisdom, and Power; these are God, manifesting universal justice and order throughout all time and space.

Man we behold in the image of God, but a little lower than the angels, crowned with life and immortality. Man is in the possession of the triune attributes of the God who made him. Sincerely to live in accordance with our own highest convictions of duty, constitutes our "moral purity" before God, and makes us "religious"—the world to the contrary notwithstanding. "He who does the best he can, does well, acts nobly, angels could do no more." Respectfully, E. W. A.

CENTERHILL, 2d month, 1862.

For the Herald of Progress.

"What, Where, and How is God?"

MR. EDITOR:—The above is one of the questions asked by Dr. Hallock, in the HERALD, of January 18th. In response, I will very briefly state my own conceptions.

God is the life principle of the Universe. To conceive of a Universe without a God,

would be a Universe of dead material, void of all inherent laws—void of intelligence, life, light, motion, or the least possible chemical action.

He is the life, the spontaneity, the soul of ALL. The Universe is his mode of existence—an outward manifestation of the indwelling Divinity. He is everywhere present, but not everywhere equally manifest: the highest manifestations of which we can know being the human soul; and the soul in its aspirations feels its relation to the great Divinity.

In the language of devotion and poetry we ascribe personality to the Deity, and clothe him with human limitations. This conception is but a phantom of the brain and has no real existence.

God is the spirit of Nature. The laws that develop and govern all, are the manifestations of his inherent attributes; hence, any interference with those laws would involve a violation of his inherent nature. Therefore, we cannot admit the possibility of a super-natural occurrence. God being himself the spontaneity of Nature, anything super-natural must be superior to, or above God.

MILLERSBURG, ILL. TYLER McWHORTER.

Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

Insanity Cured by Magnetism.

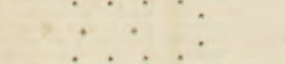
BROTHER DAVIS: Knowing the importance of facts, as the groundwork of all philosophy and as the foundation upon which we build our faith, and surrounded as I have been for the past ten years by facts of the most marvelous nature, I wish to communicate something of what I know of the cure of insanity by magnetic operations. I will first detail a case of my own experience, and in which I was one of the operators.

The case to which I will first call your attention, was one of a friend, Mr. W., residing in Grand Rapids, Mich., who is well known there as a medium of remarkable clairvoyant powers. Early in the fall of 1858 my friend was taken sick with typhus fever, accompanied by the sad effects of inordinate sexual indulgence, and refusing to take as a palliative—his doctor's pills, he sent for myself to treat him by magnetic operations.

I acquiesced; and on calling upon him, I was immediately entranced, and saw a spirit bending over his sick bed, holding in one hand the sweet nectar of his relief—a beautiful flower, containing forty leaves, each leaf containing properties which would, day by day, restore him to health; and by magnetic influence alone as a medicine, together with such cooling food as I chose to give him, in just forty days he was restored to physical health; but he remained in a state of insanity. For several weeks he continued in this state. I only need refer to men and women in Grand Rapids, whose authority is not to be disputed—such men as Mr. W. L. Coffinbury, Mr. Isaac Turner, and Mr. Charles Mason, at whose house he was operated upon, and such women as Mrs. Morey, Mrs. Mason, his own wife, and a host of others whom I have not space to mention.

The question was in every one's mouth: "What can be done for W.?" At last Mrs. M. J. Kutz had a call to lecture in Grand Rapids, and Mr. W.'s case was referred to her. She was entranced; and in the trance she prescribed his cure. It was simply to form a battery around him in the shape of a horse-shoe, composed of a number of persons of magnetic powers. Mrs. Kutz was the master-mind of the operation, and the attempt proved a complete success; and I doubt not that if any person whom I have named was called upon, they would testify as to the truth of what I have said. Mr. W.—was once more a rational being, and continued to be so, at least until I left Grand Rapids, one year after, since which time I have not heard from him.

The plan of the magnet was as follows—the stars forming the magnet-shoe being the human batteries, Mr. W.—in the center, and Mrs. Kutz at the opening:



The other case of the cure of insanity by magnetism, is one of a lady of Oswego, Ill.—Mrs. Ashley—and the operator a Mrs. Swift, a powerful healing medium, of Aurora, Ill. Mrs. Ashley's insanity was caused by sickness and trouble, to which nervous people are often subject—and as to her cure, it is complete, allowing all her friends and neighbors in Oswego, her own husband, and myself, to be the judges.

Mrs. Swift, as a healing medium and as a detector of disease by clairvoyant examinations, has not, in my humble estimation, many

superiors in the land. She is always accurate in her examinations, and I think completely successful in every disease that she has made an attempt to cure. As a magnetic physician she has an extensive practice, and almost always among those who have been nearly dragged to death by the nauseous poisons of quack doctors.

Yours, for Progress, J. W. E.
AURORA, ILL., 1862.

Health of Body and Mind.

The only man who is omniscient is an editor, and it is but a small part of his business, that he must never be at a loss on any subject. This is our only excuse for reviewing a medical work, and pronouncing a decided opinion in its favor, and thereby recommending it to our readers. It is a small matter to us that in doing this we infer that the present orthodox system of medicine is not a true system of hygiene, and that a man of common sense and observation, and more especially a woman, who always possesses these two great essentials, is after all the best household physician. Of course we do not mean that every man at forty is either a fool or a physician, though we have known some who, at that age, answered to both those appellations. But there is a broad common sense and eclecticism in healing, which the faculty is more likely than a layman to drop out of his researches. Medicine, like the other sciences, has been regarded too much as an abstract and special study of drugs and chemicals, and of their action on health and disease, and for the purpose of experimenting the poor patients have been the laboratory, and have severely suffered the penalty. It has been to the patient's intentions, and not to those of the doctor, that the world is now indebted for the smaller dosing of drugs, and for the disuse of the lancet, and still again the public mind is in advance of the profession; for while each school of medicine is busy in proclaiming its own infallibility, and the quackery of all the rest, our wise world is quietly taking note of the silent tread of the bills of mortality, which the doctors have not yet succeeded in obliterating, and is taking from each system all the common sense it can find in it.

Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis can greatly help them in this good endeavor, and to us it seems as if each man and woman would better comprehend for themselves the laws of health, and, by consequence, those of disease, by a perusal of his *Harbinger of Health*. We are no believers in any occult system of medicine or of theology, which permits of an infallible doctorhood or priesthood, for the medicine being for our proper bodies, and the theology for our own individual proper souls, we claim the privilege of knowing something about it for ourselves, and of telling whether or not it does us good. In saying this, however, we draw a distinction between priests and pastors, and between the dogmatic and reasoning doctor. It leaves an ample space for the true physician, both of body and mind, and the more he can combine the study of both the higher is his rank in the family of man.

We do not know to what extent the peculiar psychological powers of Mr. Davis were used in the production of the present work, nor for the purpose of pronouncing on its use, is it necessary to settle its origin and genesis. It is enough that here we have it before us. The tone of medicine works seldom attracts the general reader. Their language is so technical that it is not often one can gain much definite knowledge from them. But Mr. Davis gives us food of quite a different flavor. Every page of his volume is not only readable, but attractive, and there is such a quaintness and humor in his mode of imparting knowledge, and withal he is so hearty and healthy in his tone, that we catch involuntarily his quiet philosophic strain. There is much more than medicine in his work. His first chapter admits you through "the pearly gates of science" to "the philosophy of disease." He tells us there are "no infallible remedies," and that "self-healing energies are better than medicines." We are introduced to "physiological virtue," to "the philosophy of human magnetism," and we are told in another chapter, most difficult of all, "how to do good." Then come "diagnoses and prescriptions," embracing a wide field. It was said of Bishop Berkeley that he began with tar water and ended with the Trinity. Mr. Davis begins with "spring-time diseases," and ends with "intuitive glimpses of truth." He tells us "how to exert the will," speaks of "man's telegraphic powers," and of "Nature's progressive energies," and of "spiritual briars and thorns," of "the cause and cure of impatience," of "the marriage of the temperaments," "exhausted primates in man," and "how to balance the system." We find an excellent paragraph on "an orange," and another on "the food of vampires," from which a digestible moral is educed, on "food as a medicine," "magnetic disturbances," "do infants grow up in heaven?" "treatment for epileptic fits," "remedy for weakness and pain," and "remedy for a multitude of sins." There is "a cure for sick headache," and for an "inveterate dyspepsia," there is "a medicine for a weak stomach," and a "cure for a sour stomach," "a magnetic treatment of intoxication" is decidedly worth a trial, and "Matilda's objections to deep breathing" should be considered by the few young ladies who are to be found among our readers.

We could not read through three hundred titles, such as these, of which we have only room for the above as a sample, taken almost at random. There is strong good sense in most of them, for Mr. Davis has not rejected

truth, whatever school of medicine or of thought it came from. We dare say that there are some crudities amongst his paragraphs, and some that may be at once rejected as founded in error; but although of course we could point out every one of such, in our editorial wisdom, we decline to do it, and prefer that each reader should do it for himself.

Reply to "Hints on Exercise, Diet, &c."

MR. EDITOR: I notice in the HERALD OF PROGRESS, No. 102, Feb. 1st, an article by "F. J. L." upon Exercise, Diet, &c. The writer, in the first place, says that he has known of "two cases of death from the use of dumb-bells," and one quite recently in your city, and then says that it seems to him that if such exercises were intended by Nature for mankind, "we would be born with dumb-bells in our hands." We might with the same propriety say that if Nature intended man to wear clothing, he would have been born with his clothing on, &c.

The writer appears to forget that this generation are generally puny and sickly. The people require certain kinds of exercises to aid them in retaining and improving their health. Does not a human being make a better appearance when full chested than with a hump on his back? What if an unfortunate gymnast does put a shoulder out of place, does that prove that the thousands should not profit by judicious exercises?

Mr. F. J. L. states that Kit Carson, with his three hundred men, avoided sickness for ten years. That is not disputed. But we are not all Kit Carsons. Different occupations call us in different directions. We have no occasion to climb mountains, sleep in Makinay blankets, and eat buffalo meat. And that is the very reason why many of us should use the dumb-bells, which have been and are still used to supply a deficiency we feel in important kinds of exercise.

With reference to the Water Cure, &c., the writer says that in cold weather warm water should be used, and in a warm room. His argument for this course is that Polar bears are well protected with a five-inch thick garment of fur; and also that snakes and toads crawl into warm places during the winter months. I hope the writer does not compare the habits of bears, snakes, and toads, with the human race. The animals live in accordance with natural laws adapted to their nature; but man has departed so far from laws governing his organism, that he cannot be compared with the lower animals. It cannot be true that our leading Water Cure reformers have been so long mistaken on this subject. I know by experience that cold water, applied to the body in fair health, is far superior to warm water.

Yours, for truth and investigation,
N. H. B.

The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals.

NUMBER SEVEN.

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword."

In all ways, the human soul must manufacture its own peace; the cause for which, I take to be the same as that which obliges each and every potato to do its own growing. You wish your son to become a carpenter. You cannot make him one; you can only put a broad-ax into his hand with which to make himself one. Now, the "sword" is but another name for truth; for authority or power—the power of dividing or separating. Show a man where and how to grasp the power of separating himself from his blunders (what are called his evils, or sins), and you are to that man all the Savior that any power outside of himself can possibly be.

When a master workman in metals addresses a shop-full of apprentices, anxious for the peace which cometh from the subjugation of copper and iron—I say, when such an one addresses these in the spirit of the words used by that other master workman in his speech to the dull boys whom he had undertaken to instruct in the ways of peace, undervalued and eternal—we know that he does but state a self-evident truth—a truth which has its origin in the necessities of human growth and the reason of things. The simple statement of the law, all clear as applied to the making of good artisans, becomes all a muddle as developed in the church plan for making good Christians. There, your only hope is in another. "The Master" is to do all the heavy work, and you, all the glorification. He strikes the blows and you sing the psalms. In England, they say, "every man is expected to do his duty;" in the church, no man is expected to do his duty, Jesus of Nazareth having taken that work upon himself. She teaches the utter sinfulness of so much as touching a tool with any hope of advantage toward salvation. To gain peace,

"the Master" did not send them a book, he brought them "a sword." Rejecting that their battle "sword of truth and breast-plate of righteousness" is the Book of Common Prayer, or The Assembly's Shorter Catechism.

You doubt that? Take a case in illustration. By the morality which is of books, you may marry, for example, your father's brother's daughter. The church has nothing to say against it, nor the state. These two pioneers in morality have made for you a broad and easy highway, over which you roll in the carriage of utter respectability to the hymenial altar, where a man with a shirt on the outside of his coat says, by way of rider to this church marriage, "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." You go home and feel that you have done a good thing—a moral thing. You have joined hands and probably farms with your cousin, and you look forward with the comfortable assurance that your joint increase of bank stock will go on pari passu with the increase of family stock. But here is the misery—while your bank stock continues at par and above, your family stock is sure to fall greatly below, and some of it to become utterly worthless. Here you see, whilst you have been severely moral by authority of creeds and statutes, you have committed an act of the meanest cruelty and most flagrant injustice in point of fact—an act which results to you in shame and sorrow, and to your offspring, in curses to the third and fourth generation.

All this while there was a sword within easy reach, which might have divided between yourself and this terrible evil; but, as it is presented in the visible form of a country barn-yard, you spurned it with contempt, and took the church for your guide. You elected the morality that is recorded on paper, and rejected that which is written in Nature. Had you known it, your own flock of sheep would have been a far safer guide in your matrimonial adventure than a council of bishops. Mark how the barn-yard flouts the church in this great matter, and turns its pompous ceremony into a satire. Aside from the fact that your church-sanctioned marriage, with its priestly blessing, has not saved you in the least from Nature's punishment, one moment's consideration should convince you, that, as between the church and the barn-yard the latter is the infallible teacher. You are related to the barn-yard," by the mother's side," whereas, there is not one drop of church blood in all your veins. The church is not a producer of men and women, "its only a breeder of "bulls," and paper at that.

By authority of barn-yard ethics, you have committed incest; you have acted in utter disregard of the rights of your prospective offspring, and of the rights of contemporaneous humanity in the uses of your offspring. For this outrage upon human rights, you are amenable to the laws of human nature, not to the bench of bishops, and no church absolution can save you from the vengeance of their offended dignity.

It is well to remember that the "sword" wherewith individuals or nations may conquer the enemies of their peace and prosperity, does not always take the form of a Damascus blade. The Representative of this nation, for example, Nature has forged and brought to two fine edges, one which all clear-seeing men and women are anxious that he should grasp without delay; but, as it takes the shape of Negro Emancipation, he don't see it. The wooden sword of policy, forged under the trip-hammer of church councils upon the anvil of state cabinets, is the blade in request at Washington. Should he use the former, while it would make untold millions rejoice, it would cause Kentucky to weep, and to offend Kentucky in that way would not be state charity. So he sticks as by fellow affinity to his sword of lath, which saves Kentucky and only endangers the life of the nation. Like church, like state, in this matter of choosing words; and now, this church graduate (what we name state authority) whom, in these days, for very shame sake, Alma Mater would be glad to see do something, resembles nothing so much as a patient with congestion of the chest and water on the brain—it breathes hard, but don't know anything.

I say, it is well to remember that the sword which keeps the human paradise safe from the entrance of every fool, whether in private life or public office, takes the form of the emergency of the time. Its material consists of eternal principles; its shape may be that of a rifled cannon or of a gray goose-quill. What is to save the nation? There lies the sword, in the shape of a single word—Justice. He who takes it, invokes the right arm of God; he lawfully calls to his aid all the forces of the universe; but your government will not touch it. It looks directly away from the only power of salvation, and hence it cannot save. The nation must grasp the sword rejected of its government, or it will never achieve the victory of peace.

Then again, by authority of the natural code of morality, and in the light that flashes from the flaming steel of eternal justice it may be seen that we are enjoying just the best governmental administration possible to us. Vindictive punishment belongs wholly to the church code; in the natural code suffering always looks to reformation. Our children will forge their sword of deliverance from the thralldom of man worship, out of the utter folly of our own accredited great ones. We, of to-day, it is to be feared, are not wise enough. We have forgotten that the doctrine of democracy—every man his own priest and his own king—is as old as the prophet Isaiah; we have failed to notice how, from the day of its proclamation, it has traveled steadily on toward its fulfillment. But look! All the great religions and all the great states at the date of this proclamation or

prophecy and since, have had a great man at the bottom. The same holds with respect to the smaller divisions. For example: Moses represents Jehovah to the Jews; Jesus is God incarnate to the Christians; Luther underlies the grand Protestant subversion of Christianity. A man also is to be found under every sect into which Protestantism is divided, if we except the sect of Shakers, and under that is a woman. The sect runs somewhat thus: Moses under Judaism, Jesus under Christianity, Luther under Protestantism, Calvin under Presbyterianism, (Church of Englandism being a hybrid, begotten of Henry the eighth upon the Pope of Rome, is left out of the count), Wesley under Methodism, Fox under Quakerism, Murray under Universalism, Channing under Unitarianism.

Now, the good of these men, and the noble work they have wrought for humanity, is apparent. The evil is, that, in every case, the man in process of time came to be revered above his truth. His followers became man worshipers instead of truth worshipers. But as error is the only thing in this universe subject to annihilation, and as from error alone come evil and its offspring, suffering, this man worship must die before the immortal and universal democracy can live; because, you see, by authority of its first grand proclamation, when it finally takes its seat "under its own vine and fig tree" there must be "no man to molest or make it afraid." Gradually, but surely, therefore, the divine laws, as manifested in human instincts, have been at work upon its destruction, as thus: Jesus, for instance, "very God" to all Christians, is now so to a rapidly decreasing number only. Luther, revered greatly, is never more than a "man of God." Fox is "divinely inspired." Murray is "mighty in the Scriptures." Channing is a "pure and good man." Lastly, we come to Spiritualism, under which there is no man at all. The allegiance of its disciples is not to a mortal man, but to its manifest truth.

It needs not to trace the corresponding decrease of man worship in the state, from the "Lord's anointed" David, to the people's appointed Washington; he who will, may see at once the mischief of man worship and the necessity of riddance from it. "Had not this nation, in its stupid or hypocritical reverence for Washington and the Constitution utterly forgot ten liberty? Up to the year old February, compare the Fourth of July orations with every-day transactions. Reverence for men is in exact ratio to ignorance of principles. There is too much of both yet extant. When good outlives its time, it becomes evil. Like food retained too long, it engenders disease and death. All the great ones were well in their time, but we are of our time, with theirs added, and so have outgrown them. The world is wiser than its books. The book published yesterday is eclipsed by the book of to-day. This nineteenth century is the continent of all preceding time. The ages serve it, and not it the ages; for it to bow down to the ages therefore, is to return to Fetichism.

This, then, is Nature's missionary process: she teaches us to respect ourselves through the supreme contempt we are made to feel for the government. Could the President bring us the peace our souls pant for we should be Lincoln worshipers, as we have been Washington worshipers, for generations to come. Whereas, the requirement of to-day is, not that we bow down to men above us, but to the truth within us. Nature does not make administrations, she makes men. The "sword" she brings is put ever into their hands. At best, government, so called, can be but the form of that sword; its temper is the integrity and intelligence of the people.

Is it not plain, what the good God is about? The old Spartan fathers, I am told, did, upon occasion, cause some one of their slaves to be made drunk in the presence of their children, to the end that they might learn the advantages of sobriety—precisely what the good Father is doing with the great and little governments all over this planet: Every one of them as drunk as Belshazzar, venting their puerilities and indecencies before you and me, that we may learn the great secret of self-government—the divine energy of a self-poised individuality—the ultimate democracy, "the perfect liberty of the sons of God."

R. T. H.

Laws and Systems.

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

Deities of Society.

BY UNA.

The Deity which receives the greatest reverence among the people, and at whose altars continual sacrifices are offered up, is the god Mammon. The pains they endure, the sufferings they inflict upon themselves and others, would be incredible to one who had not been an eye-witness. Days of toil and nights of unceasing care are as nothing to them; health and even life itself are a free gift upon this altar; conscience (heaven's oracle) and every sense of justice and right are sacrificed; in fact, every feeling and thought that will not promote the honor of this idol are cast aside.

The next idol in rank, a hideous, distorted creature, covered with a beautiful veil, is called Popularity. This one is worshiped more or less by all; but his particular devotees are men called politicians. These temples are thronged at certain seasons, during the festivals called Elections. It would be amusing, if one did not have more serious feelings, to see the contortions, the genuflections, the gesticulations, the smirking, smiling, and bowing, of these worshippers, during

the festivals and just previous, while they are preparing for these rites.

Then comes another divinity, closely allied to the former, or at least he is spoken of and oblations are offered at the same time. This one is called Equal Rights. Altars, at certain seasons, are erected to this god. But the grand festival is on the fourth day of the seventh month, as we reckon time, which is precisely the thirtieth day after the summer solstice. It is celebrated with much pomp, and a stranger just arrived among this people, and being present at these ceremonies for the first time, would be very likely to think this deity more highly esteemed than any other, or possibly that he was the only one to whom divine homage was paid. The rites and ceremonies are frequently commenced the night previous, by firing crackers, torpedoes, &c. The morning is usually ushered in with the ringing of bells, firing cannons, shouting, and hurrahs, which would convince the atheist by a priest appointed expressly to hold his wildest revel. Frequently, after the morning meal, they form processions, and with banners and music march to the place where was previously raised an altar; arrived at the spot selected, either a fine grove or some large hall, the priests appointed to officiate, and others deemed worthy, ascend the sacred structure, and then usually call upon the priests of another God, who is considered as having but one day in the week, viz.: the first, or Sabbath, as his. It being reputable for all to take part in these ceremonies, the sacred priests are invited to invoke the blessing of their God upon the assembly. After that they bring forth their sacred writing to Equal Rights, which is read with great enthusiasm by a priest appointed expressly to that office. I have been present when it was read in two different languages, the one that of the nation, the other that of a strange people come to dwell among them; and I noted that the stranger read certain passages with far more emphasis than the native priest; for I could easily perceive any difference, as I understood the language of both. After the reading of the sacred writing is completed, they make orations and sing anthems, interspersed with instrumental music. The sacred writing which they read on these occasions certainly contains many excellent passages, and it appears to me a very plain document, yet it is variously understood by the people. Some understand it to mean that this deity, Equal Rights, protects all mankind, while others affirm that it did not include women. Now it seems absurd that there should be any controversy upon a subject so plain; but I much fear that it will not be settled till the people are better instructed and more enlightened by missionaries from the land of Good Sense.

Among the singular customs of that people may be reckoned many relating to the manufacture, sale, and use of a very remarkable liquor. It appears to resemble water, (and might with propriety be called aqua vivante, or water of death); but when taken into the mouth it burns like fire, and if much is swallowed, produces delirium, stupor, and, finally, death. The slave to this poisonous liquid frequently lingers for some time, a living death, a dead weight upon society, and a curse to his family. It is a fact worthy of consideration, that, though the women and children seldom use this poison, they nevertheless frequently suffer exceedingly from its effects by others. It might surprise the dwellers in the land of Good Sense to be told that the sale of this deadly liquor is protected by the legislators and rulers; indeed, some of the chief rulers are guilty of using this abominable poison, and some who are accounted the wisest in all the land at times appear like the most foolish, and what is still worse frequently add to this vice others as bad or worse; yet when these very men die, the priests of Mammon, of Popularity, &c., pronounce eulogies upon them. Not long since one of these priests, eulogizing one surnamed the Godlike, said his faith was always right even if he sometimes erred in conduct. That would sound strange indeed to our friends in the land of Good Sense, and I doubt not they would pronounce it a paradox for they believe the faith of small importance provided the conduct is good, but the hearers of this priest called it the highest wisdom.

The women are in a most degraded condition; they are literally slaves of the most absurd customs and realities, and many live and die miserably, from the opinion. Any attempt to raise themselves to a level with man is looked upon as supremely ridiculous, even wicked; and the priests have been known to make long orations about it, and to ask what would become of the modesty of women, if they were to appear in one of their temples, "unbonneted and unshawled," to speak the words of God—as though the modesty was in shawl and bonnet.

They have also many schools, some in which all the learning they have taught is to the men, but women are not allowed to enter because they would become men also by pursuing these studies, and then the race would become extinct.

There is another deity daily worshiped by all, but most especially by women. This is called the Goddess Fashion. She is tyrannical and exacting beyond all others. Her temples are thronged at all hours of the day and night. Her devotees appear in the most fantastic costumes imaginable. Health, comfort, good taste, and gracefulness, are not unfrequently laid as offerings upon her altar. Many of the worshippers have waists no larger than an infant's, with high square shoulders; these are made so by putting bandages so tightly about them that they can never expand. Of course the breathing is labored, and they puff and pant in the drawing-room like men at hard labor. Thus, with other torturing and absurd rites, they propitiate this Goddess, and those who most nearly succeed in living up to her requirements are deemed most honorable. She also demands that their daughters shall be taught accomplishments only, mostly, I judge, for the better disposing of them in marriage; for I observe that after they have entered that state they seldom practice them.

These devotees become so degraded that not unfrequently they give their daughters to men who would not only not be esteemed, but would be absolutely despised in the land of Good Sense. Their reason for this preference is that they are good servants of Mammon, and love also the Goddess Fashion. Thus they are degenerating physically and mentally. Some of the women have so degraded themselves that they will sell themselves to these slaves of Mammon. Their custom and traditions make it dishonorable for women to engage in almost any honest employment or useful occupation, by which to gain their own living; in consequence of this, many legally blind themselves as wives to men they abhor; others, again, in adverse circumstances, and miserably paid in the few employments they have, are dazzled by the glare of love and beauty they see in the distance, and immolate themselves in a manner not considered either respectable or legal. But I have often thought that in the eyes of the great Father who weighs all things in an even balance, that some of the first were more guilty than some of the latter class.

Then comes Law, a god which the men themselves have made, and into whose temples no woman is allowed to enter. It is even gravely asserted by some that should the women be permitted to enter these temples, the very edifices would fall and crush the inmates in one chaotic ruin. They pretend that this god is made in the exact likeness of one called Divine Law, that rules over all things and dwells in the high heavens. There are, indeed, sophists among them, who affirm that if this god appear to differ from the heavenly one in any respect the fault is in the imagination of the beholder, and not in the image; yea, even that he should receive the first homage, and Divine Law the second.

A woman sometimes, by great industry and economy, acquires a property, or perchance receives a fortune from her father—but if she marries, her husband can claim all she possesses, and if he pleases, spend it all in vicious indulgences, leaving her without food and shelter. By this law she can inherit only one-third of this property; should he die, and she have no children, his nearest kin can take two-thirds of all they have—even though it were every cent hers, and leave her the other third to use during her life-time. If she never marries, they compel her by the power of this god Law, to give yearly a part of what she possesses, to be devoted to, the service of the gods that oppress her, and into whose temples she is not permitted so much as to set foot. These are great grievances, and serve to keep women helpless, hopeless, and degraded, and in my missionary labors I stretch out my hand and cry, men and brethren, come up to the help of the Lord against all this host of false gods. Help us to cast them down, and teach these poor heathens to worship the one true and living God, then justice and truth will go hand in hand, and mercy and right meet together.

Sight and Insight.

For the Herald of Progress.

Saints and Sinners.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

NUMBER EIGHT.

Saint Hildegarde.

"Brought up in great simplicity," with only the Psalter to read, a little girl in the first years of the twelfth century found herself clothed upon with wonderful gifts. Of delicate organization, and possessing a religious nature, little Hildegarde became, while almost an infant, a remarkable medium.

"When I was three years old," she says, "I beheld such a light that my soul trembled. In my eighth year I was admitted to a spiritual communion with God, and until I was fifteen I beheld many visions. At that time I felt surprised that while I saw internally with my soul, I also saw outwardly with my eyes, and as I never heard of a similar power in others, I endeavored to conceal my visions as much as possible.

"When I was twenty-four years of age, a fiery light coming from heaven filled my brain and influenced my heart, like a fire which burns not, but warms like the sun; and suddenly I had the power of expounding the Scriptures."

It was not until her fortieth year that the wonders of her spiritual life became public, and the Catholic Church began to reap the benefits, as it has ever been ready to do, of spiritual gifts, thus adding a luster to itself while the Protestant Church has never been able to gain, because of its unwillingness to engrave upon its sanctity any of the signs and gifts of faith.

Hildegarde was subject to trances, in which a strong man could not bend her body. Her physical system was illy capable of bearing her spiritual enlightenment, and she suffered greatly, but always with patience and faith. A ring preserved at Eibengen, bears the inscription, "I suffer willingly."

After her powers became known in the church, pope and cardinal, bishop and people, Jew and Christian visited her. She healed the sick by the laying on of hands; she knew the thoughts of others, she beheld future events, she had the power of leaving her body and showing herself to those at a distance, thus proving herself a true disciple of the early father, St Paul, who commended the gifts of clairvoyance, of prophecy, of healing the sick, and of working miracles.

In her letters, she says: "My soul rises in visions even to the depths of the firmament, and overlooks all portions of the earth and every nation. I do not see things with the outward eyes, nor hear them with the ears, nor receive them through other senses, but with my soul's eye; for I see them when awake, by day as well as by night. In the visions, I understood the writings of the prophets, the evangelists, and some holy philosophers, without human assistance. I explained much in these books, although I was scarcely able to distin-

guish the letters; I also sang verses to the honor of God without having had any instruction in singing, having never even learned a song."

After people began to come to her for assistance, her gifts became more perfectly developed. She gave counsel for bodily ailments, and she beheld the thoughts and feelings of others so distinctly that she could reprove them for secret faults. We are told that a spirit spoke within her that no one could gainsay. Jews became converted by her pious exhortations; and the nuns were led to greater sanctity by her reproofs. She often foretold the time of the death of those who came to her, and scarcely any one who sought her aid in sickness went away unaided.

A girl suffered from tertian fever that no medicine could abate; Hildegarde laid her hands on her and she immediately recovered. "Bertha" was afflicted with a tumor on her neck; Hildegarde made the sign of the cross on the afflicted part and she was cured. She sometimes consecrated (magnetized) water and gave to the sick to drink, and they were healed.

"Ericher Rudolph had heard of her power, and on going to bed prayed for her assistance. In a vision she appeared to him in the very dress she at that time wore, and told him that his life would be in danger from his enemies if he did not at once leave the place. He instantly left; and those that remained were overpowered by their pursuers."

She is said to have foretold the divisions that were to occur in the Catholic church, and princes and bishops received her words as oracles.

In the year 1179, when 81 years old, she left her frail body and entered the life of spirit realities. A medium of such rare gifts was not to be forgotten in the Catholic church: she was canonized as a saint, and made to prove the power and truth of the Catholic religion. Would that our own time could in like manner behold beauty and honor in such revelations and gifts without the superstitious reverence of the Catholic.

Why have all these beautiful histories been hid from the present generation? Why have they been clothed upon with doubt and distrust, until we have been made to believe they were one with the weeping statue and the winking madonnas, only to be laughed at and despised as tricks of a crafty priesthood. The holy gifts of the spirit were not more rare in the ages following the death of the disciples of Jesus, than in the days of their active mediumship; but the reformation sealed up the records by its contempt and scorn, and we have to wait until some bold critic takes from behind the mask of superstition or of distrust, the sweet and saintly image of faith, and we exclaim with reverential awe: ever one and equal is the beautiful law of the spirit; ever bright and shining are the threads that connect the natural with the spiritual; ever fond and loving is the bending eye of heaven; ever true and perfect is the revelation of infinite good and beauty.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

A Bachelor to a Husband.

"There is a passion still more deeply charming Than fevered youth e'er felt—and that is Love By long experience mellowed into friendship. How far beyond that forward child of fancy, With beauty pleased awhile, anon disgusted, Seeking some other toy; how far more noble Is this bright offspring of unchanging reason, That fondler grows with age, and charms forever."

In the HERALD OF PROGRESS of JANUARY 25, "Salathiel" gives his "Reasons why he is a Husband" in answer to my "Reasons why I am a Bachelor," published in No. 95. I appreciate his genial spirit, but some of his suggestions I think do not altogether apply to my case. Facts are stubborn things, but when misunderstood only serve to strengthen error.

My ideal is to me of vital importance, being, as I understand it, founded on science and physiological law, which is a natural law, and necessary to my happiness. We all differ in our thoughts and actions, according to inherited predisposition and education. The companion I seek would not respond, unless congenial. "Drabbling skirts, hoops," and disagreeable "frivolities," are not my ideal, nor the person that is enthralled by them. I cannot be afflicted by them in any closer proximity than to be disgusted with their sight in all the great thoroughfares, lapping up the filth of the street, crowding people in traveling, disabling the wearer from self-help in all the necessary labors of life, injuring health and destroying happiness. Such folly I cannot invite to my heart. Love is beautiful, interesting, exalting, humanizing, and progressive; but if clothed with sinful folly it is lost for all purposes of happiness to me.

There are women who wear the "American costume," or short dress, and testify to its vast superiority over the drabbling hooped dress; it is to such I address myself when no others will listen. I am a progressive reformer, and can love only in that direction—can love lovable objects of my ideal description, and not such as appear lovable to others' differing from me in all their ideas of social life. Judging from the article of "Artemesia"—"Reasons Why I am a Wife"—she might approximate my ideal if she had my ideas and philosophy of things. Her expressed sentiments are beautiful, and to one of her husband's philosophy she must be a paragon of perfection.

I am pleased to hear my friend rejoice in his "eighteen years'" experience of conjugal felicity. I am not of his temperament, should hardly fall in love in so hap-hazard a way, having passed the years of such indiscretion. But it is better to be born lucky than wise; the former is ever sure of success, but the latter often fails the most gifted in the hour of peril.

I still hope that the world is not destitute of some fair one who has not bowed the knee to Baal; whose education and inherited bias may have been similar to mine; who may feel it no sacrifice to join hands and hearts for the journey of life's eventful day, with all my bachelor peculiarities thrown in. I am not particularly anxious at this day to barter myself for a fashionable dunc.

THE BATTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER, BY SIR BULWER LYTTON.

Heavy and solemn, A cloudy column, Through the green plain they marching came; Measureless spread, like a table d'eat, For the wild grim dice of the iron game!

Science the Friend of Religion.

While a priest-paralyzed humanity has been pointing to Science as the vicegerent of his Satanship, as the inveterate foe of man's spiritual interests, "Godless and God-deriding Science" has been silently undermining factions and theories prejudicial to man's interior unfoldment, and presenting to the comprehensive judgment of mankind a basic rock upon which to erect a faith that shall stand undaunted amid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

conclude he most knows God who best understands his works? Dick, the "Christian Philosopher," unqualifiedly asserts that a knowledge of God's works, as manifested in the world of which we are but temporary sojourners, is necessary to the development of true Christian character.

A REPLY TO THE CHARGES OF C. M. P.

Mr. Edilton:—The "comments" which accompanied my effort to enlighten C. M. P., as published in your journal of 18th inst. seem to demand this further effort on my part to dissipate his "sad reflections" upon our benighted condition.

"Baltimore Spiritualism."

These are the provisions of the Constitution of the United States which political abolitionism has declared shall not be held sacred; which the expounders of this "only true authority" tell their eager listeners is "a compact with hell" and should therefore be broken; and yet they stultify themselves so far as to imagine that while they denounce and deride this compact, while they set its authority at defiance, they still claim to be the upholders of the general government, and cry out "traitor" and "rebel" against those who are unwilling to continue in political association with them only because of their unfaithfulness to that compact, without which the Government could never have been formed.

responding frankness and honorable withdrawal of his baseness against myself, to make it a pretext for additional charges, and insinuations in the form of a query, that I am a slaveholder—that my thoughts receive their coloring from interests which I may have in human bondage.

Philosophical Department.

The Man and the Soul.

Childhood is full of unuttered meanings. Children overflow with the fulness of life—feelings and emotions, likes and dislikes, attractions and repulsions; but when, with their immature minds, they attempt to explain these inward movements, they chatter and babble in a way that does not suit or satisfy the full-grown mind, which looks for a scientific demonstration, or the certainty of analysis and synthesis.

human rights, and have presented to the world the contrast between a republic entirely free, linked together, and one where freedom and slavery were linked together.

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actual infancy of the race, and in the works and literature even of existing nations the indications of mental childhood. To the full-grown intellect of the truly adult man this literature may seem meaningless, confused, chaotic; and he turns from it with feelings of contempt and disgust, because it is not molded in the scientific forms, and adapted to the scientific methods of his full-grown mind.

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the world—to study the significant "signs of the times," and strive to gaze through the cloud and shadow that now brood over the destiny of nations...

Think of it.

The sectarian church, in order to oppose the onward march of Spiritualism, denies all that it has ever taught—the facts connected with the ministry of Jesus—the communication of saints—the guardianship of angels—and everything except the blind and superstitious adherence to forms and ceremonies...

When Both are Guilty.

A recent peculiar and painful divorce case in this city seems to have opened the eyes of a portion of the city press to the utter absurdity of certain points in the present legal code respecting marriage.

An action was brought for divorce on the only legal ground in this State—infidelity—and in the course of the trial both parties were proved untrue to the other, and because of the double crime, the law compelled the twin to continue their unprofitable and unholy relation.

On Tuesday last the House of Representatives adjourned at an early hour "as a mark of respect for the brave men who have been killed, and of sympathy for those who have been wounded."

In the light of this action, we have reason to tremble at every success of our army. If each successive battle is to be the occasion for an idle day in Congress, we may ourselves be forced to pray for an armistice, or for some inglorious defeat...

We do not relish the facility with which a divorce is granted in some places. We look on marriage as a thing too sacred to be treated with such levity. But there are occasions, of course, when divorces are absolutely necessary; for marriage is an institution designed for wise and moral purposes, and it never should be suffered to minister to immorality.

Interesting to Travelers.

One of the Tribune reporters, has suffered for once the annoyances to which "common" travelers are subjected every day. All who ride by rail will be interested in the questions propounded as the result of his experience:

Why are railroad offices, the places where more people go than to any other, the only places of business that are shut and opened, not to accommodate an ever-recurring crowd of scores and hundreds, but for the convenience of a single official?

If one must have a ticket before a check can be procured, why not make it possible always to get a ticket?

Or, if that cannot be, isn't it possible to have more baggage-room checks when the ticket is presented, or a room into which baggage may be put and cared for by a responsible person, as they do in Boston?

And finally, isn't it possible to instill into the minds of railroad officials that the public, individually and collectively, are not their mortal enemies, and that a man may descend to accommodate the public, treat it with civility, and yet be a perfectly free and enlightened citizen?

The Usual Manner.

The Port Huron (Mich.) Press contains an account of a local "Union Social" for the benefit of the Congregational Church at that place, in which account occurs the following:

"At ten, after looking to God in the usual manner, through Mr. H—, the company were served with hot coffee, cold meats, &c."

It may be profane in us, very, but we are curious to know what the Port Huron Congregationalists saw "looking through" Mr. H—? Is it equal to a stereoscopic view? And how does Mr. H— like it? Is a view "through" him as good as through anybody else?

else? And in looking "through," does one see anything by the way? Must we always look through a body? Can't honest eyes and true hearts "look to God" without a medium? We wish to know? Ce Enns.

Amusements in New York.

New Yorkers are not altogether given over to sadness because of the terrible civil war prevailing, nor to gloominess because of the hard times; neither do these grievances combined drive people to the churches or to extreme sorrowfulness. The fact is, the popular places of amusement were never better patronized than now.

At the leading theaters more than ordinary good entertainments have been afforded, and the enterprise of the managers has been well rewarded. At Wallack's and Niblo's the standard dramas have been produced with strong casts and great enthusiasm. At Laura Keane's and Winter Garden lighter and spectacular pieces are presented to even larger and more enthusiastic audiences, while Barnum—in all things seeking to humbug—succeeds in enticing "excellent people" who would on no account whatever visit a theater, to see his manifold wonders—an exhibition in the "Lecture Room" included—unless indeed it is at the time engaged for a prayer-meeting—though, by the way, the skillful proprietor will, with proper care, see that the prayer-meeting and preaching hours are those that do not "shine" with the glittering quarters.

Thanks to the twenty-five cent fee and the fact that the Museum is not a theater (if a humbug no matter), this branch of New York theatricals is best patronized of all, and largely by that class of people, too, who consider themselves quite as good, or a little better, than their wicked theater-going neighbors.

The Broadway Concert Saloons, thanks to the vigorous onslaught of the New York Press, are ceasing to pay as speculations, and hence ceasing to exist as a manifold evil. Enough still are left, with the thousand and one brilliantly lighted but fearfully dark cellars in the depths of New York, to satisfy that large class who vainly pursue dissipation and debauchery in search of "amusement." Altogether, as we said in beginning, New York is a gay, not sad city—too gay on its surface, too sad in its depths.

What Folly!

On Tuesday last the House of Representatives adjourned at an early hour "as a mark of respect for the brave men who have been killed, and of sympathy for those who have been wounded."

In the light of this action, we have reason to tremble at every success of our army. If each successive battle is to be the occasion for an idle day in Congress, we may ourselves be forced to pray for an armistice, or for some inglorious defeat, which, by the rule of opposites, should drive Congress to an all-night session and vigilant labor, till at least they have agreed on and perfected a bill to provide the means to pay those brave soldiers for whom they have such respect and sympathy.

Is it not time that Congress set an example pruned of such contemptible folly?

Hope for Children.

Slowly but surely, step by step, are succeeding generations learning the sin of excessive mental exertion during extreme youth. The following statement from an exchange is one point more:

"A report has just been laid before the French Emperor, calling the Emperor's attention to the singular prevalence of insanity among the scientific branches of the French Army. The report quotes returns, from which it appears that one in ten of the officers of the artillery and engineers end their existence in a lunatic asylum, and ascribes the fact to the severe mathematical training they are put through at the Polytechnic school before the brain has acquired its full development."

A Word of Explanation.

EDITOR OF THE HERALD OF PROGRESS, DEAR SIR: In your remarks upon my letter in your number for February 22, you have entirely misjudged me. In speaking of "the more refined of your readers," I intended no insinuation against the remainder.

Surely if the spirit world contains "many mansions," or "spheres of progression," our own earth may likewise be inhabited by individuals who may possess most valuable qualities, and yet be of a taste less refined than others; and it is no infringement, it appears to me, on the laws of universal love and brotherhood, to have one's eyes open to this fact.

With regard to the suffering from sickness, I regret to state is suffering from sickness, I can only repeat my hopes that your readers will judge for themselves, as soon as the ministrations in University Hall can be resumed.

Permit me here to express my warm sympathy with, and profound admiration for, the sentiments so beautifully expressed in your editorial by Cora Wilburn, in her contribution entitled: "Our Material and Spiritual Welfare."

Surely we shall agree that her writing is most "refined." I remain, truly, yours, A SUBSCRIBER.

President Lincoln's son William, ten years of age, was relieved of his painful illness by death, on the 20th inst.

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

THE WAR FOR Freedom and Progress.

"Through the years and the centuries, through evil agents, through things and atoms, a GREAT AND BENEVOLENT TENDENT IRRISTIBLY STREAMS."

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

"What shall we Do with Them?"

There are some four millions of enslaved Africans in these United States, who have been the indirect occasion of a war, the cost of which is likely to be, in the end, a thousand millions of dollars. The war has not arisen from the action of these Africans themselves, but from what has been done with them hitherto. Thus far the doing with them has been to suffer them to be treated as cattle by about one-hundredth part of the population of the Union. They have been simply worked, whipped, and used for raising human stock, and as a lever for political power, in their own persons and those of their ancestors, for nearly two centuries. In this way of using them they have sustained a proud and self-willed oligarchy in the control of the Government for sixty years, and have impoverished and almost barbarized a white population of nearly double their own number, and at last urged on the cupidity and pride of their tyrannical masters to plunge the whole nation in the wretched war in which we are now struggling.

Against this array of mischief produced by our past method of doing with these Africans, the only good that can be set in the balance is that they have been "Christianized;" for it is universally conceded that they are "better off here" than they would have been if born in the country of their ancestry. To Christianize them, they have been uniformly worked without wages, to furnish England with cotton, encouraged to lie and steal, deprived of the institution of marriage, and forced into illicit intercourse to provide babies for market, and have enjoyed at the same time the preaching of the gospel, illustrated with "cuts" by their owners. We submit that this process of Christianizing and civilizing Africans should be abandoned, as one that on the whole cannot be made to pay.

Our plan would be to leave them to themselves for one generation at least. Leave them to the pressure of want and the just reward of their labor. Hitherto their only incentive to exertion has been the scourge and the absence of hope. Let us put in the place of these the prospect of security and peace, and wages steadily and fairly paid. These incentives have proved sufficient to civilize us of the Anglo-Saxon race, and within six hundred years rendered us, except in the disposition to enslave others, almost human. If we Anglo-Saxons, in the period of six centuries, have grown to such heights in human excellence under the stimulus of natural want and tolerable wages, what may not an African grow to be in half a century, if we take away his incentives to lie and steal, pay him his wages, and allow him the slight encouragement of living with his own wife and loving and rearing his own children?

What shall we do with them? In one word, let us pay them their dues, and grant them the free pursuit of happiness, and see what will come off. D. L.

The Great Battle.

The three days' battle, resulting in the capture of Fort Donelson in Western Tennessee, stands thus far on the record as the great battle of this country. Few particulars have as yet reached us. We are not even advised of the number of killed and wounded, though certain it is very large. But there remains no doubt of the unflinching bravery of our troops. Whole regiments moved to their places in the face of their strongly entrenched foe, and there stood in the very jaws of death, with scarcely a prospect of escape for any. Companies were left without an officer, officers with scarce a vestige of their companies. Yet they bravely, heroically stood their ground, till the last round was fired, then either retired for another regiment to take their place, or charged upon the enemy, till the battle was won. Fort Donelson has wiped out Bull Run.

Comedy East, Tragedy West!

We are informed that the soldiers of Gen. Sedgwick's Brigade, near Alexandria, have constructed a theater costing \$3,500, where, for several nights, performances have been given to large audiences. The male performers are soldiers, and the females, officer's wives. A small company is to be added from New York.

Of the advantages which such amusements afford to a mass of idle men congregated together, it is unnecessary to speak. We are only reminded of the different kind of dramas enacted by our Western troops on the Tennessee "boards."

The soldiers of the Potomac are doubtless competent to any "part" assigned them, and are quite excusable, in the absence of the heavier roles, for choosing comedy to nothing. The drama of the West is a fearful tragedy, terrible in its sad, harsh details, costly in its immense expenditure of blood, but mighty in its influence upon the great rebellion. The "enterprise" of the "management" will secure a more enduring fame than can be achieved by a policy which assigns to the army of the Potomac the part of "masterly inactivity," to be performed after thorough discipline, and with a careful avoidance of mud.

The Western soldiers have moved, "regardless of cleanliness and propriety," but they sustained their characters most gloriously. Is it a part of the "grand plan" to perpetually assign "comedy" to the army of the Potomac, and "tragedy" to the army of the West?

The Secretary of War.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

The N. Y. Tribune, in an editorial following the recent brilliant victories, ascribed the credit of our success to Gen. and Secretary Stanton, awarding an abundant amount of praise—well deserved, too, we believe—to the latter. Mr. Stanton's modesty, and withal his commendable intelligence and honesty in seeing and acknowledging the worthiness of our citizen soldiers, led him to write the Tribune a letter in which he declares that:

"The glory of our recent victories belongs to the gallant officers and soldiers that fought the battles. No share of it belongs to me. * * * The inspiration that conquered in battle was in the hearts of the soldiers and not on high; and wherever there is the same inspiration there will be the same results. Patriotic spirit, with resolute courage in officers and men, is a military combination that never failed. * * * What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end this war, was declared in a few words by General Grant's message to General Bueller: 'I propose to move immediately on your works.'"

To these commendable and manly sentiments the Tribune responds:

"The profound modesty and unaffected religious feeling of Mr. Stanton do him more honor than any laudation that even the voice of Historical Justice herself could bestow upon him. He is right, too. It is to the men who fought and who won upon the bloody field, that, under God, the glory of the victory belongs."

Still the editorial writer thinks that the mighty change in the nation from the point of death to new life and power, from doubt and almost despair to hope and confidence, will by impartial history be recorded as "not merely contemporaneous with the Secretary's accession to Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, but as bearing to it a much more vital relation;" and adds:

"And we here once more declare it as our sober judgment that, if Mr. Stanton has not originated victory, he has at least unbound it, and set it in motion."

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

S. C. Hall, F. S. A., an English writer of note, has given his testimony in favor of the truth of Spiritualism in a recent letter to the Spiritual Magazine. Lizzie M. Powell was among the speakers at the late Anti-Slavery Convention in Albany. Gen. Gettenden is held responsible for the Mill Spring defeat by the rebel journals, which contend that he was not only drunk, but had been bought up by "Federal Gold." Jacob Jones, a returned Haytian emigrant, delivered a speech in Windsor, C. W., illustrating the perils of emigration, in which he said: "Three-two of that colony died, of whom I was one."

Gen. Anderson's physicians have ordered him for the present to avoid all undue mental exercise. He is not allowed to engage in any of the public plans, or business even of the simplest nature possible. Gen. Scott is still at the Brevoort House. He is in the enjoyment of excellent health, and all rumors of his intention to leave this city are without foundation. The Prince de Joinville is credited with the planning of the Port Royal expedition. Mrs. Hannah Seaver, mother of the editor of the Boston Investigator, died in that city on the evening of February 2d, aged 84 years. Her excellent mental and moral endowments, and her broad and kindly nature, endeared her to a large circle of friends. Hon. William Appleton, at one time one of the leading merchants of Boston, died in that city recently, aged 73 years. Madame Fagnani, of Paris, has sent to the editor of the Home Journal a photograph copy of a very beautiful miniature picture of Lord Byron, by Fagnani, the original portrait being in possession of "Giuccioli," (Madame de Boissy) the Italian Countess who was the "post's love." Mrs. Harriet Martineau, in a series of letters to the Anti-Slavery Standard, indulges in severe strictures on the Government and Unionists of our country, much to the surprise and disappointment of her American friends. Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, the distinguished authoress and magnanimous reformer, is devoting her energies afresh to the cause of Human Freedom. Her answer, in the Standard, of January 18th, to Mrs. Martineau, on the American question, is worthy of a statesman and a woman. J. H. Smith, of Quincy, Ill., at the last meeting of the Illinois State Agricultural Society, at Springfield, exhibited one ton of sugar made by himself from northern cane.

Hon. William Pennington, one of the most prominent and able citizens of New Jersey, died suddenly at Newark, on the morning of February 16th, in his sixty-fifth year. It is said that his death was hastened through the mistake of a druggist, who dealt out morphine in place of quinine. Gen. Lane's infant son died at Quincy, Ill., recently, of scarlet fever. Mr. Lane was on her way to join her husband in Kansas, but was unable to proceed, on account of the sickness of her child. Gen. Lander, who has lately distinguished himself as an able officer, is obliged to resign his present command on account of ill health. Mrs. Emma Steele, a clairvoyant physician, well recommended, is about to establish herself in Richmond, Ind. Mrs. Lincoln, at her first party at the White House, was suffering from having been, all the previous night, a watcher by the pillow of a sick child. Simeon Benjamin, of Elmira, N. Y., has recently donated to the Elmira Female College, \$25,000, to be applied to a fund for the permanent endowment of that institution.

"Passion's Fathers." Gaudentius, Anthony, Victor, and John, have just held a "Mission" or series of meetings, at the Catholic church in Orange, N. J. Their teachings

have had a beneficial effect in restraining the Irish population from petty vices, especially that of intemperance. Fred. Wolf, a drummer boy in a Western regiment, while sick with typhoid fever in St. Louis, choked up so that he could have lived but a few minutes, and was saved by the physician inserting a long silver tube in his throat. Isabella Hinckley (Madame Susini) is one of the artists engaged in assisting at the grand concerts of Gottschalk, at Niblo's Saloon. Rev. Father Pirminio, of the Franciscan Order, recently died in Cincinnati. He was a native of Graun in Vintsch gau the Tyrol, had been a pastor of St. Stephen's church, Hamilton City, and was much respected for his fervent piety and zeal in the discharge of his duties. Wm. Denton has been lecturing on Geology in Madison, Wis. The Wisconsin Argus has the following in commendation of the course: "We are pleased to observe that the merits of the lecturer have been discovered, and that he is having good houses in consequence. The lectures are full of instruction, and abound in elegant passages. Mr. Denton seems to be thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and his beauty and fluency of expression, and exuberance of imagination, enable him to combine instruction and entertainment to a high degree. His audiences embrace some of the most learned and talented men in the State, and they all unite in expressing the most unqualified admiration of the lectures and the lecturer." Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, is soon to marry Mrs. Vilette, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Secretary Smith. J. Elmendorf, a citizen of Penn Yan, N. Y., advertises in the village paper the claims of a medium for spiritual communications, inviting honest inquirers to investigate. Some anonymous letter-writer, in consequence, writes him intimating that he better take the advertisement out, as "those who fire buildings are not all dead yet."

Dr. Mary E. Walker, for some months assistant physician and surgeon in the Indiana Hospital, Patent Office, Washington, is now in this city, recruiting. She is, we believe, the first woman who has occupied the position of physician in an army hospital—a place for which she is fitted by several years' practice. President Peiton, of Harvard is very ill. Fears are entertained as to the result. Richard Storrs Willis has commenced the issue of "Once a Month," a new dollar literary monthly. Geo. Peabody, the London banker, is about to give \$500,000 to establish a free home for the destitute in London. Mr. Cushman and Miss Bennett, widely known for their Kansas Relief Concerts, gave an entertainment on the evening of February 20, in aid of the "Church of the Redemption," in Fourteenth street, in this city. Miss Bennett's patriotic songs and Scotch ballads are sung with great effect. J. S. Rarey, the horse tamer, has gone to Cuba to spend a few weeks.

Our latest advices from Europe are by the steamers Kangaroo and Bohemian. They are to the 7th of February.

The rebel steamer Nashville left Southampton on the 3d inst. The Tuscarora lay at Cowes, and the British frigate Shannon was lying alongside of her with steam up, for the purpose of detaining her from pursuit of the Nashville. The Tuscarora, after forty hours' detention, at last started on the chase.

The brigantine Fanny Lewis, which ran the blockade at Charleston on the 1st inst, arrived at Liverpool on the 3d inst., with a cargo of 600 bales of cotton.

Parliament was opened on the 6th inst., with the speech from the Queen. She represents the relations of Great Britain with America to be on a very amicable footing. [This had been illustrated three days before by the detention of the Tuscarora.]

Mr. Bright at a banquet at Birmingham, given by the Chamber of Commerce of that city, demonstrated the effectiveness of the American blockade, and pointed out the dangers of any interference by England.

Trade throughout France showed no improvement. The populace of Florence paraded the streets on the 3d inst. crying: "Down with the Pope King!" "Rome, capital of Italy!" A similar demonstration took place in Parma on the next day.

Lord Palmerston had declared in Parliament that the distress in the manufacturing districts in England from the blockade of the Southern ports, would not justify the interference of the Government, and that it would continue in its neutral course.

It is rumored that the Imperial Crown of Mexico has been tendered to the Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, and that the offer has been accepted, the Allies now occupying Mexico guaranteeing him the throne of that country. On the other hand, the Spanish Ministry deny that any arrangements have been made for Mexico, and declare that the Mexicans will be free to choose their own Government.

England is rumored to accept the monarchical government for Mexico with Maximilian as Emperor, if the Mexicans freely assent to it.

The French Government is a borrower of English capitalists, on the security of French Rentes, to the extent of \$2,000,000.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The Evening Post thinks we are likely to have full rebel accounts of the capture of Fort Donelson from Gnashville.

A Washington correspondent explains the recent success of the national army at Fort Donelson. Gen. McClellan sat all day at the telegraph office at Washington, directing movements.

Floyd, with his accustomed facility, stole away from the rebel garrison at Fort Donelson, and escaped.

The President has by proclamation recommended the general celebration of Washington's birthday, by public assemblies, and the reading of Washington's Farewell Address.

Charles J. Faulkner is reported to have said in a speech at Martinsburgh that secession was a failure.

The secession journals at the North begin to express the hope that abolitionism will soon be thoroughly overcome, and the Union restored, and a general amnesty declared.

The receipts for postage on letters for the last quarter were only \$12,000 less than for the same quarter last year. The loss of postal revenue from Secession is not crushing.

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 varied with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

POND LILIES.

Oh emblems of that purity My spirit hopes to wear In the garden of Futurity, How beautiful ye are!

The Two Sisters.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The following story, the simple and domestic incidents of which may be deemed hardly worth relating after such a lapse of time, awakened a degree of interest a hundred years ago in the principal seaport of the bay of Massachusetts. The rainy twilight of an autumn day, a parlor on the second floor of a house, plainly furnished, as becometh the circumstances of its inhabitants, yet decorated with curiosities from beyond the sea, and a few specimens of Indian manufacture—these are the only pictures to be presented in regard to the scenes and seasons. Two young and comely women sat together by the fire-side, nursing their mutual and peculiar sorrows. They were the recent brides of two brothers, a sailor and a landman, and two successive days had brought tidings of the death of each by the chances of Canadian warfare and the tempestuous Atlantic. The universal sympathy excited by this bereavement drew numerous condoling guests to the habitation of the widowed sisters. Several, among whom was the minister, had remained until the verge of the evening, when one by one, whispering many comforting passages of Scripture, that were answered by more abundant tears, they took their leave, and departed to their own happier homes. The mourners, though not insensible to the kindness of their friends, had yearned to be left alone, United as they had been by relationship of the living, and now more closely so by that of the dead, each felt as if whatever consolation her grief admitted was to be found in the bosom of the other. They joined their hearts, and went together silently. But after an hour of such indulgence, one of the sisters, all of whose emotions were influenced by her mild, quiet, yet not feeble character, began to recollect the precepts of resignation and endurance which her piety had taught her when she did not think to heed them. Her misfortunes, besides, as earliest known, should earliest cease to interfere with her regular duties; accordingly, having placed the table before the fire, and arranged a frugal meal, she took the hand of her companion.

"Come, dear sister, you have not eaten a morsel to-day," she said. "Arise, I pray you, and let us ask a blessing on that which is provided for us."

Her sister was of a lively and irritable temperament, and the first pang of her sorrows had been expressed by shrieks and passionate lamentations. She now shrunk from Mary's words like a wounded sufferer from the hand that revives the throbs.

"There is no blessing for me, neither will I ask it," cried Margaret, with a fresh burst of tears. "Would that it were His will that I might never taste food more."

Yet she trembled at these rebellious expressions almost as soon as they were uttered, and by degrees Mary succeeded in bringing her sister's mind nearer to the situation of her own. Time rolled on, and the usual hour of repose arrived.

The brothers and their brides entered the marriage state with no more than the slender means which then sanctioned such a step, and confederated themselves into one household, with equal rights to the parlor, and claiming exclusive privileges in two sleeping rooms contiguous to it. Thither the widowed ones retired, after heaping embers upon the fire, and placed a lighted lamp upon the hearth. The doors of both chambers were left open, so that a part of the interior of each, and the beds with their unclashed curtains, were reciprocally visible. Sleep did not steal upon the sisters at once and the same time. Mary experienced the effect often consequent upon grief quietly borne, and soon sank into temporary forgetfulness, while Margaret became more disturbed and feverish in proportion as the night advanced with its deepest and stillest hours. She lay listening to the drops of rain that came down in monotonous succession, unswayed by breath of wind, and a nervous impulse continually causing her to lift her head from the pillow, and gaze into Mary's chamber and the intermediate apartment. The cold light of the lamp threw the shadows of the furniture up against the wall, stamping them immovably there, except when they were shaken by a

and then flicker of the flame. Two vacant arm-chairs were in their old position on opposite sides of the hearth, where the brothers had been wont to sit in laughing dignity, as heads of families; two humble seats were near them, the throes of that little empire where Mary and herself had exercised in love a power that love had won. The cheerful radiance of the fire had shone upon the happy circle, and the dead glimmer of the lamp might have betokened their reunion now. While Margaret groaned in bitterness she heard a knock at the street door.

"How would my heart have leapt at that sound but yesterday!" thought she, remembering the anxiety with which she had so long awaited tidings from her husband. "I care not for it now; let them begone for I will not arise."

But even while a sort of childish fretfulness made her thus resolve, she was breathing hurriedly, and straining her ears to catch a repetition of the summons. It is difficult to be convinced of the death of one whom we have deemed another self. The knocking was now renewed in slow and regular strokes, apparently given with the soft end of a double fist, and was heard through several thicknesses of the wall. Margaret still looked to her sister's chamber, and beheld her still lying in the depths of sleep. She slightly arrayed herself, trembling between fear and eagerness as she did so.

"Heaven help me!" sighed she; "I have nothing to fear, and methinks I am ten times more a coward than ever."

Seizing the lamp from the hearth, she hastened to the window that overlooked the street door. It was a lattice turning upon hinges; and having thrown it back she stretched her head a little way into the moist atmosphere. A lantern was reddening the front of the house, and melting its light in the neighboring puddles, while a deluge of darkness overwhelmed the object. As the window grated on its hinges, a man in a broad-brimmed hat and blanket coat stepped from under the shelter of the projecting story, and looked upward to discover whom his application had aroused. Margaret knew him as a friendly inn-keeper of the town.

"What would you have, good man Peter?" said the widow.

"Lack-a-day, is it you, mistress Margaret?" said the inn-keeper. "I was afraid it might be your sister Mary, for I hate to see a young woman in trouble when I have not a word of comfort to whisper to her."

"For heaven's sake, what news do you bring?" screamed Margaret.

"There has been an express through the town within this half hour," said the good man, Peter, "traveling from the westward jurisdiction, with letters from the Governor and Council. He tarried at my house to refresh himself with a drop and a morsel, and I asked him what tidings on the frontiers. He told me they had the better in the skirmish you wot of, and thirteen men reported slain are well and sound, and your husband among them. Besides, he is appointed one of the escort to bring the captivated Frenchers and Indians home to the province jail. I judged you wouldn't mind being broke of your rest, and so I stepped over to tell you. Good-night!"

So saying, the honest man departed; and the lantern gleamed along the street, bringing to view indistinct shapes of things, and the fragment of a world, like order glimmering through a chaos, or memory roaming over the past. But Margaret stayed not to watch these picturesque effects. Joy dashed into her heart, and lighted it up at once, and breathless and with winged step she flew to the bedside of her sister. She paused, however, at the door of her chamber, while a thought of pain broke in upon her.

"Poor Mary," she said to herself. "Shall I awaken her to feel her sorrow sharpened by my happiness? No; I will keep it within my own bosom until the morrow."

She approached the bed to see if Mary's sleep was peaceful. Her face was turned partly upward to the pillow, and had been hidden there to weep; but a look of motionless contentment was visible upon it, as if her heart, like a deep lake, had become calm, because its grief had sunk down so far within. Happy it is and strange that the lighter sorrows are those from which dreams are chiefly fabricated.

Margaret shrunk from disturbing her sister-in-law, and felt as if her own better fortune had rendered her involuntarily unfaithful, as if altered and diminished affection must be the consequence of the disclosure she had to make. With a sudden step she turned away. But joy could not be repressed, even by the circumstances that would have excited heavy grief at another moment. Her mind was thronged with delightful thoughts, till sleep stole on and transformed them into visions more delightful and more wild; like the breath of winter (but a cold comparison) working fantastic tracery on the window.

When the night was far advanced Mary woke with a sudden start. A vivid dream had lately involved her in its unreal life, of which, however, she could only remember that it had been broken in upon at its most interesting point. For a little time slumber hung about her like the morning mist, hindering her from perceiving the distinct outline of her situation. She listened with imperfect consciousness to two or three volleys of rapid knocking; at first she deemed the noise a matter of course, like the breath she drew; next it approved a thing in which she had no concern; and hastily she became aware that it was a summons necessary to be obeyed. At the same moment a pang of recollection darted into her mind; the pall of sleep was thrown back from the face of grief; the dim light of the chamber and the objects therein revealed and retained all her suspended ideas, and restored them as soon as she unclashed her eyes.

Again there was a quick peal upon the street door. Fearing that her sister would also be disturbed, Mary wrapped herself in a cloak and hood, took the lamp from the hearth and hastened to the window. By some accident it had been left unclashed, and yielded easily to the hand.

breze. A young man in sailor's dress, wet as if he had come out of the depths of the sea, stood alone under the window. Mary recognized him as one whose livelihood was gained by shore as one whose livelihood was gained by sea; but she forgot that, previous to her marriage, she had been an unsuccessful wooer for her hand.

"What do you seek here, Stephen?" said she.

"Cheer up, Mary, for I seek to comfort you," answered the rejected lover. "You must know I got home ten minutes ago, and the first thing my mother told me was about your husband; so, without saying a word to the old woman, I clapped on my hat and ran out of the house. I couldn't have slept a wink before speaking to you, Mary, for the sake of old times."

"Stephen, I thought better of you!" exclaimed the widow, with gushing tears, and preparing to close the lattice, for she was no whit inclined to imitate the first wife of Zadiq.

"But stop and hear my story out," cried the young sailor. "I tell you, we spoke a brig yesterday afternoon, bound in from old England, and whom do you think I saw on deck, well and hearty, only he was a bit thinner than he was five months ago? Wh—, it was your husband himself," continued the generous seaman. "He and three others saved themselves on a spar when the vessel turned bottom upwards. The brig will beat you by sea land on the slumberer's shoulder. But then, she remembered that Margaret would wake to thoughts of death and we, rendered not the less bitter by the contrast with her felicity. She suffered the rays of the lamp to fall on the unconscious form of the bereaved one. Margaret lay in quiet sleep, and the drapery was displaced around her; her young cheek was rosy-tinted; lips half opened in a vivid smile; an expression of joy charmed its passage, her sealed eyelids, struggled forth like incense from her whole countenance."

"My poor sister, you will awaken too soon from that happy dream," thought Mary.

Before retiring she set down the lamp and endeavored to arrange the bedclothes, so that the chill air might do no harm to the feverish slumberer.

But her hand trembled against Margaret's neck, a tear also fell upon her cheek, and she suddenly awoke. Their mutual joy was made known, and they wept in each other's arms.

A New York Banker and Church Member.

RICHARD ROE.

Richard Roe was about forty-five years of age, six feet high, and well-proportioned. His face was nothing particular. Neither was his dress. He would pass in a crowd, without attracting attention by his appearance. He differed externally from no one of ten thousand men existing in his walk, which was a kind of shuffling gait, suggestive of profit to his boot-maker. He barely raised his foot from the ground at the beginning of a step, and the latter half of the step was a slide or scrape, admirably adapted to the trifling affair of sole-leather.

Richard was what is called a man of standing in the community. He lived in his own house, drove his own horses, figured in all the published lists of charity and benevolence, and had the credit of expending fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year; hence, he was supposed to be wealthy. Moreover, he responded amply, in song, loud, and knelt low, in church; and, as he paid liberally toward building the church, owned a square pew, was a member of the vestry, carried around the plate with more accent than any of his colleagues, and was particular to attend the weekly evening lectures of the church—and to tell of it—he was supposed to be righteous, much.

Again, Richard was a man of large charity; not of the pocket, but of the heart—Scriptural charity. The charity that thinketh no evil of any man, unless any man's evil had touched Richard personally. For example, if the confidential manager of a money corporation, or the trustee of an estate, or any person who had custody of large sums of other people's money, proved to be a defaulter to the extent of millions, so long as Richard was not himself a loser by the default, he could never find it in his heart to proscribe the thief. He would speak gently of the robber. He would take him by the hand—if nobody was looking on.

Richard was, or had been, the president of a great many incorporated companies—such as coal, railroad, insurance, banks, and what not—and the fact of his having once enjoyed the confidence of so many stockholders and boards of directors, clearly showed that he was a man of great executive ability—at least such would have been the inference in men's minds if any of those incorporated companies had chanced to prosper under his management. Nevertheless, he had the reputation of great shrewdness and forecast in the investment of money. His judgment was supposed to be, or to have been, a little better than his neighbors' in such matters, and he was often the first man applied to for private information about the good things that were lying about the market waiting to be snapped up by early birds. His connection with so many corporations gave him peculiar facilities for knowing the moods and corners where worms lay hid, and many were the friends made glad by being allowed to come into such pickings "on bottom principles."

Richard was remarkable for the moderation of his own views in such cases. After getting his friends fairly "in" an enterprise

which made fortune a sure thing to those who would only hold on, he was sure to sell himself slyly "out" to the last applicant for a paltry fifteen or twenty per cent. profit—the said fifteen or twenty per cent. advance being, in fact, the "bottom principle" on which the last applicant's predecessors had all been "let in."

The strict impartiality of Richard in thus letting people into good things was another feature of his well-balanced character. He made no distinction between rich and poor, friend and foe. He treated all alike. A relative who had but a few thousands stood the same chance for eventual profit as the outsider who was rich; and Richard pocketed his little twenty per cent. from the former as calmly as from the latter—but always with the solemn assurance to each that such was let in on bottom principles.

Richard was a model man in his own family. He rose up early, sat up late, and ate the bread of carefulness. He was punctilious about family prayer. Of a morning, that might be set down as a sure thing, as it was his main dependence for the day, he relied on it as confidently as on winding his watch. The latter made him all right in interests temporal; the former, in those eternal. For no man knew better than he that a good long family prayer of a morning was like a large deposit in the bank at ten o'clock; it provided for any incidental tricks which, in the burden and heat of the day, he might find opportunity to practice on his customers. The prayer was so much to his credit in the books above; it furnished a fund of grace to draw on; and a balance to credit there, as elsewhere, secured him against being overdrawn. To omit the morning prayer, would have been almost as bad as to neglect his watch or his bank account.

As to evening prayer, although his thirst for that service was not less parching than for the morning service, impediments would prevent themselves. The cares of this world, arising from the deceitfulness of riches, despite all his precautions, would now and then interfere with that season of refreshment. But Richard was equal even to that disappointment. It never crushed him. He would look placidly around the room and remark that accidents must sometimes happen in the best regulated families. But whenever the service took place, the edification was great. Richard's fluency in prayer was prodigious. He never struck for a word, and it must be acknowledged that his word was generally the right one. If any man was ever heard for his much speaking, that man was Richard Roe. He was, at times, as some people thought, rather familiar in his form of address to the Deity. He occasionally impressed his audience with an idea that, somehow or other, he stood on remarkably good terms with the Power he was ostensibly supplicating; and that he asked for things in a way that might perhaps prevent anybody else who should so ask from obtaining them. Certain it is that, for a bruised and broken reed, he exhibited an astounding quantity of backbone in family prayer.

Richard, like all pious and conscientious men, was sensitive to the opinions of others as touching his walk and conversation. If a thing of questionable propriety was proposed in his family, his first thought was, not whether the matter was innocent and proper in itself, but what would Dr. White and Deacon Brown think or say of it? He was very solicitous about the appearance of evil. He knew what all might, he wished other people to know it. He was dwelling that his good should be evil spoken of. He was for a long time perplexed about drawing the line between permitted and forbidden public amusements. The secular lecture seemed to be all right; the unmitigated theater was perhaps all wrong. Concerts and the opera were safe middle ground. But "Niblo's" tried him sadly. A large portion of his circle patronized Niblo, and was well-to-do; and he was required by half-and-half people in society why he did not take his family to see the Ravens? It is generally believed that he whipped the devil around the stump, by allowing the members of his family to go to any place of amusement on invitation from serious people.

Richard had persuasive ways, adapted to winning golden opinions from all sorts of persons. For instance, religious persons. Put him into a party of church-going ladies and gentlemen, and, before he has been there twenty minutes, all the ladies and half the men will be perfectly convinced that Richard Roe is the only really pious person in the room.

Richard affected fine books, fine furniture, and fine pictures. His actual knowledge of such matters was very limited. But he made up for that, by paying extravagant prices for it. He was worthy to rank, while in his business he screwed farthings out of both rich and poor, and in his charities he made shillings do the work of dollars, he was not only free, but foolishly lavish, in home expenditures.

Thus, his furniture was costly, but ill-assorted; his books were trashy, but well bound; his pictures were dabs, but richly framed. He was fluent, however, in designating the merits of his pictures. But he never quite comprehended the difference between depth of shade and breadth of shade, depth of coloring and breadth of coloring, transparency, perspective, relief, fiddle-de-dee, and so on.

Richard's physiognomy was peculiar in one feature—his upper lip was an eighth of an inch too long—which is considerable in a man's lip, though not much in a carving; and, moreover, to those who knew the man well, it was what sailors would call a "tell-tale" on Roe's veracity.

When Roe had a point to carry or to defend, he put on what he intended to be a benignant and persuasive smile, though the thing often betrayed him. He was telling the truth, the upper lip would answer the helm and go the way that the under lip did. But when Richard was lying, the big lip, as if it were a tall-man placed there by Providence to betray him, became suddenly rigid and impracticable. It could quiver under the impulse of the teller, but it could not move to the right hand or the left. In short, it would not join in the smile. And hence, by watching the upper lip of Richard Roe when he was getting up a persuasive smile, any one could tell at once and unerringly whether he was lying.

er and church-member, however tedious to read, is indispensable to remove a popular prejudice. A great many people, even among the more cultivated classes, entertain a belief that Richard Roe is a myth. But they are deceived. Richard Roe is no myth. He knows it. His family knows it. His friends, if he has any, know it. His enemies—and he has plenty of them—know it. His debtors know it. Every one who has had money dealings with him knows it—to his cost. No, indeed! Richard Roe is no myth.

Lectures on Antiquity.

We learn from one of our down-east exchanges, that Rev. Zernbubel Fustian Pinch-back, a distinguished divine of that locality, who has returned from traveling in the Holy Land, and who, with pocket compass, traced the route of the Children of Israel from the shores of the Red Sea to the foot of Mt. Pisgab, from the summit of which their leader made observations upon the "Promised Land," proposes to give a series of three lectures upon the important subject of Aaron's Rod, to wit: 1st, the kind of wood; 2d, its use—whether a walking-stick or a fishing-rod, and 3d, if a fishing-rod, whether used for the seduction of trout or in bobbing for eels. He will also give a lecture—should the interest warrant—on Nebuchadnezzar, showing why he was turned out to graze, and the particular kind of grass upon which he fed—whether clover, witch-grass, or blue-joint. Such highly edifying discourses cannot well fail to advance the great Christian cause, much more than those on the worn-out and exploded topics of brotherly love, charity, and doing good in the world generally.

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

J. H. W. Toomey may be addressed, for the present, New York City, at the office of this paper.

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

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will answer calls to lecture addressed 1495 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond will respond to calls to lecture, addressed box 578, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. C. M. Stone may be addressed, till farther notice, at Sturgis, Mich.

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

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

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

H. B. Storer will speak at Stafford, Conn., March 2 and 9; Somers, March 22 and 30.

Dr. James Cooper will answer calls to speak inspirationally, addressed Belletaine, O.

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

Frank Chase, Impassional Medium, may be addressed, South Sutton, N. H.

Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier will lecture during the spring months in Boston, Portland, and Lowell. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.

E. Whipple will spend the winter in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and lecture on Geology and the Spiritual Philosophy. Address Cleveland, O.

Mrs. Corn L. V. Scott Hatch speaks at Dodworth Hall, 86 Broadway, Sunday mornings and evenings.

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

Miss Emma Harding will lecture each Sabbath of March in Philadelphia. Address care of Mrs. E. J. French, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Herman Snow, former 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., and for other engagements may be addressed at Stockton or Bradford, Me.

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 Glenfalls 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 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.

Mrs. S. E. Warner speaks once in four weeks at Berlin, Princeton, Spring Vale, and Owego, Wis. Address Berlin, Wis.

Leo Miller will speak in Chicopee, Mass., the two first Sundays in March; in Willimantic, Conn., the third and fourth Sundays. Address Hartford, Conn., or as above.

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.

Professor Clarence Butler, Normal Speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism, with cognate subjects of Reform, in the New England and Eastern States. Address care Dr. A. B. Child, 12 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. Miller will receive calls to lecture on the Principles of General Revelation, through Central and Eastern New York. Will attend funerals, if desired. Mrs. M. is an inspirational speaker. Address, respectively, Coxsack, Coxsack, and Hillsdale, or, till Feb. 15, Norwich, Chenango Co., N. Y.

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

Notices of New Books.

"Talent alone cannot make a writer; there must be a whole mind behind the book."

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. No. CLII. January, 1862. New York: Leonard Scott & Co., 79 John street.

The contents of this number of this excellent Quarterly are: 1. Law in and for India. 2. The Dramatic Poetry of Oehlenschlaeger. 3. The Religious Heresies of the Working Classes. 4. Income-tax Reform. 5. Admiral Sir Charles Napier. 6. On Translating Homer. 7. Popular Education in Russia. 8. The American Belligerents: Rights of Neutrals. 9. The late Prince Consort. 10. Contemporary Literature.

The third article exhibits in a very striking light the utter inability of the present church appliances in England to control, or even wisely direct, the religious training of the millions. The seventh opens a field of great interest, in which little is accessible to the general reader.

But for one who desires to keep up an acquaintance with what is doing in the literary world, the survey of Contemporary Literature which appears in every number of this journal supplies a want which can be found nowhere else. Thirty-six pages are devoted to this subject in the number before us, and all the important works that have issued from the English, American, French, and German press, are briefly but candidly noticed; of some even an analysis is given. The three dollars' subscription for the Westminster is money well laid out.

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, LONDON.—The February number of this journal is just received. Its contents are:

- 1. Phrenology. 2. Spirit Manifestations at Florence. 3. Reasons for believing that Spirits Communicate with Men in the Body. 4. Internal Respiration. 5. Spiritualism in America. 6. Spiritualism in Religion. 7. Presentism. 8. Spiritualism in the Past Generation. 9. Notices of Books. 10. Correspondence.

The second and fifth articles in this number are especially interesting. Sold by the single number at this office. Price 20 cents.

For the Herald of Progress.

A Moral Bombshell.

MESSRS. A. J. DAVIS & CO.—THE TRACT which you sent me a copy of—"THE GROUND OF MY FAITH"—is a "word fitly spoken" in a misive exactly for the times; is, in fact, the thing before everything else which has preceded it, for unshackling the world of mind from religious error, and preparing it for the reception of the great truths of the Harmonical Philosophy. The great lack of Spiritualism has been, something cheap, that embodied a synopsis of the errors and discrepancies of the Bible and popular theology that could be thrown broadcast through the country, which would show up the hollowness and falsity of the system based upon these two supports. "Self Contradictions" is a work of the kind that it would be impossible to improve upon, but for its cost. This little Tract—only four pages, octavo—contains within itself the means of killing and curing, and the whole is in a nut-shell.

Again: while it pulls down, by an analysis of the Bible and theology which no sophistry can resist, it offers, at the same time, the Harmonical Philosophy as a substitute for what it takes from the religious world.

Spiritualists and the friends of Progress should club together and give this little messenger of religious freedom the opportunity of emancipating the whole country from the bondage of error. No one can read it without feeling that, to put it into the hands of their misguided neighbor, it will prove an "eye-opener" in the fullest sense. Many who would be willing to buy it—by fifties and hundreds—may be averse to distributing it personally, in their immediate neighborhoods, for fear of being branded as a disseminator of "infidelity." In such cases, if they would sit down and make out a list of those they would like should receive it, and send it to you, (sending one cent stamps to the number of names sent,) you would doubtless be willing to mail the required number at the published rate, viz: fifty for a dollar; or, if only one dollar is sent, you might send thirty-three; which would be, sixty-six cents for the tracts, and thirty-three cents for the postage on them. C. B. S.

HARTFORD, CONN., 1862.

New Music.

Wreath of Roses—Our Home is on the Sea, Words by Lieut. Patten. Music by Paul Schmidt.

The Chicago Skating Polka, by Franz Staab.

The above sheet music, from the publishing house of H. M. Higgins, 117 Randolph street, Chicago, has been received at this office; but the "martial strains" in our ears, and the "business air" about this office, have prevented a close examination of their merits.

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."

Spiritual Birth.—On Wednesday morning, Feb. 13, in the 23d year of her age, ROSA, wife of Wash. A. Danskin, Jr., laid aside the dull habiliments of earth and was arrayed in the bright garb which angels wear.

A Merited Tribute.

The following tribute to Frederick Douglass is from the N. Y. Independent:

"A man of genius, with fire in his blood and eloquence on his lips, stood one evening last week in Cooper Institute and touched two thousand hearts. Nor was the spell of the hour any less charming because the orator was of a dusky skin, pleading for his brethren of the same race. He had been a slave, and escaped into freedom. He had known, as he said, the luxury of having a master, and the luxury of being his own master.

"But how unfitting and improper it is that a negro, being something less than a man, should have earned for himself an honest fame as one of the most brilliant orators in the United States! Such is the fame of Frederick Douglass, and his title to it is true and merited. His lecture of course drew a throng. A spectator looking at the audience would have recognized the same intelligent faces which always greet Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips in the same place. The speech was full of power, pathos, logic, wit, and satire, alternately convulsing the houses with laughter, rousing it to cheers, and now and then thrilling it into that muteness and awe which more highly compliment an orator than any applause. The half weird and fascinating effect of that speech can never be forgotten by any one who heard it. The orator is a true and noble man, speaking out of the depths of a heart which has known the bitterness of bondage as no white man can know it, and therefore when he speaks it is with the tongue of fire. May he live to see the day when there shall be no more need of such appeals!

Silk Culture for Women.

An intelligent correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, Mr. E. Henry, of Flushing, L. I., communicates to that paper some valuable suggestions respecting American Silk Culture. Under a more protective tariff, it is the opinion of this writer that the silk culture in this country would prove both practical and profitable. The following suggestions are peculiarly timely:

"I would at this time call the especial attention of my countrymen to the fact that some suitable branch of labor must be provided for the respectable class of females. The war that is now raging will naturally give a preponderating female population, and some suitable employment must be provided for it; and in no business can women be so profitably and respectably employed as in the cultivation of silk. The draft upon our national resources for imported silk has been one of great magnitude, and now, while our country is bleeding at every pore, this silken artery should be closed. If patriotism, if love of independence, are the offspring of America, let us unite our efforts, and by the aid of our legislators, our representatives, and an intelligent agricultural people, at once encourage, protect, and foster the production of American silk."

Patriotic American women can at once take one step proposed—stop altogether the use of imported silk or silken fabrics, thus closing this large "artery" while those who are turning their attention to horticulture as a suitable employment for women, would do well to acquaint themselves with the advantages of silk culture.

The freedom of women from the needle and sewing machine is imperatively demanded. There are women in this city toiling all day till late at night with machines, on army work, which enriches the contractor, while the wages of the laborer amount to but from fourteen to eighteen cents per day!

A Northeast Storm moves against the Wind.

Dr. Franklin observed that the northeast storms on the east side of the North American continent usually commence at the southwest and travel against the wind; and the fact of this apparently impossible operation has been confirmed by all subsequent observation. So well established is the law, that since the construction of telegraphs, it has been customary in Washington to arrange out-door operations on the telegraphic reports of the weather at the southwest. A northeast storm, commencing in South Carolina, usually reaches New York in from 18 to 30 hours, and continues at the same rate to Boston, Portland, and Halifax. When telegraphs were first established, it was repeatedly suggested that the intelligence which they would furnish of the weather at the southwest would prove a safe guide for the departure of vessels from our harbor, but we are not aware that an organization was ever formed among our merchants for the purpose of procuring this valuable knowledge.

Though it might seem at first sight impossible for a storm to move against the wind, when the fact is fully established it is not difficult to find an explanation. Clouds are formed by the condensation of vapor in the air which is invisible until it is condensed. As the wind comes from the comparatively warm ocean lying to the northeast, it is loaded with vapor which is condensed as soon as the air is cooled down to the dew point. The winds at first blow a long way over the land, reaching the foot of the Alleghany mountains before they become sufficiently cooled to cause the condensation of the vapor which they contain. The reduction of temperature, however, extends backward into the current, cooling it and forming cloud and rain. So, though the clouds are constantly moving with the wind, the border of the falling rain is constantly traveling backward against it. It is easy to see that the rate at which it travels will vary with the varying difference between the temperature of the ocean and that of the land.—Scientific American.

—An English lady, Miss Rogers, sister to the British Consul at Damascus, gives the following description of the Turkish women's dress: They wear only a shirt of thin cotton or crape made high to the throat, open at the bosom, and with long wide sleeves. Very full trousers, drawn in and tied around the waist and below the knee, but falling in graceful folds nearly to the ground, and an open short jacket, with a shawl tied round the waist like a sash or girdle.

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EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE. "The Council of Nice is one of the most famous and interesting events presented to us in ecclesiastical history; and yet no authentic acts of its famous session have been transmitted to our time. Although it is uncertain whether the books of the New Testament were declared canonical by the Nicene Council or by some other, it is certain they were considered genuine and authentic by the most early Christian writers; and that they were selected from various other Gospels and Epistles, the titles of which are mentioned in the early histories of the Church. The books that exist, of those not included in the canon are exactly brought together in the present volume. They naturally assume the title of the APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT. The lover of old literature will here find the obscure, but unquestionable origin of several remarkable relations in the Golden Legend, the Lives of the Saints, and similar productions concerning the birth of the Virgin, her marriage with Joseph at the time of his rod, the nativity of Jesus, the miracles of his infancy, his laboring with Joseph at the carpenter's trade, the actions of his followers, and his descent into hell. Several of the Papal pageants for the popular and the Monkish mysteries, performed as dramas, are almost verbatim representations of these stories. The legends of the Koran and the Hindoo Mythology are considerably connected with this volume. Many of the acts and miracles ascribed to the Indian God, Creshna, during his incarnation, are precisely the same as those ascribed to Christ in his infancy by the Apocryphal Gospels."

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An extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title:

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