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THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE. WISDOM. LIBERTY.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

VOL. 3, No. 27.]

{ A. J. DAVIS & CO.,
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[WHOLE No. 131.]

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 expiration 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 Saturday, at the publication office, a few doors east of Broadway.

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

Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

H. B. B., NEW YORK.—Your late communication will not be published.

M. A. J., NEW YORK.—Your last, the Biblical poem, is received.

C. B. P., NEWPORT, R. I.—We have received *Glimpse*, No. 51.

COL. J. L. S., NEW YORK.—"The Bull Fight," with the substituted words, will appear in our next.

MARY H., WISCONSIN.—The *HERALD* will be sent to Wayne Co. The money for the "Staff" was received.

C. M., ROME, MICH.—We thank you for your kindly wishes. Your efforts to aid the good work will bear good fruit.

J. S., NEW JERSEY.—We think there is probability that a third great army will be raised by draft.

C. C. J., BRIDGETON, PA.—Theology and politics have thus far mostly injured the people of this country.

W. H. S., OHIO.—We admire the plan of our quiet and honest President. He does not believe in admitting black soldiers so long as there are so many white secessionists in the North who ought to be drafted and sent to the "front."

L. T., NEWBURGH, N. Y.—The North will slowly learn that Slavery is the bottom cause of this war. It is melancholy to reflect that millions of money and thousands of innocent lives must be sacrificed in order to educate common sense into Northern politicians and religionists.

Mrs. L. HUTCHINSON, CALIFORNIA.—Your articles on "Biology" are not rejected. We have not yet had space for them. The *Harbinger of Health* was sent last spring. Sorry it failed to reach you. We have just mailed to your address a second copy, with the wish that you may receive it.

MISS V. B., PIKE, PA.—Many young soldiers have had your nephew's experience. The same end came upon a young soldier who went to battle from our own family. In spirit-life the law of compensation brings to each his just reward. Tell the suffering mother that her son is happier than she has ever been.

F. L. B., NEENAH, WIS.—We have no names at Green Bay. While the country is undergoing the purifying process, during which "old things will (almost) pass away and all things become new," we cannot expect either East or West to give much attention to Reformers. With respect to lecturing, all parts of the country are about alike.

C. W. V., COLUMBIA, MICH.—Shall we, in mailing your paper, follow the address you give, or that of the postmaster? Cannot all our correspondents become sufficiently reconciled to the "powers that be," postmasters included, to recognize the name of their post-office, and use no other in their correspondence? The use of different names occasions great inconvenience. We want only post-office, county, and State.

For the Herald of Progress.

Education on a Higher Basis.

It gives us pleasure to be able to announce that a lady of this city, of many years' experience in teaching, believing that a change is required in the present systems of instruction, proposes to establish a school in which a liberal and enlightened philosophy may be inculcated as the only true basis upon which an educational superstructure of harmonious proportions can be reared. Conscious of the very great difficulties in the way of such an enterprise, she desires, before commencing it, to be assured of a sufficient amount of patronage to secure success.

Already, however, arrangements have been made with eminent professors and teachers, subject to the contingency of success or failure.

One of these, a lady of great ability, was for some years a teacher of the ancient languages, classics, and mathematics, at Mr. Weld's school, Eagleswood. Foreign professors are engaged for their native languages.

The primary and preparatory departments will receive the greatest care, and will be conducted to some extent on the Kindergarten

system. No sectarianism will be inculcated, but all will be tolerated. It is a part of the proposed plan to limit the number of boarding and day pupils.

For names, terms, and address, apply to the editor of this paper.

The War for Progress.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE AGE:

ONWARD TO FREEDOM!

"Through the years and the centuries, through evil agents, through things and atoms, A GREAT AND BENEFICENT TENDENCY IRRESISTIBLY STREAMS."

For the Herald of Progress.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF TO-DAY.

(Read at the Festival, July 4th, 1862, held by the Reform Convention, at St. Charles, Ill.)

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

The Southern cross is gleaming red in the bright Southern sky.
The Gulf Stream meets the frozen mass from North-land wandering by,
The tropic breezes o'er the sea creep with their languid breath.
But over all the hush of fear, from carnage, war, and death.

To-day!—its battle-fields are from Missouri's turbid flood
To where the Chickahominy is running red with blood;
From Shiloh's carnage onward now the swift avengers go
To meet our conquering Navy, to quell a brag-gart foe.

And we to-day have met to tell deeds by our fathers done,
The glory won at Bunker Hill and bloody Lexington—
But not forgotten are their sons who bear our flag to-day,
Where vainly traitor-legions would bar its conquering way.

We meet to tell of Washington, anew to pledge his name,
The altar-fires he lit to guard, and keep the living flame;
Another patriot in his place has just and earnest sway.
The one that holds our helm of state—we honor him to-day.

The battle-field where Lyon fell grows green and blooms again,
At Lexington the turf is bright o'er Mulligan's brave men;
But heroes passed away look down—they move our hosts along—
No panic swerves the mighty mass that moves against the wrong.

And men from distant pines of Maine, by the bleak Atlantic's roar,
Have come to join their Brothers true from the Pacific shore,
And Iowa, and Illinois, and Indiana's sons,
Ohio's legions swarm the field to the roll of stirring drums.

And on they come! the flag they love is borne aloft in air;
Fort Henry's broken ramparts its victor-colors bear—
Within the breach at Donelson our Western boys they throng,
While battle-shouts are ringing loud their death-mown ranks along.

And Waterloo—it pales before the carnage that we see;
The fearless and the noble sleep by the bright Tennessee,
Where Shiloh's lonely churchyard was piled with mangled dead,
And Pittsburg's lonely Landing-place with human gore was red.

And adown the mighty river our gunboats part the wave—
Alas, that its once peaceful tide should be the soldier's grave!—
While from the distant coast-land come hopeful words of cheer,
The breakers off Carolina's coast are echoing words of fear.

While we are met, a peaceful throng, to keep this festive day,
Look on yon scene of tumult wild enacting far away!
The fitful roar through cannon-smoke from a doomed city calls
For vengeance on a traitor's craft in its beleaguered walls.

Strength nerve the arm that bears aloft our glorious flag to-day!
God save the right and lend His might o' Freedom in the fray!
May gentle Peace, far off, return, and bless our land again—
The blood-washed folds of the old flag be free from every stain.

St. CHARLES, ILL., July 4, 1862.

(From Conway's "Golden Hour.")

The Great Crisis.

LIBERTY'S LEGITIMATE WEAPON.

A panther can slay seven men, if, in the encounter, the men have only the weapons of the panther: tooth to tooth, claw to claw, the men are inferior. But let one man encounter the panther, armed with his superiority to the panther—let him bear in his hand his chemistry and art, in the fire-arm which the panther cannot invent or use, and he can slay the panther.

Slavery having challenged Liberty, Liberty has been unwise enough to select Slavery's own weapons. But with these weapons, Liberty's apparent victories will be defeats; for though the panther be driven into its den, to hold it there would be the subversion of this government, i. e., its change into a government of military force. But let her be armed with her superiority to Slavery, and she is irresistible.

The only legitimate weapon of Liberty is—LIBERTY.

It is doubtful if the nation at large will be able to see how a bold, unconditional decree of emancipation would speedily and thoroughly suppress this rebellion. God always allows some margin for human magnanimity. If this nation saw success in such a measure it would enact it; so would any herd of cattle. Room is allowed man for the play of motives higher than policy; his highest success comes only when he seeks first the kingdom of justice, and then finds that all other advantages are added thereto. "Honesty," says Whately, "is indeed the best policy; but no honest man ever acted on that principle." Indeed, it takes an honest man to find out such policy; those see clearly how emancipation would end the war forever, who would emancipate in any case, because it is right. Yet probabilities can be shown in the direction of our method, which are far stronger than any indicating that war can win us even a military victory over the rebellion; probabilities more numerous and sufficient than those on which human beings act in a majority of cases.

There is a point in the South, by touching which, the entire military power of the South is paralyzed. Nat Turner touched that point, and with fifty negroes behind him held the entire State of Virginia as if stricken by catalepsy for five weeks. John Brown touched it, and with twenty-one men so held Virginia, that, had he had a fourth of McClellan's army, he could in one month have occupied the entire State. It became a proverb that John Brown had demonstrated the weakness of Slavery. This huge machinery of armies and numbers is a barbarism; it is as if we built great Roman aqueducts, ignoring the modern discovery of the water-level, which makes a hydrant in one's yard answer the same purpose, or a better. It is a rudeness far behind our civilization, to think that numbers can conquer for us: numbers are as weak as they are strong. We are beyond that in our municipal governments. It is estimated that twenty policemen can conquer and disperse the largest riot or tumult that could occur in New York. Why? Because each policeman has the moral power of the nation at his back, whilst the rioters are mere bits of chaos. We do not have to set one half of a city to keep the other half in order. I have seen a half-dozen burly ruffians led to prison by a man weaker than either of them, but who had an idea symbolized in the star on his breast, whilst the ruffians had none. When our country has an idea in this war, it need only send South a moderate police force. Nat Turner and John Brown, with stars out of heaven on their breasts, holding commissions from Almighty God to put down the organic disorder in the South, proved that Slavery cannot stir but as Freedom permits it; but McClellan, with 700,000 men under him for six months, proved that men unarmed with ideas are as unable to cope with the kindled ferocity of wrong, as they are without guns to cope with half their number of tigers. In a fearful sense our men are yet unarmed.

It is a common phrase with many of those who evidently think that the Union would be nothing without slavery, that an edict of emancipation would not reach or free a single slave, and, to use a favorite phrase with certain journals, "it would not be worth the paper upon which it should be written." I observe, however, that these always end their arguments by saying, "For God's sake, do not try it!" It is quite remarkable how nervous they are, lest an edict should be put forth which could have no effect whatever.

Have we considered well what would be the practical bearing if our government should declare every slave free? Slavery would, by this stroke of the pen, be exposed to the anti-slavery feeling of the world. If John Brown had a successor, he would march South under protection of the flag under which the old Captain was hung. White and black crusaders would rise in Canada, Kansas, Ohio, Hayti, New England, following new hermit leaders to rescue the holy places of humanity. Hayti would no longer need beg laborers to come to her shores, and pay them for coming; she need only send her ships to cruise near the inlets and creeks of the southern coast, and pick them up as they should escape.

It is not to the point, observe, to say that such an edict would not at once free the slaves practically; it would practically do a better thing—it would recall to his home, where he ought to be, every soldier now in arms against the United States. It is manifest that the South would not be able to resist the anti-slavery crusade of the world, guarding its slaves from escape, and at the same time leave its homes to assassinate the liberties of the United States. All that a southerner hath will he give for his slave; and to that cord drawing him home would be added that panic which a whisper of insurrection can raise in that section, to such an extent that it drives all before it. In a single month there would be a distribution of all the forces of the Confederacy into various Home Guards.

Perhaps I am more impressed with the conviction of the immediate potency of emancipation than persons reared in the North. I have seen the pallor which a whisper can bring upon the cheeks of hundreds. I know that a casual rumor has again and again deprived whole towns of a week's sleep. Negro insurrection is the name for every horror, simply because it is one of which the southerners know nothing. It is doubtful whether, in all the insurrections in the South for a hundred years put together, five hundred slaves have been in actual insubordination. The present generation has seen nothing of the kind. That is the very reason why there is such a horror and panic about it: it is a vague, mysterious, and unknown evil. As far as the shudder about "covering the South with the horrors of insurrection" is real, and not a traitorous pretense, it may be met by the fact that the history of insurrection throughout the world shows that in every case the barbarity was chiefly on the part of the whites, and always provoked by them. In every case, twenty blacks have been butchered to one white. Of all the races now on earth, there is none so little cruel, so little bloodthirsty, as the negro; that being why it has been for so many ages the enslaved race. The only dread we could have in an immediate emancipation of this race is, that the Confederate forces would rush home to massacre their negroes. Doubtless they would ask the United States for a few months' truce for that purpose—and as the family of fools is yet quite large and respectable, and most of them have managed to become Generals in our army, there would be danger that our courteous McClellans, Hallecks, etc., would be "quiet" until the massacre should take place. But when we are up to such a master-stroke of justice, we shall be up to stripping the epaulettes from negro-hounds, and placing them on the shoulders of men. We should recognize in that call for a truce, which would surely come, God's invitation for us to march into the South the protectors of black and white—an army of saviors, not of destroyers—our glorious task to see that the transition-pangs of the South were safely passed, and her people born into light and liberty.

Let none doubt that the slave is ready to stir in a way which will paralyze the armies of the South as soon as he hears the true voice. I once asked a slave why it was that he and others did not escape. He replied: "Because, after getting out of the slave-holding States, we must either drive under or fly over all the slave-hating States from here to Canada." Let Canada be carried wherever our flag goes; nay, let every slave be empowered and authorized to make the spot on which he stands Canada.

The South has not a misgiving that her slaves are not generally asleep to these issues. I have heard of a southerner, who, having a northern visitor, before whom he was showing off slavery in clean linen, finally alleged that his slaves were so happy that nothing could induce them to accept their freedom. To make the experiment perfect, he, in the presence of the northern man, offered them their freedom if they desired to leave him. Every one of them said he would accept freedom. Whereupon the master swore at them as fools who did not know what was good for them, ordered them to their work, and in future exhibitions before Yankees never attempted the manumission-trick. Fortunately for him, the Yankee had already taken South-side views of the institution.

When John C. Fremont was a candidate for the Presidency, there was no portion of the South where the watch-word, "Freedom and Fremont" was not heard at midnight. The South was on the verge of panic. Later, when that same man was in the Western Department, that cry from the slaves was echoed from plantation to plantation, all along the Mississippi, Tennessee, and Red Rivers; and so frequent was it at last, that the apprehension reached the semi-loyal of the Tennessee and Kentucky border, who acted up through all the shades of disloyalty and loyalty, until the panic of rebels was felt at the Capital, and removed the Warrior of Liberty from his command.

By that removal, and by the infamous proclamations and wanton renditions by which our officers have humiliated us even more than by their wretched incompetency, we have, doubtless, alienated these negroes from us. So that our task, at first easy, is now difficult. But it is certain that we need only let the slaves along the border know our good faith, to have the tidings flash through the South all along the lines of Nature's telegraph; the way to do this is, to free the slaves of the Border States immediately.

When I first came North, I used to main-

tain stoutly, with my companions, that the slaves did not desire freedom. More than twenty years had I lived among those dumb creatures, never dreaming that any one of them had a thought of freedom. But when I returned South I found that they not only knew, what few whites knew, that I was anti-slavery, but that they were eager to consult me as to how they might escape. All this took me by surprise; I had never hinted freedom to one of them, and it was in one of the obscurest parts of Virginia, where northerners never came; then I saw, for the first time, that the whole social system of the South is undermined.

The South does not as yet fully comprehend her own weakness. But she knows that every warrior has his vulnerable heel. Our only danger is, that, before our slow Northerners are ready to act, the South will suspect this her danger, and will cover it up with a decree of emancipation for all able-bodied men who will bear arms for the Confederacy. That would free nearly 500,000 negro men, which would be a cheap price to pay for a victory over the North, which would give them power to recover the emancipated half-million by reopening the slave-trade, and would not impair slavery at all. (For I do not believe the South would give up slavery for anything!) The children, by the codes of all slave States, follow the condition of the mother, and such a decree would manumit no women.

No bid that we could then make for these negroes would bring them to our side; for they would then be under military rule, and animated by the spirit of the contest. The power that is nearest is that which they have most faith in; a distant, less imposing power might double the offer with no effect.

There is one man in the South who has his eye steadily on the watch in this direction. Jefferson Davis has no faith whatever in the fondness of the negro for his condition.

A few years ago an artist in Philadelphia was engaged by the State of South Carolina to prepare some national emblematic picture for her State House. Jefferson Davis was requested to act with the South Carolina Committee in criticising the studies for this design. The first sketch brought in by the artist was a design representing the North by various mechanic implements, the West by something else, whilst the South was represented by various things, the centerpiece, however, being a cotton-bale with a negro upon it, fast asleep. When Jeff. saw it, he said: "Gentlemen, this will never do; what will become of the South when that negro wakes up?"

The first blast from the trumpet of universal Freedom will reveal to Jeff. and his Confederates that the negro has already waked up; also, which is more important, that the North is waked up; then will our army go marching on to bloodless victory: trampling scourges, not men; breaking fetters, not hearts.

Ah! what tongue can celebrate a victory so glorious—a victory which would restore to our firesides the lost links of their circles—which would touch the blighted lands of the South as by a magic wand, until its desert should rejoice and blossom as the rose; which should clasp the broken arch between North and South with the infrangible key-stone—Eternal Justice!

A Timely Word from Father Robinson to the President.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, HONORED SIR: All the loyal North have been looking for a week past with intense anxiety to know what the President would do in relation to the late Confiscation Act, and the law of Congress for calling forth the militia without reference to color, and now the order of the Commander-in-chief is, to employ the people of African descent as "LABORERS!" That is well; and it appears to us that it might, to advantage, have been made sooner, if, indeed, the Grand Army of the Potomac was doomed to dig instead of fight its way to Richmond.

But we still inquire why, since the laws referred to empower the President to do so, these are not only allowed as laborers, but to meet the perils of the fight—to mount pickets for targets for rebel rifles—to bleed and die in a thousand horrid forms? Why are they better, their lives more precious than native or foreign-born white men—"white mothers' sons"? Why are they still treated so tenderly, with such shyness? We spring to respond to the call of the Government for hundreds of thousands, and still for other hundreds of thousands, swelling the number to a million, to go down to mingle in the bedlam and heat of battles, and the severer heat and malaria of a southern sun—to melt away and perish; and they inquire why are not the millions of loyal black men already on the ground, already acclimated, mustered in, as at Port Royal, S. C., under General Hunter, to share the perils of this bloody slaveholders' war, waged on their account? Why not made to help fight their own battles—their own way to freedom, as the slaves of all rebel slaveholders are expressly freed by law!—why not proclaimed free?

Almost every family in all the loyal North are represented by kindred down there, and the tide is still swelling, to fight and suffer, and why are not the colored portion of the American people allowed to fight as well as they? Why not armed and turned against their rebel masters, and thus, with a Union army of a million white men, and as many

of some being fitted to sustain such office; and such was the person emphatically styled 'the Angel of Jehovah.' * * * In a lower sense, angel denotes a spiritual being employed in occasional offices; and lastly, men in office, as priests or bishops. The 'angel of the congregation' among the Jews was the chief of the synagogue." Swedenborg also declares that the Jehovah of the Jews was only a human spirit of that name, as he was assured in his intromissions by some spirits who had knowledge of the earlier Hebrew spiritual engineering; yet, Swedenborg himself, like the old God-men, assumed to speak in the name and person of the Lord with no better authority than past or present Mediums, who claim God, or Lord, to be their familiar spirit. Swedenborg, as others, from parental and educational proclivity of sphere, from before and after birth, beheld spiritual objectivities and subjectivities transformed in their aspects, according to the status of their own sphere of beholding; but it is not to be permitted that they shall dominate other spheres from their own mount of vision, especially when they see through a glass darkly, and erect their submerged consciousness into a "thus saith the Lord;" for this same Lord, through other prophets equally orthodox, declares that he had not spoken to those who claimed to have uttered his voice. "I spake not unto your fathers nor commanded them, in the day that I brought them out of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices;"—though Moses declares that the Lord did so command. We shall find an infinite variety of contradiction in "God's Word" of old time, and that in all cases there was a refrangibility of rays according to the sphere through which it passed, whether of a special or a general nature; and so, too, of the Word of to-day in all the variety of revelations. It simply marks the status of present humanity, and we are besotted when we allow church or state to belittle us to the measure of the undeveloped past.

We are not to remain in bonds to the Word spoken to the ancient barbarians, but to learn of the Word as manifest in the highest modern unfolding—the out-worked progression of all ages and of all being. It is well to consult the past to get the measure of its truth as it bears upon the present; but let us be careful how we take any Word as infallible, lest we get a yoke upon our necks which we may not be able to bear. Let us search the Scriptures to find as much as we can in them of eternal life, not forgetting that these sacred or secret mysteries have an astronomical as well as a spiritual aspect.

In the Bible, angel and messenger have a common meaning. Of the nature of angels, the authors of the "Occult Sciences" say that "it is essentially the same as that of man, for not only understanding and will is attributed to them, but they have been mistaken for men when they appeared." * * * The prefix (arch) simply denotes rank, not another order of intelligences. There is nothing in the whole Scripture, therefore, to show that intelligent beings exist who have other than human attributes." Though there may be many mansions or spheres in the Father's house, yet "Jesus Christ always speaks of his kingdom as essentially one, even in both worlds, the spiritual and natural." So, too, of the Hades, or Elysian Fields of the Gentiles, "the bodily appearance and the dress which was worn by the living man, his passions, affections, sentiments, and dispositions, all survive him."

"It is no more than a fancy," say our authors, "that at our Savior's birth the oracles were dumb, though long a received article of belief, a doubt concerning which would have savored of profaneness." * * * Most of these institutions had grown corrupt, and as men became less ignorant they became less easily deceived." * * * The parallel found in our own religious houses of imposture at the Reformation, cannot fail to strike the most inattentive reader."

The hierarchies of all ages and of all religions have conserved the ignorance of the people the better to enslave them. Priesthoods and churches shun free inquiry, and both shut their eyes to the light that would question a "thus saith the Lord." To the initiated, to the aristocracy, was it granted to know somewhat of the mysteries of the imperishable world; but ignorance and superstition involved the masses, even as they do to this day, though in lesser degree. Moses would keep the people at the foot of the hill, lest their closer scrutiny should incense the Lord to break forth upon them; and when, upon one occasion, they ventured to look into the Ark, the "holy Lord God of Israel" slew fifty thousand and seventy of them for taking a peep into the holy of holies.

Say our authors, "the whole ancient world was in reality governed by the Magi, either openly or in secret; and that the reason of their so great power was the high wisdom they cultivated. Religion, philosophy, and the sciences, were all in their hands. They were the universal physicians who healed the sick in body and in spirit, and, in strict consistency with that character, ministered to the State, which is only the man in the larger sense."

It will be recollected that Moses was one of these Magi—wise men, magicians learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and we see even now how much the ignorant mind is in bondage to his Egyptian mysteries in the name of the Lord. It is probable, too, that Moses had some knowledge of the Cabiri, the most ancient of mysteries, where "the general idea represented was the passage through death to a higher life, and while the outward senses were held in the thrall of magnetism, it is probable that revelations, good or evil, were made to the high priests of these cere-

monies." Though Moses was doubtless acquainted with these mesmeric or spiritualistic mysteries, he would not suffer them at large among the people—withheld all knowledge of the future life, unless what was imparted to the priesthood or initiated, by denouncing all popular manifestations of the spirit given to every man to profit withal, as witchcraft, an abomination to the Lord, though his own mediumship was on the same general principle. Our demented of to-day still adhere to the teachings of these ancient Magi as exclusively infallible spiritualism which adapted itself to a besotted people in the name of the Lord. "The connection of magical power with the traditions of the Cabiri will thus become easy of comprehension, and it is singular, as showing the same disposition in human nature at a far distant period, that the highest degree of initiation in the secret societies of illumiti at the period of the French Revolution took its name from clairvoyance." * * *

"At the time of the Reformation, and during the succeeding century, the power of casting out devils was claimed as an infallible test of the true church, and the Jesuits loudly asserted that no such power was possessed by any heretical teachers. In reply to them the Puritans insisted that they did possess such power, and made very strenuous exertions to have their pretensions recognized by the introduction of a service for exorcism into the Anglican Liturgy." Romanism and Protestantism hewed each other to pieces before the Lord in the mutual charge of witchcraft. Hundreds of thousands were slain, each beholding the Devil in the other's religion, and each bent upon casting him out, till various parts of Europe presented an aspect like the "candron pot" of old Jewry, flanked by the "waters of jealousy," which would not permit a witch to live, and would destroy all heretics as Elijah hewed four hundred and fifty heretical prophets to pieces before the Lord. As in other parts of Europe, so "similar horrors, and even to a greater extent, were enacted in Germany. Protestants and Catholics actually vied with each other in the extent to which they carried these cruelties, and on the most moderate computation not less than one hundred thousand victims were sacrificed within the empire while the popular mania lasted."

And this, too, after all the boasted civilization of the Bible—making the position of Mr. Buckle impregnable, that not the Bible in its narrow domain, but knowledge and light outside of it, bear humanity upward in their civilizing influence. These resting on the Bible, reduce it to its proper status, leaving it indeed its proper spiritual significance, along with its astronomical allegories in the cycle of all the ancient Spiritualisms; but not allowing it to dominate the very much fuller expanse of modern scientific and spiritual evolution. The Lord of old Jewry is often seriously in conflict with the Lord of Nature. Common sense builds upon the latter in its highest estate, knowing that as it sows it shall reap. Take one instance *contra naturam* as allowed in the Bible—the marriage of cousins—and behold in every community the wretched imbecility resulting therefrom. A Lord, or familiar spirit, has sometimes spoken well and truly in the Bible, but the Lord of Nature is sure to speak in the Universality of his laws, and the more we are enlightened and the higher we live the greater is our happiness.

What need is there that we continue to sanctify the blood theologies of the ancients—the Heathen, Hebrew, and Christian vampirism, or the atonement by blood of bullocks or human victims, with the hocus-pocus of the scape-goat. All this is of worth only as it shows us the status of all the barbarous Spiritualisms of old time, when there was no remission but by the manifestation of the Lord through blood. So, too, Homer's Ulysses when he would open a way to the spirit world to commune with his familiar Lords, poured out libations as was done in contemporary Jewry.

The great and notable Lord, or Prophet, of Greece, Tiresias, in particular, was to receive a completely black ram, the choicest of the flock. Then, having supplicated the whole host of departed spirits, standing with averted eyes, and looking back to ocean, he cut the throats of a ram and of an ewe turned hellwards, and permitted them to bleed freely into the trench, round which at that instant unnumbered spirits thronged with piercing shrieks. Ulysses, meanwhile, drawing his sword, sat down and scared the ghosts from sipping the blood till Tiresias should appear. Not even his mother's spirit, dear as she was to him, was permitted to indulge herself by a draught, which would have proved fatal to the entire object of the enterprise. When the shade of the great Theban Seer advanced, he demanded that Ulysses should withdraw from the trench, sheathe his sword, and leave the blood accessible; and no sooner had the prophet tasted than he delivered his salutary instructions for the future. The blood, it seems, was the price required for verity; and when the mother of the hero had lapped it, she also conversed with him. Numerous other spirits drank and spoke, and thus far plainly Ulysses evoked the dead."

It will be recollected how partial the Lord of old Jewry was to blood, because the life thereof was in it; how the blood was sprinkled upon and poured out at the foot of the altar—"for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." The tutelary Lord of Jewry, like the Gentile Lord, Tiresias, took the way of blood to manifest himself. "And the priest shall dip his finger in the blood, and sprinkle of the blood seven times before the Lord, before the veil of the sanctuary. And the priest shall put some of

the blood upon the horns of the altar of sweet incense before the Lord, which is in the tabernacle of the congregation, and shall pour all the blood of the bullock at the bottom of the altar of the burnt offering." * * * And the elders of the congregation shall lay their hands upon the head of the bullock before the Lord, and the bullock shall be killed before the Lord. * * * Then he shall bring for his trespass unto the Lord a ram without blemish out of the flocks." Then again we have the ram of consecration, by whose blood Aaron was consecrated when "Moses took of the blood of it and put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot." * * * And Moses took the heart and waved it for a wave-offering before the Lord; for of the ram of consecration, it was Moses' part, as the Lord commanded Moses." It was through these scenes of blood that "the glory of the Lord appeared unto all the people," on the same wise as the shade of Tiresias and other spirits appeared to Ulysses. The Lord also commanded Moses to show Aaron and his sons how to find the apparition of the Lord through the magic stones of Urim and Thummim, not including the Teraphim. This was doubtless a part of the secret wisdom that Moses learnt of the Egyptians. Though the blood was the Lord's portion, it appears that his anointed might partake of it on the sly, or in the holy place; otherwise they might get scorched by strange fire from the Lord, like Aaron's sons, while "the whole house of Israel should bewail the burning which the Lord hath kindled." It would appear that the goat, or sin-offering, was done rather too brown by this strange Lordly fire which roasted Nadab and Abihu; for after "Moses had diligently sought the goat, or sin-offering, behold it was burnt, and he was angry" with those sons of Aaron "which were left alive. Behold the blood of it was not brought in within the holy place; ye should have eaten it in the holy place, as I commanded."

The Hebrew priesthood, or initiated, were monarchical with respect to their tutelary spirit, or God, who was "jealous," and who would admit of no popular intercourse with spirit-life, except what should be doled out by his priests regularly ordained by the "ram of consecration," besmeared with blood from the tip of the ear to the end of the great toe. Hence the pains and penalties of heresy were declared against "the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, to go a-whoring after them; I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people." * * * They shall surely be put to death, stoned with stones."

This was contrary to democratic usages, and it remained for the present unfolding to show clearly that the kingdom of heaven is a democratic commonwealth, open to all according to capacity to receive, governed by the most invariable justice and mercy, where each finds his plane to the condition he has wrought with his one, five, or ten talents. C. B. P.

A Word Concerning Dante.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRIST, THE SPIRIT."

Luther is justly regarded as the great Reformer, because he openly and boldly declared his principles and his opposition to the pretensions of the (then) Roman Church. But Luther, it is now well known, had many precursors who prepared the way for him, some of whom are tolerably well known; but it is not generally known, and yet it is true, that Dante was not only a Protestant in principle, but was but one of an entire school of learned men of similar sentiments, living directly, but secretly, under the eye of the Church in Italy in the fourteenth century. The origin of this school is not known, because it preserved itself by secrecy, but its existence in the time of Dante can be shown by proofs that must carry conviction to any rational mind.

An early, and most likely the first work by Dante, he calls "Vita Nuova" or "The New Life." This has commonly been understood according to the letter or outward sense, although there have always been some few in every age since it was written who have contended for an inward sense, denying its literal truth, and claiming that, under the form of the history of his early life and first love, Dante has, in this work, given a mystical account of his own birth in the spirit, his new birth, which he calls a new life. In the "Vita Nuova," Dante describes his falling in love with Beatrice, who plays so important a part in the great comedy of the poet.

Now, Beatrice is a personification of the spiritual truth which Dante saw beyond and through the Church of his time, which was then the universal Church of Christendom, having a dominion over the minds of men scarcely to be conceived in this day.

To come into conflict with the Church at that time was sure to be followed by swift destruction—generally at the stake. This state of things obliged the Reformers in that age to screen themselves from public observation, and a secret society was formed for that purpose, in which it was conventionally agreed that the members should write of each other as ladies. This was one point. They agreed also, in referring to their new faith, to personify it as a lady, and thence to write, under the name and appearance of Love, of their new truth. Out of this proceeded the love literature of the Minnesingers of the Middle Ages.

This style of writing very naturally became abused by falling into imitative hands, who mistook the design and wrote of human instead of divine love. This was the origin of

the monstrous and extravagant writings on love, which finally brought out Cervantes, who was himself perfectly acquainted with the object of the genuine writers, and wrote his great work to destroy the credit of the imitators. His acquaintance with the genuine writers is shown in the scene at the library, where the knight is exhibited as throwing out of the library the false books, but preserving very affectionately the genuine, among which is the *Amadis de Gaul*, which, notwithstanding its apparent extravagance, had an internal truth for the class of readers for whom it was intended.

Dante, in the "Vita Nuova," speaks of two women seen by him at church, an appropriate place for the reception of faith. One of the two women represents the visible Church; the other is "the lady of his heart"—the true love, or true object of love, which he describes as standing beyond the representative of the external Church, placing the latter directly in line between himself and his true love. By this he obscurely intimates that he saw his new truth through the forms and ceremonies of the visible Church. He also describes the visible Church as going before the spiritual truth—his Beatrice—intimating that man is born to the visible Church, already organized, and only reaches the spiritual truth at some progressive period of life. He comes so near an open declaration of his true meaning as to name the woman who went before Beatrice, assimilating the name to that of John the Baptist; and he tells us of the propriety of this by referring to the Baptist as the forerunner of the One greater than himself.

That there is a hidden meaning in the "Vita Nuova" is not only evident on the face of it, but is plainly declared in a sonnet written by Dante upon sending the work to a friend—Brunetto Latini—to wit:

"Master Brunetto, this, my little maid,
Is come to spend her Easter-tide with you;
Not that she reckons feasting as her due,
Whose need is hardly to be fed, but read;
Not in a hurry can her sense be weigh'd,
Nor mid the jests of any noisy crew:
Ah! and she wants a little coaxing, too,
Before she'll get into another's head.
But if you do not find her meaning clear,
You've many brother Alberts hard at hand,
Whose wisdom will respond to any call;
Consult with them, and do not laugh at her;
And if she still is hard to understand,
Apply to Master Giano* last of all."

* Giano, the modern name of the double-faced Janus—the poet thus intimating the double sense of his poem.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress

Hannah Banks, the Suicide.

SACRAMENTO CITY, Cal., June 26, 1862.

MR. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: You doubtless recollect the grave-stone you mention in your Autobiography, and the epitaph thereon, which you found in the cemetery at Quincy, Mass. The body interred there belonged to a girl fourteen or fifteen years old, named Hannah Banks. I cannot quite catch the name of the wild boy she legally married, though I recollect the family well.

Hannah was a pupil of mine quite a number of years—a slight, excessively nervous child, with an intellect and spirit far too large and strong for her fragile body. She was an amiable, kind-hearted, good girl, loving everybody and desirous that everybody should love her. Her parents were Methodists, and she, while quite young, became a member, and faithfully attended their ecstatic prayer-meetings. I never heard of her losing herself while listening to their groans and rhapsodies, though I have heard it remarked that she appeared rather like a perturbed spirit watching the tumult than a mere child of earth. Hannah was not attracted to join the amusements of the pupils of her own age, but much preferred staying with her teachers and inquiring about heaven and the angels. Often have I heard her express the desire to look into heaven and see the angels and Jesus. The Bible was her favorite book, and I have known her, while absorbed in its statements, to lose the power of speech. She had no fear of death, but manifested a strong desire to die, that she might witness all the glories of heaven.

Such was Hannah Banks, the suicide, while yet a child. What influenced her to perpetrate the act? Her organization, the circumstances in which she was placed, and her education. She was spiritually-minded, loved spiritual things, and wished to become a companion of disembodied spirits. She was eccentric, had surrounded herself with disagreeable conditions, and had been improperly educated.

Who is to blame? Is Hannah? Hardly, poor wandering lamb! Are her parents? They might have prevented her marriage, which was equally as suicidal as her last act, and would in all probability have prevented it. Were those to blame who first instructed her that there was a spirit-world in which dwelt angelic beings? The Methodists did that; how very wicked, since that instruction inspired her with an insatiable desire to get there, even though to do so she must destroy her earthly tabernacle. Was A. J. Davis to blame? He had neither seen nor probably heard of her, yet he did not look her up and prevent it. Was her teacher to blame? It is my clear conviction that had he understood his profession as it can and will be understood, he would have trained this pupil that she would have avoided the besetting sin. He foresaw that the evil of suicide might overtake her, but he knew not how to guide her in the way of safety.

And now, dear sir, I have reached the cause of my addressing this note to you—the training of the young in the right way. After more than forty years' thought, and labor, and experience, I have barely learned my own and my fellow-laborers' ignorance. In looking over my field of labor, what desolation, what a wreck of hopes and fond anticipations! The science of training the young is not understood. Your "Origin and Cure of Evil" gives much light on the subject. But how shall it be made practicable in our national schools? Yours, truly, H.

Extracts from Buckle's History of Civilization.

VOLUME TWO, CHAPTER FIVE.

With nations as with individuals the harmony and free development of life can only be attained by exercising its principal functions boldly and without fear. These functions are of two kinds, one set of them increasing the happiness of the mind, another set increasing the happiness of the body. If we could suppose a man completely perfect, we should take for granted that he would unite these two forms of pleasure in the highest degree, and would extract from both body and mind every enjoyment consistent with his own happiness and with the happiness of others. But as no such character can be found, it invariably occurs that even the wisest of us are unable to hold the balance; we therefore err—some in over-indulging the body, some in over-indulging the mind. Comparing one set of indulgences with the other, there can be no doubt that the intellectual pleasures are in many respects superior to the physical; they are more numerous, more varied, more permanent, and more ennobling; they are less liable to cause satiety in the individual, and they produce more good to the species. But for one person who can enjoy intellectual pleasures, there are at least a hundred who can enjoy physical pleasures. The happiness derived from gratifying the senses being thus diffused over a wider area, and satisfying, at any given moment, a greater number of persons than the other form of happiness is capable of, does on that account possess an importance which many who call themselves philosophers are unwilling to recognize. Too often have philosophic and speculative thinkers, by a foolish denunciation of such pleasures, done all in their power to curtail the quantity of happiness of which humanity is susceptible.

But though philosophers have failed in their effort to lessen the pleasures of mankind, there is another body of men, who, in making the same attempt, have met with far greater success. I mean, of course, the theologians, who, considered as a class, have, in every country and in every age, deliberately opposed themselves to gratifications which are essential to the happiness of an overwhelming majority of the human race. Praising up a God of their own creation, whom they hold out as a lover of penance, of sacrifice, and of mortification, hence they forbid enjoyments which are not only innocent, but praiseworthy; for every enjoyment by which no one is injured is innocent, and every innocent enjoyment is praiseworthy, because it assists in diffusing that spirit of content and satisfaction which is favorable to the practice of benevolence towards others. The theologians, however, cultivate an opposite spirit, and whenever they have possessed power, they have always prohibited a large number of pleasurable actions on the ground that such actions are offensive to the Deity. That they have no warrant for this, and that they are simply indulging in peremptory assertions on subjects respecting which we have no trustworthy information, is well known to those who, impartially and without preconceived bias, have studied their arguments and the evidence which they adduce. On this, however, I need not dilate, for inasmuch as men are, always, every year and certainly every generation, becoming more accustomed to close and accurate reasoning, just in the same proportion is the conviction spreading that theologians proceed from arbitrary assumptions, for which they have no proof, except by appealing to other assumptions equally arbitrary and equally unproven. Their whole system reposes upon fear, and upon fear of the worst kind, since, according to them, the Great Author of our being has used his omnipotence in so a cruel a manner as to endow his creatures with tastes, instincts, and desires, which he not only forbids them to gratify, but which, if they do gratify, shall bring on themselves eternal punishment.

What the theologians are to the closet, that are the priests to the pulpit. The theologians work upon the studios who read, the clergy act upon the unthinking who listen. Seeing, however, that the same man often performs both offices, and seeing, too, that the spirit and tendency of each office are the same, we may for practical purposes consider the two classes as identical, and putting them together and treating them as a whole, it must be admitted, by whoever will take a comprehensive view of what they have actually done, that they have been not only the most bitter foes of human happiness, but also the most successful ones. In their high and palmy days, when they reigned supreme, when credulity was universal and doubt unknown, they afflicted mankind in every possible way—enjoining fasts, and penances, and pilgrimages; teaching their simple and ignorant victims every kind of austerity, to flag their own bodies, to tear their own flesh, and to mortify the most natural of their appetites. This was the state of Europe in the middle ages. It is still the state of every part of the world where the priesthood are uncontrolled. Such ascetic and self-tormenting observances are the inevitable issue of the theological spirit, if that spirit is unchecked. Now, and owing to the rapid march of our knowledge, it is constantly losing ground, because the scientific and secular spirit is encroaching on its domain. Therefore, in our time, and especially in our country, its most repulsive features are disguised, and it is forced to mask its native ugliness. Among our clergy a habit of grave and decent compromise has taken the place of that bold and fiery war which their predecessors waged against a sensual and benighted world. Their threats have perceptibly diminished. They now allow us a little pleasure, a little luxury, a little happiness. They no longer tell us to mortify every appetite and to forego every comfort. The language of power has departed from them. Here and there we find vestiges of the ancient spirit; but this is only among uneducated men, addressing an ignorant audience. The superior clergy, who have a character to lose, have grown cautious; and whatever their private opinion may be, they rarely venture on those terrific denunciations with which their pulpits once resounded, and which, in times of yore, made the people shrink with fear and humbled every one except him by whom the denunciations were uttered.

Still, though much of this has vanished, enough remains to show what the theological spirit is and to justify the belief that nothing but the pressure of public opinion prevents it from breaking out into its former extravagance. Many of the clergy persist in attacking the

pleasures of the world, forgetting that not only the world, but all which the world contains, is the work of the Almighty, and that the instincts and desires which they stigmatize as unholy are part of his gifts to man. They have yet to learn that their appetites being as much a portion of themselves as any other quality we possess, ought to be indulged, otherwise the whole individual is not developed. If a man suppresses part of himself, he is maimed and shorn. The proper limit to self-indulgence is that he shall neither hurt himself nor others. Short of this, everything is lawful. It is more than lawful, it is necessary. He who abstains from safe and moderate gratification of the senses, lets some of his essential faculties fall into abeyance, and must on that account be deemed imperfect and unfurnished. Such an one is incomplete; he is crippled; he has never reached his full stature. He may be a monk, he may be a saint, but a man he is not. And now, more than ever, do we want true and genuine men. No previous age has had so much work to do, and to accomplish that work we need robust and vigorous natures, whose every function has been freely exercised, without let or hindrance. Never before was the practice of life so arduous; never were the problems presented to the human mind so numerous or so complicated. Every addition to our knowledge, every fresh idea, opens new difficulties and gives birth to new combinations. Under this accumulated pressure, we shall assuredly sink if we imitate the credulity of our forefathers, who allowed their energies to be cramped and weakened by those pernicious notions which the clergy, partly from ignorance and partly from interest, have in every age palmed on the people, and have thereby diminished the national happiness and retarded the march of national progress.

In the same way we constantly hear of the evils of wealth, and of the sinfulness of loving money; although it is certain that after the love of knowledge there is no one passion that has done so much good to mankind as the love of money. It is to the love of money that we owe all trade and commerce—in other words, the possession of every comfort and luxury which our own country is unable to supply. Trade and commerce have made us familiar with the productions of many lands, have awakened curiosity, have widened our ideas by bringing us in contact with nations of various manners, speech, and thought; have supplied an outlet for energies which would otherwise have been pent up and wasted, have accustomed men to habits of enterprise, forethought, and calculation, have moreover communicated to us many arts of great utility, and have put us in possession of some of the most valuable remedies with which we are acquainted, either to save life or to lessen pain. These things we owe to the love of money. If theologians could succeed in their desire to destroy that love, all these things would cease, and we should relapse into comparative barbarism. The love of money, like all our appetites, is liable to abuse; but to declaim against it as evil in itself and above all to represent it as a feeling, the indulgence of which provokes the wrath of God, is to betray an ignorance, natural perhaps in former ages, but shameful in our time, particularly when it proceeds from men who give themselves out as public teachers, and profess that it is their mission to enlighten the world.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

Spirit-Communication.

A TEST.

PAINEVILLE, O., July 20, 1862.

BROTHER DAVIS: A few days ago Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Hickox the medium, and my wife, were visiting at a Mr. Wheeler's, in this place, and Mrs. Wheeler being present, the company were engaged in conversation on religious subjects, entirely foreign to the occurrence which I am about to relate, and which astonished all present. In the midst of the conversation Mrs. Hickox suddenly raised her hands, as if much frightened, and exclaimed with great emphasis: "Do for mercy's sake save that man from drowning!—he's falling off a log into the water!—do save him!" She repeated this request several times, and then, approaching Mrs. Wheeler, took her by the hand, and asked her if she had lost any friends by drowning. Mrs. Wheeler replied that she had—that her father fell from a log into a mill-pond and was drowned, more than forty-seven years ago, when she was less than five years old.

The medium then embraced Mrs. W., and, calling her "my dear child," proceeded to give her an exhortation, purporting to be from an affectionate parent to his daughter. He was drowned several years before the medium was born. No allusion had been made to the event, and no one present had any knowledge that such an event had occurred except Mrs. Wheeler, and she declared that she was not thinking of her father. I was not present at the time, but all who were ready to make oath to the foregoing statement.

To those who doubt whether spirits can and do communicate with their friends and relatives on earth, and those who pretend that all the phenomena attributed to spirits can be accounted for, independent of spirit agency, I respectfully ask and solicit an answer to the following question:

How and by what agency did the medium, in the case above stated, obtain the power to see clearly and truly the actual occurrence of an event which took place nearly half a century ago, and several years before she was born—an event of which she had no knowledge whatever prior to the vision?

If this question can be satisfactorily answered without attributing it to the presence and power of spirits, I shall be glad to see it. If it cannot be, let doubters yield the point, and be convinced of the truth of Spiritism.

I look upon this remarkable demonstration as furnishing incontrovertible evidence of the presence and power of spirits.

I am, yours, truly, HORACE STEELE.

For the Herald of Progress.

A Sad Dream Fulfilled.

[A subscriber residing in Keene, N. H., wrote us on the 30th of June, giving a remarkable instance of prophetic dreaming. We print that portion of his letter which conveys the facts, with the hope that the thought it suggests may be duly considered.]

FRIEND DAVIS: I thought I should not be able to continue my subscription to the Herald or Progress, but I cannot do without its consolations at this, my hour of severe trial. My son was mortally wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks, Va. His body was brought here last Saturday, and buried yesterday. I went to the Philadelphia Hospital in hopes to find him alive, but he had calmly passed away the day before. His last words were, "Lord Jesus, open the gates! open the gates!"

Must it be so? Are we (mankind) fated? Five years ago I had a dream in which I saw large bodies of men, with bright bayonets, marching South, and my son was among the number. I dreamed that I was in deep trouble, bearing of great battles, and seemed to be expecting to hear of the death of this son, who was my main dependence.

This dream has all been verified! He began to teaze to go to the war soon after the battle of Bull Run. But with the dream still vivid in my mind, I said, "It shall not be fulfilled." I told him over and over that I would not sign the paper. Yet he kept saying, "I am going. I feel that I must go." And so it went on till last October 5th, when he brought me a paper to sign. I took it in my hand! Why did I not tear it up? I gave it back to him instead. During the night I repeatedly told my wife that I would not sign it. But next morning, after breakfast, I said, "Give me the paper and ink." And, strange to say, in the presence of my family, who made no opposition, I signed the paper.

Now, how came I to do it? Was it caused by a power that controlled my volition? Was the dream spiritually caused, and prophetic? Our souls are exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. Ominous "raps" were heard in this house for weeks before his death. I long for a comforting word upon this, the darkest event of my life.

For the Herald of Progress.

THE CLOUD WITH THE SILVER LINING.

BY DE VEE VINING.

The sun was sinking calmly to rest.
The moon in the east was shining,
When a fearful cloud appeared in the west,
But it bore, like an angel asleep on its breast,
A beautiful silver lining.

As I gazed for awhile on that rising cloud,
Strange thoughts in my mind were combining;
For, bending above, as in triumph proud,
While below all was wrapped in a sable shroud,
Was that gorgeous silver lining.

'Tis thus, I exclaimed, in the evening of life,
When the bright sun of hope is declining;
The waves of life's ocean with breakers seem rife,
And the age-cloud before us seems fragrant with strife,
Though graced with a silver lining.

'Tis thus with each cloud that o'er shadows our path,
Like an angel of evil designing,
Although the appearance of danger it hath,
And seems to our souls like a vision of wrath,
It is edged with a silver lining.

Then why, as we stand on the verge of the tomb,
As if the far future divining—
Why do we shrink at its shadowy gloom,
When we know that the storm-clouds that over it loom
Are bright with a silver lining?
COLUMBIA, MICH.

For the Herald of Progress.

TRITE TRUTHS.

Stern and inflexible,
We judge each other,
Our follies ignoring,
Condemn our Brother,
Doing the same ourselves some day,
If not just so, in some other way.

If we are sensible
Of our transgressions,
And ever self-loving,
Make due concessions,
Cannot we love our Brother the same,
And be equally just in imputing blame?
C. N. K.

HAPPY MEMORIES.

My soul lies out like a basking hound,
A bound that dreams and dozes;
Along my life my length I lay,
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,
I am warm with the sun that have long since set,
I am warm with the sun that have long since set,
And like one that dreams and dozes
Softly float on the sunny sea,
Two worlds are whispering over me,
And there blows a wind of roses
From the backward shore to the shore before,
From the shore before to the backward shore,
And like two clouds that meet and pour
Each through each, till core in core
A single self reposes.
The nevermore with the evermore
Above me mingles and closes;
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,
And when awakened by some sweet sound,
A dreamy eye uncloses,
I see a blooming world around,
And I lie amid primroses—
Years of sweet primroses,
Springs of fresh primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me,
Of distant dim primroses.
SYDNEY DOBELL.

Herald of Progress

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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SIN AIR TOCKNEY has freed his mind on the question of "Traitors." See page 2.

READ ALL THE ARTICLES under the War heading. They are emanations from the noblest friends of humanity.

FATHER ROBINSON is once more before our readers, true as ever to the earnest and deepest convictions of his loyal soul.

HANNAH BANKS, THE SUICIDE, is very touchingly sketched in this number by the teacher of her early years.

BUCKLE'S WORK ON CIVILIZATION is still more recommended by the "extracts" which we publish this week.

HENRY WARD BEECHER's late editorial, a portion of which may be found on our second page, this week, is one of the ablest papers on the present crisis.

THE SPIRITS have also made utterances on the causes and probable termination of the national struggle. Their words will be found in this number.

"C. B. P." the Rhode Island Seer of "Ancient Glimpses," appears again in this number. There is much freedom in his style, and more in his treatment of the Past.

GEN. HITCHCOCK, who is professionally a man of War in times of peace, and really a man of Peace in war times, has written a curious revelation of Dante. See page 2.

STATE STORMS AND WAR TEMPESTS do not prevent the people from subscribing for and supporting the HERALD OF PROGRESS. Every day's mail brings us cheering assurances that our friends are practical.

MEDICAL WHISPERS, adapted to most persons at this season, appeared in our paper three weeks ago under the head of "Medical Calendar for August and September." We think that friends should send that number to soldiers now in the army.

EMIGRATION.—The Homestead law has already sent thousands on their way rejoicing to Minnesota in search of free homes—and there are farms enough remaining in that broad domain for two or three millions more of the over-worked, ill-paid, homeless millions of the populous East.

EDUCATION ON THE HARMONIAL BASIS is about to be attempted by a competent lady in this city. (See the statement on our first page.) We hope that parents, who can avail themselves of this opportunity, will not delay in opening correspondence with the principal. Any such letters sent to this office will be immediately handed to the proper parties.

Piety and Disloyalty.

A correspondent of a city journal relates the case of a handsome young secessionist, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Cedar Mountain:

"With this young man disloyalty seems to be religion. He will have nothing to him but his Bible, and seems to find something in that book to increase his hatred of everything northern. I have observed a great deal of this kind of fanaticism among the prisoners we have taken. One of the bushwhackers we took the other day near Madison, who was dashing around and through the bill to murder men, was one of the most pious old fellows I ever saw. While in the guard-house he kept reading his Bible and praying two-thirds of his time. I have, however, seen notorious murderers after being condemned to be hung doing the same thing."

The author of the foregoing paragraph is contented with merely recording the fact that ignoramus, pirates, secessionists, bushwhackers, murderers, and hypocrites are invariably and extremely pious. He simply notes the anomalous fact that such characters are exceedingly much given to what is called "religion," including such practices as bible-reading, palm-reading, God-fearing, prayer-making, and still other acts of devotion to "Christ and him crucified."

But there is a cause and a reason for such phenomena in human character. In one short sentence—"ignorance is the mother of devotion."

We do not mean to say that every one who neglects such acts of devotion is necessarily wise and good. But we do say that, as a general rule, if you begin with the poor, stupid plantation negro, and come up through the poor whites, not excepting the rich, fashionable folks and the American clergy as a class, you will find that their devotion to the Bible and theology is in exact proportion to their ignorance of scientific truth and their delinquency in moral honesty. The full-grown man, who exercises his reason reverently on all subjects, and who regulates his life by an enlightened conscience, is never a so-called pious man. On the other hand, a man who is yet low in the scale of common sense and common honesty, is invariably a religious subject—opposed to everything liberal and reformatory—such a man is very pious, very stupid, very religious, very dishonest, very evangelical, and very unprincipled.

C. M. P. not C. P.

To correct what we find is a widely-prevailing opinion among our readers, we will say that our associate, C. M. P., is not Charles Partridge, former editor of the Spiritual Telegraph. Mr. Partridge has never contributed to the columns of the Herald of Progress, save one or two letters over his full name. This explanation is due to both C. P. and C. M. P., neither of whom would probably wish to assume the responsibilities of the other.

Little Nellie.

We are indebted to "Little Nellie," of the Penfield Extra (Penfield, Monroe County, N. Y.) for her carte de visite and a manuscript letter. The picture is from the gallery of Prof. Poulson, of Rochester, and is a beautifully executed photograph, representing a mature, womanly-looking girl of twelve years.

Little Nellie's father—an old printer—is losing his eye-sight, and his motherless daughter commenced the publication of a little village advertising sheet, which, by the publicity given by her exchanges, has reached an edition of 1,200 copies. Nellie does all the work except the press-work, and has yet some things to learn in orthography and proof-reading. Her industry is most commendable, and we believe there is more than fancy in these words from her letter: "I oft-times imagine that I hear in my dreams a voice saying: 'Nellie, be of good cheer; your mother's spirit is watching over you in these tender years, and the Lord is blessing you and making you many friends throughout the land!'"

Success to "Little Nellie," the youngest editress in the world!

Arrest of an Abolitionist.

Mr. David Plumb, of the Mercantile Agency, 240 Broadway, and we believe an abolitionist of many years' standing, has been arrested by Provost-Marshal Kennedy for discouraging enlistments. Mr. Plumb has published a letter defining his position, which does not differ from that of many other lovers of freedom and of the Union, who would not willingly discourage enlistments.

A Voice to the President.

In the Tribune of August 20, Horace Greeley publishes a very plain and direct letter to Mr. Lincoln, calling upon him to "render a hearty and unequivocal obedience to the law of the land." Mr. Greeley prints it as the "prayer of twenty millions," and we doubt not many of that number will endorse every word of it. It appears too late for publication entire or for quotation from it this week. We may give it hereafter.

Letter from Wendell Phillips.

Mr. Wendell Phillips has written a letter to the editor of the Tribune, correcting the report that he is discouraging enlistments. We shall give the letter entire in our next issue.

A Painful Parting.

The New Covenant (Chicago) publishes at length an account of the parting services held in the Second Universalist Church of that city on the departure of fifteen of the young and active members who had enlisted as volunteers for the war, the Sabbath-school superintendent being one of the number.

The minister, Rev. Mr. Tuttle, preached to the volunteers from the text: "Watch ye stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." A parting hymn, written for the occasion, was sung, and a tearful farewell extended by congregation and Sabbath-school. The occasion was one of sad solemnity.

A Free Press in Chester County.

The secessionists of Chester County, Pa., a few nights since, mobbed the office of the Chester County Times, an able and loyal paper, breaking windows and destroying type. The editor says:

"It is pleasing, personally, to feel that we are opposed and confronted by men of such wickedness and cowardice, and that, as a servant of the right, following steadfastly, unflinchingly, in the line of high and honorable principle, we can receive the respect and be numbered among the loyal of the land."

—DR. J. P. GREY, formerly of Milwaukee, who has for six months past been acting as Government Superintendent, in charge of a plantation and negroes near Beaufort, S. C., has returned on furlough for the benefit of his health. He represents the negroes as, in nearly every case, faithful, industrious, and capable. They make good soldiers, and are easily disciplined, and all want to be free.

Persons and Events.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—CASSIUS M. CLAY, it is said, is to be assigned a very important command west of the Mississippi.

—COLA CORCORAN and WILLIAM have at last been released, and are now making Union speeches.

—MISS OLYMPIA BROWN is studying theology at the Liberal Institute (Universalist) Clinton, N. Y., with a view to entering the ministry.

—GEN. HANKS is recovering from the effects of injuries received by being thrown from his horse at the late battle. It is said of General Banks that he never uses intoxicating liquor.

—GEORGE SMITH has given \$5,000 in aid of a New York Regiment. This is said to be the largest sum given by any individual to help the Federal cause, with one exception.

—REV. JOHN PIERPONT, in the government service at Washington, is now on a visit at his home in West Medford, Mass.

—ARCHBISHOP HUGHES has returned home, and been warmly welcomed by his people.

—MR. VOSEBRO, of the firm of Pruyn & Voseburg, in Albany, N. Y., has procured substitutes for his three daughters, paying \$250 each. The young ladies insisted upon being represented in the ranks.

—GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT has been for several days a guest of Major Haskell, one of his aids, at Gloucester, Mass. He attended the Methodist camp-meeting at Hamilton, and addressed the audience on the affairs of the country.

—MR. THURLOW WEED will, it is said, go to Europe in two or three days, upon the same errand that he went before—to watch certain matters in England and France. It is believed other distinguished men will follow him.

—GEORGE LIVERMORE, a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, read a paper at a late meeting in favor of employing the blacks. It was ordered printed, on the motion of Hon. Edward Everett.

—GEN. HUNTER's negro brigade has proved a successful experiment. It has not been disbanded, as reported, but simply those who wished have been allowed to return to their plantations for two months, as promised them at the start.

—GEN. PRINCE and the other Union officers captured in the recent engagement between Generals Banks and Jackson, are, it is reported, subjected to close confinement and brutal treatment.

—GEN. WILLIAMS, of Massachusetts, was killed at the engagement at Baton Rouge. The rebels came bearing the Stars and Stripes; Gen. Williams rode up to them and inquired of their general to what regiment they belonged. They refused to reply and immediately opened fire, killing Gen. W. at the first fire.

—MR. FAT, our minister to Switzerland, it is said, paid a visit to this country for the express purpose of informing the President about the feeling in Europe, and to plead for a policy of emancipation as the only way to save public opinion from going against us among the lovers of liberty and justice in foreign countries.

—GEN. ANDREWS, of Massachusetts, is reported to have said at the great Methodist camp-meeting, at Martha's Vineyard, "I am not superstitious, but it is a singular, if not a significant fact, that since the veto of Gen. Hunter's proclamation every battle has been a defeat."

—GEN. TOM THUMB and COMMODORE NUTT are holding rival levees at Barnum's Museum. The Tribune thus settles the question of their relative size: "To question the avoirdupois of a dwarf is like questioning the age of a lady. We will, however, say that while Commodore NUTT is a marvel of minuteness, General Tom Thumb is certainly as small as two of him."

—LIEUT. L. F. HASKELL (son of L. S. Haskell, of Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J.) one of Gen. Prince's staff, was wounded in the hip at the battle of Cedar Mountain, but it is hoped not dangerously. It is worthy of mention that every member of Gen. Prince's staff was either killed or wounded, the General himself being taken prisoner.

—DR. R. T. TRALL left on the 16th inst., for England, to attend the World's Temperance Convention, to be held in London. He will doubtless present for the consideration of the Convention, his views respecting alcoholic stimulants, which are known to differ widely from the popularly received opinions.

—RUSSELL WELLS, a most efficient member of the Metropolitan Police, is engaged in breaking up the mock-auction shops in this city, where so many countrymen are defrauded. He has undertaken, almost single-handed, what no one has before dared to attempt. Supported by the authorities, it is to be hoped he will succeed in suppressing them entirely.

—MR. GOTTSCALK, the pianist, is a native of New Orleans, but still a loyal man. Recently at Montreal the audience called for Dixie; Mr. Gottschalk gave instead Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, and the Star Spangled Banner, playing with all the energy and fire he could impart.

—GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN has been engaged by the proprietor of the Boston Commercial Bulletin to return to this country for the purpose of delivering a series of Union and war lectures. He has, however, been arrested in London, in consequence of it, is thought, of the bold expressions in his speech before the Brotherhood of St. Patrick.

—REV. MR. ANDERSON, Chaplain of the 3d California Regiment, pronounced a Fourth of July benediction as follows: "And now, may the God of Washington, the God of Foote, Halleck, McClellan, and Lincoln, nerve, guide, and surge this whole nation, till Richmond is taken, Charleston burnt, secession annihilated, and shop-shop Union men turned out of existence—Amen."

—MRS. LINCOLN has received \$1,000 from a Boston merchant for the benefit of the men in the military hospitals. He had observed the quiet and unostentatious manner in which Mrs. Lincoln contributed to the comfort of the suffering Union soldiers, and concluded to ask the privilege of placing the amount named in her hands, believing that in no other way would the money be better or more judiciously appropriated. The charge was promptly and cheerfully accepted.

CASSIUS M. CLAY said, in a recent speech at Washington: "He would never use the sword while slavery is protected in rebel States. Far better acknowledge the 'Confederacy,' and let Mr. Davis and his people go by themselves, than attempt to defeat the designs of God in regard to the great question of universal liberty. You must give to every man the same liberty you desire for yourself. When I draw a sword it shall be for the liberation and not for the enslavement of mankind."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

We have European dates to the 10th inst.

The Queen, in proroguing Parliament, said, concerning American affairs: "Her Majesty, having from the outset determined to take no part in the contest, has seen no reason to depart from the neutrality which she has steadily adhered to."

The Times editorially argues that if England wishes to give the Unionists a new impulse, she has but to take some step which can be represented as interference, and Lincoln will soon get his 300,000 men, and chances of peace will be indefinitely postponed.

It is reported that Messrs. Mason and Slidell had "demanded" of England and France the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and that England refused the demand, while Napoleon is reported to have admitted the cogency of the arguments offered, but alleged that the objections of England furnished the greatest barrier to a recognition.

It was rumored at Madrid that Prince Murat was intended for King of Mexico.

The Army and Navy Gazette says: "The real reason for the departure of the Prince de Joinville and of his nephews, the Count of Paris and the Duke de Chartres, was the Mexican war."

The Times says: "The prospects of the operatives, so far as regards the amount of labor they are likely to obtain, are becoming darker every week. At Blackburn, out of a population of 63,000, 24,085 operatives and 2,365 others in different departments are wholly unemployed, owing to the scarcity of American cotton."

Garibaldi had issued a proclamation urging the young men of Italy to arms in spirited terms. Victor Emanuel had issued a counter-proclamation, denouncing the revolutionary schemes, and threatening the rigor of the law on those who disobeyed. He declared that he himself would move in the matter of Rome at the proper time.

Napoleon is bathing and drinking the waters at Vichy. At a ball he danced with a village lass, greatly to the delight of the people.

The Princess Clotilde, wife of Prince Napoleon, has given birth to a son. The young Prince has received the names of Napoleon Victor Jerome Frederic.

A French genealogist has announced the extraordinary theory that the Empress Eugenie is the true heiress of the throne of Mexico, through her ancestors, the Spanish Counts de Guzman, who were descendants of Montezuma.

At a recent destructive fire in Constantinople, the Sultan of Turkey, who chanced to be near at hand, went in like a man and did his share in extinguishing the flames. He ran about on the roofs near the burning houses, and personally directed the operations of the firemen.

Mr. George Peabody will present the gold box, in which the document conferring upon him the freedom of the City of London was contained, to the free library established by himself in the town of Danvers, Mass., where he was born.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A desperate attack was made by a large rebel force (5,000 to 10,000 men) under Gen. J. C. Breckinridge, upon 3,000 Federal troops near Baton Rouge. They were successfully resisted and forced to retreat themselves, instead of taking possession of the town as they vainly contemplated.

Two thousand Tennessee prisoners now at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, refuse to be exchanged, and wish to take the oath of allegiance.

The injunction asked for by the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company to restrain the Raritan and Delaware Bay Road from connecting with the Camden and Atlantic track at Absecon, has been denied by the Chancellor of New Jersey.

Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, instructs the city and town assessors throughout that State to include colored as well as white citizens in the roll of persons subject to draft.

The Capital City Fact vouches for the statement of a returned soldier, who avers that while a prisoner his limb was twice amputated under the direction of John C. Floyd, both operations being not only unnecessary, but performed in a most inhuman and cruel manner.

Gen. McClellan's army has been successfully withdrawn from the Peninsula. The new place of rendezvous is as yet unknown. The retreat was conducted in the usual masterly manner.

The rebel ram Arkansas, was, it appears, fairly destroyed, in a square fight, by the Union gunboat Essex.

A hospital-ship, on her way from Newport News to Washington, with convalescent soldiers, was sunk a few nights since, in consequence of coming in collision with a steamer, and seventy-three soldiers and several women and children were lost.

Colonel T. B. Thorpe, Surveyor of New Orleans, has presented to the Commissioners of the Central Park a pair of pelicans. These birds, in many respects among the most remarkable of their species, are hardy and perfectly tamed.

Thirty-five men entered their names at Providence as members of the colored regiment now being raised by authority of Gov. Sprague. Gentlemen have been there from Connecticut and other New England States, to learn as to the probabilities of the regiment being raised, that they might recruit for the same in their respective localities. These men will come legally into service under the second draft.

Some wag says of the postage-stamp currency, that, if we haven't thrashed the South yet, we can lick our new currency, at any rate.

Picnic Excursion to Dungeon Rock.

There will be a grand picnic excursion to Dungeon Rock, on Tuesday, September 2, 1862, under the direction of Dr. H. F. Gardner. This is one of the most romantic localities in the United States. A grand view of the surrounding country and the bay can be seen from the Rock.

And not the least of the curiosities of this charming grove, is the residence of Mr. Hiram Marble, and the celebrated pirate cave, which he has been endeavoring to open for several years, in search of treasures said to have been left there by pirates, it having been partially closed up many years ago by an earthquake.

All the friends who wish for a good time should not fail to improve this opportunity to visit Dungeon Rock. Some of our best speakers will be on hand.

A special train of cars will leave the Eastern Railroad Depot, Causeway street, Boston, at 8.45 o'clock A. M., for Lynn Common; also at 10.30 A. M. and 12.15 P. M., for West Lynn. Fare to Lynn Common, or West Lynn, and return, 50 cents.

On arriving at Lynn Common a procession will be formed, headed by a band of music, and march to Dungeon Rock. Those preferring to ride will be conveyed to the Rock for ten cents each.—Banner of Light.

For the Herald of Progress.

Dr. Hallock on the American Crisis.

NUMBER TWO.

THE SINK OF INIQUITY.

It has been said that "Empires, though rarely so short-lived as men, have also their time to die." History seems to warrant this conclusion.

I do not think, however, that the death of this American Republic is inevitable. The remark was made before any just idea of empire was recognized. One Daniel, of whom we read, was of opinion that the Lord God might set up a kingdom that would stand, though Nebuchadnezzar's should utterly fail.

Not one that has died had in it the germ of eternal life. And, although wanting this, not even these died a natural death. Their end was premature. What of truth they professed might have prolonged their life to honorable old age but for the lies they practiced. It was always of disease that the nation fell. For centuries, it may be, the doomed empire walks about, feels itself strong and vigorous, has an appetite and a digestion with which nothing disagrees. The cancer that is to eat out its life has not yet disclosed itself. A slight glandular induration, or puffiness elicits the casual observation of some (so-called) fanatic in moral diagnosis; but the surface is smooth, the patient takes with decided relish, whatever he can get, and no pain is felt. That which medical skill (what we name in such a case, statesmanship,) fails to discover and treat, time has revealed. The nation died, and its monument is history.

To the new America as to a new field whereon to solve the problem of empire, its pioneers brought a new idea as a basis. An idea never before dreamed of as an element of political stability. Ours was the first national assertion of the rights of man. Now this new idea is the ultimatum of human conception of political truth. In it, highest prophecy, purest inspiration, broadest philanthropy and noblest statesmanship culminate.

One thing may be said of this nation (as was true of no dead empire), to wit, that it has named the only truth upon which national immortality is predicable. It has not lived the truth, but no other has so much as admitted it to be true.

The truth then which it has spoken can never die; but the nation itself may. The old disease, the ulcer that has eaten out empire, and kingdom, and nation, is upon us, and has ripened to a discharge. Its fetor is in all the air. And yet, to the multitude, it is not cancer—not a disease which, suffered to go on, must prove fatal. With them it is political dissatisfaction run into a fever, causing "irregular opposition" to a fanatical administration; which administration has only to be put down, to restore the nation back to health.

Thus, the multitude. Nor does the government, which this theory proposes to treat as did Cromwell the ramp parliament, see any deeper into the difficulty. With it, the disease is no more than a disgusting and troublesome eruption upon the political skin. Certain over-greedy aspirants are striving for their own ends to dismember the republic, and—that is all! In the agony of itching, these have scratched off certain of its forts, arsenals, navy-yards, funds, etc., causing great inflammatory irritation of the national scalp, and plentiful smart to the national pride; but all to be removed in due time by a little judicious blood-letting, a constitutional application of the "all-healing ointment" of conservatism and the "soothing-syrup" of diplomacy.

So say our Union doctors, and this is the prescription to be forced down the national throat and rubbed into the national back. The attempt to make us swallow it has been persisted in for more than twelve months, against all entreaty, and is still the only cure proposed. I differ with them both as to disease and treatment. The disease has its rise in the perverted morals of the nation, of which undue political aspiration is only a symptom. It is a moral cancer, as real as any other, and it has all but eaten out its moral perception. Mark the symptoms. There is talk as of admission, that in a remote degree, negro-slavery is somehow responsible for this national trouble. There is talk as of employing slaves to help us end it. But in all this talk from the beginning of this administration to the letter of Mr. Owen to the Secretary of War, there is not one word indicating a thought of justice to the negro himself. Justice to him is as

quietly ignored as if it had been long since established that, to him rights do not inhere.

When those who represent the morals and the statesmanship of the republic speak of using negroes on the ground simply of our right to use all the means which Nature and the laws of civilized warfare have put into our hands, we see, or may see that the cancer has nearly done its work upon us. To say that Nature has put the negro into our hands, and that, for this reason, he should be used, precisely as we would make use of confiscated gunpowder, is a monstrous lie in itself. Robbery, not Nature, put him into our hands. Nature is busily engaged just now in putting the negro into his own hands. She asks us to help her—asks us through the quickened action of every healthy conscience in the land—asks us, by virtue of ten thousand warnings, that, to help her in this work is the only way to help ourselves.

Or is further proof needed? Then consider this. Through many years it has been the common practice, and still is, to denounce every one who claims the inalienable rights of humanity for the negro, as "a fanatic;" that is to say, for a man to insist upon the broad doctrine of rights first assumed by the republic, has been deemed in all the high places of the nation, for more than half a century, most dangerous to the existence of the Republic. This looks as though the ulcer which has made such havoc in the morals of the nation had struck its roots into the intellect as well—as though, in fact, the whole brain were turning into pus.

The reader who can retrospect the last thirty years will bear me witness how we first became ashamed of the doctrine; then took to rotten eggs and brick-bats against those who advocated it; next dubbed it "a glittering generality;" and at last denied it *in toto*. The negro was so black that neither statesman nor divine could see the principle we were trampling upon in his person.

We forget that principles, laws, forces, are only seen through their physical manifestations. The dinner-pot reveals the nature and power of steam, a kite and a black cloud let us into the secret of the lightning; but as yet we have failed to learn the omnipotence of justice from its inverted action upon a black man. His market value has utterly blinded the wise men to his scientific value. We have reason to rejoice that the money speculators in the days of Franklin could not sell the cloud. Could they have done so, lightning had remained "the wrath of God" to this hour.

To this depth has the nation sunk. The poison is in all its arteries. Places in government, opinions at law, decisions in court, men on the auction-block, are alike merchantable. And this trade in sacred things, instead of rebuke, gains patronage. Honorable gentlemen find it the shortest road to the end they seek: so much money for a place, so much gold for a verdict at law, so many dollars for an act of the Legislature. And now we would buy the negroes, if we could, on the same principle; that is to say, not with reference to justice or regard to their rights; but simply as the cheapest and easiest way of serving ourselves—precisely as we negotiate for salvation, not that we care for God, but because we fear the Devil.

For a people thus sunken, there is no lower deep. It has settled down upon the primary mud of moral degradation when it tries all questions by the standard of gold. It has reached the grand generalization and infinite complex of villainy which makes all particular rascalities and meannesses not only possible, but inevitable. And so the end has come. Which end? End of the rascality, or death of the Republic? R. T. H.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Three Days in Boston.

A three days' residence within three dollars' distance—counting cost of transit—from the "hub of the universe," surely entitles one to all the advantages of a visit thereto. A more inviting trip than from New York to Boston, by way of the Newport and Fall River boats, Empire State and Metropolis, need not be desired by the most fastidious pleasure-seeker. Indeed, the public give appreciative expression by crowding these magnificent and well-managed steamers with both passengers and freight. By this route a full night's rest is secured on board the boat, and an early entrance to Boston after a short morning ride by railroad through a delightful country.

At the close of a recent oppressively hot day we found ourselves on board the Empire State, ticketed for Boston. The moonlight ride through the sound, dotted with sails, and skirted on either side by beautiful villas, proved the most enchanting trip we have enjoyed since our first sail down the Hudson, long years ago.

Arriving in the city of many angles and many notions, in season for breakfast, we were greeted by warm hearts and friendly hands, at a quiet and attractive "Home for Reformers," where we also found "a nearer one still and a dearer one yet than all others," to whose presence we owed this our first visit to Boston.

BOSTON COMMON.

The first point to which a stranger is taken or "drawn" is Boston Common. We confess to have failed to anticipate all the merits of this famed Yankee "Institution." The very name is poorly calculated to give any just idea of its real character. It is not a "common" in the familiar sense of that word, but a "grand old park" rather, resembling what we imagine the parks of Europe and England to be. It has an undulating surface, hills and valleys, gentle slopes and broad level plains,

all thickly studded with trees, noble elms, of more than a half century's growth, and last, but not least, the famous pond and fountain!

We marvel no more that the "Common" is the pride and boast of Bostonians. It is utterly unlike anything observable in any other city in this country. Lying but a few moments' walk from the commercial heart of the city, it is accessible to all, and a place of daily resort for multitudes of old and young. It is a great breathing-place for the citizens of Boston—immense lungs for this solid, substantial city.

Whether because of this most efficient inhaling apparatus, or of the undulating surface of the city, or yet because of the better sanitary regulations, we are not prepared to say, but certain it is, Boston is the cleanest city we ever visited. A walk through what was affirmed to be the worst portion of the city revealed nothing but good order, pure air, and cleanly homes. Some tenanted houses were densely packed, but, to all appearances, neat and comfortable. Squalid wretchedness and filth, such as meets one at every turn in New York, are not to be found in Boston. What a monument to the enterprise and faithfulness of the city fathers are the wholesome streets and cleanly homes of that city!

The pond in the Common is a famous resort for children and dogs, the former playing about the margin, the latter plunging boldly in. We gave Boston dogs credit for intelligence as well as agility, after watching their afternoon manoeuvres for half an hour. But as we turned away we were forced to believe we had over-estimated their acquirements, on observing a printed placard—posted rather high for small dogs to read—giving notice, "Dogs not allowed in the pond on Sunday." A sad evidence of modern dog-degeneracy, that any one of them should seek the cool waters of the pond on Sunday, thereby showing a most culpable preference for cleanliness over godliness.

THE FREE LIBRARY.

Another local institution, modern, not ancient, of which Bostonians have reason to be proud, is the Free Library. An immense collection of books, rare and standard, with periodicals and late publications, arranged in an elegant and spacious building just opposite the Common, to which every resident of the city has free access, and from which he may draw books at any time by simply recording his name. A large and commodious public reading-room for ladies and gentlemen is attached.

To this library did Theodore Parker bequeath the most of his large collection, and here we saw his old writing-table—a noble relic of the olden time, once the property of his grandfather's grandfather, and handed down from generation to generation.

THE WEALTH OF BOSTON.

One cannot fail to be strongly impressed with a sense of the solid wealth of Boston. A visit to the business streets more recently built up, conveys an idea of solidity, permanence, and strength, scarcely found in any portion of New York. Take one circle embracing Franklin street, and we believe Winthrop square, comprising blocks erected since the crash of '57, and we have a collection of massive, magnificent architectural piles, solid, capacious, and costly, unsurpassed, we dare say, in magnitude and real evidence of wealth, by any similar area in any city of the world.

The difference between New York and Boston appeared to us something like this: New York has wider commercial strength, greater acquired and delegated power: Boston vaster inherent sources. New York builds on her prospective trade; Boston from wealth already accumulated. New York depends on the world; Boston on—herself! We know not if this is true, but such impressions flowed irresistibly upon us as we gazed upon her new business streets on that quiet Sunday morning, and measured the extent of those monuments to New England wealth.

THE VICINITY.

Room is left us for extended gratification in the future, in exploring the many delightful resorts surrounding Boston. It was our privilege, however, to ascend to the top of the State House and map out the objects of interest visible at all points, and afterward to visit some of the charming parks on Boston Neck, and to view the harbor, city, and surrounding country from the famous Dorchester Heights—a point commanding an unrivaled city and country view.

The peculiarly close proximity of pleasant country towns, and, indeed, the semi-rural character of a large part of the city itself, renders Boston more a city of homes than New York can possibly be. It is an important, perhaps inevitable objection to this metropolis, that little, comfortable homes, for men of moderate salaries, easy of access from places of business, are very rare.

When progressive architects and social reformers shall have devised a plan for affording cheap rents to comfortable rooms, and at the same time a fair income on invested capital, New York may be made tenfold more attractive to its multitudes of clerks, mechanics, and laborers, and the cause of intelligence and good morals receive a much needed impetus. Now we wait with all possible patience the experiments of inventive reformers, who are surely at work, and whose labors are destined to greatly bless mankind.

Boston, happily, must afford cheaper rents and more accessible homes for those of limited means, and the consciousness of this fact leads us to believe that the unsocial character attributed to Bostonians is a misconception and a slander. Our own impressions of the attractiveness of Boston social life may, however, have been favorably colored by our peculiarly

pleasant introduction to the homes we visited, and especially to that home for reformers,

NO. 75 BEACH STREET.

We trust no offense will be given to the genial-spirited proprietress in thus mentioning—for the benefit of those of our readers who may wish to spend a few days, weeks, or months, in Boston—that at Mrs. H. S. Denham's, 75 Beach street, Spiritualists, Friends of Progress, and Reformers, may find a pleasant home, a good table, and congenial society.

We shall not soon forget the pleasant acquaintances there formed with noble, large-spirited men and women, whom to know is proof against all theories of human depravity.

MR. H. B. STORER.

This gifted and harmonious speaker, formerly located at New Haven, is now making his headquarters at Boston, lecturing on Sundays in the towns adjoining. Those desiring his services can address him at Boston for the present, and those to whom he is unknown will find him an inspirational speaker of good spirit and comprehensive ideas. While devoting himself more especially to the Spiritualistic field, Mr. Storer is the farthest removed from sectarianism, and hesitates not to recognize all honest laborers for humanity as co-workers.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

We had no difficulty, even in crooked, labyrinthine Boston, in finding the office of the *Banner of Light*, pleasantly located in an elegant marble-front building on Washington St., but, unfortunately, on both occasions when we called the editor was out. Mr. Rich, the member of the firm having in charge the business department, was, however, in his accustomed place. Mrs. Conant's circles are suspended for the present. The room in which they are held is a neatly-furnished and attractive receiving-room. In Boston, as elsewhere, business indicates the pressure of the war-spirit and of the hot season.

MR. H. DOUTY, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

This earnest and sincere manipulator, recently from Maine, is now established in Boston, and engaged in successful practice. His healing powers became known through an almost miraculous cure he performed upon himself—reducing a dislocation of the shoulder of ten years' standing in *one hour's time*, since which his hands have been laid upon many suffering ones with most beneficial effect.

This phase of the Spiritual movement has a peculiar value to the world of diseased men and women, and we gladly welcome every such honest and truly inspired operator, assured that from them the sick have much to hope and nothing to fear.

HENRY C. WRIGHT,

the author of "Marriage and Parentage," the inflexible friend of woman and of personal purity, we were happy again to meet and renew a slight personal acquaintance. Mr. Wright had contemplated leaving soon for England, but the peculiar condition of our national affairs, and the delicate relations between this country and England, have induced him to listen to the advice of friends and indefinitely postpone his visit. He is now engaged, we believe, upon another work, a complement to his previous publications, and treating upon similarly vital questions. He entertains the belief—opposed to the blasphemous theology of the churches—that the blood of woman, and not of Jesus, is to save the race!

It is not easy to overestimate the value of the labors of this uncompromising and conscientious man in the field of human progress. That he certainly touches the key-note to the song of human redemption, no intelligent reformer can deny. May he live long enough to see his "Marriage and Parentage" and "Unwelcome Child," with the fourth volume of the "Great Harmonia," (by A. J. D.) placed in the hands of every young married couple in the land, and intelligently accepted as safe and valuable text-books for wedded life.

BELA MARSH, 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

One permanent feature of the Modern Athens, well known to the reform world, is the publishing house of Bela Marsh, at 14 Bromfield Street. This veteran contributor to progressive movements has spent upwards of a quarter of a century in the work which has given more new ideas to mankind than dollars to himself. The world is less inclined to recognize its indebtedness to publishers than authors, while frequently they are entitled to the credit of greater disinterestedness and self-sacrifice. The friends of Progress in this country have abundant occasion to remember gratefully the services rendered to the cause of reform by that most conscientious publisher. His name, now upon a majority of the progressive works of the last quarter of a century, is as familiar as a household word, and for us to take him by the hand was like meeting an honored and well-remembered teacher. For the sake of both authors and publishers we pray for a speedy and honorable peace, when the people will once again buy, and read, and think.

DR. LEWIS'S GYMNASIUM.

Another modern "institution" belonging peculiarly to the "City of Notions," is the "Normal Institute for Physical Education," located at No. 20 Essex street, and in charge of Dr. Dio Lewis. Dr. Lewis—whose recently-published contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and "New Gymnastics for Men, Women, and Children" (a volume for sale at the office of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*) have brought his name prominently before the public—has here

Knowing her well-regulated mind, I affectionately suggested to her that if she had any arrangements to make, she had better attend to them at once. She was perfectly calm and self-possessed, and replied: "Oh, doctor, I have not put off my preparation for death un-

23, 1862.
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Caroline

this late hour; I am ready to obey my Master's summons and join my angel Adele! and she then asked me how many hours I supposed she would yet live. I told her that I thought she might live through the night. She, with a sweet smile, thanked me for my attentions and my candor, and urged me to retire; but I refused to leave her bedside.

She then dictated an affectionate farewell letter to her only sister, then in India, to whom she had bequeathed her fortune, which was considerable, and soon sank into a sweet sleep.

"Her sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In state-like repose.

"But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise."

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H. B. Storer may be addressed Boston, Mass.

Mrs. H. M. F. Brown will speak at Gage's Lake, Sunday, Aug. 24; Chicago, Aug. 31.

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

W. F. Jamieson, Trance Speaker, Paw Paw, Mich.

Miss L. E. A. DeForce can be addressed care of Mrs. Eliza Tolls, Vincennes, Ind., until October.

J. M. Peebles is located at Battle Creek, Mich., speaking there the last two Sundays in each month.

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond may be addressed, during the summer, Fond du Lac, Wis.

J. H. Randall will speak on Sundays. Address Scitico, Conn.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will speak at Cicero, N. Y., Aug. 31.

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

E. Whipple may be addressed for the summer and fall, Vandalia, Cass Co., Mich.

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

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

Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier will lecture during August and September, in Lowell, Portland, Bangor, and vicinity. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.

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

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

Dr. O. S. Leavitt, agent for the Industrial University, may be addressed during the month of August at Detroit.

M. Taylor speaks every other Sunday at Stockton, Me., and for other engagements may be addressed at Stockton or Bradford, Me.

Sophia L. Chappell will speak in Binghamton, Cortlandville, Hunt's Corners, and Lisle, N. Y., during August.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe will spend the summer and autumn in Iowa and Minnesota. Address, till further notice, Independence, Iowa, care of "Rising Tide."

Mrs. S. E. Warner is engaged to lecture two Sundays in each month in Berlin, and Omro, Wis. Will answer calls to go elsewhere the remainder of the time. Post Office address, box 14, Berlin, Wis.

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

Miss Emma Houston will lecture Aug. 24th and 31st, and Sept. 7th and 14th, in Sutton, N. H.; 21st and 28th in New Bedford, Mass.

Leo Miller will speak in Putneyville, New York, every other Sunday during the present summer. Persons in Central and Western New York desiring his services may address him as above.

F. L. Wadsworth speaks in Plymouth, Mass., August 21 and 31; Quincy, during the month of September; Chicopee, during October; Boston, Nov. 2 and 9; Taunton, Nov. 16, 23, and 30. Address as above.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Scott Hatch may be addressed during the month of August at Lake Mills, Wis., for lectures at the principal places along the line of Northern Indiana, Cleveland and Toledo, Lake Shore, N. Y. Central, and Boston and Worcester Railroad.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., during August; address care of F. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. In Boston, two first Sundays of October; and in Philadelphia, during November. Address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., from whence letters will be forwarded.

K. Graves will answer calls to lecture on the origin of religious ideas, the analogy of all religions, the true religion as contrasted with the false, the origin of the Jewish and Christian religions, as also the origin of the Jewish nation. Likewise on phonography and phrenology. Address Harveysburg, O.

N. Frank White may be addressed through August, Quincy, Mass.; Sept. 7th to 14th, New Bedford, Mass.; Sept. 21st to 28th, Taunton, Mass. Applications for the coming winter should be made immediately. Address as above.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, of Ohio, will answer calls to lecture on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsylvania and New York. Also, to attend funerals and make clairvoyant examinations and of prescriptions for the sick. They are to hold a grove meeting in Centerville, Pa., about the 12th of September, of which due notice will be given. Address Elmira, N. Y., in care of William B. Hatch.

Dr. James Cooper will speak at the monthly meeting of the Friends of Progress at Greensboro, Ind., Saturday evening and Sunday, Sept. 6th and 7th; at Cadiz, Ind., Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8th and 9th; at Mechanicsburg, Ind., Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 10th and 11th; at Anderson, Ind., 12th; at Chesterfield, Saturday evening and Sunday, 13th and 14th; Morristown, 15th and 16th. Subscribers to the Herald of Progress, and books for sale.

Travelers' Guide. RAILROAD LINES.

ERIE RAILWAY.—Leave Painesville, foot of Chambers street, 6 A. M. Mail for Elmira 7 A. M. Express for Buffalo 12:15 P. M. Accommodation 3 P. M. Express for Dunkirk and Buffalo 7 P. M. Mail for Dunkirk.

HUDSON RIVER R. R.—Leave Chambers street Depot, Express Trains 7 and 11 A. M., 3:15, 5 and 10:15 P. M.

NEW JERSEY R. R.—Leave foot of Cortlandt street for Philadelphia 7 and 10 A. M., 4, 6, and 11 P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.—Foot of Cortlandt St. for Philadelphia and the West, 7 A. M. and 6 P. M.; via Allentown, 8 P. M.

NEW JERSEY CENTRAL.—Foot of Cortlandt st., 6 A. M., 12 M., and 8 P. M.

NEW HAVEN R. R.—Leave corner 27th street and 4th avenue for New Haven, 7, 8 (Ex.), A. M., 12:15, 3 (Ex.), 3:50, 4:30 and 8 (Ex.) P. M.; for Boston, 8 A. M., and 3 and 8 P. M.

HARLEM R. R.—Leave corner 26th street and 4th avenue, for Albany, 10 A. M.

LONG ISLAND R. R.—Leave James slip and foot of 34th street, East River, 8 A. M., 12 M., 3:30, 4:30 and 6 P. M.; for Flushing, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10½ A. M.; 1, 4, 5, 6, and 7 P. M.

STEAMBOAT LINES.

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For New Haven—Steamer Continental leaves daily at 3:15 P. M., from Peck slip, East River.

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SPIRITUAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS-BOOK. No. 1. Boston: William White & Co., Publishers. 1862.

We opened the lids of this little volume with unalloyed apprehension. "Here," we inwardly said, "is a Sunday-school book for the little ones of the progressive household. It emanates from the office of the *Banner of Light*, and is confessedly designed for the children of Spiritualists."

The responsibility of publishing such a book, for such a purpose, is considerable. It is intended to represent a class of parents who want to supersede the erroneous teachings of old theology by introducing to their children the better, higher, wiser, more attractive lessons of the Harmonial Dispensation. This little work is put forth as a supply to that want among progressives. And the question is, How will its contents compare with the teachings of corresponding works in the world of theology? It is impossible to escape such a comparison, and the author and publishers should have fortified their "Class-Book" accordingly.

In a literary point of view, we cannot see that there is any progress indicated; but in its teaching it is far superior to Sunday-school books in the domain of old theology. In some of the lessons inculcated, however, we think the work falls behind the wishes of progressive minds. For example: On page 41 the "Teacher" is directed to ask the "Scholar," "What do you think of Spiritualism?"

In reply the little one is made to say, "I think it is beautiful to know that our dear deceased friends are not dead, but that they still live and are around us."

Here the scholar is instructed to say, in a very simple manner, something which may have never before entered his mind. Is it not wrong to teach a child to take a false interest in a particular form of religious faith? But the sectarian work is continued in the succeeding question by

"THE TEACHER: Do you [the child] think that the dear friends who loved you before death are still with you, in an invisible state, trying to influence you to be good and to do right?"

Now the probability is that the child has never had any definite thoughts on the subject. We know that children did not have such thoughts in the country where we were born and "brought up." Yet the scholar, in this Class-Book, is made to answer thus: "Spiritualism tells me that they are, and I think it is so." The child is thus morally committed to a faith in advance of its own judgment, knowledge, or conscience. Is this method anything better than the indoctrination of sectarianism?

After the child is made morally to commit itself, both judgment and conscience, to the fundamental faith of Spiritualism, by saying "I think it is so," the progressive Teacher then asks:

"Why do you think it is so?" To which the little one is made to answer, without a word of honorable qualification, in the following affirmative language:

"Christ came and talked to those he loved immediately after death, and he is a good example for all good folks."

We would have more patience with the author of this "Class-Book," if he had preceded the child's answer with the words, "The New Testament says, that Christ," &c.; for then the little mind would not be affirming positively something about which it really knows nothing at all. Learned Biblical students are led to doubt the entire story of Jesus; and furthermore, the most advanced minds of the age do not regard Christ as an "example" for all to follow; inasmuch as his individual life, and habits, and views, were constitutional, and cannot be equally natural to any other living being. Nevertheless, the child of the Spiritualist is made to repeat the old time-worn theory that mankind must become like unto some particular individual.

On the succeeding page the Teacher continues the work of indoctrination, thus: "What other reason have you for believing that your deceased friends are ever around you, and can sometimes talk to you?"

In reply the scholar is made to utter the following cogent additional reason: "A great many kind and truthful people that I know tell me it is so."

The Teacher, thinking that the young mind will bear to be pushed a little further, asks: "What other reason can you give for believing that your deceased friends are with you still?"

The child's answer is the beginning of hypocrisy—thus: "I feel that it is so, and this is the best and the truest reason. Cicero believed that the souls of men were immortal, because he felt that they were. So I may believe that the spirits of my deceased friends hover around me, because I feel that they do."

In this passage the young mind is made to speak familiarly of the ancient philosopher; of whom, till that moment, the child may never have heard a syllable. The young tongue is also taught to perpetrate the false word—"I feel that it is so." The truth is, as every adult mind well knows, that childhood is not apt to "feel" the phenomenal realities of Spiritualism. Where there is one child who can truthfully and conscientiously affirm that it feels the truth of Spiritualism, there are hundreds, yea, thousands, who have not only never "felt" anything of the kind, but who have never heard, perhaps, more than a few "ghost stories" since they were born. Yet, in the Spiritual Sabbath-school, the young can-

didate for a new sectarianism is made to say that it "feels that it is so."

All that portion of the "Class-Book" which relates to Spiritualism, seems to us behind the wishes and sentiments of the friends of human progress. The author cannot claim to represent the great leading sentiments of advanced minds in this country. The Class-Book is adapted to families who are just emerging from the confinements of old theology. On page 20, the Teacher asks: "Can we obey all the commandments given by Christ?"

In answer the child says: "I think we cannot till the world grows better; but we can try—for by trying we gain strength—which may enable us better to obey them."

On the subject of commandments, the Teacher asks: "Must you keep the commands of Moses before you can keep the commands of Christ?" To which the child promptly replies: "Yes. The commands of Moses were made for men, when they knew less, and the commands of Christ were made for men when they shall know more about the spiritual world."

Here the Teacher inquires: "Are all commands right?" The young mind philosophically answers: "They may be the best they can be for the condition of all, for whom they are given, and when they are given. I think the commandments given by Moses were made for the past and present, and the commandments of Christ were made for the future."

But we will not further quote. Our object in making these quotations is simply to enforce this thought, that Spiritualists should not move in the direction of Sunday-school books until they have arrived at some mutual understanding among themselves on the great principles and methods which they would impart to rising generations. The moral precepts and good sentiments of the work before us are unexceptionable, as they are in similar books published by Unitarians, Universalists, and Swedenborgians. We say, in perfect candor, that this little work does not meet the demands of the progressive class, for whose children it was written; yet it is a movement in the right direction; but we suggest that the "sense of the meeting" be taken before No. 2 is published. The subject of "Education" has not yet received any very deep attention from Spiritualists. Until they have some well-defined and intelligent views on the subject, we think it is better to postpone the erection of colleges and the establishment of Sunday-schools.

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THE BIBLE EXPOSED. By ERASMUS. J. P. Mendum, publisher. Boston: 1862.

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The *Atlantic*, for September, has the following table of contents:

David Gaunt, by the author of "Life in the Iron Mills;" Cerebral Dynamics, by Isaac Ray, M. D., Superintendent of the Butler Hospital, Providence, R. I.; A New Sculptor, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; Plays and Play Acting; Off Shore; Life in the Open Air, by the late Theodore Winthrop; Rifle Clubs, by H. W. S. Cleveland; Two Summers, by Mrs. Elizabeth Akers; Mr. Axtell; Methods of Study in Natural History, by Louis Agassiz; Gabriel's Defeat, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; Bethel, by A. J. H. Duganne; The Horrors of San Domingo, by John Weiss; The Life of Birds, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; A Complaint of Friends, by the author of "My Garden;" and The New Opposition Party.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—The American edition of this old Quarterly for July has the following contents: The Explorers of Australia; Wellington's Supplementary Dispatches; Sir G. C. Lewis's Astronomy of the Ancients; Earl Stanhope's Life of Pitt; Troyon's Lacustrine Abodes of Man; Weber's Gleanings from German Archives; Iron—its Uses and Manufacture; Remains of Mrs. Richard Trench; Dollinger on the Temporal Power.

L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street; \$3 per year. The four Reviews and Blackwood, \$10.

THE WESTMINSTER.—The July number of this valuable review, from the house of L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street, has the following table of contents:

The Life and Policy of Pitt; Dr. Davidson's Introduction to the Old Testament; Election Expenses; Sir William Hamilton—His Doctrines of Perception and Judgment; English Rule in India; Celebrated Literary Friendships; The Dawn of Animal Life; Contemporary Literature.

Apotheosis.

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

[From the Spiritual Magazine.]

MADAME ALEXANDRA HOME, the wife of Mr. Daniel Douglas Home, who is so well known to our readers, passed from earth on the 3d July last, at the Chateau Laroche, Dordogne, France, the residence of her sister, the Countess Lubuff Koucheleff Besborodka, in the twenty-second year of her age.

Mrs. Home was the youngest daughter of the General Count de Kroll, of Russia, and she was the god-daughter of the late Emperor Nicholas. She was educated at the Institute of St. Catherine at the same time as the present Countess de Morny, of Paris. Mr. Home, who had been at several of the courts of Europe, where he was received with much distinction, and where the marvelous phenomena which occur in his presence excited deep attention, was at Rome in the spring of 1855 for the benefit of his health, and there first saw the lady who became his wife on the 1st of August of that year. The marriage took place at St. Petersburg, and was celebrated in the presence of M. Alexandre Dumas, who went from Paris on purpose to be present, and to officiate as godfather to Mr. Home, according to the custom of the Russian Church. The Emperor Alexander also was represented there by two of his aides-de-camp, whom he sent as groomsmen, and the Emperor presented to Mr. Home on the happy occasion a magnificent diamond ring of great value. On the birth of the only child of the marriage, a son, the Emperor evinced his continued interest in Mr. and Mrs. Home by presenting to them as a memento of his friendship a ring of emeralds and diamonds. Mr. and Mrs. Home thus commenced their married life with all the outward accessories of station and wealth, together with hosts of friends, as a matter of course, whilst the measure of their happiness was completed by that calm domestic bliss, which is the purest source of earthly enjoyment, and to which her kindly and tender nature contributed its full share. They could not but be happy, for their affection was as pure as it was sincere, and when their union was blessed by the birth of their little son, there was no more to hope for, but to bring him up worthily to be a partaker in their happiness.

In the midst, however, of these bright human hopes and anticipations, the decree went forth that her days were numbered. About eighteen months before her departure, the physician, who was called in on the occasion of some trifling illness, as it was supposed, detected, to the surprise and grief of all who loved her, such undoubted signs of consumption in her constitution, that, in all human probability, her life could not be of long duration. Such tidings to a young and happy woman, surrounded by everything that can make outward existence attractive, would, in ordinary circumstances, have come as the direst calamity; but it was not so in the case of Mrs. Home. Though at that time only in her twenty-first year, she received the announcement with entire calmness. God's will was done, was the cheerful law of her life, and He who had hitherto made that life so rich, would not fail, she knew, to continue his love and mercy to her in that higher life to which he was calling her. Nothing but the deepest religious conviction of the Supreme Wisdom and Love can bring the human soul into a state of submissive obedience to his otherwise apparently severe and mysterious decrees.

Let us now see how the Divine Father had led and schooled His young disciple into that highest, that profoundest of all knowledge, the firm possession of which makes obedience and submission easy, and keeps the soul calm and even joyful under the most startling and adverse circumstances. We shall then in part, if not fully, understand whence came the strange, and apparently almost unnatural willingness to depart from the earthly life amidst its most attractive circumstances. She was a deeply-believing Spiritualist. God's love had made known to her the reality of the spiritual world; she had been permitted to solve the great, mysterious, and perplexing riddle of the Hereafter, and so loyal was she to the knowledge which had thus been given her, that she was ready to attest it in life or in death. Like all experienced Spiritualists, she knew that the outward life, be it term longer or shorter, is but a school in which God wills to train the immortal being to a higher knowledge—is but a pilgrimage, or passage, by which he is willing to conduct it to another, and still happier home. She knew that in that other state of existence, though unclothed by the body, and apparently separated from the beloved on earth, she might yet be permitted to watch over and love them as their guardian angel, and to be in the close companionship of those who had gone before—of those living and glorified spirits who should lead her to the throne of grace and love ineffable. If it be the highest heroism to meet death with undiminished courage, this amiable, gentle young woman, this child of affluence and fortune, displayed an almost unequalled degree of this noble quality of mind, and so doing, proved how strong and all-sustaining in life's extremity is the faith of the Christian Spiritualist.

The first startling intelligence that her disease was mortal came to a mind so prepared with wholly abated force. The sting was already taken from death; nor through the whole after-trials and sufferings of her physical frame did she lose her equanimity or firm confidence in the future. This calmness, indeed, became the most striking feature of her long and painful illness. It was so profound and marked as to be almost phenomenal, and was noticed as such by the eminent physicians who attended her in London, and subsequently in France, as well as by the Bishop of Perigueux, who frequently visited her during the latter part of her earthly life. The last sacraments were administered to her by the Bishop, who wept like a child, and who remarked that "though he had been present at

many a death-bed for heaven, he had never seen one equal to hers."

Whilst residing in London, the remarkable spiritual gifts and manifestations exhibited through Mr. Home, and the many attractive qualities of his young and lovely wife, had naturally gathered around them a large circle of friends to whom the singular exhibition of her calmness, her meekness, her playful, winning ways, even in the midst of suffering, and the joyfulness with which she anticipated her removal, were, if possible, a greater anomaly, and almost, for the time, cast into the shade the wonderful gifts and powers of her husband. If Addison called to his death-bed his infidel son-in-law, that, witnessing his composure, he might learn with how much calmness a Christian could die, so here disbelievers in Spiritualism, looking on this gifted young woman, saw with wonder, not only how calmly, but how joyously the Christian Spiritualist could face death.

During that short but interesting time of her declining health in London, her remarkable unselfishness became another endearing characteristic to all her friends. She made, even amid her increased sufferings, constant exertions to see them, and stances were held frequently at the house where she and her husband were then residing, in which she took part. On these occasions many wonderful and touchingly beautiful incidents occurred, and few, if any, who thus met her, but retain with tender and affectionate regard some lovely flower or fragrant spray—an emblem of herself—which was presented to her by spirit hands, as a little memento for each.

In the earlier stages of her disease her spiritual perception began to open, and she commenced, and throughout her illness continued to see and converse with the denizens of the spiritual world. Her most frequent visitors were her mother and her father, and the mother of her husband. From them she received the most loving messages of endearment, and the most cheering words of welcome to her spirit-home. She was also constantly attended by a veiled female spirit, whom she did not know, but whose very presence gave her great comfort, though she never spoke nor raised her veil. Mrs. Home was told that this kind guardian spirit would continue veiled until the last, when the veil would be thrown over her own new-born spirit, to keep her from the sight of the tears and mourning around the bed where her body would be lying. Through the six months previous to her passing away, the veil was slowly and gradually gathered from the feet of the guardian spirit towards the head, until two days before her release, when, for the last time, she saw the spirit with the veil gathered in the form of a crown about her head, but with one part, as a festoon, still concealing her face.

On one occasion eight persons, who were in the room with Mrs. Home, saw the hand and arm of the spirit to the shoulder, the appearance being that of a luminous body, most beautifully perfect in form, and covered as if with a veil of light. The eminent composer, M. Magnus, of Paris, came to the Chateau Laroche to visit Mrs. Home during the last three weeks of her earthly stay, and almost daily she asked him to play for her, and whilst lying placidly listening to his music, her face assumed an almost beatific expression, whilst she kept time to the music with her hands. On one occasion she said, when he had finished playing, "Those strains are very beautiful, but I shall soon hear more beautiful still."

Frequently, also, during the first three months and the last two months of her illness, not only she, but all those about her, heard delicious strains of spirit-music, sounding like a perfect harmony of vocal sounds. During the last month, also, the words were most distinctly heard, and were recognized as the chants for the dying used in the Russian Church.

She departed on Thursday, the 3d of July, and on the Saturday morning following, her little boy, of three years old, said to his nurse, on awaking, "I have seen mamma, and she is quite well now. She is with God, and she told me that my uncle Gregoire and my aunt Luba are my godfather and my godmother, and that they would be very good to me, and I must love them."

At her funeral, the service at which was performed by the vicar-general of the diocese, four of the men-servants of her sister asked each to lead a horse of the hearse to the burial-ground, saying that they could not allow hired persons to be near the dear body of her who ever had a kind word and a loving look for all. The peasantry, instead of, as is customary, throwing earth upon the coffin, first covered it with flowers—fittest for her last garment, and fittest for the expression of their love.

Such is a brief memorial of a short but lovely life on earth. But short as it was, rarely has the oldest and most experienced orthodox Christian attained to a higher degree of religious consciousness, clearness, and trust in God, than did this young and attractive woman, by those very means and teachings which the religious world as yet so much ignores and questions.

Blessed, however, be God the Savior, for every fresh revelation and manifestation of his divine life, and for every renewed teaching of his holy spirit.

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