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Questions and Answers.

"The power to put a question presupposes and guarantees the power to answer it."

BRIEF ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

G. H. L. CLINTON, MASS.—Assuredly, Brother, we hold that Slavery is the subject of subjects just now, and that it demands serious, dispassionate, philosophical treatment; but we see not how such treatment can be made effectual during a "crisis" in private and public interests, which forbids tranquillity of feeling and beclouds the whole sky of Reason. Do you not behold wisdom in delay. "Justice is slow, but sure."

NEW YORK.—In your second number, in replying to Mr. John T. C., you refer to "Psalms, 3d Chapter, 9th Verse." There is no such verse in the Chapter. Please explain.

The mistake occurred at the office, by the compositor, substituting the figure '3' for three ones—thus, 111—which we had written, to signify CXI, or the one hundred and eleventh Psalm; which in the 9th verse, contains the following, "He hath commanded his covenant forever: holy and reverend is his name"—being the only instance in all the Bible, where a clergyman's prefix can be found.

T. W. H. WILLIAMSTOWN.—"A J. DAVIS, Dear Sir: I have but 2 horses, which I am fond of, but what I have bin doing is, studying how the stock may be brot up by natural laws."

This correspondent reflects the equine ambition of hundreds. Husbands and fathers there are, who, with overtaxed wives and miserably diseased children, never think to ask, "how the stock may be brot up and improved by natural laws." Let us pray that some of our noblemen will be virtuous and courageous enough to propound such a question and perhaps wise enough to answer it. But as a proximate standard of beauty and perfection in a horse—by which all breeding, except for roadsters, should be more or less regulated—we quote from Shakespeare's fine description of the horse in Venus and Adonis:

"Round hoof'd, short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide,
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider, on so proud a back."

Man in the Animal State.

REV. J. D. TAYLOR, NEW BOSTON, MASS.—"Do you mean that man existed first in a germinal capacity in the first forms of animal life, and then grew up through them developing more perfectly as he ascended?"

Our investigations bring us to this conclusion: that just as a Building exists in a germinal state in the mind of the architect first, then in all the materials accumulated, and lastly in all the many and various forms which such materials are made to assume in the constructive process, until the idea is accomplished; so, in like manner, the design of a Man, male and female, was the original idea or conception in the spirit of Mother Nature and of Father God; that this vast machinery of means (of minerals, vegetables, and animals), are the appropriate materials of construction—through all which Man germinally lives until fully organized as an entity.

A Reform Brotherhood.

REV. E. HALE, CHARDON, OHIO.—"As I enter the ministry, my intentions are to further the unity of the Peace Makers, to produce a mutual linking together of such as are virtually and practically connected with the great Church of Humanity, or who have the spirit of universal Brotherhood. This is very simple, and can be practiced immediately. Let Universalists, Unitarians, Progressives, Friends, Rationalists, Anti Slavery men and women, Independents, &c., freely exchange views by correspondence. As these minds are co-laborers in a common cause, why not have a united independent organization? What hinders all classes of Reformers from uniting for the accomplishment of the same ends?"

We reply that, while we love the Spirit of unlimited adoption which animates the heart of our correspondent, we repel every suggestion of opinionated organization. Reformers are working even now bravely and gloriously, each in his own way, for the common weal and progress. Organizations for advancing the external aims of any class of Reformers are desirable. Systematic efforts we believe in,

and shall endeavor to promote; but we must repel all combinations of Leaders which tend to lessen the importance and responsibility of individual exertions and reason.

More Spirit Attraction.

A CORRESPONDENT, NEW YORK.—"Apropos to your statement on the 1st page of the 2d No. of your Journal, in which you refer to Minnehaha and Hiawatha. Do you not remember that the talented author of 'Jane Eyre' makes the heroine Rochester, (who is represented as being the Spirit-mate of the heroine thereof,) when lying and groaning in pain, many leagues distant from his companion, pronounce the name of Jane three times—'Jane! Jane! Jane!' as it were, calling her to come to him, while she—as she informs him at a subsequent meeting between them, although far away at the time of his calling—hears his voice, and answers, 'I am coming!' This author must have guessed that there was something like what you term the law of soul-attraction!"

Yes, we recall the beautiful and philosophical illustration of "The Law of Spirit Attraction," given by Charlotte Brontë, in her wonderful production, "Jane Eyre"—one of the most vigorous and naturally truthful books ever written. Also we remember several recognitions and delineations of the workings of this divine principle, by authors of all countries. Poets and writers, both in prose and verse, have divulged its interior effects. George Sand, in her masterly conception of "Consuelo," and its sequel, "The Countess of Rudolstadt," indicates her knowledge of this heavenly law. By a well known German writer, we get the following recognition of soul attraction:

"My heart! I bid thee answer—
How are love's marvels wrought?
Two hearts to one pulse beating,
Two spirits to one thought?
And tell me how love cometh?
'It comes—unsought—unsent!'
And tell me how love goeth?
'That was not love which went!'"

An Incendiary Publication.

J. S. B., NEW YORK.—Your incendiary tract entitled "Conviction at the Day of Judgment," (published by the American Tract Society, No. 54,) contains several glaring and fiery absurdities. Allow your judgment to ponder the following:

"God will be glorified in the punishment of every unrepentant offender. All heaven will forever vindicate his character in the execution of his justice; and hell itself, in its deep eternal wall, will respond, 'The law is holy, and the commandment holy, just, and good.' All the holy will see the justice of God, and all the wicked feel it. As often as the one look down and see the justice of God, and shout Alleluia, the groans of the other, as a responsive Amen, will be borne upwards upon the smoke of their torment; and the whole universe, righteous and wicked, friends and enemies, shall together bear testimony to the justice, wisdom, and goodness of God."

Now, Brother, are you superior to the fear and folly of mythology? If so, you will let your reason work upon the incendiary absurdities of the above passage. Hell is a world (so the preachers say) where wickedness is all in all. Every heart is totally black with sin eternal. But this luminous Tract informs us that hell itself will respond to and feel the justice and goodness of God. If a soul is endowed with the moral power to feel the principle of "justice," how can it be totally depraved; and if it be not totally wicked, how can such a soul be a proper subject for a world of sin where no good exists? Can God and the saints be glorified and justified in keeping a soul, not totally depraved, in perpetual torment? Only those who have eyes can see; so only those who possess justice can feel justice.

An Effort to Raise the Dead.

LUTHER BURT, WALPOLE, N. H.—After a lengthy and interesting recital of matters autobiographical and spiritual—covering the main features of his religious impressions during some half a century, until the new dispensation came to form a part of his own and his wife's experience—then while at the funeral of his grandchild, he thus proceeds:

"I unexpectedly had a powerful influence come upon me. I resisted and checked it, but presently I heard: 'Have we not ever been faithful to you?' These words and the voice were as real as any I ever heard. I knew they proceeded from a higher Power, and I resisted no longer. My consciousness was nearly taken away. I recollect of taking my wife (also a medium) by the arm, and moving with great force to the dead body."

The strange labors and personal trials of that solemn day, of the whole of the following night, and extending considerably through the subsequent morning, are detailed with an evident conscientiousness and straightforwardness. The sequel, however, was not in accordance with anything Mr. Burt had a right to expect from the long continued truthfulness of the spirits in relation to the telling and treatment of disease. The child was not restored, and her body was buried. Some people said to him: "You have been affected by evil spirits." Mr. Burt replied: "Make me believe that and I am an Atheist again." Our venerable correspondent wants an explanation of such extraordinary proceedings which he submitted to with no beneficial results.

We have made your experience—in that particular instance—a subject of due reflection. It is our belief, obtained by such reflection, that your ear hath heard the words of reliable and intelligent Spirits. By following implicitly the lead of the Invisibles, you and your wife have wrought in the homes of sickness, and have been the means or agents of causing streams of health to flow through their appropriate channels in the bodies of many human beings. They (the unseen) had never deceived you, and you, in consequence, was imperceptibly resigning the use of your

reasoning powers to "a thus saith my guides." You may think otherwise, but we cannot. You confess in your letter to us that you were in the habit of constantly relying upon them (the Spirits) for instructions whenever you went forth for herbal medicines, what tools to take, what preparation for your feet, &c.; and you had been involved in no mistakes, deceptions, or glaring failures, like the one under present consideration. Such over-faith being the fact with you, we find the key to unlock the mystery and mortification of your defeat. At first the powers and intentions of the controlling minds were evidently directed toward the actual restoration of the not yet departed child-spirit to the just and natural use of its corporeal body. They believed in the possibility of raising the "not dead, but sleeping" victim of a fatal disease. But finding at last that they were mistaken in their power, the lesson of self-reliance was forthwith, emphatically imparted to your mind, by which, no doubt, you have made much Spiritual progress.

The Spiritualization of California.

C. PINKHAM writes us from San Francisco, (under date Jan. 20th, 1860,) that "several arrivals from the Atlantic States—including Miss Munson, Dr. De Wolf, Dr. Joslyn, Dr. Tyler, S. L. Collins, &c.—had created quite an excitement." A brotherhood of progressives had been organized, and the chief agent (our correspondent) sends us a draft of Preliminary and Resolutions "too numerous to mention." Some of the positions are disjointed and logically untenable; others without basis in the principles of human nature; and still others overstocked with principles which refuse to be incarnated.

We regret all this because there are, as we know, very many intelligent and progressive minds in all parts of California, who cannot but feel compromised and misrepresented by such a tremendous "World's Spiritual Convention" as the notice sent us fully declares will occur in San Francisco, at the Music Hall, July 4th, 1860, at 10 o'clock, A. M., "for the purpose of completing the formation of the Apostolic Central Circle of the World; that God may set up his Spiritual Kingdom on the Earth and govern hereafter; with B. Franklin as direct Controller of the Central Medium teacher, and G. Washington Commander in Chief of the army, (what army?) and C. Pinkham Professor of Phenology, agent of Arrangements; by order of Benjamin Franklin and the combined super-celestial angels, up to God. Editors that are favorable please copy, and insert until the time."

Superstition and extravagance, we observe, are just as abominable and unwholesome among unbalanced believers in Spirit-intercourse as among any other class of unphilosophical religionists. Do you really imagine, Brother, that God has been waiting during these millions of ages for the formation of your "Central Circle of the World"? Has He, the ever-present, been reserving the blessings of "His Kingdom" until Congress fixed the State of California in the Union!—waiting, indeed, until after your Convention completes the plan of "Apostolic" operations for the regeneration of the world? Do you not know, Brother, that "the Kingdom of God is within you?" A convention is but an election, nothing more—an occasion merely for the mutual and free expression of individual views on important topics—but God is not more present with the people at such a gathering than with stars overhead or stones under foot. He is all in all.

Reform Meeting-Houses.

MRS. C. D. HUDSON, N. Y.—"You may be gratified to learn that we are about erecting a place to hold public meetings. The Churches here will not admit our Speakers. Hence the necessity. But we are undecided in regard to the plan of construction. Have you any more progressive style for Public Meeting-houses than the plans generally adopted? We want a structure large enough to accommodate five hundred."

Every intelligent and benevolent mind must regret and ignore the bigotry of sectarian selfishness. It is wholly at variance with that broad love of truth which expands in buds and blooms in flowers, and which worships God neither in Jerusalem nor in the mountains, but faithfully in Spirit and in justice to all of every creed.

If the sectarians of Hudson could but worship the Informing Presence—that is everywhere beautifully manifest in Nature—they would not close their doors to Speakers on the New Dispensation. They would not make it necessary—as they now do—that freer minds should expend money in the erection of more Meeting Houses, wherein the innovating and renovating and purifying influence of Spiritual truths may be dispensed to the multitude who have no sympathy with creeds and dogmas.

We do not believe in the utility of building many more material Tabernacles. They are very expensive, and cannot be constructed substantially upon any very new architectural plan or principle. If possible, let Reformers purchase public halls already in existence, or obtain a lease and the use of churches for a definite proportion of the time; and thus, if reasonable progress be made in attracting and unfolding minds out of ignorance and bigotry, the united friends may convert not only the people, but the material church, also, and remodel it, to the gospel of eternal truth and glad tidings.

But this method may not be practicable in old towns and cities where old theology is rich, and its adherents consolidated beyond the reach of Spiritual principles. If, then, no compromise in the use of a public edifice can be effected, and if a Lecture Room is absolutely or even much needed, we would suggest

simply that the style thereof be unostentatious and economical; not quite square within; no tolling bell; but with a large dome, through the painted glass of which the light of Heaven may descend in softly blended hues; no sectarian pens with locks, no fenced up pews for sale; but firmly built, well cushioned, and stationary chairs; let the floor be gradual in its upward inclination from the speaker's platform, and the chairs arranged apart on quarter-circle lines; thus the auditorium would be constructed somewhat on the horse-shoe magnetic principle—the best for a flow of sympathy between the people and the speaker; between the two poles of this imaginary magnet, construct the Rostrum, a plain platform of consistent dimensions, which should be provided with a perfectly symmetrical portable desk-table; this can be fixed to the floor or removed in a few moments; and in order to produce physical harmony between speaker and hearer, the lecturer's breast, while standing, should not be higher than the heads of those occupying the middle circle of chairs; this will bring his (or her) beaming face, while in the act of discoursing, nearly on a level with the faces of those occupying the most remote seats; by this arrangement all will be brought into sympathy of spirit mainly from the force of constructive circumstances; no galleries; music to emanate from chosen singers (with whom the congregation might practice) from the anterior circle facing the rostrum. No architectural angles about the interior of the tabernacle to break the voice and impair hearing; but niches at regular intervals for busts and statuary of noble men and women who have bravely "fought and bled in Freedom's cause"; significant pictures and paintings to be suspended on the walls between the statues and figures—in short, if we were to be engaged in the construction of an edifice of this kind for the public, we would suggest a perfectly neat, economical, well-seated, well-lighted, well-ventilated, commodious LECTURE structure, in which the living God and inspired of the Age might explain and vindicate the laws of Reason and the problems of eternal progression.

How to become Literary.

W. D. PHILADELPHIA.—"As I wish to take to the trade of Literature, I would be obliged if you will tell me how to commence."

Answer: Commence with the sincere conviction, with a goodly measure of intuitional persuasion, that you have genuine intellectual abilities. Do not begin with borrowed light, nor with the delusive impression that there is "no green room" of downright hard work. Words are mighty only with the naturally intelligent or truly educated. And there are no limits to the artistic knowledge and use of implements by which word-painting is made attractively perfect and influential.

But we do not like the employment of the word "trade," in connection with the divine privilege of receiving and imparting knowledge. It conveys a false and mischievous impression. If you mean to acquire the art of mechanical book-making, of merely selecting and systematizing the literary labors of others, we do not object to the term. For then your occupation would be like that of hundreds of fine and beautiful minds in the sweep of civilization, a mere physical use of thought and brains, with a remuneration (except in rare instances) not more than one degree above diurnal despair and material starvation.

As a general rule we should discourage any young person from devotion to literature, if what are called "learning" and "ambition" comprise the working capital stock in the beginner's soul. Polite literature or "belles-lettres," is not worth the having. It is to the intellect what artificial *couleur de rose* is to the cheek—beautiful and attractive (and most rewarding) while it continues to deceive. But real Literature is deeper than history, more symmetrical than grammar, more eloquent than rhetoric, more coherent than logic, and the true *literati* are more immortal and influential than the mightiest Rulers over earthly kingdoms.

By this we mean that a real author is more than a writer. The genuine thinker is almost never visible in his thoughts. Egotism is never central, hardly incidental, to the living picture of words. The impostor, on the other hand, is ever sounding his own excelsencies. He cries up his own ware, and flings discredit upon the works of his neighbors.

There are, however, cases of simple embarrassment which give the impression of egotism. Shakespeare was never truly a genius except when representing others, self-forgetful while; at such times he became "as broad and casing as the general air." Above the petty tyrannies of literary custom, superior to the profound jargon of the classical master of all the trammeling intricacies of thought, "glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," his genius swept the arena of life and spirit and passion, and gave the world assurance of inspirations immeasurably beyond the learning and language of all the schools.

We answer you at length, Brother, because the world is teeming with pedants and cringing cowards—especially is this true in the world of learning and literature. Thousands there are who employ their brains and hands, their thoughts and pen, their compositors and steam-presses, to string together and sell idle words, servants to shallow minds, and who thus manage to get a living by "The Trade of Literature." Such unprofitable writers—weak arbiters between the almighty press and the people's real necessities—are clients for incapacitated office-seekers, or they will write puffs upon the Rt. Rev. Dr. Sonne's literary sermons. It grieves us

—to the soul
To see how man submits to man's control;

How overpowered and shackled minds are led in vulgar tracks, and to submission bred."

We want minds who behold something beyond public honors and proud titles, who will walk the billows of Time's fitful ocean, who will cast their spiritual "bread upon the waters" of Life's sorrowing sea, who will spread the feast of eternal Reason as the flower unfolds its petals in the sun's love-lit eye—and, Brother! may we hope that you will choose to live and to labor in fraternal union with the few, "the elect," of Love, Justice, Wisdom, Liberty!

Remember that when the noble mind bursts its prison doors of ignorance and egotism—by means of constant and sublime exertion, in obedience to the laws of bodily health—there is then no barrier between it (the mind) and the eternal fountains of light and love which flow from beyond the stars. But unless your soul be pervaded with a deep, divine conviction—as above indicated—it is hardly wise to commence. For without the remuneration of affection and reason, you would find no other reward equal to your labors.

Pulpit and Rostrum.

"Every one's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems, at the time, to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new."

MRS. TOWNSEND'S LECTURE ON THE PRINCIPLE OF LIFE.

DELIVERED AT SANSON ST. HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

Phonographically reported for the HERALD OF PROGRESS by HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

The principle of life is before us, in us, and around us; and as earnest seekers after truth, we desire to understand its philosophy. That all elements contain a principle of life is manifested by the great and glorious law of progression. As individuals belonging to a material state of existence, seeking after the philosophy of life, we need to understand the first principle, or the first manifestation of that principle of life, and hence we are led into the lowest forms and grades of material nature in search of its manifestations.

That which is first comprehended by the human mind is manifested in the mineral kingdom. We find the grain of sand containing in itself the principle of life, and that principle continually in action, revolving, as it were, upon an axis, throwing off continually manifestations of its interior powers of action, and drawing unto itself, in accordance with its own natural law, other principles, by which it becomes strengthened, until at last it evolves from itself another form. It has been actuated by the great law existing in the eternal universe of the Almighty—the law of Attraction. It has revolved upon its own axis, moved and governed by the attractive forces of its own existence, until it has, through and by the same law, drawn unto itself other conditions, and produced from itself of its own kind, thereby forming the different grades and strata of the surface of the earth. As progression continues into the higher and more beautiful phases of life, particle after particle is moved by the great law of attraction or life, until from the mineral kingdom is produced a higher grade or form, which is termed the vegetable kingdom.

The harmony of the principle manifested here is more particularly observable in the beautiful relationship found existing between all parts, from the lowest grain of sand to the highest form in the mineral kingdom. We find one harmonious relation existing, and there is no place where we can put our finger and say, "Here is a dividing point; here is a place of separation between parts of the mineral kingdom." We behold this law is carried on in one harmonious relationship, through all the operation of the great universal principle, in its onward and upward movement.

In the vegetable world there is no point of separation—no line of demarkation, either in itself or from the mineral kingdom below it; the relationship still exists, linking element to element, from the lower to the higher. The same principle of life is acting and working throughout the vegetable world, gathering up from the mineral world forces and elements, manifesting another and still higher form of life, which is continually receiving its nourishment from the former.

Following the vegetable we have the animal race, presenting to us the same variety of progression and development. Here the various embodiments of the lower forms of life are purified and brought into a more grand and glorious embodiment in the animal form. There is something more beautiful in this. In the vegetable, life was supported by roots attaching it to the earth's surface; but in the animal, the principle is sustained and nourished from a higher plane, and the animal walks forth independent of locality and more perfectly individualized, presenting, through the inherent working of that mighty principle of life, a manifestation of more wonder, more beauty, and more glory, than we have hitherto discovered.

Here is a manifestation of the life within—

a power that shows a distinct principle revolving upon its own axis and under proper conditions continuing and carrying on the work of life.

Thus far in our investigations we find the principle of life to be for the purpose of progression, for the purpose of drawing into relationship with each other from the lower grades of God's creation, elements which are actuated to produce higher and more beautiful manifestations. We find in the animal kingdom a sublimation of forces and elements. We admire the wisdom and power here displayed; but we have a still higher grade of life to examine; we step upon the platform of humanity, and behold all the elements and principles that were below this embodied in the human organism. Here we are lost in wonder and admiration; we fold our arms and exclaim, "Great and mighty are thy works, oh God! Thou hast brought forth from all these grades of development this higher and more perfect organization; thus revealing to us that there is to be unfolded, through the operation of this principle of life, a still higher, nobler, and more beautiful platform of development."

We have been taught to believe that we were created in the image of our Father; and how shall we understand the great principle of life better than by entering into an examination of our own individual nature, by an investigation of the elements of which these bodies of ours are composed, and which have passed through so many grades of development before coming up to our plane. When we thus find that within our systems are the principles and elements of all below us, then do we understand that we have been created as physical beings from the dust of the earth, and have been brought up through the grand law of progression to this beautiful unfolding. In this philosophy we find that which satisfies the mind. Theology in past ages has taught man that he was created in the image of God, but it has failed to satisfy the human mind on this point; it has only presented it in a spiritual sense, and having no definite idea of what a spirit was, its teachings have been dark, mysterious, and indefinite.

The dogma that man was rolled up from a certain mass of earth and thereby became a living soul, is too absurd to satisfy a philosophic and reasoning mind, and hence skepticism and infidelity have prevailed, not only in regard to the future but even to the physical of man's nature. But if we examine first the animal world we find there that mankind are possessed of kindred elements and principles, and we learn that an intimate relationship exists. Then going to the vegetable world we find elements and principles there related to man; and even in the mineral kingdom the same relationship exists. Hence we understand that we have been made from the dust of the earth, developed in accordance with the natural law given forth by the Infinite, rather than being rolled up from a certain mass of earth.

In order to believe, the mind of man demands a deeper and better philosophy in regard to these things than has ever before been presented—a philosophy which brings neither infidelity nor darkness to the mind; for if a man looks through the various avenues, traverses the wondrous channels of nature, he finds that each and every portion corresponds to some portion of his own organization. He beholds God in all these things; he exclaims in the words of the poet:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

He has then a God to worship. He has found a tangibility of existence beyond that which is his own, and he exclaims, "we are indeed created in the image of God, for within us are the manifestations of the great and wonderful principles of life which are found below us!" The philosophy of life, even up to the platform of physical humanity, is teaching man a greater and more beautiful idea of the Almighty than has ever before been presented to him, for he learns that even a grain of sand is giving him a lesson of God. He finds that the blade of grass, and the opening flower as it rolls up its petals to drink in the sunlight and the dews of heaven, are speaking to him in love-tones of the Almighty's presence, and the forest trees, as they stretch their arms forth and wave in the breezes, are declaring that God is here and that man need not bow down and "worship an unknown God." He feels and knows that Deity is everywhere, that the principle and philosophy of life, as manifested through the great Almighty's presence, is for eternal progress—eternal advancement.

The philosophy of life presented in this beautiful manner calls the children of earth away from the darkness and superstition of the past to the glorious and living present, to the grand unfoldings and developments of nature's laws and principles as they stand in bold relief. Although the past sends forth its historical accounts of its transactions, and presents so many beautiful manifestations, yet they do not satisfy the demands of mind in the present day. They who are seeking to feed upon the crust that has grown old are not satisfied, but are hungering for the manna from heaven, are thirsting for the crystal waters from the pearly fountain, are mourning and complaining that earth is a dark and desolate void, in which there is no beauty, no freshness, no life. But when the present is before them, and they drink in from the pearly waters that flows forth from the fountain, then do they find that there is a philosophy in life, a beauty and glory in it, which had before been unknown—that earth, which has been so long enshrouded with darkness, which has been covered with clouds, is beginning to shine forth with radiance from the glorious

sunlight of Eternal Truth; and that God's Kingdom is becoming established through the beautiful principles which go forth as ministering angels to mankind.

The philosophy of life is what all are seeking after; to understand it we have to become as little children, going back to the primary school and learning the first laws and principles, and then journey onward. Hitherto you have been treated as those who are expected to understand the deep problems before the simpler ones are presented. There needs to be a change, there needs to be a coming down even to the dust of the earth, and bathing your heads with the emanations that rise from your mother's bosom, that through these emanations you may breathe in a knowledge of the inner principles, and thereby learn the first lesson of nature, as manifested in this rudimentary sphere; thus can you travel from them to higher grades, until you arrive at the platform of human existence. Then if you would have that knowledge of life which is so essential, you must understand the laws of your physical being in order to understand, through these, the laws of the Infinite Father as permeating matter and producing from and through that matter, higher and more beautiful forms of refined life.

It is not a work so simple, it is not a labor of so little importance, to understand the workings of your physical being. It may seem at first sight, that it is scarcely worthy of your consideration, when you are told that to learn of God you must enter into an analysis and examination of your own physical, mental, and spiritual natures; but when you have entered into this examination of your physical system, when you have looked into the brain with its positive and negative forces, and wonderful mechanism; when you have traversed the nervous system, and the venous and arterial systems, in all their mysterious ramifications; when you have come to a full understanding of all these, even in the physical man, you are lost in wonder, and can but exclaim with the ancient bard, "O, man! thou art indeed fearfully and wonderfully made!"

But when we have advanced thus far in our investigations, and found that man, as a physical and material being, is the ultimate of all below him, are we to rest satisfied without seeking to know a higher development, without longing to reach a more elevated condition in the cycle of progression? Far from it! The soul is reaching out from its material surroundings and looking into the mighty future—searching for the hereafter. The aspirations of the mind have soared upward and away, and man has dared to hope for an immortality, dared to hope for spiritual existence, where he might revel in the smiles of Omnipotent love, and bask in sunshine eternal amid flowers that fade no more. More than this, the philosophy of life *proves* to us that there is an advance beyond the platform of humanity—a higher and holier sphere of existence—where the aspirations shall leap out into beautiful unfoldment and blossom as the rose.

"Peace, troubled spirit! sighs and tears no more
Shall haunt the silence of thy hollowed breast;
No fierce and angry waves shall wash the shore
On which are reared the mansions of the blest—
For here no mortal agony and strife
Shall cloud the glory of thy inner life."

We have learned that every grade of life develops a higher and more beautiful form. Thus the mineral world has outworked itself and presented the vegetable world, and the mineral and vegetable have produced the animal world, and these three combined have produced the human world, and the mineral, vegetable, animal, and human, in their united action, have seemingly produced the mental world. Man, then, having been ultimated from lower grades of life, will travel on into more beautiful spheres until the aspirations and bright hopes that leap up from the heart will find greater satisfaction in more glorious investigations. Hence knowledge of the immortality of the soul becomes established. Man knows that as every kingdom below him has presented a higher in turn, so he will produce, by the eternal law of progression, a higher state. As every grade of life has been an improvement upon that which was below it, so does he reasonably and philosophically conclude that that life, toward which he is journeying as an immortal being, will present more of beauty, more of glory, more of sublimation, than the present.

Thus, then, comes unto him the voice of consolation and comfort, when weeping over the loss of the loved ones to whom the changes of this material decomposition and recombination have come; for he can say, that though these scenes are changing, and the conditions are passing away before our gaze, we know that arising from this body will be a more beautiful and lovely form. Hence turn we to the words of our elder brother, who declared: "There is a natural body, and there is a Spiritual body—first, that which is natural; and afterward, that which is Spiritual." We find that our first inheritance—our natural body and all its parts—belongs to the natural world; but throbbing and vibrating through the natural surroundings we feel the pulsations of the Spiritual body, and through these pulsations we have hope and even knowledge of Spiritual existence beyond this life. When the external garments are fading away, when we feel the decaying influence of time, when weary years are leaving their impress upon our brows, and our heads are growing white with age, when our eyes become dim, and our limbs are growing feeble, and we feel that the powers of life are turning within,

and the principle is revolving upon its own axis and waiting to rise into higher and more glorious conditions; then do we know, through this, that we have a Spiritual body, and that this Spiritual body is adapted to and corresponds with a state that has germinated as the soul on earth.

Therefore have we comfort and consolation in this philosophy. The weeping mother has been called by the theological teacher to cast her burden upon the Lord, to trust in the loving mercy of the Infinite Father, and to hope that she shall meet her loved ones in the hereafter. Do we wonder that she should wrap herself in the sable garments of mourning? But in this beautiful philosophy which now comes to her she feels a living consolation. She knows that it is the outward form only that is gone, that is decomposed, and that from this a Spiritual body, which has been the vitalizing principle, has risen, and is born to those celestial regions where bloom eternal flowers. And now she wraps the outward form of her darling child in the hallelujahs of the grave and lays it away, while she looks up with a heavenly smile, folding her arms in hope and submission, and exclaiming: "Though I lay this outer garment in the embrace of mother-earth, I have given into angel hands a spiritual body, a living form, to be trained in accordance with infinite wisdom!"

Such is the healing balm brought unto us by the true philosophy of life; and as the minds of humanity are beginning to individualize—struggling to understand the laws which underlie phenomena, so is God, in his infinite wisdom and glorious love, giving knowledge to meet this demand, opening channels and avenues between the angel world and the earth world, and sending forth his ministering angels to console the sons and daughters of earth. The voice of wisdom comes not only to those who mourn the loss of loved ones, but to those whose minds have been wrapped about with doubt, and darkness, and desolation, and who have wandered in theological pathways in search of a knowledge of the hereafter. The Spirituality of their being had not found that which corresponded to its demands, and thus they turned back into the fields of unbelief, and even declared there was no supreme intelligence. But when they listen to the philosophical truths brought forth from the great principles of life, they find the consolation of beholding the Almighty in everything; they hear the voice of God in the murmuring breezes, in the caroling of singing birds, and in all melodious sounds, and they feel the pulsations of the infinite life as they enter into the heart's deep sanctuary and ask for human affection and sympathy.

And unto those who have wandered in darkness and temptation, the lonely and oppressed of the land, those who have, perhaps, been thrown up into existence from the lower manifestations and conditions of society, and who wander in darkness and degradation, this philosophy comes with comfort and consolation. By the theological world they have been told they were lost forever, that there was no hope for them, "no balm in Gilead, no physician there;" these know there is within themselves a desire for progression, and when they hear the voice of wisdom calling them to come up higher, and lift their hopes above the degradation and temptations by which they have been surrounded, how hopefully do they obey the summons, and commence a new and better career!

The Christian world would earnestly present to longing hearts, a philosophy which would satisfy them and bring comfort and consolation. But in past ages it has been ignorant of the deep and glorious laws of life; it has passed on to great problems before understanding rudimentary principles; it has sought to open the gates of heaven before passing through the channel of earthly existence. Hence, Christian devotees know not how to open the avenues of the human soul to receive the words of inspiring hope that give rest and satisfaction; and though they act according to their best understanding, they yet poorly meet the demands of mind in the present age.

The true philosopher becomes a true Christian, for when he understands the laws of his physical being, he lives in accordance with these laws, and thereby becomes a physical Christian. We are all called upon to become physical Christians, for the laws of the Infinite are working through our physical natures, even as they are through our mental or spiritual natures. The kingdom of heaven is as much to be established in our physical natures, as in our spiritual or mental natures, for when we are groaning in pain and agony, we are very far from this kingdom. We need to understand the laws of our physical being, and to live in accordance with these laws, and thus we shall realize peace, harmony, and rest. In order to be mental Christians, we need to understand the laws of our mental natures, and to do this, we must know something of the physical laws. As we have physical appetites that reach out and demand food, so in the mental nature we have appetites which reach out and demand knowledge. The mind to-day, is hungering after knowledge, is thirsting after affection and sympathy. The mental world needs that some ministering angel should come from the eternal realms, which should feed and strengthen it. Your spiritual natures are hungering and thirsting, and ye are longing for emancipation and development.

The Saviour whom you have so long prayed might come and lead your souls from darkness into light, is seated on the throne of the Almighty within your own hearts, and never through any other channel may you expect

salvation. Only by means of self-discipline can you become individualized and raised through the laws of progression into a state of rest and satisfaction. The Lawgiver is in your own hearts, and it only needs that you listen to the "still small voice," and obey its promptings.

We say unto you, the earth can never give you harmony and happiness only through the advancement and development of your capabilities, for through these capabilities shall the philosophy of life come to be understood, and with that knowledge will you seek after higher truths, and rise above the clouds of darkness and error.

Come to the glorious light above,
Let angels bathe you with their love;
A hand you'll find to wipe each tear,
When clouds and darkness hover near.

Philosophical Department.

"Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of nature."

For the Herald of Progress.
ETERNITY AND THE ETERNITY.
BY JOHN W. EVERTS.

The whole Universe is permeated and enshrouded with electrical forces—passive and positive. Everything is a magnet, and everything is magnetized; everything is influencing, and everything is being influenced; everything that we touch, and everything that touches us, sends a charge of electricity throughout our whole being. "God is a Spirit," and the Universe is governed by spiritual influence acting upon the subtle powers of electricity; and everything in the Universe acts as acted upon by the interior spirituality of all life.

Every desire indicates a lack of wholeness; and every superabundance belongs to the cavity made by a desire. A germ is in the Universe, with certain attractive powers. It can assimilate those elements which help to compose its interior organism, and none others. Give it these elements, and it will develop into being; take them out of its sphere of attraction, and it will remain a germ of only an interior existence—a conception of elemental life. I have certain ordinate wants: satisfy them, and I am happy, because the god-me is complete, and I make others feel as I do; but withhold what I want, and my pains will be felt to the uttermost regions of life.

Whatever is negative to me may be positive to others; but the central powers of the Universe are positive to all that is in the Universe. We may receive influences from the boundless exterior, either down or up, to the central interior of purity. We must stand positive to those things below us, and passive to those things above us, in the kingdom of assimilation. Life, then, moves with the even laws of Progress. Whatever has the power of assimilation, has being; and whatever has being, is eternal. To admit the destruction of one organism would be admitting the destruction of all; because providences are not special, but general.

To be, signifies to exist; and existence signifies membership of the Eternity: If I am now, it is evident that I am ever; if I was, I was ever; and if I am to be, I am to be ever. In order that I may exist, it is necessary that all things exist that do exist—each, and every one! My surroundings make me as I am. "Eternity" means endless existence, and "Eternity," endless association. If my associations are such that my wants always remain unsatisfied, then the place in which I live is a barren one to me, and I ought to seek other associations if I would thrive. "Creation" means the growth of a germ by the assimilation of the inorganic elements. Thus creation and progression mean the same thing, i. e., growth; and an analysis of either would involve every action in Nature, and every event of Eternity.

If I lived a moment ago, I live now, and know that I cannot "die" in a moment, except by accident, which is a misuse of the laws of life. This thought suggests that I live more than a moment, past, present and future; and it does not suggest any end of life; for we have proof that "death" is not an end, from the testimony of those who have passed through "death." Knowing that man continues his existence after the animation has gone from the earthly form, where is there any suggestion of end in human existence? If not in the human, why, then, in any other organization? If we find one end, we know that by following the thing we will find the other; as one end always suggests another. If we commence on a thing, which we do not know to have an end, and follow it in one direction, and come around at the point from whence we started, we find the thing is endless, circular, eternal.

When I trace my life-line back through my different experiences to my earliest recollections, I do not come back on the same line of thoughts, and do not see the same objects; but I start from where I am, and go on until I arrive at my earthly infancy, then think of my invisible origin, and all of a sudden I find myself just where I started from—the invisible now! It is also the same when I preview my invisible life-thread of the future; I always return to myself. In all human experience, in all animal experience, and in all vegetable experience, everything has the character of going its rounds.

"See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life, dissolving, vegetate again:
All forms that perish, other forms supply;
By turns we catch the vital breath, and die;
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return."

Want, and the supply of want, are the main prerequisites of life. The first manifestation

of want is the first tendency to growth; and growth is progress. Everything wants association. Refuse to satisfy this want, and you deprive a thing of many of its prerequisites. And everything wants association with its own species. Deprive a thing of this association, and it will "die a premature death." A single spear of corn will not thrive in a field of potatoes; neither will a bird sing as merry in a cage as in the wood. The great Eternity of Life is such that there is no want in existence without a supply also. It is an easy matter to place a barrier between a want and the supply; but that barrier can be—*it must be removed*—else peace and harmony will not exist between the one in want and the one who unjustly withholds the supply.

Progression is endless. The wants which I have to-day I may not have to-morrow. The things which once amused me, when I was a child, I do not seek for now. Once I could wear baby's shoes; but now my feet need boots ten inches long. Once I loved a wee little girl, with bright black eyes, (when I was little); she was then my ideal of perfection. But, having been removed from her, I have met other eyes, and other souls, whose love drowned even the memory of my first ideal; and I have had perfect happiness with each of those whom I have loved. Thus, when all of my wants can be satisfied, as they come, then I am under harmonizing and happy influences, and am fairly on the road to eternal and harmonious progression! Harmonical life is the result of even organization; and relative discord is the misuse of the elements of Life. In the great Eternity of Life there will be universal and relative harmony, when there is universal and relative justice.

For the Herald of Progress.
REALITY AND APPEARANCE.

BY WM. DENOVAN.

There is nothing false, for falsehood is what is not. Truth, then, is like the universe—one; and what suns and systems are to the universe, truths are to truth. The wider view we have of these lesser truths, the more we know of the great Truth. Truth is the universe, or a word signifying the universe in recognition. A man's own mind is the glass through which he beholds Truth. Error is the effect of the dullness or distortion of that glass.

There are few opinions completely false or erroneous. Wrong opinions are generally one-sided or short-sighted views of Truth.

Error is the involuntary mistaking of falsity for truth; and falsehood is known error voluntarily projected before others to deceive. While all is Truth, and everything truths, every thing is a complete self-revealing book, had we only the intelligence to read it. There is no abstruseness in Nature to intelligence, for intelligence is merely the power of the perception of Nature's simplicity.

So is it with all bodies that contain life. But they may, from external, and even internal causes, acquire an unnatural distortion, or a natural improvement, without the like to appearance in their contraries; but as everything completely reveals itself, the greater amount of intelligence is required to pierce into the inmost depth of things, the more the outward semblance attempts to belie the internal existence.

All original and great truths are grasped by insight, but there are minds that acquire original truth by high intuitive reasoning. There are others that acquire original truth by a kind of unconscious intuition. The first kind of minds are most to be trusted. They are less subject to delusion.

I think faith to be too much preached about. People believe what they believe, and can believe nothing else, though faith be preached till dooms-day. The "faith of childhood" some hold up for our imitation—a rather laughable idea when we see it to be merely the result of powerless ignorance. The savage has a faith in the supernatural, ridiculous to a philosopher. Childish ignorance is the parent of faith; mature wisdom its critical friend.

Having said thus much of Truth, we will now turn our eyes to Good. I have said there is nothing false; I may also say there is nothing evil in itself. Evil is the effect of the want of harmony, or the disproportions in the conditions of good. Pain is the recognition of the evil of material conditions; mental suffering of the immaterial. The recognition of voluntarily caused want of harmony is remorse. Conscience is the harmony. The easier the want of harmony is felt, the purer the mind and finer the faculties.

All the writings upon moral philosophy I have seen, seemed to me to be expansions—and in expansion sinking into vague weakness—of Christ's sermon on the mount. That sermon is like a fountain, from whence all other writings upon the subject of doing good are to spring from, unaltered.

But morality to be perfect, must submit to the mastery of intellectuality. The believed doing of good where intellect is wanting, is often the unconscious doing of evil. He who exercises benevolence without discrimination will become as foolish as generous.

The rule to "do unto others as we would have others do unto us," is greatly misapprehended on account of the expression. It should stand, "do unto others as we believe others should do unto us." I have said as we believe, on account of the fallibility of our intellect.

Having gone thus far, we may conclude that Truth is the essence of everything, and its recognition is intellectuality; and Good is the nature of that essence, and its recognition we call morality.

Were I to give vent to some wild specula-

tions, I would say that all that we see (the phenomenon of God; God, even as our material revelations—vast self-consciousness—vast conditions; as our bodies to ment of a condition not yet arrived at opment, and that the parents of the

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tions, I would say that truth was God, and all that we see (the universe) is but the phenomenon of God; the material revelation of God, even as our bodies are our personal material revelations—self-conscious parts of a vast self-consciousness, all subjected to successive conditions; that the universe is to God as our bodies to us—the developing instrument of a condition of existence; that He has not yet arrived at His highest point of development, and that the inevitable obstacles are the parents of the evils of the universe.

But we will now turn our attention to the appearances of things. The appearances of everything are what the mind of the Creator (Maker) and the mind of the witness makes them. What we perceive in anything (could we deduct, which we cannot do altogether, what may appear to us to be perceptions, but which are suggestive conceptions, according to the bias and creative, that is, imaginative power, of our own minds) is merely the perception of at least part of the conception of the creative mind. The true philosophy of the sublime and beautiful will, I think, be discerned here. The emotions of sublimity and beauty raised in the mind by gazing on the universe are the results of unrecognized glimpses into the emotional mood of mind of the Creator. Mostly every one has some little, but the best have not much, for it is generally suggestiveness creating internal emotion through the nature and temper of the gazing mind. There is scarcely anything in Nature but through peculiar circumstances a peculiar mind might believe it to be more beautiful or sublime than anything else. The civilized man looks upon as ugly what to the savage is beautiful. Beauty and sublimity are felt according to the capacity of appreciation. Every mind is its own creator of external effect. There are things, however, which all men mentally agree are sublime and beautiful, and which no perversion or inferiority of taste can make them believe otherwise. This perception is what I mean by the dim insight mostly all men have into the emotional mood of the Creator.

The intensest emotion of beauty is spirit-sense vagueness. The intensest emotion of sublimity is spirit-power vagueness; generally accompanied by anxiety. I say *vagueness*, because it is the parent of suggestiveness. The intensest perception, or feeling of usefulness, again is sense-power distinctness. The reader will here bear in mind that I am speaking of the *intensity* of the emotions, not the emotions themselves, or he will not understand me.

I think that men are too apt to take ideas upon trust, more especially if they are uncommon, and at the same time incontrovertible; as lying out of the dominion of reason. For instance: the expression in Job, relative to the war-horse—"Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"—men generally agree as being very sublime, without being able to give a reason for it. Now if the word *thunder* had been substituted for *thunder*, the expression would have been both reasonable and sublime, on account of its recognition by the sense of sight. The metaphysical law of "association" has been adduced in favor of the word of "thunder"—the waving of the mane evoking the idea of the rolling of the thunder. But if the reader will imagine a horse bounding past, the mane flying, he will find lightning the more appropriate word. Thus everything must be subordinated to reason.

We will now conclude, then, by saying that what error is to truth, evil is to good, ugliness is to beauty, the terribly hideous is to sublimity, and useless burliness is to usefulness, namely: *perversion*, and that they are not so in themselves.

Voices from the People.

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

Propositions for a Convention in Wisconsin

To the Editor of The Herald of Progress.

There has been an earnest desire on the part of many Spiritualists in the State of Wisconsin, to hold a Convention during the coming season, at the most advantageous point, all things considered, for an interchange of opinion and to disseminate more thoroughly our views throughout the State.

Three first-class Lecturers are already promised. The undersigned is appointed to make this call, and to request all persons throughout the State, favorable to (and who would attend) said Convention, to correspond with him without delay, giving their views of the place where and the time when such Convention should be held. After a careful examination of the various opinions the call will be made.

To all we would say: COME AND HELP US.

Address JOSEPH LESTER,

Spring Green, Sauk Co., Wis.

P. S.—Will the *Banner*, *Sunbeam*, *Clarion*, and other papers circulating in this State, please copy this notice?

Words from Warren Chase.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb., 1860.

A voice of greeting I send thee from this City of Brotherly and Sisterly love, where I am sojourning a few days on my pilgrimage to the world of souls. It is like an Oasis in the sandy desert of Arabia to the pilgrim on his journey to the Mecca of his religion—the weary rest here and find water for the parched lips—olive leaves for the wounded feet, and oil for the heart wounds. The City and State were long ago founded by the *PM*, and the growth and development plainly show, that

"The pen shall supersede the sword,
And right, not might, shall be the Lord,
In the good time coming."

Large and very intelligent audiences assemble morning and evening of each Sunday at the large Hall in Sansom Street, a few rods only from the hall where the Declaration of Independence was read and adopted by the political patriots, whose words and deeds, once radical and incendiary, are now monuments of history and glory, as will be those of the moral, social, and religious disturbers of our times.

Our gentle and lovely sister, Mrs. Townsend, ministered to the friends here, during January, with great success, and left with the heart-thanks and wishes of hundreds. I was fortunate in succeeding her, and finding such warm and hearty reception.

The *HERALD* and *Banner* are welcomed and wanted, and thousands send thanks and blessings to each with as much earnestness as does

WARREN CHASE.

Awfully Practical Suggestions.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22, 1860.

MR. A. J. DAVIS: Why can't we have in this country shoemaker preachers, and tailor preachers, and carpenter preachers, or lecturers on all branches of industry, as well as theological preachers? Why not have preaching every Sunday on the best, easiest and quickest way of manufacturing boots, shoes, hats, coats, houses, carriages, watches, clocks, farming implements, and farming.

It seems to me there is too much time, money, and labor, spent in trying to convince people of salvation by Christ's merits, instead of by their own. Let men be paid for teaching the people any of the above branches of industry, with free discussion on the subjects, and a new order of things can soon be brought about.

What is the use of being eternally harping about "Slavery" and "Christ," (and him crucified,) while mental slavery and poverty are all around us in our very midst? Why not preach something practical, some ideas and principles which can be applied immediately? Let us get through one world at a time, and learn to live right here that we may be right there! Let us have preachers and lecturers on every branch of mechanism and on unitary homeism; (let Sunday be the day—for the better the day, the better the deed.) Let free discussion prevail to bring out truth. We have had Bible preaching long enough, all to no purpose, only to confuse the minds of men and women. What we want now is a practical theology, and not theoretical dogmatism.

May we not have paid preachers on farming, preachers on blacksmithing, preachers on shoemaking, preachers on tailoring, preachers on house building, and preachers on all kinds of physical labor and mechanical business? Yours, for New Preachers,

A THINKER.

Welcome News from Brother Ambler.

ELGIN, Ill., Feb. 27th, 1860.

FRIEND DAVIS: As you will see by the date of this, I am still in the west; and, according to my present purpose, I shall continue for several months to come to make this my field of labors. For the benefit of friends who may desire to know my address, I will state that I am to speak in Rockford, Ill., two Sundays in March; in Milwaukee, Wis., five Sundays in April, and in Cincinnati, O., on the last three Sundays of May and the first Sunday of June. Yesterday I concluded here a series of five lectures. I have had the reward, at least, of attentive ears, if I have not been burdened with pecuniary weights. In a material sense, the people complain dolefully of "hard times." There is, however, a spiritual compensation for every outward loss, and so, with the failure of the crops, has sprung up a new growth of ideas.

The itinerant has, in connection with numerous discomforts, very many important advantages. Brought in contact with all the varied phases of life and thought, he obtains a comparative as well as an analytical view of human character; and while new scenes are constantly opening before him in the outer world, he may be interested even more deeply in the mental revelations that spring up in the ever-widening circle of experience. Indeed, the world *without* is never half so beautiful as the world *within*. All that the eye can see is but a suggestion of grander realities that can be comprehended only by the soul. The stars pale beside the brighter glow of minds that travel through their dim immensities. While we bow in reverence to the visible, there is a throne above all outward altars, on which the god-like Intellect sits and reigns forever. What can be weighed against mind? What orb of matter can balance the value of a single soul? What visible beauty, in flowers, or stream, or sky, can be compared with that which no change can ever dim?

But it is interesting to observe—and the itinerant cannot fail to do this—the different orders of mind that lie in strata above each other, like mineral formations. As all minds do not occupy the same plane, so all are not possessed of the same apparent qualities. Some minds there are which are seemingly opaque, reflecting darkness merely; others that are hard and stern and angular, like granite rocks; others that seem inflated with inflammable gases constantly liable to explode; others that are smooth and round and polished, like stones washed by the waves; and then again there are some—we find them here and there, as precious specimens—that are like bright, crystal diamonds—not polished perhaps by education nor rounded by the

soft attrition of polite society, but formed, with transparent clearness, to let the light of God shine through them and reflect the pure luster of divinity. With some of this latter class I have recently enjoyed delicious converse. Many of these minds are entirely unknown to fame, buried in obscurity, and concealed beneath rough exteriors; but, while they are not weighed in the world's uneven scales, they have an intrinsic value of their own, and are to be worn like precious jewels, on the bosom of Memory.

I find in the west, as elsewhere, many minds that are hungering and thirsting for the truth, though but comparatively few have passed beyond that transitional era in the soul's history, in which the outward creates only restless yearnings, while the spiritual is yet dim and shadowy. Man advances through a series of mental births. The pathway that leads from the lower to the higher is thrown up by convulsive heavings. Truth is born in the midst of severe labors and spasmodic throes. It is sometimes almost painful to witness the strugglings of mind in its effort to throw off the restrictions of custom and to rise from the chrysalis of the old error. And yet what process can be more beautiful! It is a transition from night to morning—a birth into the radiant world of Wisdom—an upward passage of the soul from regions of doubt and fear to the realms of an ever-peaceful and serene Faith. I watch, therefore, with an unfeigned interest, for every indication of this transition era. I even welcome and rejoice in all those mental agitations that may seem to be evils, knowing that they are the heralds and prophecies of a happy change. The coming dawn will always bring with it its attendant shadows. We must first have darkness, that we may afterward have light. The cloud of doubt must be removed, the Phantom-Fear must be vanquished, the gateway of Custom must be passed, before we can enter the green paradise of Wisdom.

It is, friend Davis, if I may judge from my own experience, a somewhat hard and rocky path on which you have entered; and yet I doubt not, that, by the magic of your serene spirit, it will be made beautiful with many flowers. That the wise and good of the higher life may bend over and aid you in your mission, is the desire of

Your friend and fellow laborer,

R. P. AMBLER.

Useful Thoughts from G. B. Stebbins.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 5th, 1860.

"THE HERALD OF PROGRESS," if it perform a tithe of what it promises to endeavor, will be of great use—will become a Spiritual force, potent as are all such subtle powers, for purposes reaching toward a higher life.

True, it is not fair to expect the immediate accomplishment of all this endeavor.

William Denton says, in a little poem, with enough of the light of genius in it to make the fortune of a popular author,

"Forever floats before the Real,
The bright, the beautiful Ideal."

But if the ideal be beautiful, the effort brave and wise, surely some *high end* shall be reached—giving strength in the reaching for grasping some still nobler purpose. So I have much faith and hope for the *HERALD*.

You propose to give fair hearing to various classes of progressive minds, and to their conservative opponents as well. This last class will seldom trouble you. Bats and owls are dazzled by sunlight, and go flitting away to the shade to fly abroad and hoot solemnly in the night. So upholders of "iniquity framed in law," and sanctified superstition, cry, "put out the light," when a free press or platform is offered, and turn away to utter solemn sounds and dull platitudes from the safe entrenchment of State-House and Church.

Yet I hope if any wish to descant on the blessings of Creeds and Priesthoods, the benefits of War, the beneficence of Slavery, or any kindred topic, they may have scope in your columns. If they chance to hang themselves with the rope thus given, they will not be left, as the world goes, to die "without benefit of clergy."

I see, by the way, that J. F. Laning, of Philadelphia, speaks of saying sometime, "in a respectful way," something of Slavery as a "Divine Institution, with a mission to fulfill as holy as the Church."

The reptiles of an ancient geological era might have been, in some way, "Divine Institutions." If some huge saurian monster should open his red jaws to make a morsel of friend Laning, I think he would strive to transcend the saurian period by the extermination of this lingering and horrible specimen. So if the lash were over his back, or his fair daughter were to be sold to a lot worse than death, he would think it time, in the order of progress for all human beings, to restore his manhood, and shield her womanhood, even to the radical end of transcending the "Divine Institution" by immediate abolition.

I remember hearing how, once, in a pleasant room in Philadelphia, at the close of an excellent evening's talk, among some dozen men, (Mr. L. was one of the number), on matters of human weal and spiritual life, a voice, sweetly clear and musical, which they believed came from a higher world, sounded through the still air: "Let no one call God his Father, who calls not man his brother."

But this is a digression. If these words of mine should not apply to Mr. Laning's argument, there will be small trouble to find fit wearers for the coat.

The *HERALD* will be a kind of omnibus of reform and progressive thought, consecrated to better ends than political "omnibus bills"

—to truth instead of expediency. The one a house built on the rock, the other standing to-day on shifting quicksand, to-morrow swept away by wild waves and angry tempests.

Surely there is need that men and women interested in various Reforms should thus meet each other and see the UNITY OF TRUTH—the variety of its manifestations. All true Reforms are branches from a common stock; the growth of germs from the progressive soul of humanity. Some will take an active interest in one subject, some in another, and by this devotion of varied energies, in specific directions, the world's work gets well done. Let each do what seems nearest to him, but never be like the mole—with a narrow vision of microscopic fineness, but blind to all beyond its little range. The Catholic and large-minded, while perhaps more specially engaged in putting aside some one great error, will keep a hospitable mind toward other workers in the broad field, and welcome the word that may come to him through the morning air from some other mountain-top as the salutation of a friend—like the "Salem Alickim," *Peace be with you*—with which the Arab greets his coming brother across the desert sands.

By mutual fair hearing we get a better understanding. By frank, plain, yet kindly criticism—the speaking of Truth in the spirit of Charity—we benefit each other; by warning and rebuke we rouse to mutual effort; and thus grow vigilant and wise to transcend wrong.

One good lesson we learn from a free journal like the *HERALD*—to allow our cherished prejudices and darling theories to be exposed and assailed. Some one has well said: "What we most need to know, is often what we most dislike to hear." The word that shatters a prejudice, or dispels a dream, may seem stern and startling, but we shall welcome it at last as the word of salvation, and say, with the old proverb, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

But enough for this occasion. It has been said: "Brevity is the soul of wit"—especially is this true in a weekly journal, unless you wish it *weakly* in another sense.

N. B.—All rules have exceptions. The rule above is excepted in cases not very common—where one has a good deal to say and knows how to say it—so that the readers may not deem the word "more honored in the omission" than in the "perusal." G. B. S.

Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

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

(Reported for The Herald of Progress.)

The New York Spiritual Conference is held every Tuesday evening, in Clinton Hall, Eighth st., near Broadway.

EIGHTY-EIGHTH SESSION.

MR. W. P. COLES asked: Are Spirits able to see what transpires on the earth-plane, without the aid of a medium? That is, can they see physical things as we do; or does the law of that life compel a resort to the sense apparatus of the earth-man for purposes of earthly vision?

DR. GRAY: There is abundant evidence that spirits see physical objects. This has been many times demonstrated by his own experience; as for example: he has witnessed touches in answer to a mental request, made by a pointed instrument, in total darkness, where a mistake would have produced fatal injury to his eyes. Drawings, writings, &c., indicating the power of vision, are produced under like circumstances. That vision, in these cases is not through our eyes, is certain, from the fact of darkness, which renders them useless; but whether these and similar things can be done without the aid of a medium, we cannot say absolutely. His conjecture is that they cannot. He thinks that Spirits must use the elements of the earth-life in order to manifest on the earth-plane. Not that they necessarily use our eyes to see with, or our muscles to move ponderable bodies; but the element of vision and the element of force which belong to this sphere, he thinks, in our present state of knowledge, must be considered as indispensable. There is another mode, which is *rapport*, as exemplified in clairvoyance. This (clairvoyance) he thinks never occurs with the earth-man, except by voluntary aid of angelic Spirits. Through the opening of the Spiritual senses rapport is established, and a mutual interchange of powers and perceptions is the natural result; that is to say, the earth-man, through rapport, is cognizant of Spiritual things, and the Spirit-man by the same law of earthly things. The method then is twofold: first, by sympathy; second, by organizing an external body from out of the effluence of our bodies. That such emanations are in our atmosphere we do know, and their use in the physical manifestations of Spirits is what they themselves affirm.

MR. FOWLER: If the sphere of mortals is essential to the manifestation of Spirits, as Dr. Gray supposes, he would like to know why he deems it necessary to make an angel a party to every case of clairvoyance.

DR. GRAY: Because the spiritual faculties during this life are not in potency. The caterpillar cannot mount into the air—it must wait until it becomes a butterfly. Analogy would lead us to infer a corresponding inability on the part of man. Like the caterpillar, with respect to its wings, our spiritual organs are not yet born; hence, he concludes their independent exercise impossible. The feeling of independent vision on the part of the seer, arises from rapport with a spirit-man who is one in whom their birth is perfected.

MR. FOWLER thinks analogy is against the hypothesis. Communion between the sun and our earth is direct, and without the interposition of any of the heavenly bodies. A personal experience of his own is also against it. He is often able to read the thoughts of others.

DR. GRAY: That is rapport on this plane. It is not clairvoyance.

MR. FOWLER: And interesting fact had recently come to his knowledge, which he would state, though it had no bearing upon this question. Some three weeks since, he received a letter from a friend at the West, informing him that he visited a medium, whose peculiarity consisted in this: He takes a pair of spectacles, and, after looking through them himself, hands them to others, who, on looking through them, behold their spirit friends. This to him is a new phase of mediumship.

DR. HALLOCK: While he was a materialist, that is, prior to his knowledge of the facts of Spiritualism, he certainly had no idea that clairvoyance was any other than the exercise of unaided individual powers, owing their development to what is called magnetism. He has held that opinion since, but there are reasons which have induced him to question its soundness. One is, an unequivocal affirmation through the raps, that the voluntary aid of a spirit is indispensable to clairvoyance in the earth-man. This affirmation was against the unanimous opinion then entertained by the circle, as it was, doubtless, at the time, against that of the entire world holding any opinion whatever upon the subject. On one occasion, while the circle was in orderly contemplation of its usual topics, a lost ring (the search for which had been abandoned) was found in an upper room in the house, through directions given by the alphabet as before. The ring was immediately found, and on resuming the circle, (which had been interrupted long enough for one of its members to go to the third floor of the house and get it), he asked, "Could you (a spirit) have seen that ring and its whereabouts, had there been no medium in the house?" This question was impromptu, and the immediate response was, "No." Now, this reply was entirely contrary to his belief and expectation; and he thinks it was put and answered too speedily to have permitted a counter opinion on the part of any or all of the other members present (assuming the existence of such opinion) to have influenced the answer. It is a fair inference that the only conscious objection, to say the least, was in his own mind, and that was certainly overruled.

Here are two assertions, then, which, by the laws of evidence must be ascribed to spirits. Are they true? Considered as mere testimony, it would be illogical to suppose intelligent beings capable of making two statements of that nature and under the circumstances named, knowing them to be false; but aside from bare authority, there are reasonable grounds for accepting them as true. Dr. Gray has stated the rationale. One grub cannot plant himself before another grub and wink him into potent possession of his butterfly-powers while yet a caterpillar; and, by analogy, for one man to attempt a corresponding feat for another man, would look very like essaying that hitherto unsuccessful effort of lifting one's self by the straps of one's own pantaloons. The power which lifts one plane, or kingdom, into a higher, is ever from the higher. It is the sun that has invited the hidden properties and latent possibilities of this earth into organic life; it is the vegetable that woos the mineral from its dark repose, into the light of day—into a life of beauty—it is the animal that lifts the vegetable into a sphere of exalted uses; it is the human that lifts the whole into its own higher life; and by parity (since no man has yet found the end of a natural law,) it should be the angel that lifts the human into the freedom of the angelic world. So, as in the case cited, where it is affirmed that a spirit cannot see on the external plane, except by aid of the external man, the justice of perfect reciprocity is secured by the converse of the proposition, which is the thing affirmed. That is to say, the spirit-man cannot make use of his powers, physically, without the aid of an earth-man, and the earth-man cannot use his powers spiritually, without the aid of the spirit-man. In this view of the matter, "wisdom" seems to be "justified of her children."

MR. W. P. COLES: Mr. A. J. Davis relates, that going along the street, on a certain occasion, he was suddenly caused to take a step backward instead of forward, by which he escaped the descent of a crow-bar from the scaffolding of a house. He would like to know the way by which the end was answered. Was it self-clairvoyance, or was it the act of a Spirit?

DR. GRAY: This is his answer: All that is in the man, exists in his sphere—muscular power, the power of seeing, hearing, in short, all and singular belonging to the individual. By means of nerves these powers do their offices in the animal economy and pass off. Vision, for example, is the result of a distinct power which passes along the optic nerve, exciting the velvet-like tissue at its external terminus, in order that it may register the shadow of the object presented. In the case of Mr. Davis, he thinks it not irrational to suppose that so much of this power as escaped was used by his Guardian Spirit to see the object about to fall, and thus to protect him from it. Muscular power escapes, we know, and why not the other powers as well? It is the general affirmation of Spirits, that it is

Persons and Events.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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But human ignorance is demonic darkness of the blackest degree—reflecting none of the rays of truth—hence it does not comprehend the sublime import of new truth. It is the dull-minded man the physical world deemeth dull and dirty—no light is flowing from him from every well-spring of wisdom, field and forest—and yet no murmuring, no evil voices, no sobbing complaints, ever leak from Nature's seemingly neglected soul. But the miserable millions of earth are so, and why? Not because they have faithfully labored in the vineyards of Progress, and failed to realize great things therefor, but because they erringly have chosen the delusive slumbers of idleness and ignorance. They have not accepted of the "golden key to ope the palace of eternity"—have not sought to comprehend the developments of endlessly progressive principles—but have, instead, dwelt idly and willfully in the mysterious shadows of mental blindness and bigotry. Say to the world, in tones as mighty as the thundering


Truth is incessantly speaking from the inner temple of human life. Ignorance is the only misfortune and mystery, for that which is perfectly known is neither hurtful nor mysterious. If a strong man be ignorant of beauty, and in the haste of his blood his tongue knoweth no emphatic language suitable to refined ears, he belches forth the words of profanity, even in such a minute the truth will out. So the ways of God are not "past finding out." In a finer sense, He is "as full, as perfect, in hair as heart." His ways *come out* daily, hourly, momentarily—in the bright and black, in the wise and foolish, in the ugly and beautiful, upon great mountains, and in all the valleys, in all human history, and upon every star in the bending firmament—and thus He is "All in All!"

Absurd and vain is the attempt of big-
 to stay the advancement of eternal prin-
 ciples. Truth will out! God is absolute
 Truth, and Nature is absolute Truth;
 one is no more divine and eternal than the
 other; both are unchangeable and irrisi-
 ble. Behold! ye faithless ones of earth
 the world of mind is in energetic motion.
 Its life is throbbing and yearning for ha-
 monious and peaceful expression. The
 whole heavens are teeming and beaming
 with spiritual intelligences. They must
 speak, and their voices will be heard
 how gladly!) by the listening ear of mil-
 lions. But the very proud, the nobles
 of earth, the so-called educated—how slow
 how *conceited*, how *large* with emptiness
 how *incapacitated* for the simple truths
 wisdom!

But to reach the thronging multitude of every country, to educate the masses in the natural ways of spiritual truth, to convert the sectarian churches, to simplify and elevate the systems and principles of government—what an easy task, indeed, when man's reason begins fully to realize the true philosophy of Nature and destiny!

We look with joy unspeakable for the triumph of Science over silliness; of Reason over ignorance, which holds its sesssion of superstition in every land. When trammelled and reverent Reason shall sweep the boundless horizon of Progress—just as the telescope describes the measureless abysses of starry worlds—then will astounding discoveries be made in all kingdoms of Nature. Labor-saving machines will bring at once relief to num-

comes will bring at once tender to man and growth to mind. Then will mankind, in its earthly condition, both physical and mental, be ameliorated and improved; and the paths of progress will not lead, as now, through gloomy forests of error and bloodshed, but, instead, each soul will be attracted righteously by the celestial rays of eternal Truth. "Truth is mighty, and will prevail!"

 We desire again to request all have sent us clubs to be prompt in re-ting subscriptions, in accordance with published terms.

If money is sent at different times have paid to give the *names* of those have paid.

Robert Dale Owen on Divorce.—We invite attention to the letter found in another column, from Mr. Owen to the N. Y. *Tribune* on the subject of Divorce. It is a production eminently worthy of its author, and cannot fail to bring this question before many minds in a clearer light than it has before enjoyed. The picture given of that condition of things which the *Tribune* would perpetuate and enforce, is vivid and faithful. Our readers will unite in thanking Mr. Owen for this noble letter.

Speakers for Erie, Pa.—We learn through a friend that the people of Erie, Pa., are in need of a competent lecturer, to instruct them upon the teachings of the New Philosophy. Those who can make Erie a point in the route, will be "cordially received and hospitably entertained" by applying to Hugh Jones Esq., Erie, Pa.

In need of a Shower.—The N. Y. *Observer* publishes among its "Reports from Colleges" the following from the University of N. Chapel Hill :

"The past year has been dry, very dry. There is a weekly prayer-meeting and a weekly Bible reading. Still the attendance on means of grace is unfrequent. The sheep do not fatten, nor does their number increase."

The Clergy Healing the Sick.—The Bedford Standard gives an account of the restoration to health of a young lady who lost the use of her limbs, and was given by the doctors. A Second-Advent preacher, Rev. J. K. Bellows, of New York, was at request sent for to pray with her, and she speedily restored.

An Apostle of Blood.—At the Cooper Institute last Sunday afternoon, the Rev. H. C. Guinness, served up a dish of horror gratifying the senses of his orthodox hearers. The services commenced by singing "The fountain filled with blood." His text "The blood of Christ;"—his great theme assertion that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins," and a cruelist noticed the recurrence of the "blood," eighty-three times, during the sermon, spoken in the bloodiest manner, must have made the blood of his hearers cold!

"No Impassable Gulf."—At the close of Prof. Youmans's lectures, in Orange, N. J., last evening, the following statement, which was made by the lecturer, was received: "there are no impassable gulfs in this world," a series of resolutions emphasizing the conclusions of the lectures were adopted, moved by a clergyman, and seconded by a layman. It is there noted that between this action of our clerical brethren and their Sunday lessons occasionally the hope *this* is not impassable.

R. P. Ambler.—The editor of the *Courier* (Mo.) has recently heard of AMBLER, and pays him this deserved compliment:

"We have heard many of the gifted teachers of the day, but we never heard so clear and so lucid an exposition of Paul's doctrine that *there is a spiritual body as well as a natural body*, and that the body of spirit is as real as reality as the natural body. We think of the infidel, who denies the existence of God, or that semi-infidel who ignores the doctrine of teaching that it can revisit our mortal world, would each have been pleased to hear of the speaker, however much they may have dissented from his deductions."

Brutality to the Insane.—It was that the excitement attending the Worcester case, (we think it was) some years since, led to a thorough and careful supervision of our Insane Asylums. Our law makers, however, have little time to listen to the cries of the insane or criminal. But now, the death in the Insane Asylum, at Utica, has led to a petition from the coroner's jury for a legislative investigation. The post-mortem examination showed that the poor criminal victim had *seven ribs fractured, and the spine broken in two places!*

Every person connected with such institution, should possess the requisite qualities of amiability, gentleness, and forbearance. Is it not enough that the unfortunate friends should be bereft of their loved ones? Must they also suffer gross personal abuse from brutal keepers?

Aukles before Soul.—The *Tribune* is itself in favor of the bill, now pending in the State Legislature, giving married women their property rights; and quoting the wife of a worthless husband as saying she could not collect damages for a broken heart, because not the owner of herself.—

who "We heartily approve of such
our laws as would make this desert

menace at the opposite extreme from ourselves, only concede a woman's right to be own ankles, and if she does not make use of them in walking off with that portion of her husband's property, embraced in the rest of herself, it will surely be no fault of the ankles. We are glad the *Tribune* has attained even this height. By what specious reasoning puts the limit just here, is more than we can discover. Perhaps it will yet see that that individual is a unit, and that with "freedom of the ankles" will speedily come freedom of the whole soul and body. It is a new novel gospel—that of ankles before souls.

Prof. Youmans' Lectures.—We have enjoyed the privilege of listening to all of able lecturer's course upon "The Chemical of the Sunbeam," and hesitate not to pronounce them the finest lectures upon natural science to which we ever listened. We recommend to Reform and Spiritual League Committees, and others interested in procuring useful speakers for *free platforms*, that, if possible, they secure Prof. Youmans. Not only we urge this because of any special theater apparent on the surface of his lectures, are *not* theological, but scientific; with a desire to injure him by our comment. But simply because he conveys the scientific truths, in an able, clear, and interesting manner; and scientific knowledge is one of the world's great needs.

Could our Spiritual assemblies be addressed by such minds, upon all the several elements of natural science, they would be less from the rapid flights of inflated or dry and profitless dissertations upon logical tenets. Those who claim to be seers should avoid anything like sectarianism, nor require of every speaker to whom they consent to listen, that he bear a particular opinion, or be declared by competent authorities to be heterodox. So long as science will give us the real substantial teaching, nor waste their breath in disputing them with theological dogmas, we cannot ask what their conclusions may be. We must not discover in Prof. YOUNG the least disposition to go out of his way—either the intelligence of his hearers, or to be thoughtlessly upon their prejudices.

Could all our liberal associations full course on Chemistry from Prof. one on Geology by Wm. DENTON, an anthropology by S. J. FINNEY, the furnished with more food for mental than we, at least, have been able to a hundred ordinary sermons and What liberal society will set the example? Prof. YOUNGMAN to repeat his the Sunbeam, in place of the usual carnal harangues, on Sunday? The people's church in the coming time field for such men to labor in, worthy industry and their genius. Prof. lectures will be found to reach their intellectual induction, the conclusions of monial Philosophy; the entire a striking and gratifying.

—The Boston *Investigator* says: "We are no believers, as yet, in the strange fantasy, that people live after they are dead."

—Dr. Seymour, of London, announces with emphasis as one of the producing causes of prevailing insanity, the immoderate smoking indulged in by boys and young men.

—A Reverend writer in England has commenced an onslaught upon the work of book publishing which tract societies are entering upon, thus interfering with the regular trade

—The number of Patents issued by the U. S. Government, now exceeds twenty-seven thousand! Truly there is progress in the mechanical arts.

—A land monopolist in Iowa, lately by one hundred and nine separate notices, issued to different parties, that he is going to foreclose the mortgages which he holds upon the lands and tenements. A *free republic* should thus man off from the soil, and allows another to grasp the throats of one hundred families!

—From the Catholic Almanac for 1860, we learn that there are in the United States, 3,613 places of Catholic worship, and 2,000 Priests; 291 Educational Institutions, 472 Parochial Schools; 102 Orphan Asylums and 81 other charitable Asylums. The number of Libraries reported is but *ten*. The Catholic population is estimated at upwards of three millions.

—Of Mazzini is told the romantic story that in early life he loved a beautiful trywoman, who was torn from him by church, and placed to wither in a convent. He then consecrated his life, through her, to no other passion has supplanted this of youth. He corresponds with her still, and they were youthful lovers.

—An effort is being made in Wisconsin to introduce a new feature of discipline at the convicts in the State Prison at Waupun. It is proposed to appoint an officer to be designated "Moral Instructor," whose duty shall be to mingle continually with the convicts, and while he labors to inculcate instruction, to exercise a watch over conduct, for the purpose of making good conduct a matter of advantage to the convict manifesting it.

We hail the proposition as a recognition of a much needed change in Prison Discipline.

"The finest poetry was first experience."

BY R. F. TAYLOR.

Oh! have you not seen, on some morning in June,
When the flowers were in tears, and the forest in
 fume,
And the billows of dawn broke bright on the air,
On the breast of the brightest a star clinging there?
Some *Sentinel Star*, not ready to set,
Forgetting to wane, and watching there yet?
How you gazed on that vision of beauty awhile!
How it wavered till won by the light of God's
 smile,
How it passed through the portals of pearl like a
 fire,
How it paled as it passed, and the *Morning Star*
 died!
The sky was all blushes, the world was all bliss—
And the prayer of your heart, "be my ending like
 this!"
So my beautiful May passed away from Life's
 Even,
So the blush of her being was blended with Heav-
 en!
So the bird of my bosom fluttered up to the dawn—
Ah! a window was open, my darling was gone—
A truant from time, from tears, and from sin,
For the angel on watch took the wanderer in?
When she warbles to me the "New Song" that
 she sings,
I shall know her again, notwithstanding her wings—
By those tones, full of Heaven—by the light on her
 hair—
And the smile she wore here, she will surely wear
 there.

BY G. LINÆUS BANKS.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too ;
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake,
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail the season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine ;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the *Future* in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Paraphrased.

"Life is but an endless flight of winged facts or events; a series of surprises."

THE MILLENNIUM NOT COME.

A new born babe was found frozen fast in a gutter, in this city, a few days since. It was thought the mother deposited her babe in the gutter while it was yet living, to hide her shame. Fear of the frowns of society was stronger than her love for her child. The father, and perforce seducer, suffers no loss of reputation for his "intrigue!"

At Dorchester, Mass., a few days since, a domestic was turned from the house in which she had been serving, because of indiscretions that she had confessed. She sought refuge with a family in the vicinity and there were born her twins. In the midst of bodily agonies she was visited by her father and mother, who came not reluctantly and with pity, but curses, which they poured upon the head of their unfortunate daughter. The infants soon died, and the poor girl in a few hours followed them; and even then the stony-hearted parents were unmoved, and refused to take charge of the bodies. Humane people buried them.—*Exchange.*

There are pitying angels in the Spirit Home who will welcome such victims of earthly wrong, and by their loving care, assuage the earth-born grief, causing the already bitterly repented acts to be forgotten, and their dark shadow to be chased away by the blessed light of the "better land."

"HOLD ME!"

A recent writer offers the following:

"Love! To my inmost life-pulses so fragrant, so purifying—so exalting is the slightest influx of its essence, that even the world which symbolizes its life as it falls on my outer ear, thrills through my mentality, rouses the spiritual to an intensity of rapturous joy, sweeps back the veil from the shrine of the soul's central devotion to the Eternal; letting forth into every avenue of my outer being the crystal waves of the rivers of paradise, until, baptised therein, and borne onward by the very breath of melody, I seem floating away into the bowers of the Seraphim."

DELICATE QUESTIONS.

The well-known Shaker friend, F. W. EVANS, addresses a note to the Irish Revivalist, H. G. Guinness, asking the following questions, which, we fear, will not be answered:

"My friend will you have the kindness (although to you a stranger) to answer this inquiry, either publicly or privately, and as an eye-witness, give me an account of what God is doing in Ireland, and of the means that are used, and inform me of what are the physical effects, the 'bodily exercises.' Do the people 'shake' and 'stagger and reel like drunken men,' as men 'filled with new wine,' as at Pentecost?"

HOW TO KEEP LENT.

MRS. CROLY, the talented editor of the *Rockford Daily News*, suggests as a sensible practice, the observing of "Lent, not simply by abstaining from meat, but from rich food, hot grease, pastry, and even too many eggs." We can heartily join in the following prescription as a proper diet for Lent:

Breakfast.—Dry toast, or crackers and milk, with fruit, fresh or stewed.

Dinner.—Boiled, broiled, or baked fish, two plainly cooked vegetables, pickled cabbage, and simple rice or farina pudding.

Tea.—Toast, or thin English bread and butter, stewed fruit, and tea, or cold water.

It is not certain that this diet would make anybody more devout, although it is very likely it might; but it would be a splendid preparation of the system for the warmth and enervating influences of summer. It would give it a chance to get over the effects of sausages, roasts, buckwheat cakes, mincepies, etc., before the efforts of overburdened nature took the form of fevers, dysentery, and eruptions. It would prevent head-aches, and evil dispositions of all sorts, and insure a generally calm, placid, and contented state of mind, which, if it is not religion, is the next thing to it."

HEATHENISM IN THE CHURCHES.

[The following important and just concessions were made in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for January, 1860, in the review of "Plutarch's Lives."]

"The question of the effect of Christianity upon the characters and lives of the leading actors in modern history, is not more important than it is difficult of solution. Plutarch, better than any other ancient writer, affords the means of estimating the motives, the principles, the objects, of the men of the old time. We see in his pages what they were; we see the differences between them and the men of later days. How far are those differences exhibitions of inferiority or of superiority? How far do they result from the influence of secondary causes? how far from the change in religious belief?"

No man who knows much of the course of history will venture to insist greatly on any essential change for the better having been wrought as yet by Christianity in the manner in which the affairs of the world are carried on. Christianity has not yet been fairly tried. Nations calling themselves Christian are still governed on heathen principles. Christianity has been for the most part perverted and misunderstood. The grossest errors have been taught in its name, and are still taught in its name. Falsehood has claimed the authority of truth, and its claim has been granted. The stream which flowed out pure from its source has been caught in foul cisterns, has been led into narrow channels, has been made stagnant in desolate pools and wide-spread weedy marshes. The doctrine of Christ has had thus far in the world but very few hearers who have understood it. Many a modern creed might well go back to heathenism for improvement. This perversion of Christianity is a chief element in the difficulty of tracing the real influence of true Christian teaching upon character."

GODLINESS BEFORE CLEANLINESS.

We have been shown a circular, addressed to the property owners and residents of a fashionable locality in this city, signed by an Episcopal clergyman, soliciting a donation of \$200, from each house, to "prevent the decrease in value of their property by keeping from the neighborhood a nuisance, in the form of a great wash house or laundry establishment,—and to increase the value of said property, by having a neat new Gothic Protestant Episcopal Church, with brown stone front!"

The laundry establishment, proposed, doubtless, only to relieve some hundreds of women—servants, many or most of them, but women still—from fifty-two days hard work each year, and would have a plain brick front. The church is to be open one day a week to the fashionable multitude for religious worship, and is to have a brown stone front, gothic built! The one is a nuisance, the other a pleasing point of attraction. The one is to be a self-supporting business affair, accommodating the great public, the other is to cost \$30,000!

The reverend gentleman evidently considers his case not quite strong enough, for he concludes with this appeal: "I hope you will subscribe promptly and liberally, from the pure motives of glorifying God, and doing good to man. Then, indeed, will your \$500, or whatever you may give, if you implicitly trust in the Savior, lay up for you a treasure in heaven," &c. Suppose each family takes stock in the laundry, from the pure motive of elevating labor, and doing good to the servants in the kitchen, then, with implicit trust in a noble deed, they will lay up a treasure in the future, worth far more than stock in brown stone gothic churches, and incidentally glorify God most effectually.

CONSISTENCY A RARE JEWEL.

The shoemakers of Lynn, Natick, and other New England towns, are now engaged in an extensive strike, the result of which it is impossible to foresee. At a public meeting at Saugus, one speaker "referred to a noted manufacturer of Lynn, who, when Anthony Burns was carried away from Boston, came back to Lynn and tried to persuade everybody to go to Boston and make a rescue of the slave, and who, at the present time, is having mock welts made for ten cents a pair. He shouldn't be surprised if within a short time we have an underground railroad to the South to run off the Northern slaves, as we now have an underground railroad to carry the southern slaves to Canada."

The evident conclusion of the *New York Express*, that such examples of shameful inconsistency prove the falsity and absurdity of anti-slavery sentiment is decidedly illogical. Private benevolence and sympathy begin at different points with different minds, and there are some evidences of the true spirit within, when any single wrong rouses the individual. Perhaps our conservative cotemporary will learn ere long that oppression on the northern plantation, in the New England factory, and in the New York home, are all one and the same. Many a dollar is saved for public charities by defrauding private victims, and not all who espouse the cause of the down-trodden, or aid in sending missionaries to the isles of the sea, are nearly just to their seamstresses and servants. It takes a "large pattern" of a man or woman to embrace in active sympathy all classes of sufferers, and how many who "feel for the slave," or pity the mechanic, forget the condition of servitude in which they keep their own wives and daughters. There are too many glass houses for any one to throw stones very vigorously. After all we are glad the *Express* has active sympathy for even one class of the down-trodden and oppressed. It proves that the germ of benevolence is not all crushed out.

A RELIGIOUS DAILY.

It is now positively announced that a new morning daily is about to be established in New York, with Mr. J. R. SPAULDING, formerly of the *Courier and Enquirer*, as chief Editor. Its peculiar feature is to be "the discussion of all questions from a religious and evangelical standpoint." The *Churchman* also intimates that they will enter upon such an enterprise soon, and adds:

"In the meantime we have no fear of being forestalled by others in this interesting field; for we do not believe that any religious daily newspaper can ever be sustained in this country, without being controlled by the faith of the Catholic Church."

We are somewhat of the opinion of the *Churchman*. Such a paper will need the appliances of a powerful system to sustain it. The most popular papers are decidedly skeptical to orthodox dogmas, and they carry more of the "great people" with them than our religious friends may conceive. We fear too that we shall gain nothing in dignified tone, and charitable spirit, by planting the editorial chair on the "evangelical standpoint." The religious weeklies furnish even Bennett, of the *Herald*, with billingsgate. Here is a choice quotation from the *Christian Banner*, a Hard-shell Baptist paper, published at Fredericksburg, Va.

"There is no peaceful locality for a traitor. Execrated by heaven, scorned by earth, hissed by hell's deepest damned, with legions of loathing vipers forever gnawing at the fountain of vitality, he is sent adrift through immeasurable space, continually lashed with a thousand scorpion thongs, while his awful wallings rend the air. My punishment is greater than I can bear."

The *Tribune* thus comments upon it, and shows thereby the degree of confidence with which it welcomes the new religious daily.

"If the gentlemen who manage the Religious Press should at any time be promoted for good conduct to the control of the Political journals, we apprehend that there would speedily accrue an enormous increase in the number of libel-suits and a serious advance in the price of rawhides."

Even the *N. Y. Ledger* ventures to offer the following daring remarks upon "what constitutes a religious paper."

"Is a publication that intermixes broad caricature, dramatic dialogue, the stock market, the prices current of bullocks and bees-wax, foreign exchange, and empirical advertisements, with canting disquisitions and exhortations by a clergyman who has been convicted of lying in matters pertaining to his own domestic relations, strictly speaking, a 'religious paper.' If such a thing constitutes a religious sheet, what should be the ingredients of a lay newspaper? Can any one tell us?"

Should the new daily enter upon its work with a charitable, tolerant spirit, and treat the questions of the day from a standpoint of enlightened, dignified, faithful, and at the same time bold, uncompromising and sincere Christianity, none could desire it a greater success than do we. Shall we but see a truly fraternal spirit toward man, as the result of its "evangelically religious standpoint," we shall not fail to welcome it heartily.

DIVORCE IN ENGLAND.

It is stated that six hundred Divorce cases are now waiting adjudication, before the English courts, and that new judges will have to be appointed to dispose of them.

The *Liverpool Mercury* has placed in its columns, in addition to the customary notices of births, marriages, and deaths, a new heading, under which are chronicled the divorces that are daily granted by the courts.

And, foremost on the list of a series of "Legal Handy Books," issued by a barrister-at-law, price one shilling, are "The Handy Book of Marriage and Divorce," and "Law of Husband and Wife."

Our friends across the ocean, as well as on this side, will, we trust, soon learn that society gains nothing by enforcing so intimate a relation between parties who are averse to it. With a due regard to the support of helpless children, no risk is incurred in terminating the hypocritical farce,—which often gravitates to the fearful tragedy,—of a loveless marriage.

WOMEN'S WAGES IN CALIFORNIA.

Work is paid in this State by the job or by the day, without reference to the sex of the party that performs it. A washer-woman gets \$3 a day in the country; a carpenter gets no more. A lady teacher gets the same wages that a gentleman would, teaching the same class. If males have ever predominated among the teachers, it was because the supply of teaching material was mostly of the masculine gender. But it does not predominate now, whatever it might once have done. Of the 75 teachers recently appointed by the Board of Education to take charge of the city schools, 13 were males and 62 females.—*Ex.*

Human Rights.

"The highest expression of true religion, is universal justice."

For the Herald of Progress.

"THE HEROIC IN COMMON LIFE."

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

"Grace Greenwood," the graceful author, and accomplished woman, has of late been lecturing in Boston, New York, and elsewhere, on the above interesting theme. Though we have not as yet been one of her favored listeners, we feel assured, from the glimpses given us by the press, that in the main she treats the subject in a truly eloquent, humane, and masterly manner. And yet there is an extract, given in a notice of the lecture by one of our exchanges, which, if correct, shows that the gifted lecturer is either only partially acquainted with certain phases of human discord and misery, or that it was not in her most "heroic moments"—those moments when popular applause passes out of hearing as the mighty surges of a great principle sweep through the soul—that she penned the words alluded to. They are as follows:

"The wife who bears her part in the burden of life—even though it be the larger part—bravely!—cheerfully! never dreaming that she is a heroine, much less a martyr; who bears with the faults of a husband not altogether congenial, with loving patience and a large charity, and with a noble decision hiding them from the world—who makes no confidants and asks no confidences, who refrains from brooding over short-comings in sympathy and sentiment, and from seeking for perilous 'affinities'; who does not build high-tragedy sorrows on the inevitable, nor feel an earthquake in every family jar, who sees her husband united with herself indissolubly and eternally in their children—she, the wife in every truth, in the inward as in the outward, is a heroine, though of rather an unfashionable type."

It seems to us that under this golden glow of poetic fervor is concealed one of the poisoned arrows which have so long been aimed at woman's individual independence, elevation, and happiness—that beneath this beauty of diction there lurks a popular denunciation of unhappy wives, and a current insinuation that all such may be suspected of leaning toward gross offenses against society.

It is the old-time story that woman, "though bearing the larger part in the burden of life," should ever stultify and repress her own genius, tastes, and inclinations, and sub-

mit meekly to a husband's opinions, caprices, and wishes; that, despite the absence of "congeniality," and the presence of "faults" in his character, which may perchance wring her heart with anguish, and gradually waste the sweet fountain of youthful affection which was all his own, she should ever meet him with gentle smiles and fond caresses, suffering her own woman-nature, meanwhile, to droop and die for lack of the human sympathy and "confidence" for which she inevitably pines.

What a bitter lesson is this to be reiterated by a woman to thousands of misery-haunted woman hearts! Is it not enough that long ages of darkness and oppression have left their impress on the painfully sensitive, aspiring, quivering, despairing, silent nature? Shall another, and still another, mock at the unuttered prayer for answering tenderness, for sheltering love, for true appreciation, for noble forbearance, for just recompense, which rises from the heart of every true wife and mother to that manly heart still dearer than her own? Shall she who wears upon her brow the regal crown of MATERNITY—she whom God has endowed with the hoarded wealth of the universe, in order that through her being His own image might be fashioned—she who is entrusted with the sacred mission of primarily reforming and renovating our great Humanity—shall she, the queen of the nations and their ultimate Saviour, still crouch in pitiful subserviency, a mendicant for Love, a suppliant for Justice?

It is true that every wife, and husband, should leave a large margin for the individual peculiarities of the other; that each, "with loving patience and a large charity," should strive ceaselessly to build up a union between their two souls which will be so firm and sweet and pure, so welcome and divine, that Death itself cannot disturb, much less destroy it. Then will the wife "see her husband united with herself, indissolubly and eternally," whether or not blossoms of immortal beauty bloom upon their family tree in the form of blessed little children.

But when the ministry of affection on the one hand fails to wake an answering pulsation in the other's breast; when the wife, after years of self-abnegation and devoted effort, sees her husband turn coldly from her, and reads in his half-averted eye or hears from his lips the fatal words, "I do not love you;" when discords increase and the children of the household shrink in strange, creeping terror from the taunting, tyrannical words of one parent and the quick, passionate reply or heart-broken sobs of the other; when innocent, unwelcome babes still multiply in the home desecrated by passion rather than consecrated by love; when evils even worse than these betide the unhappy pair, God only knows how fierce the anguish that clutches that woman's heart—how heavy the despair that sinks deep, deep, into her spirit!

We might easily reverse the picture, for there are men, O, how many! large-hearted and noble-souled, who sink under a like overwhelming flood of suffering; men, great and generous, who perish by the wayside of "that immense hunger of the heart, which nothing can satisfy but love;" but 'tis of woman only that we can now speak.

If the wife, thus silently facing the demon of despair in the living grave of her discordant, loveless home, gather her strength and rise from that baptism of sorrow; if she go forth actuated by the principles of justice and benevolence alone, and imbued with a certain conviction that the highest happiness of her offspring, her husband, and herself, can be secured only by her separation from that husband; and if with her own right hand she accomplish that separation in the face of poverty, opposition, conventionality, the foulest calumny, the unjust imputation that she is "seeking for perilous 'affinities';" the cruel falsehood that she has forsaken the children that are dearer to her than life itself; if she pass, as many have, through this fiery ordeal with a true woman's courage and a true martyr's faith, then indeed do we behold a genuine example of "the heroic in common life."

The Divorce Question.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR:—Retired from political life, and now disposed to address the public, if at all, through a calmer medium than the columns of a daily paper, still I cannot read the allusion in this morning's *Tribune*, made in connection with an important subject, to my adopted State and to myself by name, without feeling that justice to both, and what is of more consequence, the fair statement of a question involving much of human morality and happiness, require of me a few words. You say:

"The Paradise of free-lovers is the State of Indiana, where the lax principles of Robert Dale Owen and the utter want of principle of John Pettit (leading revisers of the law) combined to establish, some years since, a state of law which enables men and women to get unmarried nearly at pleasure."

You are usually, I think, correct in your statements of facts, and doubtless always intended to be so. That in this endeavor you sometimes fail, we have a proof to-day.

So far as I recollect, the Indiana law of Divorce does not owe a single section to Mr. Pettit. Be that, however, as it may, it owes one of its provisions, and one only, to me. I found that law, thirty-four years ago, when I first became a resident of the State, in substance nearly what it now is; indeed with all its essential features the same. It was once referred to myself, in conjunction with another member of the Legislature, for revision; and we amended it in a single point, namely: by adding to the causes of divorce "habitual drunkenness for two years." In no other particular, either by vote or proposition, have I been instrumental in framing or amending the law in question, directly or indirectly.

Do not imagine, however, that I seek to avoid any responsibility in regard to that law

as it stands. I cordially approve it. It has stood the test for forty or fifty years among a people whom, if you knew them as intimately as I do, could or would compel you to admit to be, according to the strictest standard of morality you may set up, not one whit behind those of sister States, perhaps of more pretensions.

I approve the law, not on principle only, but because, for more than half a lifetime, I have witnessed its practical workings. I speak of its influence on our own citizens.

It is much to be regretted that any one should ever be compelled to seek a divorce out of his own State. But even in alluding to abuses which have occurred in this connection, you failed to tell your readers, what perhaps you did not know, that our law has of late years been so changed that the cases you state cannot possibly recur. No one can now sue for a divorce in Indiana, until he has been during one year, at least, a resident of the State; and the provision regarding timely notice to the absent party is of the strictest kind.

You speak of Indiana as "the Paradise of free-lovers." It is in New York and New England, refusing reasonable divorce, that free-love prevails, not in Indiana. I never even heard the name there. You locate the Paradise, then, too far West.

And does it not occur to you, when a million of men, chiefly plain, hardy, industrious farmers, with wives whom, after the homely old fashion, they love, and daughters whose chastity and happiness are as dear to them as if their homes were the wealthiest in the land; does it not occur to Horace Greeley that when these men go on deliberately for half a century maintaining unchanged (or, if changed at all, made more liberal) a law of divorce which he denounces as breeding disorder and immorality—that the million, with their long experience, may be right, and that Horace Greeley, without that experience, may be wrong?

You talk of my "lax principles." I think that, by my past life, I have earned the right to be believed when I say what are my principles and what are not. On this subject they go just so far as the Indiana law, and no further. I have given proof of this. I have had a hundred opportunities, and never used them, to move its amendment. I was Chairman of the Revising Committee of our Constitutional Convention; but in our Constitution we incorporated nothing in regard to divorce, except a prohibition against all divorces by the Legislature. To that I think you will not object. At the next session I was Chairman of the Committee to revise the laws; but we merely reenacted the old divorce law, of which experience had taught us the benefits. It grants divorce for other causes than the one your law selects; as for abandonment, for cruel treatment, for habitual drunkenness, and for any other cause for which the Court may deem it proper that a divorce should be granted. Are these "lax principles?" I claim to have them judged according to a Christian rule. "By their fruits ye shall know them." You have elopements, adultery, which your law, by rendering it indispensable to release, virtually encourages; you have free-love, and that most terrible of all social sins, prostitution. We, instead, have regulated legal separations. You may feel disposed to thank God that you are not as other men, or even as these Indians. I think that we are justified in His sight, rather than you.

Or is it, perhaps, the amendment I did propose and carry which seems to you lax in principle?—the provision, namely, that a wife should not be compelled to live with one who has been, for years, a habitual drunkard. You have told us that she ought to be so compelled. It instantly occurs, you say, that a "virtuous and worthy girl" marries a man who becomes a "miserable loafer and sot;" and you add: "She will wish herself divorced from him; but the law says No, and we stand to it."

Think, for a moment, what this actually involves! Let us take the "single captive," lest the multiplicity of images distract us. See the young creature, "virtuous and worthy," awaiting late in the solitary night, the fate to which, for life, you consign her; and that for no sin more heinous than that her girl's heart, believing in human goodness, had trusted the vows and promises of a scoundrel. Is it her home where she is sitting? Let us not so desecrate the hallowed word. It is the den of her sufferings and her shame. A blighted wretch, whom daily and nightly debauch has degraded below humanity, has the right to enter it. In what temper he will arrive God alone knows—all the animal within him, probably, aroused by drink. Will he beat her—the mother of his children, the one he had sworn to love and protect? Likely enough. Ah! well if that be all. The scourge, though its strokes may cause the flesh to shudder, cannot reach the soul. But the possible outrages of this "miserable loafer and sot" may. He has the command of torments, legally permitted, far beyond those of the lash. That bed-chamber is his, and the bed is the beast's own lair. It depends, too, on the brute's drunken will whether it shall be shared or not. Caliban is lord and master, by legal right. There is not a womanly instinct that he cannot outrage; not a holy emotion that he may not profane. He is authorized to commit what more resembles an infamous crime, usually rated second to murder, and often punished with death, than anything else.

And, in this foul pit of degradation, you would leave to a fate too horrible for infamy itself, a pure, gentle, blameless, Christian wife. Her cry thence may ascend to heaven; but, on earth, you think, it should be stifled or contented. She entreals for relief, for escape from the pollution she abhors; you look down upon her misery, and answer her, "The law says No, and we stand to it."

God forgive you, Horace Greeley, for the inhuman sentiment. I believe you to be a good man, desiring human improvement, the friend of what you deem essential to social morality. God send that you may never, in the person of a daughter of your own, and in the recital of her tortures, practically learn the terrible lesson how far you have strayed from the right.

Further to argue the general question would be an unwarrantable intrusion on your columns. Suffice it to say, that if I differ from you as to the expediency of occasionally dissolving misery-bringing unions, it is precisely because I regard the marriage relation as the holiest of earthly institutions. It is for that very reason that I seek to preserve its purity, when other expedients fail, by the besom of divorce. No human relation ought to be suf-

ferred so to degenerate that it defeats the purpose of its institution. God imposes no laws on man merely to have the pleasure of seeing them obeyed; but, on the contrary, with special reference to His creatures' welfare and improvement. Marriage itself, like the Sabbath, was made for man; not man for marriage. It fulfills God's intention so long as the domestic home is the abode of purity, of noble sentiment, of loving kindness, or, at least, of mutual forbearance. But it defeats His purpose, and violates the divine economy, when it becomes the daily cause of grievous words and heartless deeds, of anger, strifes, selfishness, cruelty, ruffianism. That it should ever be thus degraded and perverted, all good men must lament; and all ought earnestly to seek the most effectual remedy.

In no country have I found the marriage obligation so little binding as in the nation near whose Court, as Minister, I recently spent five years—a country where marriage is a sacrament and divorce an impossibility; and where, indeed, on account of their "lax principles," the inhabitants neither need nor care for it.

In no country have I seen marriage and its vows more strictly respected than in my adopted State, where the relation, when it engenders immorality, may be terminated by law. For the rest, divorces in Indiana are far less frequent than strangers, reading our divorce law, might be led to imagine. We find Jefferson's words to be as true of married persons as of the rest of mankind. They "are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they have been accustomed."

The question remains, whether it be more pleasing in the sight of God and more conducive to virtue in man, to part decently in peace, or to live on in shameful discord.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
ROBERT DALE OWEN.
New York, March 1, 1860.

Attractive Miscellany.

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

ELSIE.

BY HARRIET M. KIMBALL.

Shadows of the morning glories
Round the cottage window climbing—
Swaying, bell-like, as if chiming
For the marriage of the day;
Saying softly, "Come away!"
Danced o'er Elsie's features fair,
Fllickering on her golden hair.
I had told her many stories
Of my strange and wandering life
Ere I found her—ere I knew her—
Ere I came to love and woo her—
Woo her for my own sweet wife!

Elsie thought not of my stories,
Though she meekly sat and listened;
Elsie heard not half my stories,
Though her eyes with pity glistened:
Yet she heard not half my words!
With her look upon the valley,
Gazing at its quiet herds;
She was thinking of the morrow—
Thinking of our common sorrow;
How for months we must be parted:
We, alas! were heavy-hearted!
Tenderly did Elsie dally
With my hair—

Half in love and half in blessing—
When I whispered, "Not a word
Of my stories have you heard,
Elsie, love!—my sweet—my fair!"

With a flitting blush confessing,
And a smile of sweet excuse,
Did she answer, archly, "Dear,
Following a wayward boy
Hath for me but little joy
When my best-beloved is here!"
So with flatteries profuse
Did she win a full excuse!

Yet I told her no more stories—
Happy that her eyes could be
Filled with tears of tenderness,
At the thought of losing me!
And I said, with fond caress,
"Elsie, love—my bride—my wife!
Like these beautiful morning-glories,
Your affection twines and smiles
Round my dark, unworthy life;
All its care and grief beguiles!
As these flowers are twining, nodding,
Looking inward cheerfully,
So thy dear eyes beam on me;
Lighting all the spirit-gloom
Of an else unlovely room!
Life no longer is mere plodding—
Looking through love's rose-light still,
God is seen in every ill!"

Elsie answered me with kisses—
Elsie blessed me with caresses!
All this happened years ago!
Years ago!
In the silence that did follow,
Broken only by the swallow
Flitting round the cottage-eaves;
Twittering in amongst the leaves;
How the vine kept swaying—swaying—
Swaying to and fro;
And the beautiful blossoms saying,
"Come away!" Dear Elsie heard it—
And we knew the breezes stirred it—
Woke that whisper, strange and low:
Yet, with white arms folding me,
Elsie spake mysteriously:
"Haunted are the morning-glories,
Dearest, hush!—the spirits say,
Come away!"

This she murmured years ago!
Still the morning-glories cling,
Whisper, in their gentle swaying,
"Come away!"—with voices low.
Elsie is not here to hearken!
Elsie is not here to love me!
But it is her voice, I know,
Singing in the blue above me,
"Come away!"

And I hold my breath to hear it,
Upward yearning toward her spirit!
When the haunted vine-leaves darken
In the light of drooping day,
I shall go!

[Home Journal.

VICTOR DACHEUX; OR, THE MAN OF THE SHORE.

Not many years ago there lived in a little wooden house on the banks of the Seine at Paris, a poor man named Victor Dacheux. This individual had placed himself in this hampered and unpleasant abode, with the sole view of rescuing persons from drowning. In England no poor man would think of devoting himself to such an occupation; but in France, there are instances of this species of practical benevolence extremely agreeable to reflect upon. Victor was not employed by any one. He voluntarily took up his residence in his booth, and his only chance of gaining a subsistence consisted in the petty rewards which might be given by persons rescued by his intrepidity.

This worthy man had been thus engaged for a number of years; misfortunes of different kinds had overtaken him, not the least troublesome of which was an infirmity from rheumatism; but he was still cheerful, and kept a constant outlook on the river. One day, while sitting at the door of his hut, he perceived the body of a man drifting slowly down the Seine. In two minutes he had doffed his clothes, and was in the middle of the stream, grasping the object he vainly hoped to save; but, alas! the decomposition of the body proved it to have been long the prey of the waters—a late rise of the river having disengaged it from some obstacle which prevented its earlier appearance on the surface. All that Dacheux could do was to note down any discernible particulars respecting the evidently aged sufferer; but on removing his decaying garments, no clue to his name or residence could be found, nothing but an old leathern pocket-book, containing twenty-four bank bills for one thousand francs each. These Dacheux dried with the utmost care, and replaced them in the pocket-book, in a secret drawer of his little desk, unknown even to his wife and children, so much did he fear lest their extreme destitution should tempt them to infringe on the sacredness of the deposit. He had, besides, little doubt that the advertisements he intended to insert in the public papers would quickly bring forward the owners or heirs of so considerable a sum, which he promised himself no small pleasure in handing over to them.

He lost no time in conveying the dead body to the Morgue—a place for the reception of bodies found in the river—and here it remained exposed during the whole time prescribed by the law; but no one came forward to recognize or claim it. He continued to intimate in the papers, for months together, that such a person, whom he described, had been found by him (apparently carried off by apoplexy, and fallen by accident into the river) between the Pont des Arts and the Port Royal; and that his valuable effects remained with the finder, only awaiting any owner who could prove his title to their possession. Nay, he went so far as to declare, that though no scrap of writing affording a clue had been discovered on the deceased, there were sufficient effects in his hands, and particularly in his memory, to lead to an identification.

There was enough here to move both cupidity and curiosity, and bring forward swarms of pseudo-relatives; who found their match, however, in the wary as well as faithful trustee. Many bona fide mourners for missing individuals came also with better founded hopes and proofs of identity; but none would tally with the no less eager hopes and wishes of good Dacheux. He was therefore compelled, notwithstanding all his disinterested exertions, to retain in his possession the twenty-four bank bills, about which he still thought it his duty to maintain inviolable secrecy. Lest, however, sudden death amid the perils of his vocation should carry him off from his family, he placed beside the old pocket-book a paper in his handwriting, solemnly enjoining his wife and children, should no owner have previously appeared, to hand the contents to some competent authority.

Three years passed away, and no relative, or even acquaintance, had come forward to lament the deceased. Times, meanwhile, had gone harder than ever with Dacheux. A bitter winter covered the Seine with blocks of ice, which partly destroyed his humble cabin, shattered nearly all his furniture, and left his family all but destitute. His wife and faithful associate in acts of humanity was seized with a serious illness, requiring constant nursing and expensive medicines; while he himself was attacked with acute rheumatism, which crippled him for a time in every limb. In the midst of all this distress, it was little the labor of his children could add to the small income of the suffering household; but if ever the sick man's glance rested for a moment with a wishful expression on the desk which contained the twenty-four bank bills, its upward direction would immediately seem to say, "Please God, whatever may be the extent of our trials, I will keep sacred to the last the charge He has intrusted to me!"

His eye rested upon it with a proud and delighted consciousness of integrity rewarded, when, shortly after (in a ceremony at which the writer was present), a deputation from the free masons of Paris, in presence of more than twelve hundred spectators of all ranks and ages, waited upon him with a voluntary subscription, sufficient to replace on its original footing his benevolent establishment, and conferred upon him, amid shouts of applause and admiration, the unfading title of *L'Homme du Rivalet* ("Man of the Shore!")

But it was not only as an asylum for the resuscitated from drowning that this good Samaritan's house was gratuitously restored.

It had long been the resort of every wounded workman on the banks of the Seine. If, by the collision of two unwieldy wood rafts, a poor fellow got a bruise on the arm or a jam of the leg, he would hobble as best he might to good M. Dacheux, and have his hurts dressed as skillfully and more kindly than in any hospital. If a poor female faggot-seller stumbled under her burden, while climbing the steep steps of the Quai de L'Ecole, and got, as may be supposed, an ugly fall, her legs would still drag her to Madame Dacheux, where the softest bandage and most healing ointment were set off by motherly sympathy and Christian charity.

Among the many wounded persons thus claiming the good offices of "The Man of the Shore," there came one fine spring evening a young man, whose right hand had been grievously crushed by a barrel of saltpetre, which had slipped from him a few minutes before, while rolling it on the quay. The thumb seemed well-nigh destroyed, and two fingers terribly lacerated; and the agony of the sufferer was so intense, that, spite of his bodily strength, tears were trickling down his face. The skillful Dacheux, after washing, according to his custom, the formidable-looking wound with warm wine, declared there was no fracture. But the hurt was of a nature to require the greatest care and attention, and having bandaged it up with the proper applications, and prepared a sling, he strongly advised the youth to return twice a day to have his hand dressed, as long as it remained unhealed.

This was not an invitation to be despised, and the lad failed not to avail himself of it, night and morning, for several following days. The wound, serious at it was, soon did credit to the skill of the well-known cottage practitioner; and the jolly young workman, one of the handsomest specimens of humanity among his companions, soon recovered his naturally high spirits. No sooner was his cure completed, than he came one Sunday, in his holiday attire, to salute his physician, and asked, with well-meaning abruptness—"What do I owe you, Monsieur Dacheux?" "And what do you mean by that, my good friend?" "Mean! why, to pay you your dues. Five-and-twenty dressings, and all that linen and ointment, must come to—"

"Neither more nor less than a shake of the hand, my dear fellow! Show me you can bear a squeeze of the one I cured, and we are quits. I never take money from any one." "Oh, that will never do; and though I am but a porter on the quay, and have both my mother and grandmother on my hands, I have wherewithal to pay, I assure you." "And I assure you once more that you owe me nothing. But tell me what countryman you are?" "I come from Villeneuve le Roi, near Sens. My father was killed at Austerlitz; they say he was a gallant fellow. I never knew him. My mother, left a widow at nineteen, with no child but me, went to live with her father, who was a dealer in wines, and had, I may say, as pretty a bit of land on the banks of the Yonne, and as snug a house at Villeneuve, as you could see. Well, we've had to sell it all!" "And for what reason?" "D'ye see, Monsieur Dacheux, my poor grandfather, one of the honestest men in the world, had but one fault—he liked his glass. I'm afraid I take after him. He was employed as a salesman by some of the first houses at Sens, and came on their account to recover money for them in Paris. One day, when he had received a pretty large sum, he disappeared, without our ever having been able to get the smallest tidings of his fate. He was subject to fits of blood to the head, poor old man; and no doubt this had happened to him somehow, and rogues must have taken advantage of it to rob and bury him secretly. But it was the worse for us. The Paris merchants could prove they had paid him the money, and as we had nothing to show for it to the wine-growers of Sens, of course we had to sell all to satisfy them, which left us without a sou. My grandmother fretted herself into a palsy, and my poor mother, having no means of living at Villeneuve, had to come to Paris, where she toils hard making shirts for my fellow workmen; and I get, when all goes well, three francs a day; so that, with the help of God, we manage to live." "Pray what might be your grandfather's age?" "Hard upon seventy." "And his height?" "Much the same as mine; about five feet ten." "And his name, if you please?" "Why, the same I bear after him; Maurice Goddard." "And may I ask the amount of the sum which he had drawn, and you were forced to make good?" "Just twenty-four thousand francs; enough to ruin us out and out. But why do you ask me all these questions?" "Why, to be useful to you, if I should have an opportunity." "How you do look at me, Monsieur Dacheux!" "Not for nothing, believe me; you have inspired me with a lively interest. I have taken a great fancy to know your mother and grandmother likewise." "We're highly honored, I'm sure; but if so, you'll have to take the trouble to call on us, for the poor dear old woman is past moving." "You may expect me to-morrow; what address?" "Rue Boucher, No. 15, up five pair of stairs. Oh how delighted they'll be when I tell them of your visit! They know that to you I owe my cured hand. Good-by, Monsieur Dacheux." "Till to-morrow, friend Goddard."

Early next day "The Man of the Shore" was at the house specified, eager to confirm, by authentic proofs, the surmises floating in his mind. He found the humble abode distinguished by the peculiar neatness of those who have seen better days. The venerable grandmother, seated in her wheeled chair, seemed, in spite of bodily infirmity, in possession of all her faculties. Her daughter-in-

law, Maurice's mother, was busy at her needle, while her son read to both, from an old paper, the report of the honors conferred on Dacheux by his grateful countrymen. His presence gave rise to transports of joy in this worthy family. Madame Goddard blessed him for his care of her son; and the old palsied woman thanked him for the last bright gleam on her declining years.

It was not difficult to turn the conversation to the lost head of the united family—his painful disappearance, and the sad consequences which ensued from it. But the holder of the twenty-four thousand francs had enough to do to conceal his secret emotion, while putting to those, so deeply interested, the questions dictated by prudence. "Had your husband," he inquired of the old woman, "no mark or token by which he could have been recognised?"

"Oh dear, yes!" was her ready answer. "The poor fellow was in the first wars of the Revolution, and had two fingers shot off at the battle of Fleurus."

"From which hand?"

"The left; and then at the great battle of Jemmapes he got a sabre cut from the right ear to the chin, which left such a lovely scar!"

"And may I ask if there was anything remarkable in his dress? what did he usually wear?"

"Oh, at the time he was lost, an old gray greatcoat (for it was cold dirty weather), and under it an old hussar jacket, which he could only wear out so."

"Oh," added Maurice's mother, "you forget he always wore a silver watch with a steel chain."

"Yes!" said the old dame sighing, "with a gold heart hanging from it, which I had given him the day we were engaged, and which never left him."

"But," abruptly interrupted Dacheux, now almost sure he was right, "a man in the habit of receiving sums of money must have carried a pocket-book."

"To be sure he did," replied three voices at once.

"And of what color?"

"Oh, black leather originally, but so worn by use, that you might have half fancied it red."

"And fastened," said the mother, "with a little steel clasp."

"And inside," again sighed the grandmother, "my poor good man always carried an image of his patron saint, St. Maurice, which I gave him, when I was a girl, once, upon his birthday. Ay me! 'tis a long, long while ago!"

"But, sir," young Maurice could not help saying, "methinks, from your eager looks and anxious questionings, one might almost suppose you had some object in view."

"I have," replied Dacheux, convinced, from all these particulars, that the rightful heirs he had sought for so many years in vain now stood before him—"I have indeed a notion that, about the time you mention, an old man was taken out of the river, on whom a pocket-book was found; and I should not be at all surprised if you were to get back all it contained."

"You don't say so?" And wouldn't it come apropos to let me marry Celestine, whom they won't let have me, because I have nothing?"

"And pray who may Celestine be?"

"The prettiest girl on all the quay, for whom I am dying. Fancy, Monsieur Dacheux, their letting me fall in love with her, and never hindering her a bit from loving me again; and then, when I wanted of course to marry her, asking me what I had to marry upon. And when I said just my four quarters, and I am sure they are substantial enough, they laughed in my face, and Celestine cried, and I was like to choke. I appeal to you, Monsieur Dacheux, could a poor fellow be worse used?"

"And who is the father of your bride elect?"

"Monsieur Aubert, a rich fellow in the cider line."

"Ay! I should have something to say with him; for last summer, no farther back, I fished out his only son, who was taken with a fit while swimming at high water in the Seine. I'll see what can be done for you this very evening in that quarter; and you may come and hear the result at twelve o'clock to-morrow."

"Oh, I'll be there without fail. But, dear sir, do you think there are any hopes?"

"It would be rash to promise; but we'll see."

"Ah! sir," said the youth's mother, modestly, "you would be doing us all a great service, for the poor boy neither eats nor sleeps as he used to do."

"Well, good people, all shall be done that lies in the power of man; but you have reason to look higher for the possible comfort and consolation of your latter days. I dare say no more at present; we shall meet to-morrow."

So saying, he left this interesting family, casting behind him a last look, so expressive of satisfaction, that we need not wonder if it laid the foundation for a thousand fond conjectures. None of them, however, came up in the faintest degree to the series of agreeable surprises awaiting them next day at the hands of the most upright and most friendly of human beings.

On Maurice's arrival at the cottage of Dacheux, he found there before him the father of his mistress, the same who had laughed to scorn his former pretensions; but who, meeting him now with the most cordial frankness, said, "Excuse me, Maurice, for having received somewhat coldly your request for my

daughter's hand; but why did you conceal from me that you were worth four-and-twenty thousand francs, and that you were only waiting an opportunity to purchase warehouses, and set up for yourself?"

"What is all this you are saying?" stammered the bewildered Maurice. "I do not comprehend a word of it!"

"It shall be explained to you," replied good Dacheux, flying to his desk, and bringing forth the deposit so long and so discreetly preserved: "here is your own. If this pocket-book had contained a single name, the least word of direction to any one, you would have been put in possession of it next day, and your poor grandmother's property have been saved from the hammer. But though long foiled in my researches, it has pleased Heaven to grant me at length the joy of restoring it to its lawful proprietors. It can only belong to those who have so well described it; look at this black leather reddened by long use, this old steel clasp, and, above all, at the image of St. Maurice. These twenty-four bank bills make the exact sum drawn by your grandfather, and which he was no doubt carrying back to his employers when, surprised by treacherous liquor, he fell into the Seine: Let this be a lesson, young man, to yourself!"

"Ah, Monsieur Dacheux, there is little fear of my forgetting it. But are you really quite sure this pocket-book was my grandfather's?"

"Yes; by the tokens of this silver watch, which was also upon him, and the little steel chain, from which still hangs your grandmother's golden heart, and by that of the two fingers of the left hand which were missing from the old man I drew out of the river, and the scar from the tip of the right ear to the chin. How could all these marks meet in any but the right person? Nay, my own heart tells me this restitution is the dictate of Heaven. I am too happy in making it, to be under any delusion."

So saying, he warmly embraced the delighted young man, whose honest gratitude found vent in the expressions of unsophisticated nature, and whose goodness of heart soon prompted him to make his relatives at home the sharers of his joy. Panting and breathless, scarce able to speak for delight, he announced to the two dear maternal friends of his youth the happy change in their circumstances, and thrust into the shaking hand of his grandmother the well-known pocket-book, saying as he did so, in his turn, "Here is your own."

"Nay, yours, my children!" exclaimed the palsied one, exerting, to transfer it, more strength than she had done for long. "Methinks I feel reviving already, and as though God might yet grant me to see my great-grandchildren."

The marriage of Maurice with Celestine Aubert took place soon after, and joining his father-in-law, whose experience in the cider trade was very extensive, they were soon at the head of that flourishing branch of business. The old grandmother quitted her lodging up five pair of stairs, and came to live with her daughter and the young couple on the Quai de L'Ecole, where the good air she breathed, and the sight of her children's happiness, so far restored her, that she could sally forth on crutches, to thank in person the author of all their prosperity. She and the friends and neighbors by whom she was accompanied, found the indefatigable friend of humanity engaged in his vocation, having just rescued from a watery grave an interesting young woman, making, with her unborn infant, the two hundred and fifteenth life he had been enabled to preserve!

Every one present crowded round the general benefactor, proclaiming him the honor of his country, and a model for mankind; and all united in beseeching him to continue, while strength permitted, his heroic career, exclaiming, "Never will your memory perish from that of your fellow-citizens, or that proudest of titles with which they have thought fit to associate it, when they conferred on you the affecting surname of 'The Man of the Shore.'"

Apotheosis.

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

Departed: From Marshall, Mich., Feb. 17th, LILLIAN SOPHIA, only daughter of Charles T. and Martha Ward, aged 4 years, 2 months, and 21 days. Her disease was scarlet fever.

Child of our yearning love!
We cannot deem thee dead,
Though from an earthly home
Thy spirit form hath fled.
Blest angels smoothed thy pillow,
And bore thee o'er the billow;
Singing, as on they sped,
"Be comforted!
Your darling is not dead!" M.

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: On the morning of the 22d of Feb., LIZZIE K., eldest daughter of Thomas T. and Anna M. Child, of Philadelphia, in the seventh year of her age. We could not help feeling that there was consolation in knowing that this little one was "not lost, but gone before."

Gone to thy heavenly Father's rest,
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing,
And on thine ear the murmurs softly blent,
Of Shiloh's waters gently flowing.
In the white robes of angels clad,
And wandering by that sacred river,
Whose streams of holiness make glad,
The city of our God forever.

And as Whittier has also said of another:
"There is not a charm of soul or brow,
Of all we knew and loved of thee,
But lives in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality." H. T. C.

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WARREN CHASE speaks at West Winfield, N. Y., March 18th; Syracuse, March 25th; and in Oswego, during April. He will go from Oswego to St. Louis in May, via Buffalo, Cleveland, and Terre Haute. Friends on that route, or on the Mississippi above St. Louis, will address him during April, at Oswego, N. Y.

J. M. PEEBLES speaks each Sunday at Battle Creek, Mich.

MRS. FRANCES O. HYZER will speak in Cleveland the first three Sundays in April.

REV. SAM'L LONGFELLOW speaks in Brooklyn every Sunday at the church corner of Congress and Clinton streets.

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH speaks every Sunday afternoon and evening at Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway, New York.

L. JUDD PARDEE will answer invitations to speak. Address Louisville, Ky.

G. B. STEBBINS may be addressed at Rochester, New York, for a few weeks. He will occupy the platform at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday, April 15.

WILLIAM DENTON, AND ANNE DENTON CRIDGE.—These valued co-workers in the Reform field, start from Cleveland early in April, going as far west as Dubuque. They will answer calls to speak at intermediate points.

WM. DENTON gives full courses on Geology and Theology.

ANNE D. CRIDGE speaks on the Rights of Babies, Psychometry, Self-Cultivation for Woman, Harmonial Education, &c. Address, Cleveland, Ohio.

JASON F. WALKER will speak at Dodworth's Hall, New York, the third and fourth Sundays of March. He can visit points in the vicinity during the weeks following March 12th. Address, Glen's Falls, N. Y.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM speaks morning and evening at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-second street, New York.

REV. GEO. F. NOYES continues his faithful and serviceable efforts in behalf of a Free Gospel, at Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway, New York, every Sunday morning.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture during March at Philadelphia.

REV. ANTONETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, of Newark, N. J., speaks at Goldbeck's Music Hall, 765 Broadway New York, every Sunday evening.

SELDEN J. FINNEY.—This eloquent and truly inspired speaker will answer calls to lecture, upon the Harmonial Philosophy. His address is Plato, Lorain Co., Ohio.

JOHN MAYHEW, M. D., will labor after the first of March through Illinois and Iowa. His address is Pontiac, Mich.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, the venerable ex-congressman is now in the lecture field, speaking in behalf of human rights. His home and address is at Jefferson, O.

F. L. WADSWORTH spends the four Sundays of March at Lyons, Mich.; Syracuse, N. Y., April 1 and 8; Utica, 15th; Troy, 22 and 29.

H. MELVILLE FAY, Akron, Ohio, will answer calls to lecture the coming Spring.

MRS. OLIVE M. HYDE speaks each alternate Sunday at Marcellon and Randolph Center, Columbus Co., Wis. During the week at points near Kingston, Green Lake Co., Wis.

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R. P. AMBLER will speak in Rockford, Ill., the two last Sundays of March; in Milwaukee, during April; in Cincinnati, the last three Sundays of May and first Sunday of June.

BENJ. TODD will labor in Michigan and Indiana until the middle of April. Address, Elkhart, Ind.

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ODIC-MAGNETIC LETTERS. By Baron Reichenbach. Translated from the German by John S. Hittell. pp. 88. Price 25 cents. New York: Calvin Blanchard, No. 76 Nassau st. 1860.

Mr. Hittell has given a clear and terse translation of certain excellent letters of the venerable Carl Freiherr von Reichenbach. His largest scientific production, styled "The Sensitive Man and his Relation to Od," containing 1600 octavo pages, has been slowly working its way into public favor in Europe. But this vigorous and popular translation of the Baron's letters, written in defense of his remarkable Odic discoveries, will open to every reader the vast fluid-ether, "giving passage to every thought, and fair winds to all desirable knowledge." We heartily commend the most of this work to every seeker after truth.

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The February number (No. 2) of this living publication is before us, heavily loaded with many very progressive articles, both prose and verse, entitled "The Christianity of Christ," "The Word," "Walden Woods," "Walden Water," "The Nature of Moral Accountability," "On Prayer," &c., &c.; in almost all which flow a very high order of intellectual power and spiritual cultivation, independent of popular conventionalities, showing that "The Dial" is set to mark only the hours of light; conventionalities, blindness, shallowness, are shadowed and unseen hours for it; but wherever there is a hearty, brave, and earnest thought or feeling, there is a ray for it to mark.

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ELEMENTS OF SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY: Being an Exposition of Interior Principles. By R. P. Hunter, Medium. pp. 76. In pamphlet form; price 25 cents. For sale at this office, No. 214 Canal street.

Although this little work was issued in 1862, during the upward-rising flood-tide of Spiritual excitement in this country, we think it is quite as timely and serviceable a work to-day; and for this reason we announce and offer it to the public. Recontents or themes are: "The Spiritual Era," "Tendency of Materialism," "Interior Realities," "Spiritual Interiorities," "Evil Spirits," "Destiny of Man," &c., &c. The calm, poetic and flowing style is unambiguously that of the medium, Mr. Hunter; but the treatment and elaboration indicate an inspiring presence, differing, to some extent, from his temperament and mental habitude.

A RECORD OF MODERN MIRACLES. By a Dweller in the Temple. pp. 27. Boston: "Banner of Light" office. 1860.

This finely written and just sketch—of Mrs. Mettler's clairvoyant, psychometrical, medical and spiritual career of ten years' continuance—bears the impress of "S. B. B." (the New York editor of the *Banner of Light*), and we therefore do not hesitate to endorse this "Record of Miracles" as a straightforward presentation of absolute facts, many of which have occurred within our own personal experience and observation.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 23, 1860.

FRIENDS: In answer to queries propounded to you by a friend in Philadelphia, you say that your "Journal" is not a party organ—will not close its columns to opposite views—concerning anything. I say "heavens" to you, for you are right.

Like your querist, I have much that I would like to present to spiritualists, relating to everything (through your columns); but I know that the room I should wish to occupy, cannot be spared, and as it will serve the cause better to present my thoughts in another manner, I wish to refer to my plan, as follows:

The friends of Freedom will remember that at the commencement of the American Revolution, which secured the liberties we have, one Thomas Paine wrote a work entitled "Common Sense," which George Washington said did more to gain our cause than the American army. Undoubtedly, if the work had not been published, our rights would not have been secured. So far, so good.

We are now in the midst (or on the eve) of another revolution—more momentous than the former—an "irrepressible conflict" exists in all the channels of life and thought, wherein the spirit of liberty and of slavery are the combatants. More momentous than the former revolution, because the latter is mainly an intellectual and spiritual yearning for progressive advancement—a wishing and acting for the "good time coming" to all humanity. And now, as before, I opine that "type and ink" will be the main weapons of conflict, with which to "let fly" scintillations of thought, that will "tell" upon the side of liberty. But, to the point.

I long have been irresistibly "inspired" ("Spirits" say by a noted politician—John C. Calhoun—but of this I know nothing further. As Swedenborg might say, it all appears to flow from the unfolding of my own mind.) To indite and publish a second "Common Sense," treating upon all topics of "the day," to be used as a "cannon" (if not a scintillator), in the present contest. The time has now arrived when this work must be "put forth" to encourage true hearts, and will open "from the press," are the reader perceive this article. Reformers will please "bear in mind" that this work is especially designed to be their "hand-book" during the coming Presidential campaign, though of use to the "cause of Freedom," (for all coming times) until superseded by higher inspiration, with the same end in view. I have written the work in *my* own "another" "language," which, "it is hoped," it may be, by your humble querist.

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AN ANCIENT PAMPHLET, FOR THE LATE DIAPYR AT LAWRENCE.

The Lowell Journal, in alluding to the late disaster at Lawrence, refers to a similar catastrophe near Rome, and says:

"Tacitus the historian, from whose works this account is taken, was born nineteen years after the death of the Emperor Tiberius. Coming on the stage of life so early after the event, and associating, as he must have done with those who witnessed the calamity, his account is the more reliable. Tacitus, Ann. book i, p. 136, sec. 62.

A sudden calamity occurred in the neighborhood of Marston, Lincolnshire, and Lucius Colpurnius, which equaled the havoc of the most destructive wars; its beginning and ending were simultaneous. One Albinus had undertaken to erect an amphitheater at Fildes, there to exhibit a contest of gladiators. He was of the race of freedom, and as he engaged in the business from no ostensible of wealth, nor to acquire popularity among the inhabitants, but as a matter of world-gain, he utilized his upon solid foundations, nor employed means to strengthen the wooden fabric which formed the superstructure.

Thither flocked from Rome persons of every sex and age, eager for such shows, as during the reign of Tiberius they were deterred from diversions at home, and in greater crowds from the awareness of the place. Hence the calamity was the more disastrous, for the theater being crowded so as to form a dense mass, and then rent asunder, some persons tumbled headlong, others being toward the outer parts, a confused mass of human beings, either intent upon the spectacle or standing near around the place, were either borne headlong to the ground or buried under the ruins. Those, indeed, who were killed by the shock of the first crash, escaped, as far as possible in such a disaster, the agony of torture. Much more to be pitied were those who, with portions of their body torn away, were not yet forsaken of life; those who by day beheld their wives and children, and by night distinguished them by their groans and cries. And now others, summoned to the spot by the aid of friends, bewailed one his brother, another his kinsman, and a third his parents. Even they whom friends or kindred were almost on a distant account were yet terrified; for, as it was not distinctly known who had fallen in the calamity, the alarm spread wider from the uncertainty.

When the ruins began to be removed, they crowded around the dead, embracing them and kissing them; and frequently there arose a contest about their identity, whose distortion of the features, personal resemblance or similarity of age had created a liability to error in those who claimed them. Twenty thousand persons, according to Tacitus, and fifty thousand, according to Suetonius, were crushed to death or maimed by this disaster. It was, therefore, for the future provided, by a decree of the Senate, "that no man under the qualification of four hundred thousand sesterces, should exhibit the spectacle of the gladiators; and no amphitheater should be founded but upon ground of proved solidity." Albinus was punished with exile.

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As I desire to be judged by my works, I make a few certificates of cures recently made by me. From all, may and request by the feelings of the patients, the certificates are omitted, but will be supplied with the return of this paper, as that percent benefit of consulting with me can be made their own and others.

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