

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE, WISDOM, LIBERTY.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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[WHOLE No. 121.]

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

✱ 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.

✱ 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.

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

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

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

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

E. B. D. PUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—You are not correct in your ethnological references.

DEE J. SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—The poetry is received. Will decide soon as to its publication.

MRS. L. H. CALIFORNIA.—We thank you for three chapters received on "Biology."

G. J. C. SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Address your wishes and questions to the "Niagara Company." See their advertisement in this Journal.

CARRIE E. B. M. D.—Your review of the "Harbinger, though friendly," would not feel "at home" in our columns.

M. A. T., NEW BRIGHTON, PA.—The Warning Voice" is received, and will shortly be published; also, more "Pearl-drops."

L. M. W., ALLIQUAN, MICH.—The individual mentioned is the one who once resided at Berlin Heights, O.

E. C. CENTERVILLE, R. I.—Your number "XII" is received. The subject, "Sunday-schools," needs attention.

MISS CLARA McR., OHIO.—When you have the contribution prepared, please send it. "Progressive Literature" is ever welcome.

S. J., FORTY-SEVENTH STREET, N. Y.—We regard it as one of the most finished, entertaining, and instructive productions of an inspired pen.

M. E. M., INDIANAPOLIS.—Thank you, friendly Sister. The story is received. We shall soon be able to report as to its disposition.

V. N., CINCINNATI, O.—We feel to decline for the present all further communications on the "controversy."

DR. MEACHAM, OF MOUNT CARROLL, writes us a brief letter in which the "Dial communications" at Dr. Harlow's, of Chagrin Falls, O., are highly commended.

J. C., NEW YORK.—We are in receipt of your communication concerning the "Truths and Errors of the Bible, &c." It will not be published immediately.

MRS. M. D. C., WEST STOCKHOLM, N. H.—The kind spirit of your letter is attractive, and we would like to take the book, but the way does not seem open. Perhaps you had better apply to some other publishing house.

DR. S. M. L., PHILADELPHIA.—Your letters have been received. If you had not an organ in which to publish your thoughts, we should willingly open our columns to you. We have little space to appropriate to quotations.

J. P., MENDOTA, ILL.—You will find a list of the "primates" in a work on chemistry by Professor Youmans. It costs one dollar, and may be ordered through this office. Professor Youmans is a learned and progressive man.

J. LACAM, PHILADELPHIA.—Your questions still remain unanswered, because they have not yet been reached in the file. No other reason for silence, though it is probable that nothing further will be given on Will-power.

S. Y. B., DUBUQUE, IOWA.—We like the theme of your discourse: "And they shall learn war no more." Please do not expect it to appear. The Editor's Drawer is overflowing. And yet, let no Brother or Sister repress the tide of pure inspiration. There are many souls, firm friends and talented, from whom we have not yet received one word.

"REPUBLICAN," NEW JERSEY.—As a complete answer to your query, we will quote the words of a celebrated African orator. He said: "In such a war, if my race are treated like men, if they are guaranteed the recognition of their manhood, they will defend the country which has given birth to them and their fathers for over two hundred years; but if they cannot be thus recognized, they will not take up arms at all: they will not fight against their country."

Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

Medical Controversy.

ADDENDA TO, OR EXAMINATION OF, DRUGS AND DRUGGING.

DEAR EDITOR: It is extremely gratifying to see our Brother Sunderland come out so nobly against the pernicious practice of taking medicines as a habit. It would answer very well did the people only take them when absolutely required; but to assist Nature when all her functions are properly performed, is a work of supererogation, and unfits the body for the action of curative agents when disease approaches.

An additional reason for discountenancing the practice, is the discovery of systems in which the agents are arranged so compactly that man is enabled to carry a drug-shop in his pocket, and by which they are rendered so palatable that man hankers for them, and "children cry for them."

Only think for a moment that man should be induced to take that active poison, strychnine, as a remedy for piles and other complaints, and that its power and strength is increased by attenuation and dilution, which is opposed to the common experience in other systems and cases!

While science has benefited mankind in all other directions, it is inexcusable in this, for it attracts the people to take remedies as a habit. The proposition of nux as a cure for piles, seems to beget in Brother S.'s mind a necessity to defend the principle on which its preparation was given. And before the defense is attempted, he offers a number of objections to it that are satisfactory to himself, but not to all others.

He claims to have been acquainted with the principle for twenty-nine years past, but is careful to omit to say whether he has had any experience in it or not, and the success that has attended that practice, if had.

It would not necessarily follow that, if success did not attend his experience, the principle is untrue, but it might show an incorrect diagnosis or an unfamiliarity with the range of the action of the remedy in its totality of symptoms.

It is true, as Brother S. observes, that "a foul breath is not cured by inhaling a stench," and that "a fire is not put out by adding turpentine and gunpowder." But it is equally true that the foul breath will depart when the cause is removed, and that the fire will go out when the fuel is taken away.

In objection six, Brother S. states the *medicinal* is taught to believe with nux in his pocket he may feel comparatively safe, while he lives in constant violation of the laws of life. While this violation of law brings the penalties imperatively, does it occur to his mind, there are calamities that befall mankind in which the invalid or his parents did not transgress in order to produce them?

In objection five, Brother S. states the remedies of homeopathy are "fanciful and often disgusting." If this be the case, how can he satisfactorily account for the *habit* of taking them, as he alleges in the first part of his article.

To teach mankind the knowledge of the laws of health is useful and necessary, and I venture to say that most of those that have arrived at the years of reflection and manhood, have more or less knowledge of them. But it is found the acquisition of the *knowledge* does not invariably imply the *practice*. Knowledge is one thing, but wisdom is another. *Healers* of the word are not those that are accepted, but *doers*. Brother S. states further that "Nature performs the cure, and the pill-box gets the credit of it." True; but the experience of all ages is opposed to the idea that Nature must remain unassisted. All remedial agents are prescribed on this principle, and in cases in which the action of the remedies are *opposed* to its action, the worst results are to be apprehended. The cases of mumps and measles are given as illustrative of the tendency of diseases to terminate of themselves.

While these diseases may run, occasionally, their courses, without much serious inconvenience, the first may seize the internal organs and produce fatal results, and the second very frequently, even with the best medical attendance, leaves the patient with its *drugs* during the whole course of his life.

But it is suggested, in lieu of dosing the invalid, that he be instructed how adopt and apply the system of the "self-cure," for it is contended this is not only the proper, but most natural and effectual method that can be adopted.

Let us see. The power "which cures is in the stomach, the lungs, and the vital forces of his own system." First, if the power lies in the *structures themselves*, they cannot part with any of their natural forces without disease to themselves. Second, if they be the *channels* through which disease is cured, they can only be operative where the disease is caused and continued by the violation of their laws. But again, strictly speaking, each substance introduced into the stomach has a general action on all parts of the structure, and the vital forces of these support and maintain the vital forces of the body.

They have also a well-defined local action, and are as effectually curative when indicated, as the substances obtained from the drug store, or as "nux in the pocket."

They are *remedial* as well as *sustaining* agents.

Every skillful physician knows well the value of diet within, and atmospheric and miasmatic influences without.

The lungs and vital forces are further named as means of cure. The lungs themselves are fitted only for the respiratory process. Their office is simply to supply the oxygen of the atmosphere to the elements of the food. The consumption of the oxygen in equal times may be expressed by the number of respirations. It is clear that, in the same individual, the quantity of nourishment required must vary with the force and number of the inspirations. Consequently, when the oxygen supplied is greater than the amount of food taken, or the amount of food taken is unsupplied with the necessary amount of oxygen, the health invariably suffers.

The performance of the functions of the lungs and the vital force of it, can only apply to itself, and cannot affect any other portion of the organism, save in the part it is to play in the general plan.

Diseases may and do exist in the organism, in which the lungs perform their normal functions. In such diseases, any action on the forces of the lungs must be exceedingly detrimental. The respiratory process is no more to the general welfare of the body than the action of any one of its component parts.

But what of the vital force? Science has disclosed that the vital force or activity arises from the mutual action of the elements of the food and the oxygen of the atmosphere; and that the decompositions and combinations constantly taking place in the body may be increased in intensity, or retarded, by the introduction of substances into the stomach having a well-defined chemical action.

It appears, after all, that the vital force, lungs, and stomach, are constantly dependent on the food, or substances taken into the stomach. And if we would increase the vital force of any one portion of the structure, such substances must be introduced that are found from experience to act upon it.

Here is the necessity of pill-boxes, drugs, &c., and here is the necessity of "nux vomica in the pocket."

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Rev. T. L. Harris and his Recent Movements.

BROTHER WELLER DEFINES HIS POSITION IN RELATION TO BROTHER HARRIS.

The *Crisis*, published at Laporte, Ind., is a cheerful paper. The poetical editor "believes religiously in fairies." He doubts not that "the whole universe of mind teems with infinitesimal humanities." Of course he has found no difficulty in believing in the "internal respiration" and other religious eccentricities of our poetic Brother Harris. But in his cheerful paper for May 15th, Brother Weller is moved to deliver himself of an opinion with respect to the authority-seeking, internal-breathing, and other devout operations of the poet and priest aforesaid.

Brother Weller is a Swedenborgian, quite "orthodox" in his own esteem, but somewhat "Hicksite" in the opinion of the primitive New Churchmen—possibly because he is possessed of semi-independent tendencies. He once looked with friendly and believing eyes upon Brother Harris—the same eyes that have "rested upon those fairy rings of rank grass, 'whereof the ewe bites not'"—but alas! the time has arrived for a plain confession of repudiation and disappointment. Brother Harris possesses the brilliant faculty of

putting all his devout admirers through an "ordeal" wherein the "ewe" bites like the worst breed of Southern mosquitoes.

Swedenborg said, "Affection governs thought." It seems that Brother Weller is no exception. His particular "affection" for the views of Swedenborg rules all his "thoughts" concerning modern mediums, seers, spiritualists, &c. He finds no difficulty, notwithstanding his good sense, and humility, and modesty, in pronouncing and branding as "pseudo seers" and "false mediums" all who do not "see" and proclaim the doctrines of the New Jerusalem.

Eureka! Hereafter, then, let all who want to know positively who are, and all who are not genuine seers and mediums, apply forthwith for information to Brother Weller. Hundreds of honest investigators have longed and searched for some safe and reliable test or standard of judgment by which they could unquestionably know what and who was genuine and what and who was "pseudo." True, every six-by-nine sectarian is willing to be consulted on this question, and every such person will at once decide for you in relation to seers and mediums; and one need not walk from his door over forty rods to find such an infallible "test;" but, nevertheless, it is preferable to obtain the opinion of an "internal respirationist," whose *custachian tube* is in good working order, for thus only are you certain of getting an expanded and highly illuminated judgment, which will be invariably "in accordance with the doctrines of the New Church." And it is important to remember that "the Lord" is particularly friendly to the *Crisis* and to the New Church; that is, if we can certainly rely upon the opinions of Brother Weller and other members of the New Jerusalem.

With regard to Brother Harris, the following "disclosures" from the cheerful pen of Brother Weller are ample. After quoting a chapter from the *Spiritual Magazine* on "internal respiration," the editor defines his position on the "poet" thus:

From this and the article we gave in our last number from the same writer, our readers will gather the most important features of Swedenborg's teachings concerning internal respiration as it existed in the most ancient people. Whether the same order of breathing will be restored, or an order modified by the composite condition of our advanced civilization, is a question that can only be determined by experience. For it is true that without some experimental knowledge of these things but little can be said or understood of their nature.

Few persons will have any idea of what Swedenborg says about hearing through the *custachian tube*, yet we have a most distinct recollection in our boyhood days, of hearing the most exquisite music through some such internal way; and this most commonly happened on Sabbath evenings, lying awake after having spent the whole day in close attendance upon divine worship. Our present business, however, lies in the inquiry, Have we any reason to believe that there is anything of genuine internal respiration in the assumptions of Brother Harris and some of his friends, in what they call *open breathing*?

There is a general impression abroad that we fully endorse Mr. Harris and his pretensions; but this is not true. Personally our acquaintance has been of the slightest character, and even that not especially satisfactory to either of us—showing that our spheres did not intimately blend; but as we supposed our own state might be in fault, it produced no prejudice upon our mind toward him.

To give a clear idea of how we stand towards Mr. Harris, so that none may have an excuse for misconceiving or misrepresenting our position, we will go back to our first acquaintance with some of his writings, which were in a periodical called the *Universalist*, and in which there were distinct glimpses of the New Church doctrine of the Divine Humanity, while there was no appearance of being derived from Swedenborg. About eight years ago we were in New York, and spent considerable time with our beloved Brother, Prof. Bush. Brother Harris was then on a visit to the city, and the Professor spoke to us of the *Mountain Cove Journal*, saying it would be well for us to exchange for the *Spiritualist* relations therein given were of a most extraordinary character, and appeared *real*, like those of Swedenborg. This, from one so well read in the writings of Swedenborg, and so thoroughly attached to them, was a high recommendation.

This conversation was on a Saturday, and the following Sabbath evening we had engaged to preach for the Professor in Brooklyn. He mentioned that Mr. Harris was to preach in the city to-morrow evening, and he thought he should go and hear him; and if we would call on Monday morning, that we would go together and pay him a visit. We called at the appointed time, but instead of being prepared for the visit we found our brother had just been writing a letter to Mr. Harris. He was quite taken aback at the manner of his

preaching, so that he had no desire to visit him, and had written him a friendly admonitory letter instead, which he read to us. We heard him, at that period, speak in Dodworth's Hall, and a few years after (1857) heard him preach once, but with similar feelings to those of our Brother Bush. We have had no correspondence by letter—having once written him, but received no reply except a notice in the *Herald of Light*. So that, so far as personal attraction and fellowship goes, we have ever been kept widely apart.

But the writings of Harris stand altogether distinct from the man, although his general character, even from his youth up, we have been assured from those acquainted intimately with him, has been most unexceptionable; and that, having always a weakly constitution, his mind took a strong spiritual cast. He has, doubtless, a peculiar physical adaptation to openings of the inner senses, but liable at the same time to perversion from an unhealthy organism. Hence he was first led along with the *Harmonical Philosophy*, until another set of influences came over him.

Our perceptions have always led us to believe that he was a real seer, by which we mean that his openings into the spiritual world were of an entirely different kind from the common mediums of the day, as A. J. Davis, Judge Edmonds, etc. With respect to all pseudo seers of this kind, we have invariably regarded their spiritual vision as a mere psychological illusion; they neither saw nor conversed with spirits, nor had any real insight into the scenes of the spiritual world, but were merely under the illusory impressions or spells thrown over them by obsessing spirits. But the relations of Harris come to us as things verily seen and heard, and hence that his spiritual senses were really opened; and we have never yet found cause to change this conviction.

Mere seership, however, confers no special function of teaching; for there are instances, well authenticated, of persons (Nocchi, the Berlin bookseller, for example) having their spiritual senses opened from a peculiar state of health, which were closed upon regaining a sounder condition. And there is no doubt that the peculiar physical constitution of Brother Harris has much to do with his intromitted states.

There is this marked difference between him and Swedenborg. Swedenborg grew, as it were, into open intercourse with the spiritual world. All his training and pursuits were shaped towards spiritual ends. He pushed his philosophical inquiries to the extreme limit of the natural world, and these were instinct with aspirations towards the unknown. His whole life was an orderly progression through the states of mental, moral, and religious experiences, towards the grand end which crowned his labors. To him, therefore, the opening of a new world was a necessity, and became a normal condition, as it will become the normal condition of the church when it is prepared. But Harris presents no such regular gradations of growth, but goes from one condition to another in a way apparently abnormal. And his recent movements have been so erratic, perplexing, contradictory, and startling, as to give reason for the gravest doubts as to the healthy condition of his mind.

It is not because he is a seer that we have been charmed by his writings, but because those writings contain the great leading truths of the New Jerusalem; because they throbb with great humanitarian impulses, and keenly dissect the specious veillings of all evil, and deeply search the human heart; because we have felt better and had more living views opened up of life from reading them. Wherever, also, the process of social renovation has been touched upon, it has been free from that empiricism which characterizes the thousand and one projects for social reformation and reconstruction. Having, long before we knew anything of his writings on the New Church plane, become thoroughly convinced that the church required a new order of leading men, and that open communion with the heavens must be their condition, we have fondly indulged the hope that with this new movement would be initiated a new and true state of the church. And in this hope we have passed over much that appeared disorderly and presumptuous, thinking that where the central love was right, protected by the central truths of the New Church, these infirmities of seership would fall off.

Here, however, we are doomed to disappointment. After having, by repeated letters of inquiry, sought to get at the facts of our Brother's recent movements, and of the so-called *open breathing*, without any satisfactory results, we have at length arrived at some definite information, which carries conviction to our mind that his present condition, and that of those yet following him, is a diseased and perverted state. Even in the meager statements derived from his friends, we saw and plainly pointed out many things that were cause for grave suspicion that there was no real internal respiration in the case, but a mere simulation of it through some kind of obsession. It was replied that our objections only applied to the first stages of our *open breathing*, in which the parties were subject to much infestation; and hoping it might be so, we concluded to wait and deal tenderly with the subject, in which frame of mind we penned our last editorial.

Since then we have received, from a member of the Church of the Good Shepherd, a full and candid rehearsal of the whole matter. It comes to us, of course, confidentially, but with permission to make use of the facts. We have no need, however, to use other than those corroborated by our previous experience. There has been a studied keeping back of facts, so much so that we did not even know that division had taken place in the Society until we read it in the *N. J. Messenger*—still less did we know the ground of separation. It now comes out that it was endeavored to impose silence and secrecy on those who would be reckoned faithful, and that the authority of Mr. Harris, as a pivotal man through whom the society were to receive divine revelations and be guided in all spiritual matters, was the turning point of the separation. His writings have always been loud protests against receiving any man as authority, but now he calls upon them to lay their reason and give implicit heed to his unfoldings. And because this could not be done, he announces his separation from them as a congregational priest, and says that in future he shall be a metropolitan priest. This simple announcement came to us some time ago, and it seemed a freak of a diseased imagination; but it is carried out in a withdrawal altogether from the Church of the Good Shepherd, and the forming of a new society, who meet at the Cooper Institute to read Mr. H.'s writings, and for praying, and call themselves the Church of the Divine Unfoldings. This name indicates its nature. It is the unfoldings through Mr. H. that constitutes the society. We, who have ever protested against man-worship in the church, can have no sympathy with such a movement. We have not been pulling down one idol to set up another.

Various vague intimations have come to us that some entirely new operations were being initiated, but not the first clear glimmerings could we gain of their nature. Now, it seems that a farm has been purchased, and an initial movement of a new family order inaugurated, of which Mr. Harris is the pivotal head, and all, if possible, are to be open brethren—which open breathing, so far as our best judgment leads us, is nothing but a magic spell induced by mesmeric passes, incantations, etc., and by the strong will-spheres of the leader. In some instances there is a strange, unpleasant breathing, evident to listeners, which we have no doubt is a diseased action of the lungs; but in other cases there is no perceptible difference, except what would result from an unwonted strain upon the mental energies. Indeed, those who have been immersed in this movement appear wearied and brain-worked to exhaustion, and Mr. Harris represents the labor of giving birth to this new state as a heavy burthen-bearing upon himself. We have heard of no case in which this state has come upon any one except through the spheres of Mr. Harris, and the effect seems to be to hold them spell-bound to the man. Is not this magical, and does it not take away that freedom which is the crowning glory of the New Jerusalem state?

We have always strongly objected to that blind leading under which Mr. H. professes to act. The Lord leads no one blindly. Man is led in freedom according to reason. But this erratic moving from one place to another, at some irresistible bidding, of which he has exhibited so large a measure in England and elsewhere, has appeared to us disorderly. And so, we presume, it must have appeared to our English friends, who preserve an ominous silence on this subject. We believe in being led by the Divine Providence, but the Lord sets an open door before those who follow him in freedom and rationality.

We need not multiply reasons for our present aspect towards the movement. We might go on to the exhaustion of our readers' patience, and tell about fairies having much to do with the new household. As a countryman of Shakespeare, we believe religiously in fairies. Many a time and oft, on the downs of Sussex, have our eyes rested upon those fairy rings of rank grass

—whereof the ewe bites not.
As every drop of water and every inch of atmosphere teems with animal life, so, we doubt not, the whole universe of mid-teens with infinitesimal human beings; but when we are gravely told that one open breather converses twice a week with fairies, and that they chant their incantations through Mr. Harris' lips, etc., it exceeds any measure of belief that we can possibly get up.

What, then, is Mr. H. an impostor? No. Even those who, from their thorough acquaintance with him and his movements, have been separated from him, concede the honesty of his intentions. If he did not fully believe these states to be real, he could not have that influence upon those around him. And also we have heard of no moral delinquency—none of those disorders which too commonly follow in the wake of such excitements. But by blindly surrendering himself to spirit guidance, which he believed to be from the Lord, he has himself become spell-bound to those artful spirits who ever lie in wait to destroy the tender germinations of the new dispensation.

Philosophical Department.

"Let truth no more be gagged, nor conscience dumbed, nor science be impeached of godlessness."

The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals.

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.
JUSTICE.

It was truthfully remarked by Mr. Beecher, at the commencement of a speech the other evening, that, in these days, whatever topic or text the orator might start with, his discourse would turn mainly upon the war.

It is both natural and proper that it should be so. To throw light upon its causes, conduct, and consequences, is a work of gravest necessity. But in turn, this war—its causes, its conduct and its consequences, reflects a light upon the orator: revealing principles which should be the topic of years to come—must be if we are to have peace, or are to make progress.

One has only to weigh the conversation he

daily hears in the street, or the lucubrations of the newspapers, to realize with painful certainty, the general obliqueness, that natural law has aught to do with our political condition. Such an obfuscated people, such a blind, stupid government as one gets an idea of through common speech and daily press, would seem to warrant the conviction, that upon this people, had been visited all the lies and all the shams of the generations between the destruction of Sodom and the presidency of James Buchanan.

What is the animus of the popular unionism? A regiment embarks for "the seat of war;" what inner conviction sends it thither? A General in the field, surrounded by imminent, deadly peril, essays in self-defense and by both necessity and logic of war, to make practical application of the doctrine we all profess, and the General-in-Chief countermands it. It is a most sanguinary joke, that the head of a republic should prefer that thousands of white men should die for it, rather than that a single black man should enjoy it; were he the head of a despotism instead, we might easily see where the laugh comes in. As it is, the point is about as obscure as that other, namely: that the aforesaid thousands should be willing thus to die. "The combat thickens; and ye brave?" but whither, and for what? Does Congress know? Can the Cabinet tell?

The answer is in the war itself. 'Tis the nineteenth century Savior this war rightly interpreted; and the old Jerusalem drama of the first, is being re-enacted with respect to it, but with a less tragic result, let us hope. Let us believe that there is yet enough of genius in the nation to avert the necessity that the plowshare of despotism shall pass over the foundation of our temple of liberty, in order that future generations may learn wisdom; even as the plowshare of the husbandman was made to turn up the soil where stood the proud temple of Jewish worship, to the end that the world might know, if it would, that nationality, to be secure, must rest on principles and not on parchments.

After this sort a spirit once dispersed to me: "Rest assured that the most perfect justice will eventually and surely be done to all that live, even to the number of hairs upon the head, or the poor unheeded sparrow that falls to the ground. Therefore possess ye your souls in patience while she performs her perfect work, and do not ask for mercy, which no one needs and only covards crave."

High words, brave words—but salvation is in the reality of which these words are the truthful echo. And in all the aspects of this grim and ghastly time, Justice herself stands unveiled before us. In her nicely adjusted balance she puts the gains of the planter against the groans of the hearts whence it was wrung, and where are the gains? Against his dreams of national grandeur and pride of caste, she places a ruined country, beleaguered cities, and palaces abandoned to slaves. Not a single event throughout his career of war, upon which he can look with pleasure or with hope of success. When the House of Representatives passed the bill for the benefit of the negro-slave who took a valuable vessel out of Charleston Harbor and delivered her safely into the hands of the Government, the scale wherein she had placed the pride of caste kicked the beam so heavily that the concussion jarred all the Kentucky gentlemen out of their seats.

Yes, and she places the gain from plantation patronage by northern merchants and manufacturers, against the dirt they have eaten to secure it; and, but the dirt, what is left? The permanence of a great political party, she balances against its name, and where is the party? Northern hate of the negro goes into her scale with southern wrong, and against it is the negro's right, and lo! both sections are at work with might and main, and against their will, to put him in possession of it. Consider the Presidents and the would-be candidates for the Presidency, she has weighed and found wanting.

Do not these things look as though Justice were a doing? As though she were a power on earth, competent to grapple with the affairs of men; and not a mere painted image to be glorified and praised on Sunday and laughed at all the rest of the week?

But these only point the law, which is universal. As true in particulars as in general, in small things as in great. Justice is to be done all round or we suffer; and then, the suffering does not in the least prevent the justice. There is not a truth or a fact too much in the universe, and justice is to be done to every one properly belonging to each man's sphere of action.

Take here and there a popular example from the art of healing. Every new discovery, great or small, turns up its nose at the old, and the old at the new. We went from calomel to lobelia; from bulk to infinitesimals; and from drugs of any quality or quantity to a "wet sheet." Then to magnetism and electricity. Then clairvoyance was to supersede medical experience. And now, "the spirits," or God rather is doing it all for us. You have, for example, a wooden leg. You go to a "healing medium"; he calls on God and the twelve Apostles, rolls up the whites of his eyes, makes the sign of the cross, pronounces the miraculous words—all right—and you march out leaving your crutches a contribution for winter firewood.

Now, the theory is, that this is "all right," and, occasionally it is. But, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, it is all—nothing at all. What is the matter? Injustice is the matter. Could a man substitute a mere dramatic performance like the above, for all skill and experience together with every other remedial agent, it would be equivalent to a fiat of annihilation to these all. It is not as if we

had found a brother truth—a new birth into the grand family of health principles and forces, but a new miracle which is to sweep them all out of existence. Now, when you can annihilate rhubarb by calling on the name of the Lord, you may hope that plan will work. It is an injustice to the law and order of Nature. It is as though you could do a universal good by the power of a universal error. God is manifest through divine order, and you call upon him to set it all aside for the benefit of a broken shin. The work of ages has been directed to the getting of this pernicious error out of the world, and here we are, under the specious garb of healing, endeavoring to get it back again, with a hope of success. Fallacious hope. Justice vindicates herself by sending the vast majority of us away from that fountain of health unrefreshed. The high priests of that altar, instead of the words "Terms cash, and the poor gratis?"—would do well to write up conspicuously, these—My poor sick fool, if you have not outgrown your faith in the ancient mummy of incantation you are not yet beyond the legitimate sphere of calomel-and-jalap, and yet you invoke their aid with profit? There are those yet extant to whom the divine blessing is most efficacious in the form of a "blue pill," even as there are others who can only appreciate it in the shape of gunpowder.

Thus, everywhere, with the grand army of reform, the standing order is, *march and counter-march*. Onward, and then back, to pick up the stragglers and secure the baggage and provisions that nothing be lost. Democracy has not its origin in the Declaration of American Independence, it is a law in Nature. Not only every man, but everything of her producing has its inalienable right, even as it has its specific use; and this universality of rights demands as its counterpart, universality of justice; that is to say, fraternal respect for these uses.

R. T. H.

Sight and Insight.

For the Herald of Progress.
Things as they Are.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

ITEM SIX.

THE BIBLE,
COM-POUNDED AND EX-POUNDED.

"Understandest thou what thou readest?"
"How can I, except some man should guide me?"

The colloquy of Philip and the Eunuch, as related in the eighth chapter of Acts, the sudden conversion of the latter through the instrumentality of a single sermon, and his anxiety to be baptized on the express condition of believing "with all his heart," are a good illustration of the practical use which is commonly made of the Bible, and of the little hand-work which is useful to make a Christian. The candidate for faith was reading the Book of Isaiah, when the proselyting preceptor of mystical godliness drew near, and the colloquy commenced with the two characteristic questions which I have chosen as the motto of this essay. The passage which arrested his Judaism and held him in a devout rapture, was this: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so he opened not his mouth." Forgetful of the common-sense principle, that a speaker or writer who does not explain himself is inexplicable by others, and therefore that the book he was reading is its own best interpreter, he foolishly referred his query to the strange preacher, thus: "I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?" The priestly poacher had started his game. "Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture and preached unto him Jesus." Now I ask by what rule of reason this scripture of Isaiah is made to apply to Jesus of Nazareth, who was born more than seven hundred years after it was written in the past tense. I am ready to demonstrate to all Christendom that neither this text in its original place, nor its context, nor any other statement in the original Book of Isaiah, has any reference to Jesus, or the ecclesiastical Christ. This Christian claim is defended only by foreign and erratic interpretations of the prophet, and never could have been set up with any show of truthfulness, had the prophecy been admitted to be intelligible of itself. I contend that it is; and, though I will not agree to defend and support every word of it as it now reads, I hold myself responsible for a reasonable interpretation of Philip's text, as applying to "the Spiritual Israel"—the righteous servant of God, as the truth-seeking well-doer is tropologically styled, and, by synecdoche, the preeminently virtuous *evangel* whose generation is from the beginning of humanity.

But at present I have another item in hand. This is not exactly that *evangel*, though I must say of him that he was no very singular character. Indeed, he was one of a plentiful genus, of whom, to give a reasonable turn to a reputed saying of Jesus, "Some are born evanuchs, some are made so by [priestly] men, and some even make themselves so for the kingdom of heaven's sake." I mean evanuchs in intellect, who never think for themselves, nor make any judgment of a proposed method of salvation, because of the emasculating influence of authority and the infatigating tendency of implicit belief. According to a recent estimate of Henry Ward Beecher, these religious know-nothings are ninety-nine hundredths of mankind. His declaration to this effect in one of his taking sermons is rather startling to popular glorifiers of the nineteenth century, but not more out of taste than the coolness with which he applies it to his own parish-

ioners, whom he not only encourages to think themselves fools, but to be content with always remaining so, by telling them that "a mind fit for investigation is a rare gift," and not a boon which all may have for the seeking. Does not Mr. Beecher know that everybody was an ignoramus at birth? Does he not remember when he was incapable of investigating "abstruse subjects?" and does he imagine that he would ever have acquired the ability which he is now conscious of, if he had never tried to investigate? or shall it be said that the smartest boy in the Beecher family is himself incapable of drawing an inference? that even he does not understand either the use or method of *Coctrens*, and therefore has never considered why there are so many babes and sucklings in the bosom of the Church, incapable of judging either of the merits of their own faith or the fitness of rational arguments against it? Then I will tell him, though it be with something of the same impudence with which he announced the fact from his own pulpit: It is because, for the last eighteen hundred years, the people all over Christendom have been trained to anticipate his adopted sentiment, that "to believe heartily in that which is not true, is better than not to have any belief at all." This appears to me to be the very quintessence of superstition which entitles its teacher to be set down as a mere *Philippine* preacher—one of those apostles of presumption (a flourishing race hitherto) whose pathetizing zeal drives thousands to the altars of Devotion, not for any real love of Godliness, but for very fright of the Devil-deemed ghost of doubt that haunts them. The only cure for this mischief is the rational conversion of the priesthood themselves, and their wiser employment in teaching the people that it is better to believe nothing than to know nothing; that all BELIEF is dangerous which is not sanctioned as well by the head as by the heart. This will prepare the way for a general application and successful operation of the *antidote for Bibliolatry* which I recommended in a former paper; and thus the only subjective hindrance to a ready understanding of the Scriptures will be removed. Still there may remain "certain objective difficulties in the way of an intelligent reading of the Bible," as I said in discoursing upon item five; to designate which (for I do not expect to be able wholly to remove them,) is the leading object of the present essay. These difficulties coexist with the fact that the Bible is not what it purports to be, while it is accepted for something more and better than either that or this. Here are three distinct points of inquiry and explication, by which the way is cleared to a thorough comprehension and just appreciation of the long-abused Bible. I begin with considering

WHAT THE BIBLE IS PRESUMED TO BE.
The divine authority of "the Holy Bible" is supported by two ecclesiastical dogmas. The prime assumption is that "in old time holy men of God spake [and wrote] as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," for which reason their supposed writings have come to be exclusively styled "THE SCRIPTURES." This dogma will be treated with due respect in the upshot of my present argument. The second pillar of Biblical authority is that the Bible is a faithful compilation of all the sacred or God-written Scriptures, in their original purity; that is, just as they were written by their inspired authors, without any intentional additions, omissions, alterations, interpolations, or amendments, by uninspired compilers, scribes, translators, editors, printers, etc., and without any mistakes on the part of these merely human agents of Holy Writ. To swallow this enormous say-so without knowing who said it first, faith must have a monstrous gullet; and yet it is often gulped without thought or effort, as the major premise of all Christian and much infidel reasoning. The Church tolerates no doubt that the Pentateuch was written by Moses, the Psalms by David, Proverbs by Solomon, the four Gospels by the four evangelists—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; and so of the whole Bible, each book every word of it, is "most surely believed" to have been written by the sacred author whose name it bears. It is only with this presumption that the Bible has ever been regarded as an all-sufficient rule of faith and practice. For Christians have never believed that they who undertook the task of gathering the ancient Scriptures into a volume for their better preservation and transmission through time, were themselves inspired or divinely qualified to make Scripture of their own thoughts; and any believer to whom it should appear that they had done so, would reject their work as profane and fallible. It is the belief that the Bible contains the original Scriptures, and no other, which gives it all its sanction. But this belief does not designate

WHAT THE BIBLE PURPORTS TO BE.
Turning from the assumptions of blind faith and "thus-saith-the-Lord"-s of an impudent authority, to ask the Bible itself what stuff it is made of, it appears that the Bible-makers have hardly pretended to manufacture so clean a Word of God as Bibliists imagine. The Church-bred notion that the Jewish and Christian Testaments are not in themselves original works; that their several divisions are exact duplicates of older Scriptures; that the writings of Moses and the Prophets, of the Evangelists and Apostles, are herein represented by distinctive transcription and translation, is without any warrant from the testimony of these two express witnesses, when allowed to speak for themselves. The anonymous Bible-makers have not conjoined their affidavits to this effect with either the whole or any general division of their work. On the contrary, they have neglected to say who is the real author of any particular book of

Scripture, otherwise than is implied by its ambiguous title, through which they have many times covertly acknowledged their own hand in the composition of Scripture to an indefinite extent.

The five books of the Pentateuch are respectively entitled "The First," "The Second," "The Third," "The Fourth," and "The Fifth Book of Moses," which signifies that the work was written either by or concerning Moses. That it was not written by him, in its extant form, is evident from the fact that it contains a detailed account of the circumstances of his death and burial. If written in part by him, which the unknown author neither affirms nor denies, then there are no marks of distinction between his Scripture and that which is anonymous. A similar statement applies to every other book of the Old Testament. Passing from that to the New, we have "The Gospel according to St. Matthew," Mark, etc. Such a title cannot be construed to signify a literal transcript of the Scriptures of Matthew and the other evangelists. It more properly denotes a *compend of the views of Matthew* (and the others respectively) concerning the life and teachings of Jesus. Construing in this way "The Gospel according to St. John," we find at the end of this treatise an oblique confession of its real author, that this is the very manner in which the older Scriptures of "the beloved disciple" have been transmitted rather than transmitted. Without any break in the tenor of their discourse, they tell us that "This is the disciple which testified of these things, and wrote these things; and we know that his testimony is true." This text refutes the notion that John wrote the narrative which bears his name, and proves that its author knew nothing of what he wrote but hearsay. Here is the key to biblical authorship in general. If the Bible-makers sought to strengthen the validity of John's Scripture by a word of their own, why not that of other sacred writers? And since they have everywhere discarded the use of quotation marks, and in this instance have neglected to designate the beginning and end of their own language, so that it has the external appearance of genuine Scripture, who can say to what extent they have improved their privilege of interpolation?—nay, who can say that the body of the Bible is not their own, only vivified with partial draughts of inspiration from the original Scriptures? I tell you, my good believer, if this is not the rational conception to which every religious investigator is coming, it is only because it is too respectable to represent

WHAT THE BIBLE IS.
This comprises both its internal character and external history; for though as to the former the book must be allowed to speak for itself, its testimony cannot be fully comprehended without a thorough knowledge of its antecedents. The history of the Bible, therefore, is the first division of this third branch of our study. I do not mean any written history, because I know of none which does not begin at the wrong end of consecutive events—wrong, because the temporal beginning of such a series, if ancient, as in the present case, is unknown and compels assumption. Thus all ancient histories are made to emerge out of mythology. I invite attention to the real, though latent history of the Bible; in order to conceive which it is necessary to begin with what is known as the elements of inductive guidance to the unknown. To learn who made the Bible, and how it was made, we must begin with considering

1. *The English Bible.*—From various credible sources I learn that this book is but about two hundred and fifty years old; that it is not in itself original, but "translated out of the original tongues," by forty seven learned men, mostly clergymen, to whom this work was assigned by King James the First. These English translators of the "Holy Writ" are said to have been eminent for their learning and piety, but to have made no profession of infallibility or supernatural inspiration. It has never been argued that they were any better qualified for their undertaking—any more exempt from prejudice and human frailty, than a like number of divines and professors who might be selected from the American churches and colleges of to-day. Yet Christians now-a-days dare not trust the wisdom and sanctity of their cotemporary savans and saints, to correct the gross mistakes, to speak with euphemism, which the primitive translators are learnedly known to have made in great numbers. Admitting, however, what is claimed only with ignorance and credulity—that the king and other representatives of episcopal dogmatism in England really desired an impartial translation, and that their servants performed the task with unimpeachable ability and faithfulness—was that anything else than saying in their own language *what they understood* the old and foreign Scriptures to mean? Their interpretation was wholly human—the work of uninspired Reason; and therefore this English Bible, to use a technical term of theology, is a *profane* book, and has not even a Christian's reason for being esteemed sacred. This growing observation leads all learned believers to turn, for truth's sake, from King James's version to consult

2. *The Latin, Greek, and Hebrew Bibles.*—I name these together, because they constitute the triple standard of ecclesiastical authority, from which all contemporaneous and later versions are supposed to be derived. The first, commonly called the *Vulgate*, is nearly fifteen hundred years old, and is the only version which the Catholic Church admits to be authentic. It is not original, however, but a reputed translation, by Jerome, from either the Greek or Hebrew, though it is remarkable that it differs from both. The two Testaments of the Greek Bible are not coeval. The Old

Testament in Greek is said to be more than two thousand years old; being, as is supposed, a translation from the Hebrew, by seventy-two Jewish elders, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, for which reason it is called the *Septuagint*. The Old Testament in Hebrew is a compilation of Jewish Scriptures, the date and authorship of which are entirely unknown, the compiler not having acknowledged his own work, and the original manuscripts being irretrievably lost. The New Testament in Hebrew has never been heard of in modern times, notwithstanding this language was the vernacular of nearly all the supposed writers of the New Testament in Greek. This claims to be the prime compilation of the latest original Scriptures; but when, by whom, and in what manner, the collection was made, the doers of this important work seem to have taken special pains to conceal. There is no account of it in the literature of the Church; and it is only by means of certain disconnected facts which have eluded the smothering policy of ecclesiastical craft, that we are able to trace the date of this last will and testament of God in Christendom, to Constantine and his episcopal minions at

8. *The Council of Nice, A. D. 325.*—This notorious council was convoked for no other purpose but to settle the dispute between Arius and Athanasius, which had convulsed the Church from the beginning of the fourth century. The talented Arius maintained the Unitarian doctrine, that God is the Father of all, and Jesus only one of the best of mankind. The learned but less liberal Athanasius contended for "The Holy Trinity." When all the bishops had assembled to decide this contest, they were so equally divided in opinion, and so intolerant withal, that unanimity was impossible. At this crisis of prelatical dissension, Constantine, a temporary monarch of the civilized world, and the first representative of ecclesiastical authority, interposed his dogmatic decision and practically ended the controversy, by adopting the tenets of Athanasius as orthodox, and condemning those of Arius as heretical. This originated the *Nicene Creed*, to which every bishop was compelled to subscribe his religious assent, or suffer banishment and confiscation. Having thus affected the authority which is supposed to have originated in the sacred writings, this first political head of the Church proceeded to fix the canon of Scripture; that is to say of his own good pleasure (modified of course by the zeal of his Trinitarian favorites) which of the various rolls of sacred parchment should thereafter be esteemed as divinely inspired. It is a significant fact that out of fifty, and some say seventy, distinct treatises on the life and teachings of Jesus then extant, only four were selected as being worth preserving, or adapted to ecclesiastical uses. These, with the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of Paul, etc., were declared to be the Sequel of God's Word—his final Revelation to Man. As for the rejected Scriptures, they were gathered and made a holocaust—a whole burnt-offering to the sweet savor of Priestcraft.

This originated the sacred canon, which was the germ of the Bible and the first expression of Ecclesiastical Authority. It is due to the reproachful character of this first ecumenical council of bishops, to say that none of its members pretended to be divinely inspired, or to be gifted by any extraordinary effusion of the Holy Ghost. The dominant faction of the council made no attempt to cover its arbitrary proceedings with any express sanction of God. The Trinitarian zealots pressed no authority superior to, or distinct from the fortuitous position and optional favor of the ruling monarch, who was certainly nothing less than the Chairman of this committee of Bible-makers. To assure the good believer that there is no ecclesiastical reason for imagining that he was called of God to fill so sacred a function, it is important to ponder a moment

4. *The Secular Character of Constantine.*—I pass lightly over the royal peccadilloes of this unscrupulous monarch, such as punishing with death his own son, Crispus, and his wife, Fausta, for domestic offenses which thwarted his own licentious disposition, and to which they were instigated by his own unworthy example. I mention with little emphasis these inhuman exercises of undisputed power, because I know that Christians will say such conduct is the prerogative of kings. Did not Solomon, the wisest of ancient men, cause his brother, Adonijah, to be cruelly assassinated for merely signifying his desire to marry Abishag, the handsomest girl in "all the coasts of Israel"? Did David, "a man after God's own heart," stop to inquire whether Bathsheba was married or "engaged," before gratifying his most unruful passion, or hesitate afterwards to put her husband out of the way of his own sacred reputation? Did not Henry the Eighth, the late English "Defender of the Faith," behave in like manner? Ye Rationalists "do therefore greatly err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power" and sacred rights of monarchy. "Is it fit to say to a king, Thou art wicked?"

Such is the clarity which all good believers exercise for the sovereign imps of Satan who have clothed themselves in churchly robes of sanctity. But I proceed to say that Constantine was no sacred personage. His name is not in the Bible, nor in the later calendar of saints. In fact, according to the expressed canons of ecclesiasticism, he was not a Christian when he exercised the function of editing God's Word; for he was not baptized until twelve years after. And though he is said to have embraced Christianity some dozen years before claiming to be its chief expounder, his neglect for twenty-five years to submit to the initiatory ordinance of the Church, very clearly implies that he had faith only in its temporal polity as an instrument of imperial success.

That embrace was fraught with lust of power, rather than love of truth. He adopted the emblem of faith as a badge of martial prowess; but his sinister design was unwittingly divulged through his fabled vision of the Cross in the heavens with the fiery inscription. "En touto nika," or, "In hoc vince!" for whether the celestial adviser used Greek or Latin, the visionary reporter forgot to certify. It is better known that, without joining the Church, Constantine became her dictator. He was no member of the body of Christ, but the first who had the audacity to call himself its all-controlling head. Yet it is to be remembered, more to his credit than otherwise, that, for his interference with the affairs of the Church, he never alleged any higher authority than his own dogmatic will. In acting as the world's censor, he could have been guided by nothing better than his own biased reasoning faculties. For fallible indeed must these have been, if they were duly exercised and obeyed in consigning scores of Gospel manuscripts to the flames of bigotry. This act was wronged before God, and abominable in the estimation of all wise and good men. It was a crime against the writers, who deserved a hearing of mankind; an offense to most of his Christian subjects, who differed from him, as well as from each other, as to the religious value of the doomed manuscripts; and an unpardonable usurpation of the right of later generations to read whatever had been written for our edification. Verily if "the plowing of the wicked is sin," the work of this impious monarch can be in no good sense sacred. Who that comprehends it can any longer regard it as the "Holy Bible"? What greater blasphemy than the saying that so unprincipled a man was divinely commissioned to manufacture, by such wrongful means, the only revelation of God to man?

But we have not yet reached the *ultima thule* of sacred assumption. We have learned that the English Bible is a profane book, and that the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew Bibles are no better entitled to the reputation of divine authority than the translation of King James. According to the history thus far unraveled, Constantine and his episcopal coadjutors, instead of making the Word of God, appear to have *un-made* it, by suppressing about nine-tenths of the Christian Scriptures. For are we not to believe that "holy men of God" once lived and wrote "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost"?—that the sainted prophets and apostles were infallibly inspired? Yes, always, until we study the natural history of

5. *The Original Scriptures.*—That there never were any sacred Scriptures in the sense which priestcraft has simulated and Christians have fancied, is just as evident as the reason why "the sacred canon" was ever thought to be necessary; which is this: The divine authority which is supposed to have attached originally to all the sacred Scriptures, was not sufficiently manifest to distinguish them from certain profane writings. In plainer terms, it was too small to be seen even by quick-eyed Faith; that is, it was totally invident. Therefore "the sacred canon" was not only the germ of the Bible, but the beginning of Scriptural authority.

This deduction of reason is fully confirmed by the esoteric history of the Church, which certifies that prior to A. D. 325 there was no ecclesiastical rule for distinguishing "genuine" from "spurious" Scriptures, and no apprehension of the need of such a rule. Indeed, the allegation of spurious Scriptures received no ecclesiastical attention, and probably the notion itself was not fabricated, until Christianity had become popular enough to beget sectarian motives. No check was put upon the ability to read whatever had been religiously written, and all Scriptures of this class were read only in the light of human understanding, until the growth of the Church, and the consequent ambition of prelates, gave birth to opinionative discussions, which the spirit of rivalry soon learned to distract by the invidious terms *Orthodox* and *Heretic*, and which ripened into explosive dissension in the prolonged controversy of Arius and Athanasius. It is remarkable that these dissenting bishops quoted the sacred writers at large, with no question of their genuineness, until it was raised by the ecumenical council; and then only because it was resolved to put away Unitarianism, which most of the sacred writers too plainly favored: it being useless to banish Arius himself, without also destroying the source of his arguments. This could never have been done, however, if the majority of the clergy had really believed that the sacred writers were divinely inspired. Faith would have stood aghast at the heaven-daring work of Constantine, and thousands of Christian zealots would have suffered martyrdom at his hands, rather than sanction by their autographic signatures his destruction of any part of God's Holy Writ. On the other hand, had the belief obtained before the fourth century as generally as it has since prevailed in the Church, that only an indefinite portion of the original Christian Scriptures were genuine, and these so unaccountably intermixed with the spurious as to be hardly distinguishable, it is incredible that the clergy of all Christendom should neglect for about three hundred years to seek a remedy for this difficulty. These two postulates compel the conclusion that, before the exorbitant usurpation of Constantine and the arbitrary proceedings of the Trinitarian faction of his council, all the Scriptures were regarded by the Church herself as of merely human origin. The notion that any Scripture was ever "given by inspiration of God," is posterior to that kind of human authority which, in a large part of Christendom, still enforces the belief that a virgin of Palestine was "the mother of God,"

and the older assumption was as slow of growth as the doctrine of transubstantiation, which was first proposed in the ninth century, but not adopted by the Church till three hundred and ninety-four years after.

"The Sacred Canon" is often erroneously confounded with the Bible itself. It is quite uncertain when and by whom the eclectic Scriptures, otherwise called "canonical," were gathered into a distinct volume; before which they were never designated as "the book of books," or, "The Bible."—The Book. The original memoirs of Jesus must have been written in Hebrew. But these had been translated into Greek, or else (what is more probable) *related anew in this language, with traditional enlargements* for the edification of Paul's Hellenistic proselytes, long before the censorship of Constantine. And these later Scriptures, being especially "profitable for the ministry," very naturally superseded the prime records, which, for their popular inaptitude and meagerness of mythical incident, were suffered to perish before they were old enough to be esteemed "sacred." It is impossible that the original gospel of Jesus, or any manuscript purporting to be that, should ever have been lost, if any one had believed it to have been written by divine inspiration. The fact that no original manuscript of any portion of the New Testament is now extant—that not a vestige even of the canonical parchments has been preserved, and no transcript of the oldest eclectic gospel of later date than the sixth century—this fact, which ought to astound all believers, indicates to the careful investigator how very slow the Church has been to admit the dogma of priestcraft, that the Bible is the Word of God. It also demonstrates the deceptive character of the first propagators of this wicked falsehood; showing that they took no pains to preserve—nay, openly destroyed—the only presumptive evidence of what they sought to make the world believe.

Again: It is presumptuous to think Constantine was the first to impeach the authenticity of certain Scriptures, or that he would have condemned any manuscripts in which the prelates of Christendom had manifested a unanimity of confidence. It was a general distrust of the integral truthfulness of the original Scriptures—the growing conception that they contained a mixture of error, or else the abnormal aspiration of certain dogmatic spirits for an arbitrary standard of faith and staff of authority for lording it over God's heritage—it was one of these motives, and most likely the latter, which first suggested a revision and compilation of the sacred writings by the superior clergy, who affected a sort of religious sagacity which the laity were not conscious of possessing, but were sufficiently subservient to accord to their spiritual teachers. But if nobody in the Church doubted whether nine-tenths of the Christian parchments were totally "spurious," as later dogmatic writers assert; if the majority of intelligent believers were convinced that so large a portion of the stories of Jesus ought to be destroyed, why was there so much parade in suppressing them? and why were their public condemnation and incineration so long delayed? On the supposition that they claimed to have been given by inspiration of God, how came they to have the reputation of being genuine? Why did the Church cherish these spurious Scriptures for one or two hundred years, without a question of their divine authority? And who were the authors of these apocryphal gospels of Jesus? Certainly not Jews, Pagans, nor any description of infidels; for no such characters could have had a motive for writing what they did not believe concerning a matter in which they had no interest, nor would their writings have been received by Christians. None but believers in some one of the various acceptations of the lore of Jesus, could have conceived a motive for writing out a history of his life and teachings; and such an author, though likely to improve all sources of information, and to magnify his subject and glorify his hero with every favorable tale of tradition, would yet scruple to write anything but what he *religiously believed* to be true, and therefore could never have feigned to be divinely inspired. Nor would it have been possible for such a writer to substitute his own biography of Jesus for that of Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John, as our canonical writers have done, if he believed those evangelists to have been supernaturally and supereminently inspired.

Thus the external history of the Bible explodes the priestly fabrication and nullifies the prestige of its divine authority; the sacred misnomer of a mysterious revelation is revealed; and the mind of the devout believer is disinfected of a suffocating reverence for "Holy Writ," and prepared to appreciate the internal character of a book which now appears to be as profane as anything under the sun, but which no true investigator will neglect to read with care and candor before attempting to say what it is or what it is good for. This is the work to which I commend the immediate attention of everybody in Christendom who is not satisfied with the conclusion to which the foregoing exposition drives the religiously rational inquirer. It may be advisable for such to begin with the preface to "the gospel according to St. Luke," interspersing the comments of reason in the following manner:

"Forasmuch as many [This confirms the historic statement of numerous gospels of Jesus] have taken in hand [of their own accord, without any implication of divine suggestion or appointment,] to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed [not known,] among us, [who have been born since Luke and all the personal acquaintances of Jesus died,] even as they [our ancestors,] who were

eye-witnesses and ministers of the word [of what they relate,] have delivered them unto us [who have only their word for what they profess to have seen and heard: therefore, not because I am inspired or called of God to write, but because] it seemed good unto me also, having had perfect understanding [of what has been written,] of all things from the very first, to write unto thee, in order, most excellent Theophilus, [any God-loving and truth-seeking person,] that thou mightest know [by means of this revision of the original Scriptures,] the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been [but partially,] instructed [by the prime biographers of Jesus, and the only writers who really knew anything about his teachings.]"

In this way I began to read the Bible seven years ago; and though I have not yet digested it all, I have penetrated enough of it to be rationally assured that, while it has no claim whatever to be called God's Book, it is nevertheless an authentic revelation of man, which is too precious to be lost or thrown away. I call it: A COMPEND OF JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN MYTHOLOGIES, INTERLARDERED WITH HISTORIC AND MORAL TRUTHS—a web of superstition in which True Religion is swathed up—a net of priestcraft sprung upon the lore of Isaiah and Jesus. As such, it is worthy of a deeper research than infidels have attempted or simple believers are capable of.

WEST ACTON, MASS.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

The Death-Trance.

BY MRS. EDWIN JAMES.

NUMBER TWO.

CONCLUSION.

In the preceding number we have endeavored to prove by the teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy, and also by the evidence of medical men of the highest standing—

- 1. That a state of trance very frequently precedes death.
- 2. That this state of apparent death does not preclude an internal consciousness of the actual surroundings of the entranced person.
- 3. That from this intermediate state between death and life, many have been known to awake, some to life and hope, others to the despair of a premature interment.

The present paper will consider the subject of the funeral rites—first of the ancients and then of modern nations. "The individual," says Bichot, a great medical authority [sometimes lives many days inwardly, even though his outward existence may have entirely ceased? This truth is forcibly illustrated by the funeral practices of the ancients—indeed, some of their fables are probably founded on this fact—that of Orpheus and Eurydice, and Hercules bringing Alceas from hell, for instance. Likewise Serapis, Hermes, and Esculapius, were said to have frequently recalled to life many who appeared to be dead. The Egyptians, after exposing their dead till the signs of death could not be mistaken, afterward embalmed the body. The Hebrews borrowed many of their ceremonies from the Egyptians; they also exposed the body for a considerable time in an open coffin, which they called "Mittah," and the death-chamber was visited by all the relations and friends of the deceased. The Greeks usually burned their dead on a funeral pyre—a practice which I much regret has not found favor in the eyes of Christians. The Romans, like the Greeks, performed a last ceremony they called "conclamation," previous to the burial, which consisted in calling on the deceased, with a loud voice, and with musical instruments, to endeavor to awake him. Burning was also (if the wish had been expressed by the defunct) resorted to in lieu of inhumation. The Persians were forbidden either to burn or to bury their corpses. They therefore exposed them in a desert place, to be devoured by wild beasts. The body, however, was kept a considerable time. The Carthaginians burned their dead. The Gauls used the practice of inhumation previous to their becoming civilized by the Romans, after which they frequently burned the bodies. Almost all the ancients practiced the exposition of the deceased, and also conclamation.

Let us now compare the practice of the moderns with that of the ancients. The Jews of the present day, the Saxons, Greeks, and Russians, open the coffin and look at the deceased, to verify the death, just before lowering the corpse into the grave. The latter expose the dead sometimes eight or ten days. The Tartars bury in a very shallow grave, and leave the head exposed, that the relations and friends may come and assure themselves that the death is real. The Siamese burn the body after keeping it some days. In Denmark the minister is obliged to certify to the real death at the moment of burial. The Mohammedans bury in a day. The Chinese are more honored in death than in life—the ceremonies being most elaborate. The defunct is dressed in a suit of new clothes, then placed on a bier, and exposed from four to twenty-one days before the door of the death-house. After this he is sometimes kept in a closed coffin for months, in the house of his relations. All these ceremonies are practiced in broad daylight, and before witnesses, whose duty it is to verify the deceased. How different it is with us, who call ourselves civilized! where the dead man is placed in his coffin clandestinely and by mercenary hands. In various parts of Germany stin-

gent measures have been adopted, with a view to the prevention of premature interment. We shall only speak in full of those in vogue at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. At a short distance from that town there is a splendid cemetery, with a vast building in front of it, the left wing of which is used as a waiting-room for bodies which have not shown unmistakable signs of death. It is divided into a middle room for the watchers, and two galleries, with separate cells, opening on either side out of it. The system of heating and ventilation is perfect, and there is an ingenious contrivance, too complicated to explain here, which effectually prevents the watcher from falling asleep. A system of bells are worked by strings, and communicate with each corpse by means of thimbles placed on the fingers, which the slightest movement would ring. The deceased person is placed on his bier, as in his bed. Close by these mortuary cells is the resuscitation-room, which contains every necessary convenience; there is also contiguous a pharmacy, baths, and even a kitchen. Mannheim, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, and Mayence, have each their edifices, where bodies may be exposed till they show evident signs of decomposition.

In the Campo Santo of Naples there is likewise a chamber applied to a similar purpose. In England the dead are never buried under a week or ten days, but unhappily the coffin is occasionally screwed down earlier. In France, Italy, and America, burials are frightfully hastened, and to lessen the chance of an unfortunate, we put him into a closed coffin, a cruel invention which cuts him off from all sympathy; for man, who is moved by the sight of misfortune loses all interest in a body hidden in a coffin and covered by a pall. Two or three well-authenticated examples of apparent death I shall now mention. In 1849, M. Gonzalez Alvera, of Oviedo, in Spain, died suddenly. The same evening his body was carried to the church and placed on a table. The next morning, on entering for the funeral obsequies, the bier was discovered thrown down, the cover was pushed up at the head, and the face of the corpse exposed, covered with scratches and still bleeding, the mouth and ears also were filled with blood. There was a legal process at Nantes in 1842. A man woke from a lethargy in the middle of the funeral service. The priest insisted on being paid his fee; the resuscitated person refused—hence the lawsuit.

Our concluding incident is somewhat of a tragic-comic style: In the year 1853, two young students entered the dead-house of the hospital at Liege, to choose a subject for dissection. Whilst occupied in this way, they fancied they heard a breath drawn. Both turned rather startled, but, seeing nothing, resumed their examination. Another respiration caused one of them to drop the lantern, who began, in a panic, to holla and run towards the door, which, forgetting in his haste to draw the bolt, he was unable to open. Still more frightened, he fell fainting, on the floor. His comrade, more courageous, sought till he found the body from which these stifled sounds proceeded. He then humanely took it in his arms, but unfortunately dropping his lantern he walked over the other student, whom he had altogether forgotten. Frightened in his turn, he let the body fall on his comrade, who began to kick violently, whilst the other faintest. The scuffle having attracted the assistants, the innocent cause was put to bed, and ended by completely recovering his health in a few days. A few important remarks now offer themselves to our attention. We will first mention the causes which predispose to a state of apparent death. They are apoplexy, concussion of the brain, spinal injury, spasm of the heart, a stroke of lightning; also hysteria, syncope, and great exhaustion after long maladies, principally fevers.

The next consideration is, as medical men have frequently failed in distinguishing the trance state from that of real death, how must we endeavor to do this? Nature herself will enable even the most unlearned to decide by attentive observation—for the moment the principle of life abandons the body, chemical laws assert their empire, cadaverous decomposition commences, the signs of which are first perceived on the lower part of the abdomen; it also invariably commences externally, and travels inwards." Dr. Louis says: "In dead bodies the color of the skin is first pale, then grayish white, then blue, which verges on green; finally it becomes a bluish black." The time at which decomposition commences varies according to climate, age, state of body, and many other things. To accelerate the symptoms, it would suffice to elevate the temperature of the room for a day or two, for when the temperature is low, bodies have shown no signs of putrefaction for twelve or even fifteen days. Humidity, likewise, if not too great, would greatly assist when this only certain sign is missing. To these general remarks we must add that lymphatic or very stout subjects, or those who die suddenly after an acute illness, or a fatal hemorrhage, show usually more rapid signs of decomposition than others.

We shall conclude by a few words of advice to the benevolent and truly humane. When one who has been lately a relative or friend, and is still dear, has sunk from the death struggle into the awful intermediate state between this life and the other, remember he may be still conscious, and to leave him might be inhuman. Do not, therefore, without ever may be the temperature, open doors and windows, and cover the face of the poor sufferer with a sheet. Do not allow him to be disturbed in any of the usual ways. Conduct yourself, on the contrary, precisely as if he had not breathed his last sigh. First try to

Smoky Spiritualism.

The medium C. H. Foster has recently returned from England. A. B. C. writes for the Banner of Light an article respecting his sojourn in London, from which we quote the following:

"During Mr. Foster's short stay in London, he received many valuable presents from his visitors, among which was one diamond ring valued at five hundred dollars, and a splendid gold watch, with a handsome heavy chain of pure gold."

"Some reformers told Mr. Foster, when he arrived in London, that he must not smoke, and if he smoked, he must not spit, for if he did it would injure the cause of Spiritualism, and he could not go into the best society. Mr. Foster replied, that if he desired, he should smoke and spit, that he would not injure the cause of Spiritualism, and that he would go into the best society. Mr. Foster thinks there is no serious opposition to Spiritualism in England; but there is a great want of knowledge about it."

"We have read this extract carefully and repeatedly, seeking to comprehend, if possible, the exceeding wisdom of the remarks above quoted, or the value of their repetition and implied indorsement. What lesson would A. B. C. have us derive from them? Are we to understand that since the medium is received into the 'best society' and 'spiritual circles' simply because of a fact in his organization, that therefore his personal merits or demerits, his cleanliness or uncleanness do not deeply concern the members thereof? If this is all, we may not differ in the conclusion, though unable, perhaps, to understand how such an admission should add to the independence or self-respect of the medium. If, on the other hand, we are to infer that such a professed disregard of polite usage and of common decency, as he takes pains to display, is commendable, we beg leave to object to the conclusion. While we may concede that the power essentially 'to injure the cause of Spiritualism' rests not in a meerschaum or spittoon, neither in the mortal wedded to these adjuncts of modern barbarism, we have little respect for the spirit of bravado in which the commonest social obligations are overlooked, and the nobility of true independence forgotten."

"The suggestions of 'some reformers,' if correctly reported, were lacking in a true appreciation of the effect of individual action. Had Mr. Foster been informed that by 'smoking and spitting' he would injure his own cause, and give occasion for the reflection that physical mediumship failed to establish sweet, cleanly, pure, and refined habits of life, and that if he persisted in these filthy and debasing practices he would be personally excluded from the best society, and from the sympathy of Spiritualists, being simply tolerated because of his mediumship, we should agree that he had been favored with sensible advice, which he would do well to heed. It certainly is not true, neither is it well-timed, to attempt to make it appear that either London Spiritualists, or the best society of that city, habitually or occasionally judge of a man's spirituality or refinement by the amount of tobacco he consumes, and reward him with a gold watch for his smoke, and a diamond ring for his spittle!"

The Baby Show.

Wherever is a baby, there is a baby-show. These private exhibitions, under the management of proud mammas or happy nurses, are not to be despised, so evidently do they belong to the natural programme of babyhood. To bring rival mothers into a contest, and attempt a comparison of little humans, serves generally neither to satisfy the contending parties nor edify observers."

Led by what we trust was a proper curiosity, we, the other day, sought to extend our researches and observations beyond the parlor and nursery, to the realm of Barnum—redolent of big things, little things, and humbugs! Yes, reader, we visited the great showman's great baby-show, having Commodore Nutt and the whole thrown in. We entered serenely, opened our eyes widely, observed minutely, were squeezed mightily, perspired freely, felt funny, and withdrew contentedly, having seen enough of babies and mammas."

We retired fully persuaded that in the "order of Providence," few provisions were made for public exhibitions of babies. Several distinct arrangements in the economy of baby-existence are essentially incompatible with baby-shows! We failed not to offer our thanks that the reign of Barnum occurred so many years after the period in which we were "just the best and dearest baby in all the world!"

We saw the infinitesimal infant, eight months old, weighing from one pound seven ounces to one pound fourteen! Mr. Barnum's fingering graced the wrist of this greatest little curiosity as a bracelet, and a small cushion served for bed and mattress. The thing was essentially minute, with obvious claims—discoverable even to the naked eye—for recognition as a genuine article of small buckeye!"

It is affirmed that Mr. Barnum has offered a thousand dollar premium for a match to it, any time within a year! We trust this is a mistake!

The exhibition included many finely-formed, healthy, beautiful children, sadly out of place in a crowded public exhibition-room. The chance of winning a fifty or hundred dollar prize, evidently drew some mothers, who wished themselves at home, probably feeling that it didn't "pay." Most of the mothers, however, evinced only pride in their fortunate children, who must have resembled their fathers!"

The most natural exhibition we witnessed, was that of a young mother, who, kissing

her sweetly-sleeping babe—not a premium—exclaimed, enthusiastically:

"My baby is the best-looking one in this crowd!"

We venture that, if the award had been left to the mothers, instead of the judges, "my baby" would have been "unanimously elected," and each premium been awarded by a single vote!—Rep.

Why I went to the Theater.

The following may be accepted as an orthodox defense of theater-going:

"Had I gone to see Morphy play a game of chess, would people have raised a hue and cry about it? Well, I went to see the star actors play just in the same way. There was a mixed motive. I was as ignorant as a man could be, and supposing the place that was good enough for respectable ladies and gentlemen to be good enough for me, I went there as I would to any other public exhibition. It was not at a gambling nor at a billiard saloon, but at a public place, used for respectable assemblies, and at which religious meetings have been held."

"I wished, also, to see what company assembled at such exhibitions, and what sort of men these great actors were. I do not apologize or excuse, I do not even defend it. I take my right for granted. I exercised it openly and above board. It is for other people to make remarks upon my Christian liberty, as seems best to them."

"As to theaters, I think them bad for young men, not on account of theatricals, but of liquor, and of men whose business it is to reduce the young. But the drama is fine, and not to be condemned. It is only proper that I should add, that I never saw a church or public meeting more well behaved and entirely gentlemanly than that at the theater. I was pleased with my visit; nor do I see any reason yet to regret it."

Would not this plea convince even so determined an opponent of theaters as Henry Ward Beecher? It would certainly seem so, especially when it is known that the language above quoted is almost the exact substance of a letter from Mr. Beecher himself in defense of his attendance at a late billiard tournament. We have only substituted "star actors" for "billiard champions," "theaters" for "billiard saloons," "theatricals" for "billiards," "the drama" for "the game," and "theater," a place where religious meetings have been held, for "Irving Hall, at which the religious anniversaries are advertised to be held." In all other respects, we have used the language of H. W. B., as found in his secular organ, the New York Ledger. C. M. P.

Peace Policy in North Carolina.

The entire country has been startled by what the Herald styles the "peace policy of the Administration," as shown in the action of Governor Stanly, the recently-appointed Military Governor of North Carolina. This action consisted in closing the schools which had been opened for the instruction of the negroes, in requiring the return of all fugitive slaves, and threatening vessels with confiscation if they harbored or took away a single negro."

Mr. H. H. Helper (brother of H. R. Helper) was summarily expelled from the State for offering the Governor counsel in a courteous letter. The Governor's pretext for this sweeping action concerning the negro population was that he was sent to enforce the State laws, forgetting that his very presence there indicated that a power ruled superior to the local laws of a rebel State."

Dr. Vincent Colyer, of this city, who had charge of the colored schools, left at once, and these flourishing adjuncts of an advanced civilization were closed, amid the tears and lamentations of the negroes, who are eager to be taught."

Secretary Stanton is reported to have declared that he would not remain one hour a member of an administration which sanctioned such proceedings as that of Gov. Stanly, and it is definitely announced that the President has instructed Mr. Stanly to recall his obnoxious orders, to reopen the schools for the contrabands, and to stop the remanding of fugitive slaves to their masters."

We may now expect a succession of groans and lamentations from the New York Herald, Journal of Commerce, and other secession journals."

The War.

The operations of the army since our last report have been immensely successful."

The evacuation of Corinth was followed up by Gen. Pope's division of Halleck's army with such vigor, as already to capture 10,000 men with 15,000 stand of arms; and he is still pursuing. It is reported that Memphis and Fort Pillow have surrendered. If not already yielded, their fate is sure. The indications certainly are that the rebellion is broken at the West."

In the East Gen. Banks, aided by Gen. Fremont and McDowell, has more than recovered his lost ground, and Jackson's entire army is likely to be captured or dispersed."

On the Peninsula another battle has been fought, resembling closely that at Williamsburg. Again the first day our forces were repulsed with heavy loss, but the ground was more than regained the next. The second day's fight on the Chickahominy resulted in the utter rout of the rebels. Some idea of the desperate character of the contest may be gathered from this single statement of a correspondent: "Four separate charges with the bayonet were made during Sunday. In one instance the enemy were driven a mile, during which one hundred and seventy-three rebels were killed by the bayonet alone!"

Now every day serves to weaken the rebel strength at Richmond."

To whom it Concerns.

If Alton B., of Reynoldsville, and Peter S. M., of Easton, will inform us in what State they reside, we will forward the books and papers desired forthwith. And if all correspondents will omit the names of the next four corners, of the nearest saw-mill, or of their own farm, and give us simply the post-office, County, and State, they will greatly expedite the work of this office."

A recent failure of this kind cost us fully an hour's time, worth more to us than the profit on a year's subscription."

An Expensive Smoke.

A most destructive fire occurred recently in Williamsburg; six buildings and three vessels were consumed, the total loss being estimated at \$800,000—and more sad still, at least three lives were sacrificed! All this resulted from the use of the pipe! Three men were discharging petroleum oil from a lighter, when a barrel fell, striking near one of the men, who sprang from the spot, dropping a spark from his pipe, which communicated to the oil, and an explosion and conflagration followed."

This is not the first nor a rare case of disastrous results from the senseless habit of sucking smoke from a burning weed. The city authorities permit walking incendiaries to thread our streets, and every thoroughfare and public resort is tainted by the presence of a cloud of stifling tobacco smoke. The evil increases, and consumers multiply. Is there to be no end of the nuisance—no protection from the peril?"

Portrait of S. B. Brittan, Jr.

We have received a copy of a life-like engraving of young Brittan, who fell at the capture of Fort Henry, in February last. The engraving was executed by J. C. Batten, and is an exquisite work of art, and a most perfect likeness. We do not remember to have seen a more admirable, delicate, and finished picture. Underneath are recorded these noble words from his "last letter to his mother:"

"If, with my small strength, I can do anything worthy of such a cause, I am determined. Hereafter I may feel more a man if I shall have assisted in putting down this vile rebellion!"

We understand that the sale of the picture is in the hands of a committee, who propose to devote the proceeds to the erection of a suitable monument to his memory. Copies may be ordered from this office. Price fifty cents, postage probably ten cents additional."

James G. Clark.

Through the politeness of Dr. E. P. Miller, proprietor of the Hygienic Institute at 15 Light St., we enjoyed the privilege, a few evenings since, of attending a private entertainment given by James G. Clark, the American ballad writer and singer. His name is already familiar to our readers, from the poems contributed by him to this journal, while his presence and songs have served to enliven spiritual assemblies in different parts of the State."

H. M. Higgins, of Chicago, has recently published a new song—words and music by Mr. Clark—entitled "The Beautiful Hills." It is destined to become as much a favorite as "The Evergreen Mountains of Life," to which it is properly a companion."

"The Rain on the Roof," words by Coates Kinney, was one of Mr. Clark's most effective songs. Those who purchase this piece should remember that there are several compositions of that name in market, and it is necessary to specify "music by James G. Clark." This is also published by H. M. Higgins."

Foreign Opinions.

Mr. Thurlow Weed, recently returned from abroad, represents the public sentiment there towards this country as far from gratifying. He is reported by the Evening Post to have said that:

"The French government cherished no friendly sentiments towards us, and the people were little better. But Prince Napoleon was our most sincere, earnest friend, and lost no occasion to do us friendly offices."

"The British Ministry was divided. Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell were adverse to us; other members of the Cabinet were warmly affected toward the North. The Queen, whenever she could say a word, always expressed the most decided sympathy with us."

"Prince Albert had always been the devoted friend of this country, and his last public act had been to modify a despatch which the ministry had prepared to send to Lord Lyons."

"The general unfriendly sentiment cherished toward us in the Old World, Mr. Weed attributed to the treacherous conduct of our diplomatic agents abroad. Full one third of them had for years been engaged in preparing the public mind in Europe for the contemplated revolution, and a large number of southern Congressmen had participated in the treason. We in America could have but an imperfect idea of the condition of popular sentiment on that continent."

"Dr. Russell was one of our best friends in England. He took every occasion to express his sympathy for the North. He spoke at the clubs, to members of Parliament, to everybody whom he encountered. He pronounced our army the finest in the world; the raw recruits were equal to veterans in other countries."

"Capitalists were surprised most of all. Our country was dismembered, and its extinction threatened by civil war of monstrous proportions; yet we met all the expenses, and were able to continue to do so for ten years without recurrence to foreign contributions; and our funds had not depreciated since the breaking out of hostilities. There was no other country in the world capable of such a financial achievement. America was truly independent!"

Emancipation of Slaves in the Dutch Colonies.

By our last arrivals we have learned the final action of the Dutch government in respect to the abolition of slavery in its colonies. No further importation of slaves is to be allowed at Java and the neighboring islands. Those already there are being nearly freed under progressive emancipation. In the Dutch American possessions are to be free on the 1st of July, 1863, on the following conditions: 1st. An indemnity to be paid to the proprietors of each slave, man, woman, or child, of three hundred guilders, or about one hundred and twenty dollars United States money; 2d. The slaves are to be subjected to a system of apprenticeship on the plantations for three years, and receive for their labor a certain amount of wages, one-half of which is to be paid to the government."

The Dutch possessions in America are Guiana, St. Eustatius, Curacao, St. Martin, and Saba. Guiana contains a free population of fifteen thousand souls and thirty-seven thousand five hundred blacks. St. Eustatius, a leeward island, has five thousand whites and twenty thousand blacks, and has been in the undisturbed possession of the Dutch since 1814."

Of the numbers of the slaves in the other colonies we have no account. It is well known, however, that Curacao once carried on a very extensive slave trade from the port of St. Eustatius."

Thus steadily does the work of emancipation proceed throughout the world, to be followed up, beyond all question, in some philanthropic and satisfactory form, by a similar movement in this country.—Evening Post.

Another Moon Hoax.

"We have often thought the moon may prove to be the great prison-house of the lost from this planet. How that may be, eternity alone can reveal."—Advent Herald.

As usual, our Advent friends have things a little mixed in their moonshine. Unless figures lie, no amount of skillful packing would serve to stow away all the "lost" on the little satellite. If the moon is to be used at all, for purposes of a residence, it is more likely to be appropriated by the "saved." They wouldn't be crowded there!—Ce Esape.

Public Meetings.

Grove Meetings.

The Spiritualists of Allegan Co., Mich., will hold a grove meeting, June 28 and 29, in Wayland, on the plank-road between Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids."

Also, July 5 and 6, at Grattan Center, Kent Co., Mich., in Holmes' Grove. Mrs. Wellman, Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Kutz, and other speakers will be present."

Anniversary at Middle Granville, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Middle Granville and vicinity will hold their next anniversary at their free hall, the 14th and 15th of June. Speakers and friends from a distance are cordially invited to attend. Distinguished speakers are expected to be present. Trains arrive from Rutland at 6 A. M.; from Troy, 3 P. M. By order of Committee of Arrangements. Stephen Wing, Alexander Slocum, G. W. Baker."

The following have been advertised heretofore:

Convention of Friends of Progress, at Texas, Kalamazoo Co., Mich., June 28 and 29. Spiritualists' yearly meeting, Robinson's Grove, Boone Co., Ill., June 28 and 29."

Grove meeting at Liberty Grove, near Gerard village, Trumbull Co., O., July 5 and 6. Friends of Progress' quarterly meeting at Dublin, Wayne Co., Ind., June 20, 21, and 22."

The meeting of Friends of Progress at Waterloo, N. Y., was, we are informed, well attended and full of interest. A report of the proceedings may be expected soon to appear in our columns."

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—COLONEL KENLEY, the brave commander of the 1st Maryland Regiment, was not killed at Front Royal, and has been released on parole by the rebels."

—LAMARINE, who has reched his seventy-fourth year, is in robust health, and engaged on a new romance."

—AMOS KENDALL, a politician of the last age, is writing articles in the National Intelligencer, addressed to the President, to show that the holding of men in perpetual bondage is not sinful."

—MRS. CHARLES SPEAR, of Boston, is advertised to deliver a sermon at the Baptist church in Washington."

—OUR FRIEND "HORACE H. DAY" is to enter into competition with us, as an editor—we presume! The last new invention is a gutter-percha paper, upon which news can be so printed that the reader can stretch it to suit his pleasure.—Home Journal.

—COL. CORCORAN writes, declining the offered appointment of Harbor Master, for two reasons—first, that he desires to serve his country in the field, and second, he is unwilling to receive a salary for services performed by another. The letter is creditable to him."

—REV. W. H. FISH has closed his labors with the Universalist Society in Cortland—so says the Christian Ambassador."

—MRS. ENNESTINE L. ROSE offered and supported, at the late Infield Convention in Boston, the following resolution, which was adopted: "Whereas, Religion is the primary cause of all slavery; therefore Resolved, that it is the bounden duty of every lover of freedom and justice to discard the irresponsible and to aid in emancipating the slaves wherever found and of whatever color."

—GEN. SIGEL is described by the Pittsburg Chronicle as of medium stature, and light, but well-knit frame. He wears a thin moustache and goatee, and his hair, which is rather long, is cut square round. He exhibits not a particle of pretension, and has a very ordinary appearance. The pictures which have been published of him, resemble him about as much as President Lincoln does Julius Caesar."

—WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, in a recent speech, said, in answer to the objection to emancipation, that the negroes would not be received upon an equality with whites: "I do not expect the slave of the South to jump into equality; all I claim for him is, that he may be allowed to jump into liberty, and let him make equality for himself. I have got some white neighbors around me; they are not very intellectual; they don't associate with my family; but whenever they shall improve themselves, and bring themselves up by their own intellectual and moral worth, I shall not object to their coming into my society."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The English press continue to comment freely and with wide difference of opinions, though generally in better spirit, upon the rebellion in this country."

—The Times says: "The Unionists are working out the old metaphor, and eating up the South leaf by leaf, as a man would eat an artichoke." And adds: "But when Mr. Lincoln has sucked the last leaf of his artichoke, there is yet another operation—he will have to digest it! The writer predicts nightmare as a result."

—The inhabitants of Rome are convinced that the fall of the temporal power of the Pope is near at hand."

—The Diritto, of Turin, had been seized for publishing an address of the Emancipation Society on the events which have recently taken place at Brescia."

—Arrests continue to be made in Warsaw on account of the singing of prohibited songs in the churches."

—The Alliance, of Milan, publishes a manifesto from Kossuth, calling on the Magyars, Slavonians, and Roumans to unite in a Confederation."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The accounts of the retreat of General Banks' command represent that the contrabands with the army outnumbered the full force. When the retreat began, they seized all sorts of conveyances from their rebel masters, and made off at their best speed. The Captain of the Zouaves d'Afrique says his men, who acted as rear guard and bridge-destroyers, marched and fought almost constantly for three days, without rations or sleep. At the close of this herculean effort, they were barefooted and well-nigh dead with fatigue."

—On the representations of the Potter Investigating Committee, which has continued in service, about five hundred disloyal government employees have been dismissed."

—A returned surgeon from the army near Richmond says: "General McClellan's orders were so imperative to respect every article of rebel property, that nothing could be taken from deserted rebel houses for the comfort of the sick and dying, nor could the suffering soldiers be taken to those houses for relief." It thus seems as if a premium were offered for disloyalty, by affording protection to rebels not guaranteed to Union men."

—A late railroad collision at Sullivan, Ind., by which Prof. Fletcher lost his life, was the result of a deliberate attempt, it is thought, to kill Gov. Morton. A treasonable and infernal scheme!"

—A Baltimore newsdealer orders fifty thousand daily papers for the army! A correspondent of the Post asks how many daily papers go to the secession army?"

—One of the prize vessels recently sold at auction was purchased by Marcus Spring, proprietor of the Eagleswood Collegiate and Military School at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, with the intention of connecting a nautical department with this institution, in which young men of seafaring predilections may be thoroughly educated, both in the theory and practice of navigation, and prepared on graduating to take good positions, either in the commercial or the naval marine service."

—A correspondent with Gen. Banks' army writes: "Just before we left Winchester, the body of John Brown's son was taken out in safety, and put into rebel hands—how nobody knows. They stood it up against the outside of the Medical College, where it remained awhile, much to the indignation of our men. They carried it into the college, but subsequently took it out and gave it decent burial. That night the college was set on fire by the rebels, and burned to the ground."

—In the late battles, valuable aid has been rendered our troops by the balloon corps. By means of a telegraph wire, the observer is able to direct the batteries, revealing the effect of each shot, by such messages as "too short," "a little over," "fire lower," "the last hit," &c."

—A letter writer with the army of the Potomac, writes, after a skirmish: "General Stoneman saw a negro coming into our lines, just after the affair yesterday. He ordered him off, and between our pickets and the enemy's the fellow was shot." Such is the reward of loyalty."

—A respectable colored lawyer of Boston, who has been in Washington, was refused admission to the cars to return home unless he could give surety for \$1,000 that he was not a fugitive slave. Several Senators interfered, but nothing could be done until a military pass was procured from Secretary Stanton. It will be well to keep the District under martial law."

—The House have finally reconsidered the adverse vote on the Emancipation Bill, and the measure goes back to the Committee for modification."

—An English nobleman, Lord Nugent, who was sent to St. Helena, to be present at the opening of the coffin of the great Napoleon, stated to a friend of his, who mentioned it to the writer, that, on raising the lid, an appearance like a small worm came out of the region about the heart, seemed to move towards the head of the corpse, and then rise into the air and disappear. What was it? Who can explain? Yet the story is authentic."

—When a sheet of white paper is moistened with benzole, it becomes temporarily transparent, and any lines may be traced through it. In a few hours the benzole evaporates, and the paper becomes opaque, as before."

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."

"COME UP NITHER."

[The last clod had been laid upon her grave, and I had returned to the silence and solitude of my desolate room. Alone with bitter thoughts, hour after hour went by, and the first shadows of the coming night began silently to enter the room where I was sitting in a half-trance of grief. Suddenly I became conscious of a presence beside me. Without any manifestations to the outward senses, I felt that she was there, yearning toward me with an infinite pity, and the voice which had been to me so long above all other music, sang to my hushed heart the words below.]

I shine in the light of God, His likeness stamps my brow; Through the valley of death my feet have trod, And I reign in glory now; No breaking heart is here, No keen and thrilling pain, No wasted cheek where the frequent tear Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joy of Heaven: I am one of the angel band; To my head a crown is given, And a harp is in my hand. I have learned the song they sing, Whom Jesus hath made free, And the glorious wars on high still ring With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain— Safe in my happy home; My fears all fled, my doubts all slain, My hour of triumph come; O friend of my immortal years! The trusted and the tried, Thou art walking still in the valley of tears, But I am by thy side.

Do I forget? Oh, no! For Memory's golden chain Shall bind my heart to the heart below Till they meet and touch again; Each link is strong and bright, And love's electric flame Flows freely down, like a river of light, To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star Shines out from the glittering sky— Do you weep when the noise of war And the rage of conflict die? Then why should your tears roll down, And your heart be sorely riven, For another gem in the Savior's crown, And another soul in heaven?

(From the Ladies' Repository.)

"Fast"—"Slow."

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Glory!" exclaimed Henry Dayton, as he tossed the last piece of goods upon the shelf, and then to an impromptu melody, he sang gaily:

"Another Tuesday's work is done, Another good time has begun."

"Come, Jimmie, hurry up," to another young man about his own age. "A lot of us boys have hired a big sleigh, and are going down the river a piece—say ten, or fifteen, or twenty miles, and then coming back as far as 'Holt's,' where we're going to stop and have a nice little supper—broiled chicken, roast oysters, and other things to correspond. You'll join us, won't you? Come, say yes, for once, now like a good fellow." And he twirled his dainty moustache, and ran his fingers lightly through his curly locks.

"Thank you, Henry, but I'm engaged this evening."

"Engaged! engaged! I'd like to know if there ever was an evening when you weren't engaged. Pray, what do you do with yourself? Is there a pretty girl in the case? If there is, I'll release you, and say nothing."

"No pretty girl," and James Seyton smiled—but an old man, who expects me punctually at half past seven."

"An old man! who is he, pray? An old man! What do you have to do with old men, I'd like to know?"

"Considerable about these times, seeing that I spend four evenings out of every week with them."

"The deuce you do, though! But who are they, and what in thunder do you want with them?"

"One is Professor Molineux, of whom I take lessons in French, and the other is Professor Blackman, who is initiating me into the mysteries of book-keeping."

"French! book-keeping! what do you want to know anything about either of them for? What's the use of a poor clerk bothering his brains about the party-roses of folks over the ocean, or about single and double entry? Tell me if you can."

"I will, as we walk along, Henry," and James linked his arm in that of his gay companion. I am not satisfied with being a poor clerk; I want to rise a little in the world as I grow older. I want to earn me a competence; at least, I want a home, and a little something out at interest to look to if dark days should come. I have no rich friends to push me; I have only my head and these two hands to work with; and I mean to use them. I receive five hundred dollars a year now; if I understood book-keeping in part, only, I could get a thousand; if I understood it thoroughly and practically, I could get fifteen hundred; if I understood French, also, I could get two thousand. Think of that, Henry—it wouldn't take me long to save up enough to get me a snug little nest. And then, besides the money, I should have the satisfaction of knowing I had a capital in my head—one of which no man could rob me."

"And for this you deny yourself all recreation, Jimmie; shut yourself up like a hermit, and never take a bit of fun?"

"You're mistaken, Henry. I have plenty of recreation. I get a good walk three times a day, going to and from my boarding-house. Then I attend a lecture at the Young Men's Institute every Wednesday evening, and Saturday nights have a good time practicing with the choir of the church I attend. My lessons never last later than nine o'clock, which gives

me a good hour for reading before bed-time. And then I have the mornings, Henry, and much can be done in them, if you are an early riser, which I am habitually. In the summer I take a long walk into the country, and never fail to find something to add to my herbarium or specimen shelf, while in winter I have a grand time with my skates."

"But your fun, Jimmie, when do you have that?"

"What do you call fun, Henry?"

"Why, getting together a lot of fellows, and having a grand, good time—a little dance, or a little spree of some kind, with perhaps a game of cards or whist, and always a glass of old wine, or hot toddy, to finish off with. I don't see as you have any such fun."

"I do not," said James, gravely; "and Henry, let me tell you, the less you have of it, the better for your future fortunes. Such fun is risky, even for rich men's sons, whose fathers' names and purses can help them out of many a scrape; but for poor boys like you and I, it is perilous in the extreme. A merchant may tolerate a fast young man in society, but never in his counting-room. There he exacts sobriety, punctuality, and the most rigid morality. You are in a dangerous track, and I beseech you to leave it while you have strength. You have everything to encourage you in an honorable course. You have good looks, and those go a good way with a clerk's fortunes; are quick and yet easy in your movements; actually affable and polite; retentive in memory and affable in calculations. You have done well so far."

"And I mean to do well hereafter, Jimmie; but as to denying myself all youthful enjoyments—making an old back of myself before I'm eighteen, I'm not going to do it. I have my aspirations as well as you. I shall yet be a junior partner of this firm, or I shall greatly miss my guess; and that, too, without knowing how to party-rosé French, or to read balance-sheets."

A crimson flush spread over James Seyton's handsome face, as his rattling companion finished his last sentence; and making no further reply, he bade him good evening, as at the next corner they parted.

Punctually at half-past seven he went to the private room of Professor Molineux, and spent an hour and a half reading French. A brisk walk brought him to his boarding-house, where he found the coal-fire he kindled before he went out now burning brightly in the grate and diffusing a cheerful light and warmth over his little bed-room. As he stood before it, rubbing his hands in the red blaze, he held an imaginary conversation in the language he had just been studying, and conjugated half a dozen of its most irregular verbs. Then, with a satisfied look, he sat down to one of the latest publications of the day, and took his recreation. Shortly after ten, he retired, first bending his knee—as his mother, long since a saint in heaven, had taught him when he was a little child; and reading a chapter from the Book of books. By eleven o'clock his measured breathing told that he was sound asleep, and if he might judge by the quiet smile that softened about his lips, listening to angel whispers till he was up and dressed. The first pale rays of morning found him out of doors with his skates upon his arm. A walk of half a mile brought him to a large pond, now frozen to glassy smoothness. It was the work of a moment to strap on his skates, and then he started off on the ice with lightning celerity, and for nearly an hour enjoyed to the utmost the quiet but exhilarating pastime. Then with quickened pulses and crimsoned cheeks he returned to his boarding-house, partook of his breakfast, gave half an hour to his morning paper, studying carefully the commercial items, and at eight o'clock, to a minute, entered the counting-room.

Let us turn now to Henry Dayton, and see how he has passed his evening. Immediately after tea he repaired to the hotel, where he agreed to meet his young companions. It was a frosty night, and just as the sleigh drove up to the door, it was proposed by one of them to take "a drink all round," to ward off the cold. A brandy punch was prepared, for which each one paid a dime; a cigar was selected, for which they severally paid five cents. Then they started, going down the river on the frozen channel. They were a merry set, and their songs and laughter sounded far and wide on the still night air. A few miles down they stopped to warm up, and, as one more reckless than the others, said, "to liquor up." Another dime for a punch, another five cents for a cigar. Five miles further, and they stopped again, each one paying twenty-five cents for a plate of stewed oysters, a dime for another punch, and five cents for a cigar. Turning their horses' heads up the river, they sped away fleetly, till within six miles of the town, when they stopped at "Holt's" to meet the remainder of the evening, or rather night. A number of "cutters" had happened down from the city, and, as a consequence, an impromptu ball had been suggested. The young men, flushed with their three drinks, were only too ready to join in the dance. A hot supper had been prepared to conclude the festivities, of which Dayton and his friends partook, a matter of course, paying fifty cents each for the privilege. Another punch, another cigar, and they started for home.

The city clocks were chiming five, when the young clerk reached his bed-room. It was a cold, cheerless-looking place, in that darkest hour of a winter's night; and after groping about the mantel in vain to find his match-safe, he drew off his boots and overcoat, and "tumbled" into bed with the rest of his clothes on.

The first bell failed to awaken him out of the deep sleep which his partial intoxication had sealed upon his eyelids. The second also, and it was not until the chamber-maid pounded vigorously upon his door, that he roused himself. Scarcely conscious enough to mend his scattered senses enough to know where he was. Telling her "he was late and didn't want any breakfast," he turned over and took a new nap.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly in through the windows. He started up in terror, for punctuality was one of the most stringent rules of the counting-room, and time would lose him his place. A third time he watched—his feet were in his boots, and he had been tardy. He looked at his watch—it lacked five minutes to eight. Drawing on his boots and thrusting his arms into his overcoat, he ran precipitately through the streets, and arrived at the store just ten minutes past eight. He looked around in distress, and then breathed freely. Neither Mr. Seymour nor his partner were there, while the head clerk and book-keeper were in the back-

room, too busy to notice his abrupt entrance. His hair was matted, his unwashed face flushed with the hectic of liquor, his eyes swollen and heavy, and his dress disordered.

James perceived at a glance that something was wrong, and fearful for the consequences should either of the partners come in and see him in such a plight, he hurried to him, and putting into his hands a moneyed letter which the book-keeper had just given him to carry to the office, told him to hurry off with it, and he whispered very softly:

"Harry, step into the barber's shop as you come back."

Dayton pressed his friend's hand warmly, and sped rapidly on his mission, but although his hair lay in glossy curls when he came back, and his collar and bosom were faultlessly white, for he had taken an omnibus, and gone home and changed his linen, his countenance yet bore marks of the last evening's dissipation, and he blushed as he looked up once from the shop, he was labeling, and saw the keen eyes of Mr. Seymour fixed anxiously upon him.

As they went home at noon, James talked to him very earnestly on the course he was pursuing, and urged him to break off at once from his dissolute associates, and join him in his evening studies.

"Mr. Seymour has been very kind to us both, Harry; taking us almost out of the poor-house, and not only giving us a respectable livelihood, but admitting us to the friendship of his family. It behoves us to be grateful, and to show him that we appreciate his kindness. Besides, Harry, the course you are pursuing will be sure to end in your ruin. How much did last night's spree cost you?"

"Oh, a mere trifle—not worth mentioning, Jimmie?"

"But reckon it up, Harry. For the sleigh—"

"Well, we paid a dollar apiece, but it was a splendid turn-out—blood horses, sable driver, silver bells, and wolf-skin wrappers."

"And now your expenses on the road—how many times did you drink?"

"Why, let me see; once before we started; once—no, twice—down the river; and twice at Holt's."

"And how many cigars?"

"You mean I shall make a clean breast, Jimmie. Well, then, one to begin, two to keep up, and one to finish—four only."

"You took a bite of something down the river, I suppose?"

"Only a stew—twenty-five cents."

"Supper at Holt's?"

"Of course; a grand good one, too, we had; boiled turkey with oyster sauce, and all sorts of nick-knacks—only fifty cents, too."

James reckoned up the items. "Your two dollars and recreation, forty-five cents, Harry?"

"So much! why, I didn't dream of it! but then, a fellow must spend it once in awhile, you know. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

"But our recreations, Harry, should be in accordance with our incomes. Yours is five hundred a year; and yet you spend two dollars and forty-five cents for one evening's amusement, and only last week you paid two dollars for a ball ticket, a dollar for a carriage to carry you and your lady to the ball, another one for your supper, and, if I mistake not, five cents for a bouquet. Harry, your money won't hold out at this rate. You'll soon have to borrow, and once in debt, you'll find yourself deep in trouble."

"Perhaps you think I ought to have paid your ten dollars love you, instead of spending so much on fun, first?"

"I am free to confess I do, Harry; but let not that debt trouble you. I shall never press you for it. But it is not the money you spent last night that worries me the most. You came within five minutes of losing your place this morning. Had either Mr. Gilbert or Mr. Seymour seen you as you looked when you entered the counting-room, you would have been discharged at once. And, Harry, it would have been a hard matter for you to have found another without a recommendation from our firm. Harry, I talk to you as I would to a brother, and I warn you to-day that, unless you reform your habits at once, you are a lost man. So begin now to do better. Go with me to the Institute to-night and hear a lecture. Come, won't you? It shan't cost you a cent."

"I can't, James; I'm engaged to a party; and he turned away abruptly, conscious his friend had spoken truths to him, but without sufficient manliness to treasure them up. There were tears in James' eyes as he went on alone, and he murmured:

"Sealed, sealed to ruin!"

Time passed on, and the two clerks went on their respective ways—"fast"—"slow." For a time Henry was more cautious, and Mr. Seymour, who watched him closely, had hopes of him. But his love of liquor was stimulated by his late hours and evil companions, and his soon became a habit for him to drink at morning, noon, and night. His pleasures, too, drained his purse. He borrowed of one; then borrowed of another to pay him. Then he resorted to cards, and for a time was flush with money, and, of course, spent more and drank deeper. But his luck turned, and he was penniless, and, what was worse, in debt to professional gamblers, who threatened to expose him to the firm if he did not liquidate their claims. Pushed to desperation, he did what many others have done before him—abstracted money from the till. Bold with success, he took another step in crime—a fatal one—forging a note upon the bank where his employers made their deposits. It was discovered at once, the money found on him, and he himself thrown into prison.

James, meanwhile, had progressed steadily in his studies. Twenty-one found him a good French scholar, and an adept in the mysteries of book-keeping. He, too, had his recreations, but they were the comparatively costless ones of reading, lectures, and converse with Nature. Every Saturday night found him at the vestry of the parish church, practicing hymns and anthems for the Sabbath, and when the exercises were over, he was ever found at the side of Lizzie Seymour, who, with a timid grace, took his offered arm.

"Where is Mr. Banks this morning?" said Mr. Seymour, kindly to James, as he came in the day before Christmas.

"He has not come down yet, sir."

"Not yet, and it is nine o'clock! Something must be wrong, then. Run to his hotel, James, and see what it is. Heaven only knows what will become of us if he falls sick, only a week from New Year's, for, with this trial

of Henry's coming on, and all else I have to see to, I can never steady my brain enough to draw balance sheets."

"He is quite sick, sir," said James, half an hour after, "not able to sit up. Here is a note he has sent."

Mr. Seymour tore it open. Apparently the contents surprised him, for, turning to the clerk, he said, abruptly:

"What does this mean, James? Mr. Banks says I can give up the books to you. What do you know about book-keeping?"

"I have studied it for four winters, sir," was the quiet reply.

"But study and practice, boy, are two things."

"I have had considerable practice, sir. I have posted books for two firms this last fall, and assisted Mr. Banks quite often."

"Go to his desk, then, James; I will trust you."

New Year's came, and so well had the book-keeper *pro tem.* accomplished his heavy task, that both partners were not only satisfied, but expressed their satisfaction by the gift of an elegant gold repeater. Mr. Banks continued ill, and James fulfilled his duties. Three months passed; Mr. Banks was dead; and the firm must supply the vacant desk. Who should they choose?

"Call at my house to-night at eight o'clock, James," said Mr. Seymour one evening, as he was going home to tea.

James was punctual. A servant showed him to the library. Mr. Seymour and Mr. Gilbert were not there.

"We have sent for you, James, to offer you the post of book-keeper in our establishment, at fifteen hundred dollars. Will you accept it?"

"Gratefully, sirs," was the answer.

"It was brief, but there was a world of eloquence in his looks and manner."

"You have already discharged the duties of one faithfully for three months. In this pocket-book you will find a check for three hundred and seventy-seven dollars and fifty cents. No thanks, my boy; you've earned it. But for you we should have been in a bad fix this winter. Then bending his head to the young man's, he whispered: "Lizzie is in the parlor. Go to her, and remember, if you can win her, you have my consent. You have no money to commence life with, but you have what I prize far more, an excellent education and an unsullied reputation."

Three months later it became necessary for one of the firm to go to Europe, and remain there for a year or two. Which should it be? Neither understood French practically, and they were in a sad dilemma. James came to their aid.

"I understand your business as well as either of you, I believe. Why not send me?"

"Can you party-rosé with the natives?" Mr. Seymour asked, merrily.

"Listen, sir." And he ran on as though he were a Parisian born and bred.

"Well done, Jimmie, we'll take you in as a partner; and hark ye, my boy, as Lizzie would cry her eyes out if you should have to leave her so long—why, you shall just be married the night before the steamer sails, and kill two birds with one stone—have the *debut* of a bridal trip to Europe, and do up the business of the firm at the same time."

What was then planned came to pass a few weeks later. A golden September afternoon found James Seyton, of the firm of Seymour, Gilbert & Seyton, crossing the plank that led to an ocean steamer, and leaning on his arm the night before the steamer sailed, and kill two birds with one stone—have the *debut* of a bridal trip to Europe, and do up the business of the firm at the same time."

It will be remembered that Pocahontas, when about thirteen years of age, saved the young English captain, John Smith, from the death which her father, Powhatan, had resolved he should suffer. As the tomahawk was about to descend on his head, the girl rushed forward and clasped that head as fair as his friend's. To misapprehensions he owed his ruin. Young man! young man! consider well before you run your course.

Captain John Smith was, without doubt, an imperial kind of man. His personal appearance was fine, his sense and tact excellent, his manners both cordial and elegant. There is no doubt as there is no wonder, that the Indian maiden felt some tender palpitations on his account. Once again, when owing to some misunderstanding, Powhatan had decreed the death of all the whites, Pocahontas spent the whole pitch-dark night climbing hills and toiling through pathless thickets to save Smith and his friends by warning them of their imminent danger. Smith offered her many beautiful presents on this occasion, evidently not appreciating the sentiment that was animating her. To this offer of presents she replied with tears; and when their acceptance was urged, Smith himself relates, that, "with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for if Powhatan should know it she were but dead; and so she ran away by herself, as she came."

There is no doubt that the Muse of History ought to do here; were she a dame of proper sensibilities, she would have Mr. John Smith married to Miss P. Powhatan as soon as possible, and living unmarried until his death; and Pocahontas married to the Englishman, John Rolfe, for reasons of State, we hear—a link of friendship between the Reds and the Whites being thought desirable. She was of course Christianized and baptized, as any one may see by Chapman's picture in the Rotunda, at Washington, unless Zouave criticism has demolished it. Immediately she went with her husband to England. At Brentford, where she was staying, Captain John Smith went to visit her. Their meeting was significant and affecting. "After a modest salutation, without uttering a word, she turned away and hid her face as if displeased." She remained thus motionless for two or three hours. Who can know what struggles passed through the heart of the Indian bride at this moment—emotions doubly unutterable to this untaught stranger?

It seems that she had been deceived by Rolfe and his friends into thinking that Smith was dead, under the conviction that she could not be induced to marry him if she thought Smith alive. After her long sad silence, she came forward to Smith and touchingly reminded him, there, in the presence of her husband, and a large company, of the kindness she had shown him in her own country, saying, "You did promise Powhatan what was yours should be his, and he the like to you; you called him the same reason to work the other way, and for the influence of strong emotion, she said, "I will call you father, and you shall call me child, and so I shall be forever and ever your countrywoman." Then she added, slowly and with emphasis: "They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth; yet Powhatan did command Uttamatomakin to seek you out and know the truth, because your countrymen will lie much." It was not long after this interview that Pocahontas died. She never returned to Virginia. Her death occurred in 1617. The issue of her marriage was one child, Thomas Rolfe; so it is through him that the First Families of Virginia are so invariably descended from the Indian Princess. Captain Smith lived until 1631, and, as we have said, never married. He was a noble and true man, and Pocahontas was every way worthy to be his wife; and one feels very ill-natured at Rolfe and Company for the cruel deception which, we must believe, was all that kept them asunder, and gave to the story of the lovely maiden its almost tragic close.

More about Pocahontas.

Repose the Cradle of Power.

Conjugium.

Repose is the cradle of power. It is the fashion to say that great men are of great passions, as if their passions were the cause rather than the concomitant of their greatness. Small men sometimes have great passions, and these passions may so far overcome them that they shall be the weakest of the weak. The possession of great passions is often a disadvantage to weak men and strong men alike, because they furnish so many assaultable points for outside forces. A fortress may be very strongly built, but if its doors are open, and scaling ladders are run permanently down its walls for the accommodation of invading forces, its strength will be of very little practical advantage. Great passions are often the weak that the strong points of great men. Now I do not believe it possible for a man to exercise a high degree of power upon the hearts and minds of others, and at the same time, be under the influence of any variety of passion. A man cannot be the shivering subject of an outside force, acting upon him through his passions, and at the same time an efficient center of power. Action and passion are opposed to each other, and when one has possession of the soul the other is wanting. They involve two distinct attitudes of the mind, as truly as do thanksgiving and petition.

The world often finds fault with great men because they are cold; but they could not be great men if they were not cold. A physician is often preferred by a family or a patient because he is "so sympathizing," as they call it. They forget that a physician is necessarily unsympathizing in the degree that he is sympathetic with his patients. A physician may be thoroughly kind, and out of his kindness there may grow a gentle manner which seems to spring from sympathy; but I say unhesitatingly that in the degree by which a physician is sympathetic with his patients, is unfitted for his work. A dentist who feels, in sympathy, the pain that he inflicts upon a child, is unfitted to perform his operation. The surgeon who sensitively sympathizes with a man whose diseased or crushed limb it has fallen to his lot to remove, has lost a portion of his power and skill, and has become a poorer surgeon for his sympathy. Physicians themselves show that they understand this when a case for medical or surgical treatment occurs in their own families. If their wives or their children are sick, they cannot control their sympathies; and the moment they are aware of this, they lose all confidence in themselves. They cannot reduce the fracture of a child's limb, or prescribe for a wife lying dangerously ill, because their sympathies are so greatly excited that their judgment is good for nothing. In other words, they are in an attitude or condition of passion—they are moved and wrought upon by outside forces, to such a degree that they cannot act.

I repeat the proposition, then, that repose is the cradle of power. The man who cannot hold his passions in repose—in perfect repose—can never employ the measure of his power. These "cold men," as the world calls them, are the men who move and control their race. But it is not necessary to cling to great men for the illustration of my subject. To say that a Christian philanthropist should not be a sympathetic man would be to say that he should not be a man at all; but nothing is more certain than that if a man should surrender himself to his sympathies it would kill him. In a world where sin and its bitter fruits abound as they do in this, where little children cry for bread, and whole races are sunk in barbarism, and villainy preys upon virtue, and the innocent suffer in place of the guilty, and sickness lays its hand upon multitudes, and pain holds its victims to a life-long bondage, and death leads through daily to the grave, and leaves other throats wild with grief, a sensitively sympathetic man surrendering himself to all the influences that address him, would lose all power to help the distressed, or even to speak a word of comfort. We are to apprehend the woes of others through our sympathies, and hold these sympathies in such repose that all the power of our nature will be held ready for, and subject to, intelligent ministry. The woman who faints at sight of blood is not fit for a hospital. The man who grows pale at hearing a groan will not do for a surgeon. If we mean to do anything in this world, for the good of men, we must first compel our sympathies and our passions into repose.—Dr. HOLLAND.

True marriages are natural, inevitable, harmonious and eternal.

Married: In Titusville, Pa., May 13, 1862, by the Rev. Uriah Clark, (late of Auburn, N. Y.) Mr. JONATHAN WATSON, (of the firm of Brewer, Watson, & Co.) to Miss LIBBIE LOW, (the inspirational speaker) both of Titusville.

STRANGERS' N. Y. CITY DIRECTORY

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS. SUNDAY CONFERENCE, Dodworth's Hall, 3 P. M. LAMARINE HALL, cor. 29th St. and 5th av. Sunday, 10 1/2 A. M. Conference every Wednesday 7 1/2 P. M. DODWORTH'S HALL, 806 Broadway, Sunday, 10 1/2 A. M. 3 and 7 1/2 P. M.

PUBLIC MEDIUMS.

Mrs. Abbott, Developing Medium, 74 6th av. Entrance on Waverly Place. Mrs. W. R. Hayden, 66 West 14th St., west corner 6th avenue. J. B. Conklin, 599 Broadway. 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Mrs. M. L. Van Houghton, Test and Medium, 24 Great Jones St. All hours. Mrs. E. C. Morris, 599 Broadway. Office hours 9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7 to 9.

MAGNETIC & ELECTRIC PHYSICIANS.

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We do not attempt an analysis of the subjects presented. (The advertisement in another column gives a just idea of the contents and importance of the subjects.) It is sufficient to assure our readers that, in our candid opinion, this is as good a volume, taken all together, as can be found on the physiology and management of the reproductive functions.

There is a full description of all the various venereal infirmities which infest our civilization, and the authors give what they deem the best and quickest method of cure and escape. But we express the conviction that no system of treatment can restore the thus diseased to the place they physiologically occupied before being polluted by the corroding vice. Yet it is well—perhaps the best that can be done—to expose these infernal diseases to the world's gaze, and thus point out the "hells" and the "imps of darkness" that exist and breathe in our very midst. It was not necessary for Swedenborg to paint an imaginary picture of the "other world" as a reflection of this; it was only necessary for him to tell what is, without a touch of religious imagination, in order to expose the "falsities" and "evil spirits" and "scorbatic loves" of human soul and society. The remarkable Swede would have done more good, it seems to us, had he known and confessed that his visions of the "other world" were really nothing more than "revelations" of the "internal" of the mental and bodily states of living men and women.

He seemed to confound reflections with substances, and to personify diseases as though they were literal "devils," and to locate mental states as though they were actual "hells." Forgive his religious imaginations, straighten up his inverted statements, and you have the present world accurately but figuratively described.

Now Drs. Trall and Jackson have done what Swedenborg did, minus the religious imagination and the "language of correspondences." They have stated the actual, outside, visible, physical facts of sexual perversion. They have exhibited the sores and morbid states just as and where the bodily eyes of men see and know them to exist. And for this well-executed external labor they are entitled to the world's support and gratitude.

It remains for us to add that we take pleasure in placing this new volume among our reformatory works, and in recommending it to our readers as worth the price asked for it.

THE PROGRESSIVE AGE.—We have received the second number of this sterling little monthly, which succeeds the "Spiritual Reformer." It is issued from Hopedale, Mass., at 50 cents a year. B. J. Butts and Harriet N. Greene, Editors. The Progressive Age has the same neat, clearly appearance the Reformer used to wear, and will, we feel well assured, sustain the same high tone. It deserves success, and, reader, fifty cents from you will sustain it.

THE EPIMURCH REVIEW.—L. Scott & Co.'s reprint of the April number of this magazine is on our table. It contains the following reviews:

Jesse's Memoirs of Richard the Third; Centralization; Recent Researches in Buddhism; Modern Domestic Service; Mommsen's Roman History; Cotton Culture in India; Public Monuments; David Gray; Clerical Subscription, &c.

The articles on Modern Domestic Service, Monuments, and Clerical Subscription, seem especially readable.

Remarkable Prophecy, CONCERNING THE PENDING BELL-LICTION AND CIVIL WAR.

BY THE SPIRIT OF GEN. JACKSON.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune: Sir: The following communication, purporting to come from the spirit of Andrew Jackson, was so startling, the events therein predicted were so unexpected at the time it was given, and the same having met with so striking a fulfillment, so far as developments have already progressed, I solicit its publication in your widely-circulated journal. That it may be better appreciated as a veritable spiritual announcement, I will preface it with a relation of the circumstances and some of the singular test-facts that accompanied it.

On the evening of January 24, 1861—sixteen months ago—Mr. George Sanderson, a highly influential, wealthy, and intelligent citizen of Scranton, Pa., called at my house (No. 26 West Fifteenth street, New York), and said he would like to witness some Spiritual manifestations, such as I had described to him as witnessed by me. I accordingly invited him to go with me to a medium, to which he consented, and we proceeded to the rooms of the late Dr. G. A. Redman, No. 3 Varick Place.

On our way thither, I proposed to Mr. S. that I would introduce him merely as "a friend," and leave it to the spirit friends to disclose his name, if they chose to do so. Accordingly, his name was not mentioned by me, and was not known to the medium, Dr. Redman having, till then, never seen Mr. S.

We were invited to take seats at a table about three and a half feet square, and we occupied three sides of it—no other persons than Dr. Redman, Mr. Sanderson, and myself being in the room.

Mr. S., being skeptical as to the possibility of spirits communicating with man, wished for tests; and with this end in view, he wrote the earthly names, ages, occupations, diseases, and places of residence, of perhaps a score of his relatives and friends, who had passed into the spirit world, on small slips of paper, at the same time holding a book between his hand and the medium, so that he could not see what was written. Each of the slips thus written on by him was rolled up in the form of a bullet. While Mr. S. was writing, Dr. R. said to me:

"Why don't you write something?" I answered, that during that sitting, I wished my friend to have the full attention of the spirits. He replied that it would make no difference as to that, but that the more papers there were written, the more satisfactory the tests would be.

Accordingly, I wrote on nine slips of paper, and rolled them up in bullet form, and put them with those written and rolled up by Mr. S., who took them all in his hands, and mixed them together, so that no one could know which paper either of us had written upon, nor what was written upon it, and they were all together placed on the table before us, numbering about thirty.

Taking each of the paper bullets separately in his hand, Dr. Redman requested that if the spirit bearing the name written on that paper was present, he should signify the same by raps.

Affirmative responses to several of these questions being received, Dr. R. put the several papers thus designated by themselves, upon the table. Mr. Sanderson being about to open one of the papers thus designated, Dr. R. requested him to wait a moment, when, instantly his hand spasmodically seized a pencil, wrote on a sheet of paper lying before Mr. S., very rapidly, upside down, so that Mr. S. could read it without turning the paper, a communication which seemed to be the greeting of an affectionate relative, and signed it "Emily E. Sanderson."

Mr. S. then unrolled the paper bullet which he had been stopped from unrolling before, and found it to be one on which he had written the name of "Emily E. Sanderson." Other spirits whose names were written on the paper bullets gave similar tests to Mr. S., and in the communications which en-

sued upon the announcement of their names, they gave many incidental and unthought proofs of their identity.

During the time this conference between Mr. S. and his spirit-friends was going on, spirits were communicating with me in like manner. Prominent among these was one who purported to be my sister Charlotte. As I was writing questions and receiving her answers, relating to her spiritual state and progress, my hand was often thrust aside by the medium before the question that was upon my mind was half written, and the pertinent and full replies were written under the partially-written questions. The same thing occurred to Mr. Sanderson.

While these questions and answers were going on, one of the spirit-answers was suddenly interrupted, when but half-written, and the words were abruptly written:

"Old History (so-called) sits on the sofa."

Immediately the character and tone of the manifestations changed, and in a bold and vigorous hand was written the following:

GEN. JACKSON ON THE WAR.

Like a sickened snail has our Executive sat upon his bench, till the waters of revolution and madness have nearly drowned our glorious country; and now what is to be done? Nothing, nothing, by the high heavens, but the iron mouth and the needle points to drive it back.

As God lives, the very cotton will be dyed in blood ere its next harvest.

QUESTION. When will blood begin to flow?

ANSWER. I fear before the advent of the next Administration. They are mad; they can't wait; oh for fifty thousand halberds!

Q. Will the South attempt to take the Capital?

A. Not by an organized force. Lincoln will be peaceably inaugurated at Washington. Yes, amid general confusion.

Q. Please say how and when the war will begin?

A. Do you mean where?

Yes.

The regular contest will begin by a righteous effort on the part of the Administration to protect its property at Charleston; next on the waters of the great Mississippi.

Q. How long will the war continue and what will be the result?

A. Fourteen months; a wiping out of the slave system.

Q. Do you see anything for me to do or say in this crisis?

A. Only all you can to prop up and strengthen these sentiments:

1st. God and our duty.

2d. Our Union and its Constitution.

3d. Death to traitors.

"Tis all sad, sad, sad, but we must not weep, but be up and doing."

Q. Do you think Lincoln will be sufficient for the crisis?

A. I know no man more capable; would to God he were there now. Firm, yet just; patriotic, yet moderate; fearless, yet upright. My motto at this time is, Art gives us means and God the strength to apply the match.

Yours, for the noble whole, ANDREW JACKSON.

The remarkable correspondence of these prophecies with the events of the rebellion, as thus far developed, may excite the suspicion among those who are not personally acquainted with me, that this statement may have been recently got up to meet the facts that have already transpired. To meet any such possible suspicion, I have cited the circumstantial occurrences of the evening, and referred to a third party, Mr. Sanderson, who was present on the occasion, and who, if appealed to, will doubtless be willing to give his corroborative testimony as to the occurrences here related, and the date (Jan 24, 1861), on which they took place. I have further to add, that soon after this conference with the spirits, I submitted a copy of the communication from Gen. Jackson, with the questions and answers included in the *Herald*, to one of the editors of the New York *Herald*, requesting a publication of the same, and that journal, after bringing the nature of the subject fully to his attention, so that he must yet remember it; but though I was somewhat encouraged by him to expect a publication of the article, it never, to my knowledge, appeared in that paper. Moreover, shortly after the interview referred to, I showed the original manuscript of the communication from Gen. Jackson, and related matters, to many of my friends in private, and also read the same to a conference of Spiritualists in Clinton Hall, Astor Place, this city, when it was reported in the proceedings of the meeting, and published in the *Banner of Light* (Boston) under date of Aug. 31, 1861.

The announcements made by the spirit of Gen. Jackson in a great degree influenced me to confer with many persons as to what action should be taken in case of overt acts of rebellion, and to issue circulars, and to hold meetings at my house, as early as the 21st of March, 1861, and which were continued afterward, resulted in the great Union meeting held in Union Square on the 20th of April, 1861.

I am aware that spirits have made many prophecies, and communicated many important facts relating to the war, and have otherwise exerted an important influence upon the pending struggle. Of these spirit disclosures and interpositions, I am desirous to make a collection, and those who know of any well-authenticated facts of this class will confer a special favor by transmitting them, by mail, to my address. CHARLES PARTRIDGE, N. Y.

What is claimed for this valuable book we endorse as to the vital importance of the topics discussed, the value of the advice and information communicated, the judicious manner in which the investigation is conducted, and the experience and ability of Drs. Trall and Jackson.—*Liberator*.

"It is a book which should be read and studied by all who have reached manhood and womanhood, and particularly by all married people."—*Boston Saturday Evening Express*.

"The description of diseases is given in a manner which is instructive to the reader, and communicates knowledge, the want of which has caused many to become the victims of unprincipled charlatans. It contains much important information, which will be of especial service to parents and others having the care and training of children or young persons, and communicates its instruction in straightforward style. In fact, this book is what it purports to be. Those who suppose it to be one of the advertised humbugs get up to pander to a morbid curiosity or depraved imagination, will be disappointed, as it is nothing of the kind. Its high character, and the vein of plain common sense that pervades it, will commend it to the public generally as a book of useful knowledge and information on the subject which has hitherto been difficult to obtain."—*Commercial Bulletin*.

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Both of these works, treating on the same subjects, are published in one volume, elegantly printed and bound. It is a rare sight to see medical books in so fine guise. The book is designed as an elaborate treatise for popular use on every form of sexual disease or derangement. It abounds in hints and suggestions, which, if heeded by the young, especially, will prevent much disease and suffering. Ample prescriptions are given for the remedy of established diseases, and all drug-poisoning is adamantly opposed with a will. It is an honest effort to diffuse useful information. Most popular works on this subject are the reverse of this, and are mere advertisements of quacks. The contriving spirit of the book is a vein of common sense.—*Plymouth Rock*.

This new and valuable work contains 550 pages and a fine likeness, from steel, of each of the authors. It is a book for the TIMES, and should be in every family. But few men are as well prepared to speak upon the subjects contained in this book as Drs. Trall and Jackson.—*World's Crisis, Boston*.

With few exceptions, the books that have been heretofore written concerning the generative organs have been designed either to lull some medicine or practitioner, or by exciting the passions, to make money directly from their sale, without regard to the merit of the book or the truth of its teachings. Those who know the authors of the book under notice, know that for years they have given their most earnest efforts to the cause of Medical Reform, and that they are most uncompromising enemies of drug medication, whether administered by quacks, or by authority of "orthodox" medical colleges. The position they have attained as writers and practitioners, is a guarantee to the public of the honesty of purpose with which they write. The book is well printed, substantially bound, and should be read by all old enough to understand it.—*Water-Cure Journal*.

The treatises in this volume are upon subjects of the utmost interest and importance to a physiological point of view. These subjects are handled in an able manner. The authors are medical men of large experience, and the advice which they give is sound, and applicable alike to the guidance of parents and to the benefit of the young. A perusal of the work will do much to secure healthy mental and bodily functions, while to suffering humanity it offers judicious advice which may save many from complicating their sufferings by resorting to quack doctors and empirical treatment.—*Boston Journal*.

The book is handsomely gotten up, and strongly bound in cloth, and will prove a valuable addition to medical literature.—*Boston True Flag*.

Here are bound together some very thorough and scientific discussions of the subjects hinted in the titles. There is so much common sense about many of the views taken, that we incline to consider the book a valuable one for the afflicted, and for all who would not be. Its discussions are perfectly accurate, and many of its counsels of great importance to all.—*Boston Congregationalist*.

This new publication, if it interests the majority of readers as it has ourselves, cannot fail to be productive of much good to publisher and reader. In our opinion it is a work that ought to be read by the young and old of both sexes. It contains practical information that should be heeded, and acted upon by parents and children, the married and single. The chapters devoted to children and their management ought to be read by every mother.—*Verona (N. Y.) News*.

These two works, either of which contain invaluable information for invalids, are published in one volume. They advocate the special views of the writers, based on the experience of many years' practice. It is a valuable work as an one worthy of careful study.—*New England Farmer*.

This double volume is, we venture to say, one of the books most needed in these times. Dr. Trall and Dr. Jackson are men of science and reputation, and know the ground they are upon. Certain it is, the more we read of it, the more we are struck with the amount of disease, suffering, and general misery, proceeding from current ignorance of it. It is almost incalculable. The perusal of this volume, by men and women, old and young, would result in the prevention of a great deal of wretchedness to the human family, and the securing of a vast amount of happiness.—*Dwaver of Light*.

There can be no doubt but that there is much suffering caused by venereal and other diseases, against which such a work would greatly provide. Most important of all are the practical suggestions with reference to prevention. No false delicacy should keep parents and teachers, especially, from informing themselves on these subjects, and faithfully guarding those committed to their trust. The book is safe for all, and will doubtless have an extensive circulation.—*Morning Star, Dover, N. H.*

This is a medical treatise designed for the instruction of the people. Ignorance is not often bliss, and seldom in the sober prose of life is it fully to be wished. This large and plain-spoken book will communicate to many persons what they ought to know.—*Lion's Herald*.

Many old theories and practices are treated by Dr. Jackson as so much rubbish; and, as such, he burns them up in warm language. His experience enables him to instruct the student reader, and his work is not that of a mere theorist, but the production of a practical man. The style is direct, pointed, and vigorous. Dr. Trall's volume must form a very valuable addition to the medical library, as containing the best results of a quarter of a century's close observations of the most distressing maladies, and of their manner of treatment, as practiced by an able and clear-minded man, who is devoted to his profession. It will be the source of much good, being prepared with care, and from abundant knowledge.—*Boston Traveler*.

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