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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 sects into creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

D. J. QUINCY, ILL.—Perhaps your questions will be answered soon. Cannot disclose the name of our correspondent.

C. C. NORTH BERGEN, N. Y.—It has been truly said that "Learning is a common act of memory, which may be exercised without common sense."

E. F. C. WEST ANDOVER, O.—We think your reflections are calculated to challenge thinking minds to more thought.

C. B. P., NEWPORT, R. I.—Lord-theology-Snake-theology is hitting the nail squarely on the head. It will be published.

J. C. M., INDIANA.—You should remember that no man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

D. T. PERRY CITY, N. Y.—The Zodiacal Light is visible in the Editor's Drawer. It will shed effulgence over our pages one of these days.

"SOPHIA," PALERMO, N. Y.—Your letter to J. F., which you designed for publication, we have mailed to him.

"PHILADELPHIA," Pa.—The interesting phase of phenomena you mention, was exhibited by a medium who has not established his claims to our confidence.

J. D. SPOKINGHILL, ILL.—We shall inform Miss Clara Wadsworth that more from her pen is called for. She is one of the ablest and purest writers in the circle of Progressive Literature.

JAYNE, AUBURN, N. Y.—Your disclosures and explanations will no doubt come in good time. We cannot just now open our columns to them. "Hide your time."

J. F. McC.—Your treatise on "Whatever is, is Right," is worthy of publication. But we decline almost all articles which rotate in that peculiar circle of logic. The manuscript is at your disposal.

J. T. T., NEW YORK.—It is our opinion that you are too anxious for his conversion. He knows nothing about the subject. "There is no use trying to reason a man out of a thing he has never believed in."

B. D. M., OF NEWARK. will be delighted to learn of progress in Ireland. A Dublin journal observes that a handbill announcing a political meeting in that city, states, with boundless liberality, that "the ladies, without distinction of sex, are invited to attend."

T. R. N., NEW BOSTON, ILL.—There are many ways to do good, but sending the Old and New Testaments to the heathen is not one of those ways. If this conviction had pervaded the mind of Dr. W. C. Hinman, of your region, he would not have sent his \$5 to the American Bible Society. Some poor woman or sick child would have received it instead.

B. C. K., HAVERHILL, MASS.—"MR. EDITOR: Have you any remedy for constitutional lack of self-possession, or positiveness?"

ANSWER: The true remedy is less self-thinking and more thought for others—less selfishness, and less private feeling, and more manly and generous care taking for the happiness of those about you.

C. W. W., ASTORIA, N. Y.—True Religion consists "not in a nice Orthodoxy, but in a sincere love of truth; in a hearty appropriation of and compliance with the doctrines fundamentally good; not in an inward good complexion of mind, but in a fervent zeal for or against trivial circumstances, but in a conscientious practicing the substantial parts of religion."

"RETH," PALMYRA, N. Y.—The laws of mediumship are mysterious until you understand them. Some true spirit hath whispered that "there is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the dew drops off. God rains his goodness and mercy as wide-spread as the dew, and if we lack them it is because we do not open our hearts to receive them."

J. D. O., GRAVESVILLE, WIS.—FRIEND DAVIS: Allow one who has passed seventy winters to ask you a child's question. What makes the curious pictures I see on window glass on frosty mornings? Trees, shrubbery, tall grasses, bunches of flags, &c., are perfectly represented.
ANSWER: If our venerable reader had studied Harmony, Vol. 5, his mind would contain the explanation. It is this: The principle of Vegetation, like every other principle, is omnipresent. And it, like every other principle, awaits opportunities to make a manifestation. The frost pictures are the pencilings of the Vegetable Principle. In the garden and fields the pencilings take on more substantial forms. At length they take on "flesh and dwell among men." Read the volume referred to.

Mrs. L. R. HALSEY, OF ILLINOIS, has entered the army of Truth and Progress. Her lectures are inspired and inspiring. She has struggled to her present position amid the world's opposition, but always strengthened by influences from on high. She now contemplates a tour westward, as far as Iowa city. The friends of Progress can obtain her services by addressing her at Princeton, Bureau Co., Ill., care of Mrs. C. M. C. North.

"AN INQUIRER," N. Y., says that sometimes "our character is held up to him in an unpleasant light by our opponents." We sincerely sympathize with our Brother. Please tell our opponents that the sun of truth gives the best light for the least money, and its rays are not "unpleasant." Our character would look better in that light, and of course we are vain enough to wish to appear as we are. The story of slave property is too sadly to refute.

A New Yorker having become suddenly rich, built a large fine house on Fifth Avenue, hired a number of negro servants, and invited some country cousins to come and see him. They went, but did not know what to make of the great number of servants, as their relative had no family but himself and wife. On their return home they were asked "how their city relative was getting along." "Well," said they, "he is living in fine style upon Fifth Avenue, keeping a negro boarding-house."

"BACHELOR," BROADWAY, N. Y.—There is a "world of wisdom" in the following quotation, brief as it is: "Every schoolboy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half a dozen blooming responsibilities and their mother, will make a higher and stronger flight than the bachelor, who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always foundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody."

M. E. W., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Speaking of the character of articles wanted for the Herald of Progress, we cannot define better than in the language of another, thus: "An article to be printed should absolutely have something in it. If professed argument, it should be conclusive; if pathetic, it should moisten the eyes; if an anecdote, it should have a sharp point; if philosophy, it should go like an arrow to its work; if spiritual, it should awe the soul that reads it."

L. HUNGERFORD AND OTHERS, writing from California, express the greatest delight and gratitude in view of the "feast of reason and flow of soul" recently furnished them by the eloquent ministrations of Rev. J. M. Peabody, who is about to sail for this part of the vineyard—where, as in California hosts of friends stand ready to welcome and cheer him forward in the good work. (The Napa citizens should not overtax the medium whose hand-exercises they sent us, but let her powers come forth gradually.)

J. T. C., CHICAGO, ILL.—We are no propagandist, or Methodist, in the sense of being over-enthusiastic, but think very nearly as old John Wesley, when he said: "Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him, leave him to God, the Judge of all."

S. P. J., LAFAMVILLE, MICH.—"MR. DAVIS: Do you think it advisable or becoming to build a meeting-house with a hall for lectures in the lower story and a ball-room in the upper story?"
ANSWER: We do not believe in spending more labor and money in the erection of Meeting-Houses, Churches, Cathedrals, Pagodas, or other edifices dedicated to the gods. Let reformers rather build houses for poor homeless humanity. If they want a place for Lectures, Day Schools, Dancing, and Amusements in the evening, let them purchase some existing sectarian structure, and re-form it. But do not multiply these expensive structures. We say this in all soberness.

DR. PAYNE, CALIFORNIA.—The composition and classification of the earth's crust, according to the investigations of geologists, are as follows, beginning at the bottom and counting upwards:

- 5. MODERN PERIOD: Alluvium, Drift.
- 4. TERTIARY PERIOD: Pliocene, Miocene, Eocene, Cretaceous, Oolitic.
- 3. SECONDARY PERIOD: Silurian, Carboniferous, Devonian, Upper Silurian, Lower Silurian.
- 2. TRANSITION PERIOD: Cambrian, Clay States.
- 1. PRIMARY PERIOD: Quartz, mica Slates, Gneiss, Granite.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

Does the World accredit its own expressed Faith in the Spiritual?

BELIEFS REJECTED ON REALIZATION.
BY CARLOS D. STUART.

[The following exceedingly entertaining article, which we copy from the *Shekinah* (not now published), was written by one of America's most talented poets. He was a philosophical Spiritualist, and is now an angel of love and light in the Summer Land. We hope and trust that, while we each read the faithful words his brotherly hand has traced, he may be attracted very near. Will he not impart to some earthly medium somewhat of the manifold blessings of his heavenly home?—ED.]

I have heard of a man, a well-to-do farmer, who, plagued by doubts on the subject, declared he would willingly give his best yoke of oxen to have it proved to him, conclusively, that man has a conscious spirit which will survive the dissolution of his mortal body. This poor, blind earth-grub was not a doubter for the sake of doubting—he desired much to be satisfied of his immortality; and, because of the superabundance of the flesh, pampered by store of worldly goods, he had no witness for the spirit within himself. I do not feel that, had I a thousand yoke of oxen, I would give one for a mathematical demonstration of the point on which this farmer so doubted. I have never been troubled with a doubt of the existence of a wise and loving God, and of legions of angels, cherubim or seraphim, or by whatever names known; and of myriads of spirits of God's earth-children released from the bondage of the flesh, and made like the angels, God's ministers to earth and co-sharers of heaven. The earliest and by far the most beautiful teaching I remember, was belief in these things. Over my cradle, for many days and months, bent my mother, herself not unworthy the name of angel on earth, and in heaven, while she is now gone, an angel I am sure—singing this sweet, yet ever precious song:

"Hush, my baby, hush, and stumber,
Heavenly blessings unto number
Gently fall upon thy head."

The teaching of this song I believed, implicitly, from the moment I could exercise my faculties; and I believe, and I have not as yet faltered from that belief. I believed it first, because my mother believed and taught it to me, and because it was a rational, desirable, and beautiful belief. How could the spirit or heart of childhood refuse sympathy with the idea of hovering and nestling angels watching and guarding the paths of young life from evil? By-and-by I believed it only the more, from an indwelling faith, born of communion with all beautiful things in nature—born, too, of the native longings and needs of the soul, when it had expanded to feel its way in the universe. And there was much more to confirm my belief. Only here and there, at wide intervals, did I hear one doubt that the spirit of man was the child of God, and that angels and the spirits of kindred and friends were man's ever-present, though to the eye of sense, invisible earth-guides and brothers. In childhood I found this belief common and universal. Sung at the cradle of infancy, it was preached from the pulpit to youth and manhood; and when age bowed itself under the mild shadow of death, holy men consoled each mourner with the assurance that God's angels were waiting to bear the soul of man home to heaven and immortal life and joy. I heard it on bright and calm Sabbaths, when the church choir sang the morning hymn:

"Serenely I laid me down
Beneath His guardian care,
I slept, and I awoke and found
My kind Preserver near."

Or when at evening, they chanted:
"Savior, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing—
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel-guards from Thy surround us—
We are safe, for Thou art nigh."

All this was confirmation of the spirit of the sweet song first sung to infancy by a mother, and of that divine faith in its immortal being which awakens instinctively in the expanding soul. If, in my manhood, I wonder at one thing most, it is that any soul can expand, surrounded by such teachings, from the cradle to the grave, and still doubt that it has a higher and diviner life than mortality. And I wonder more at the vast majority whose faith in immortality and the communion of the soul with God and his ministering spirits (according to the lesson of Scripture and the Church) they allow not to be questioned, there are so few who will, or who dare, stand by that faith, when its realization is proposed.

The mother tells her child that "holy angels guard its bed," and the preacher tells the dying man that "angels are waiting to bear his spirit to God;" but if one has the presumption to accept these teachings so universal, and declare, in the fullness of vision and faith, that he has seen and conversed with an angel, or whatever spirit from God, he is branded with fanaticism and blasphemy.

Quesada. Think not that I am approaching a confession of any new faith. No modern discoveries nor developments, and no special theories or evidences have affected my belief. My faith is just as old as my conscious life. I have been thinking how strange it is, that all the world having spoken and written its belief in God, in some form or other, and in a world of spirits only separated from our own by a thin veil of sense—that veil thrust aside in Eden, and at epochs ever since, so that man communed not only with angels, but with God—the denial should be so universal, whenever it is claimed that communion with the invisible world has been and may be realized. I cannot understand this mixture of theoretical faith and practical atheism. And I cannot forbear asking if the great voice of the world, so united in its testimony as to the theory, be only a delusion and a lie, when we come to the practice? In its superabounding ideal of a relation, near and intimate, between God and man, and between heaven and earth, is there no reality? If so, what a mockery is the prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and the utterance, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and the saying, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!" What a mockery, too, the cradle song, the pulpit teaching, the saintly consolation poured in the ear of sorrow, and the story told to the dying!

Either the Scriptures are false, and the prophets and oracles lying witnesses, and all religions empty fables, and the world-wide beliefs of man in all that pertains to the spiritual, the supernatural, and the immortal, a weak delusion; or they are the most momentous truths with which man has to do. If truths, then the material and the spiritual world are in communion. Such is the record. The mind and heart of all men, in all ages, have confessed and declared it. Whenever and wherever the human intellect has risen above material things, it has looked in upon a higher state of being. All nature and all revelation have so taught. Why then, this profound resistance to the idea, or faith, or belief, that man may, and does, under fitting circumstances, commune, while in his mortal state, directly with the spirit world? That he has done so is the perpetual teaching of all "sacred" books and all religions. Why, especially should Christendom, whose religion is based upon the spiritual and supernatural, and whose faith, without an accessible spirit-world, would be but a rope of sand or a shadow, rebel against an ever-present communion between heaven and earth? Its Scriptures teach little else of moment; its prophets, its oracles, its Savior, and its miracles are as nothing, if materialism triumph. If an angel loosed Peter from prison, if angels appeared to St. Augustine, and the Bible itself in a stupendous fiction. In fact, the kingdom of heaven, the great world of spirits, shut out from the literature of earth, and man has little knowledge or consolation above the beasts that perish. If any mind is incapacitated more than another to fathom truth that lies above materialism, it is the mind inspired with the ideal. If the divine afflatus has fallen upon man, it has fallen upon prophets and poets. From these the world has accepted its revelations and beliefs in whatever transcends the narrow vision of sense. The faith of prophets and poets is not doubtful, unless all their noblest utterances are a falsehood and deception.

"Ah!" says one, all necessary revelation is made; the day of miracles and direct intercourse with spirits is past. More than is accepted in the canons of the church and the schools, is a dream—a distempered fancy. Trust not to fancy! But Milton, who has created more theology for Christendom than the Bible, says: "Fancy is the eye of the soul," and that,

"Of all external things
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, * * * * *
Which reason joining, or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion."
And Coleridge, whose vision was not dull, and whose evidence weighs, if man's can weigh, on a point like this, says:
Fancy is the power
That first unseasonably the dark mind,
Giving it new delights; * * * * *
Emancipates it from the grosser thrall
Of the present impulse, teaching self-control,
Till superaddition, with unconscious hand,
Seat reason on her throne."
Coleridge gives this credit to superstition, doubtless, because fancy, in its first exercise by the mind, peoples the universe with false and obscure fears of beings invisible. When it rises to a more calm and disciplined survey, the false fears vanish, but the beings (spirits) remain, made visible and beautiful to reason and faith.

Whoever has read Milton cannot doubt his belief in the communion of the material with the spiritual world. I take it that the sentiments and faith he puts on the tongues of his characters, in "Paradise Lost," for instance, are his own—that he has but written out his own faith and belief. How his great epic teams with God, with angels, and archangels! They are with Adam; they speak with him face to face. Indeed, Heaven is ajar with war, and the whole world of spirits centers its interest, on account of our progenitor, in that garden of the East. Before and after the Fall, Adam is admitted to converse and communion with spirits. On the completion of the world, Milton puts this song on the lips of the "angelic harmonies, the heavens, and all the constellations:"

"Open, ye heavens! your living doors; let in
The Great Creator, from his work returned
Magnificent, his six days' work: for God will deign
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To wait of the dwellings of just men,
Delighted; and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace."

But I do not think that Milton, or any other poet, or any other man, has ever been so true to his own faith and belief as to say, "I have seen and conversed with an angel, or whatever spirit from God." I do not think that any man has ever been so true to his own faith and belief as to say, "I have seen and conversed with an angel, or whatever spirit from God."

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When Satan has worked his mischief in Paradise, Milton's God does not abandon our first parents, but sends (or rather the arch-angel directs) Ithuriel and Zephon to search for the temper, and to watch the bower of Adam and Eve. The obedient angel finds Satan squatted like a toad,

"Close at the ear of Eve, Assaying, by his devilish art, to reach The organs of her fancy."

A touch from Ithuriel's spear causes Satan to upstart,

"As when a spark Lights on a heap of nitrous powder."

Milton confesses his faith in the direct communion of divine agencies with our race, even in sleep, when he makes Eve, waking from slumber in Paradise, say to Adam, just returned from conference with an angel:

"Whence thou return'st and whither went'st I know,"

"For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise Which he hath sent propitious, some great good Presaging."

Milton a believer not only in spirits, but in the divinity of dreams! What say the churchmen to this? But he bears strongest witness when he puts a final speech on the tongue of the angel addressing Adam, after the expulsion:

"Said the angel, from heaven He to his own a Comforter will send, The promise of the Father; who shall dwell His Spirit within them; and the law of faith, Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,

To guide them in all truth; and also arm With spiritual armor, able to resist Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts, What man can do against them, not afraid Though to the death; against such cruelties With inward consolations recompensed; And oft supported so as shall amaze Their proud persecutors, for the Spirit (Poured first on His Apostles, whom He sends To evangelize the nations; then on all Baptized) shall them with wondrous gifts endue, To speak all tongues, and do all miracles, As did their Lord before them. Thus they will Great numbers of each nation, to receive With joy the tidings brought from heaven.

But the sublime poet warns (or rather his angel warns) that wolves will seek place in this spiritual fold:

"Who all the sacred mysteries of heaven To their own vile advantages shall turn, Of lucre and ambition; and the truth With superstitions and traditions taint, Left only in those written records pure, Though not but by the spirit understood. Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names, Places, and titles; and with these to join Secular power, though feigning still to act By spiritual; to themselves appropriating The Spirit of God, promised alike, and given To all believers; and, from that pretense, Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force On every conscience."

But force the spirit of grace itself— Unbuilt his living temples, * * * * * Whence heavy persecution shall arise On all who in the worship persevere Of spirit and truth.

Truth shall retire, Bestruck with slanderous darts; and works of faith Rarely be found."

Milton owed nothing of the noble conceptions in his great poem to the mediation of sense, and little, if anything, to the outward world. Inspired records, and his own sublime imagination and faith, were the agencies that began the unfolding of the spiritual world. He was blind to material things, but his mortal blindness only kindled his interior perception to a brighter glow. Dr. Johnson, criticizing Milton, says: "God and the angels seemed to approach nearer, and the world of spirits to open more and more, as the poet retired deeper within his own soul. Earth could no longer attract or distract his spirit, through sense, and chastened by meditation and faith, he saw that higher world to which imagination points, but which the pure, enlightened, and rapt spirit only can behold. And he saw there the drama of Paradise, lost and regained, and his tongue was inspired to utter what the eye of his soul beheld." It is scarcely necessary to say that Johnson's vast mind believed in spirit affinities and communion, since he has been so widely ridiculed for believing in "ghosts," in the common acceptance of the term.

The most interesting, and by far the most striking and dramatic portions of Shakespeare's writings depend upon characters drawn from the world of spirits. Did Shakespeare believe in the relations he institutes between the material and the supernatural—in his ghosts and fairies, and elves—or did he but adopt the common belief of his own and all times in these beings? He certainly indorsed the belief by his unqualified use of it. Did he believe in the universal impression (if not belief) that midnight was the hour that loosed unquiet spirits to walk the earth? In his Midsummer Night's Dream he makes the fairies sing:

"Now it is the time of night That the graves are gaping wide, Every one lets forth his sprite, In the church-way paths to glide."

And in Hamlet:

"The dead waste and middle of the night" is the hour when Shakespeare bids the ghost of Hamlet's father walk abroad. Then follows what "the old superstition" the troubled spirit, with a crime to confess or a wrong to avenge, which can only be done by mortal aid. Did Shakespeare believe in such things? They are an immemorial story; others believed them, why not he of Avon? Hamlet and Horatio wait to lay the ghost of the murdered king:

Ham. What hour now? Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Be thou a Spirit of health, or goblin damned; Bring with thee airs of heaven or blasts from hell— Be thy intents wicked or charitable, Thou comest in such questionable shape That I will speak to thee:— Why has the sepulcher unlock'd His ponderous and marble jaws To cast thee up again?

"The records of those whom God endued to speak all tongues and do all miracles," as set forth in the preceding quotation.

What can be meant here but creed-men, ever thirsting for secular power, and ever bent on confining God and God's spirits within the narrow limits of their dogmatic theology? Surely this angel (or his interpreter, Milton) told Adam great truths, which all time has amply verified.

Ghost. I am thy father's Spirit, Doomed for a certain time to walk the night, And, for the day, confined to fast in fires, Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature Are burnt and purged away."

If Shakespeare believed not in the spirit of his drama, he consented to use it, according to the strict letter of common theory and belief. The hour, the invocation to good spirits for defense against evil, the resolve to question the ghost, and the most orthodox response of the latter, are in perfect keeping with the universal ideas of Christendom on this subject. Undoubtedly Shakespeare uttered his own belief, guided by the ghostly canon for particularists.

The ghost and witch scenes in Macbeth are but a further illustration of the theme. True to tradition (sacred and profane), the spirits appear only to those with whom they have directly to do. Hence, Hamlet alone sees his father's ghost, and Macbeth that of Banquo. The Queen thinks Macbeth mad or distemper'd, and tells him, in the materialist style, when he beholds the dagger-armed ghost:

"This is the very painting of your fear, This is the air drawn dagger; 'Tis when all's done, You look but on a stool."

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he; Mourn not for Adonias—Thou young Dawn, Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee The spirit thou lamentest is not gone."

Shelley might cast by the tradition—he rebelled his life-long against it; but he could not cast off instinct. His own soul had need of a God, a heaven, angels, and ministering spirits—of communion with intelligence higher than unfolds on earth, in mortal state; and if he was too proud to confess it directly, he did it indirectly, uttering his inmost faith through the lips, and longings of his Promethean, Adonias, and Alastor. What he bids Asia utter to Panthea is his own utterance. Who more than Shelley could say:

"My soul is an enchanted boat, Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing: And thine doth like an angel sit Beside the helm conducting it?"

Yes, his soul was an enchanted boat, and the Spirit of God hovered in and over it, and beautiful and blessed angels consoled the poet. If a voyager (struggling to doubt the evidence of his own nature) by flashing their radiant wings on his misty, yet far-reaching vision, Shelley's unconscious confessions, scattered all through his song, more than disprove all his studied declarations of belief. No soul ever lived less on earth, and upon the things of earth, than his. His sympathies were above grossness and corruption, and lifted him into the sphere of purer and loftier spirits.

The Greeks believed in a variety of evil spirits who had power, under some tutelary deity, to lure mortals by taking upon themselves fascinating forms and characters. The Circeans who ensnared the mariners of Ulysses, turning them, over their cups, into swine, were a specimen; as were, also, the Lamias, one of whom a charming poet, Keats, has sung:

"Upon a time, before the fairy broods Drove nymph and satyr from the prosperous woods, Before King Oberon's bright diadem, Scepter and mantle clasp'd with dewy gem, Frighted away the Dryads and the Fawns From rushes green, and brakes, and cowslip'd

This belief not only contributed to the themes of ancient and modern poets, but a grave philosopher, Philostratus (quoted in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," in one of his books gives a "veritable" history of the incident sung by Keats. It runs thus: "One Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, going between Cenchrea and Corinth, met a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which, taking him by the hand, carried him to her house in a suburb of Corinth, where she persuaded him to tarry, and sup and drink wine with her. The young man, a philosopher, 'otherwise staid and discreet' finally married her, to whose wedding, among other guests, came Apollonius; who soon discovered her (being a serpent) to be a serpent, a Lamia, and all her furniture was, like the gold of Tantalus described by Homer, only illusions. Finding herself discovered, she sought the old seer to keep silence, but he refused and exposed her, whereupon she, and her house, and all that was in it, vanished instantly." Philostratus goes on to say that "many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."

"We may smile in our day at these old beliefs, but our incredulity does not remove the fact, that the mind of the human race, in all ages, has reposed more or less, indeed universally, on belief in an intimate relation between material and supra-material beings. And this belief is a source of intuition that from tradition. The character of the supernatural has been elevated and beautiful, in proportion to the intelligence of the mortal. Circeans and Lamias may have ceased to infest the earth, but it requires little effort of our reason to fancy that quite as gross and evil spirits prey, in other forms and ways, upon man in our times. We see men, fashioned outwardly like ourselves, transformed from all the characteristics of true manhood, into beasts. The Circeans could do and did no worse with Ulysses' companions.

Without a spiritual world in close affinity with earth, so close, in fact, that prophet and poet can clasp the hands of the two in tangible, sympathetic embrace, poet and prophet are dumb. Keats, to whom we have just alluded, for instance, depends in his chief poems, Hyperion, Lamia, Endymion, and St. Agnes' Eve, mainly upon the supernatural for his characters.

Some of those who read this article will, no doubt, remember Mrs. Sawyer's (wife of Rev. T. J. Sawyer) beautiful thought, "The Boy and his Angel," from which we quote portions:

"Oh, mother, I've been with an angel to-day! I was out alone in the forest at play, Chasing after the butterflies, watching the bees, And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees; So I played, and I played, till so weary I grew, I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew, While the birds sang so sweetly high up on its top.

I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop! Thus long I had sat, looking up to the sky, And watching the clouds that went hurrying by, When I heard a voice calling just over my head, That sounded as if, 'Come, oh brother!' it said; And there, right over the top of the tree, Oh, mother, an angel was beck'ning to me!"

The mother interprets the vision as a pre-

monition of the death of her boy. As the film of death gathers on his eyes, the young angel-seraph whispers:

"I see you not, mother, for darkness and night Are hiding your dear loving face from my sight— But I hear your low sobbings—dear mother, good-bye!"

The angels are ready to bear me on high! I will wait for you there—but oh, tarry not long, Least grief at your absence should sadden my song."

He ceased, and his hands meekly clasp'd on his breast, While his sweet face sank down on pillows of rest, Then closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim, Went up with the angels that waited for him."

And here are "Angel Footsteps," by Longfellow, from his "Voices of the Night":

"When the hours of day are numbered, And the voices of the night Come to visit me once more; Wake the better soul that slumber'd, To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted, And like phantoms grim and tall, Shadows from the fitful fire-light, Dance upon the parlor wall—

Then the forms of the departed Enter at the open door; The beloved ones, the true-hearted, Come to visit me once more;

And with them the Being Seateous, Who unto my youth was given, More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in heaven."

With a slow and noiseless footstep Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand in mine, And she sits and gazes at me. With those deep and tender eyes, Like the stars, so still and saint-like, Looking downward from the skies."

And here are Whittier's "Angels of Grief":

"With silence only by their benediction God's angels come, Where, in the shadow of a great affliction, The soul sits dumb."

And I tether a last one from Umland:

"How softly beautiful those tones That rouse me from my sleep! Oh, mother, see! Who pours sweet strains Into the night so deep?"

"No sound I hear, nor see I ought; They slumber on in peace! All serenades for thee henceforth, Poor, sickly child, must cease!"

"The music springs not from the earth That makes my heart so light; Angels are summoning me with song— Oh, mother, dear, good night!"

Yet, wherever my eye glances upon a page whose thought is above the earthly and perplexing, I find angels and spirits, the progeny of the world's hope and belief, and of the prophet's and poet's faith and vision; the progeny, also, of God. The more he is enlightened the more man looks heavenward, and desires and aspires to spiritual communion. He can no more live without commune with angels than he could without the Spirit of God. The utterances I have quoted are but a meager fraction of the world's confession of faith in the spiritual—neat, abstract, and cold, and distant, but near, ever-present, and actual. What I have said is disjointed, for the theme is too broad for my space, and I have crowded such things into the space as may most suggest the fullness of my purpose, were it accomplished. Those who read what is written can easily pursue the theme for themselves; it is worth pursuing. And, finding the religion and the intellect of the world universally committed to Spiritualism (in theory, to the greatest familiarity and extreme,) they may ask, as I have done, Does the world accord its own expressed faith and belief to the point of reasonable realization?

For the Herald of Progress.

The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Rhetoricians speak of "the Ship of State," and the poets sing of "Life's tempestuous sea." Well, our "Ship of State" is among the breakers, and the wreckers are showing her commander false lights. So with the "Ship of State," while the shores of eternity are supposed to be thickly scattered with wrecks from the "voyage of life."

Whatever craft is expected to make a safe passage between the ports of New York and Liverpool, is well ballasted below the water-line. Her cargo is so adjusted and secured as to keep her as much as possible upon an even keel. The strife between the good ship and the storms she encounters, is on her part, to maintain that position; and she owes her ability to do it, entirely to the quality and position of her lading.

On the "voyage of life," we do not imitate this praiseworthy example. The ship is not well trimmed, and her weightiest treasures are above deck, with nothing to ballast them below. An inspection of cargo will show this ship freighted with inestimable physical values—steam engines, cotton mills, printing presses, telegraphs, etc. But these lie without system upon the spar-deck, lashed to no steadfast and eternal principle, subject to shift with every assault of wave or tempest; and in the deep hold, what? Why, imposing packages of paper declarations of faith, whole barrels of ancient traditions, vast tanks of scholastic gas, and whole hogsheads of rotten patriotism, all exceedingly substantial and ponderous to look upon, though in reality, with little or no appertinent power of gravity. And these by way of spiritual values.

Do you wonder the ship, whether on the sea of politics or the sea of life, don't sail well? Is it surprising that our printing press, our telegraph, our labor-saving machinery, etc., fail to manufacture for us the happiness we had hoped? With no solid principle with which to balance their action, and placed where, from sheer dead-weight, they have the power to shipwreck us, while we are without the ability to govern them, robs us of more than half their value. In fact, it turns their power against us too frequently; and in no case gives us the full benefit of it. In the light of natural morality, observation will show that the false purpose invariably vitiates the means to its own ends, though the means themselves be intrinsically good. For the true means to work to the false end is against Nature. The law appears to be universal, that, if a man in any act which relates to the neighbor, forgets the neighbor, the practical effect shall be precisely as if, in that thing, he had forgotten himself. True, he may forget his neighbor and make money, and it may be, keep it. But what the man is really after is independence, freedom, ability to meet every emergency; this is the real "wealth of nations," and not their metals. A few Indian capitalists once owned all North America, precious soil as well as "precious metals;" were they rich? The money we have made by this forgetting has brought us to the verge of ruin. Take the telescope and sweep the area of history. Point it at this nation, and see twenty-six millions of people forgetting four millions. Or take the microscope and see the individual maggots of this great rotten commercial cheese wriggling each with all his might for the part that belongs to his neighbor; eating neighbor when he can't get cheese, and when he can do it slyly, eating both; and you find within this vast field of vision the one universal result, alike to independence and to peace, and that is, failure.

And somehow, there is a leak in the bank-vaults, too; and trade, except for articles necessary to killing, is out at elbows, and down at the heel. Independence, freedom, power of equisopise—the need of every soul, and that for which all men instinctively strive—what utter shipwreck we have made of these, to say nothing of the money! Think of commercial houses compelled to lay down the invoice and yard-stick and repair to the Cooper Institute to hiss down the simplest utterances of freedom and independence!

Think of the monster hybrid, begotten of the counting-house upon the pulpit, which was to travel the country from end to end, and in sympathetic church and lyceum hall, instruct the people that their wanted declaration of the equality of human rights, means only, that "all men are equally free to obey the will of God." True, that animal never traveled beyond a "prospectus." He was born, but never got upon his legs. But the abject servility of his conceiving, the fear and trembling, the unnatural longings, the nausea and moral borborygm, characteristic of the long months of gestation; call you that life-capital, riches, wealth of nations, equisopise of soul, freedom of action, independence of mind? The wealth which makes one poor in spirit, call you that riches? The result has been as though, with direct intent, these honorable merchants, bankers, and doctors of divinity had solemnly dedicated their princely fortunes to the destruction

For the Herald of Progress.

A Father's Experience.

BY MRS. EDWIN JAMES.

In the autumn of 1846 my husband was making a pedestrian tour in Switzerland. He met an English officer—Captain Glennie—who resided near Frankfort, and they traveled together. One morning, after they had ascended the Mont St. Bernard, and had passed the night in the convent, Captain Glennie was much depressed in spirit, and being asked the reason, he narrated the following circumstances. I may say, in passing, that Captain Glennie was not a man of an imaginative temperament, but a calm, sensible, thoughtful man.

"You will perhaps smile at me," said he, "when I tell you what occurred to my last night; but the impression made upon my mind is so strong that I shall act upon it, and immediately return to Frankfort. I am sure that my beloved and only boy is dead. I cannot be happy if I do not go homeward at once. I could not endure the agony of waiting for the return of the post. I have decided to leave you. I have tried to dissipate the recollection of last night, but I cannot. Listen to me."

"I had scarcely closed my eyes, when I heard, as distinctly as if the anthem were played upon the organ, a part of Mozart's Requiem. It fell softly upon my ear, but very distinctly. It woke me, and I thought the sound, which was almost too melodious for earth, came from the chapel of the convent. I rose, opened the door which led to the corridor, but all was still. I listened, and it ceased. I turned to sleep again, and in sounds more angelic than before the Requiem was recommenced. I am a stranger to fear, but it struck me with awe. In an instant a silvery light appeared at the foot of my bed, and the form of my beloved boy stood visibly before me. I could recognize the features; a heavenly smile played around them. They seemed more lovely even than in life. I heard a whisper from the lips: 'Dearest father, I am gone—I am happy!' and extending his arms toward me, he vanished. I paced my room all night. Pardon my leaving you; I must go. I am convinced my darling boy is dead."

Every attempt my husband made to convince his friend that it was a dream, and only some illusion, was in vain—he left. About

of their own freedom and peace of mind—as though they had laid out all their gold in fetters wherewith to bind their own souls, and rawhides for the discipline of their own backs.

And yet, wealth is a good thing; money, its common representative, is a good thing. I have said, the false purpose vitiates the means to its own ends; does not this look like it? Of a truth, as one said of England, "Our wealth is enchanted wealth, it makes no man happy." In the meantime, it must be borne in mind (if we would learn the true moral,) that these worthy gentlemen and their coadjutors throughout, were most severely moral and unctiously religious. When they were not writing circulars to the South, commending the soundness of their principles and the cheapness of their merchandise, they were meeting in committee or hissing abolition sentiments, and instructing in the true way, refractory clergymen whose humanity had chanced to get the better of their divinity.

The Express groaned, the Herald prayed for peace on earth, and the Journal of Commerce quoted Scripture. The Exchange reeled, and the streets steamed with their piety. The odor was as palpable to the common nose as the exhalations of the sewers; and infinitely more poisonous and disgusting. No man could pray louder or longer than they, nobody was better posted in so much of the "Word of God" as is contained in "the Epistle of Paul to Philémon" (only through ignorance of the original Greek, doubtless, they contrived to substitute our Fugitive Slave Law for the 16th verse, which, on the whole perhaps, helps the sense, and makes God's meaning clearer.)

But what have they gained? that is the practical question. What a Yankee wants to know is, What profit from this investment? The answer is patent: *Loss every way*, unless you call the contempt of their Southern masters for whose sake they sacrificed wealth and honor (and would have sold their country had they dared,) a gain. This for to-day; and for the future, their posterity, for the time that marble endures, will be ashamed to trace their lineage back to the stone that marks the place of their ashes.

Why not study a little the philosophy of failure? If for no other purpose, than that we may know real success should we happen to see it. The genuine morality—the law written in human nature—exemplifies, justifies, and glorifies itself in the mortification and misery growing out of fidelity to the false morality. It does it continually and universally; and in ways palpable to the senses, as we see here. Mind, all that passes current for success is not success. The sham is afloat, and men accept it for real, as they do the bills of an unsound bank, the news of whose rottenness has not yet reached the clearing-house.

Let us be done with shams. Success in business is not necessarily success in life. The laws of trade and the laws of life are not as one, while the laws of morality and the laws of life are.

The most notable sight under the sun were these Union-saving gentlemen of a twelvemonth or so ago, and now, they originally created and systematically upheld the Fugitive Slave Law; they engaged in, or screened and apologized for, the slave trade; they openly repudiated what their Fathers had declared, and themselves all their lives had professed to believe the "self-evident truth"—they did this for the simple purpose of making fortunes out of those to whom that truth was a perpetual rebuke. They knew this to be the sole object; but the South knew it too, which was bad. Each, in a different way had resolved to build their fortunes on the ruins of this truth, and neither have succeeded. Some, over-zealous, undertook to offer up Gerrit Smith as a sacrifice, and ended by sacrificing some thousands of their own dollars instead. They set out by the most abject bowing down, to gain the respect of the South. They signally failed in that. They outraged all solemn interpretation of what they held as "the Word of God;" they falsified history and stultified political science; they subordinated their religion, ethics, patriotism, manhood, wealth, to what they called "compromises," which, when compounded, and sugar-coated with professions of patriotism, no man would accept.

My Brother Philosopher, if we have not here a consecutive exhibition of natural cause and effect, where shall we look for their exemplification? When it rains, you affirm that somewhere on the face of this earth, the sun has shone. You say this, because you have seen that rain is a result of sunshine. Do you not see here with equal certainty that failure is the legitimate offspring of falsehood? and may we not lay it down as an axiom for all the future, that failure is the only offspring that falsehood can beget? May we not say by authority of these miserable results, that it is in vain for men to quote Bibles against Nature? that the book is true only in that it utters the voice of Nature; and then, only true to us when we have verified it by direct appeal to the facts of Nature? What can be more evident, than that truth unverified in the consciousness, is not living truth? The right way that is not seen to be the right way, gives us no power of travel. It is like a guide-board to the blind. And this is just the relation existing between the popular faith and the popular practice.

The progress men have made, has been, not by power of their forms of religion and codes of morality, therefore; but by virtue of their insincere human nature. They have made progress without knowledge of law, even as the stomach makes blood and bone without consulting the intellect. But the sound physiology can assist the stomach in its digestion, and the true morality aid the soul in its salva-

vation. "Knowledge is power," "length of days" are in the right hand of Wisdom. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." R. T. H.

Voices from the People.

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

WORDS ADDRESSED TO A NOBLE SISTER.

"There need us vows to bind Whom not each other seek, but find."

BY A—B D.

I give thee joy, whate'er thy creed, Thank-offerings of a soul in need, Which thy pure purpose and protest Hath timely touch'd, and cheer'd, and blest.

So wisely speak: it is a good seed, Which, grown and harvested, will feed The multitude in times to come, And crown thy life's millennium.

So kindly speak: the world hath need Of holy truths, which work and plead With what in man is most divine— And love, which saves the "oil and wine."

So truly speak: for man must hear— The time is short, the day draws near, When he within shall reap the pyre Of sin, and fan the heavenly fire.

Then nobly plead for purity, And speak the truth which maketh free; And show to sinful man on earth A holy life—a second birth.

Aye, nobly plead and truly pray! For thou shalt draw around thy way Spirits from earth for ages down, And taste the bliss to them foreknown.

But boldly speak, in wrath and ruth! Let those who dare betray the truth Thy spirit feel, "a flaming sword." To guard thy paradise restored.

Thus watchful wait, and bide, and serve; In patience thus thy soul preserve; And doing wisdom's will, for love, Eat bread the selfish know not of.

Feb. 22d, 1862

Corra Wilburn, referring to her late strictures on the works of Dr. Childs, &c., HERALD, Vol. 3, No. 1.

The Spiritual Belief is Firmly Established.

The Spiritual theory is as firmly established in the public mind at this period as the tenets of any of the peculiar religious sects. It has spread throughout the world with inconceivable rapidity, without the usual efforts adopted by the creeds through the agency of missionaries. Its converts are so respectable in number (some fifteen millions) as to preclude the possibility of delusion or deception. Its phenomena are no longer beyond dispute, and its supposed origin, formerly ascribed to magnetism, electricity, od-force, Beezobub, &c., &c., has been abandoned, for the simple and satisfactory reason that intelligence is not an attribute of any of these substances or principles.

Intelligence can only belong to mind, which must either reside within man or without. If the magnitude of the manifestations that occur through media, be beyond or above any discovered powers of mentality, then must they be due to mind outside of man.

The latest idea of the opponents of the theory ascribes the phenomena to some obscure powers of the soul which are not generally developed, and which are only known to those through whom they appear. To become a Spiritualist, however, it is only required to know or believe "that the spirits of those that once inhabited earth, live in the spirit world after death, and can and do return to earth, to hold communion with earth's children."

The means by which this knowledge is secured, is through the channels of those whose minds and bodies are peculiarly fitted for this purpose. None but those whose prejudice is so deep-rooted as to annul the testimony of their senses and their reasoning faculties, will go away dissatisfied from the investigations, if they have a sincere desire for the truth.

When convinced of the fact that spirits do commune with those they have left behind, it will be apparent that a multitude of questions will naturally arise in the mind respecting their peculiar mode of life and the nature of the world they inhabit.

soning powers, great desire for truth, and a firm purpose.

The chief teachings of the angel spheres are, that God is the origin and ruler of the universe; that Jesus Christ was purely a man, ushered into the world as others, and possessed simply of a greater degree of goodness than others; that his precepts and examples are worthy of imitation and practice; that he was God only in the degree in which goodness was exemplified; that his death was a consequence of a violation of the Jewish law, and that neither his death nor the blood that was shed can in any way affect the transgressions of the human race.

Sin is taught to be a transgression not only of the laws of the soul, but of the body also. The violations of all laws bring their penalties imperatively. But there are some classes of transgressions in connection with the body, the punishment of which is shortened by means of remedial agents; in these cases, the remedy works "a forgiveness of sins."

But it is written, Sins against the Holy Ghost, that Spirit (existing) shall not be forgiven until justice is fully satisfied. The suffering for any one sin, or class of sins, is not perpetual, for it is found that mourners are comforted, the sick restored to health, the vicious become virtuous, and those that shed the tears of woe do reap again in joy.

Houses are taught to be a condition of the inward man, attainable in this present world as well as in the future. The evidence of its establishment within, is the possession of Love, Joy, and Peace.

It must be clear to the unprejudiced mind, that, if the adoption of these principles constitutes the kingdom of heaven, disobedience to them establishes the opposite condition—hell. It is also declared by Christ, and taught by the angels, that this temple within the structure is the temple of the living God, and in this temple should man worship, and watch, and pray, that he be led not into temptation.

The spirit's habitation is of the same nature as its own composition. This spirit-substance pervades the universe, as electricity is the life, vitality, or force of all universal things. Hence the boundless universe is its dwelling-place.

The rank the spirit takes on its entrance into that world, is proportioned to the degree in which it has developed the attributes of the spirit on earth. Love for those it has left behind generally attracts it at first to earth, either through the assistance of others or after it has acquired the power, to assure those left behind of its own continued existence, and of consoling them in their course of life.

The spirits teach that one day is not more holy than others, but that every day is the Sabbath of the Lord our God. That we are not to be believers only, but lovers; that in the distribution of our time, we encroach upon a large portion of that which should be dedicated to our spiritual growth; that death is only a change of existence, and does not alter the actual condition of the spirit in passing from earth to its final home. That the only fall man ever had, is the failure to do what God requires, to live in unity with him, and to develop the fruits of the spirit.

The preceding is a summary of the main teachings from the spirit world, and is given with the view to induce investigation, and to enable beginners to have some general knowledge of the theory at a glance.

The experiences of the writer may differ in some minor details from the experiences of others of the faith, but the general character remains the same. In recognizing these principles, the writer has received more joy and peace in one day, than in years under the accepted theories of the day. Should he be instrumental in giving such consolation to others, he will have performed all he intended.

The Dual Unity.

MAN AND WOMAN.

FRIEND DAVIS: If your interesting and very readable correspondent, "R. T. H.," who writes on "The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals," has hit the nail on the head, as he seems to have done in treating of the Woman question, when he maintains that woman, in the "large" or general sense, is their superior in spirituality and morals, and that man is woman's superior, in the same sense, in the mental or intellectual department of his nature, and that man and woman are a "dual unity," mutually necessary in inspiring, developing, and strengthening each other's qualities, does it not follow, as a logical sequence, that every legitimate province of human activity would be greatly purified, elevated, and humanized, and consequently rendered more beneficent, by the presence and activity of this dual unity, instead of a detached half thereof? Is it not high time that the rigid incrustations with which masculine intellect, acting by itself, through heartless policy, has encased both religion and politics, should be modified and softened by the presence of the moral and religious principle, which has its special residence and normal home in the heart of woman?

How mightily would woman's equal participation in politics temper for good the whole system of criminal jurisprudence and general legislation! Had there been a hundred of our best endowed women in Congress twelve years ago, would it have been possible to pass the fit product of the brain of Mason—the Fugitive Slave Bill? Never! In short, give to woman what by nature belongs to her—an equal participation with her Brothers in the affairs of life—and a vast brood of human ills would be swept away like the mist before the sun; social progress would be advanced, and the moral and intellectual growth of both men and women be greatly promoted.

What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. The sundering of the slave from his right as a man, by the people and government of our country, is now drawing after it a fearful and national retribution. The like sundering of the dual unity of man and woman in the matter of social and civil rights, excluding woman from many places of trust and power enjoyed by man, merely because she is a woman, brings after it its natural results, in society and individuals, robbing masculine mentality of its natural helpmeet of feminine affection and moral and religious principle, and depriving womanly spirituality of its due share of the influence of manly mentality,—making the other and perhaps opposite opinions, requires a strong and comprehensive mind, good rea-

soning powers, great desire for truth, and a firm purpose.

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But it is written, Sins against the Holy Ghost, that Spirit (existing) shall not be forgiven until justice is fully satisfied. The suffering for any one sin, or class of sins, is not perpetual, for it is found that mourners are comforted, the sick restored to health, the vicious become virtuous, and those that shed the tears of woe do reap again in joy.

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Education of Children.

NO. IX.

GOODNESS.

True goodness constitutes heaven, whether on earth or in the spheres above. Without it there can be no harmony, no heaven. Real goodness is natural, spontaneous. It emanates from the innermost being. There is much good in the mind of man, which only serves as a covering to the real motives. The world is full of hypocrisy. Many of the customs of society are hypocritical—not real and true. But few persons act as they really are. Men and women must look well, dress fine, go to church, no matter how they feel or act, if they only keep in the proper channel. The homes are where they act their evil, and appear more as they are; but they have a fine dress of pretended goodness to put on when they "go out." They are icebergs at home, sunshine abroad. Every act is measured by what people say or think. The questions are: "How do I look?" "What will folks think?" Not how I am, and how I feel. Hence, spontaneous goodness is not the most prevalent. Children early catch the falsehoods practiced by their parents. Early are they taught to appear well, if they are ill—to make show of goodness, if they are bad—to seem smiling and cheerful, if within they are sour and morose. They are taught to pray with the lips, when no reverential emotions emanate from the heart. I knew a little girl who was early taught and compelled to repeat a learned prayer. Each morn she was forced to kneel when her parents did, and say it. She is now a bundle of vanity, hypocrisy, and pride. From the inner being of such there can emanate no true emotions, no real prayer, no spontaneous goodness. It is deplorable to see the inducements held out for the control of children. Appeals should always be made to the child's sense of right and wrong—to his justice—not to appearances, but realities—not to the opinions and customs of the world, but the approving smiles of angel-friends, and the inner conscience. A Methodist priest in this place recently told a class of young, low-down converts, "that they must pray if they didn't feel like it; that many converts had backslid by ceasing to feel like praying." Thus do the so-called spiritual guides teach. Thus do men practically live a lie. The forms and ceremonies engender falsehood. Men pretend to pray when there's no prayer in them. True prayer is spontaneous; all other is mockery. But lips may move, or not; if it comes at all, it must come from the heart, embodied in a true life. A true man need not be exhorted to pray; he cannot exist without praying. But when parents, teachers, and priests, teach and act ceremonial prayers, they teach and act a practical lie, and it has the tendency to stamp a lie upon the minds of children. Oh, horrible heathenism! Yet it is in harmony with the commonest teachings of many parents. They instruct their children to appear to be what they are not. The wise parent and teacher will instruct the child that all deception is

practical lying, and permanently injurious; and to appear good is of but little consequence compared to being good. There is no power so potent as that of real goodness. It is that which constitutes real worth.

I have said, the child should have but few rules, and those within his full comprehension. The injunction, "Be good," is one full of power and adapted to the child's mind, and practically enjoined, can but work itself into the real emotions of the child. In the hands and heart of a true parent, it is better than a thousand rods. Its effect is permanent, and will lead the young mind to reflect often, and ask himself if he is, indeed, really good? Let it be in the heart and mouth of every teacher who would insure good order and harmonious growth. There is no better weapon, or one attended with so good results. Let the priests be good, and use it in the guidance of their flocks, and they would feel the spirit's power in their midst as they never felt it before; and backsliders would be as uncommon as Bibles are in heaven. Be good. May the injunction spread all over the land, and all the children, large and small, receive it—*feel it—act it*; and then, when the colors of hypocrisy under which so many float, fall, no characteristic will be brighter than that of *Goodness*. E. C.

Thoughts and Queries on Social Reform.

MR. EDITOR: I am pleased to see, by the "Voices from the People," in the HERALD OF PROGRESS, an increasing interest in the question of the reorganization of society, by the receivers of the Harmonical Philosophy. But my wonder is that a still deeper and more extensive interest is not manifested in this practical application of harmonical truth. And often find the question forcing itself into my mind and upon my lips (and I wish now to give it utterance through the HERALD). "How can those whose souls have been baptized into the spirit of the heaven-descended truths of this New Era, and which can speak eloquently and lovingly of the Brotherhood of Man, and can portray, in "words that burn," that strife and inharmonious which the present antagonistic interests of society engender, even among the best disposed, and the wrongs and miseries inflicted upon the weaker by the neglect or oppression of the strong—how can these hold their peace?" without at least one united and earnest effort to embody in outward form something at least approximating their ideal of a true Harmonical Brotherhood—something that shall be to the world a living demonstration of the superiority of our philosophy, and of our sincerity in its advocacy?

Are the pecuniary means necessary to redeem a sufficient portion of God's earth from the present landholding system, for a suitable domain, and to endow such an institution adequately, lacking? Or is the development of a plan of organization so difficult as to offer an insurmountable obstacle? It seems to me that the adage, "Where there is a will there is a way," is applicable in this case; and I would suggest that, if the sincere friends of such an associative movement throughout the country would resolve themselves into a committee of the whole, and set themselves earnestly at work to devise "ways and means," that their combined wisdom would ere long develop the plan, and each one's mite cast into the treasury would furnish the required pecuniary means for the commencement of such an enterprise. The beginning need not be upon a very grand scale, nor with "a great flourish of trumpets." But with a band of true hearts, laboring together with willing hands, in the spirit of fraternal love, and guided by their united wisdom, a Unitary Home could soon be established, where Justice, Equality of Rights, and true Liberty, with Order, would reign supreme.

I throw out these few thoughts and queries, in the hope that others who may be favored with more light on the subject may no longer keep it "under a bushel," but may place it where it will enlighten all the readers of the HERALD. N. H. COLSON, FOREST HOME, Wood Co., Va., Feb. 1862.

Lectures by Miss De Force.

TRENTON, N. J., March 15, 1862.

BROTHER DAVIS: We have just had two excellent lectures delivered in this city, by Miss Laura De Force. The first, on Tuesday evening, subject "Spiritualism," was largely attended by investigators and the liberal-minded. Her lecture on Thursday night, (owing to an announcement in the papers that Miss De Force would speak on any subject chosen by the audience,) drew a large audience. She ascended the platform before the subject (which was the "Origin of Evil") was decided on by the people. The lecture was very good, and everybody seemed highly pleased. Miss De Force, who is a young lady, not yet twenty years of age, is a very attractive speaker. She has lately been lecturing to crowded houses in Philadelphia, and Mount Holly, N. J., and soon becomes a great favorite wherever she goes. She came to Trenton to pave the way for Miss Emma Hardinge, who is expected here soon, the people having heard of her good work. Miss De Force returns to the West next week. She contemplates another visit East next October, when she will visit New York. More anon. H. E. L.

The Beautiful.

WE CANNOT tell in what the Beautiful consists, for when we attempt to analyze it, and test it in the crucible of science, we destroy it. It is like the songs of angels, too pure and holy to be expressed in words. It is a sweet and sacred influence which breathes into the soul like an inspiration from the spirit world.

The Beautiful! It is seen in the verdant forest, when each tree is clothed in its fresh summer robes, and the velvet leaves quiver in the balmy breezes and seem to float upon the blue ocean of the sky. It shines in the beam, streaming through the thick foliage, then resting upon the blushing flowers of the wild woods. It hides in the leaves of the green, gently bending beneath the breeze which chase the shadows away. It sleeps in the bosom of the river, winding among the mountains and under the tall trees, reflecting from

its smooth surface the branches bending over it and the fleecy-clouded sky o'erhead. It lives in the fields of waving grain and rustling corn, where the Beautiful is set off by the useful. It tints the unfolding flowers—the alphabet of angels, the messengers of God. It crowns the brow of evening, and twinkles in the starlight. It sparkles in the diamond glow of the snow and icicles, glittering in the crystal light of a winter's morning.

But it is found in the highest perfection in the human form, and renders it graceful and symmetrical. It molds the human face, and makes it almost divine. It paints the cheek of youth with the rosy glow of health, it wreathes the smile of pleasure, or shades the brow with the calm serenity. It lights the eye, flashing with intelligence, kindling with emotion, beaming with goodness, or radiant with love and rapture. It blooms on the features of innocent childhood, and crowns the silver locks of age with veneration and respect.

The Beautiful! It reaches the soul and stirs its hidden depths, directing its aspirations heavenward to the home of love eternal. To-day the winds sweep the bleak and dreary earth, all without is cold and uninviting. But we know of the vernal resurrection coming, when the fields and groves shall awake crowned with loveliness. Now the external eye cannot behold the beauty which sleeps within, but we know that it is hidden there, and will ere long come forth in its charming reality. So of the Spirit world: we can now see it only by our ideal; but when we brush off this earthly dust, our invisible ideal will become the tangible actual.

Thus the Beautiful ever points within and beyond the coarser forms of matter which surround us here, and draws the soul upward and heavenward, and, by its gentle influence, leads us on in the course of progression up the paths which angels tread. It is our rainbow of promise, the earnest of our eternity, the pledge of our great immortality.

I AND MY PEN.

Poetry.

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

For the Herald of Progress. A SONG OF LOVE.

BY LIONIE H.

My cup of life is running o'er With wine of love; My full heart hath a bounteous store Of sweetest love.

Oh, how shall I my treasure keep? This precious love; For with me when I wake or sleep, Is this dear love.

And still it flows into my heart, This holy love; Nor from me will it e'er depart, This faithful love.

Around my soul its fibres twine, This clinging love; It beareth blessings like the vine, This fruitful love;

Blessings which all my being fill, Pervading love, With tenderest and divinest thrill—God's breath of love!

Oh, ever o'er me may it shine, This light of love, Making my heart a fitting shrine Of purest love.

Know then, thou art a welcome guest, Dear angel love! And with me thou shalt ever rest, Dear heart of love.

And as toward Heaven I journey on, Go with me, love; And there I'll worship thee alone, For "God's Love."

SALEM, MASS.

For the Herald of Progress. THE TWIN SISTERS.

BY WILLIAM H. MELLENDEN.

"In the midst of life we are in death." Soft on their downy couch Eyes closed by angels' touch; Slumbered two fair ones, in life's rosy morn; Souls full of parity, Forms that with Venus vie, Hearts that with hope beat high, Dreaming that bliss is nigh, Strangers alike to all envy or scorn.

Bathed in love's atmosphere, Friends whom they hold most dear Ever around them a tender watch keep, Strong to maintain the right, Knowing not evil's night, Guided by virtue's light, Theirs seemed a future bright; O'er them immortals bend, guarding their sleep.

Hush! as they're slumbering, Borne on his darkened wing, Comes that dread being, the Angel of Death; Stands by their bedside now, Breathes o'er each snowy brow; Checking the life-blood's flow, Utters a solemn vow, Loosens life's silver chord, fetters the breath, Shatters the golden bowl, Summons each gentle soul, Points them to mansions where woe has no birth, Now through the open door, Just on the other shore, They have gone on before, There they wait evermore, Gladly to welcome the loved ones of earth.

VERMONT, N. Y., March, 1861.

"Often is our path Crossed by some being whose bright spirit sheds A passing gladness o'er it, but whose course Leads down another current, never more To blend with ours; yet far within our souls, Amidst the rushing of the busy world, Dwells many a secret thought, which lingers still Around that image."

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAR. 29, 1862.

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Office Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Publication Office located a few doors east of No. 410 Broadway.

The fourth article in the series by Prof. Spence will appear next week.

LET NO ONE fail to read the excellent thoughts of E. W. T., among Voices from the People, on "The Dual Unity."

A FATHER'S EXPERIENCE details one of those peculiar spiritual facts, which require something more than the theory of "remarkable coincidences," or involuntary gallops of nerve-aura to explain.

DR. HALLOCK'S article in our last issue puts a question of sufficient depth and magnitude to entitle him to the world's attention and gratitude. Here it is: "O my Brother! when will you learn the infinite expense of being a fool?" See, also, his article in this number.

Bound Volumes.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS, volumes 1 and 2, well-bound, are now for sale at this office. Price \$3.25 per vol. Sent by Express.

Four Thousand Sold!

Those of our readers as yet unsupplied with THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH, will bear with us if a slight delay again occurs in filling orders. The rapid sale, and an unexpected delay in procuring paper for the fifth thousand, may necessitate our holding orders for a week or ten days. After that time we shall be better than ever prepared to meet the demand.

Evidence of Progress in China.

We wish that facts would justify us in a belief that Christian nations are not without self-conceit and vain-glory. However, where ignorance exists, the natural results must follow. In few historical points has the vanity of Christian nations been more apparent than in the recent announcement, with respect to the alleged conversion of the Chinese rebels to the main principles of Christianity. Already, there are persons claiming laurels for having been the chief instruments in introducing the beneficial maxims of the gospel to the benighted barbarians—but, while we are prepared to admit that they have done well, we are not ready to acknowledge that they have any claim to the distinction so vauntingly sought at the hands of civilized nations. It is a gross imposture, or a gross delusion, for a man to avow, that all the great leading maxims found in the Chinese Scriptures have been derived from the efforts of any man to introduce the Bible to the Celestials. Some of the great truths of the New Testament, such as it may humble our boastful pride to acknowledge the fact, were introduced by Confucius to the Chinese people five hundred years before Jesus of Nazareth was born—and Confucius only made a New Testament to the Chinese Scriptures—which were written long before his birth. In some respects, the truths made known through Confucius are far more important than any to be found in our gospel, and, when they are permitted to be generally known, will establish this assertion beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Vainly supposing, as we Christians do, that God has respected us more than other beings under his careful supervision, we imagine ourselves to be the sole recipients of his written word and will, while nothing is further from the truth—and, in contemplation of his justice, we must so consider it. It is true that the ultimate spread of Christianity—the true purposes and value of which, we seriously apprehend, are understood by few persons—will eventually mantle the whole earth, but it will be done by showing that the main principles of all the moral and theological systems of nations have sprung from one common source, for one ulterior and beneficial end—the harmonization of men individually, and as nations. We cannot resist the force of the conviction that the whole world will find that the true purpose of the Deity is to Christianize mankind into principles, rather than into the idolization of a being, which, even in the most exalted form of our conception, would be but an adoration of an image! Men, in all ages and in all climes, have narrowed the Deity down to their own limited and limiting, circumscribed and circumscribing capacities, rather than to raise themselves, by a close adherence to the teachings of their Scriptures, to a true understanding of their own natures, and, consequently, to a better and higher appreciation of the Father of All.

The love of conquest is not merely confined to acquisitions of wealth and territory, but has been extended to attempts at obtaining sovereignty over the human mind, and to proselyte it to the dogmas of a Diet. Hence perpetual antagonism. Hence arises the implanting of a commercial philosophy, altogether rotten in its own principles, upon the most vital interests of the race, and an amalgamation of this with the political existence of nations. How long this state of human action would endure, without some better views of the actual principles of Christianity, we may easily imagine—and nothing short of seeming miracles, to excite the attention of mankind to a proper sense of duty in the premises, would answer for the correction of the evil. Happily, while almost in despair of making mankind better, the needed stimulus to holier exertion has come, and, happily, is not confined to those nations which are self-congratulatory as to the peculiar beneficence of the Deity to their hopes and aspirations. We find evidences that in the Eastern nations, usually termed barbaric, God is manifesting himself in a remarkable manner as on this continent, and giving a promise of an eventual fulfillment of the prophecies of his illuminated children.

Let us be more explicit. The Chinese are said to be inspired by revelation! Some wise Christian modifies this, by saying "visions," probably because he does not know, or comprehend, precisely what has taken place in the rebel army. We have reason to believe, however, from the testimony generally given, that not only what are termed revelations are made, but that the leaders of the rebel army are mediums for these much misunderstood phenomena. Doubtless, these are mixed up with much that is fanatical, as they are everywhere else, yet the general fact cannot well be disputed; and, moreover, it is not easy to avoid the conviction that wise purposes will be subserved in the end by the movements which are going on. Of course, they who are wholly in the dark on this subject, cannot realize the full meaning of these interesting manifestations, but there is consolation in believing that with the progressive light of our time, very different conclusions hereafter will be formed, so that historians will know where to place the points whence the race takes its new steps toward improvement. Whatever may be thought or said, this seems certain, mankind are advancing by rapid strides to a realization of the connection between the spiritual and material forces of the Universe—they are preparing to philosophize on the subject—and out of the deductions of reason they will be enabled to arrive at more clear views of the true Christian religion than have yet been entertained, even by the most enlightened and unprejudiced intellects. If we rightly estimate the probabilities of the case, China is about to give mankind a lesson in practical wisdom, second to none that events have read to the race. Let us be patient and study the subject.

Civilized—are You?

A Constitutional Convention is in session in Illinois, engaged in reconstructing the organic law of that State. This body has just voted to deny negroes the rights of citizenship, and to exclude them from residence within the boundaries of Illinois. In no State in the North is the argument for enslaving the negro for his good, more frequently asserted, than in Illinois; in no State is there louder declamation about the humanizing effect of transferring the negro from Africa to America. He was a barbarian in his own country, he is civilized and Christianized here, it is said.

It is a law in physics, that there is no action without reaction, no effect without a counter-effect. We account for the vote of the Illinois Convention on this principle: Large numbers of blacks have fled from the South to that State, and are domiciled there. Of course, they have been civilized and humanized by their residence in so intelligent a community. But that community, on the other hand, has lost something of these good qualities, as hot iron plunged in cold water loses its caloric while warming the fluid. This appears in the fact that a majority of the Convention could embody such a narrow and barbarous principle in a State Constitution. We take it that the blackness of the skin of Illinois negroes struck into the hearts of its democratic Legislators. May we not hope that these Legislators some of their stolen humanity—some of that surplus virtue which they have sponged from the whites?

The World is Onward.

[The following is a voice from an inhabitant of the Summer Land:]

An impulse which cannot be resisted is moving the heart and quickening the pulse of Humanity. Old forms—once cherished and dear—are losing their grace and beauty; and new glories—sparkling with the gems of heaven—are revealed to the vision of mortals. And the march of the world is onward. No power can stop the efforts and labors which are being engaged in at this hour for the redemption of the race. The signs of the times are of the most cheering nature. They show the great truth that a new dispensation has been ushered into the changeful drama of earth. Progress has become a word which exists in action as well as in letter. Onward flows the stream of thought—brighter grows the dawning light—holier and sweeter becomes the atmosphere of earth, hallowed with the breath of angels.

But to what end moves on this stream of progress? What is the great object to be attained in the labor which engages the energy of the reformer? The end and object of these things are greater than can be fully realized; for in these are comprehended the unfolding of truth, the development of soul, and the harmonization of society. It is not creeds and sects that the soul labors for now; it is not restrictive and arbitrary principles which the expanded mind is aiming to establish. Now the heart of man begins to feel for his fellow-man; and the hand which was once raised to crush and destroy, is stretched forth to uplift and save. Noble ends are those which the philanthropists and prophets of this age are seeking to attain—ends which have constituted the objects of all human prayer, and which have represented the heavenly inheritance in store for the children of earth. Let, then, the stream of progress move on; aid it in its flow by removing the barriers and obstructions erected in the past; for the blessing which seems of old beheld far away in the distance, is now near, even at our very doors, waiting to be embraced.

How is It?

"There is no day which passes over your head in which you are not obliged to say, 'I have not acted according to my sense of what is right, neither in kind nor in degree'; and we are living not only so, with occasional violations, but human character has been formed and is consolidated, so that by habitual practice man's affections do not follow the path marked out by his judgment."—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

If the first part of this statement is true, as applied to Mr. Beecher's congregation, then all we have to say is that he needs help, for his labor is real missionary ground. If the latter portion is true, then it follows that he who "formed" us is a terrible bungler, and it would do no harm if a slight improvement in the original "consolidation of the human character" were at once effected.

A little farther on, in the same sermon from which the above extract is taken, Mr. Beecher says:

"Be what you are. No more and no better, and in every gift, all frankness, truth, honor, courtesy; all gentleness, in all literature, in all learning, in all art, in all sweet singing, in all wit, in all mirth! God has occasion for all this."

If this admonition is correct, we may conclude that it is best to regard with a comfortable degree of complacency a state of things which we are not able materially to affect. Between the two, how greatly the Plymouth Church are enlightened! Ce Emps.

Triumph of the Light.

Man has been the subject of oppression and tyranny. The powers of darkness triumphed for a season over the aspirations of the heaven-born soul. Beneath the cruel might of the conqueror, the world has bowed in the dust, and the beauty of truth has been veiled in gloom. But the spark of life which animates the immortal being was not extinguished. From the darkness of its prison-home it sent forth a gleam of light to the abode of tyrants; and with that feeble and flickering ray, fear crept into their bosoms and the scepter trembled in their hands. But the light expanded and became brighter. The day of freedom approached. Chains of unholy creeds and dogmas fell from the spirit that God made free, and the thrones of the oppressors tottered and dissolved when the dawn appeared. Thus the work of redemption was commenced, and now the strength of mortal arms and the devices of human hearts cannot stay its onward and triumphant progress.

A Cool Proposition.

The following business letter reached this office lately from a town "way down east": M—, Maine, Feb. 17, 1862. MESSRS. A. J. DAVIS & CO.:—I have seen several copies of your paper, and like it, and should be glad to read it. It is not taken in town. Now if you will send it to me one year I will read it, pass it around among my neighbors, and at the end of the year I will send you one dollar. I am one of the selectmen, and supervisor of schools in town.

W. L. H.

Were our correspondent a shoemaker, we would accept his proposition in the following style:

DEAR SIR: We have seen some boots of your manufacture, which we like, and we should be glad of some for our own use. If you will send a pair of six dollar calf-skin boots, we will wear them as long as they last, show them to our neighbors, and mention where they came from, and when worn out will send you three dollars for them.

Yours, &c.

As, however, he is a "selectman and supervisor of schools," we can contrive no plan for a fair and equitable exchange of commodities. The fact is, our correspondent is mistaken in supposing we pay a premium to have our paper introduced by "select men." The HERALD OF PROGRESS addresses itself to the people, and is their organ. As such, its fair market value is two dollars a year.

Of One Mind.

The following series of quotations from the Tribune only feebly illustrate the "unity of spirit" which of late largely characterizes that sheet:

"This corresponds with our previous information, and leaves no doubt that the movement up the Tennessee and Cumberland originated with Gen. Halleck."—Tribune, March 3.

"It will probably be shown in due time that Flag-officer Foote had as much to do with its inception and success as any other man on the continent. It was not his fault that he did not do more."—Tribune, March 3.

"Let nobody forget that the mail-clad gunboats and the mortar-boats, which have borne so glorious, and, indeed, so indispensable a part in the recent triumphs of our arms in the West, were planned and commenced by General Fremont."—Tribune, March 4.

"Let it not be forgotten that to Commodore

Foot belongs the credit of planning and striking the two blows which have broken the backbone of the rebellion in the valley of the Mississippi."—Tribune, March 4.

"The credit of planning the victories which have just saved us Kentucky and Tennessee is justly accorded to him [President Lincoln]."—Tribune, March 4.

The Boston Investigator.

We cheerfully publish in our advertising columns the prospectus of The Boston Investigator, an old and valued advocate of Liberalism. The Investigator school of infidels do not accept the cheering truths of a Spiritual Philosophy, for which reason they are all the more to be pitied if not commended. The liberality displayed by the editor, Horace Seaver, we have before taken occasion to commend, and our readers will find much that is suggestive, invigorating, and refreshing in his paper.

In sending the prospectus for insertion in the HERALD OF PROGRESS, Mr. Mendum evinces a certain degree of conscientiousness in crossing out the following paragraph, which is allowed to appear in other journals:

"The Investigator being the only paper published in the known world which takes the broad ground of freely investigating all subjects, moral, social, and religious, we ask of those who are opposed to superstition, to religious cant, and intolerance, to lend us their aid in extending its circulation."

For two years past, Mr. Mendum very well knows, this assumption does not apply to the Investigator, and we are glad that conscientious regard for truth has led to its erasure, since such a claim would not be accepted by the readers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

The Recent National Successes.

The area of the old Union seems to be in the process of restoration, whatever may become of its spirit. The progress of reinstating the Federal authority moves steadily forward with victory attending nearly every step. The most decisive achievement since the battle of Pea Ridge, in Arkansas, is the capture of Newbern, in North Carolina. This place is situated about twenty miles from Pamlico Sound, on Neuse River, between the main stream and a branch entering it called the Trent. On the 12th (of March) General Burnside embarked his attacking column on board the fleet under command of Commodore Rowan, and sailing down the Sound, anchored about eighteen miles below the town on the evening of that day. On the 13th the troops landed, and marched twelve miles, through mud and mire, to within a mile and a half of the rebel stronghold. Here they bivouacked for the night in the rain. The roads were so intolerable that it required the labor of an entire regiment to bring eight guns upon the field. A portion of the column remained on board the boats of the expedition, and ascended the river as the troops on land advanced. A railroad and a common road run parallel with the river to the town, crossing the Trent by bridges on the south of the place. These roads were skirted on the left by woods and impassable swamps. Lines of field-works, extending along the two for a mile and a half, and heavy batteries along the river-bank, were held by eight regiments of rebel infantry, supported by five hundred cavalry.

After an engagement of four hours' continuance, commenced on the morning of the 14th, these batteries were taken by a charge of the Federal troops, the enemy fleeing in confusion to the town. The burning of one bridge and the destroying of the draw on the other, prevented the national soldiers from entering at once, but the arrival of the fleet at the wharves soon put the town in their possession. By this victory, there were captured two hundred prisoners, sixty-four cannon, two steamboats and a number of sailing vessels, the entire camp equipage of the rebel troops, and a large quantity of ammunition and commissary stores, beside turpentine, cotton, and resin. The loss among the Union troops, out of three brigades brought into action, was 91 killed and 466 wounded; that of the enemy was less, as they fought behind breastworks. The capture of Newbern is the winning of the key to the entire system of North Carolina railroads.

The towns of St. Augustine and Jacksonville, and Fort Marion, Florida, have been surrendered to Commodore Dupont. In the first mentioned place, the citizens voluntarily raised the old flag. The rebel troops ran away from Fort Marion the night before the gunboats appeared.

In Arkansas, near Salem, Col. Wood, with five companies of troops and two steel six-pounders, in an engagement with a largely superior rebel force, killed three hundred of the enemy, and took three Colonels prisoners, with a loss of but twenty-five.

Up to twelve o'clock on Wednesday night (the 19th of March) the Island No. 10, above New Madrid, had been assailed by Commodore Foote, but not taken. But he was gaining on the enemy with little loss to himself. The attack commenced on Sunday. The fleet under Commodore Foote consists of ten gunboats and twelve mortar-boats. These boats carry mortars, each of which weighs 17,184 pounds, and discharges a shell weighing 215 pounds without its contents. They carry from two to three miles. The fate of the Island, if not already decided, soon will be. The Commodore was confident of victory at the date of his last dispatch.

LETTERS remain uncalled for at the office of this paper addressed to Mr. William O. Page, Benjamin Hart, and Henry W. Adams. If any friends can furnish the proper address we will forward the letters without delay.

The Binghamton Convention.

A Convention of Spiritualists was held at Binghamton, N. Y., commencing March 7th, and continuing for three days.

Among the subjects, of addresses at the convention, were Association, Individuality, the Philosophy of the Spirit, the Relation of the Religious Element to Health, and the distinction between Conventional and Natural Religion.

Whereas, The experiences of the race demonstrate the imperfection, partiality, and impracticability of many of the teachings of seers, prophets, and theological saviors, past and present, and

Whereas, The theologian, the metaphysician, the lawyer, and the doctor represent differing, and in many of the essential departments of life, and human society, teach conflicting opinions of what is fundamentally nature, right and wrong in principle, etc.—and

Whereas, The opinions of modern mediums and Spiritualists, are oftentimes conflicting—therefore,

Resolved, That Science, in classifying knowledge and demonstrating the laws of life, proves what is fundamental to physical, moral, social, and spiritual well-being—unitary in nature, and useful to society, and therefore should be considered the proper study of all who seek to make goodness useful, cheerfulness practical, society harmonious, and its members "healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Resolved, That this necessary and fundamental study should be the "one thing altogether lovely, and the chief among ten thousand," to the wise teacher and practical reformer.

Resolved, That true Spiritualism is the offspring of Progress, the friend of Science, and the real "Savior of the world."

After adopting resolutions expressive of its sense of the courtesy and hospitality shown to its members by the citizens of Binghamton, the convention adjourned.

The Hydropult.

Having recently purchased one of these simple, portable, effective fire-and-garden engines, we feel quite independent of the Fire Department of Orange, N. J., where we reside, and where truth compels us to say there is no public machinery for putting out fires. We witnessed a terrible conflagration in this beautiful village last year, attended with much suffering and a large loss of property, which might have been prevented with one or two of these efficient instruments.

Friday did it!

On the capture of Newbern by Gen. Burnside, the Federal soldiers found in the printing office of the Newbern Progress a form locked up ready for the press, with an article headed "The enemy in sight," concluding as follows: "Everything was active and preparations were busy here last night, and a battle is certainly expected to-day, and the day will probably decide the fate of Newbern."

Seeing this, a printer in one of the companies, went to a case and set up the following, closed the form and struck off copies of the paper:

Friday did it. We have taken Newbern. The enemy endeavored to burn the town, but were unsuccessful, the inhabitants using the fire-engines and other means in their power to extinguish the flames. YANKEE PRINTER.

Comfort for Patriots.

Rev. T. L. Cuyler in a recent article in the Independent, remarks of the effect of sudden death upon the "impenitent":

"To such it is but the instantaneous plunge into eternity without the opportunity to put up one piteous cry to Christ for mercy. Amid the glow of life; the next amid here, amidst the agonies of the damned. The laugh perhaps hardly hushed from the lips, before the wild wails of the lost break upon the astonished ear. The very thought is harrowing beyond measure."

"To the eye of an angel it must seem wonderful that a man wholly unprepared to die should ever dare to

close his eyes on his pillow, or to venture out into the unseen perils of a single day."

It is to be hoped for Mr. Cuyler's personal comfort and consolation, that he has a score or two, three or four brothers, and a son of personal friends—all impenitent soldiers in our army. "To the eye of an angel" it would seem wonderful, if with so cheerful a faith, Mr. Cuyler should dare close his eyes at night, or cross Brooklyn Ferry by day. Yet we venture to say he eats heartily, sleeps soundly, and "to the eye of a mortal" seems not vastly "harrowed" or "disturbed. Such is the difference between a theological dogma, and the real genuine belief of the soul.

An Honest Opinion.

The Penfield Extra, a little sheet edited, printed, and published by "Nellie Williams," a girl twelve years old, at Penfield, Munroe Co., N. Y., has a notice of the Herald of Progress. Nellie is a Sunday-school scholar, and "pays more regard to her lessons than to correcting proof." In view of not a few errors in the latter work, we would commend to Nellie the lesson reading: "These things ye ought to have done, and not left the other undone."

The young editor's opinion of the Herald of Progress is evidently an honest and unprejudiced, if not intelligent one. She says: "It is a first-class Christian Journal."

Practical, if not Orthodox.

The Albany Evening Journal, a very stiff conservative Republican paper, proposes now to leave to God the work of overthrowing American slavery. Upon this, the Tribune aptly remarks: "Our opinion is, that God will decide to prolong or shorten the duration of the hateful system, as a majority of the American people shall see fit."

The writer could have added that the majority must also give expression to their wishes in other language than prayers, if they wish the question settled.

Le Roy Female Seminary.

At a meeting of the Synod of Genesee, held recently, this excellent institution, now called Ingham University, was returned to the two sisters, Mrs. Stanton and Miss Ingham, who generously gave the property to the Synod a few years ago. The reason assigned for this change is stated in the Perry Times to be that the "financial and general business sagacity and tact of Miss Marietta Ingham surpassed the practical capacity of the entire Synod to successfully conduct the affairs of the institution."—New York Evangelist.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Ellet gave a dramatic reading in Dodworth's Hall on Thursday evening of last week, for the benefit of the "Ladies' Benevolent Society for providing work and clothing for the poor."

Oliver Johnson lectured on the evening of March 13th, before the Twentieth Ward Republican Association, New York, on "War and Slavery."

George Francis Train, the bold and eloquent champion of the American cause in England, acknowledges the receipt of a resolution of thanks from one hundred leading citizens of Philadelphia.

Mr. George Wilkes proposes that laws should at once be passed in all the loyal States, granting the right of divorce to loyal wives against husbands who have taken voluntary service in the Southern army.

Madame de Staël says there is often in the heart some innate image of the being we are to love, that leads to our first sight of them almost an air of recognition.

The second son of Commodore Foote died suddenly at New Haven, Conn., of scarlet fever, on Friday last.

Theodore Parker was buried in the Swiss Protestant cemetery, Florence. A simple and tasteful monument, bearing the following inscription, has been placed at the head of his grave:

THEODORE PARKER, Born at Lexington, Mass., United States of America, August 24, 1810.

Died at Florence, May 10, 1860.

Wendell Phillips lectured in Washington on the evening of March 14th. A Tribune dispatch of that day says: "A year ago Wendell Phillips would have been sacrificed to the Devil of Slavery anywhere on Pennsylvania Avenue. To-day he was introduced by Mr. Sumner on to the floor of the Senate. The Vice President left his seat and greeted him with marked respect. The attentions of Senators to the apostle of abolition were of the most flattering character. Marvellous conquest of prejudices, and marvelous movement of Northern ideas."

Garribaldi remains at his island home, in good health, and devoted to agriculture. Thirty-four peasants have been sent over to him, who are engaged in plowing a large tract of land along the coast; and if this continues, the island of Caprera will be soon completely transformed. The General constantly receives addresses and presents from his friends. He passes his evenings in reading the journals.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has laid aside, for a time at least, the pen of the novelist for that of the essayist; and the early fruits of his labor in this, to him, new literary field, appear in Blackwood's Magazine.

Rev. T. S. King is permanently located in San Francisco, at a salary of \$7,600.

William Denton is thus noticed by a correspondent of the Liberator: At Corunna, I had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on Geology—one of a course by William Denton, an eloquent and able man, a master of his noble subject, who goes thoroughly on with his subject, spending no time in poor efforts to take care of Moses, lest Genesis and Geology should fall out. He thinks of visiting New England, and therefore I wish him known, as he well deserves to be.

William Goodell and William Lloyd Garrison are to give the concluding lectures of the Smithsonian course at Washington.

Mrs. Browning's latest poems, hitherto uncollected, together with a memorial of her life, character and works, by Theodore Tilton, will shortly be published by James Miller & Co. of this city.

Parson Brownlow has escaped from the rebels, and is coming North.

Rev. A. Bosserman, a Universalist Clergyman, at Richmond, Va., has been immured in a dungeon for Union sympathies. He had prayed that "this unholy rebellion might be crushed out."

F. L. Wadsworth and Moses Hill are to discuss the comparative excellencies of Spiritualism and Christianity, at Battle Creek, commenced March 17.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Our latest advices from Europe are to the 7th inst.

The news of the capture of Fort Donelson had reached England, and had caused an immediate advance in American securities, and a depression in cotton.

The London Times admits the recent successes of the Federal troops, and their importance, but claims that they have been gained in countries where the allegiance of the population is divided, and that they have hardly brought the National Government nearer than before to a reconstruction of the Union.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field had an interview with Earl Russell recently at the Foreign Office, in regard to connecting Europe and America by a cable from Ireland to Newfoundland.

The meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company was to be held at London on the 19th of March, to receive the report of the Board of Directors.

Mr. Muggridge, extensive corn-factors in London, had failed, their liabilities amounting to from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand pounds sterling. The continuous fall in breadstuffs is alleged to have been the cause of their failure.

Many hundreds of arrests have been made in Paris on account of the recent demonstrations of the working people. All suspected of having been chiefs of barricades in former insurrections have been imprisoned. These measures had increased the uneasy feelings prevailing.

The Emperor had sent a quarter of a million of francs out of his private purse to be distributed among the suffering workmen at the great industrial centers.

The Italian Ministry had resigned, and a new Cabinet had been formed: M. Ratazzi Secretary for Foreign Affairs, M. de Cordova Minister of Justice, and M. Peletti, of War. Garibaldi had promised his assistance to the Government in reorganizing the Italian army. The Pope was making a tour in the Italian Provinces.

A commercial treaty has been signed at Constantinople between Turkey and the United States; and one has also been agreed upon between the Porte and Belgium.

There was considerable agitation in Bulgaria amongst the Greeks and Bulgarians. Two thousand two hundred of the latter had given in their adhesion to the Roman Church, owing to the interference of the Greek Patriarch.

The Greek insurrection seems likely to be suppressed "within ninety days."

In China the insurrection, which already continued many years, is still in progress. The rebels against the Celestial Empire have recently gained Szechuan, Ninghsia, and a regiment of foot soldiers can save it.

An insurrection has broken out in Cambodia, in Siam. The Siamese Government have sent a large naval and military force against the insurgents. This insurrection is also expected to collapse in "ninety days."

The Chinese rebellion is considered altogether abnormal, having continued so long beyond that period.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Chicago as well as Boston is not free from rebel sympathizers. Colonel Mulligan, commanding at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, has been forced to exclude visitors from the rebel prisoners confined there, because of the treasonable emissaries who incited them to insolent and belligerent manifestations.

The Boston Investigator commends the case of Rev. Mr. King, a Universalist preaching at Chicago, who foolishly abused his wife, to the attention of Mr. Ambler.

A little candy boy in an Albany hotel administered a powerful rebuke to a profane New Yorker. The man proposed, with an oath, to educate the boy if he would go home with him, when the child looked up and replied: "Sir, I would not go to live with any gentleman who uses profane language."

A subscriber of the Advertiser Herald, writing from Reading, Mich., to that paper, says: "I expected Christ would come before this time, but I am not weary."

A competent teacher of the noble art of Phonography is much desired in Lockport, N. Y., says the editor of the Vanguard. A large and profitable school could be instituted and maintained there. Address editor of Vanguard, Lockport, N. Y.

A minister, appointed Chaplain in an Ohio regiment, lately wrote the following note to a brother clergyman: "Deer brother—if you ken git a comishun as a chaplin, it will pay you \$85 a month, and a livin beside. The cause of Christ needs you in his army."

A man advertises in the London Times "for competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that "it will be profitable to the undertaker."

Why is Boston called the "Hub of the Universe?" Because history shows that from it have gone out spokes-men for the common weal of mankind, who never tire of doing good for their fellow-men.

The Albany correspondent of the Troy Daily Times, states that Rev. Dr. Magoon, in his prayer in the Assembly on Tuesday morning, prayed "that the men of principle might ever be our principal men,"—a very neat bon mot, and the Doctor can take the premium.

Lord Palmerston's horoscope predicts his death in March, 1860.

A French bishop, in a sermon, recently administered a philippic to crinolene wearers: "Let women beware," said he, "while putting on their profusive and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise!"

The Physician.

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

Medical Whispers.

BY THE EDITOR.

We leave a great number of letters unanswered, because the diseases named by the correspondents, and the treatment which Nature prescribes for them, have already been described, and specified in our published works. We have little time to retrace our steps and to repeat our directions.

R. S. S., PORTLAND, ME.—All we have to impart respecting the gray hair question you can find in the Harbinger of Health.

RACHEL S. T., RAYSVILLE.—The Harbinger was mailed to your address. We think that, aided by your intuitions, the book will "whisper" what your husband needs to heal him.

EMMA T. R., ELBRIDGE, N. Y.—The tea of safflower bark, used between breakfast and dinner, and occasionally taking a foot-bath in the decoction of hemlock, will relieve your limbs of soreness and lameness.

SARAH B., SPRINGFIELD, PA.—Your father's system is filled with broken-down tissues and old fluids. He is therefore both "bilious" and "neuralgic." He should use the cold bandage only at night. Rest and the Spring Beverage are required.

Mrs. LAZIER, SYRACUSE.—Your letter came, but we have no information to impart. Some strong, healthy, sympathizing magnetic friend, should visit you every day. Will not some angel of Health perform this service to you for the sake of humanity?

J. W. V., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The magnetic current from the brain to the lower muscles must be established before the little boy can recover from the paralysis. It cannot be done quicker than by the force of the human hand applied magnetically after a warm water bath.

MATILDA A. T., CLYDE, O.—The soreness in your breast can be relieved and at last cured by the Tecumseh Salve, (see advertisement), which is one of the best spirit-medicines for the purposes named.

E. W. K., GLEN'S FALLS.—Citric acid will not serve in the morning in place of the juice of the orange. There are about two hundred oranges in a box, which, at wholesale, costs from \$1.50 to \$2.00. Two families could not do better than to invest the sum required. A doctor's visit will cost 50 cents, and a bottle of quack medicine \$1.00, and sickness, besides the disgrace of it, costs—who can say how much?

D. M., OF NORLEYSVILLE, ILL., wants to know whether a "Reform Cook Book" would not be a benefit to mankind? He thinks the "angel of the house" might render important aid in such a work. Our answer is that every sane person is qualified by reason and experience to judge and select from Nature's commissary departments those substances which are healthful and most nutritious. We do not believe in cooking and eating according to anybody's sectarian standard.

J. W. S., SOTTHOLD, L. I.—Your complicated affection would yield to a series of vapor baths, and rapid rubbing and pounding over the whole body immediately after one, which should be taken every other morning. Back parts of the head and the entire spinal column should be shaded and severely patted whenever the pain in the forehead is most intense. Soon as possible leave home on horseback. Take an ass, or do something of the kind, to occupy time, pay expenses, and give an object for journeying.

"The War and Corns."—How is your business now? asked a gentleman of a "corn doctor" who was extracting a troublesome bunion for him.

"Poor, very poor; the hardest times I've seen in many a year," was the reply.

"Why, surely the war does not affect your business," said the gentleman.

"Yes it does," rejoined the practitioner; "people wear their old boots and shoes now, and they don't get corns."

"Rules for Unruly Children."—The following rules for rearing children are deserving the attention of every man and woman:

- 1. Children should not go to school until six years old.
2. Should not learn at home during that time more than the alphabet, religious teaching excepted.
3. Should be fed with plain, substantial food, at regular intervals of not less than four hours.
4. Should not be allowed to eat anything within two hours of bedtime.
5. Should have nothing for supper but a single cup of warm drink, such as a very weak tea, or milk and water, with one slice of cold bread and butter—nothing else.
6. Should sleep in separate beds, on hair-mattresses, without caps, feet first well warmed by the fire, or rubbed with the hands until perfectly dry; extra covering on the lower limbs, but little on the body.
7. Should be compelled to be out of doors for the greater part of daylight, from after breakfast until half an hour before sundown, unless in damp, raw weather, when they should not be allowed to go outside the door.
8. Never limit a healthy child as to sleeping or eating, except at supper; but compel regularity as to both; it is of great importance.
9. Never compel a child to sit still, nor interfere with its enjoyment, as long as it is not actually injurious to person or property, or against good morals.
10. Never threaten a child; it is cruel, unjust, and dangerous. What you have to do, do it, and be done with it.
11. Never speak harshly or angrily, but mildly, kindly, and when really needed, firmly—no more.
12. By all means arrange it so that the last words between you and your children at bedtime, especially the younger ones, shall be words of unmixed lovingness and affection.

Progressive Literature.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Sister Eunice.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

BY CORA WILBURN.

In my home of elegance and comfort, surrounded by the tributes of the rare and beautiful, by all that the lavish hand of affection can bestow, how gratefully does my heart revert to the past; to the labyrinthian windings of adversity, that, from a helpless, wandering outcast, made of me the petted child, the gracious recipient of an angel's bounty, I will tell you this strange and "over true tale."

My first recollections are those of want, privation, misery. I have no home-nook in the past, where the loved forms of household guardians linger 'neath an atmosphere of blessedness and peace. My father was a common drunkard, and my wretched mother was his counterpart—alas! that I should say it—in physical deformity and in moral dishonesty: for both were seared and marked with the countersigns of fearful sins. It was a fitting abode we lived in—a long and dismal alley, shut out from the pure air of heaven and the gladdening sun rays. There sickly children drooped and pined; wasting mothers fretted away the remnant of their miserable lives; crippled boys abounded; and tall, lean, coarse, and boisterous girls, who covered the unnatural pallor of their cheeks with a thick coating of paint, in the vain illusion of an imitation of the roses of innocence and health. Men congregated there, whose aspect was repellent, whose hands were stained with crime; they had lost the divine semblance of humanity, and only the impress of the brute remained. I was born there, and grew up a strange child, with thickly crowding fancies never nurtured in that unholy atmosphere. I stretched forth the longing arms of my soul for something better and purer; I pleaded from the depths of a tortured heart to the unknown God of my intuitive worship, for help, release, a better destiny!

How came I to call upon his holy name? I, who had never heard it uttered save in blasphemy and ribald jest? I know not; but I prayed to him and called him Father, and he heard and sent one of his human angels to my help. I was nearly nine years old, when my father died in all the horrors of delirium tremens, and I stood long by the lifeless body, pondering upon the mystery of death. My mother sat rocking herself violently to and fro, enumerating all the good qualities of the departed, when our rickety door swung open, and what I deemed an apparition from the better worlds I dreamed of, stood upon the threshold.

It was a slight and girlish figure that stood there; every lineament of the speaking face was irradiated with the glow of a divine compassion; the deep hazel eyes swam in a mist of tears; the finely chiseled lip quivered with emotion; one white hand was outstretched towards the dead, the other held close to the pitying and tender heart. Her dress was costly, and I could not sufficiently admire the purple silk, and the richly embroidered velvet that floated around her, the turs of great price she wore, and the gems that flashed from arm and hand. The refinement, the purity, the beauty of her presence, all—soul, spirit, form, and raiment—my child eyes seemed to comprehend in one rapid glance; and as I continued to gaze upon her, as in recognition of my embodied ideal, a great tenderness sprang up in my heart, and I advanced and knelt before that queenly lady, while my heart beat loudly and my tears fell fast.

I felt her soft caressing touch upon my matted hair; my van, soiled hands, were taken by her lilted ones and gently pressed; her sweet voice fell like soothing music on my ear. She asked me of my age, the cause of my father's death, whether I could read, and if I knew of God or Christ. My answers pleased her, for she smiled approvingly, bade me be good, and pray as I had ever done. I spoke for my unhappy mother, who, even in that solemn hour, when the death angel stood by the hearthstone, was still under the influence of the intoxicating curse; and when the beautiful visitor promised to call again next day, I clasped my hands and almost sang aloud for joy.

She came, and from her ample means provided generously for the outcast's funeral; she gave money to my mother, and read to her from the good book of all ages. She came, often, and one day she took me home with her; and when, by her orders, I had been bathed and freshly attired, she said to me, as full of gratitude and affection I kissed her hands: "Would you like to live with me? Will you come and be my little friend, and call this house your home, Katy?"

I burst into joyous tears, and falling at her feet I called her angel, sister, mother, and vowed to be faithful unto death.

"You shall be my charge and solace, poor neglected one!" she said, compassionately; "and you shall call me Sister Eunice," and she smilingly led the way to the room prepared for me, and told me that I had my mother's permission to remain; that she had given me to the lady of my love, and that henceforth I was the adopted child of Eunice de Vere.

I glanced around upon the comforts and beauties of the home I was to share, I felt as in a dream; as I looked upon the downy carpet

rich with the life-like coloring of fruit and flowers, the sylvan beauty of the pictured scenes, the snowy drapery of bed and window, the vases with the choice and fragrant flowers, the oval mirror suspended above the toilet—I realized all, and more than I had ever dreamed of, of fairy land or Paradise.

"May you prove a blessing and a gift to me, poor child?" said Eunice, fervently. And earnestly have I striven to fulfill her hopes. She was not mistaken in the vagrant child she had rescued from the life of sin and shame, if gratitude and deep affection can repay her changeless guardian care.

It was in the dreary winter time that the wealthy and envied girl thus rescued me; and I dwelt thenceforth in her home of elegance and luxury. She was an orphan, and great riches were at her disposal; two days of every week, despite of the numerous engagements of her fashionable life, she sallied forth at stated hours, unattended and on foot, to bring relief to the suffering, consolation and aid to the most degraded and fallen. Hers was no ostentatious benevolence; the great world never knew her as the benefactress of the needy and the spiritually famishing; her good deeds were secretly performed, but recorded in the archives of heaven.

Blessed Sister Eunice! therefore was she exempted from the common trials of this earth; the spirit of disease passed by and touched her not; the bolts of fortune fell not heavily upon her; as the almoner of the angels she was abundantly supplied with the golden favors; she had friends—true, devoted, life-long adherents; and yet not totally exempt from the common lot of suffering could even the pure angelic heart remain. Therefore were her trials peculiar to herself, and only to her faithful Katy known in all their depth and poignancy.

My poor mother, cared for by my Sister Eunice, (she insisted that I should call her so in the privacy of our home life) visited me often, and I could see a gradual reformation in her speech, looks, and manner. But the rum-blend had done its work; disease preyed on her vitals; a year after my happy adoption she was buried by her husband's side. Of my sailor brother, Jack, I never heard from early childhood; doubtless he sleeps beneath the sea-green waves.

Miss de Vere's household was directed by a maiden aunt, who at first regarded me somewhat contemptuously; but by degrees even that prim and stately lady's heart was melted toward the forlorn and grateful little stranger. The servants all loved me; I had teachers who were kind and lovable, and I gradually learnt all the domestic arts included, that was conducive to my future happiness.

I grew apace in stature, strength, and knowledge; my first years were rounded and were flushed with health; my eyes sparkled with the joy of appreciation and the certainty of love; my golden-brown hair, no longer matted and neglected, curled gracefully around my brow; my motions were swift, agile, impulsive; dear Eunice called me beautiful, and bade me thank the Heavenly Giver for the precious boon. In the many years that we lived together, never have I seen the nightly prayer omitted by the flattered and courted mistress of the de Vere mansion; whether from ball or opera, banquet or home assembly, invariably the daily tribute of worship was tendered, no matter what the lateness of the hour. And I, loving her so entirely, I would sit and await her return from those festal gatherings, though she would often sweetly reprove me for thus losing my rest. One glance of her radiant and sylph-like figure, of her earnest eyes and bewitching smile, more than repaid me for the watchings of the night.

As I grew on, as my intellect unfolded and my perceptions sharpened to the knowledge and the zest of life, I wondered, in my child-like, half-girlish way, why Sister Eunice never married; so many handsome, intellectual suitors cast themselves and their fame and greatness at her feet, and she, who possessed not one tithe of the flirt or coquette, she gently yet firmly dismissed them all. By degrees admitted to her whole heart-confidence, I saw there enshrined an ideal so lofty and spiritually beautiful, I despaired of her finding the earthly counterpart. And thus Eunice de Vere entered upon her twenty-third year, I upon my fifteenth, when Edward Manning came to our house, an honored and welcome visitor. In person he was the personified dream of the vestal heart; in mind he possessed the rare union of strength and gentleness; the charitable, all-forgiving spirit blending with the strictest moral justice toward self and all; that alone could win the love of my pure and gifted sister. And he won that love completely; spontaneously it went forth to meet him, and laid at his feet the votive offerings of its eternal truth.

I knew that she loved him long before she had avowed it to herself. I knew by intuition of the signs of that sweet troubler of life's summer-current—Love! I saw her color deepen at his approach, her hazel eyes brighten with a twofold joy; but I never trembled for her happiness; was he not worthy? and who could eclipse in goodness, faith, and loveliness, my peerless Eunice—my queenly sister?

But one day, alas, never to be forgotten! she entered my room with so slow and listless a step, that I looked up surprised. Never will the haunting memory of her look forsake me; never will the changed and death-like countenance of that hour pass from my mental vision! I knew intuitively that some great woe had fallen upon her; as if to shield her from it, I clasped my arms around her, drew her head upon my fearfully throbbing breast, and awaited the disclosure.

When she had wept for the blighting sorrow of her life, wept until the first overwelling

despair had gained the calm of words, she told me; with her sweet face, so changed in its marble semblance, uplifted to mine, with eyes from which the dancing joy of youth and love was forever banished, with quivering lip, clasped hands, and broken voice, she told me that the love of her soul had been poured forth in vain; that Edward Manning was betrothed to another! He had told her that morning, and she knew that his love for her was fraternal affection only—intellectual admiration; and she had faintly whispered her congratulations, her wishes for his happiness; he left her, unconscious of the misery he had inflicted.

"Oh, Katy! Katy!" she sobbed, "I have loved him long, not knowing that his heart and faith were pledged to another! May she prove worthy! oh, may he be blest! my little sister Katy, I have nothing left but you!"

I soothed her tenderly; I mingled my tears with the briny heart-droplet of her sorrow; we prayed together to the Strengtheners of the human heart. I slept in her chamber that night, and for many weeks following; often a mute witness of the mighty struggles of her will with the recurring memories of past hopes. I prayed for her in silence, venturing not to intrude upon the sacredness of the hour; then, again, I would arise from my troubled slumbers to share her vigils and speak the words of consolation. When Edward Manning called, I received him, and excused my sister on the plea of indisposition; in my heart I felt aggrieved that he, the ideal of her pure thoughts, could love any woman better than Eunice de Vere. I think that, at that time, I would have forgiven him even a broken promise, if it could have brought him to my sister's feet.

But not so thought the noble girl; her waning health was a sufficient reason to the world for her retirement to the country; she left without a parting glance, but with many kind messages to Edward; and soon we were installed in a rural home, amid the soothing influences of Nature. But ere we went, I carried into effect a long cherished plan of mine; I saw the maiden who ruled the heart of the gifted and trusting Manning. I saw her, and a shadow—a fear—that was all the more terrible from its vague and looming horror, fell on my heart, weighed down my spirits. I felt danger, sorrow, untold-of disenchantment, all awaiting the confiding heart of him who had been the idol of a pure soul's worship. Was I gifted with a discerning faculty, a spiritual second sight, that invoked the phantoms of the future, and prophetically drew around the present the woes that were to come? I know not; but as I gazed upon the steel-blue eyes of Miriam Haylie, I read in them the coldness of a calculating, cruel, worldly mind; there was hypocrisy in the sharp curve of the finely-chiseled lip; the brow was secretive; no candid intelligence shone purely from its polished surface; a subtle, scheming intellect, held level there. The golden hair, beautiful and luxuriant as it was, to me betokened willful pride and obstinacy; like glistening serpents charmed to the sense, repelling to the spirit, its thick braids wound and coiled around her shapely head; the face was colorless, impassive; no warm heart-impulse ever sent the rosy tinge to the rounded cheeks; her carriage was majestic, as her form was lithe and tall; and her voice, that many praised for its mellow sweetness, grated like harsh discord on my ear—because in it I detected the ringing metal of insincerity.

I did not tell my sister of the meeting until long, long afterwards.

In the seclusion of our country retreat we heard of the marriage, and of the departure of the happy pair for Europe. Eunice bore up bravely, and the healing hand of Time poured its balsamic blessings on her head, and charmed into a pensive memory the poignant anguish of the past. We, too, traveled, and saw the serene beauties and the natural wonders of our own land; then we returned to our city home and the old familiar life.

The curious world had ceased to wonder at Sister Eunice's decision of joining that world-renowned band—the Old Maid Sisterhood. She was rich and eccentric, they said, and in that double quality had a right to please herself. I now went into company with Eunice, and shared in all her pleasures, and was acknowledged as Miss Katy de Vere in the frivolous world that would have recoiled from the outcast as she had been. It was at a brilliant party one night, about three years after Edward Manning's marriage, that he and his beautiful wife were announced. I stole a glance at my sister's face; it was calm, and her smile and glance reassured me. When they approached her, I saw her receive them with her own graceful, self-possessed manner; I stole away, and, standing by the screening flowers in the window, I observed, and shuddered as I gazed, with an indefinable apprehension! I saw that the brow of Edward was clouded as with a rankling distrust; that his compressed lip betrayed emotions too deep for utterance; the once frank and cheerful deportment had given place to a nervous restlessness; his looks wandered uneasily, his hands clasped and unfolded, as if in weary waiting for some expected wrong, or enemy. All this I took in at one glance; and as I looked, the impression deepened; I saw sorrow and dispelled illusions, vanished bliss and foreboding wretchedness, all in his path.

Then I turned my fearful eyes upon his wife, and she was radiant with the exultation of beauty, with the sense of power; the same bewildering smile was on her lips, the same scornful light in the steel-blue orbs; the golden serpents flashed from her impassive brow. The gaze of my sister was riveted upon her; she was fascinated by her beauty, charmed with her wit and grace. I alone felt repulsion, icy cold and overwhelming!

"Miriam is a beautiful and intelligent woman," said Eunice to me that night, while we were disrobing; "but I fear that Mr. Manning is not happy; there is a strangeness about him that I cannot define. Perhaps some financial trouble is the cause, for he must be happy with so lovely and gifted a wife."

Noble, self-renouncing spirit! without a sigh or remotest emotion of envy, she spoke thus of the heartless being that had blighted her life; for I knew that by wiles alone had she won Edward Manning; had he known her real self he never would have loved her.

We met them frequently, and I soon learnt the cause of his abstraction and change; I knew all without a word of explanation; with no hint of the possibility of the drama enacting, my quick eye saw, and my prescient heart discerned.

A tall man, sun-embrowned and bearded heavily, a man of noble presence and of piercing sight, seemed to follow on the footsteps of Miriam Manning wherever she went; he was known in the fashionable circles as the Senor Ventano, a Spaniard of fabulous wealth and noble origin.

I read in his eyes the unhallowed passion that possessed him for the wife of another; I saw all the surges of the madness of disenchantment and jealousy that racked the bosom of the husband; I saw the daring response in the eyes of Miriam; I knew that she was guilty in thought, if not in act, and as if impelled by some unseen power, I watched, learnt all I could, and acted thereon.

I watched the Spaniard as he whirled her through the dance; her kindling eyes and smiling responsive lips told volumes; as if their very words were wafted by some potent magic to my ear, I knew that he was persuading her to leave her home, her infant son, and flee with him beyond the wave! As if the good angels were determined on the rescue, she dropped a paper as her garments rustled by me, and I stooped, took it up, and read it, ere I was aware of what I was about. But a trembling and a faintness overcame me as I read; for my every doubt was now changed to certainty. To-morrow at the midnight hour, she was to flee from home and honor! remaining at home under plea of indisposition, her husband called away upon business of importance, she was to forsake him and her innocent child forever!

What should I do? what path of safety and prevention follow? I pressed my hands upon my throbbing temples, offered up an inward prayer, and sought Eunice. She was alarmed at the pallor of my face, the wildness of my looks; we stole away from the company, gained our carriage, and reached home. In the sanctity of our chamber, I told my sister all; broke the startling truth to her, gently and gradually as best I could.

She was shocked and indignant, as such pure natures as hers alone can be; then we took counsel of each other, and when the daylight came our plan had been agreed upon; and I exulted in the consciousness of being of use to my benefactress, for I was commissioned by her to seek the haughty Miriam, and reveal to her my knowledge of her guilt; I was to entreat her return to her wifely and motherly duties—to warn her of the retribution that awaits the transgressor. Timid as I am by nature, I shrank not from the task; for Eunice would I not peril life itself? Then, too, I pitied Edward, and I loved him like a brother; I might be the chosen instrument of heaven for averting sin and bloodshed. Serenely I undertook my mission.

I dressed myself plainly, and walked to Miriam Manning's residence. I waited long in the sumptuous parlor, ere the mistress of the mansion made her appearance. I was denied at first, but I insisted on speaking to her. When she entered, her handsome face wore a more than usually scornful expression; she looked annoyed and weary; yet her dress was faultless, her manner self-poised, queenly as ever.

"Miss Katy de Vere!" she exclaimed, giving me her jeweled fingers, and the conventional smile curved her mouth as she sat down beside me, and expressed her pleasure at my early morning call.

I looked upon her, seemingly so cold and stately—so false of heart and intent. I looked into the gold-fringed orbs, and a deep sigh welled up from the depths of my spirit. She smiled sarcastically, and said, with a ringing laugh:

"I do believe Miss Katy admires or pities me, she gazes at me so earnestly!"

"I do pity you! from my soul I do!" I fervently replied.

She elevated her eyebrows in astonishment: "What for, if I may inquire?" she asked, in a lower key, and her eyes glanced around upon the beauties and luxuries surrounding her—the costly mirrors, famed pictures, treasured works of art.

I read her thought, and said (I wonder now at the firmness and impressiveness of my language):

"You are envied by all that makes life beautiful; you are wealthy, honored, and beloved; oh, above all things, happy in being loved! You are a wife, a mother, esteemed of man, blest of God! and I would—and all true hearts join my prayer, that you remain so forever. But—"

"Why do you pity me?" she interrupted. "If I am so blest with riches, husband and—child, why pity me?"

I fixed her gaze with my own; there was a perceptible tremor in her frame, a quick, fiery flush overspread her face, then left her paler than before. Never had I seen her redder; her eyes glared; a strong suspicion was rising in her breast.

"Why do you pity me?" she reiterated, almost fiercely.

"For this," I said, and placed in her hand the note that Providence had wafted towards me. She snatched it away, arose, went to the window and read. Her brow contracted, she smote her breast and tore the accusing paper into fragments; a fearful storm raged in her impetuous soul; with rapid strides she came towards me. Never have I seen a more fiendish face than the one bent down above me; every trace of its beauty fled, malignity and scorn lent to it their utmost hideousness. I shrank back appalled!

"Look here, you meddling!" she hissed in my ear, "who else knows of this paper?" I was silent. She put her white rounded arms about me and shook me violently. "I have no secrets from my sister Eunice," I replied.

"And you think to thwart me? to lecture me on my duties, to order me what to do, and what to leave? Who has given you the power? Who has emboldened you to thwart my plans, my wishes? What authority have you?"

I felt a great calm confronting that moral tempest. I fearlessly lifted my eyes to the pallid and distorted countenance and answered—my own words thrilled me with the power I invoked!

"I am authorized of God! and I have the right to thwart unholy plans and sinful efforts. I am the chosen messenger of his holy will, and I come here in obedience to his commands. Oh, do not receive me harshly! do not repel me thus!" I cried, and I knelt before her and wept.

At that moment I heard the patter of little feet, and Miriam's boy came in; I arose and caught him to my breast; the golden locked cherub smiled in my face and stretched forth his arms for "mamma!"

Was she moved, that stern, proud, unreadable woman? Was the mother-love aroused from its lethargy? Was conscience awakened, and better thoughts then dominant? I never knew, but she caught her infant from me, and with him rushed from the room. I waited long for her reappearance, and when she came, her face was more bloodless than ever; her eyes were wild and threatening.

"Go home, go home!" she said; but I hesitated to go ere she had given me a pledge, a promise of redemption. I spoke to her of God and retribution of the unfailing requitals of sin; all that the duties of religion and the observations of life had taught me, I placed before her vision. My blessed sister's example, my desire to save the erring woman, all conspired to make me eloquent; what impression I produced on the marble statue beside me, I cannot tell; save, for the fierce glitter of her eyes, the quick breathing, she was calm and unmoved as ever. At length I arose to go. "Give this to your sister," she said, smiling; and I recoiled from the smile and the proffered package, but collecting my thoughts I took the little parcel and silently went my way.

Strange are the dramas of life daily and hourly enacted in our midst; far surpassing the weirdest imaginings of fiction are the terrible secret tragedies played upon the daily stage of action. I reached home in an unsatisfied and bewildered state of mind. I told Sister Eunice of my efforts and their result. She was troubled, yet she smiled that sweet smile of resignation that was only hers. Then we sat down to open the package given to me by Miriam.

Strange and mysterious are the ways of over-ruled Providence. The white hands of my beloved Eunice were busy unfolding the outer wrappings of paper that seemed to envelop a small box or casket of some sort, when the sounds of loud weeping from an adjoining room caused her to drop it from between her hands, and hasten to inquire of the awaiting petitioners there, the reason of so violent an outburst. We were holding our conference in the room adjoining that which was appropriated to the use of the needy, who, on stated days, came to see my sister and confide to her their troubles and trials. A poor mother had that morning carried thither her breaking and bereaved heart; for the one child of her love lay cold and dead in the miserable and deserted home. Dear Eunice wept with her, and gave her largely of her bounty. I meanwhile, enraptured in thought, stood leaning on the window-sill; not moving from the place to pick up the scattered paper and the curiously carved ivory box, that in falling had burst open, and emptied a white and glittering dust upon the roses of the carpet. I was speculating what that finely powdered and glistening substance was, and what could be its use, when our house-cat entered, and with the privilege of an old favorite after carefully snuffing around the box and its contents, she encoiled herself comfortably in her accustomed arm chair. But soon she grew uneasy, she stretched her limbs out convulsively, her eyes became fixed and glassy; a white foam gathered at her mouth, she uttered a smothered cry, rolled off the chair, and fell to the floor, dead! My piercing screams brought Eunice to the spot; I met her at the door, and throwing my arms around her, I entreated her to come no nearer. The servants, with great care and precaution, took away the box and its deadly contents. We had the carpet taken up and destroyed, lest some remnant of the fatal poison should linger amid its texture. Then we two soul-sisters knelt side by side, and thanked the Eternal Watcher for our deliverance. A horror of expectation was upon us; what would not the murderess be guilty of?

The next day consternation and alarm reigned in the household of Edward Manning; for the wife had mysteriously disappeared, leaving her child, and taking with her neither clothes or jewels; soon rumor connected her disappearance with that of the Senor

Bamou Ventano, and her name was branded forever. For a long time Edward lay insensible to pain or shame; then he arose from the prostration of illness, determined to seek the destroyer of his peace; but sweet Eunice pleaded with him, and told him of the retribution that was God's attribute alone; and he meekly bowed his head before her, gave up the long-cherished plan of vengeance; wept as a little child, and called her his saving angel! Then he went abroad, and his little Oscar remained with us; he wrote to us both, and we told him all the news from home. Thus two years sped on, and I was on the eve of marriage with one I had long loved; and the blessing and consent of my sister had been given, when we received a long, sorrowful, yet blessed letter from our absent friend. The wretched Miriam, betrayed and abandoned, had ended her miseries in the waters of the Seine; the wronged husband had looked upon the bloated and disfigured face and shrunken form; he had recognized the golden hair, the marble features, the fairy-like hand; with tears of heart-wrung compassion, he had ordered her to be decently interred. He was coming home soon to his friends, to his motherless child.

I wove many golden and roseate heart-dreams then of his future life with Eunice, and when he came, and I saw their meeting, noted the deep, quiet joy of my long-tried sister, saw the love gleam in his eye, the enraptured gaze he met her with each day, I hoped, and prayed, and was most absurdly happy.

At last dear Eunice told me that they were to be married in a year, but the world was not to know it yet. It was necessary that Edward should make a journey to the West, to see the parents of the ill-fated Miriam, for since her disgrace they had left the city and retired to the distant western land. They parted happily, little Oscar waving his handkerchief far out of the drawing-room window, and Eunice gazing after him with a smile and a tear. I danced around in joyous anticipation of their next meeting; extravagant visions of wedding glories, satin robes, and glistening veils, and trembling orange buds, passed before me, and my girlish heart was free and light.

My sister Eunice, ever beautiful with the matured grace and queenliness of her summer time—my sister Eunice, radiant with health and expectant happiness—she outvied the loveliness of even her first youth; a tender charm encircled her as with a halo of blessedness; the Hebe was a vestal Ceres now, crowned with abiding beauty and perpetual grace. Ah! it was a happy time, those few fast fleeting weeks; we lived in perennial sunshine then.

We heard frequently from Edward; a letter came announcing his departure for home; little Oscar danced with joy, Eunice sang her merriest song, and I was wild with the anticipations of happiness. Then came dread tidings of a steamboat disaster; suspense and hope alternated in our hearts; then the thunderbolt descended, and the heart of my Eunice broke! And I, her child, the sister of her adoption, was left to mourn, to weep, to call on her in vain!

Edward was among the lost; and when certainty took the place of the long torment of suspense, my sister folded her hands over her bosom, looked reverently up to heaven, and said, in low, thrilling tones:

"Thy will be done!"

Day by day she faded, suffering no physical pain, manifesting no signs of disease; gradually, painlessly, the pure spirit cast off its earthly inclosure; her eyes grew supernaturally large and brilliant, her voice more musical and soft than ever, her gentle ways more angel-like. To me, the recipient of her every bounty, and to the child of her love, she willed all her earthly possessions, and large sums were to be distributed among the suffering and needy ones. Often have I stolen away from her presence to vent my grief; for I could not, while her serene eyes were upon me, either weep or despair.

"Be joyous, be glad for me, dear Katy!" she would say; "I go to my divine abode. I go to meet my Edward, first and last love of my heart! There, though none are given in marriage, yet amid the blessed angels I shall see and recognize my beloved!"

She died calmly triumphant, serenely joyous in the certainty of immortal bliss and reunion. Her last words were, "Edward! my darling Katy!" and she held the child Oscar's hand until the death angel came.

When all was over, I smoothed the nut-brown ringlets, kissed the unreplying lips, and sat down with my great sorrow. Oh, memory! how I wept that night! what utter desolation shrouded my life! Not even the tender caresses of my chosen one had power to assuage the first violence of my grief. But Time brought healing, and I now think with a quiet and reverential joy of my heaven-abiding sister. Oscar is with his grandparents; and I am a happy wife and mother. May I live to be the friend of the outcast, as Sister Eunice was unto me.

LIKE Achilles, the man of humble birth and moderate merit is vulnerable only on a narrow surface. Outside of his affections and personal interests nothing injures him, nothing troubles his peace. He, on the contrary, whom fortune, birth, or knowledge, have raised to a superior rank, becomes, for that very reason, the servant and dependent of all; this is a sublime position for duty and virtue, but a painful state of dependence as respects feelings and opinions, which form about him a vast circle of iron—an immense network of sharp and serrated points.

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"This is a book of which notice is almost impossible. We know of none that we have lately read, of which we have been so strongly tempted to elaborate a review; but a newspaper notice, from the utter impossibility of doing the book justice in such small space, is as forbidding as a more extended article is inviting. The work would establish that the New Testament writers belonged to the Jewish sect called Essenes, a sect which had formed themselves into a secret Brotherhood, the similarity of whose doctrines with those of Christ have been often noticed by the Greek Christian Fathers, and in our day by De Quincey and others. This being proved, the author finds his way clear to reconcile the whole Bible satisfactorily to himself. Beyond this we shall say nothing of the conclusions of the book, for reasons we shall soon state. The work is by no means remarkable for ability in its argument. The ideas are evidently larger than the author, and he appears throughout like some very small man with a very large wife. He falls into some sophistry, false, we think, and there is such a lack of arrangement and conciseness in the reasoning, as to render it very hard to get at the gist of the matter. He is evidently an honest man, however, who has got hold of a truth, or what he believes such, and which he honestly preaches in the hope of doing some good in the universe. The doctrines of the book may become prevalent, but some able priest must be found for them than Gen. Hitchcock, who is the author of this present work. We do not mean that these doctrines are new, for the remedies obtained are as old, certainly, as Plato. It is merely the adaptation of the Bible to these beliefs, which is peculiar to the work before us.

"We said we should say nothing of the conclusions of the book. We do not mean, because we believe them to be very dangerous. Let them be eternal truth itself, they are still dangerous. Did we believe them with our whole soul, we would not preach them unreservedly. And we think, if the author of this work, well-meaning man as he clearly is, had thought a little further, he would not have published it. For he believes a man's religion is the great thing for him here, with very little care as to what the religion is, so it be honest and active. Carlyle says: 'The thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there; that is his religion.' So Gen. H. believes, and believing so, he should never have written this book. If he has the 'meat' that St. Paul speaks of, let him keep and eat it, but it can never be noble to spill the milk of the babes. With these few verses of Tennyson, that sum up this whole matter, we dismiss the subject:

"O thou that after toil and storm May'st seem to have reach'd a purer air, Whose faith has center everywhere, Nor cares to fix itself to form,

"Leave thou thy sister, when she prays, Her early Heaven, her happy views; Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse A life that leads melodious days.

"Her faith thro' form is pure as thine, Her hands are quicker unto good; Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood To which she links a truth divine!

"See thou, that countest reason ripe In holding by the law within, Thou fall not in the world of sin, And e'en for want of such a type."

We are reminded, by these peculiar views, of a passage in John, as follows: "Nevertheless, among the chief rulers also, many believed on him; but because of the Pharisees they did not confess him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue; for they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God." The motives inducing men to suppress the truth are various. Anciently they were almost altogether political. Every ancient polity rested on some religious basis that was received by the people externally. There might have been some reason in leaving such a system undisturbed at a time when learning was confined to few persons, and those living chiefly in the cities, where they could estereotically mingle with each other. The external forms, as in Eastern theocracies, answered their purpose as governmental instruments. This condition applies not to the present age. Education is diffused, and the external form of religion almost everywhere is losing its hold on the public. Multitudes of men and women are convinced that the external is not true, and are seeking for the internal, which they do not perceive. How can it be wrong to make an effort to show the internal—the truth—when multitudes are opposed to the unsatisfactory externals of the Church? Tennyson's poem is very touching, and every one should take it to heart who simply has the power to shake a pure, trusting faith, by what he calls "shadowed hints." Nothing would be more preposterous than for any Protestant to interfere directly with such a devotee as the poet pictures; but this does not prevent Protestants from discussing the question as to the worship, for instance, of images. Were we to abridge such discussion, we might consistently close all Protestant books issued since the Reformation! The poet may be considered as addressing those who have nothing better to offer to the devotee—the reckless iconoclasts who act without thought or reason. Certainly it may be claimed that the poet him-

self commits the error he deprecates in another, since, should his verses fall into the hands of any "sister" bowing before an image, she would be plainly told that she is a suppliant before an idol; and from this point of view we may see how difficult it is even for poetry to repress the progress of truth.

The writer in the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser suggests an almost limitless evil. He would cut off the right of inquiry—would emasculate truth, and even conceal it from view, though his own soul should recognize it. This is a monstrous doctrine to be openly avowed in this century. If any cheat is detected by those who have been educated in a falsehood, the consequences may be easily supposed to be almost fatal to morality; yet such may be the result of the many teachings both of the press and the pulpit. Educated formalism must be more dangerous than truth, based on history and reason, ever can be. No man can truly respect himself or others, or have a due regard for the Godhead, who, upon any such plea, will give a stone where bread is demanded. The great work of General Hitchcock will outlive all such weak attempts to hide its merits, and even this contradictory notice that we have quoted scarcely needs a comment to show that the writer of it has been moved by a great truth, which, in his worldly wisdom, he would hide through a want of moral courage. V. V.

THE BRITISH REVIEWS FOR JANUARY, 1862. Republished by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York.

Leonard Scott & Co.'s Reprints of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews come regularly to our table from the attentive publishers. We have recently received Blackwood the Westminster, the London Quarterly, the Edinburgh, and North British Reviews for January, all of which have articles on the American war, of decided interest to those who wish to be informed of the opinions of the leading English writers in the various circles which these magazines represent. The best talent in England is employed upon them, and although the circulation of some of them is actually less in Great Britain than in the United States, they are, to a certain extent, the organs of the advanced opinions within their several spheres of influence, corresponding in some degree with the gradations of American sentiment in religion, philosophy, and statesmanship. This fact accounts in some measure for the yearly increasing circulation of the British reprints in the United States, and the estimation in which they are held in enlightened and educated circles here. They likewise sound a depth of profound thought comparatively unknown to our literature, and pursue abstract and practical investigations to a point seldom attempted by American critics and reviewers. This quality renders them the more valuable to us as a study, which develops the radical diversity in the mental methods of John Bull and Brother Jonathan—a study which cannot be closely pursued without a modification to an extent of some of our rapid Yankee characteristics. There is no doubt that the imperceptible mingling of the two nationalities now going on is effecting a favorable result upon both, and nothing will tend to increase this ameliorating process like a free interchange of sentiment through the current literature of Great Britain and the United States. The republication and extensive circulation of the British Reviews in this country has to a great extent effected this object, and through their columns a mutual interest in the affairs of both countries has sprung up and ripened into important and healthy results. We commend Blackwood and the British Reviews to our readers.

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THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.—London, March, 1862.

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

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H. B. Storer will speak at Somers, Conn., March 30.

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Leo Miller will speak in Williamstown, Conn., third and fourth Sundays in March. Address Hartford, Conn., or as above.

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Miss Emma Houston will lecture in Portsmouth, N. H., 23d and 30th of March; April 6th, 13th, and 20th; Charleston, S. C., 27th; Manchester, N. H., through the months of May, June, and July, in Bangor, Me., Aug. 24th, 31st, and Sept. 7th and 14th in Sutton, N. H.; 21st and 28th in New Bedford, Mass.

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To the friends who have hitherto stood by us, and who have kindly tendered their further assistance, we return our most grateful acknowledgments; and we call upon every one of congenial thought and feeling to countenance and support us in our uncompromising hostility to religious imposture, which we consider the master-vice of the age.

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