

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

528 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.

## Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

ADDIE L. B. STOCKBRIDGE, Wis.—Thank you for your "Incidents in the Life of a Child."

A. E. MUGGITT HILL, Mass.—We have your thoughts on "The Mysteries of Man."

T. M. C. N. Y.—The war will end when the "Sun of Righteousness shall rise with healing in his wings."

H. W. BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—At this office, every Saturday, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.

C. B. P. NEWPORT, R. I.—"Ancient Glimpses," No. 52, has arrived. The field is ample for such explorations.

J. D. P. PITTSFIELD, N. Y.—There is no instrument for the detection of the location of minerals.

"FRANK," Mass.—The HERALD will be sent to your friend, D. M. F., of Lyons. Please report the meeting for our columns.

S. J. H. DOBBS, Va.—Do not expect a reply at present. The case you mention will require careful treatment.

T. L. G. DANVILLE, Ill.—Your sight-experiences are attributable to a defect in the optic nerve of one of your eyes. You will probably recover from it as you grow older.

B. J. CORPUS, N. Y.—The antinatural inter-bleeding of opposite races is induced by external influences. The law of "affinity" does not lead to such inter-marriage.

C. M. C. DANVILLE, Ill.—Your address will not be given to any one. It is very wise in you to resist the individual. All your kindly expressions are remembered.

B. T. O. WESTFIELD, Mass.—Some account of the "Order" will be found in this Journal, of June 28, No. 123, page 3. Other articles on the subject we have rejected.

M. J. K. GROVE HILL.—You will find your report of several two days' meetings in the HERALD—No. 139. Let us hear from you whenever you have anything to communicate.

SETH H. GREENSBORO, Ind.—It is concluded that the communications from the spirit of your first wife are too personal in detail to be republished in our columns. New facts in Spiritualism, or important inspirations through mediums, when well written and interesting to the general public, we always welcome and publish.

C. Z., BLUE GRASS, Iowa.—Your letter has been translated for our ears by a friend, and its expressions of interest are appreciated. The same friend informs us that the only German books on Spiritualism adapted to beginners in the philosophy are, "Die Geheimnisse des Tages (Secrets of the Day), of Dr. Reichenberg, Leipzig, at Spainer, 1853," price 82 cents; and "Neue Geheimnisse des Tages (New Events of the Day), of Dr. Horning, Leipzig, at F. Fleischer, 1857," price \$1.50. Postage to be added. These books can be had at Westernman's, Broadway, N. Y., or ordered from this office.

## Concentration.

"Enlarge not thy destiny," said the oracle; "endeavor not to do more than is given thee in charge." The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine; property and its cares, friends and a social habit, or politics, or music, or feasting. Everything is good which takes away one playing and delusion more, and drives us home to add one stroke of faithful work. Friends, books, pictures, lower duties, talents, flatteries, hopes—all are distractions which cause oscillations in our giddy balloon, and make a good police and a straight course impossible. You must elect your work; you shall take what your brain can, and drop all the rest. Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing. No matter how much faculty of idle seeing a man has, the step from knowing to doing is rarely taken. It is a step out of a chalk-circle of imbecility into fruitfulness. Many an artist lacking this, lacks all: he sees the masculine Angelo or Cellini with despair. He, too, is up to Nature and the First Cause in his thought. But the spasm to collect and swing his whole being into one act, he has not. The poet Campbell said that "a man accustomed to work was equal to any achievement he resolved on, and that, for himself, necessity, not inspiration, was the prompter of his muse."—EMERSON.

## Miscellany.

For the Herald of Progress.

### The Haunted Cabin;

OR,

### A NIGHT OF HORROR.

BY CLAUDE LAWRENCE.

At the time of the strange occurrence which I am about to narrate, certain business relations demanded my presence in a small town of western Pennsylvania.

Placing a brace of pistols in my belt, I mounted black Charley, and followed by Caesar, my ever-faithful dog, set out, hoping to accomplish the journey in three days. Nothing worth relating occurred the first day, and it is only necessary to state that during the second afternoon my route led through an almost unbroken wilderness; the roads were intolerable, and my progress was so slow that darkness closed over the forest while I was yet nearly ten miles from my anticipated place of "lodging and refreshment."

After floundering on through mud and over rocks for several hours, I drew rein before the camp-fire of a hunter, by the road-side, and was informed that I had mistaken the way, and was now five miles from Munson's tavern. Two miles back the road branched, and, in the darkness, I had taken the wrong route. Here was a serious dilemma. What should I do? Accept the hunter's invitation to share his brush-bed till daylight, and then return and correct my error? I could not think of this for a storm was at hand, and my jaded beast must not stand out in a cold rain, without food, after the hardships of the past day. I did not like to turn back through the mud, and try to find the right road, for in the almost impenetrable darkness there seemed little prospect of success.

"Isn't there a house on this road nearer than Munson's?" I inquired.

"There's a cabin 'bout half a mile from here, right ahead; but that don't no one live there now, fur the gall got luv-sick, an' then went crazy, 'cause her feller wouldn't have 'er. She allers seemed to hold a grudge agin' mankind arter that, an' the old man had to keep her shut up, she raved so 'tarnally. But one day she got loose, an' when he found 'er she was hangin' by the neck, stone-dead. Arter this the ole man got kinder shattered, thinkin' so 'bout his troubles, an' now he's gone off last week, and hain't bin heard from. Reckon he'll never cum back agin'."

Not a very pleasant place to put up for the night, but better for Charley than a five miles' tramp through the mud, and quite preferable to standing out in a dripping rain till morning.

"Could I find shelter there for myself and horse?" I asked.

"Guess yer could, stranger; for Jim Munson's bin there since the ole man left, and says the door warn't locked, an' everything was left loose. That's hay in the shed, an' if the ole man was that you'd be welcome to everything; but I'd rather lay out in the woods with a rigiment of painters than stay in that house all night. I'm a hunter, an' don't keer a cuss for wild varmints, but I can't stan' ghosts."

"Is the house haunted?" I inquired.

"Tain't nothin' else, stranger. I stopped there one night with the ole man, soon arter the gall killed 'erself, an' sich awful screechin' as rung in my ears liked to craze me, an' it's done him clean out at last, an' he's gone mad as a March-hare."

Of course I placed no credit in the ghostly part of the hunter's tale, but imagining myself as brave as Mars, I felt just then as though if I were really to meet a ghost 'twould be more agreeable to have company than to be alone. I accordingly tried to persuade my informant to go along with me; but he stoutly refused, saying that there was room for two under his shelter, and I could leave my horse and come back and stay with him.

Occasional flashes of lightning, accompanied with the distant roar of the approaching tempest, convinced me that the cabin would be the most preferable place of lodging. I also fancied that an interview with a respectable kind of ghost, especially one that moved in the higher circles, would be a fine thing to relate to my grandchildren, should I, whom my friends delight in stigmatizing as a confirmed bachelor, ever be blessed with a relationship so desirable. I therefore requested the hunter to lend me a torch, and informed him that I would spend the remainder of the night in the cabin, and return to his camp early in the morning.

"Like's not yer don't swaller my yarn,

stranger, but yer'll git good proof on't before mornin'." Never any noises 'round that in daylight, but I shouldn't advise no human tu put up there over night. Howsmever, if yer bound to try it, here's a torch, an' luck to yer."

I took the blazing fagot which he drew from his camp-fire, bade him good-night, and rode off. A few minutes after I drew up before the log-house that was to shelter me for the night. The storm, that had all the evening threatened to render my condition more deplorable by drenching me to the skin, set in just as I emerged from the low shed where I had provided for my tired beast. Protecting the light as much as possible, I passed around to the front door and knocked several times. The possibility of the owner's return seemed to demand further investigations before taking full possession of the premises, but the pelting storm argued powerfully against preliminaries. All was silent within, and raising the latch I pushed open the door.

It swung round upon its wooden hinges with a disagreeable creak, and, as I entered, closely followed by Caesar, a huge black cat wailed out fiercely, and, crashing through an opposite window, made good his escape. The emotions produced by this incident were not the most agreeable; but I closed the door and held aloft the torch to examine my surroundings.

The room was small—a narrow doorway opened through the rough partition at one end, and a stone fireplace was bedded into the log nearly opposite. The furniture consisted of a few chairs, a table, a cupboard, and a disordered bed. A half-consumed log lay in the andirons, and a pile of smaller wood was in the corner near the hearth. Upon a shelf over the fireplace were some bottles, a few books, a large powder-horn, and a candle in a half-way to the socket.

Having satisfied curiosity, I set about kindling a fire, and soon a broad flame was shooting up the chimney, and sending a genial glow over the rough walls of the apartment. Apparently my new-found quarters were all that I could desire.

Sitting there before my cheerful fire, I congratulated myself upon my lucky escape from the war of elements, and wondered eagerly why men should be so foolish as to believe in ghosts. I coolly passed judgment upon the hunter's narrative, and set him down as an ignorant backwoodsman, who had mistaken the moaning of midnight winds for the persecuting voice of a revengeful spirit. Of course I considered myself free from all such perils of superstition, and very complacently thanked the gods that I was made of more sound material.

Although I rejected the supernatural portion of the simple-hearted hunter's story, the misfortunes of the unhappy father and daughter forced themselves upon my mind with a strange pertinacity.

Long and remorselessly had the angel of sorrow hovered over the lone dwelling, driving shaft after shaft of keenest anguish through the bleeding hearts of its doomed inhabitants. What a grief had been hers—the suicide daughter? Here had she seen the radiant morning of her life darkened by the deepest clouds of woe, and the opening flower-buds of love wither ere yet they had burst into bloom. Here had she loved and trusted; and here, scorned, betrayed, ruined, she had brooded silently over her great sorrow, and, seeing no beauty in life, turned madly from its tortures to seek forgetfulness in a suicide's grave.

This appalling crime, O Society, is all thine own! Countless as may be the evils that receive thy sanction, there is none so monstrous as that which dooms weak, erring woman to a life of shame and misery, while her accused seducer is received by thee with open arms, and welcomed as an honorable member of the higher (?) circles. If there be one criminal to whom the hand of eternal justice shall mete out a fearful retribution, it is he upon whose head rests the infamous sin of betraying her who has loved and trusted him.

A low growl from Caesar broke in upon my reflections. He had been uneasy for some time, frequently walking around the room and pausing before the doors as if to listen to movements without.

I thought little of this, however, as we were in a strange place, and the storm was raging fearfully, tossing about all light movables, prying into every nook, rattling loose shingles, and performing a variety of fantastic freaks wholly out of the ordinary course of things. It was now nearly twelve o'clock, and I set about making things secure before retiring. Having fastened the front door, I arranged the

bed upon the floor near the fire, and, placing my pistols under my pillow, lay down to sleep as composedly as if at home. I soon passed into a half-conscious slumber, and lay in that condition nearly two hours, when a low rustling near the door attracted my attention.

Turning my head, I saw a female, who had apparently just entered the room. She was young—not more than twenty—and her form, had it not been worn and wasted with intense suffering, would have been the embodiment of gracefulness. Her brow was white as the bleached hand of death, while her sunken eye, and her lips, bloodless and thin as parchment, told a tale of woe unspeakable. Her long, black hair, hung in tangled masses upon her emaciated shoulders, and all the concentrated fires of insanity gleamed in her wild, staring eye. Instantly the thought passed through my mind that this was the avenging spirit; but this was followed by the more probable conclusion that the hunter had hoaxed me in regard to the girl's death, and that she was yet wandering about the premises in a state of insanity.

Filled with a strange commingling of awe and pity, I attempted to rise, but not a muscle moved in obedience to my will. I tried again and again, with like success, and then lay helpless as an infant, awaiting further movements of my strange visitor. For a moment her gaze was riveted upon my features, and then, as if comprehending my helpless condition, she stealthily approached my bed. With her glassy eye fixed upon my own, she bent silently over me and placed her cold, clammy hand upon my forehead. Every faculty seemed to grow numb beneath her icy touch. In vain did I try to wrench off her hand—every nerve was paralyzed. Each effort seemed to exhaust my yielding will and place me more completely under her control; but, determined not to be overcome, I concentrated all my powers for a final struggle. I thought of Caesar, and tried to summon him to my aid, but no sound passed my lips. I strove to grasp my pistols, not a hand would move. Resistance was unavailing, and, with a groan of despair, I yielded to my fate.

An expression of malignant triumph passed over the features of my tormentor as she saw me submit, and, as if encouraged by success, she redoubled her efforts to enslave my will. I was rapidly losing individuality; a shadowy atmosphere enveloped me, and shut out every object but the strange enchantress who chained me with her piercing gaze. Unable to avert my face, I gazed into her gleaming eyes until they seemed changed to balls of fire, while her ice-cold hand was freezing into my brain and curdling the crimson currents of life. Stranger than all was the fact that I retained my consciousness complete. I could hear the low snapping of the fire, the rush of rain upon the roof, and, instead of his usual defiant growl, the low whining of my dog. I wondered why he did not come to my assistance, for I could not doubt that he saw my tormentor. Vainly did I endeavor to encourage him—the fatal spell still held me powerless.

Each moment I became weaker, and my brain reeled upon the verge of oblivion. But unexpected relief was at hand. The fury of the tempest increased; a blinding flash of lightning penetrated the strange cloud that shrouded me, and simultaneously a terrific peal of thunder shook the old building to its foundation. The suddenness of the shock seemed to animate me with renewed life, and with a mighty effort I sprang bolt upright in my bed. The infernal trance was broken. I gazed eagerly around in search of my persecutor, but to my utter astonishment found that I was alone. So sudden had been my awakening that it seemed impossible for any one to leave the room without detection.

The mystery was inexplicable. I was strangely moved, and the fact that a more careful examination of my surroundings revealed no trace of a human being did not tend to quiet my disordered nerves. I tried to convince myself that it was all a dream—a fearful nightmare—but the impression that I had been dealing with something tangible was too vivid. The strange conduct of Caesar substantiated the impression. He was at all times by my side, brave and undaunted in any emergency, now crouched close to the wall, trembling like a whipped cur, and refused to answer my call. I entreated and threatened him with like success; he only whined piteously, and cringed closer to the corner where he was lying. I could in no wise account for his action. It could not be that the tempest frightened him, and I knew he would never shrink from the presence of man or woman. Several explanations ran through my mind,

but all were unsatisfactory. Still the impression forced itself upon me that there was some one about the premises besides myself, and I determined to examine the adjoining apartments.

Having lighted the candle, which I noticed upon my entrance, I placed some matches that were beside it in my pocket, and then passed through the door in the partition. The room which I entered was not so large as the one I had just left, and, like it, was poorly furnished. A door led from it to another apartment on the right, and another opened through a rough ceiling at the farther end. The latter was partly open, and I passed through it, and stood in a small bedroom. I had but just entered, when a gust of wind from a broken window extinguished my light, leaving me in total darkness.

The next moment a maniac "Ha! ha! ha!" pealed through the room, and a cold, clammy hand was passed over my forehead, followed by what seemed to be a mass of damp hair drawn across my face. Certain of grasping a human form, I threw out my arms in all directions, but, to my utter astonishment, found nothing but the wall. In my surprise and bewilderment the candle fell from my hand, and as I groped about in the darkness to find it, that devilish laugh rang out on the midnight air. This time it began in rapid giggles, close to my ear, and became gradually louder, until it ended in a piercing shriek that almost deafened me, and sent the blood in headlong torrents to my heart.

As the unearthly echoes died away, my poor terrified dog gave a long, mournful howl, that wailed dimly through the deserted cabin, and filled me with a superstitious dread. I now felt almost certain that I was dealing with a ghost, and I was equally certain that I was a good deal disconcerted, if not pretty thoroughly frightened. Still the emotions I experienced were not akin to ordinary fear. The novelty of the circumstances and the rapidity of their development wrought up my nerves to a high pitch of excitement; while the half-formed conviction that I was dealing with the spirit of the unfortunate suicide inspired in my mind an indefinable awe.

I was not yet fully convinced that my strange visitor was emancipated from the flesh, for my strong materialistic views refused to yield to any but the most undeniable evidence. If still possessed of a material form, my tormentor was undoubtedly near me yet, although no movement revealed the fact. Without waiting for further reflection, I re-lit the candle, which I had already found, and stared eagerly around the room—it contained no one but my excessively agitated self! Not satisfied, I searched beneath the chairs, under the bed, and, to make the work sure, pulled off the bedding, but to my disappointment, found nothing upon which to moor my materialism. It was rapidly drifting away, driven by an overwhelming storm of facts.

There remained only one chance to save it and I clutched at it as the drowning man grasps at straws. It might be that, in my confusion, my persecutor had slipped by me, and escaped from the room unnoticed. Nothing was to be done but to examine the remaining room, or to return to the fire and await further developments as quietly as possible. I determined upon the former, and, returning to the side door, opened it cautiously. As I entered, a low wail of agony broke tremulously forth, and died away in convulsive sobs. Glancing in the direction of the sound I beheld a female kneeling before a low couch in an attitude of prayer. Her side was towards me, and as the light revealed the sharp outline of her pallid face, I recognized her who had bent over me as I lay in that death-like trance an hour previous. My supposition had apparently proved correct. I approached noiselessly, exultingly, for I could see nothing of ghostly immateriality in the well-defined form before me. Undoubtedly she had escaped me in the darkness and fled to this room, thinking I was too much intimidated to follow. A sensation of relief passed over me, for I felt that the mystery was solved. My materialism was again triumphant, and the idea of apparitions and hobgoblins looked more foolish than ever before. Thanks to my perseverance, I had proved at last that the evil genius—the persecuting spirit—of the haunted cabin, was only an unfortunate woman who was lingering around the premises in a state of insanity. To-morrow I would reveal the fact to the few frightened backwoodsmen at Munson's, and for once in my life figure as a real hero. The whole matter was plain to me. I would detain her in the house till morning, and then take her with me to Munson's.



I stepped forward to inform her of my intentions, but low murmurs trembled from her parted lips, and I paused to listen. Her thin white hands were clasped upon her bosom, the colorless face was upturned, while her raven hair fell back in disorder from her marble forehead. Her clasped hands clutched nervously as her articulation became more distinct, and I shuddered involuntarily at the terrible curses that fell from her bloodless lips. Mortal voice never gave utterance to such a fiendish prayer. I can liken it only to the 109th Psalm of David, but its malignancy exceeded even that. As she proceeded, her emaciated form awayed to and fro, her hollow bosom heaved with imprisoned passion, and her wild, shrill voice, rang from room to room like a blaspheming wail from the infernal world. She ceased, and rising to her feet, fixed a piercing gaze upon my face, while the arrowy pupil of her glassy eye flashed with the fires of defiant hatred. I took a step forward, and was about to speak, but she motioned me back, and pointed to the opposite end of the room, behind me. Thinking this a mere subterfuge to attract my attention that she might dart by me and escape, I kept my eyes fixed steadily upon hers. Again she motioned me away, and again pointed behind me, exclaiming, wildly:

"Behold the atrocious work of thrice-acursed man!"

"Madam," said I, sternly approaching her, "it is vain for you to attempt to escape. I have been tortured sufficiently for one night, and you must now remain quiet till morning; then I will help you away from this desolate place, where you can find kind friends who will care for you."

At the same time I reached out my hand to take her own, when she gave a dreadful groan, and faded into thin air. A sickening sensation came over me at this unlooked-for event, and I staggered against the wall for support. Partially recovering, I determined to leave the accursed place and return to the hunters' encampment. I turned to execute my resolve, when, oh! crowning horror! there, in the further end of the room, hung suspended in the air the lifeless form of an old man! A more appalling sight mortal eyes never beheld.

The face, which was turned towards me, was black as mortification could make it; the bloodshot eyes seemed starting from their sockets, while the swollen tongue protruded from gaping jaws, and ghastly locks of hair clung in this curls around the blackened temples. A moment I stood transfixed with horror, gazing upon the frightful object, and then, with trembling limbs, fled to the room in which I had first sought protection from the raging elements. Pausing a few moments to gather up my coat and vest, which I had laid aside upon retiring, I hastily threw them on and left the house, pursued by that same mocking laugh—a laugh that, once heard, can never be forgotten.

Once more in the open air, and my excited nerves grew steady. The storm had passed over, a cool breeze was blowing steadily from the north-west, and the wan face of the nearly full moon glanced stealthily out from apertures in the broken masses of clouds. The cold current of wind seemed to brace up my scattered faculties, and by the time I had mounted Charley, my mind was sufficiently calm for reflection upon the startling incidents of the past few hours. When, by the aid of the straggling moonbeams and the instinct of my horse, I reached the hunter's camp, I was fully prepared to admit that departed spirits do return to earth, and that ghosts and ghost-stories, though often exaggerated, are frequently no myths.

Of the closing scenes of this narrative, it is only necessary to state, that, having aroused the hunter and related to him my experience, he declared it his intention to have me occupy his quarters while he took a short cut through the woods to Munson's, for the purpose of obtaining witnesses to examine the house, and, if the corpse of the old man were really there, assist in the burial. After an absence of about two hours he came back, accompanied by two stalwart men, and together we returned to the cabin, just as the sun was rising over the eastern tree-tops. Upon searching the house we found the corpse precisely where and as I had described it, though I confess the sight was less appalling than it first appeared to my excited imagination. A litter was soon constructed by twining a bed-cord between two poles and covering the same with blankets. Upon this the body of the unfortunate suicide was carefully placed and borne through the woods to Munson's, where, after suitable preliminaries, it was decently interred. I remained until the final disposal of the body, giving time for both myself and horse to recuperate.

I then resumed my journey, and as soon as my business arrangements were concluded, returned to my home without further adventures. Several years have passed away with their varied joys and sorrows, but the startling incidents herein related are as fresh in my memory as though they transpired but yesterday. Never since that night have I encountered the departed in a visible form, but the ceaseless beatings of Time's restless tide can never efface the remembrance of my night of horror in the Haunted Cabin.

It is not knowledge that constitutes the difference between the man who adds to the mass and embellishments of life and the man who leaves the world just as he found it. The difference between the two consists in the reproduction of knowledge—in the degree to which the mind appropriates, tests, experiments on, all the wealth of ideas which are borne to it from the minds of others.

[RELUK.]

### A Hospital Scene.

A lady who went to Tennessee river to visit her husband who was in the army, and who spent some time as a nurse in one of the hospitals, gives an account of her experience. We quote the following touching sketch from one of her letters.—*Ed.*

My next patient was an orphan boy sixteen years of age—Frank B.—, belonging to Birge's sharpshooters—and a braver heart never beat in the bosom of mortal than that which beat in his.

Frankie's blue eyes greeted me with a glad smile before I was near enough to speak to him. When I bent over and asked how he felt, he answered cheerfully, saying he hoped soon to be able to return to his regiment.

I bathed his face, gave him a cup of hot tea, with some toast, and left him sleeping sweetly.

Poor little Frank B. daily grew weaker. Nothing could tempt him to eat, and his cough grew worse, while his face became thin and pale. He never lost his joyous spirit, but always seemed hopeful, even when too ill to rise from his berth.

One afternoon I was startled on entering by the most piteous cries, and found that they came from my little favorite, generally so brave and patient.

"Why, Frankie, what is the matter?" I asked, bending over him.

"Oh, you have come! I did wish for you so much. Oh, I shall die, and I wanted somebody by, who seemed to care for me a little. You do like me, don't you, dear Mrs. S.—? You've been so kind to me. Oh, this pain! I can't stand it long!"

His hands grasped mine nervously, and every fiber of his frame quivered with pain. I saw that the deus of death were standing thickly already on the broad and beautiful forehead over which the fair hair clustered so prettily, and my eyes filled with tears of sorrow deeper than words could express. I stooped to kiss him, and a glad cry escaped the blue lips of the dying boy.

"Oh, kiss me again, won't you? That is like my sister. Do kiss me once more: I feel better. Oh, I wouldn't mind to die, if my sisters were here to tell me they loved me. You do love me a little, don't you?"

"Yes, a great deal, Frankie, as much as if I were your sister. I'm sure you're a good boy, and I am sorry to see you suffer so."

He drew me down towards him and pressed his face close to my arms. I could chide no more. The poor boy's mute appeal for tenderness and sympathy in his dying hour, far from home, breathing out his young life amid strangers, unnerved me. I drew that young bright head to my bosom and my tears fell fast upon his sunny curls.

Did the gentle sisters he loved have one thought of the scene that was transpiring on that night, while, perchance, they sat and talked of him, their only son, in petted brother, in the far-off home in Nebraska?

"You will stay with me to-night, won't you?" he pleaded again. "Oh, you won't leave me to die alone!"

"No, Frankie, I'll stay with you."

He was comforted, and became more quiet as I clasped his hands and tried to soothe him. Gradually a purple hue overspread his face. Now his lips became whiter, and the large clear eyes grew restless. When he could no longer speak, those eyes plead for some token of endearment, and each time that I pressed a kiss upon his forehead, a look of deep and earnest gratitude softened the expression of his face.

About nine o'clock he breathed his last, and now every time that I look at my hand and see the little ring of mine he wore before he died, I seem to see the parting look of his great sad eyes as they fixed in death. How sad a task to brush back the damp locks from the cold brow, and compose the blue limbs in their last repose! That night I wept and prayed for the sisters, as I had wept and prayed for myself; he was all they had.

### 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."

[From the National Republican.]

### Another Voice for Freedom.

L. MARIA CHILD TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

It may seem a violation of propriety for a woman to address the Chief Magistrate of the nation at a crisis so momentous as this. But if the Romans, ages ago, accorded to Hortensia the right of addressing the Senate on the subject of a tax unjustly levied on the wealthy ladies of Rome, surely an American woman of the nineteenth century need not apologize for pleading with the rulers of her country in behalf of the poor, the wronged, the cruelly oppressed. Surely the women of America have a right to inquire, nay, demand, whether their husbands, sons, and brothers, are to be buried by thousands in southern swamps, without obtaining thereby "indemnity for the past and security for the future."

In your Appeal to the Border States you have declared slavery to be "that without which the war could never have been," and you speak of emancipation as "the step which at once shortens the war." I would respectfully ask how much longer the nation is to wait for the decision of the Border States, paying, meanwhile \$2,000,000 a day, and sending thousands of the best and bravest to be stabbed, shot, and hung, by the rebels, whose property they are employed to guard? How much longer will pro-slavery officers be permitted to refuse obedience to the laws of Congress, saying, "We shall continue to send back fugitives to their masters until we receive orders from the President to the contrary?" What fatal spell is cast over your honest orders? Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Neither nations nor individuals sin against His laws with impunity. Hear the old Hebrew prophet, whose words seem as if spoken for us:

"Thou shouldst not have stood in the cross-way to cut off those that did escape; neither

shouldst thou have delivered up those that did remain in the day of distress. For thy violence against thy brother, shame shall cover thee, and thou shalt be cut off forever. The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, saying, who shall bring me down to the ground? Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord."

The American people have manifested almost miraculous patience, forbearance, and confidence in their rulers. They have given incontrovertible proof that their intelligence, their love of country, may be trusted to any extent. They are willing to sacrifice their fortunes and their lives, but they very resolutely wish to know what they are sacrificing them for. Men, even the bravest, do not go resolutely and cheerfully to death in the name of diplomacy and strategy. The human soul, under such circumstances, needs to be lifted up and sustained by great ideas of Justice and Freedom.

President Lincoln, it is an awful responsibility before God to quench the moral enthusiasm of a generous people. It wastes thousands of precious lives, causes an unutterable amount of slow, consuming agony, and tarnishes our record on the pages of history. Again I respectfully ask, How much longer are we to wait for the Border States, at such tremendous cost and with such a fearful risk? When a criminal is on trial it is not deemed prudent to try by a jury who are interested in the crime. Slavery is on trial, and the verdict is left to slaveholders in the Border States. The report of their majority shows them to be slaveholders in heart and spirit. The process of reasoning and entreaty has been very properly tried with them, and the people of the free States have waited long and patiently for some obvious good result; they are getting restive—very restive. Everywhere I hear men saying: "Our President is an honest, able man, but he appears to have no firmness of purpose. He is letting the country drift into ruin for want of earnest action and a consistent policy." This is not the utterance of any one class or party. It may be heard everywhere—by the wayside, in the cars, and at the depot. Nor can I deny that some speak with less moderation. Shall I tell you what I said when cold water was thrown upon the spark of enthusiasm kindled by the brave, large-hearted Gen. Hunter? I exclaimed, with a groan, "Oh! what a misfortune it is to have an extinguisher instead of a Drummond Light in our watch-tower, when the Ship of State is reeling under such a violent storm, in seas and rocks, with swarms of unprincipled wreckers every where calculating on the profit they may derive from her destruction!" The crew are working at the pumps with manly vigor and almost superhuman endurance. They look out upon a prospect veiled by dense fog, and their cry is, O God! let us know whether we are driving. Give us a clear, steady light, to guide us through the darkness of the storm!"

I trust you will not deem me wanting in respect for yourself or your high position, if I say frankly that you seem to trust too much to diplomatic and selfish politicians, and far too little to the heart of the people. You do them wrong, irreparable wrong, by stifling their generous instincts, and putting an extinguisher on every scintillation of moral enthusiasm. Are you not aware that moral enthusiasm is the mightiest of all forces. It is the fire which produces the steam of energy and courage, and the motion of all the long train of crowded cars depends on its expansive power. In the name of our suffering country, for the sake of a world that needs enfranchisement, I beseech you not to check the popular enthusiasm for freedom! Would that you could realize what a mighty power there is in the heart of a free people! No proclamation, no speeches, have stirred it to its depths as did the heroic and kindly Gen. Banks, when he gave the weary slave-girl a ride upon his cannon. I hail the onset of that suffering little one riding to freedom on the cannon of the United States. It is impossible to estimate the benign, far-reaching influence of such an action. They cannot be arranged in statistics, and will therefore be neglected by political economists. They cannot be bought up for electioneering purposes, and therefore men called statesmen attach no importance to them. But they will run through all the patterns of our future, though history will be unable to trace to their origin in the web those golden threads that here glow in the heart of a flower, and there light up the eye of a bird. Gen. Banks was not aware of the magnetism in that simple act of humanity. It owed its magnetic power to the fact that "what within is good and true, he saw it with his heart."

And so it awakened a responsive thrill in other kindly, generous hearts, who all remembered the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me." Such potency was there in it, that it proved an Ithuriel's spear to disguised forms of selfishness and treason. When it touched the toads, they started up devils.

In thus entreating you to trust to the impulses of the people, I by no means overlook the extreme difficulties of your position. I know that the pro-slavery spirit of the land is a mighty giant, characterized by unscrupulous selfishness and exceeding obstinacy. But I also know that all the enthusiasm is on the side of Freedom. Despotism has its ugly Caliban of obstinate pride always at work for mischief. But enthusiasm is the swift and radiant Ariel, always prompt in the service of freedom. These two agents are in active competition. Choose which of them you will trust.

That you sincerely wish to save the Republic, the people do not doubt for a moment; and your scruples about constitutional obligations have commanded their respect. But events have educated them rapidly, and they now deny that any constitutional obligation exists toward rebels who have thrown off the Constitution, spit upon it, and trampled it under their feet. If you entered into partnership with a man who robbed you of your funds, set your house on fire, and seized you by the throat with intent to strangle you, should you consider yourself still legally bound by the articles of partnership? I trow not. But it is urged that some slaveholders are loyal. I apprehend that their name is not legion, and their loyalty always of a kind that will stand much wear and tear. The course that some of them have pursued recalls to my mind the words of the same old Hebrew prophet: "The men of the Confederacy have brought thee even to the border. The men that were at peace with thee have deceived thee. They

that eat thy bread have laid a wound under thee."

Much has been said concerning the inhumanity of arming the blacks. All war is necessarily inhuman. But I cannot perceive why there is more inhumanity in a black man fighting for his freedom than in a white man fighting for the same cause. Doubtless long years of oppression has brutalized many of the slaves and darkened their moral sense almost as much as it has that of the slaveholders. If, wearied out with their long waiting in vain for help, and, goaded by the increase of their sufferings, they should resort to insurrection, indiscriminate cruelty might be the result. But this danger would be averted by organizing them under the instruction and guidance of officers who would secure their confidence by just treatment. They are by nature docile, and have been trained to habits of obedience. There seems no reason to apprehend that their passage through any district would be accompanied with more devastation than that of other troops. As for bravery, they would be stimulated to it by the most powerful motives that can act on human nature—the prospect of freedom on the one hand, and the fear of falling into their masters' power on the other.

I need not speak of emancipation as a measure of policy. Enough has been said and written to prove that enlightened self-interest requires it at our hands. But there is one aspect of the question which seems to me very important, though generally overlooked. I mean the importance of securing the confidence of the slaves, of making them feel secure of their freedom, if they serve the United States. One of the "contrabands" at Fortress Monroe said: "We want to work for the United States, but we can't work with heart, because we feel anxious about what the United States means to do with us when the war is over."

I often see suggestions about impressing the negroes and compelling them to work for us. Last night's paper states that orders have been given to employ them in some of the camps, and to pay wages to those of them who are free. In the name of justice, what right have we to force slaves to work without wages? What right have we to recognize slaves in persons working for the United States? Have we gone so far in this struggle without learning yet that heart-labor is of infinitely more value than compulsory labor? It is our duty as well as our best policy to deal justly and kindly by the poor fugitives who toil for us, and to stimulate their energies by making them feel secure of their freedom. Your word, officially spoken, can alone do this. So long as you delay to utter it, one officer will scourge them and send them to their masters to be again scourged, while another will protect them. The poor creatures, whose minds are darkened by ignorance and perplexed by their masters' falsehoods about the Yankees, become completely bewildered, and know not whom to trust. Their simple declaration, "We want to work for the United States, but we can't work with heart," seemed to me very significant and pathetic. Is not the heart-service of these loyal thousands too valuable to be thrown away? If their masters, in desperation, should promise them freedom as the reward for fighting against us, they would doubtless accept the offer as the best bargain they could make; because, alas! they have been unable to find out what the United States means to do with them. What candid person could blame them for such a course? Should we not do the same under similar circumstances?

Oh, President Lincoln, God has placed you as a father over these poor oppressed millions. Remember their forlorn condition. Think how they have been for generations deprived of the light of knowledge and the hope of freedom! Think of the cruel lashes inflicted on them for trying to learn to read the Word of God! Think of their wives polluted and their children sold, without any means of redress for such foul and cruel wrongs! Imagine them stealing through midnight swamps infested with snakes and alligators, guided toward freedom by the North Star, and then hurled back into bondage by northern bloodhounds in the employ of the United States! Think how long their groans and prayers for deliverance have gone up before God from the hidden recesses of southern forests! Listen to the refrain of their plaintive hymn, "Let my people go!" Above all, think of their present woeful uncertainty, scourged and driven from one to another, not knowing whom to trust! We are told that uncounted prayers go up from their bruised hearts, in the secrecy of their rude little cabins, that God "would bless Massa Lincoln." Is there nothing that touches your heart in the simple trust of these poor, benighted, suffering souls? In view of it, can you still allow the officers of the United States to lash them at their pleasure and send them back to their masters, on the plea that the President has given no orders on the subject? Shall such officers go unrebuked, while Gen. Hunter is checked in his wise and humane policy, and when the great, honest soul of Gen. Phelps is driven to the alternative of disobeying the convictions of his own conscience or quitting the service of his country? If you can thus stifle the moral enthusiasm of noble souls; if you can thus disappoint the hopes of poor, helpless wretches, who trust in you as their appointed agent of their deliverance, may God forgive you! It will require infinite mercy to do it.

I can imagine, in some degree, the embarrassments of your position, and I compassionately you for the heavy weight of responsibility that rests upon your shoulders. I know that you are surrounded by devils that have squeezed themselves into the disguise of toads. I pray you to lose no more time in counting these toads and calculating how big a devil each may contain. Look upward instead of downward. Place your reliance on principle rather than on men. God has placed you at the head of a great nation at a crisis when its free institutions are in extreme peril from enemies within and without. Lay your right arm on the banner of the Almighty, and march fearlessly forward to universal freedom in the name of the Lord!

Pardon me if, in my earnestness, I have said aught that seems disrespectful. I have not so intended. I have been impelled to write this because night and day the plaintive song of the bondmen resounds in my ears:

"Go down, Moses, go down to Egypt's land, And say to Pharaoh: 'Let my people go.'"

That you may be guided by Him who has said: "First righteousness and then peace," is the earnest prayer of

Yours, respectfully, L. MARIA CHILD.

### Tidings from the Inner Life.

"And the angel said unto them: 'Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.'"

For the Herald of Progress.  
Nearer Heaven.

BY S. ANNA GORDON.

Wearied of labor or listlessness, of suffering or ease, of idleness or care, of anxiety or discontent, of weal or woe, how comforting and cheering to meet the twilight close of each succeeding day as they come and go, with the happy reflection that we are drawing nearer heaven. The hope, ay, the certainty of a future life, seems to transfix the soul beyond this vale of tears, when, for a time, we shut out the world from our thoughts and pierce the vista of time with a telescopic eye, bringing heaven within the range of mortal vision, exchanging anticipation for participation (in part) of those real joys that await the pilgrim's return to his Father's house.

This sphere of ours is not so widely remote from our angel home as ancient theology has pictured. It is the dark veil that prejudice and superstition have woven, and bigotry has placed before our organs of sight, that obscures the optics, magnifies distance, and causes us to locate spirit friends at so great a distance from us, and not a real relentless space thrown between us and them. Do we not often feel, when surrounded by temptation, fear, or danger, that an invisible power comes to our rescue?—that "guardian angels" watch over us to save us from impending ills?

Reality has interwoven itself more into the tissues of life than many are ready to admit, for fancies are often disguised facts. The mask of ignorance, and the superstitious aversions to a revealed truth, often eclipse its nature, while reason is forbidden to investigate and philosophy to disclose its relationships. It is thus we roam in darkness, never looking heavenward for light as well as life.

Cheerless indeed would be this world of ours were the gates kept closed between it and the future—did not our angel friends come to aid and encourage us in the great strife of life, and guide us onward in its natural career until we arrive at the impending crisis that ultimately awaits the destiny of mortals. When we lay the cold earth-form of a cherished friend in the silent grave, would it not be hard to think the separation from that loved one, whose life was interwoven in the very tissues of our own being, was final until the same change should overtake us? Is there no longing for a spiritual intercourse? no anxious wish that the fancied "rail of time" could be rent asunder? no sighing for that spirit friend's return whose endeared memory still attracts your thoughts to the spirit-world? Is there no secret belief that the departed visit and guard us in the silent watches of the night, linking their golden thoughts into the bright chain of our dreams? Why not, then, in our day-dreams? Does Nature suspend God's laws? or does superstition and prejudice interpose?

We near heaven (applying a term of condition to location) when we exercise consistent views of our Creator and his ultimate purposes; when we can admit that God rules and Nature obeys; when we can know and understand him as he is through natural and direct inspiration; when we can look upon the world as a design executed by his unseen hand—a diagram illustrating his thoughts.

Ages have combined their myriads of laborers and employed them in building up "isms" until they rise so high as to almost obscure the natural heavens, and we are left to scale a ladder that Jacob, in his vision, could not climb, to catch a glimpse of the true light, else receive the reflections through false media. Superstition, the tyrant ruler of past centuries, has given its oracles to mankind through interpreters who were ambitious to build up creeds, and like "blind leaders of the blind," all have fallen by the wayside and shared one common level. But in the midst of this modern Babel, the dispersion of tongues, the annihilation of worn-out dogmas, the introduction of a new light, the revelation of true inspiration, the dawn of a new era, it is invigorating to feel the progressive impulse of the age, and to be sped onward by its revolutionizing power. We have gained a desirable vertex when we can look beyond the grave into the twilight of heaven—the borders of the spirit-land—and comprehend the relationship of this life to the future; when we can lose sight of the hideous forms of persecution in scenes that have been enacted and are forever past; when we can view death as a natural and desirable change by which our happiness is to be augmented; when our life-barks shall float onward and heavenward through the perils of Time's swelling surges, guided by the light which angels come to bear us, until we anchor in the haven of rest and joy.

In the distant clouds, tipped with liquid gold, bespangled with living hues, and emblazoned with rich sunlight, are daguerreotypes of ethereal forms, speaking the language of sublimity with inspiring eloquence, inviting the mind of man to soar amid the spheres beyond, as his thoughts dash on in their lightning pace over the electric wires that connect world with world, the imperceptible with the material, mankind with angels, and center all in God.

Nearer heaven! and still being waited onward by the tide of time, by the progress of mind, by the body's return to its native element, by the attractions of the spirit treasures accumulating there, by the soul's aspirations, and by the incidental physical pains that



come to loose the chains that bind us here, as they unlock the prison-door to set the spirit free.

Nearer heaven! The clairvoyant eye beholds with delight and admiration the disembodied throng, arrayed in shining robes, wandering in the beautiful foreground of man's existence, regaling the freed vision, while the ear opens to seraphic strains of music, sweeter than earth-chorus ever vibrated to mortal touch, and the enraptured heart grows buoyant with pure emotions as the spirit catches a view of the beautiful city whose builder is God, wherein it beholds the mansion prepared for its immortal home.

## Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress

### "R. T. H." and the Devil.

"Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts."

I have been much interested in and pleased with a recent analysis of the "Devil" by our theological chemist, R. T. H. I am constrained to say a few words in behalf of R. T. H. and his writings, and would with pleasure give a more lengthy criticism on the same, but that I know brevity is most acceptable to our good editor.

Admirers of R. T. H. have had ample scope for gratification within the last six months, and certainly his weekly contribution has come to us freighted with truth, practical good sense, sharp cuts, sound whippings, and any amount of good humor. When he entered upon his winter campaign, he proposed to show us "The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals." I think he entertained no small conception of the importance and magnitude of the work before him, when he undertook to make his way through the accumulated errors and darkness of ages, the choking fumes of brimstone, and a "Devil full length" before him. But with a strength of will and integrity of purpose which few men possess, he stemmed the current of popular opinion—and where did he land us? On the evergreen banks of the river of Knowledge. And what has he achieved? Ransack heaven and earth, air and water, if you will, launch forth on the great sea of physics and metaphysics if you please, and you will find that he has presented to the world irrefragable evidence that, "he only who sees God on the throne of the present hour stands face to face with the Eternal." \* I am (notwithstanding his noble efforts) occasionally reminded, through the columns of the HERALD, that R. T. H. is not rightly understood, and, consequently, not fully appreciated.

He is certainly a very peculiar writer, but without doubt possesses a useful and happy cast of mind; also one calculated to make a deep impression, either pleasant or otherwise, on his readers. It should be remembered that, in writing for the public, man and woman submit very much of themselves to the general criticism, and however truthful or profound their offerings may be, none are without their opponents in thought. It is natural and right that it should be so, as there is a great variety of minds and a corresponding multiplicity of experiences. And no one should accept in full the ideas put forth by others without question. Let the right question be accorded to every one, as through that stimulus we attain to healthy growth and progression. But, also, let every one cultivate that "love for the neighbor" which incites to generous thought and noble act, then will the mind—as it should do—view all persons and things in the large sense. Such is the working of the human mind, that some people can easily bear a bruise by force of arms than have a tenderly-nursed (however erroneous) idea disturbed by force of words. \* Such one deals not fairly by his own mind."

R. T. H. ranks with the best and most profound thinkers, and it could not be otherwise than that a man with so wide a range of thought should touch the minds of his readers at some point; and whether favorably or not, that he produces an "agitation of thought" is sufficient of itself to enhance the value of his work. There are many to whom his views are acceptable; many, also, whose mental growth is accelerated by the ideas he puts forth; more, perhaps, who wholly reject them, but some who partly accept them, in whom a perusal of his writings will produce a mental St. Vitus' dance, while to others they are life-giving and strength to mind and digestion. The fact of his writings producing such marked effects justifies the most sanguine expectations as to the benefits which flow out from him to humanity at large. His writings show a broad and comprehensive mind; a clear and deep perception of principles; a power to grasp and master great truths; a love of justice and equality; and a keen relish for wit, ridicule, and satire. When we take up an article from his pen, we prepare ourselves for deep thought; yet, too, we think:

"Let those laugh now who never laughed before, And those who always laughed now laugh the more."

R. T. H. never writes in the shade nor under the influence of a gravestone. I feel that it is impossible, knowing him to be so voluminous a man. He attacks falsity at the point of the steel pen. He don't wait for an unsound institution to fall down, but warns the people of its basic insecurity, and forthwith sets himself about its demolition.

He "scents the ridiculous from afar," cuts right and left with a hearty gusto, and is so absorbed in fighting from principle, for truth, that he does not see how many friends he runs against, knocks down, and buries slightly in other ways. The fact is, that, however flavored with the aroma of sarcasm his writings may be, he never intends to be personal; but in the natural play of his talents, he succeeds in that direction with a pointedness which at times becomes alarming. The unmerciful handling which he so innocently but generously bestows, is rendered exceedingly amusing by the mingled air of respect and self-satisfaction with which he "plants his blows." But, all told, I consider R. T. H. an indispensable member of the corps of reformers. Just

"Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals," HERALD, No. 13, Vol. 3.

such a man and writer is needed, and I do not know of another who could do the same work as efficiently.

He has the faculty of seeing points of merit in and deducing truths from the ridiculous and incongruous. He is one of the rare instances in the last-named particular. Who would have surveyed Chukshank's devil, and seen it with the eye of R. T. H. A mystery—the origin of the devil—which for ages has eluded the vigilant wisdom of sage and philosopher, is solved by R. T. H. in a moment of quiet enjoyment in a pictorial devil. Well, the world owes him its heartfelt gratitude, to say nothing of the service he has done God. And it would be well to remark, in passing, that the ridiculous is not without its use when it claims for its patrons such as R. T. H.

I set great value on (No. 18) "The Devil." In it is revealed a simple yet profound truth, and it might be made an instrument of incalculable good. That article can be studied with advantage. Indeed, it would be difficult to overrate the value of the lessons which might be derived from a faithful study of the "Devil."

He who truly recognizes an ever-present God—which is good—becomes in his own personality like unto that God or goodness, according to the fructification of his idea. So, too, he who believes in the ever-present potency of an individual devil, does but become the devil's envoy—in fact, is a devil himself. All things are good in orderly appropriation; but that "peace of God which passeth all understanding" will never enter the heart of man until the devil is "drummed out" of it.

Too long has an imaginary devil held power over the minds of the people. It was time that something should be done to destroy the insidious influence, and I hailed with joy the hour when R. T. H. slew the diabolical myth. Lay aside your cowering fetters, that you may give due praise to a champion of truth and justice. Friends of Progression, raise your voices to greet and honor R. T. H., the fearless advocate of liberty—yes, religious and civil liberty—to him who in the past was not found sleeping by the dying embers of freedom; to him who in the present stands firmly at the helm, guiding his bark with unerring certainty through the angry storm, that, on the wings of death, is sweeping through the land.

Now, in this hour, when the nation is being swayed to and fro as by one great convulsive earthquake, when the thick black clouds of darkened fate roll in undissipated horror o'er our heads, in this, the judgment day of the nation, let the faint-hearted coward of the North, the fawning sycophant of the Interior, the thieving magpie of the South, stand back, and that man who dares speak the truth shall lead us onward.

Hurl your venomous missiles at him, if you will: ensconced behind the ramparts of Truth, R. T. H. shall remain unharmed.

POLYHYMNA.

## Sight and Insight.

For the Herald of Progress.

### Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit Land.

NUMBER FIFTY.

We still move along the plane of the Occult Sciences,\* as elucidated collectively by Messrs. Smedley, Taylor, Thompson, and Rich—the last the greater worker and gatherer in this field. It nowhere appears that the Hebrew Spiritualism differed essentially from that of the Gentiles, though our authors are sometimes prone to duck to the churches by making an exception of the "Word" as uttered through Hebrew mediums; but they do not so grossly stultify themselves in this direction as do many other authors, who seem to dread the *odium theologum*, if they do not mystify their readers in behalf of Hebrew and Christian Spiritualism, as manifest through their ancient mediums, being thus willing to perpetuate ignorant prejudices by appeals to educational proclivities, which may, indeed, secure larger sales of such books, but at the expense of open and manly truth.

Our authors are Spiritualists, and show very clearly the common origin of all religions, and only occasionally put forth a screen or veil lest the weak eyes of the Church and people become inflamed—a little sugar to sweeten the acidity of the priesthood and Churches, whose wrath to come is poured out upon free spoken "Essays and Reviews," and whose assumptions are always in the inverse order of the greater light. How long must we continue to be the bond-servants of this nincompoopery of the pulpit? Better to break the chains at first than pine beneath them slowly.

Eusebe Salverte, a materialist, published a work on the "Occult Sciences," and consistently included the Bible in his swoop against all Spiritual causation. Admitting his premises, of course the parallel plane of the Bible could only present "pasteboard barriers" against his consecutive squadrons which trample all exclusive pretenses out of the Bible. We, however, do believe in paramount Spiritual causation, but we also believe that Salverte should have been allowed to speak in full for himself; and in his own tongue he did. The translator, however, had not faith that truth might be trusted to grapple with error in a free and open encounter; for while he would use Salverte for the destruction of all other Spiritualisms, he suppresses those parts which include the Biblical phenomena in the same category of ignorance, stupidity, and imposture. Such proceeding on the part of the translator is equivalent to the fear that his own house was not built upon a rock, but upon the sand.

Modern Spiritualism is capable of redeeming the Bible into a common sense relation with the common spiritual sources of its various ages without stultification on the one hand that it is an exclusive "Word," or, on the other hand that it is a compound of ignorance, superstition, and imposture.

Spirits spoke through Mediums, Seers, or Godmen, in Palestine. The name Angel, Lord, or God, was given to souls or spirits correlated to the expanse of heaven, to the sun, moon, and stars, by way of eminence as to persons above the plane of the people. The same was in all the regions round about. "Maximus Tyrinus states that in Magna Grecia, near the Lake Avernus, was a certain oracular cave, in which priests, called 'Psychagogi' from their occupation, evoked the dead. Prayers, victims, and libations preceded the appearance of the shade, which was neither easily seen nor recognized, but which both spoke and prophesied, and disappeared immediately after it had uttered its responses. I think, says this writer, that Homer was acquainted with this oracle."

"Familius shows that the attempt to command spirits was very common in the early period of Christianity, among the unconverted, and," say our authors, "we might easily prove by citations from the fathers that one object of the experience to which the Christian neophyte was subject, was his introduction to a lawful communion with the spirits of the departed. Indeed it is a common remark that sorcery was not extinguished with Paganism, and that tutelary saints succeeded in place of the ancient demons and Gods."

But the practice of sorcery in the middle ages was not derived from the communion of the early Christians, but from the ancient mysteries, and especially from the Hebrew magic."

From "modern spirit manifestations" our authors cite from Baxter's "Certainty of the World of Spirits" the following of "a gentleman, formerly seemingly pious, of late years hath fallen into the sin of drunkenness, and when he has been drunk and slept himself sober, something knocks on his bed's head, as if one knocked on a wainscot; when they remove the bed it follows him, besides loud noises on other parts where he is, that all the house heareth. It poseth me to think what kind of spirit this is, that hath such care of this man's soul (which makes me hope he will recover)." *Do good spirits dwell so near us?* or are they sent on such messages? or is it his guardian angel? or is it the soul of some dead friend that suffereth, and yet retaining love to him, as Dives did to his brethren, would have him saved? God keep such things from us in the dark. \* \* \*

We read in Melancthon that Luther was visited by a spirit, who announced his coming by rapping at his door. In 1620 we must suppose the art of conversing with spirits by rapping was very nearly discovered." A number of cases are then given, quite in keeping with the phenomena with which Spiritualists are now everywhere acquainted.

The raising of mediums bodily, without physical contact, but by spirits, as in the cases of Hume, Gordon, and others, has been known in all the past Spiritualisms. In later times it is recorded of Loyola that he was so "raised up from the ground to the height of two feet, while his body shone like light." This was proof to the Roman Church that it was the Lord's work and marvelous in our eyes, and alike would be the decision if it should happen in the Protestant Church; outside of either, it would be of the Devil. Such has ever been the Church's mode of classifying phenomena where ignorance and craft have superseded the just demands of common sense and truth. The "martyr of freedom and reason, Savannarola, was seen, when absorbed in devotion, previous to his tragical death at the stake, to remain suspended at a considerable height from the floor of his dungeon. The historical evidence for this fact is admitted by his recent biographer, and we feel no little satisfaction in citing it, because the same priesthood that would use this phenomenon as an argument for the veneration of their saints, were the very men who committed Savannarola to the flames as a heretic. The most instructive part of these phenomena in recent times, indeed, is the light they cast on ecclesiastical history, and the proofs they afford that one and the same sanctuary of Nature is open to all."

This completely indorses our position of the oneness of origin of all religions—that Hebrew and Christian Spiritualisms present no exceptional mode of being as to the means of unfolding. All the supposed miracles of all religions are but the correspondencies of the various planes of mediumship to the adjustment of the spiritual operators upon a vastly projected scale of being—from comparatively low to comparatively high. Why do we like the Spiritualism of Jesus, or the teaching in that name, better than any other? Because, after sloughing off but little of the letter—not even this in its astronomical correspondencies—its spirit is the most beautiful. It is deeply and sweetly emotional with love. Gasping a little of its Judean crust, it is too broadly full to be sectarian. It is fully democratic in its justice and its mercy, for he sees all humanity the children of a common Father. He will have no caste exclusion from the equal rights of all. He will not grant to the assumptions of Phariseism. His kingdom of heaven is a commonwealth where compensation awaits all for what they are, and not for crying, Lord! Lord! and the account is settled for wrong done to the least, to the uttermost farthing, more than if done to the mightiest. The spiritual circle in which his own soul moved was radiant, lovely, beautiful, and exquisitely wrought, and high upon the scale; but however transcendent the source of the influx, it differed only in degree, according to capacity to receive, from what comes to you, to me, to every one. The same sanctuary of Nature, of Heaven, or of God, is open to all, with exclusion to none. Seek and you shall find—knock and it shall be opened to you,

"though it be woe to those who would enter with unwashed feet," or without a wedding garment and clean linen. This is simply equivalent to saying that preparation is better at the earlier than at the later day. Better to learn and to do on this side of the Jordan, than we may know how to begin our estate on the other side. Now that the heavens are more fully open than ever, we shall bewail the mis-spent time that lost the knowledge thereof—that we suffered to pass, unheeded here, those harmonies of life that join us to the music of the spheres.

But not in the new dispensation, as in the infernal Church-theologies, do heaven's gates close on their grating hinges against the sufferer forever. Heaven's bosom is forever open to receive her erring children—forever does she labor to recall them—forever is the future open for the redemption of the past. Death of the body closes only the mortal gate of the soul, but not the immortal—nor severs the continuity of being—only it is well when we arrive at the portal that we shall be fully ripe unto the harvest, desiring to be rid of the old husks and to be newly clothed upon.

As marking a status of Spiritualism in England in 1855, we make the following citation from our authors: "For ourselves, we accept these two fundamental principles, not as idle theories, but as an essential part of Christianity: 1st. The continued personal identity of the human spirit after death; and 2d. The possible intercourse of disembodied spirits with mankind. Here is the common ground on which, we presume, all believers of the revealed Word may stand together. The laws of spiritual intercourse, or the power that spirits have to effect any purpose in this world, or that men, on the other hand, have to converse with spirits, are then fair subjects of experimental and philosophical inquiry, as rational, as likely to lead to valuable results as the inquiries of Franklin and Priestley into electricity. Inadvertently we have named one of the standing miracles of the age, by which space is annihilated and the friendships and interests of mankind have girdled the globe with Ariel-like swiftness. The lightning already speaks to us, and the sunbeams paint ourselves and the scenes we move in with a fidelity which no mortal hand can equal; yet these discoveries, every one feels, are only the dawnings and shadows of things to come."

Here our authors, by habit or education, speak of the "revealed Word" as if that was an exceptional Spiritualism, although they had just said that all were from "the same sanctuary of Nature," and the whole tenor of their work is to show the common origin of all to the exclusion of any special assumptions. Is it so necessary to conciliate ignorance and craft that we must so constantly ring the changes on the Word, as if the ancient Word through mediums differed essentially from the Word manifest through mediums of to-day? Why, then, stultify ourselves by calling the many-hued character of ancient Hebrew and Christian Spiritualisms "the Word"? as if it were not within the category of common spiritual manifestations. Is it necessary to put out such a feeler to rope in the simpletons, and are they worth having at such abasement of plain dealing? Why, then, seek to mystify common sense with clap-trap about the Word—as if this had been the more divinely sealed by mystical heus-pocus? Allowing to the utmost of what is good through Hebrew and Christian mediums, let us not be so besotted as to set up the Word, through them, as an idol in our hearts. When it is said in old Jewry that "the Word of the Lord came unto me," it was no more than saying in modern Spiritual phrase the "influence," equivalent to the mesmeric or spiritual inspiration. So, too, of "the hand of the Lord, the burden of the Lord, the spirit of the Lord," and other modes of expression for spiritual phenomena—nor did the prophets fail to charge each other with setting up these Words as "idols in the heart." Are we to be forever superstitiously ham-bounded by these same old Words, continually new vaunting them, as if the old leather possessed an infallible virtue from the mold and stench imparted to it by the bilge-water in Noah's Ark? Thus, the Word set up within "the pasteboard barriers" is constantly presented to be bound anew in calf, tipped with gold; hence, we are not a whit ahead of old Jewry when we set up this Golden Calf in our hearts as the infallible Word. It is Bibliolatry; it is idolatry; and when agglutinated to church forms and ceremonies, becomes the very excretion of the more spiritual religion. Alas! how long must it be before humanity shall be delivered from the body of such death?—so long as ignorance, superstition, and cowardice shall continue to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" to the buggaboo Word, spoken to a barbarous people—so long as priests, by Sunday-schools and churches, shall succeed in submerging the common sense of mankind—so long as Mammon can retain its hitelings to wallow in the mire, in preference to dwelling in the naked grandeur of truth.

When the familiar spirit, Jehovah, spake the Word through Balaam, the soothsayer, or prophet, it was as much the Word as when spoken through Moses, or through those whom he developed as mediums by the laying on of hands. Our authors of the "Occult Sciences" show that all the phenomena of Mesmerism or Spiritualism were known and practiced among all the ancients, particularly in Egypt, where Moses learnt all the processes of the Lord. Says Dr. Elliotson: "I am satisfied of the truth of clairvoyance—an occult power of foreknowing changes in the patient's own health that are not cognizable to others—of knowing things distant and things past, and sometimes, though rarely, of events to come. But I am sure that most clairvoyants

imagine much, speak the impressions of their natural state or of those about them, and may be led to any fancy. Some talk Swedenborgianism, some Roman Catholicism, some Calvinism, some Deism, some Atheism; some prescribe homeopathy, some allopathy. Cerebral sympathy, a fact totally unknown to the medical world, is continually mistaken for clairvoyance, and the opinions of the patients may be sympathetically those of their mesmerizers. They will deceive from vanity, or love of money, or even of fun. Many patients pretend to the power who have it not at all, and those really possessed of it in some cases are not aware of it."

When the Royal Academy of Medicine, of Paris, in 1826, "appointed a new commission, whose labors extended over five years till 1831," and they were compelled, by the unmistakable force of truth, against all prejudices, to admit the phenomena, they rather gratuitously proffered "the recommendation that physicians only should practice or superintend the use of mesmerism." This, our authors well say, "was sufficiently modest, coming, as it did, from a body who have had these doctrines forced upon them by public opinion; of course the church will eventually recognize the higher facts of clairvoyance, and then it will be very proper that only benefited clergymen should assume the direction of them." But our authors should not fail to see that the present mote in the medical eye of the Royal Academy, soon to appear in the eyes of "benefited clergymen," is the very beam in their own eye when they refer to this same kind of phenomena of which the "benefited clergymen of old Jewry assumed the direction," as the "revealed Word." May not the "Word," in its speciality, be permitted to slide? Indeed, our authors virtually say so after their sop to Cerberus, for they continue: "Certainly, the true magnetism is not a physical, but a mental and religious power, acting, however, by physical causes. The real power, as we have said, is the will, because the will is the momentary gift of the love of God, and it works with his love when the religious principle is recognized, but otherwise in favor of self-love and self-gratification. The injury done by separating the religious spirit from the magnetic act is incalculable, for its origin—its principle all that is properly called 'goety,' or the 'black magic' of the middle ages. Magnetism is a sacred power which ought to have but one end, as it can have but one first origin—the elevation of the human race out of their present miseries, spiritual, moral, and physical."

Very well, in doing this why shall we not find the "revealed Word," as manifest through the mediums of to-day, more fitting to the nineteenth century than the old "Word" through antediluvian and postdiluvian "benefited clergymen," who have assumed to themselves the monopoly of unfolding the heavens contrary to democratic usages. Surely, the old "Word," which was vailed from the people in Egyptian mysteries, by the priesthood, in the name of the Lord, while the people were kept at the foot of the hill, and the "benefited clergymen" alone permitted to talk with the Lord, lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them perish." Not even the priests of the lesser mysteries were permitted to ascend to the higher degrees on the mount of vision, as when "the Lord spake unto Moses face to face," but rather according to the ritual of degrees in the Masonic Mysteries, which are traceable through Egypt, Phoenicia, and Babylonia, including "God's Word" to the Hebrews. The "benefited clergymen," who assumed the direction of all these things, got all "the firstlings of the flocks, the flour tempered with oil, the buck-goats for sin, and libations also of wine," as the portion of the Lord, while the people got the cold pieces, and were taught to be careful of "the Lord's anointed, and to do his prophets no harm." Is it at all surprising that "benefited clergymen" should ever be partial to "God's Word" as manifest in old Jewry? Hence the bigotry and intolerance against all who have ever closely scrutinized the Word in the light of common sense, and have opened the Word with the spiritualistic key of all mysteries.

The old "Word" is still darkly taught in our Sunday-schools, to the clipping of the wings for the future broader and higher flight. Indeed, the old mode of teaching the Word completely dwarfs and stumps the soul, not only clipping its wings, but leaving it with head and hands lopped off in its own temple, like the maimed image of the Phœnician God in the embrace of the Lord God of Israel, when "the hand of the Lord was heavy upon them of Ashdod, and he destroyed them and smote them with emerald," at the same time smiting his own people worse than he did the heathen.

Under the head of "Dreams," in "Psychological Experiences," our authors inform us that "Palestine and the Troad must divide the claim to antiquity in dream-philosophy with Babylonia. In the temple of Belus, Herodotus relates a woman slept on a sacred bed, where the God revealed himself to her. By general consent the Chaldeans are regarded as the earliest Soothsayers, Magicians, and Astrologers, and from their knowledge these mysteries spread into Persia and Greece. The bed was often the skin of a ram that had been sacrificed, and we read in Leviticus (vii: 8) that 'the priest shall have to himself the skin.'"

Thus we see that the "revealed Word" found its way by the "sacred bed in the temple of Belus," as by the sacred ram-skin in the temple of the Lord. It will be recollected, the temple of the Lord. It will be recollected, the too, that Gideon practiced divination by the fleece: "And Gideon said unto God, If thou flee: 'And Gideon said unto God, If thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as thou hast said, behold I will put a fleece of wool in the floor."



Gideon was not satisfied with "God's Word," but insisted that God should show his hand by reversing the test. It would seem that Gideon was rather slow of heart to believe, that he should thus insist upon these objective signs and wonders, or miracles, at the same time that the spirit of the Lord was upon him; for "the spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon, and he blew a trumpet." This was the subjective portion of the Word, and the divination by the fleece was to clinch it; but let us not forget that the ram's fleece of Gideon and the ram's fleece in the temple of Belus were alike the sacred beds of the Lord; that thus he visited his people Israel, as per Gideon, and thus he visited the "goodly Babylonish garment," or ram's skin, as per temple of Belus. The Lord also nabbed Achan in the divination "by lot," for Achan had taken a portion of the spoils which the Lord claimed for himself, among which was "a goodly Babylonish garment, two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold," withheld from the Lord's treasury—a most unpardonable sin—so that when the "lot" fell upon Achan, according to the Word, "all Israel stoned him with stones," and then "the Lord turned from the fierceness of his anger."

"VISIONS OF THE DYING.—Are the dying always clairvoyant? The reader of the *Iliad* is aware how the poet has made his expiring heroes utter predictions against their enemies. The same thing is common to the poetry and romance of other nations. It is a part of the truth of Nature to which Shakespeare was so sensitively alive. The patriarchs of Scripture likewise utter predictions on their death-bed. Ennemiore has a few words on this subject. When Calamus ascended the burning funeral pile, and Alexander asked him if he were in need of anything, he replied: 'Nothing! The day after to-morrow I shall see you,' which was verified by subsequent events. Pseudonius mentions a dying Rhodian, who named six persons, one after the other, in the order in which they were to die. \* \* \* Until the soul is set free, says Arcturus, it works within the body, obscured by vapors and clay."

Passing from dreams and visions we come to the astrological phase of the ancient religion where "Ammon is the Word revealed as light." From this we pass to the various divinations of all the ancients, being entirely as one with those which constitute the Word of old Jewry. Lithomancy, or divination by stones, make a significant part of the "Sacred Scriptures," as mediums in the earlier communings with Jehovah, from the rough heap which Jacob appointed at Bethel, to the more precious stones in Urim and Thummim, and those wrought in the tabernacle, or ark of the covenant. The old "magic crystal" has never wholly died out. "Crystal seeling," say our authors, "has now become very common. It has been admitted as an undoubted truth in Lancashire for many years past, and numbers of persons, whose veracity could not be questioned, declare that events have been exactly fore-shown by this medium. Some crystal Seers can discover nothing unless certain magical words are pronounced by the operator."

C. B. P.

#### Spiritual Life.

If the world of spiritual life, which now gleams on us, were to stand out by a revelation of spirit-forms, we should find that it is not somewhere beyond the zenith, nor anywhere beneath the earth, but *here*, in the sky over us, in the air about us, in the earth itself, in the hills, and trees, and streams. Spirit is in the world as electricity is in bodies. It requires certain conditions for its display, a certain medium for its activity; and in the lack of that medium it lies dormant, and is to us as if it were not.

[CARPENTER'S "Here and Beyond."

For the Herald of Progress.  
"HUSH, DON'T WAKE THEM!"  
BY BELLE DUSH.

(Suggested by a painting of a mother watching her sleeping children.)  
Hush! sleep is here, with balmy fingers dripping  
Sweet honey-dews upon the heart of youth,  
And from mysterious chambers lightly tripping  
Fantastic dreams put on the pomp of truth.  
Be still! oh, stir not with a breath of love  
The rosy curtains of serene repose;  
How peacefully they lie!—the nestling dove  
Hath not a downier couch; the infant rose  
Rocked on its parent-stem by summer airs,  
Hath not a charm so pure, or wears  
A drapery so divine. A sunny ray  
Lurks in the delicate corners of their lips,  
That with their coral tints seem to beguile  
The flower-kissed zephyrs from the mountain's  
tips.  
To play at "Bo-peep" with an infant's smile.  
How sweet their breath—like precious odors  
sent  
From the life-giving shrine! Their beaming  
eyes,  
Through aureole fringes of soft curtains peeping,  
Just give to us a glimpse of Paradise.  
Sleep on, my babes! the jewels heaven hath lent  
Shall bless the vigils of a mother's keeping,  
And through the silent watches of the night  
A glorious dream shall make love's burdens light.  
Hope, radiant visitant, is brightly spanning  
With her sky-reaching arch the stream of time,  
And Fancy with her fluttering plumes is fan-  
ning  
The chords that in my heart keep pleasant chime.  
They would beguile me with their promised  
glances.  
Did I not know that tears must drop from heaven  
To give the iris birth, and tones of sadness  
Make airy Fancy yield the joy are given.  
Sleep on, my babes; the mother's heart is  
lightest  
When all her joys within the present lie.  
And lie to her with treasured wealth is  
brightest,  
Whose opening buds soft slumber 'neath her eye.  
NORRISTOWN, Pa.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 6, 1862.

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INTERESTING READING will be found on our first page.

Read the Letter of L. MARIA CHILD to the President.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF A PHYSICIAN," No. 3, by J. LEANDER STARR, in this paper, will interest our readers. No. 4 of this series, entitled "Ramollissement, or Softening of the Brain," is received, and will soon appear.

"LET MY PEOPLE GO."—The President and the Cabinet will henceforth hear these words every moment. In the stillness of night, above the roar of battle, amid the voices of multitudes, the Administration will hear that divine command, and the day cometh when the people will not dare to disobey the injunction.

"AMONG THE PINES," reviewed on our eighth page by our brother "C. J. R.," is a work deserving of extensive circulation. It is graphically written, and in some points superior to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There are portions full of the tenderest pathos, and the lessons taught are distinct and valuable. We shall be glad to aid in the circulation of this work for the times.

#### Spiritual Freedom.

America is the battle-ground of thought. The spirit which sent its early settlers from the comforts of civilization into the wilds and wastes of a new continent, still breathes along its rushing rivers and murmurs through its mountain pines. Strong and hardy sons of labor lurk in solitary woodpaths, brawny limbs stride the prairies, and thrifty plains smile beneath toil-hardened hands; and beating in these stalwart breasts is a heart that will never quail before the iron tread of despotism.

Especially against Religious Despotism is all this vigorous defiance aimed. The history of ecclesiasticism in this country is simply a record of protest against protest until at last the extreme of individualism has been reached. Now a strong phalanx of indomitable souls stands up in opposition to every form of religious restriction, thus towering over the whole causeway of intermediates and standing face to face with Popery itself. The war of opinions is fairly inaugurated, and no castle of sectarianism has battlements so secure—no soldier in the ranks of superstition has coat of mail so solid—as not to be penetrated by the swift arrows of Truth. Fanaticism is no longer safe in the Eden of religious aspiration, and stealthily and with hissing tongue it "drags its slow length along" toward the outer gate.

In the United States of America we see a coalition for mental liberty. Here stand, side by side, two sovereigns, and the world for the first time beholds the welcome spectacle of their alliance on this battle-field of Thought. These independent sovereigns, each crowned with the scepter of a boundless kingdom, are Man and Woman. Spiritualism, among other reforming agents, helps to lay the platform for this recognition and equality, and, aided by its inspiring power, Earth's kings and queens, united in principle and purpose, will march steadily forward to victory.

"And what have they to oppose?" is a question on many scornful and selfish lips. "Is not Religious Despotism forever banished from this republican soil?" Far from it. To say nothing of the millions held in actual bondage, and the added millions writhing in the tortures of worse than African slavery, there are in our country to-day multitudes who bend in servile homage to that worst of tyrants, Religious Superstition. Ten millions of our countrymen and women are tamely yielding up reason in blind obedience to outside authority in this best and highest department of human nature, the religious; and it costs this nation three hundred millions of dollars annually to keep the machinery of the church in operation! This vast sum, if applied to the actual needs of humanity, would save all suffering and starvation among the poor on account of their poverty, and amply supply the means of solid education and enlightenment to the immense masses who now come up to people our penitentiaries and crowd the pathway to the infamous death of crime—

those whom the churches in their pomp and pride do not and cannot reach, but who might be rescued and redeemed by the ministrations of true human charity.

The great lesson to be learned is, that Religion should ever go hand in hand with Reason—that a deep and pure philosophy should always underlie the structure of religious belief; and that the enthusiastic impulses of the heart should be held in check by the faculties of prescience and judgment which every immortal spirit is possessed of. It is true that men do not reason on Religion; and we are led to suppose by many who stand in the responsible position of ethical teachers, that a thorough acquaintance with causes and effects—with science and philosophy—is incompatible with the promulgation of high moral truths. But never was an error more fatal to the best interests of man. Any religion that does not stand on the indestructible foundations of science—any faith that has not its basis on an everlasting philosophy—will inevitably lead its votaries into the mazes of superstition, and the extravagances of blind, impulsive zeal. Impetuosity of emotion in the direction of religious opinion is the more to be dreaded the farther it is removed from the cool, calm, healing operations of the reasoning faculties. The impulses of human nature—even the best that the soul possesses—if not restrained by reflection and judgment, are like the steam in a locomotive without an engineer, which would blast and destroy all within its reach. When the loves of the heart are under the control of wisdom, they bloom out into beauty and fragrance; but if bereft of this only true savior, even they breed discord and vice, hate and cruelty.

Cotton Mather, of New England memory, loved the Christian religion as expounded by John Calvin; and being a "pedantic, painstaking, self-complacent, ill-balanced man," this love, wholly unchecked by the saving restraints of wisdom, led him into all the fooleries and shameful cruelties of the Salem Witchcraft tragedy.

There is a way of escape from the recurrence of all such inhuman deeds. There is a high and broad and beautiful expanse opening before our view, which may be the Promised Land to all who love the soul of worship at the present era. It is the middle ground equally removed from the barren sands of atheism, and the luridly flaming depths of religious fanaticism.

Friends of Spiritualism, on this ground only can we find safety and progression, and true, spiritual freedom. While we accept the blessed revelations of to-day, and rejoice in the knowledge of immortality and eternal happiness brought to us by the glorified spirits of the departed, we should earnestly avoid that unreasoning excitement which leads to over-credulity, sectarianism, and dogmatic assumption; and terminates in bloody persecutions, such as have marked the pathway of the past.

We have a secure retreat from so dire a calamity. This rock of Refuge is the Religion based on spiritual facts and eternal principles. Whatever is true in the systems that have heretofore been promulgated, this religion endorses; whatever is false, it rejects. It is no foe to true Christianity, though it ignores all institutions that would fetter the free, full expansion of the soul. Its church is the temple of the human spirit; its high-priest is Reason; its creed the immortal happiness and eternal progression of every child of God. Absolute freedom to all, gratitude to the Father, obedience to Nature, love for the human and the angel world—these are the virtues taught by the philosophy of Spiritualism, and their reward will be "a new Heaven and a new Earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Spirits from other spheres come to mingle their songs of thanksgiving with our own for the ingress of this glorious revelation, and from the summit of Wisdom's temple peals the glad anthem, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

This new and welcome Religion truly recognizes the selfhood of man. Its central idea is the intrinsic dignity, and purity, and grandeur of every human spirit, and its infinite capabilities for immortal progression. Let this idea gain full possession of the mind, and it electrifies, consecrates, and saves. Then comes the harmonization of one's own nature, the overcoming of false and evil habits, the reaching out toward all that is pure, and high, and holy. The soul, thus harmonized and elevated, sees in every other soul its kindred. The poor and despised, the slave, the outcast, yes, even the cruel and vicious, are sought out and called to return to the green pastures and beside the still waters of eternal peace. Every spot in this breathing world becomes a sanctuary of divinely worship. God walks in the garden of the heart. Angelic messengers descend from the homes of the blest for sweet and holy communion. In flood, and field, and forest, on mountains and seas, in every form of beauty and note of music, from the face of Nature and of Man, beams forth the glory of the Infinite; and the spirit ever bows in silent thanksgiving for the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

M. F. D.

#### A Poor Shake.

We have now reliable information of the truth of what has frequently been asserted respecting the Shaker elders and the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*. These very conscientious and democratic leaders, to whom we have allowed so generous space in our columns, will not permit the members in general of their communities to read our paper, for the reason that there is too much that is *infit* contained therein.

Fortunately there are minds at this day who value individual freedom too highly to

employ priests or elders to think for them, or to dictate what they may and what they may not read.

We have no wish to conceal our contempt for professedly liberal religionists who delight to make children of men and women, that they may themselves enjoy a little brief authority over them. However, all such efforts in this age can meet with but temporary success, and sooner or later only serve to weaken the authority it is sought to exercise, and increase the freedom it is sought to restrain. Such a poor shake as that will soon shake out all sensible Shakers from the narrow household.

C. M. P.

#### We Shall See.

"If there be those who would not save the Union, unless they could [can] at the same time *use* Slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union, unless they could [can] at the same time *destroy* Slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy Slavery."

[PRESIDENT LINCOLN TO HORACE GREELEY.

To all unions there must be parties, and these parties will be joined by attraction between themselves or by compulsion from without.

If the union of the parties is voluntary, there will be terms express or implied; and if these terms are changed against the will of the parties, and they still continue to act together, the original union will have disappeared and another have been substituted for it. A party that endeavors to constrain a second to accept terms of union which he abhors, though that other may once have accepted them, really endeavors to subvert the old union while he thinks he is saving it. These are obvious truths; let us apply them.

The American Union is apparently a union of bodies corporate—of States—but in reality of the People and the Slaveholders. This is apparent from the clauses of the Constitution apportioning political power between those who hold slaves and those who do not. The parties who hold no slaves are allowed representation in Congress in proportion to their number by the head; the parties who hold slaves are represented there in proportion to their numbers, *plus* three-fifths of their slaves. The Constitution thus recognizes Slaveholders as parties to the Union in their capacity as Slaveholders. The States, as States, are in no clause of that instrument so emphatically recognized as parties to it, as by the provision referred to, the People (non-slaveholders) and the Slaveholders are made parties. Here is a guaranty of an interest offered, not by the appointment of a trustee, but by making the parties interested the depositaries of political power. Slaveholders, as such, are parties to the Constitution. This is a simple, bald fact, which it is foolish and disingenuous to attempt to deny. It is also a fact that they, up to a certain date, were voluntary parties to it. Let us look at the terms:

The Constitution proposes to secure two objects: Liberty for the People and slaves for the Slaveholder. These objects, it is plain, cannot both be secured by one instrument interpreted in *one* sense. The free pursuit of happiness cannot be secured to the many by the same statutes that allow to the few absolute property in many. If a few may own many, the many cannot own themselves, because the law must take away the contagious example of liberty in the many in order to guarantee slaves to the few. A Constitution that attempts thus to secure incompatible objects, cannot be administered equally in the interest of both parties. One or the other party will be master, one or the other interest will yield, until the parties confront each other in open disagreement, when a quarrel must ensue that will end in their ceasing to be voluntary parties to the same instrument.

The history of the country shows that the Slaveholders, as a class, have ruled under the Constitution from the date of its adoption. Most of the great political measures that have affected the condition of the country have been initiated and executed in their interest. The most influential offices known to the Constitution, besides, have been steadily filled by incumbents under their patronage. The welfare of the country has been always second to their welfare as a class.

That they should *rule* the country has then been one of the terms of union, not expressed in the organic law, but implied in the execution of its provisions; for the law could not be double-faced, could not realize two contradictory things at the same time. Either Liberty was to be secured, or Slaves were to be securely held. The People desired Freedom, the other party, bondmen—*laborers without wages*.

As both parties could not have their objects, one party must submit to the dictation of the other. Which party has perpetually submitted, every one knows. "We have governed the country," said Senator Hammond, "for sixty years." It is matter of history that the Slaveholders, as such, were *masters* by the implied terms of union. This is a provision of the *unwritten* law by which the letter of the Constitution has been interpreted; or, to say all in a word, the Union has been a compact between the Slaveholders and the People, with the understanding that "the party of the first part" should govern.

During the past thirty years the People have been gradually awakening to the conviction that the other member of the firm desired to turn all the profits of the compact to its own account, and to head off this operation they elected Abraham Lincoln President. Just at this juncture the Slaveholders seceded. They reject the compact. They say that the plain meaning of the Constitution is that they shall be masters, and shall administer the powers of the Union. They think that there

can be no *equality* in the administration of the government; that the People cannot use one portion of its functions for Freedom and they an equal portion for making and holding Slaves; that both parties cannot "ride and tie," one party riding the executive pony for four years, and then dismounting to give his wearied partner a lift. They think that the Union ought to guarantee *political supremacy* to Slaveholders, as such, that this is an *essential ingredient* of the Union that was.

Holding these views, the leading Slaveholders—the "South"—have seceded. It is clearly a fixed idea in their heads that the old Union was one in which slaveholders were guaranteed political supremacy. But this is not the opinion of the seceders alone: the majority of the loyal Slaveholders have the same conviction. A union in which the interests of Liberty are to be paramount to those of Slavery, is not the Union they have known for a whole generation; it is not the Union that established the Missouri Compromise as an eternal landmark, and then annulled it, that there might be more room for slaves and more slaves for the room; it is not the Union they desire to see restored. It is the venerable James Buchanan's Union to which they are loyal.

That a Union with Slavery for the controlling interest was the one we have had, is also the opinion of the party that elected our worthy chief magistrate. It was the opinion of that party that "the Union as it was" was one in which Slaveholders were guaranteed a practical political supremacy. It took its first step out of such a Union by electing Abraham Lincoln.

By general consent, then, all parties marched out of "the Union as it was." In the fall of 1860 and the spring of 1861—the majority of the people by their votes in November, 1860; the Slaveholders to the music of cannon-shot upon Sumter in April, 1861.

It is to be supposed, then, that the Union which the President is intent upon saving is not the Union which his own party and the seceding and loyal Slaveholders have given up as a very dead dog. Nor is a Union in which Slavery is destroyed; for that would be a Union to which Slaveholders are not, by the Constitution, parties. As he does not aim to save a Union with Slaveholders politically supreme, nor a Union in which they are not partners, and as there is no third, but one in which Slavery and Freedom shall jog on as equal and loving members of the same firm, we imagine this last is the Union that is to be saved. As this will always lack the voluntary adhesion of the slaveholding class, it will still differ from the Union that was by the very slight difference that the new head of the firm will exhaust all the resources of the concern in keeping his fellow in a strait-waist-coat, while that partner exercises his constitutional prerogatives. The Union saved, with Slavery not destroyed, will evidently be the funniest political entity ever witnessed on this planet. It were not quite so funny if it should cost dismemberment of the national territory and national bankruptcy to get the thing on its feet.

D. L.

#### The President's Wit.

There is one thing about the President's letter which no one can thoroughly enjoy but those who are familiar with the ambition of the daily papers of New York. Besides the wholesome competition of generous enterprise, there is just a speck of envy and a mere shadow of animosity among them. How does each one of them glory in first publishing a coveted document, or putting forth the earliest news, or the doing of any other thing that shall set the world, for the day, to talking about it! A sensation *hit*, as it is technically called, is the peculiar ambition of the newspaper bosom.

The great dailies seek opposition by some such necessity as drives metals to the opposite poles of a battery. The principle of selection of sides, on less than vital questions, is that of opposition to some other paper. Unanimity disgusts them. Mr. Greeley is the only theme that seems heartily to unite all. Only on a hunt after Mr. Greeley will all the bounds run together. This is the sole unity of the New York press. Mr. Greeley has been the occasion of more smartness than any other man in America. A *Herald* without abuse of Mr. Greeley is a castor without pepper and vinegar. An *Express* without a fling at the *Tribune* would be a swamp without fire-dies. He is the only topic on which it has ever consistently held fast. Time will hang heavy on Mr. Bennett's hands when Mr. Greeley dies, and Mr. Brooks will babble aimlessly.

Lately all the editors of New York have united their efforts to send Mr. Greeley to Fort Lafayette. The government was besieged, besought, entreated, instructed, warned, and even threatened. The President was invoked to arrest this arrant talker. The Secretary of War was urged, since he could not take Richmond, at least to take Mr. Greeley. The Secretary of State was plied; the marshal, police, the very mob, were implored to suppress Mr. Greeley. Things looked dark. Could any mortal man escape such a storm? No. Go he must, and take sea air through a portable, musing on fallen greatness, and gnawing reluctant crusts with a Grahamite patience.

The bolt fell! Of all the editors in the United States, Mr. Greeley, and of all papers in act never before conferred by a President. Mr. Lincoln read the *Tribune*. He read Mr. Greeley's somewhat explicit letter. He, the President of the United States, sends to the *Tribune* a formal reply! What a newspaper windfall! What a stunner! Will the historic gentlemen please mention any other editor made level with a President by an equal controversy? There was fever in editorial veins that day! It was the old story over again of Murdock and Haman.

The President loves to tell a good story. It seems he has a keen eye, too, for the indignant. If he had the genius of Hadiram and Rabelais combined, he could not have more wittily expressed his opinion of the bounding and bark-



ing of the *Herald* and its followers at Mr. Greeley!

The *Herald* has been vociferating and another venerable religious journal mildly consenting to our incarceration for plain speaking. We pray them not now to desist. We are near to honor!—*The Independent*.

### Chiriqui Abandoned.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* states that at a Cabinet meeting on Friday it was determined to abandon the scheme of negro colonization so far as the Chiriqui tract, in Central America, is concerned. This is partly owing to the remonstrance of the Costa Rican minister, and partly to the objection entertained by one or two members to the abstraction of so much labor from a region of our own country where it is destined to become valuable.

The latter is, we incline to think, reason enough to preclude any great success to the "plan." *Harper's Weekly* contains the following "first-rate notice" of that interesting region, nearly as attractive, it seems, as Orpheus C. Kerr's Nova Zembla, "between the north pole and Sir John Franklin's supposed grave."

Persons favorably disposed to Nicaragua emigration schemes would do well to consider this description, tolerably applicable to that region also. The idea of reformers emigrating to a tropical region for the establishment of a new and improved social order! Greenland and Labrador forbid! But we quote:

"The climate is decidedly unhealthy, and the products of the country, with the exception of caoutchouc, not particularly varied or valuable. There is coal there, certainly; but it is tertiary coal, not of the least use for marine purposes, and only serviceable for the manufacture of gas. There are harbors, good ones, at Bocas del Toro on the Atlantic side and David on the Pacific; but there is no road between them—it will cost a large sum to build or cut one—and when it is made there will be no use for it. There are a few people in the province of Chiriqui; a few dozen whites, and the rest mongrel negroes and Indians, vulgarly called 'greasers.' They do nothing but lie in the sun and sleep. Wild fruits, fish, and turtles, supply them with food. A popular style of clothing is an old Panama hat with a cock's feather stuck in it. Whether Mr. Pomeroy's five hundred intelligent and virtuous colored exiles are more likely to civilize these greasers than the greasers are to degrade their new neighbors to their own level, is an open question. Persons who have lived in the tropics are prepared to take odds on the greasers."

For the *Herald of Progress*.  
Correction.

BROTHER DAVIS: Will you please insert in the next issue of the *HERALD* the following correction of a mistake, which occurs in the fourth line of the third stanza of my poem, entitled: "The Cloud with a Silver Lining," published in the *HERALD* of August 23d? The error is so very ludicrous, and so mars the sense of the stanza, that I hate to have it pass uncorrected. Perhaps I was to blame for the mistake, by writing carelessly. I will be more careful in the future.

The lines should read: "And the age-cloud before us seems pregnant with strife," instead of "fragrant with strife," as printed.

DE VERA VINO.

### Progress of the War.

Since our last issue probably the most important engagement of the war has been entered upon, and as we write the result is still uncertain. The rebel army under Stonewall Jackson succeeded in gaining the rear of a large part of our army, and were subsequently reinforced, doubtless by the entire available rebel force of Lee and others, and at the old battle-fields of Bull Run, Manassas, and Centerville, a protracted engagement has taken place. The loss has been heavy, and there is a prospect of still more desperate fighting.

A profound sensation was produced by the call, on Sunday last, for lint, bandages, and hospital stores for the wounded, of whom there were then numbered several thousand. Especially from New England was a hearty response made to this call, and a supply so abundant and generous, and so promptly furnished, that it would have inspired our troops if widely known among them. In Boston and vicinity services in most of the churches were suspended, and the people en masse devoted themselves diligently to procuring and preparing the needed articles. Within but a few hours' notice the evening train carried car-load after car-load, containing tons in weight of these supplies.

If the contest is but promptly continued, and Jackson is prevented from retreating, there can be little doubt of the result, since each day's struggle serves to weaken the enemy, whose resources are less than our own. Still, judging from the past, we may expect nothing decisive from this series of engagements, and another long and protracted contest before Richmond is taken or the rebels to any considerable extent reduced.

At the West the rebels are in the ascendancy. Gen. Buell seems utterly asleep, and every position we have held is being retaken, and even Cincinnati is threatened, so as to necessitate active measures to insure its safety. The city has been placed under martial law; business suspended, and prompt measures taken for its defense. Altogether the cause of the Union is not bright, nor are business prospects at the North, in view of this uncertainty, very cheering.

The latest engagements resulted in the death of Major-General Kearney and Brigadier-General Stevens. Our losses have been exceedingly heavy, and a feeling of deep gloom pervades the public mind. And the Federal army having fallen back upon Washington, we find ourselves where we were thirteen months ago, consoled by "all quiet on the Potomac."

### Spiritualist Teachers.

The "Association of Spiritualist Teachers" will hold their first quarterly meeting at Marsh's Hall, No. 14 Bromfield St., Boston, on Tuesday, Sept. 30, 1862.

MRS. HALLOCK, (formerly Mrs. DIRTZ), whose communication entitled "Education on a Higher Basis" appeared in our paper for Aug. 23d, will open her school on Tuesday, Sept. 16th, at No. 79 East Fifteenth St.

For circulars apply as above, or at the office of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*.

The N. Y. *Anglo African* publishes the following resolutions of the Committee of colored men, who had an interview with the President in reference to emigration:

Resolved, That in the present condition of the public affairs of the country, we the few assembled, deem it inexpedient, inauspicious and impolitic to agitate the subject of emigration of the colored people of this country anywhere, believing that time, the great arbitrator of events and movements, will adjust the matter of so infinitely vital interest to the colored people of these United States.

And furthermore, that we judge it unauthorized and unjust for us to compromise the interests of over four and a half millions of our race by precipitate action on our part.

### Uncle Samuel's Disease.

"The remarkable private epistle," says the *Sunday Mercury*, "which we are supposed to have addressed to high medical authority, calling immediate attention to the critical case of our patient country, and demanding an immediate prescription, has evoked from the national physician the following lucid and entirely satisfactory indication of the course of treatment to be pursued."

"The friends of our respected sick relative will perceive, from the official document herewith appended, that something is to be immediately done if something else is not decided upon, and that the case of our Uncle Samuel is not as bad as it would be if it were worse. Here is the document:

"HON. T. T. DEAR SIR: I have just received your letter in regard to the illness of 'Uncle Samuel'."

"If there be any statements or assumptions therein as to the diagnosis or symptoms of 'Samuel's' ailments which I know to be erroneous, I do not commit myself by denying the facts."

"If you draw any inferences, which I think you falsely draw, I do not commit myself by arguing against them."

"If you are impatient and dictatorial, I waive it, because you are an old friend; and in deference to my new friends, and because your heart, if you have one (I do not commit myself on that point), I supposed once was in your bosom, and not in your pocket."

"As to my policy in saving 'Uncle Samuel,' I don't mean you shall be in doubt. I would save him—I would save him in the shortest way his constitution will allow."

"He has been led by contractors, and also at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff; he was depleted under canvas all last winter on the Potomac, and all this summer on the Chickabominy; spades being trumps."

"The sooner 'Samuel' is restored to what he was, the quicker he will be the 'Samuel' of old."

"He has now a raging fever—inflammatory and typhoid, so they say—but I don't know. If there be those who would not save 'Samuel' unless they could at the same time save the fever, I don't agree to it."

"If there be those who would not save him unless they could destroy the fever, I do not agree to it."

"My paramount object is, to save 'Samuel,' and not either to save or destroy the fever that some say (I don't commit myself), is killing him."

"What I do about the fever, and what I don't do, is because it helps to save 'Samuel.' I believe in the Chicago Platform individually, but not officially."

"I shall adopt new views as far as they shall seem true views, as in the case of contrabands, confiscation, and Fremont's proclamation."

"Personally, I wish well to everybody, the rebels included; but after all, 'Samuel' must be saved, if strategy, spades, and pickaxes have not put him beyond salvation."

"Yours, A NIXON—"

### The Indian Outbreak in Minnesota.

Governor Ramsay has convoked the Legislature of Minnesota, to meet on the 9th of September, to take action for the protection of the State against the Sioux Indians.

Several hundred thousand rounds of cartridges had been received from Governor Solomon, of Wisconsin. Governor Ramsay has telegraphed Gen. Halleck, asking him to send home the Third Minnesota Regiment, and the request has been complied with. The inhabitants along the frontiers are flocking into the towns for protection.

Sixty-two persons, living near the Upper Agency, who were supposed to have been killed, are safe. They learned their danger from "Other Day," an Indian scout.

A dispatch from Des Moines, Iowa, says arrivals from Fort Dodge bring reports of the destruction of Springfield, on the Minnesota State line, by the Indians. Emmett and Dickinson Counties are reported in danger. Settlers are fleeing south, to Fort Dodge, and other places, for safety.

The massacre does not seem confined to one locality, but spread over a vast extent of territory.

It is reported that forty-five families had, all but two persons, been killed at Lake Shitlik, sixty miles south-west of New Ulm, but these reports are undoubtedly exaggerated, many persons having fled or secreted themselves, who are probably supposed to be killed.

Repeated and earnest protests are being made against the management of our city hospitals for soldiers, especially that on Bedloe's Island. The diet of the sick soldiers is the inevitable fat pork, greasy soup, and stale bread. The physician in charge has answered the complaints only by an impudent letter, which shows him unfit for his position. The wholesome ventilation will, it is hoped, work an improvement.

### Persons and Events.

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

#### PERSONAL ITEMS.

MILTON CHASE, a son of Warren Chase, is a member of the Sixth Michigan Regiment, and was in the battle at Baton Rouge.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS, of Woodstock, Vt., as will be seen by our list of speakers, has returned to the lecturing field, from which he had temporarily withdrawn.

H. B. STORER will speak at Lyceum Hall, Boston, on Sunday, when regular meetings will be resumed.

Rev. T. W. HIGGINSON, of Worcester, the well-known writer and lecturer, is enlisting a company for the war.

CHAS. INGERSOLL, recently arrested at Philadelphia for uttering treasonable sentiments, and since discharged, is a son of the late Charles Jared Ingersoll, and altogether a "lesser light."

Geo. N. SAUNDERS has escaped in disguise to Canada, and sailed for Europe, probably with rebel dispatches.

JOHN ROSS, Chief of the Cherokee Nation, and retinue of fifty persons, has gone to Washington to lay the grievances of his people before the President, and urge the sending of a body of troops to clear the Territory of hostile tribes and rebels.

CHAS. H. CROWELL, one of the publishers of the *Banner of Light*, has enlisted in Jones' Battery, and is already in camp and will soon be at the seat of war. Five others connected with the *Banner* office, as compositors or otherwise, have enlisted.

H. CLAY BURCH, of Chautauque Co., N.Y., corporal of Co. D., Ninth New York Cavalry, died in hospital at Washington, August 7th. He was a young man of fine talents, liberal principles, and of brilliant promise.

COL. FLETCHER WEBSTER, sole surviving son of Daniel Webster, was killed at Bull Run in the engagement of last Friday. He was about fifty years of age, and leaves a widow and children.

Gen. McCLELLAN has at last been appointed to a command for which he is eminently fitted. He has been placed in charge of the fortifications defending Washington. Even the *New York Times* says of this *diminution*: "He has utterly lost the confidence and high consideration he once enjoyed at the hands of the American people."

#### FOREIGN ITEMS.

The London *Times*, referring to the conscription and attendant measures, says that the land of self-government and unlimited freedom is now ruled by a force that is creating terror. It adds that "involuntary servitude is now the lot of the white race."

The *Star* says that if the summons to arms be not generally obeyed, the South will presently have to encounter such an armed force as the most powerful European monarchy would be unable to resist.

The Paris *Pays* says that the harvest is the best of the last ten years, and that they will not be compelled to have recourse to any corn from abroad.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that the Emperor recently expressed a very decided condemnation of Garibaldi's movements, and was even of the opinion that the Italian Government was not quite blameless in the matter.

It is confirmed that Garibaldi entered Catania, and was well received by the people.

In the Italian Senate, on the 20th, one of the Senators requested an explanation of the events in Sicily. M. Ratazzi replied that the Government considered Garibaldi in a state of rebellion, and the situation of Sicily grave; but hoped the difficulties would be surmounted.

A demonstration took place at Naples, August 15, at which cries were raised of "Long live Garibaldi." Many balconies were hung with flags. The royal troops, on being called out, were received with cries of "The army forever!"

A French steam frigate, from the squadron on the Atlantic coast, had arrived at Toulon. She reports that the officers of the squadron employed in watching Garibaldi's movements are active at work, night and day, and that the decks of the vessels are cleared and held in readiness for action.

Zarozinski, the man who attempted to assassinate the Grand Duke Constantine, in Russia, has been condemned to be shot. The sentence has been submitted to the Emperor for approval.

#### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

It is stated in quarters where information is entitled to be considered entirely trustworthy, that government has at length fully determined to arm, drill, and discipline the blacks of the Department of the South. So says an exchange. Let us see it. The people are ready.

An exciting hoax was played upon the Evening Post a few evenings since, directing on the authority of Provost Marshal Kennedy, the removal from the bulletin of the report that Gen. McClellan had been put in chief command over the armies of Virginia, as "likely to discourage enlistments." The reasoning was sound if the report was not.

Jim Lane has been putting the negro volunteers in his brigade to a very degrading service. He employs them to guard such Secessionists as he finds it necessary to arrest for treason. Why should all the dirty work be put upon the negroes?—*Tribune*.

A lady in this city, a teacher of music, was called upon a few days since, and asked if she gave instruction in music to gentlemen. She replied that usually she should be happy to have such pupils, but she could not teach young men music in time of war! The young man left.—*Newburyport Herald*.

A case of extraordinary longevity is noticed in the Paris journals. A man named Gaillet, aged one hundred and five years, appeared in company with his wife, who was one hundred and three years old, to receive his allowance from the Ministry of War for military services. He was discharged from the army in 1816.

The literary and artistic attachés of the Japanese Embassy that visited the United States, have published two illustrated works, each in two volumes, describing their travels. One is entitled "Voyage of the Japanese Mission," the other, "Historical Description of the United States."

Gen. McClellan has a valiant defender in the person of Congressman Vallandigham, of Ohio. In a recent speech he said: "As for the armed rebellion of the secessionists of the South, I commit that to the army of the United States—four-fifths good Democrats—to the abused, outraged Major General George B. McClellan. If he is not able to accomplish it, it is because it is not in the nature of things to be accomplished in that way. If he had been allowed to do as he wished, it would have been accomplished by this time."

### Medical Miscellany.

"A Short Method with Night-caps."—H. H. B. Wis.—Aunt Cinda's method is to tie a knot to each of the opposite corners of the handkerchief, about two inches from the end. Put it on the head one knot before and the other behind, and tie the other two ends under the chin. Look in the glass and keep from laughing if you can. A shorter method still is to put a knot before the whole kerchief instead of a knot in the two ends. We eschew night-caps and dogs. A clean head makes a clean pillow-case. Soap and water at the roots of the hair are better than cotton at the other end. Keep the head cool.—*Exchange*.

"Life and Death."—Dr. Hall says that one-half the human family die under seventeen years of age. Nine-tenths of all who are born ought to complete their "three-score years and ten" because nine-tenths of all diseases are avoidable by the steady practice of temperance and such out-door activities as are encouragingly remunerative. There is a still more specific method of lengthening life in healthfulness and vigor, and one which is practicable by the masses. Colds or constipation immediately precede or attend almost every case of ordinary disease. The latter can be antagonized by abstinence, cleanliness, and warmth for thirty-six hours; and a cold need not be taken once a year if three things are attended to: Avoid chilliness, damp clothing, and cooling off too soon after exercise.

"An Extraordinary Disorder."—The *Cornish Times* announces the death of a very remarkable woman at Liskeard. This woman was born in 1814, and when about sixteen years of age the first appearance of an extraordinary disorder developed itself. She was taken first with a weakness in her legs. The next phase of the disorder made its appearance about the hips, which became pained; a black thick coating forming on them, which at intervals would peel off in scales, and after a few years this coating extended over and completely covered her face. For more than twenty-eight years she made use of no animal food, and the only sustenance she partook of was a little fluid, or a currant biscuit, which would last her a fortnight; and from Christmas, 1860, to November, 1861, she was never known to take anything whatever. On two or three occasions since then she was persuaded to take a little tea or coffee, but it was immediately ejected from the stomach. A short time before her death a portion of the coating came off her lips, and shortly after her death the whole mass fell off, the coating forming a complete cast of the countenance. It weighed about half a pound, and averaged about half an inch in thickness. Her face was without a blemish, and presented a most perfect appearance, but her body was reduced to a skeleton. She retained her faculties to the last, was perfectly contented, but had no craving for food.

"Cayenne Pepper for our Soldiers."—We have great confidence in red pepper as a remedy in numerous cases, and have frequently so written in these columns. We are, therefore, glad to print the following from the pen of Dr. Hall: If you write to a soldier, friend, or relative in the army, using a common envelope and a sheet of foolscap-paper, you may also add, without exceeding the weight for which a three-cent postage-stamp will pay, as much tea as a tea-spoon will take up twice, or as much black or cayenne pepper, such as is obtained from a good drug-store under the name of "Capsicum," as you can take up at once with a common tea-spoon, and the smaller envelope of thin paper to hold either. Chewing the tea, a pinch at a time, every hour or half-hour, while keeping guard, or under circumstances of great thirst, or of excessive weariness or sleepiness, will enliven, will modify thirst, will invigorate, or will waken up to a grateful extent, considering the amount of tea used, and its perfect safety from ulterior ill results, such as follow the use of alcoholic drinks. But a heaping spoonful of genuine "Capsicum" is worth ten-fold its weight of tea-leaves, especially in summer, in many ways; for example, a single quarter of a pinch will save a man's life—that quarter of a pinch being put in a sleepy sentinel's eye. If it don't waken him up, and every one else within an Indian yell's distance, then it is not a prime article of capsicum. A single pinch in a glass of flat or warmish water will nullify those qualities, and besides satisfying thirst, will invigorate and effectually prevent that uncomfortable sensation arising from having drunk largely of water. A good pinch, eaten at each meal, or whenever a cup of coffee, or tea, or water is swallowed, will always invigorate digestion, aid to prevent acidity, and is, besides, a great antagonist of the diarrhoea, dysentery, flux, and "looseness," which are the great scourges of all armies. A level tea-spoon of capsicum daily, taken in eating or drinking, or both, or if taken a pinch at a time during the day or night, would do more real good, and that without any ill result, than ten times the cost in rum and quinine, as a preventive against chills and fever. Liquor and quinine initiate the soldier into intemperate habits; they will wake up a love, a craving, a slavery to strong drink, which pepper and water will never do. The latter invigorates like food, the former merely excites, then leaves weaker than before. A pinch of capsicum, which is simply pure cayenne pepper, will do a great deal more toward warming up a soldier, toward invigorating him, toward keeping him vigilant on guard, and toward modifying thirst or fatigue, than the best glass of grog ever swallowed. Capsicum goes farther, and is more efficient for all purposes, than black pepper; if by express or privately, send half a pound a time, in a tin box.

### Progressive Literature.

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

#### THE ALPINE LOVERS.

BY MARY H. C. BOOTH.

##### I.

In a low hut among the Alpine ledges  
There dwelt a hunter; and a gentle maid,  
Purer than flowers upon the hawthorn hedges,  
Blossomed within the glade.

She had no treasure save the silver arrow  
With which her radiant tresses were confined;  
Sweeter than twitterings of a summer sparrow  
Her voice rose on the wind.

What need of treasures, while the world above her  
Glittered with gems as in the light of God?  
There dwelt a hunter who but lived to love her—  
Up where the angels trod.

He often told her how the dear departed  
Wandered beside him on the giddy heights;  
And well she knew that angels, loving-hearted,  
Guarded him in the nights.

She never heard of what the world calls "fashion,"  
And never thought of what the world might say,  
Yet loving deeds of beautiful compassion  
Flowered on her mountain-way.

She never knew that music needed teachers,  
But learned her warblings of the singing rills;  
She thought God's mountains his divinest  
preachers,  
His holiest shrines his hills!

The incense of her loving heart's devotion  
Rose little higher than her hunter's cot;  
She thought the spring of Love's auroral ocean  
Welled from one mountain-spot.

The summer came and brought its Alpine roses;  
The hunter journeyed with an angel-guide,  
And wandered forth to where the earth-land  
closes,  
Nor left the angel's side.

##### II.

The swallows fly up from the summer hedges,  
And hop across the threshold of the cot—  
The hunter's cot among the Alpine ledges—  
Singing: "Forget me not!"

Go to the world and sing about forgetting.  
O little birds!—they need your lesson there—  
Not to the maid whose sun of life is setting  
Under her silver hair—

Who through long days and starless nights  
Of sorrow  
Watches forever for the twilight tide—  
The hour that brings her with that coming mor-  
row

Her hunter-boy, who died.

He comes, a spirit, in the twilights lonely,  
And smoothes her tresses, noting not their hue;  
He takes her withered hand—he loved her only,  
And Alpine loves are true.

The peasants whisper that the hut is haunted,  
And that a wizard-vine is round the door;  
They say the maiden dwells, as if enchanted,  
With one who is no more.  
Zurich, Switzerland, August 1, 1862.

For the *Herald of Progress*.

### Recollections of a Physician.

BY J. LEANDER STARR.

NUMBER THREE.

#### THE MONOMANIAC.

It was on the evening of the 29th of November, 18—, I was seated in my library, having just returned, after a day of more than ordinary fatigue and anxiety, to my residence in Curzon Street, Mayfair, and had scarcely had time to don my comfortable loose dressing-gown, and emancipate my feet from the heavy boots in which they had been encased since breakfast, when one of my servants entered and handed me a note, saying that the man who brought it was directed to wait for an answer.

It was from Mrs. Merville, the wife of a rising barrister whom I knew, who resided in Norfolk Street, Park Lane, and it ran thus:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR: The fears I communicated to you about a fortnight since are now realized. It would be senseless, on my part, to disguise from you that which you will yourself, soon admit to be the fact—that my husband is attacked with monomania. I wish to see you as soon as possible, but your visit must not appear to him to have been asked for by me, or even to be a professional visit; but pray come to us this evening, as an old friend, and partake of our usual late supper, en famille, and you will then judge of Edward for yourself. Very truly yours,  
"MARIA MERVILLE."

About nine o'clock I ordered my carriage, having two visits to make on my way to Norfolk Street. The night was one of the very worst of this dark, dismal, suicidal season. A thick fog had set in, and the keenest human vision could not penetrate a distance of ten feet. It was one of those dense fogs which can be seen nowhere but in London. A thick, palpable, yellow, murky fog, when to get through the streets of London is almost impossible, always attended with danger and an inconceivable delay. The lights of my carriage were perfectly useless, and the assistance of two link-boys, whom I had engaged to walk in front of my horse with their big torches, seemed to facilitate my movements very little. On all sides could be heard the slow moving wheels of carriages and omnibuses, meeting at each instant in the wide and thronged thoroughfare of Piccadilly, and cries of caution and impatience were heard at each instant, and answered with sharp and



determined, but wholly unreasonable anger, and not seldom with curses. One must be an actor in such a scene of confusion to appreciate its peculiarity and embarrassment, for no description can give an adequate idea of it. The world has heard of this peculiar description of fog in London—"London particular," as the wags term it—but it must be seen and felt to know what it is.

With the utmost difficulty I gained the two points to which I decided to direct my attention ere I went to Merville's; and although I remained but fifteen minutes at each of the two houses I visited, it was after eleven o'clock when I reached No. — Norfolk Street, a distance from my own residence of not more than twenty minutes in clear weather.

Mrs. Merville—became very impatient at my non-arrival—had already decided in her own mind that the fog had rendered my visit to her hopeless, and great was her joy when I entered the dining-room, where I met Merville, and herself, and their three daughters, seated at table, in conversation, their supper being finished long before I arrived.

Mr. Merville, as I have already said, was a barrister. He was a man of about forty years of age, of small stature and spare figure, but well proportioned, and with a face of remarkable intelligence; and his keen, piercing eyes, knew their value in making a tricky witness quail during a cross-examination. He was early married to the youngest daughter of a baronet, and a man of large landed estate, who spent the chief part of his time, when not in town, attending to his parliamentary duties at one of his seats near Windsor. Mrs. Merville was a plump, elegant woman, of an excellent temper, and gifted with great good sense and equanimity; and she had a face not expressive of any high order of intellectuality, but of great goodness and character, and was of the type of those English women whose faces are of that repose and their skin of that clearness, without peculiar claims to beauty, that was once characterized by an unpoetic mind as "a face which seemed to have been just washed with soap and water."

Their daughters were of the respective ages of eleven, thirteen, and sixteen, and they were interesting and well-trained children, and were, with the exception of the eldest, treated as children, and were under the constant surveillance of their governess.

On my appearance before this charming domestic group, I was received by a warm welcome from all, and with my usual kiss from little Calicia, the youngest.

Miss Merville was becoming very beautiful, and was now at an age when she would soon commence to attract admirers, who could not be insensible to her budding charms:

"A pair of black eyes  
Of a handsome size  
And a lip so bewitchingly curled,  
Were enough to captivate  
The intentions wise  
Of the most resolute heart in the world."

Mrs. Merville insisted that after my long and perilous journey to their house I must have supper ordered in; and indeed I was nothing loth.

Mr. Merville extended his hand to me and begged me to excuse his rising, and we conversed together very agreeably for nearly an hour, when I retired. Mrs. Merville followed me to the door, and whispered her desire that I should call the next day at eleven o'clock, when her husband would be absent, and she wished to speak to me, but not in his presence. I therefore called the next day, according to appointment, when I was astonished at learning that for three weeks past her husband had conceived the ridiculous idea that his legs were made of glass, and had to be carried to his bed, and again to the breakfast-table in the morning, and to and from his carriage which daily conveyed him to his office, by two stout porters, for fear his legs would break; and that he had abandoned all attendance at the courts.

I may here remark that there is some conflict in the terms applied to this species of insanity, used by psychologists. Passing by the terms *hallucination* and *illusion*, about which there is much contention among medical writers, I would remark that *monomania* is specially indicated by *delusion*. Dr. Johnson defines *delusion* as "a false representation, illusion, error, a chimerical thought." And even among the Latin writers, Cicero says: "*Quæ Epæurus oscians alucinatus est.*"

That this delusion, or whim, of my intelligent friend—absurd as it seemed, and as it was—I knew was the result of a diseased mind induced by a too severe application to study, and great and severe mental toil; and I knew that such a case had been cited by high medical authority.\* I consulted a long time with the wife of my friend, and assured her of my best skill, and that I was not without hope of curing this disease in her husband, but that it was necessary to humor, for the present, his delusion, and that we would together plot and effect his cure in spite of himself.

A slight cold kept me in-doors for the next two days, and I then made a visit to my droll patient in Norfolk street, who had been perfectly well in all respects, apart from this morbid fancy, but my plans were furthered in finding him in bed, on the occasion of this visit, from a severe attack of influenza.

His *vitæ* disorder I pretended to know nothing of; and with a certain degree of astute cunning which the insane of every grade possess, he himself tried at first to conceal it from me, and from me only. In prescribing, therefore, for his influenza, I prescribed for his *glass legs*. I gave him for the first few days the *nerve sanative* twice a day, diluted in warm water; and this I followed up with laudanum

\* See Bocknell and Tuke on Insanity, Philadelphia, Edition 1858, page 126.

and the sulphate of morphine in solution, as recommended in such cases by Dr. Pliny Earle, an eminent American Alienist.

In a week he had quite recovered from his influenza, and was enabled again to go to his law chambers in Lincoln's Inn by the aid of his two porters and his carriage.

I then accepted Mrs. Merville's invitation to dine with them. I found my patient had a fair appetite for food, but the brilliancy of his conversation was toned down, and there appeared a constant nervousness and anxiety in his manner. After dinner he had to be lifted to his usual arm-chair near the fire as though he were a child.

Seeing this, I exclaimed, with assumed surprise: "What! my dear Mr. Merville, are you lame? How have you hurt yourself? or has this vile cut-throat weather given you the rheumatism?"

He promptly replied: "No, no—not that; but do you not know, sir, that both my legs are *glass*, and I must move about with great caution, for God only knows what I would do if either of them, for want of care, got broken."

He might not, in the proper sense of the word, *feel* that his legs were vitreous; he would probably conceive them to be so; and he would not, I think, have contended that they *looked* like glass.

I replied: "This is very extraordinary, Mr. Merville. Since when have you discovered this state of your legs?"

He answered me with as much seriousness as if he were giving me a rational answer to a rational question in every-day life: "A few weeks ago, sir, I happily discovered it, for since then I have been most cautious, and intend to be so. I must be so!"

As part of the plot entered into by Mrs. Merville and myself, a young nephew, a fine lad of sixteen, who was at school at Harrow, had been invited to dine there on that day, and had been privately drilled in the part he was to perform when he should receive the signal from me to commence operations. He had been that afternoon skating on the Serpentine, and had come in with his skates on his arm and carrying in his right hand a solid and well-turned hurley with which he had driven the ball before him on the ice while skating.

At a quiet signal from me, after about twenty minutes' conversation between Mr. Merville, his wife, and myself, on general topics, Charles Wilmet advanced to his uncle, and, showing him his hurley, begged him to notice what an excellent one it was. "And, oh! uncle," said he, "if you knew what fun we had on the ice to-day, I am sure you could not have resisted being one of our party yourself. This is the way we knocked the ball about."

And Charles began to strike at the ball on the carpet, and then run after it and hit it a blow, sending it in another direction, to the perfect horror of Merville, who found it too close to his *glass legs*, and cried out to him to desist; but Charles had his cue given him, and became more active with his ball than before—wholly unheeding the authoritative cries of his uncle—and all of a sudden the hurley came with full force against these brittle legs—such force that Merville was thrown from his chair. His rage was now boundless, and every thought was concentrated in that rage; and in the sudden impulse of his blind passion, he rushed towards the boy, who allowed him to come near him and led him on to the door, and he then rushed up stairs, Merville in full pursuit—the boy avoiding contact with him while leading him on. Two flights of stairs were thus ascended, and again descended, and the belligerent parties found themselves again in the dining-room; but poor Merville was so exhausted with running, anger, and fear for his *legs*—a fear which only now had seized him—that he fainted and fell on the floor. Mrs. M. now advanced and shook me cordially by the hand. She knew from the hopes I had expressed before this experiment was tried and my now satisfied look, that victory was ours, and she really kissed the rebel Charles, who, however, did not feel quite safe from his uncle's anger until assured by his aunt that he had nothing to fear.

The usual restoratives were administered to the fainted man, and he was laid on his bed, and he was very soon fast asleep, and I took my leave.

Next morning, as his wife afterwards assured me, he woke up, and in a few minutes commenced laughing, peal following peal, at the incidents of the previous evening, which had perfectly restored him to reason. He never again fancied his legs were glass.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

### My Philip.

There was the quick, sharp rap of the postman at the door. Our postman always seemed to sympathize with his bundle of letters; and he knew us all so well that he knew the contents or subjects of our letters almost as well as if he had been clairvoyant.

I was expecting my brother on that day, and, instead of him, there came a letter. "Good news from William, I don't doubt," said the postman, as he gave me change.

"There generally is good news from brother," said I, smiling.

"William is a fine fellow," said he, tightening the string on his bundle of letters, and then he went on his way.

I remember thinking what if he should lose one of those precious letters? What if he had lost mine? Why did he not carry them in a bag? How could he risk losing such precious things? But they all risk losing letters city or village ever uses any security for his parcel of letters but a string while he is distributing them to their many owners.

I went in to read my news from brother, whatever it might be. My mother was in the large front room, that looked toward the

south, with my invalid father. He was taking his dinner, and I would not disturb him even with my treasure. So I stopped in the room which was dining-room, sitting-room, and library, in our cottage. I opened my letter eagerly. I had not then learned to wait patiently, and least of all where letters were concerned. I turned blind and faint when I saw where the letter was dated:

"MEDWAY JAIL."

(For some moments I in vain essayed to read. My head swam, and darkness veiled my eyes. At length I recovered and read.)

"My DEAR SISTER: You will be surprised when you see where my letter is dated. Since I last wrote you, I have had fair success in collecting the debts due father; and I began to be encouraged, and to think I saw daylight for us. Three days ago I called on Mix, who keeps the tavern by the steamboat-landing. You will remember his was the largest debt owing to father here. At first he said he could not pay me anything. Then he said he would, as the night-train on the railroad would bring a good many for the morning boat, and they must stay with him, for the other house was had at best, and was being painted now. He said he would give me something on the morning of the 21st, and it was hard to be satisfied, but I stood. In the morning he gave me one hundred dollars in five twenty-dollar notes. I made my calculations, and found that by giving up my stoppages at two other places I could still be at home on the 21st. I was so glad of the prospect of so soon seeing you and mother, and our dear helpless father, that I trembled with joy. I trembled so much that when I was shaving I cut my chin. After I was again on my way the blood kept oozing, and I stopped at an apothecary's to get a piece of court-plaster. It was near the station where I was to take the cars, and a mile from Mix's tavern. I had bought the court-plaster, when I saw some surgical instruments lying on the counter. They pleased me very much; and as father had told me I should have a set for collecting, as soon as I had received a hundred dollars, I bought them."

"I had a sort of misgiving about the money I had got of Mix; I did not believe that it was bad, but I wished to be better satisfied than I was about it. I asked the price of the instruments. They were sold. There was a turnkey and lancet, valued at three dollars, that I could have. I bought them and tendered one of my twenty-dollar notes in payment. It was taken without question. I put the change and my instruments in my pocket, very glad to be set at rest about my money. I then went over to the station; the cars started in an hour, I was told, and I sat down to wait as patiently as I could. Before half an hour had elapsed I was arrested for passing counterfeit money. I was searched, and eighty dollars of the same kind I had passed were found upon me. At first I was horrified; but I sent immediately for Mix, scarcely doubting that he would say he had paid me the money. He refused to come, declaring that he had paid me no money, but saying that I had paid him a bad twenty-dollar note for my night's lodging, supper, and breakfast, thus cheating him out of eighteen dollars good money. He said he would meet me at the right time and place, that I was in good hands now, and that he was busy."

"I am in prison, sister dear, and I don't know what will be my fate. All my money was taken from me by the officer who arrested me, and I can do nothing but let you know the facts. If father were not helpless, he would be able to help me; as it is, he can think, and some kind soul, I trust, will be able to carry love any one but you, Philip, unless you forget me. Now let me go."

"Our time will come," said he; and I went on my way."

I never saw him again, to speak to him, till the day I went to Judge Bixby with my father's note. I met him on the way, and I stopped and told him our great sorrow. I could not do otherwise, for my heart turned to him with the hope of help.

"Go to the Judge," said he; "I will be there by the time he has read and considered your father's note."

Judge Bixby read the note, and was very much disturbed by it.

"This is very bad," said he. "We must send some one at once to Medway. William must be released; Philip will go to him. There he is now," said he, as he saw him through the window.

Philip came in presently.

"Melvin, will you go to Medway to-night?" said the Judge.

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Philip.

Judge Bixby took his pen and wrote for some minutes; then he folded and addressed his letter without sealing it. Then he wrote a note to my father. He then turned to Philip, saying:

"You will go to Mr. Bentley and get the notes which he has against Mix. Show this letter to him, which I have written to a legal friend of mine in Medway. If Mr. Bentley thinks of anything more which he wishes me to write, you can return to me; otherwise, you had better go on to Medway to-night. I think you will do well to stay at Mix's tavern, and when you pay your bill, offer him this note. He took a fifty-dollar note from his pocket, and handed it to Philip. "He has been so successful of late he may give you one of those twenty-dollar notes in change for this, if you appear to be a stranger merely passing over the road. Rascals are very often fools."

Philip and I went out together. At the door he said:

"I will bid you good-bye and hasten to your father. You can come at my leisure. You may be sure I shall do my best, and you know for whose sake I do it."

His words comforted me in my great sorrow. I went home slowly, not wishing to arrive till Philip was gone. I met him at the door. He took my hand, pressed it in silence, and went away.

My parents said little, and did not allude to the fact that Philip had gone to Medway. I retired early, but spent the night in sleepless agony. I prayed for my poor brother in prison, and for all other prisoners. I felt sure that Philip would do William no good. I was glad to find in the morning that my father hoped that much good would result from his efforts. It was Tuesday evening when Philip left. He would arrive in Medway at two o'clock the next morning. By Friday we ought to hear from him. The day came, but no letter. I was indescribably miserable, and my

hundred and fifty. These notes are so many probabilities against him. We must have some person to go to Medway."

I wanted to say that Philip Melvin would go, but I dared not speak his name. He was a student, reading law with Judge Bixby. He had paid me the attentions of a lover till my parents forbade me to receive them. My parents were proud of their ancestry. They were proud of their former position, and prouder than all of the Puritan principles and practices of their progenitors.

Now Philip Melvin was disgraced from his birth. He was an illegitimate child. His mother was a simple country girl, who had died of a broken heart soon after his birth, and she had never revealed the name of Philip's father. She had died in the almshouse, and there her boy remained until he was seven years old. A lady visited the house when he had just reached his seventh birthday, and asked for Philip. She wept bitterly, it was said, over the beautiful child, and then she became as one of the children of the good and wise Judge. Philip proved worthy of all the care and education which were bestowed on him with liberal as well as paternal kindness; but notwithstanding all, he was regarded as one who before his birth had

"Fallen into a pit of ink,  
From which the wide sea could not wash him  
clean again."

I believe I loved Philip all the better because every one seemed to keep the bitter fact of his birth in their memory. He was nearly twenty-one years old. I was seventeen. I had never disobeyed my parents, and I regarded my mother as a superior being. I was required to treat Philip as a stranger, and I could give him no explanation without wounding him more than I could ever bear to wound him. Poor fellow! I did not doubt that he regarded his birth as the mark of Cain upon him. How could I ever allude to the terrible fact? He saved me from my trouble by a manly frankness, which greatly increased my respect and love for him. One day I met him in a lonely road, in the neighborhood of the village. He stopped me.

"Clara," said he, "I have a word to say to you."

The blood rushed to my face, a burning flood.

"You have said that you loved me," said he.

"I have," I whispered, hardly so as to be heard.

"Have you changed?" asked Philip.

"No!" said I, aloud, and with energy.

"Do you shun me of your own free will?"

"No, Philip."

"Your parents require it of you, and—your brother also wishes you to shun me?"

"Yes," I said, bravely, and yet with trembling.

"Because—?" He could not utter the words.

He looked at me appealingly. I answered his thought.

"Yes, Philip; but I love you better for your great sorrow. I love you better for all the affliction Providence has permitted to come upon you."

"I thank you," said he, solemnly. "Clara, if we are faithful to our love, our time will come. We shall be happy together some day."

I was silent.

"Do you not believe it?"

"I hope for it," I replied.

"Do not go yet," said he, as I was about to pass on; "do not go till you have promised me to be faithful to this love."

"I can be faithful only to my parents," said I, bursting into tears; "but I will never love any one but you, Philip, unless you forget me. Now let me go."

"Our time will come," said he; and I went on my way."

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father and mother were very anxious. I could not speak freely to my parents. The night previous I had passed through an experience strange to many, but the like of it had happened to me several times. I could not speak off at home, and my heart seemed like to break that I could not. Finally I determined to go before Judge Bixby with my secret. As there was no news from my brother, I asked leave to go to the Judge, ostensibly to make inquiries.

Judge Bixby seemed to pity me very much when I came into his office.

"Have you heard anything from my brother?" said I.

"Yes, dear," said he; and then he seemed sorry he had made the admission. "The fact is, Miss Clara, we have been quite put back in our proceedings; but we hope to have good news for you by Monday or Tuesday—certainly by Wednesday."

I wished so much to tell him my experience, but I feared he would think me crazed or untruthful. But the necessity to unburden my heart to some one constrained me, and I said:

"I want to tell you, Judge, what I saw last night. As I lay in my bed, looking into the darkness, I saw Philip. I shut my eyes, and put my hands over them; but still I saw Philip Melvin. He was in a large room, in a kind of hotel; there was no lock on the door, and he tried to fasten the door with his knife; but I saw he had failed to do it effectually. The knife-blade broke nearly off, but the handle did not fall away. He could not see this, but I saw it. And I saw through the door, and saw a man on the outside of the door, in the hall. It was half-past two in the morning, as I saw by Philip's watch. He took off his coat and hung it beside a chair, and then lay down in his clothes. Presently he fell into a heavy sleep. I felt perfectly sure that a cup of coffee he had taken when he came in had some kind of sleeping-powder in it. As he slept, I saw a bad-looking man come into the room; he had a complexion almost like a mulatto, and only one eye. It was perfectly dark in the room, and yet I saw him come in as plainly as I had seen Philip before he put out his light. He took Philip's coat and examined the pockets; he took out the pocket-book, laid the coat again across the chair, and then he went out. "Ah!" thought I, "my poor brother is ruined now; for I knew that your letter was in that pocket-book, and I supposed the notes given to my father by Mix were there also. I was in despair, but I followed the man from the room; he had left his light outside the door. He took up the light and went to a distant room, and locked himself in; I saw him take that fifty-dollar note from the pocket-book; I read 'Merrimac Bank' on it with perfect ease; then he took your letter to that lawyer in Medway and read it, and then, holding it in the candle, he burned it; he took out several other papers, but I did not clearly see what they were. All this may seem false and foolish to you, Judge, but I am sure it all really happened. Something within me assures me that it is all true—that it has happened to Philip Melvin, and if you ever see him, I believe he will tell you so."

The Judge was reputed a skeptic in religion, and I feared very much I should get only his contempt for my relation. When I had finished, he said, very kindly:

"All this is very strange and curious. Mix has but one eye, and he has had fever and ague till he looks like a mulatto. Young Melvin was here yesterday; he had lost his pocket-book containing my letter to my legal friend; also, he had lost the fifty-dollar bank-note, which was on the Merrimac Bank. Fortunately, he had put Mix's notes and some memoranda in the lining of his hat. He came back for another letter and further instructions. He did not see any one in Medway but the one-eyed tavern-keeper, and a servant. He took the morning-train back, and I expect to hear from him on Tuesday. I had marked the bank-note, so it is probable the miserable man has stolen a rope to hang himself in taking it. Now, my little girl," said the Judge, pleasantly, "if you see any more wonders to-night, I hope they will be pleasant ones. I have had abundant evidence of the truth of the facts claimed for clairvoyance, even to the breaking of Philip's knife, which I happen to know was broken as you said. Tell your father that I have heard from Melvin; that there is some unavoidable delay, but that I shall expect to hear good news by Tuesday."

I was not again clairvoyant; but on Wednesday evening my brother and Philip Melvin came. We were all overjoyed; but my joy was greatest, I am sure, for Philip had brought him. Brother asked Philip to stay to supper, and my father and mother begged him to do so; but he said, cheerfully, that he must go directly to the Judge and give an account of himself; and he left William to tell us his own story.

My brother said "Mix would have given us much trouble; for he gave out that the notes against him were forged. But the rascal had stolen Philip's pocket-book. It had a marked bank-note in it for fifty dollars. Our lawyer set one of Mix's creditors to dun him very sharply, and at last he told him he would take fifty dollars for a debt of a hundred. This drew forth the marked note, and Mix is now shut up in his place. Search has been made in his house, and in a false back to his writing-desk some thousands, in bills of the same kind that he gave me, have been found."

Our great trouble was past; my brother had been honorably restored to us. But poverty was upon us like an armed man. The little money that William had been able to collect would do very little toward paying for our home; and, besides, we were obliged to take it for our present support. It seemed sure that we must lose our cottage, which we had named "Sunny Home." My parents and William were greatly afflicted, but I had a presentiment of coming help. Only the day before our home must be paid for, or lost, Judge Bixby came to see my father.

"I have been very sorry, Mr. Bentley, said he, "that no one has been able to loan you the money to save your place. It is hard to be poor, and have all one's friends poor. I am happy to tell you now, at the eleventh hour, that one has come forward to advance you the money."

My father uttered an exclamation of surprise; my mother said: "Thank God!" fervently.

"But who will do this, Judge?" asked my father.

"Our young friend, Philip Melvin, who has just come into possession of his father's property. When Philip was seven years old his father died. On his death-bed he told his mo-



ther of Philip, and willed his large property to him; I was appointed the boy's guardian; and as Philip was twenty-one yesterday, I delivered up my trust. Philip will be admitted to the bar soon. He has fine ability, an irreproachable character, and a larger property than any one in Rosalia. If I had a daughter to give in marriage," said the Judge, regardless of my blushes, "I would sooner give her to Philip Melvin than to any other man I know."

A spasm of mental pain passed over my father's countenance. "Thank heaven, we are saved!" he said, "and only at the expense of a false and wicked pride!" Judge Bixby, will you ask Philip to call here?"

"I will," said our friend. That evening Philip came and sat alone with my father for awhile. Then my mother was admitted to the conference. "They both asked me to forgive them for their pride," said Philip to me. "I have always regarded them more in pity than in anger. I have borne my lot as patiently as I could, and Providence has been kind to me at last. Our time has come, darling Clara."

"Thank heaven!" said I.

"You have loved me for myself, Clara, and we shall be happy. Your brother has treated me like his own brother since the day we met in Medway Jail; but he has often said to me, 'Only much affliction can ever conquer my parents' pride of family and prejudices about birth.' And then William said: 'As if an infant were to be cursed for the sin of those who gave it life.' I replied: 'So far as such a prejudice can be made a preventive of crime it is just, and I bow to it for the sake of the innocent.' Now, Clara, since we can leave your parents comfortable, and in William's care, I wish to go where no man will ever ask who were my parents."

I respected his sorrow; and I said: "I will go to the end of the world with you, my Philip." And thus it is that our graves will be far from those of our kindred.

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

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

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

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

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

Austen E. Simmons may be addressed Woodstock, Vt.

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. Carver will lecture during 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. Hogg, Medina, N. Y.

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

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

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 Umro, 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 Coxsack, N. Y.

Miss Emma Houston will lecture 7th and 14th September, in New Bedford, Mass.

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

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

Miss Emma Harding will lecture 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 photography and phrenology. Address Harveyburg, O.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will labor in Central and Southern New Jersey and Pennsylvania during the fall and winter. Friends in Monmouth, Burlington, and Camden Counties, N. J., please address till further notice in care of Dr. A. C. Stiles, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, of Ohio, will answer calls to lectures on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsylvania and New York. Also, to attend funerals, and read and Sunday examinations, and of prescriptions for the sick. They are to hold a grove meeting in Centreville, Pa., about the 12th of September, on which day notices 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 Greenboro, N. C., Saturday evening and Sunday, Sept 6th and 7th; at Caliz, Ind., Monday and Tuesday, Sept 8th and 9th; at Mechanicsburg, Ind., Wednesday, Sept. 10th and 11th; at Anderson, Ind., Thursday, Sept. 10th and 11th; at Anderson, Ind., 12th; at Chesterfield, Saturday evening and Sunday, 12th and 13th; at Marlatown, 15th and 16th; Fort Revere, Mercer Co., O., on Saturday evening and Sunday, 27th and 28th. Subscriptions taken for Herald of Progress, and books for sale.

## Travelers' Guide. RAILROAD LINES.

ERIE RAILWAY.—Leave Pavia Ferry, foot of Chambers street. 6 A. M., Mail for Elmira; 7 A. M., Express for Buffalo; 12:15 P. M., Accommodation; 2 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.), 12:15, 3 (Ex.), 3:30, 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, 9, 10 1/2 A. M.; 1, 4, 5, 6, and 7 P. M.

## STEAMBOAT LINES.

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## Notices of New Books

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

For the Herald of Progress.

AMONG THE PINES; or, *South in Secession Time*. By EDMUND KIRKE. Pp. 310. For sale at this office. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

This book purports to be a true history of the author's experience during a ten days' sojourn in the northern portion of South Carolina at about the time of the attempted secession of that State. "Scipio," alias "Scip," a slave who hires himself of his mistress—paying her "one hundred and fifty dollars yearly for the privilege of earning his own support"—and keeps a livery stable at Georgetown, informs him that

"De black lub freedom as much as de white. De same blessed Lord made dem both, and he made dem all 'like 'cep de skin. De blacks' hab strong hands, and when de day come, you'll see dey hab heads too."

The author continues: "Much other conversation, showing him possessed of a high degree of intelligence, passed between us. In answer to my question if he had a family, he said: 'No, sar. My blood shall never be slaves. Ole Massa flog me and threaten to kill me 'cause I wouldn't take to de wimmin, but I tote him to kill—dat would be more his loss dan mine.'"

How many of those white men who to-day are uttering curses on the "contemptible nigger" would be capable, under similar circumstances, of a resolution so noble as this one of the condemned and enslaved black? How much "above" this is the white master who daily condemns his blood to be slaves? The author subsequently learns that "Scip" has much influence of a secret nature among the blacks of the neighboring regions, particularly the more intelligent of them. After relating a dialogue with him, he says:

"From this conversation, together with others held with the same negro, and from after-developments made to me at various places and at different times, extending over a period of six weeks, I became acquainted with the fact that there exists among the blacks a secret and wide-spread organization of a Masonic character, having its grip, its pass-words, and oath. It has various grades of leaders, who are competent and earnest men, and its ultimate object is FREEDOM. It is quite as secret and as wide-spread as the order of the 'Knights of the Golden Circle'—the kind league among the whites."

"The knowledge of the real state of political affairs which the negroes have acquired through this organization is astonishingly accurate; their leaders possess every essential of leadership—except, it may be, military skill—and they are fully able to cope with the whites."

"The negro whom I call Scipio, on the day when Major Anderson evacuated Fort Moultrie, and before he or I knew of that event, which set all South Carolina in a blaze, foretold to me the breaking out of this war in Charleston Harbor, and as confidently predicted that it would result in the freedom of the slaves!"

"The fact of this organization existing is not positively known (for the black is more subtle and crafty than anything human), but it is suspected by many of the whites, the more moderate of whom are disposed to ward off the impending blow by some system of gradual emancipation—declaring all black children born after a certain date free—or by some other action that will pacify and keep down the slaves. These persons, however, are but a small minority, and possess no political power, and the South is rushing blindly on to a catastrophe, which, if not averted by the action of our government, will make the horrors of San Domingo and the French Revolution grow pale in history."

"I say the action of our government, for with it rests the responsibility. What the black wants is freedom. Give him that, and he will have no incentive to insurrection. If emancipation is proclaimed at the head of our armies—emancipation for all—confiscation for the slaves of rebels, compensation for the slaves of loyal citizens—the blacks will rush to the aid of our troops, the avenging angel will pass over the homes of the many true and loyal men who are still left at the South, and the thunderbolts of this war will fall only—where they should fall—on the heads of its blood-stained authors. If this is not done, after we shall have put down the whites we shall have to meet the blacks, and after we have waded knee-deep in the blood of both, we shall end the war where it began, but with the South desolated by fire and sword, the North impoverished and loaded down with an everlasting debt, and our once proud, happy, and glorious country, the by-word and scorn of the civilized world."

"Slavery is the very bones, marrow, and life-blood of this rebellion, and it cannot be crushed till we have destroyed that accursed institution. If a miserable peace is patched up before a death-stroke is given to slavery, it will gather new strength, and drive freedom from this country forever. In the nature of things it cannot exist in the same hemisphere with liberty. Then let every man who loves his country determine that if this war must needs last for twenty years it shall not end until this root of all our political evils is weeded out forever."

And elsewhere our author again adds his testimony on this point with equal force: "That small number of slaveholders (one hundred and eighty thousand) sustains the system of slavery, and has caused this terrible rebellion. They are, almost to a man, rebels and secessionists, and we may cover the South with armies, and keep a file of soldiers upon every plantation, and not smother the insurrection, unless we break down the power of that class. Their wealth gives them their power, and their wealth is in their slaves. Free their negroes by an act of emancipation or confiscation, and the rebellion will crumble to pieces in a day. Omit to do it, and it will last till doomsday!"

These observations, let it be remembered, are the result of the personal experience of a practical man while on a visit to a rebel State, and one who was not an abolitionist in senti-

ment before this visit was made—a fact which will have influence with certain classes of partisans. The truth of his conclusions must be evident to every man who is capable of discerning the relations of cause and effect, President Lincoln and certain members of his cabinet, perhaps, excepted!

The work is filled with descriptions of the practical workings of slavery, and is of absorbing interest. The murder of "Sam" by the Yankee overseer, his funeral among the walling pines at night, and the suicide of his wife and child in consequence of his death; the mental wretchedness of the slaves, coupled with their submissiveness to the manifold wrongs of their condition; the squalid misery and indolence of the poor whites—the real basis of the southern oligarchy; the fits of passion and profanity, and the conjugal infidelity—to call it by no harsher name—of "Col. J.," the "chivalric" and "high-toned" enslaver of his kind—these and many more points are graphically developed, each illustrating, as far as words can illustrate, something of the hideousness of the crushing crime of slavery—that slavery to which the long-suffering yet unoffending negro is subjected by his white Christian master—his blood-brother, or his father it may be. Many of these sketches our own experience corroborates. They are unquestionably true; and yet this American people, this free North, will consent to the perpetuity of a crime under its government, than which none other beneath the sun is more enormous or damning, and still hesitate to stem by a simple act of justice the tide of ruin which is threatening to engulf our land in consequence of tolerating and fostering this national enormity for so many long years past. How long will you suffer, O ye people! How long will you sin, O ye rulers! ere you proclaim Justice throughout the earth and FREEDOM to ALL!

C. J. R.

BLACKWOOD.—Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, for August, has the continuation of Chronicles of Carlisle and of Caxtoniana; also the following articles: A Skye-Lark; Victor Hugo's Last Romance; The Rights of Woman; Sermons; Across the Channel; and Ten Years of Imperialism.

American Edition. L. Scott & Co., No. 79 Fulton St.

## The Destiny of the Races.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of August 2d, under the caption of "Answers to Correspondents," it is affirmed that "the black and the white races are twin-born root races of the world," and that "the negro is a primary product of our common mother. The African blood is as permanent as the blood of the Anglo-Saxon; they are both fundamental and full-blooded," &c., &c. Now, I have nothing to object against these statements. But when you say in the same article that "these two opposite races run toward, into, through, and near each other, like hop-vines and grape-vines growing in closest proximity, getting in each other's way, tangled up, inextricably snarled," &c., &c., I am reminded of the assertion of the late Hon. Henry Clay, "that, within two hundred years after the African slave-trade is abolished, the negro blood will be bleached (bred) out in this country." Mr. Clay had this interblending, amalgamating process of which you speak in full view at the time he spoke, and thus, I think, it is clear to every reader that your idea of the permanency of the "black-blooded race" in this country is adverse alike to your own statements and to the testimony of this distinguished witness of existing facts.

I am unwilling to find fault with the HERALD OF PROGRESS, because it so truly sustains its name. But I must say that I feel some comfort in the belief that its judgment in regard to the destiny of the races will admit of considerable modification. For instance, it speaks of the Indians, the Aborigines of our country, who are "to the manor born," as a race to become "extinct," to be cut off and cast away like the worthless "limbs of a tree." I cannot see either law or logic for such result; I cannot see why the Indians are not as much a "full-blooded root-race"—as naturally permanent for America as the negro is for Africa. But I do see clearly the injustice of giving countenance to the scientific, intensified barbarism (called civilization) before the "march" of which, it is said, "the Indians are destined to perish." I am forced to believe that the indorsement of this murderous and atheistic sentiment by otherwise respectable authorities has done more to paralyze the moral sense of our nation, to make it callous to the claims of the weaker races, and to bring on the present civil war, than all other causes put together. For, in open outrage to the divine and natural law of love to our neighbor, it practically enjoins towards him hate and annihilation. If the moral teaching of the press and of the pulpit generally had been but half as ready to insist upon the Indians' rights as well as upon the rights of the white man, and, instead of harping upon "destiny," had urged our nation's duty, there would have been neither occasion or disposition for the horrors which now afflict the country.

The emigrant and the settlers on the Indians' lands get the idea that the Indians are "destined to perish," and, therefore, it is right for them to help on the process of destruction, and but few realize that such a course is as wrong and inhuman as it would be to put to death the feeble, the sick, and the aged of our own people, because they also are destined soon to pass away.

I am far from thinking with those who say that the Indians are one of the effete, worn-out races; but on the other hand I believe that it is yet in its undeveloped childhood, possess-

ing the stamina of a grand man and a glorious future—as one of the nations of the earth, corresponding with the greatness of the country which gave it birth. I am happy to know that intelligent persons, who have given the subject their profoundest thought, agree with this idea. Judge Wattle, of Kansas, affirms that such are the elementary excellencies of their character that humanity cannot spare them: our country cannot prosper if it allows them to perish.

Frances H. Green, of California, says: "It seems to be a law that the more highly individualized every type of being becomes, the more persistent will be the race it represents; because in the more positive conditions which it unfolds there is greater tenacity of life and power. I have never seen in any people a more decided individuality than among the Indians. They not only develop naturally, but under the strongest and most inspiring stimuli. In their education there is nothing of the petty common-place that almost invariably creeps into the more artificial systems; but they have instead untransliterated and untranslatable readings of life, and of these they become close and loving students. Midnight darkness, noonday light, clouds and stars, running brooks, curling smoke, the great blue above, the green earth below, birds and flowers, rivers and mountains, all the far-away and massive, all the fine and delicate, all the shadowy, vague, and obscure, are full of those mystic utterances which are to them, more than to any other people, the vernacular language of the soul. . . . The whole character of the Indian, his strong sense of justice, his great magnanimity, his utter contempt of meanness, all mark and determine it, that through him may be called forth the great ideal of a true democracy, which, as yet, has been unfolded only to manifest some fatal imperfection. Yes, the Indian, whom we have only degraded, is soon to unfold the highest social and civil conditions; and ministers from legislative bodies, that convene in haughty halls, will sit at his feet to drink of the simple and pure wisdom that flows out from his council fires."

While I believe that the Indian race upon this continent, will, under genial influences, become unfolded in their higher natures to a degree of excellence of which the world has no conception, I also believe that in the long run of ages (perhaps a thousand years hence) there will be but one great conglomerate American nation; but it will not be brought about by destroying any of the races, but by the vast improvement of all human conditions, so that there will be no circumstances to generate the weak, the wicked, and the worthless, of any caste or color—all will be of the highest type, and will naturally affiliate on a common plane of human brotherhood. With this view of the subject, our duty is plainly not to degrade but to elevate and make provision for the best, the highest possible good for all mankind. Respectfully, JOHN BROWN.

15 LIGHT ST., N. Y., Aug. 20, 1862.

For the Herald of Progress.

## Efforts for the Poor Indian.

New York, August 22, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: The disposition lately manifested by some good people to do something for the "poor Indian," induces me to submit a few remarks for the consideration of those interested. During a residence of three years in Minnesota, the writer had opportunities for making himself acquainted with the habits, manners, and language of the Sioux Nation, and of observing the treatment of the red men by the whites and the government.

By the government the Indians are certainly treated fairly, even generously; and by the white settlers they are universally tolerated with patience and forbearance, and receive more charity than abuse; more pity than hate. They are themselves to blame for their misery. Ignorant and superstitious as they are, savage as the wolf, it is impossible, either by teaching or example, to better their condition, till, for subsistence, they are forced to work the ground and become industrious. When Europe became so thickly populated that its inhabitants could no longer live by the chase, they resorted to agriculture, and immediately the state of society made a step in advance, and has been improving to this day. This is clearly demonstrated in "Taylor's Natural History of Society." When the United States shall apportion a certain sufficient piece of land to each tribe, and oblige them to live there and work it, or starve, their condition will then, and not till then, be bettered permanently. Look at the Cherokee, Choctaw, and Creek nations, in the Indian Territory, where this policy has been imperfectly initiated. They are comfortable, independent, and improving yearly. They have good laws, good schools, and are an orderly, peaceful, and honest community.

Individual efforts will accomplish nothing, while thousands of square miles of woods and prairie, inhabited by countless herds of buffalo and lesser game, exist beyond the Mississippi for the red man's home.

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