

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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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.

### Useful Even in Death.

"AN INQUIRER," NEW YORK.—"I do not like the idea of being stuck into a gloomy hole, six feet under ground, when I die. I believe now that, when I leave this sphere, I shall give my head to Fowler the phrenologist and my body to the anatomist, for the benefit of science. I should like your opinion on this subject."

Unless buried "alive," you will never be put into "a gloomy hole, six feet under ground," although your physical garment, the ponderable body, may be thus put away from observation.

The Fowlers would gladly accept your skull as a "specimen"—of what? We will not undertake to imagine. The College of Physicians and Surgeons would also accept of your skeleton, for "the benefit of science," but we seriously question whether you would be better satisfied. Your intentions are good enough, doubtless, but mayhap you will perform like some other discontented spirits; who, of late years, have shaken their cast-off "dry bones," and even conveyed them through the air to a more congenial resting place, to the terror of phrenologists and people not believing.

### The Shorter Catechism.

D. N. E., EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—"I have mislaid the Old Assembly's Catechism, and cannot inform a Unitarian friend what particular text, or texts, are quoted to support in the child's mind the Trinitarian theory of three Gods in one head. If not too much trouble will you please inform me?"

The fifth question, in the Shorter Catechism, asks: "Are there more Gods than one?" The reply is: "There is but one only, the living and the true God." (Proof texts: Deut. 6:4—Jer. 10:10). But the very next question is: "How many persons are there in the Godhead?" The answer is: "There are three persons in the Godhead." The same in substance, equal in power and glory." (Proof texts: 1 John 5:7—Matt. 28:19).

In said Catechism there are one hundred and seven such questions and answers! and the following encouraging note is appended:

"Let children be encouraged by parents or school teachers, to commit to memory one answer in the catechism each day, as a reward for proficiency in other studies, or for good behavior, and their proficiency would be rapid."

Good children! we pity you.

### Religious Councils Uncertain.

J. ROGERS, WILLIAMSBURG.—"I know but very little of ecclesiastical history. My brother is a Methodist minister, and says that you do purposely misrepresent the religious Councils of the past. Is that so? Please answer through your HERALD OF PROGRESS."

Some people may be likened to fishes that sleep in their shells until very hungry, then slowly they run out their heads to see what's going on for themselves. But on the least disturbance or agitation, in go their cowardly heads beyond the reach of sunlight and fresh air. It is hard to hit such a head, even when you aim at it. But we mean to aim at our Methodist Brother, with a passage from John Wesley:

"What a company of execrable wretches have they been (and cannot give them a milder title), who have almost in every age since St. Cyprian, taken upon them to govern the church. How has one council been perpetually cursing another; and delivering all over to Satan, whether predecessors or contemporaries, who did not implicitly receive their determinations, though generally trifling, sometimes false, and frequently unintelligible, or self-contradictory! Surely Mahometanism was let loose to reform the Christians. I know not but Constantinople has gained by the change."—See "Lives of the Wesleys," page 443.

Ask the good Wesley whether we "misrepresent" the religious councils of ancient days.

### Hermes Trismegistus.

HERMAN WAKEFIELD, NEWTON.—"There is some dispute here, as to whether 'Hermes' is a historical or mythological character. Do you know?"

There is one historical personage, and one mythological character, each with the name of "Hermes." The ancient historian, Diodorus, has given the world to understand that Hermes Trismegistus was the intimate councillor of Osiris. His wisdom was supposed to be vast and spiritual—was priest, and philosopher, and lawgiver, and a teacher

of the mystical sciences to many of his countrymen; by whom he was revered and crowned as a religious chieftain.

The mythological character, by the same name, is modernly known as the god Mercury. Virgil's description has been thus translated:

"Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds His flying feet, and mounts the western winds; And whether o'er the sea or earth he flies, With rapid force they bear him down the skies. But first he grasps within his awful hand, The mark of sovereign power, his magic wand; With this he draws the souls from hollow graves; With this he drives them down the Stygian waves; With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight, And eyes, though closed in death, restore to light."

### The Mind in Sleep.

W. H. SHOTWELL, LODA, ILL.—"Do you think that the mind in sleep is independent of the body? If so, does it wander in the spirit land? If such be the case, why is it that spirits are supposed to be taken by surprise when they die here, and waking, find themselves in a strange place?"

Our answer in this place must be brief. Brother, more particularly because the subject has been considered in the Harmonia.

Notwithstanding all our investigations in the realms of mind, we have no knowledge of an instance where spirit escaped the body, except by means of thought, idea, or consciousness until the moment of final dissolution. But through the medium of idea, feeling, or clairvoyance, the apparent escape and the seeming independence of the spirit are enough complete to impress both subject and witness with a conviction of absolute certainty. We held this belief for nearly three years.

The philosophy of mind is the same as the philosophy of a river of pure eternal water. Man's spirit is a substance, composed of all the divine essences and principles. Its consciousness is the effect of motion, just as the waves of water are the results of some disturbing force. The mind may be quite still during sleep; therefore, during sleep, it may be wholly unconscious. If the substance of the mind is in motion during sleep, it will then of necessity be both conscious and dreamful. It may, however, be exalted into clairvoyance, so that through sight, (and even through all the spiritual senses) the mind may extend its personality or consciousness into new scenes and associations. Thus, Brother, we do not accept the affirmative of your first question.

### Confidence in Mother Nature.

R. D. S.—"Why is it that poets, philosophers, and men of science, as a general thing, discard revealed religion?"

Minds that think independently and with becoming care—expanding day by day with the outflowings of facts, beauties, laws, and principles—very soon ascertain that God made Reason, and therefore did not make an unreasonable revelation for man's guidance! God's natural revelation is congenial alike to the fool and the philosopher, to the Hindoo and Christian, while man's written revelations are suggestive and spiritual, yet invariably egotistic and uncertain. Wordsworth says:

"Nature never did betray The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege, Through all the years of this our life, to lead From joy to joy; for she can so inform The mind that is within us, so impress With quietness and beauty, and so feed With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all The dreary intercourse of daily life, Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold Is full of blessings."

### Quakers and Spiritualists.

W. C. H., SOMERSET, N. Y.—"Why is it that the Quakers denounce Spiritualism as the works of the Devil? They profess to be guided by the Spirit—the Holy Ghost or the comforter—of which the Bible speaks. And we profess to be aided by spirits, who teach us the truths of God and Nature. Both proceed from the same fountain, as I understand them. Why, then, this difference? Will you inform your friend in the cause of truth?"

The difference of conviction is owing to the difference of education with respect to authority. Quakers are eminently Bible-religionists. God is revealed to a Quaker's spirit only through certain religious forms and scriptural passages. They rest upon a supernatural basis. Inspiration is a divine spell thrown upon the faithful in heart. They are a class of sincere "believers" in much that is beyond the reach of reason.

The Spiritualists, on the contrary, begin by demanding "reasons for every hope that is within," a cause for every effect, a natural scientific basis for the superstructure of whatsoever is theological, religious, or celestial. The Quaker believes in the one only and true "Spirit" of God in the still small voice; but not in the ministration of many spirits who cooperate in working out the beneficent purposes of God and the sublime destiny of man. We trust that the "still small voice" will inspire the "Friends" to investigate the truths of modern Spiritualism.

### The Law of True Mating.

HORACE C., WATERLOO, WIS.—"What is the true law of marriage, with regard to the happiness of the pair, and also for the good of the offspring? Should like marry likes, or should opposites marry opposites? Should a highly developed and purely moral person marry an opposite nature, in order that the children may have a correct and well-balanced organism? Which would prove the best in results, for two highly combative organisms to come together in wedlock, or one combative and one meek and gentle?"

The law of true wedlock is written in matter and in man. It is sublime in its process,

and divine in its revelations of truth. The male and female principles, or positives and negatives, exist and govern everywhere.

The nuptial law, of which these opposites are expressions, most explicitly declares that, to the ends of happiness and harmonious offspring, opposite temperaments should marry, but only when there is a similarity of capacity and development. That is to say: the social, moral, and intellectual endowments, and attainments, and tastes of the parties, should bear some considerable likeness to each other, and yet the temperaments (except the centrals), may and should be almost exactly opposite. So, therefore, while rapid and torpid, hot and cold, acid and alkaline temperaments, will favorably affect each other in marriage and result in true parentage, the effect would be exactly otherwise if the unlikeness extended into social and intellectual capacities and dispositions. It will not answer to marry a foolish man to an intelligent woman, nor a combative to a gentle nature, nor a beast to an angel, for misery and diseased offspring would ensue.

### Hugh Miller's best Thoughts.

HENRY HOAG, LANCASTER, PA.—"In what did Hugh Miller differ from the present Mr. Charles Darwin, with regard to the origin of the species?"

Mr. Miller's facts and arguments were tinted and twisted by his belief in a supernatural system of "creation." The present Mr. Darwin, on the other hand, drawing his facts from the unerring domain of perpetually recurring Nature, holds and asserts the doctrine of derivation.

Although we have freely criticised Mr. Miller's facts and deductions, we are not unmindful of several grand and sublime passages in his writings. For instance, take the following paragraph:

"The appearance of a man upon the scene of being, constitutes a new era in creation; the operations of a new instinct come into play—that instinct which anticipates a life after the grave, and reposes implicit faith upon a God alike just and good, who is the pledged 'rewarder of all who diligently seek him.' And in looking along the long line of being—ever rising in the scale from higher to yet higher manifestations, or abroad on the lower animals, whom instinct never deceives—can we hold that man immeasurably higher in his place, and infinitely higher in his hopes and aspirations than all that ever went before him, should be, notwithstanding, the one grand error in creation—the one painful worker, in the midst of present troubles, a state into which he is never to enter—the befooled expectant of a happy future which he is never to see? Assuredly not. He who keeps faith with his humble creatures—who gives even the bee and the drowsy winter for which they prepare—will to a certainty not break faith with man—with man, alike the deputed lord of the present creation, and the chosen heir of all the future. We have been looking abroad on the old geologic burying grounds, and deciphering the strange inscriptions on their tombs, but there are other burying grounds, and other tombs—solitary churchyards among the hills, where the dust of martyrs lies, and tombs that rise over the ashes of the wise and good; nor are there wanting, on even the monuments of the perished race, frequent hieroglyphics and symbols of high meaning, which darkly intimate to us, that while their burial yards contain but the debris of the past, we are to regard the others as charged with the sown seed of the future."

### Vocal Converse After Death.

SARAH A. P., BUTLER.—"Do spirits converse vocally among themselves, or with mortals, as mankind do with each other on earth? I ask, because, in your fifth volume of Harmonia, 'The Thinker,' on page 422, you say: 'These words are written just as Brother Wilson pronounced them repeatedly in my hearing.' And again, page 423, 'when he opened his lips to reply,' &c."

This often asked question has already appeared with an answer in the HERALD. (See No. 7, page 1, for April 7.) But there remains much more to be written on this head, which we shall from time to time contribute.

Inasmuch as spirits are transparent in respect to their thoughts and affections, therefore, they can never say one thing and mean another, as mankind, alas! too often can and do. They cherish no thought, entertain no secret, foster no affection, but what they are willing should beam forth upon their beautiful faces, and be expressed in their harmonious speech.

With regard to Brother Wilson's discourse, and the seeming difficulty he experienced in imparting his thoughts to the clairaudient ear, we may in reply, judiciously quote from Swedenborg:

"The speech of the celestial spirits cannot easily flow into the articulate sounds or vocal expressions known to man; for it cannot be adapted to any word in which there is any harshness of sound, or in which there is a harder duplication of consonants, nor in which there is any idea from the scientific; therefore they seldom flow into speech otherwise than by affections, which, like a flowing stream, or an aura, gives softness to the expressions. The speech of spirits who are intermediate between the celestial and the spiritual, is sweet, flowing like the most soft and gentle atmospheres, soothing the recipient organs, and softening the very expressions; it is also quick and determinate. The flowing and agreeable style of their speech is from this, that the celestial good in their ideas is of such quality, and that nothing of the speech dissents from the thought; everything in the other life that is sweet and harmonious, is from goodness and charity. The speech of the spiritual is also fluent, but not so soft and tender; and it is these, chiefly, who speak."

It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed, of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity. It is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satire and invective were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—Addison.

## Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

657 Let no one good Brother or friend fancy, because we respectfully reject an article, that we are, therefore, prejudiced against the writer of it, nor that we necessarily entertain sentiments hostile to his. We shall make every effort to give both reader and correspondent reasonable satisfaction.

658 We cannot promise to review "The Philosophy of Life," by E. W. Loveland. But our columns are open to any fair criticism.

R. D. JR., PENN LINE, PA.—Your letter, with its kind wishes and contribution, is received. Shall we not return the latter rather than "lay it under the table?"

PROF. CETLINSKI, NEW YORK.—There is much force in your able criticism upon "How to become literary." You may expect to see it in the HERALD very soon. And you will hear from us!

P. W. B., ST. LOUIS, MO.—We think you do not study "your Bible" as we study ours. The old slave code is on the side of slaveholders. Read it in Lev. xxv., 44.

J. R. W., BOWERY, N. Y.—Do not swear, dear Brother. Take a walk in the open air, and you will feel better.

HENRY MCT., PHILADELPHIA.—Gratefully we acknowledge the breathing friendship of your letters.

T. W., JERSEY CITY.—Our back numbers are reserved for those who subscribe from the first issue.

T. B. M., MEDINA, O.—Circulate the copies as you please. We hope to soon have in operation a mailing machine, when Post Office Clerks will not get out of humor with us.

A. H. H., KNOX CORNERS.—The fault cannot be at this office. We, however, send again. Please give names in remitting.

M. W. F., KNOX CORNERS.—Your money is valued at par, and papers shall not fail you by our negligence. We replace the missing numbers.

J. L. T., HIGHBRIDGE.—How beautiful to present a gold ring to your friend. We would suggest the second word in Genesis xxxi., 49. The significance is spiritual.

MRS. J. M. J.—Amid the press of matter your articles are crowded out. Shall we return them, and to what address?

A. G. B., ORISKANY FALLS, N. Y.—The "poems" are somewhat too general and diffuse, both in subject and style, for the columns of the HERALD. They await your order.

S. K., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"The Vale of Tears" is respectfully declined, though the article is not wanting in conception and beauty. More practice will make more perfect the author's constructive powers. Shall we return the manuscripts?

E. H. B., NEWARK.—If you want a text book on "Geology," containing all that is necessary in the science, and adapted to non-professional readers, we commend a work by Sanborn Tenny, A. M. The glossary not only defines the technical words employed, but shows how they should be pronounced—a novel feature, but a valuable improvement.

M. C. H., POTSDAM, N. Y.—You do not "ask too much," dear friend. The cause of not obtaining ample evidence does not rest in your condition, but in the unpropitious train of circumstances by which you have sought for tests. Do not fear that you are destined to "disappointment." Hundreds like you have been eminently successful and satisfied.

D. E. K., DANBURY, CT.—How do we know that what modern spirits have communicated respecting the other world is not false? Ans. We do not presume to judge in matters of this kind. All we contend for, in this matter is the fact that spirits do exist and do communicate. We leave with every man to decide in the free light of his own judgment, whether his departed friends have all been transformed into angels of darkness, or otherwise.

L. F. S., AKRON, O.—Your question, "Do spirits assume material forms?" has been answered to another correspondent. We bid you go forward in the good path. The truth will dawn upon you, bringing rest and happiness.

MRS. S. C. H., RICHLAND CITY, WIS.—The sphere of your letter is indicative of spiritual influence. We have read with very sincere interest the facts of your experience. They do not call for explanation. Good ground will yield a good harvest, if the ground be carefully cultivated. Nothing is more true than your remark that "we oftentimes do much good to those around us when unconscious of it." The same rule will, when reversed, explain much of the world's misery.

J. B. C., MT. CARROLL, ILL.—As soon as our daily duties permit, we shall prepare a paper on "The Climatology of the North American Continent." We think with you that the subject will meet the wants of the age.

E. B., RACINE, WIS.—Your worthy articles are received and are under favorable consideration. You say of one—the shorter—"Print or burn it, but don't return it." How with the other in case we should not use it? Your thoughts on "land monopoly" will be welcome.

M. P. C., BURNE, LACROSSE CO., WIS.—The development of any member of your family by spirit influence cannot but be a source of happiness and encouragement. Something worthy of publication will no doubt be produced in time. As yet, however, your communications are necessarily imperfect.

## The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

### A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

In the town of Walsham, in 1788, the "Fair Penitent" was performed. In the last act, where Calista lays her hand on the skull, a Mrs. Berry, who played the part, was seized with an involuntary shuddering, and fell on the stage.

During the night she was quite ill. When fully recovered, she sent for the stage-keeper and inquired where he had procured the skull. He replied, from a sexton, who informed him it was the skull of one Norris, a player, who, twelve years before, was buried in the graveyard.

Norris was her first husband, and the fact was so startling that Mrs. Berry took to her bed and died. The chill and the faintness made her inquire about the skull. The horror she experienced, when told that it was once her husband's, sealed her death warrant.

Had she known about Spiritualism, she could have accounted for the influence, and felt joy instead of fear and sorrow.

For the Herald of Progress.

## FACTS IN THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN

### SPIRITUAL TESTS.

OSCEOLA, POLK CO., WIS., Feb. 10, 1860.

DEAR SIR: Permit me to introduce myself by relating some facts relative to my experience and acquaintance with Spiritualism. Please excuse me for premising with a little of my own history.

I am now 42 years of age, a Physician and Surgeon, fourteen years in practice, more or less, and like many of our profession have been somewhat skeptical in matters of the supernatural. In other words, it has been a maxim with me not to give credence to anything that I could not demonstrate by the principles of science and philosophy. Hence I opposed the doctrine of Spirit intercourse. But having failed to account for the manifestations, by the application of any principles with which I was surrounded, I determined to investigate the subject.

The following circumstance occurred in the winter of 1837, in Conneaut, Ashtabula Co., Ohio. Among my intimate friends and companions was a young man by the name of Taylor, a printer. The office in which he worked was in the second story of a building. The room beneath was occupied as a tin shop. Taylor, myself, and others of our associates, were in the habit of meeting in the office, on Sunday evenings, in order to read the exchange papers, &c. Four of us were assembled one evening, when, after reading some time, one of our number introduced a pack of cards, and proposed to play a game of "Old Sledge." We were sitting around the table near the middle of the room. We commenced our game. After a third deal there was a blow (seemingly beneath our feet), as though struck with a maul on a heavy piece of timber. It shook the table.

We gave it but little attention, however, and continued the game. The blow was repeated. We sprang to our feet and proceeded below to examine the premises, supposing that some one was there. No person was to be found. The shop was locked. A fresh fall of snow revealed to us no tracks. We therefore concluded that some natural cause produced the noise—shrinking of timber, frost, or something of the kind.

On returning to the office, two of our number refused to continue the game. Taylor and myself sat down to play, and I remarked that I would play if the devil came.

Taylor dealt the cards, I made my first play, when the blow was repeated with great force, and the candle was extinguished in an instant. We did not believe that there was anything supernatural about it, but we concluded not to play cards any more on Sunday.

Within five years I have received a communication from the professed spirit of one of those young men, through a writing medium, calling my attention to the above circumstance and stating that the noise was made by spirits. I do not think I had thought of the matter for years. The medium was a stranger to me. I have not seen or heard of any of those young men for fifteen years, nor do I know that Thomas Tanner is dead, whose spirit made the communication.

I married in May, 1840. My wife was soon prostrated by disease and confined to her bed for four months. She died September 9th. She bore her sufferings with Christian fortitude, expressing her willingness to die. In fact, it was her desire. The evening before her death, while her friends surrounded her bed, she was perfectly calm and rational. She declared that she heard sweet music, and asked if we could not hear it. A few moments before she passed away, she said she saw her sister and others of her deceased friends in the



room. Recently she has communicated to me that such was the fact, and that the spirits of her friends conducted her from earth to the Spirit World!

Now I will tell you how I was forewarned of her death: A short time previous to that event, as I was riding on a dark and rainy night, I saw a bluish light before me. It settled on the ears of my horse. It was so luminous that I could distinguish the hairs on the inside of the ears, although casting but little reflection beyond that point. It remained for some minutes, during which time I passed the ears several times through my hand.

I accounted for the phenomena thus: The horse was completely wet except perhaps the inside of the ears, and electricity was there concentrated. But I have twice since seen similar lights, and when I had no horse. Each time the light was soon followed by a death in my family. I have been told by spirits that I would receive such warnings previous to the death of any member of my home. I give you these facts without any comments of my own.

Again, in 1846, in a dream or vision, I saw (in the night before the event), the premature explosion of a cannon, by which two young men, one of them my brother-in-law, was severely injured, both losing an arm. I say I saw the whole transaction just as plain as in my dream as I saw it when it was done. Even the fact that the gun squad was dressed in white—which was not their uniform, and therefore unusual for them to wear—all which transpired just as I dreamed it.

The foregoing facts all happened before I had begun to examine the claims of Spiritualism, and I have not written them for publication, but you are at liberty to use them as you please. I will continue my letters until I give you a full history of my experiences, some of which are very interesting as tests of spirit intercourse.

Respectfully yours,  
C. P. GARLICK, M. D.

For the Herald of Progress.

#### SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE MIGHTY.

NAPOLEON AND THE DAUPHIN.

BY A FRIEND.

I send you the following for publication, if you deem it worthy of a place in your columns.

An article in the *Telegraph* of Nov. 5th, 1859, headed "Gothie on Spirits and Spiritual Influence," attracted my particular attention. He says: "The demoniacal (that is, the spiritual), is that which cannot be explained by reason or understanding. It lies not in my nature, but I am subject to it. 'Napoleon,' said Ekermann, 'seems to have been of the demoniacal sort.' He was so," said Gothie, "so thoroughly and in so high a degree, that scarce any one is to be compared to him."

Since reading the above, a book has fallen into my hands, entitled "Memorable Scenes in French History," by Samuel M. Smucker, published by Miller, Orton & Co., 1857, No. 25 Park Row, New York. The author, speaking of the last scenes of Napoleon's life, says: "On the morning of the 26th of April, 1821 (nine days previous to Napoleon's death), the Emperor called Monthon to his bedside and said to him: 'I have just seen my good Josephine, but she would not embrace me. She disappeared the moment I was about to take her in my arms. She told me we were about to see each other again, never more to part. Did you see her?'" The author (who is not a Spiritualist), then puts the question: "Was this a delusion of that mighty brain? Or was it another proof that denizens of the Spirit Land may, and sometimes do revisit the glimpses of the moon, and hold intercourse with those they have left behind them?"

The same author, after giving an account of the inhuman manner in which Robespierre and his minions treated the dauphin of France, son of Louis the XVI, a child eight or ten years of age—whose father and mother they had murdered, and whose aim it evidently was also to destroy the life of the child by imprisonment, starvation and neglect—thus describes the last scenes in the life of the young Prince: "After the death of Des-sault, M. Pelletan was appointed to continue the medical treatment of the Prince. He arrived and found his patient in a hopeless condition; all that he could do was to order his removal to another apartment, which was better aired, and had a more cheerful appearance. For a day or two the child seemed to revive, but the improvement was only temporary.

"On the 8th of July, 1795, he again became much worse. Lasne, who was the first to see and converse with him, immediately discovered the traces of the advancing disease. At length he remarked to him: 'How unhappy I am to see you suffering so much.'

"The answer which he received was one of singular interest and mystery. 'Oh, yes!' he answered, 'I am suffering, but the music is so sweet.'

"Lasne was surprised, as well he might be at this remarkable fantasy. He knew that there was no music anywhere in the Temple, or in the neighborhood of it. He, therefore, asked the Prince, 'Where do you hear the music?'

"Above," said he.  
"How long since?"  
"Since you have been praying. Don't you hear it? Listen!"

"Lasne had knelt by the side of the bed, and had devoutly repeated several prayers. After a pause of surprise and pleasure, the dying child added, with increased ecstasy, 'In

\* Lasne was his keeper.

the midst of all the voices, I hear my mother's!"

"After a farther interval the child inquired: 'Do you think my sister has heard the music? How happy it would have made her!'

"Lasne, overcome with emotion, could make no reply.

"The child turned his large eyes toward the open window, and gazed intently upon the blue sky beyond it. His soul seemed wrought up to a high degree of tension, in listening to the unnatural melody which was soothing his dying moments. While he appeared thus engaged, his eye began to grow dim, his countenance to lose its vitality, his body gradually sunk into the arms of Lasne, and in a few moments, without a struggle, he ceased to breathe. The persecuted Prince was free; his spirit had taken its everlasting flight." It was the 8th of July, 1795, a little more than two years after the execution of Louis XVI.

"It might be an interesting inquiry to the philosopher and psychologist to account for the singular phenomenon just narrated respecting the death of the dauphin. Whether hearing the music in question is a proof that the spirits of the departed are permitted to cheer, with heavenly melody, the last moments of the dying, or whether it is to be regarded as a mere delusion of the departed and exhausted spirit, or whether its spiritual faculties can and do become so much strengthened, as its union with its clay tenement loosens, that it has power to hear in the Spirit Land what is unheard by ordinary mortals.

"It is not our purpose to enter into a philosophical or theological inquiry on this subject, but it is worthy of remark, that the historical truth of the incident in question is undoubted, and rests upon the most satisfactory authority. Such cases are not without parallels in the history of minds, though we know of no satisfactory solution which has yet been given of them."

Thus we have another evidence that the literature of the last half of the nineteenth century is becoming more and more imbued with Spiritualism and its phenomena; in fact, there is nothing that issues from the press, in this, our day, that is half so spicy, or is read with so great a relish, as works of this description.

#### THE SPIRIT OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

SINGULAR CONFIRMATIONS.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb., 1860.

DEAR SIR: A year ago last summer, John Page of Elba, Genesee Co., N. Y., who is a medium, told me that a spirit informed him he was Sir John Franklin, and wished Page to go with him and see where his ship was cast away. And the medium told me he went with the stranger and saw where the ship was beached, and that there was a dead body covered with a white sheet, lay in the ship, and that Franklin told him that was his own body. Friend Page thought the ship is near the north-west coast of America, and said the water stretches away in a southerly direction. He thought the ship could be got afloat and brought away. Franklin said the other vessel had been crushed by the ice; that it had sunk, and the crew were dead. The medium told me further, that when Dr. Kane was about leaving in search for the lost ships and crews, he wrote the Doctor that he would instruct him where one of the ships lay, and how to get to it, but received no answer. He then wrote the British Government, offering to conduct an expedition to the place. A respectful answer was returned, but they decline fitting out the expedition.

In the *New York Daily Tribune* of the 11th instant, I observe that the information obtained by the last exploring expedition under Capt. McClintock from the Esquimaux Indians, confirms the main points.

1st. PAGE: One ship had sunk.

CAPT. MCCLINTOCK: "One of them (the Esquimaux) told Peterson, (the interpreter), that a ship with three masts, had been crushed by the ice out in the sea, to the west of King William's Island, but that all the people landed safely."

2d. PAGE: One ship is on the beach.

CAPT. MCCLINTOCK: "It was ascertained that two ships had been seen by the natives of King William's Island. One of them was seen to sink in deep water, but the other was forced on shore."

3d. PAGE: It was not a rocky shore, but a beach where the ship lay at rest, and he thought it could be got afloat again.

CAPT. MCCLINTOCK: "The other was forced on shore, where they suppose she was still remaining."

4th. PAGE: The body of a man lay in the ship.

CAPT. MCCLINTOCK: "Was told that the body of a man was found on board the ship."

5th. PAGE: Franklin was dead, and not still living in some castaway condition.

CAPT. MCCLINTOCK: "Found a writing from which they learned that Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847."

6th. PAGE: That they were near the Western coast of America."

CAPT. MCCLINTOCK: "The spring of 1847 found the expedition within 90 miles of the known sea off the coast of America."

The medium said he went with the spirit of Sir John Franklin and saw the vessel and the situation of things; and (mark the fact!) Capt. McClintock's report proves his correctness.

Yours, fraternally,

ORRIN ABBOTT.

When the wise man thinks, he arms himself against the assaults of the whole world.

#### Philosophical Department.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

#### AN ESSAY ON LIFE, ITS ORIGIN AND OBJECTS.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

#### CHAPTER VII. VEGETABLE LIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

##### Flowering Plants.

The first life cell having been formed in the waters, it is very natural to suppose that the beginning of the next family would be in similar conditions, and such is the fact. The first flowering plants are born beneath the waters and closely allied to the higher forms of the algae. The law of differentiation, already referred to as producing roots, stems, and leaves, in the higher Cryptogamia, manifests itself much more distinctly in this order. There are two classes of water plants, growing in and under the waters: the *marine*, which are found in salt water, and the *aquatic*, which inhabit the fresh water of ponds, lakes, rivers, and marshes. Many of these are very beautiful, but as their characters, with the exception of their location, do not present any very distinct and important differences from the land plants, we shall dismiss the consideration of them for the present—reserving some remarks on their functions—until we come to speak of *Aquaria*, in which they play an important and interesting part.

We have seen that plants are multiples of cells, forming by slight modifications the different organs; for instance, the elongated cell produces fibers. The modifications of the primary cells are still more marked in the flowering plants.

Hitherto propagation has been by cells or spores, which differ but little from the cellular structure of the plants themselves. Almost all parts of these had the power, under favorable circumstances, of continuing the species; gradually, however, this power was becoming more and more limited, though it never entirely disappears in the vegetable kingdom. The concentration of the life-forces upon a central point in the germinate cell, which is the culmination of the reproductive force, will be more readily understood, after we have traced the growth of a flowering plant through its various stages. The germinal cell of the plant, (which is the focal point of life, in a simple nucleated or dotted cell,) is prepared by a mature plant in what are usually termed the seeds; and around these germinal cells, for there are often several, there is stored up a quantity of nutriment in the form of starch, vegetable albumen, sugar, or some other substances easily assimilated by the infant germ, in its first stages of development.

When a seed, having perfect germinal cells within it, is deposited in the ground at a proper depth, and a certain amount of heat, moisture, air, and light, are supplied to it, the cells begin to absorb the nutriment from around it. One of them expands and multiplies, sending out fibers—usually of a white color, there being but little light to paint them. These shoot out horizontally and in a direction from the surface of the earth, with the exception of one more prominent than the rest, which starts upward, or in the direction in which it can reach more light and air, seeking these at the surface of the ground. Having arrived here in most plants new organs are formed, capable of manifesting higher functions.

There is a proverb often spoken to children that "fingers were made before forks and spoons." This is true of plants. Most of the Cryptogamia have the power of feeding indiscriminately from all parts of their systems; but as we ascend in the scale, there comes to be a sort of discrimination or judgment—certain parts select the food. This is done by the roots mainly in the higher plants. The new organs to which we alluded are the leaves which modify the food that has been taken in, and prepare it to sustain and develop the organism.

As soon as the stem has reached the surface of the ground, in all except one class of plants, one or more leaves of a peculiar character are formed. These are called *Cotyledons*; and those plants which have none of these leaves, are called *Acotyledonous*; those having one only, are *Mono-cotyledonous*; those having two, are *Di-cotyledonous*; those having more than two are *Poly-cotyledonous*. These first leaves differ considerably from the true leaf. They are fleshy, generally oval, like a little spoon which the plant puts out to gather new elements to mingle with those which the root has gathered up.

The plant, having used the food which its parent had stored up for it, is now compelled to seek its own; but this necessity does not come until power is given to obtain a supply. This is done at first by these temporary leaves, which perform a two-fold duty: first, sustaining the plant through a certain stage of growth, and secondly, like the scaffolding around a house, aiding in the construction of the true leaf.

The leaves are the most important and interesting organs in the vegetable kingdom. Very often, by being rolled up and cemented together, they make the *stem* and *branches*; when neatly rolled or folded together without the cement, they form the *bud*; when unfolded and refined, and painted in beautiful colors, they make the *flower*.

Let us follow more minutely the stages of growth in the plant, beginning with the germinal cell in the seed. This cell absorbs nu-

triment from around it. The condition favorable to its growth tending to soften the starch and gluten, so that they may be readily taken up; new cells are rapidly formed, and these arrange themselves so as to produce fibers for the roots and stems; which are perforated by capillary tubes adapted for conveying fluids. The small roots have orifices or mouths fitted for taking up fluids from the soil containing elements in solution, which sustain the plant.

These fluids thus obtained are only capable of carrying the plant through its earlier stages. They must undergo some changes and receive some additional elements from light and air, through the leaves. The cotyledons perform this function temporarily, and through their aid power is obtained to form a new and beautiful arrangement of cells in the true leaf. Upon the upper surface they are more closely packed than below, making this more firm and smooth. The cells of the lower surface are loosely arranged with air cells among them, and vast numbers of little mouths called *stomata*, adapted for the absorption and exhalation of air and moisture. Generally if a leaf be placed with its under side on the surface of water, so that it cannot absorb air, its functions will be arrested and it will die. The upper surface absorbs and decomposes light. The function of the leaves has been compared to respiration. The elements of nutrition which have been absorbed by the spongioles in the roots, pass up through the capillaries to the leaves, there undergo certain changes and are returned to the different parts of the plant, to build up its various tissues.

One of the greatest mysteries of life is the fact that cells, differing but little in chemical composition, and not at all in appearance, should manifest such different properties and produce such varied results. Science in making her deepest researches, and revealing the operations of the laws of Nature, is, in reality, only widening the circle of knowledge, and enlarging the bounds of that unknown land of mystery that ever lies beyond. Plants have two objects: nutrition and reproduction; and the latter may be said to be the chief end. After the development has proceeded so far as the formation of the leaf, all that is really needed for the plant has been done; but for reproduction a new arrangement must be made.

First, then, we find a little bud folded very compactly in a number of small leaves, and attached to a joint on the branch, generally, and near its extremity. These buds in annual plants, which grow in temperate and cold climates, are formed in autumn, and remain closed until the genial rays of the vernal sun call into activity the vital forces in the roots, and enables them to set the fluids in motion, and to send them up to the leaves, there to be finished, and fitted for nourishing the various parts of the plants.

These buds then gradually unfold, and new and interesting phenomena are manifested. The outer leaves usually retain their original green color, turn out like a cup, which is called the calyx; while those within, which are more delicate and finely organized, select from the rays of light the food which is best adapted to their condition and development. Each separate ray of the solar spectrum furnishes a different kind of food. They make their selection and reject the rays which are not needed, and these cast-off rays give us the color of the flower. These leaves are called petals, and they form the corolla. The petals thus unfolded, vary in number in different flowers, from a single bell-shaped one to more than a hundred, depending very much upon cultivation. Within the center of the bud, surrounded by these petals, lies the embryo-germinal cell; but it is only in a negative condition, and has not yet acquired the power of reproducing a new plant. Under the microscope it presents the appearance of a perfect and fruitful cell, but we know that as yet it is not so.

In all plants on this plane, a combination of positive and negative forces is essential for the continuation of the species. There must be a union of these forces before a perfect germinal cell can be produced. These positive and negative, or male and female elements, are generally found in the same flower; sometimes they are produced by different flowers upon the same plant; and there are many instances in which they grow upon separate plants, often at considerable distances from each other. The cells which produce the new plants in lower orders, are probably subject to changes somewhat similar, but we have not been able to trace these; hence the name "Cryptogamia," which signifies *hidden marriages*. In the higher plants we can trace many of these changes; a set of organs called stamens start up, like little trees, from the center of the flower; and on the summits of these there grows a mass of cells called *pollen*, which furnish the positive element necessary for the perfection of the negative germinal cells. When this pollen is matured, it usually falls on the central bulb, and is thus brought into proper relation to the negative cell.

Nature has provided various means of securing this union, which is so essential to the reproduction of the plant. A large quantity of this dust is prepared. It is very light and easily blown about by the wind, and is often carried by insects. An instance is related of a Russian lady who had a large conservatory and green house erected for the purpose of raising, in a cold climate, the fruits and flowers of temperate and warm latitudes. A very superior quality of cherry trees were introduced and cultivated with decided success, so far as the growth and production of blossoms. But no fruit grew upon them. Various experiments were tried without success,

until, at the suggestion of a naturalist, some bees were introduced into the house. The next season the trees were loaded with fruit! The bees, in passing from flower to flower, had carried the pollen to its destination, and thus fructified the seed.

When a union has taken place between the positive and negative elements, there is laid up around the germinal cell a quantity of nutriment well adapted to the development of this cell in its earlier stages—adapted, also, to the character and habits of the plant. Thus, if it be one which is soon to reproduce its species, and some begin to grow before they drop from the parent stem, the elements in this case are of a perishable nature; but if it be a seed that is compelled to wait for some time for favorable conditions to develop itself, a more permanent character is given to these surrounding elements.

The command of God, to all living organisms, "increase and multiply," is carried out by the lower orders more profusely than by any others; and in plants there are vast numbers of seeds, so many that if none were used up for other purposes, many species would soon overrun the earth, and either exhaust themselves for want of suitable food or exclude others from their proper domain.

But there are few instances in which there is a greater display of wisdom and goodness than in the arrangement which is here made. Thus, while there are abundance of germs to secure a continuation of the species, most of these are surrounded by rich nutriment which is admirably adapted for the sustenance of other orders of plants, of a very large proportion of animals, and of man. How few of us think, when we are enjoying luscious fruits—so grateful to our taste and so essential to our growth and development—that these are formed by the hand of Nature, and placed around the germinal cell, designed, in the Divine economy, first as food for that, and afterwards so beautifully adapted to furnish food for others. But we shall refer to this in speaking of the different families of plants and their uses.

One of the greatest mysteries in the domain of vegetable life is the fact that different plants—living upon the same soil, water, air, and light—should produce such varied products. One a deadly poison, and the other wholesome and nutritious food! One a soothing narcotic, and another an irritating stimulant. This problem requires more delicate power of detecting a nicer play of affinities than the science of chemistry has yet been able to fathom, extensive and laborious as have been its researches in the great laboratory of Nature.

When we consider the limited number of elements which enter into these compounds, we recognize the fact that it must be under the influence of the law of isomerism that these productions are so different in their character and actions. A slightly different arrangement of the same elements produces an entire change of character and properties. Herein lies the secret of these varied productions. And when the light of science shall enable us to march into the more interior realms of Nature, and fathom the operations of laws at present scarcely recognized, we shall doubtless understand more fully how these varied productions are brought forth. At present we may be content with the knowledge of the fact, and admire the skill and power of the great Workman, who, out of so few materials and with such simple instruments, can present such a grand display of Variety and Beauty. One lesson we may all learn, that such a Workman "doeth all things well;" and, if we do not understand, let us not presume to condemn.

The circulation of the sap through the organisms of plants is evidently aided by capillary attraction, but it is not produced by this, or it would be continuous and uniform, as long as the tubes maintained their integrity. These capillary tubes go up from the roots to the leaves, and from the leaves through the various parts of the plant; and from their form and character are very nicely adapted for conveying the fluids, requiring less impetus to move the fluids than any other form of tube. But they do require an impetus to be given to it. And this is given by the *spongioles* in the roots first, and afterwards by the *stomata*, or mouths in the leaves. The motion through the plant is the result of a "vis a tergo," which may be illustrated by a very simple and familiar experiment. Stand up a number of bricks on end so near to each other that when one falls it shall strike and overturn the next, and so on through all of them. The little mouths in the roots are funnel-shaped or tapering, having the smaller end at the orifice. When a proper degree of heat, moisture, &c., are applied to these, they become positive to the fluids in the soil around them; and as a consequence of the law of positive and negative forces, *attract* each other. The roots being fixed, the fluids flow to them, enter the mouths but immediately after contact their electric conditions become similar; and by the same law they are made to *repel* each other. But owing to the form of the tube or mouth they are drive inward, and all beyond is compelled to move on. Here, then, is the necessary impetus, starting beneath the soil but reaching upward and outward to the very topmost and widest branches of the loftiest trees. The same law operates in a similar manner in the leaves, though with less force, more power being required to lift the fluids from the roots against the force of gravity.

The fluids which are sent to the leaf, are negative to the *stomata*. When they arrive there they become positive and are repelled, but not being able to escape they are compelled to return; and being now in a different electrical



condition, they find other capillaries which carry them through the plant to nourish the different organs and tissues. This different electrical condition is all that is required to prevent their return by the same tubes through which they rose up, and to insure their entrance into the proper tubes.

Most plants have several centers of life, are kind of communities, from which individuals may be removed, without being destroyed. These centers are generally confined to two parts, viz: the roots and the leaves or buds. Either of these may produce new plants. By inserting a bud or leaf into the stem of a plant of the same family it will often grow, and it is by means of "grafting," or inoculating, that most of our best fruits are raised. In these instances the leaf or bud-center furnishes and controls the form and character of the fruit; while the root-center furnishes the elements necessary to build these up. But we shall have to refer to these subjects again.

Flowers are God's ministers, ever preaching in the grand temple of Nature, proclaiming His impartial love, in their fragrance, which they pour out alike for all; showing forth His wisdom and power in their silent beauty, which is displayed alike in the gardens of cultivation and in the forests and lonely places of earth; manifesting His bounty and goodness in the abundant fruits which they spread out in the great banqueting house of Nature, with an unsparring hand for beast, bird and man. How beautifully these little messengers are laboring in their field of duty and of love, ever inspiring hope, peace, and joy!

### Human Rights.

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

### The Marriage and Divorce Controversy.

#### REVIEW OF THE MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE CONTROVERSY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.—SIR: I presume that everybody, by this time, has read or heard of the Marriage and Divorce controversy between Horace Greeley and the Hon. Robert Dale Owen; and of course, no one entertained the least doubt as to the issue. Mr. Owen's experience as a Statesman and Philosopher, gave him pre-eminently the advantage, especially in this case, the grounds being so well defined by nature. It required but a slight struggle, ere Mr. Greeley was induced to drop the subject in disgust, as usual in cases where he is unable to "pull the wool" over one's eyes to his satisfaction.

Permit me, briefly, to review the discussion from an ordinary standpoint.

First. Mr. Owen charges that Mr. Greeley views Marriage as an insolvent compact, "the very essence" of which is that the parties shall "cleave to each other till death."

Second. He quotes the Jewish law of marriage and divorce, which Moses claims to have received direct from God, as evidence that the social rights of the citizens of this State are unwarrantably subverted by its statute laws, since, according to the Old Testament, easy divorce was expressly permitted in those days when man received law direct from God.

Third. He shows the quasi-divorce, which Mr. Greeley thinks "just right," to be a prolific source of loose morality, and asks, "what becomes of the 'mutual and solemn vow' in such cases, 'to live together till death do them part' and of the dictionary definition adduced about being 'united for life'?"

Fourth. He quotes Christ's own words, Mat. v. 28, "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already, in his heart," upon which he ventures to put an unequivocal construction. Now let us see how these points are met.

From the First, the natural inference is, that since divorce laws regard marriage as a solvent compact, therefore the mere existence of such a law is *prima facie* evidence that all married people subject to such law, are living under a substitute for true marriage. Mr. Greeley meets this charge with an emphatic, "O, no sir," and a sanguine "trust" that ninety-nine hundredths of our married people, are redeeming their pledges of fidelity. But of course he knows better, since from all quarters the wall of the miserable victims of the "hallowed institution" are rising with a sad and unmistakable earnestness.

The Second, he "is content to leave to the brief but pungent commentary of Jesus." This is summary, to say the least. But with what force it applies to the powerful logic of Mr. Owen, I leave the reader to judge.

The Third, he is beautifully mum, with the exception of a slight modification, providing a separation without the liberty to marry again, in cases where life, or limb, is endangered, by remaining in this relation of "mutual affection!" Verily, this is an encouraging feature; there is some hope of Mr. Greeley yet, though his embarrassment evidently increases.

On the Fourth point he is silent also, as what virtuous man wouldn't be! but making a virtue of necessity, he "don't think that as men and women actually are, the law can be improved"—is willing to see experiments tried, but persists in showering maledictions on the heads of experimenters. Mr. Greeley could not fail to perceive the force of his opponent's argument on Mat. v. 28, showing that if the fountain was corrupt, the muddy waters must flow; but he is the last man to be convinced against his will, or yield an inch of ground in favor of an unpopular question. He discourses fluently of nature and inherent reason, adduces voluminous constructions,

and not least of all, his own personal exegesis, arrogates to himself an exclusive right to draw on any and every resource he chooses, to substantiate his position, but masterfully dissects from Mr. Owen's dictum on all important points.

He zealously adheres to the Scripture doctrine of marriage and divorce, as he is pleased to understand it, believing the law of Christ, rather than Moses, to be immutable and eternal, thus virtually denying the validity of the Heaven-ordained Jewish law of marriage and divorce, for over 1400 years, and yet Christ recognized adultery of the heart, a view that his pet State statute never dreamed of, and one that militates against his indissoluble marriage theory, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. As will be seen, he does not scruple to garble the subject, to make it appear respectable, nor is that all; his replies are replete with flagrant tautology. He may have good reasons for his inveterate hostility to social reform, not the least of which may be the view he takes of the world under progressive influence, judging from an intuitive knowledge of himself. The theory, however, of cutting every man's garments by one pattern, doesn't hold good in practice, and the man who advocates it is but a poor metaphysician.

For the most part Mr. Greeley is a bold, out-spoken advocate of human rights, but while I admire his genius in handling many important questions, yet I cannot but dissent from his views of this question, as I believe thousands of others will. I can see no good reason why any two individuals who mutually and earnestly desire a divorce, (not only from "bed and board," without title to either soul or body, but fall and free,) should not have it.

Mr. Greeley says, the Divine end of Marriage is parentage, or the perpetuation and increase of the Human race; but what a race the parties to discordant marriages, turn loose upon the world! Reared amid continued scenes of ribaldry, strife, and cruelty, who wonders the world is what it is? But reason is useless when men are pre-determined not to yield. The arts and sciences are progressing daily, yet man's spiritual relations seem doomed to droop under the rigid administration of a soulless material philosophy.

LOCK WILSON.

For the Herald of Progress.

#### ANOTHER VIEW OF MARRIAGE.

DEAR SIR:—As the subject of "Permanent and Temporary Marriages" appears to exercise the minds of some very sincere and goodly people, I feel willing to offer my contribution thereto, however small it may be, and without in anywise contradicting or attempting to controvert any different opinion. In fact, I think that to be the most rational way of discussing all unsettled questions, namely: let each one state his honest opinion, with such evidence as he may be able to produce, and let every inquirer examine the various bearings for himself, and not waste a great amount of useless argument to pull down the position of his antagonist, who, perhaps, is equally intelligent and equally honest, but who, in consequence of a different temperament or a different standpoint, may arrive at a different conclusion.

But to the subject. Some persons appear to believe that each individual has, by some sort of fate, one particular mate selected, either in this life or the next, and that any marriage with another person but the one so selected, must necessarily be only a "temporary marriage."

I must confess that I have not yet met with any evidence sufficient to reach such a conclusion. But, on the contrary, I suppose that any person of pure intentions, with a fair development of intellectuality and wisdom, may marry any one of forty different individuals, premising that the one selected shall be of suitable age and temperament, of suitable habits and circumstances generally, education, &c., and that both the parties shall live out their highest perceptions of right. I opine that the case selected would prove to be a "permanent" marriage; that this operation may be repeated any reasonable number of times, and that, too, without any risk of creating any disturbance in our future existence with spiritual partners.

I arrive at this conclusion by reasoning from analogy. If we look out upon the broad expanse of Mother Nature, we shall discover that she always makes the best possible use of all her materials, and also controls all circumstances and conditions to produce the best results possible. Hence, if we cut down a bush, a sprout will spring up; or if we break a bone, with any kind of treatment almost, it will again knit. Many instances are known where leaden bullets being lodged in different parts of the human body, Nature straightway forms a cyst, to prevent irritation or other injurious consequences from their presence. So it is throughout every department of her operations. These physiological laws are especially visible in the world of maternity and paternity, and are abundantly illustrated among our apparently unhappy marriages. For how often do we see that, notwithstanding such married parties may disagree and separate, yet how generally do they get together again, especially if they have had children, and this is often several times repeated.

I could cite a number of cases selected from known facts, drawn from the animal kingdom, including man, to prove that these results are based on well defined laws, relating to physiology; and further, that the Scriptural phrase, that the twain shall henceforth be "one flesh," is not so far from the (literal) truth as one might imagine.

Finally, I think it is greatly to be regretted that any couple who were married under the best influences of which they were capable at the time, should, after having lived together with a tolerable share of happiness, get a notion that they are not "mated," inasmuch as that notion, right or wrong, would soon sap the foundations of all future comfort. Moreover, as far as my observations extend, where a change of partners has been effected, in a great majority of cases, happiness was not increased; that there are opposite cases, is granted, but still they form the exception, and not the rule. As to that class of marriages which are gotten up under false and improper influences of any kind, I do not see that anything better can be done than for the injured or overreached to appeal to the laws of—Indiana.

Yours, fraternally,

FALLSINGTON, Pa. E. HANCE.

#### THE BIBLE ON MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

THE NAIL DRIVEN AND CLINCHED.

HOLLEY, N. Y., March 26, 1860.

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: I think Robert Dale nailed Horace pretty snug to the counter. I wish he had driven one other nail, found in the Old Record, and made the thing complete.

St. Paul is deemed, by all Biblearians to be second only to Christ himself, as a Christian expounder and lawgiver. He has given a rule of divorce which allows the married parties, in certain relations, more looseness than even is allowed in the case cited in Deuteronomy, xxiv. 1; not for want of affection for each other, as in that case, but for unbelief, and want of faith in our—the Christian—religion.

The husband and wife, either of them, are granted perfect liberty, without the least ceremony or formality, even not so much as the exchange of bills of divorcement, as under the Levitical code, to pack up, step out, and walk off! Read 1 Cor., 7: 12, 13, and first part of 15 v. After enumerating in the context, in which Paul says, "Not I, but the Lord" commanded; he continues: "But to the rest, (or following) speak I, not the Lord." If any brother hath a wife that believeth not, and she be pleased to dwell with him, let him not put her away. And the woman, which hath a husband that believeth not, and if he be pleased to dwell with her, let her not leave him. . . . But if the unbelieving depart, let him depart. A brother or sister is not under bondage in such cases." There is no quibbling out of this. Now, if this rule is applicable to disagreements in religious matters, why not in politics, and a hundred and one other comparatively trivial differences? Especially in cases of drunkenness and abandonment!

Remember! this was after the world had stepped down along the line of ages from Moses to Christ, after the opening of the Christian era, and after Paul was converted to Christianity, that he made this rule; so here are two New Testament or Christian rules of divorce, or separation, Christ's and Paul's, or tight and loose! the latter, section 2, of article 1, of the Christian Organic Law of Divorce.

What now about your New Testament divorce law, only for adultery? I think friend Greeley's "done for!"

C. ROBINSON.

For the Herald of Progress.

#### BRUSHING AWAY "THE COBWEBS."

ROBERT DALE OWEN AND HORACE GREELEY.

The discussion between these two distinguished gentlemen, on Marriage and Divorce, in your very welcome HERALD, of the 24th inst., was read with deep interest. And we would like to have Brother G., give that "cobweb" of Brother O.—a "brain" another "brush," as the "web" appears to have been of too strong fiber, and running too deep through the convolutions of the brain, and too far back in history, to be "brushed out" by a single near-sighted stroke.

And, by the way, permit me to express my hearty approbation of the HERALD OF PROGRESS. I regard it a right thing in a right time. I like its searching, sweeping, and appropriate truths, its adaptation to present needs and desires. May it long live, and continue to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and enrich the poor in spirit.

Fraternally yours,

P. B. BRISTOL.

DANVILLE, Liv. Co., N. Y.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE ON WOMAN'S DRESS.—In her recent work published in London, Florence Nightingale has the following paragraph:

"It is, I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, when female ink-bottles are perpetually impressing upon us 'women's' particular worth as general missionaries, to see that the dress of women is daily more and more unfitting them for any 'mission' or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitting for all poetic and all domestic purposes. A man is now a more handy and far less objectionable being in a sick-room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles; only a man can cross the floor of a sick-room without shaking it. What has become of woman's light step?—the firm, light, quick step we have been asking for."

Wise men can read your history in your behavior. The manners of the eye will reveal all the interior of man. The eye always obeys exactly the action of the mind; by it you can tell whether an argument hits a man; there is a look by which he shows whether he has got a good thing.

### Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

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

(Reported for The Herald of Progress.)  
NINETY-THIRD SESSION.

The New York Spiritual Conference is held every Tuesday evening, in Clinton Hall.

QUESTIONS (continued): What specific reforms does modern Spiritualism inculcate?

DR. GRAY read the introduction to an unpublished pamphlet written by a modern Spiritualist, who had placed the manuscript in his hands, with freedom to cite such portions of it as he might deem applicable to the subject before the Conference.

The selection mainly embraced some of the author's ideas of government, and was listened to with much interest. With his permission some future report may yet be enriched with extracts from this truly thrifty production.

DR. HAYDEN contributed the following paper: The question, properly before the conference this evening for discussion, is:

"What specific reform does modern Spiritualism teach?"

Were it allowable to answer one question by propounding another, I would ask, what specific reform does not modern Spiritualism inculcate? I certainly know of none. It is the advocate of all reforms; its voice is for woman's rights, for man's rights, the freedom of thought and of speech, and all the rights of a common humanity, be they what they may.

Had I framed the question I would have had it read thus: What does modern Spiritualism teach? for it certainly does not teach any one specific reform more than another. It has no favorite hobby on which to ride into glory.

Modern Spiritualism is universal in its aims—encompassing in its grasp all reforms—bringing forth all that is good and ennobling in the soul of man. Its limits have never been staked out—its depths have never been sounded by the plummet—its heights no prophetic vision has been able to reach, however aspiring and lofty may have been its flight.

I cannot tell what modern Spiritualism may have taught each one of you, but I do know what it has endeavored to teach me and many others.

First of all, it teaches the immortality of the soul—that you and I can never die, being a part of Deity—heirs of eternal life. Age after age will roll away, but you and I will ever remain with the present—the eternal now.

Modern Spiritualism has done more in a single hour to demonstrate the immortality of the soul, than the church has accomplished, by all its preaching and praying in eighteen hundred years. It has demonstrated it by Spirit communion—by actual converse with those who have gone to the better land.

I have known a dozen raps, from invisible spirit hammers on "unclassical mohogany," to send a stronger conviction of immortality to the heart of an infidel, than all the preaching he had listened to, from the ablest divines, for fifty years.

It has been said that there is "nothing new under the sun." I think modern Spiritualism has proved this assertion to be a slight mistake, for it teaches one fact which I believe to be entirely new, at least I have never heard it preached from any pulpit. It is not included in the thirty-nine articles of faith, it is not incorporated in any creed. It is not the property of any sect, and cannot be found in any book or parchment where modern Spiritualism has not written it. I have never heard it advanced in any political speech. I have never heard it sung at any revival meetings. It is not in Watts' hymns. It is not taught in any of our religious or secular literature, and so far as my knowledge extends it has never been preached outside of modern Spiritualism.

The fact is simply this: that no man, woman, or child can commit any offense, however small, against the laws of God, Nature, or their own being, and escape its just penalty by repentance, or a vicarious atonement. Do what you will in violation of law, you must suffer the consequences and bear your own cross.

Spiritualism teaches that every thought and action, good or bad, committed in this life, leaves its impress on both body and mind, and the only redemption for the sinner is through good works—noble deeds of love and purity.

No praying at the eleventh hour, no penance or sacrifices, no confession of sins, no baptizing or sprinkling with holy water, will wash away the transgressor's misdeeds. Each and every one must work out his and her own salvation. This is a new article of faith, and is one that should be realized by every Christian, and by every Spiritualist as well.

Modern Spiritualism teaches that every act of a man's life is written in a book—kept within his own breast for future reference and reckoning. That man unconsciously stamps his own character on his forehead so plain, that he who runs may read the history of his life. I am afraid that many of us would want to shut and seal our book from sight, for there might be some blots on its pages hard to erase.

Modern Spiritualism teaches him who would take his brother's blood, that that brother will confront him in the open day amid the passing throng, in the market-place, in the church—will stand beside his pillow in the silent watches of the night, and demand justice. It teaches him that he may destroy the

body, but he can have no power over the spirit, which will repeat its dying groans in his ears, until maddened by the horrid sounds he becomes his own accuser at the bar of justice.

Let the truth of this doctrine be but once fully impressed on the minds of the people, and there will be no more murders, and the hangman can go and hang himself for the want of employment.

Modern Spiritualism reveals to us, that there is no field of reform where ministering spirits are not at work dispelling the clouds of darkness by the light of their shining faces. Let the following facts attest the truth of this statement:

A man one day called at the rooms of Mrs. Hayden, as he said, to get a test of her powers. She very properly referred him to the spirits, at which suggestion he laughed with incredulity. One, two, three, sounded the raps.

"What is that knocking?" asked skeptic. "The spirits knocking," replied the medium.

"What have the spirits to say to me?" he inquired after a pause.

"Much!" was the response.

"Well, who are you?"

"Your victim."

"My victim! what victim?" exclaimed skeptic, agitated.

"The poor girl whom you murdered to conceal her shame and your guilt!"

The dead had arisen, but with no word of reproach, for none was needed. The skepticism of that man had gone forever, and he was left alone to himself and his own reflections. Suffice it to say, that in the presence of that injured spirit he confessed his crime, and prayed her forgiveness, which was not withheld.

I have not given the precise language, nor have I exaggerated the fact.

A gentleman, living in the western part of this State, called on Mrs. Hayden, one day last week, and said to her, "Madam, I want a test of the immortality of the soul. I am an unbeliever in a conscious existence hereafter."

He sat down to the table, and what purported to be the spirit of his little daughter, assisted by her aunt, gave the name of "Addy," and then said: "My name was Adelaide, but you used to call me Addy," and then said: "Dear Father, I am so happy to testify to you that I live, and that you shall live after death."

The gentleman then asked her if she would give him some further test that would be conclusive to his mind. The spirit then wrote:

"Do you remember, father, my trying to call you back to kiss you, just before my departure?" The gentleman did not remember, and went away, but called again in a day or two. The spirit again addressed him, and said:

"Dear father, the test, which I gave you the other day, you did not remember. As you were leaving the room, I tried to call you back, but failed; and mother said to you, that I wanted to kiss you, and then you came back, and I put my lips to yours and kissed you."

The mention of the mother calling him, brought the circumstance vividly back to his mind, and his tears testified to the truth of the spirit's declaration.

"Cui bono." I am almost vexed when some persons ask me what good modern Spiritualism is doing? It is robbing death of all its terrors. It is lighting up the dark places of the earth with a joyful faith. It is preaching good will to men, and that it is better to do right than wrong. It is teaching men to do better, and that two wrongs will never make one right—that if man takes life, no number of men are justified in taking his life in return.

If the authorities of Virginia had been Spiritualists, they would never have hanged John Brown, for the influence of one spirit-man is more potent, for good or for evil, than a hundred men encased in flesh and blood. Today, John Brown and his companions in arms pass from north to south, instilling their sentiments into receptive minds, unmolested, and beyond the power of all the armies of the world combined.

But I must close. To you who would ask what good modern Spiritualism has done, I would say: go to the mother who has laid the little form of her child beneath the rose turf, and ask her that question, and she will tell you that it has robbed the grave of its sting, and has given back to her arms her once lost child.

The reading of the two papers left but little time for verbal remark, and the condition of the atmosphere was perhaps not the most favorable for quickening the germs of thought in the Conference, whatever its effect upon early vegetables in the country. However,

DR. GRAY said: The doctrine of the unforgiveness of sin on the part of the transgressor with its forgiveness by the injured party, is, as remarked by Dr. Hayden, peculiar to modern Spiritualism as compared with all existing forms of religious thought. Ancient Spiritualism taught it also; but, through mistaking commentary for revelation, the world soon lost sight of it. In modern Spiritualism, it abundantly reappears—and in a clearer light. He was once at Mr. Conklin's, when two strangers were present, one of whom asked for a communication from his father. The father purported to be present. He asked for a test—could his father tell him where and when he died? Better than that, my son, was the reply: I can tell you that the spirit who lately tried to communicate with you, has forgiven you. The man, much agitated,



When will that spirit communicate? Yes, Of what did you die? No answer. Did you die of disease? No. Were you shot? No. Drowned? No. Stabbed? Yes. Directly they left, some one came in who asked Mr. Conklin if he knew the two men who had just gone out his front door. Mr. C. replied that he did not. They are a pair of State-prison birds, said this informant, one of whom was sent there for establishing a man. The father seemed to think it of some importance to his son to know that he had been forgiven by his victim, as no doubt it was. The fact needs to be known that every wrong done to the neighbor will come back to the wrong-doer, and that there is no wiping out the consequences of sin.

Dr. Weeks: Does not consider himself exactly a Spiritualist; he likes the ideas advanced by those who profess that faith, and he accords also with many proposed reforms by other apostles of progressive thought; but the usual results of his advocacy of them is, that he is denounced as a believer by their opponents, and as an unbeliever by their friends. The strongest evidence he has for the truth of Spiritualism was furnished by a man who is himself an unbeliever. The circumstances occurred not many miles from this city. During a very stormy night, Mr. — was awakened by an impression that he should go to the railroad depot situated in another part of the village. It was raining very hard at the time, and was very dark; but finding himself unable to shake off the feeling which had so strangely taken possession of him, he set out; but had not proceeded far, when he found himself very unpleasantly enveloped by mud and water. Nothing daunted, he returned, procured a light after much search, and started again; querying with himself, by the way, whether or not he was insane. Passing a certain house near the depot, he observed a light in the cellar, and found on investigation that the house had taken fire from a barrel of quick-lime which stood in a part of the room that had been invaded by the rising flood which was pouring in a torrent around the corner of the dwelling. This was a satisfactory explanation of the object or purpose of the impression, certainly; and, aside from the spiritual hypothesis, he knows not how to explain its origin. The gentleman who was the subject, is a lawyer and not a Spiritualist; and when this, and the other circumstances are considered, it is a safe conclusion that it was something more potent than a passing dream, which sent that man out of his bed into the rain, and mud, and darkness of a tempestuous night to save a sleeping family from impending death.

Dr. Gray: Mundane causes for occurrences like the one narrated, are exhausted when they are referred to the trances. The last resort of skepticism is, to suppose the person clairvoyant, and, as in the case cited, to be impressed by what he has actually seen in that state. But does man in the physical body possess clairvoyance independently of aid from a spirit? If so, then the fact cited, with all others similar, may be thus explained. But it is his belief that man, unaided by spirits, does not possess this power of seeing. We have abundant testimony from spirits that he does not; and both science and philosophy confirm the statement.

Dr. Weeks: With respect to the immediate topic, he would say, any new phase of thought, supposing it to embrace a truth, is necessarily reformatory. Where it is resisted even, it works unconsciously. This is seen in the history of phenology and mesmerism; and Spiritualism can be no exception to this, the grand law of truth, that it shall make the world wiser and better. It may be that the Spiritualists accept too much, or claim too much for their beloved faith; but whatever its external angularities and excesses, there is a great truth in it, and its leading ideas are already making sensible impression upon the world. He has observed this, even with what we call orthodox people.

Mr. Partridge: If the doctrine advanced by Dr. Hayden and others is sound, then a reform of our penal code is specifically enjoined by Spiritualism. If we all agree to take a human life, it is as much murder as if done by one man. Thus, by assent to the existing penal law, we are made *particeps criminis* to murder. Now Spiritualism, inculcates that we cannot shift the consequences of thus thwarting the purpose of nature in supplying man with a physical body, from our shoulders to those of the State; but must bear them individually. This putting the sins of one person upon another, much more the sins of a whole race, past, present, and to come, upon one man, is not an incitation of Spiritualism, but of Ecclesiasticism. Spiritualism has no hatred. Its method of reform is, to elevate the criminal to a plane of affection and intelligence which makes evil doing impossible. Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

THE SOCIAL CHARACTER OF INDUSTRY.—Industry is essentially social. No man can improve either himself or his neighbor without neighborly help, and to better the world he is to set the world at work together. Every useful invention has been carried out and perfected by the cooperation of many minds, or by the successive applications of varied genius to the same object, age after age. The mechanic must aid the philosopher; or he must stand still in his demonstrations; or he and the philosopher must aid the mechanic; or he will work and work without wisdom. The astronomer needs his telescope, and the chemist his materials and apparatus. The sciences hang on the arts, and the arts on the sciences. But without the philosophy from heaven, neither art nor science would look off the earth, and industry would die a natural death, and rise no more; for religion alone is the living spirit of human society and power.

## Poetry.

"The finest poetry was first experience."

For the Herald of Progress.

## MY TWO ANGEL BOYS.

BY E. L. R. HARRISON.

As the love fit moon shines  
Thro' the chambering vines,  
Round the walls of my cottage in beauty that rise,  
And the shadows of evening creep down from the skies,  
I retire from the earth, and her vanishing joys,  
In the stillness to think of my "two angel boys."

In the calm air of night  
Does my spirit delight  
In the dear moonlit landscape, the solitary ground,  
And the stars looking forth on the silence profound;  
But more soft, and more lovely than mortal enjoys,  
Is the landscape where wander "my two angel boys."

'Round my windows that rise,  
And look up to the skies,  
Lovely blossoms are breathing their fragrance around,  
And with sweet scented petals bestrewn the ground;  
But more fragrant the flowers which no frost e'er destroys  
In the gardens where frolic "my two angel boys."

Aye, full bright is the blaze  
Of the sun's loving rays,  
As it sparkles on wave, or vibrates thro' air,  
And no earth-light in glory with it can compare;  
Yet far brighter, and softer, the light God employs  
To illumine the home of "my two angel boys."

All the pleasures of earth!  
Can ye tell me their worth?  
The gay glitter of wealth, or the glory of power;  
The wine cup, the dance, or the mirth of the hour;  
They are naught when compared with the beams  
Of content joys.

Which are endlessly blessing "my two angel boys."  
There is music which seems  
As if whispered in dreams;  
There is music which rises from palace and hall,  
And in symphonies nature replies to our call;  
But the earth hath no music like that which employs  
The voices and hearts of "my two angel boys."

Yonder brook in the wild!  
Thou sweet mountain-born child!  
Grant one kiss from thy lips so refreshing to me,  
And then laughingly bound on thy way to the sea;  
But thy kiss 'tho' refreshing hath naught of the joys  
Of the brook by whose banks sport "my two angel boys."

In this mansion below  
With perpetual flow,  
Oh! how swiftly the smooth-winged moments glide by,  
Which are hast'ning me on to our home in the sky;  
Soon I'll meet you above, and partake of your joys,  
And be with you forever "my dear angel boys!"  
BERKELEY, IOWA.

For the Herald of Progress.  
GIVE ME ALADDIN'S LAMP.

BY EMMA D. R. TUTTLE.

Spirit of magic! spread thy folded wings  
And shadow me, and by a wish, I'll bring  
Aladdin's Lamp, and all its genii slaves,  
From out the cave which centuries have built;  
Not to build palaces as bright with gems  
As midnight with star-jewels, not to woo  
Some tinsel prince to wed me, not to gain  
Basins of many gold, lined, rainbow-hued,  
With countless precious stones. To give them me  
Would be like giving a weak warrior  
The full moon for a helmet.

I would cage  
That vulture, misery, and all her brood,  
And starve them till they die. Earth's tortured  
heart  
Must ache on ages yet ere progress brings  
Her shining children all to perfection.  
In the gray future is a triumph day  
When she will be the Savior of the world;  
But, oh! ere then, millions of hearts will break,  
Wealth steal from want, crime murder innocence,  
And all the tragic plays earth has been cursed  
with.

Be acted o'er and o'er.  
Slaves of the lamp,  
Go forth into the world, and, if ye can,  
Clothe, feed, and warm the poor! Nay, more,  
destroy

The cursed wrong which keeps them in the dust!  
Unloose the purse-strings of the rich! scatter  
Eagles like half-pence! call around the poor  
To gather them—their concrete sweat and tears!  
Go to the felon's cell; yield back to him  
His childhood's innocence; place him again  
Upon life's trial field; tell him that all  
Can live unstained by crime; there are no poor,  
No rich, but all are sharers of one common lot,  
And he'll deem honor worth the trying yet!

Go to the murderer, death's promised victim,  
Tell him that death is not a senseless sleep,  
Nor does it migrate soul to realm afar.  
He thought to slay his foe, to banish him  
To unknown lands across death's dreaded gulf;  
He stole his body garments, giving him  
Involuntarily to vest his being in;  
But he is haunted still—he is hated still.  
A ghost, the murdered, haunts the murderer,  
A foe more dangerous, more dreaded, too,  
Than when he wore the garb of mortality.  
Teach him this truth, then loose his heavy chains!

Go to the world of mind, that kingless realm,  
Place Truth upon the throne, and set her crown  
With Wisdom's gem, Diamond of purity,  
Wreathed by love's rubies, o'er her forehead place.  
Long as Truth keeps the throne, philosophy  
Will never turn usurper, dashing off  
Like a mad comet through the dusky sky,  
With Truth its captive, into unknown space.  
WALNUT GROVE FARM, OHIO.

THE sun does not stay to be implored to  
impair his heat and light. By his example,  
do all the good thou canst, without staying  
till he be asked of thee.

## HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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Very important questions from correspondents will be answered next week.

Several communications, unaccompanied by the name of the writer, have been received. Some of them might receive attention but for this omission.

Our department of "Human Rights" contains several very original articles. We sincerely thank Messrs. Owen and Greeley for their agency in the evolution of truth.

Several straight-out communications from pro-slavery correspondents will appear in our next issue; also will be published, a candid argumentative letter from Col. John McKee, of Wilmington, North Carolina.

The essays of Dr. H. T. Child, "On Life, its Objects, &c.," are produced under a kind of Spiritual inspiration. This fact we merely whisper to such of our readers as may have taken an interest in our Brother's philosophical productions. They contain reasonings and illustrations never before published.

## Rome and Reason.

The antagonisms existing between the popular dogmas of theology and the plainest declarations of Reason, are hourly becoming more and more distinct and visible. All efforts to harmonize them must terminate in disappointment and defeat. Because there exists no essential affinity between them, no indwelling principle of common sympathy, around which a unitary organization of reason and theology could only be permanently established. Of this there can be but one explanation. The dogmas of theology originated at a period when the human mind had not yet put forth its energetic faculties of understanding. Reason is a recent development. It has not yet appeared in its true ministry and glory; but, slowly as unfolds the spring vegetation, reason is appearing in the broad horizon of the moral world—daring its penetrative illuminations far away into the abysses of ignorance, and most powerfully into the gloomy retreats of long fostered dogmas. These begethments of the past, these idols of the sacerdotal orders of men, must now be uncovered and examined. A lifeless and godless form may be draped in the holiest garments; and, to all external seeming, the worshiped idol may present evidences of possessing a divine energy and spirit; but the devotee, should he allow the reason-principle to perform its functions, will instantly become sufficiently clairvoyant to perceive the emptiness of the dogma, and its utter inapplicability to the present wants of the age.

Now it cannot be denied that the current churches are the legitimate children of the Catholic organization; which is the most extraordinary religious institution on the face of the earth, considered either as a political or as a moral combination of educated men and spiritual forces. However, there is a manifest difference between the progenitor and the children. This consists, simply, in the seemingly spiritual character of Protestant churches, also in the mental liberties which give rise to democratic institutions of education, and to the still greater blessings of free, representative governments. Nevertheless, there are points of analogy between the parent and the offspring; which, as honest investigators, we should not fail to recognize and reveal.

As educated Protestants, we stand in open hostility to the graven images and idolatrous ceremonies of the Catholic institution. Wherefore? Because we hold image-worship to be utterly incompatible with true religion; and irreconcilable with all reverence due the one only and eternal God. Very well. We, therefore, divest our churches of all idols; and, in the same proportion, we abandon many forms, and leave ceremonial-worship to the poor benighted, imbecile devotees of the Catholic religion. How is this? Do we truly, as

Protestants, destroy all idols, and worship God only in spirit and in truth? Let us see. As logical and orthodox Protestants, we still adhere to certain cardinal principles in theology, as unequivocally essential to the soul's eternal salvation; also, as the divine doctrines destined to be universally recognized and potentiated, under the direct sanction of the Divine energy—the Holy Ghost—to the final destruction of all heathenism, and the reconciliation of all things to the glorious liberty of the children of God.

These cardinal doctrines we have carefully examined, harmonized, pronounced them "good;" and deposited them in the theological armory, as our beloved (idol) dogmas or sacrosanct essentials. The first essential is "original sin," recently defined as being supernatural. The Protestant church assigns to this idol a conspicuous position. It is necessary that the people should behold it frequently. Hence it is placed in *dear-recess*, and learnedly described, at regular intervals, as the foundation of all troubles in this terrestrial sphere—as the grand cause of the unspeakable manifestations of divine mercy, detailed in Scripture. But here a question appears. Clergymen dwell devoutly on the glorious attributes of the Creator. They cannot enough express their growing gratitude for the "Revelation" of the Divine will and promises. The advent of the only-begotten Son, too; this is the grand consummation of all deific love and wisdom—the *plus ultra* of all conceivable mercy and providential manifestation. But is it so? Strange thought! The realms of spiritual existence contain no such deformed conception of the deific nature and attributes. Ponder the supposition! Think you that man could ascertain nothing of the Divine Mind through this universe of life and animation? Was it necessary to plunge the human family into the depths of discord and degeneration, in order to reveal the Divine attributes to the human affections and reason? Was it first necessary to allow the race to generate every description of iniquity, and become dead in trespasses and sins, before the attributes of mercy, love, and wisdom could be manifested to the earth-children? If clergymen enlogize the effects, they certainly cannot but condemn the cause and the occasion. It is no better than the oft-uttered assertion, that poverty and squalid wretchedness are expressly designed as means to develop and exercise the Christian virtues termed kindness, brotherly love, and charity; while, in real truth, poverty and want are the symptoms of a defective social condition, which symptoms, well-organized talents and industry will effectually remove; and then the virtues may be normally exercised in the higher spheres of human life and interests. Nevertheless, the church idol—"original sin"—must be kept before the people. The devotee must first examine—for this is a glorious attribute or privilege of Protestantism—then believe; then, to be truly orthodox, he must worship. "In time of peace prepare for war;" which, in this supernatural department of human interest, signifies the preparation and formidable array of clerical talents and cogent arguments, against the approach of the vast army of modern sciences and discoveries, whose leader and commander is REASON.

## Melancholly Intelligence.

BROTHER H. WELLER, a genial and intelligent exposurer of the Word according to the expositions of Swedenborg, edits a semi-monthly "Preacher," and sends it forth from beautiful Laporte, Ind.

Brother W. M. Fernald, another exposurer of theological metaphysics, has recently issued a book from the Athens of modern times, from the Edinburgh of America, from the classic land of Hiawatha, from — Boston, Mass.

Now, extraordinary and paradoxical as it may seem, these able exposurers of the supernatural Word differ upon one or two, if not more, items of general interest to mankind—namely, first, as to what class of persons shall have a chance to escape "the damnation of hell," and secondly, as to the possibility of certain departments of said religious institution being cooled off and eventually improved.

Brother Weller of Laporte, with a goodly development of hope and benevolence, is disposed to look favorably upon the subject. He quotes the following text—"All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, and blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven," which he hopefully and generously thinks is tantamount to an unequivocal declaration, "that the hells shall be reformed, their active evils laid quiescent—except profaners." (We congratulate the citizens of Indiana on the chances of future comfort.)

Now, on the other hand, Brother Fernald is grieved at the melancholly intelligence. He hopes "for better things." Once a Universalist clergyman of some considerable reputation, subsequently a Rationalist

of the Spiritual school, he is now a *Swedish* convert to the Biblical commentaries of Swedenborg; so much so, indeed, that the hopeful suggestion of Brother Weller, the "hells" might be "reformed," escape the first-class professors, who must agree under God's moral government to all *sin*—graves the atonement *convicted* individual to the heart. His metaphysical sympathies are touched to the quick, and his logical religious faculties are very deeply wounded. In the light of his connected mind, it is too bad, as well as un-Swedish, to entertain the least hope for the population of the hells.

To show the depth and sincerity of his grief—examined by Brother Weller's generous interpretation of the above-mentioned passages—we quote from his letter to the editor. "Now, against all this," remarks Brother Fernald, "I have to submit the following. Swedenborg neither represents that all the hosts of hell except profaners, are forgiven. Such merely external reformation, where good men are performed, but the motive is still self, is not called forgiveness of sin. They are *metaphorically* in hell to eternity, according to Swedenborg. Now, therefore, whence the propriety of saying all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, except the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, if they are not and cannot be forgiven? One class of sinners is not forgiven more than another, according to this theory. The end remains within, and renews when the law ceases." Why not, then, all destroyed, except the innocent germ, just as profaners are? (See the Crisis, April 1.)

Brother Weller, however, with characteristic faithfulness to the power of free propositions, does not "lose his hope," nor backslide as some people in Indiana do, but pertinaciously re-asserts that the Swedenborgian hells may be improved—all, perhaps, except the department assigned to profaners against the Holy Ghost. Brother Weller further thinks that we must not close our minds to the subject, although it is a little "too remote for dogmatism?"

We publish the following letter because the closing sentence (which we italicize and emphasize) imparts a manly sentiment in a manly manner. It is brave, charitable, and independent.

HURRIVILLE, TEXAS, March 16, 1866.  
A. J. DAVIS & Co.: Enclosed please find two dollars in stamps, for which I wish you to send me the "HERALD OF PROGRESS" for one year, from the time my subscription to the "Spirit and Telegraph" expires. With some of your own I do not enclose, but I do not wish you to be UNTRUE TO YOURSELF IN ORDER TO PLEASE ME IN ANY OTHER HUMAN BEING.  
Yours for Progress,  
A. P. WELLS.

## Persons and Events.

"He most lives, who thinks most—feels the solitudes of the heart."

"Orrinow governs all mankind,  
Like the blind's leading of the blind;  
For he that has no eyes in his head,  
Must be, by a dog, glad to be led,  
And no beast has so little in 'em  
As that inhuman brute, Opinion."

A western paper sends an account of a public execution—"Another Hanging Be."

THE Missouri (St. Louis) Democrat publishes in full a practical lecture delivered in the Mercantile Hall of that city, by Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook. The impartiality of the Democrat is an example worthy of imitation.

Miss Scougal.—From the Democrat (Iowa) Daily Gazette we learn that Miss BELLE SCOUGAL, of Rockford, is lecturing in Davenport to large and respectable audiences. The editor, who listened to her on one occasion, says: "The lady claims to speak through inspiration of 'spirits.' Whether this be so or not, her subject last evening—"Aspiration and Inspiration"—was certainly treated ably, and delivered without hesitancy, in a manner that an older divine need not have been ashamed of."

Ladies Gardening.—We accept all but the implied sneer at out-door avocations for women, which is evidently the intention of the following sensible "instructions" to ladies:

"Make up your beds early in the morning, see buttons on your husband's shirts, do not rake up any grievances, protect the young and tender branches of your family, plant a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully rot out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness."

Joseph A. Dugdale, of the Religious Society of Progressive friends in Pennsylvania, and a lover of children, is now with his wife traveling in Ohio and Indiana. A number of Methodist and Presbyterian churches have been opened for his Conventions, and attended by great numbers of the little folks. He has been invited by the Rev. M. D. Conway, of Cincinnati, to occupy his pulpit, on the 15th inst., for a religious meeting in the morning, and a gathering of the children in the afternoon. On the 22d at Richmond, Indiana, thence to other points in the west. "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."



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"Dr. Cheever has here met the pro-slavery arguments drawn from the Bible with consummate logical acumen, scholarly ability, and irresistible power. We commend this work to all who profess to revere the Scriptures; at the same time protesting against making the rights of man to depend upon any parchment whatever."

Mr. Garrison then does not even profess "to revere the Scriptures." He treats them as he would any "parchment," ancient or modern. He concedes to them no authority over his opinions or conscience. Is he not an Infidel?—*N. Y. Independent*.

So the *Independent* takes the negative of the affirmation by Mr. Garrison, that the rights of man should not be made to depend upon any parchment authority. Let the editors of that journal then learn a lesson of charity towards their southern brethren, who agree perfectly with them in taking the Bible as authority first, and the inherent principle of liberty as secondary. They have no right to doubt the honesty of those who interpret the Bible differently from themselves. We propose a contest not of texts and interpretations, but a discussion of principles interiorly recognized.

## 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."

### Lecture on Reform.

BY MRS. CLARK, OF AUBURN.

AT DODWORTH'S HALL, APRIL 8, 1860.

As an appropriate introduction, Mrs. CLARK read a poem, from which we select a few disjointed lines, by way of text.

"I hear a tumult from the heaving sea  
Of human life. The multitudinous waves,  
Like ocean's billows, lift their mighty voices,  
And, with a deep and solemn sound, they ask  
A change."

The Church—God's holy Church—arrayed in weeds,  
And weeping like a widow, moans 'Reform!' Within her Gothic piles and stately temples,  
Wealth and magnificence are broadly strewn;  
The golden light streams dimly in through carved  
And painted windows, and with splendid hue,  
Sleeps on high pillar and gilt organ pipe;  
But low-browed Cunning and red-handed Sin  
Go skulking up the cushioned aisle; and when  
High nave and choir are trembling with a burst  
Of organ-music, sharp-set keen-eyed men,  
Are hoarsely whispering of 'Loss and Profit,'  
'Bank stocks,' and 'Six per cents.'

On all hands, said Mrs. C., we hear the cry for reform. Too often this word, which signifies to form anew, is defined in practice as only tearing down. We have reformers (self-styled), who write the blessed word upon their banners, and put feathers into their hats, rather than vigor into their feet, and beauty into their lives. An American writer has said: "Reform with some persons means change." They want the sky red and the earth blue. You shall see such religiously at work upon resolutions to change "constitutions" and alter "by-laws," and when that mission is accomplished, their "whole duty of man" is to organize a new constitution and new by-laws. These make perpetual changes, but no progress.

It is often objected that the Spiritualists are not reformers. Now, it should be remembered that Spiritualists have but just accomplished a mighty work of reform upon themselves. Do but think of the man just freed from John Calvin's hell, and the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism;" or of one who has but lately risen from the zero of French philosophy, into the summer radiance of the new life. These require rest for a little season; time to look about them, time for their wounds to heal. It cannot be expected of these, that they should rush into the front rank of the battle, until they have at least considered a little the primary question—*wherefore?* The reformer should bear in mind, that what he is, that only can he do. He cannot work beyond himself; his own status is the exact measure of his power. His first work, then, is to be. She once heard a reformer apologize for a fit of ill-nature, by saying that he had carried the world on his back so long, that its follies and sins had galled him; that is to say, he had been so religiously engaged in putting the world in order, that he had got out of order himself. In that case, you see, while the world was getting no better, the reformer was growing worse. The popular idea seems to be, that the present age is verging on decrepitude; she views it rather as a bold, brave boy, a little headlong and headstrong now and then, as active boys are wont to be, but full of promise of the coming manhood, nevertheless. What gives its care-takers the most trouble is, it will ask questions which they can't answer. So they say, society is in a ferment, and will not abide by "the old landmarks." But that is not quite the difficulty. It sticks to its multiplication-table closely enough; anything that it can prove to be true, it holds fast to as good. What it demands is, your "old landmarks" shall be verified as landmarks. It has become so expert in chemistry, that it is disposed to try even ideas as by fire.

The other day she observed a little boy trying to balance a stick upon his finger. Mightily tickled was he when he had found the point of equilibrium. She thought, as she observed him in his boy triumph, of the unspeakable joy of that soul who finds, in the apparent inequalities and paradoxes of human existence, the point of equilibration—the spiritual standpoint—where the self-poised soul, out of its own realized harmony and order, can say, of the order yet to be, as the astronomer said of the law of the stars: "It is written, and I can wait for a reader, even as God has waited from the beginning of time." So can the true Spiritualist wait. Even now all true men love it. Not the name, to be sure, but the thing. It is daily growing into the acceptance of the age, and it is the very soul of reform, because it reaches the affections and makes of them its ministers and workers. To reform the world and leave the men and women in it as they are, is to attempt "the perpetual motion." In Spiritualism we learn that life and love run parallel. Here is an equipoise, which, when fairly realized, will balance how many things? Not that all that is supposed by many to be spiritual, is *Spiritualism*; there are some who seem to think it requires at least two spirits to manage one body, which seems to her an unnatural waste of power. They come to help us grow, to quicken us by interchange of ideas and affection, even as we are made stronger by intercourse with the wise and good upon the earth. The moral suggestions of Spiritualism are worth more, if possible, than its facts. One good thing is, it unfolds the better nature, and elevates our aspirations. A man's desire is the measure of his destiny. She has known reformers so fierce

for the onslaught, that they would not pause to hear a seraph sing. That soul should take a lesson from the little boy and his balanced stick. He needs to feel the delights of equipoise, to realize the power and beauty of a nature balanced—of a head and heart in unison. The great work requires great souls, looking out through heroic lives. Not he who pulls down merely, not he who makes the most changes in the outside order of things, is necessarily the greatest reformer. The true man works by the force of affection, not by the force of law. He seeks for settled principles upon which to found the life, rather than for legislative statutes by which to regulate the conduct. He feels that the world needs to be encouraged rather than denounced, and, therefore, instead of seizing it by the throat he takes it by the hand.

## Paraphrased.

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

### Brief Items.

Minnesota has been recently disgraced by the legal murder by hanging, of a woman, the first instance of the kind in that State.—The shoemaker's strike is about "concluded." Quiet is fast being restored, and workmen are resuming their work.—A division has occurred among the Mormons. A portion have declared in favor of Joe Smith, son of the original Joe, and he has accepted the office of President of the High Priests.—The *N. Y. Express* divides its columns between defenses of slavery and religious notices.—An exchange sets down all over-dressed people as "vulgar." They are in the majority on Broadway.—In New Mexico, recently, a woman suspected of being a witch, was lassoed, stuck full of thorns, and after suffering prolonged torture, was burned to death.—A French Association has been formed in San Francisco, Cal., to propagate the theories of Charles Fourier in regard to the Reorganization of Society. They have a library of books on SOCIAL HARMONY, and have a reading-room open to the public three evenings every week.—Gerritt Smith continues to improve in health.—The people of Hayti have contributed largely to the family of John Brown.—It is confidently asserted that the Great Eastern will be ready to leave for New York in May or June.—John Brown, jr., of Ohio, refuses to appear before the investigating committee, and as the Sergeant-at-Arms lacks the power to take him, he will probably not be disturbed.—By the last steamer from England it is reported that a warrant has been issued for Heenan and Sayers.—In this country the mortality of children is increasing with terrible rapidity. In Boston, the percentage of deaths of children under 10 doubled from 1830 to 1850. In New York, the deaths of children to each 100,000 inhabitants have more than trebled since 1810.—Serious troubles have recently been developed in Dr. Cheever's church—arising from the "English appeal" for funds, and a late election of trustees. The whole matter is to undergo a judicial investigation.—Tom 'Thumb has again taken to the stage. He is displaying his accomplishments at Hope Chapel.—A new comic daily paper is about to be started in this city.

### A USEFUL INVENTION.

Several of our exchanges speak in high terms of a new churn, styled, "Lapham & Wilson's Air-pressure Churn," which consists of a simple barrel, hung so as to turn end over end. The barrel is partly filled with cream, and then fully charged with air, the pressure resulting in an improved quality and increased quantity of butter from a given amount of cream. We have reason to believe that this churn is truly a desideratum to dairymen, at least worthy a trial.

### THREE HOURS' SCHOOL A DAY.

This is the title of an unpretending volume, left, a few years since, as a legacy to the world, by WM. L. CRANDALL. It is written with boldness and much logical power. We are glad to observe an article in *Life Illustrated* calling attention to the work, and the subject to which it is devoted. This correspondent says:

"The pale faces of most of our teachers and scholars, especially in the public schools, where large numbers are kept together five or six hours a day in ill-ventilated rooms, bear a testimony to the statements of this book, which cannot be denied. Teachers can be identified in a large crowd by their sickly and pale visages. We know, too, that the average length of their lives is at the lowest point in the scale, and but little over thirty years!

Now, as I am neither a Christian nor Mohammedan fatalist, I believe there is a natural and sufficient cause for this, or, more properly, causes, one of which is the well-known fact, that in many schools the laws of health and ventilation are ignored, if not actually sneered at, by the 'authorities.' There may be exceptions, but where they are this dependent at present knoweth not."

The following extract from the book will serve to show that the author comprehended the value of true selfhood:

"Our education is now a thing of fashion, and not a thing of science. It is a thing of manner and not matter, of forms and not of ideas, of words and not of things, of the way in which a thing is said, and not of what is said. Our schools, from top to bottom, and from bottom to top, are dyspeptic factories! Where are your stalwart men who hold and express truth because it is truth, though they stand alone in the world! So far from that, nearly every American seems to think himself a 'goner' if he be not the head or tail of a party in Church or State. So thoroughly has this dyspeptic imbecility, caused by over-schooling, eaten out the capacity for the idea that a man should belong to himself, and not to a party, sect, or clique."

### PRESENTIMENTS.

The *Hillsdale (Mich.) Democrat* details the following interesting case:

"The Rev. J. J. Handridge, of Ransom, last week took a load of grain to mill, and was detained until some time in the night, being some eight miles from home, and also with his children. He was importuned to stay all night, but he informed them that it was continually impressed upon his mind that he must go home, and he did so, notwithstanding the urging to the contrary. He arrived at home at one o'clock at night, and just in time to save his house from being burned up, and probably his wife and two children with it. His family were all asleep, and his wife, when awakened, felt that smarting of the throat that produces suffocation. The fire was caused by a firebrand falling on the floor, and had burned a large hole in it."

### Another—A Double.

The Vincennes (Ind.) *Gazette* vouches for the truth of the following:

"A gentleman was doing business in Terre Haute, his wife being in this city. One evening feeling somewhat fatigued he laid down on a lounge to rest, but did not sleep or even close his eyes. Presently his wife stood before him, holding in her arms their only child. She looked wan, and appeared to be suffering greatly. The vision made such an impression upon his mind that he resolved to return home, which he accordingly did as soon as he could make the arrangements. Upon his arrival he found his wife very ill, and learned that she was taken at the same hour precisely that he saw her appearance in Terre Haute."

### NAH-NEE-BAH-WE-QUA.

This is the Indian name (signifying "upright woman"), of a representative of an Indian tribe living on the northwest shores of Lake Superior, in Canada, who has been deputed to visit England, to lay before Queen Victoria certain grievances of her people under an act of the Colonial Parliament prohibiting Indians from purchasing lands. The "upright woman" is now in this vicinity, and attended a Quaker meeting, in Brooklyn, on Sunday week. The *Tribune* thus speaks of her appearance and discourse:

"She was attired with much neatness and simplicity, her carriage was erect and dignified, and, though her countenance is not beautiful, the expression is pleasing and intelligent. She was shown into the women's side of the house, and by request took her seat on the raised benches, among the elders, her flat hat of black beaver, with a profusion of trimmings of cherry-colored ribbons, contrasting strangely with the sombre Quaker bonnets of the women around her."

The house was immediately filled, many strangers being present, and for a half hour or more the meeting sat in expectant stillness.

She rose and removed her hat, and in a voice low enough to have satisfied King Lear himself, and which was almost inaudible, even in the deep silence that prevailed, commenced her discourse. As she proceeded, she grew a trifle more animated, but her manner was throughout calm and unimpassioned, and her voice monotonous, but not unmusical. In her discourse she displayed excellent judgment, and even taste, avoiding all controverted points, and confining herself to a simple expression of her deep and fervid gratitude to the common Father of us all for his many favors, and especially that he had vouchsafed to extend the knowledge of his gospel to the poor and perishing Indian.

### MANLY WORDS FROM BEECHER.

How inspiring and gratifying are the following noble words, from a recent sermon by HENRY WARD BEECHER. They refer to the refusal by the Trustees of Plymouth Church to open the church doors to WENDELL PHILLIPS, reference to which was made by a correspondent in our issue of March 31st:

"When I was away from home, recently, I turned ruby red with shame to find in a newspaper what I supposed was an ignominious slander, but which proved to be an ignominious truth—namely, that this church had been refused to Wendell Phillips, for the delivery of his address on 'The Destruction of the Union.' If the church had not been accustomed to be let freely for concerts, and lectures, and the like, pending the construction of a new church, the case would have been different, and it might have been prudent not to let it on the occasion in question; but when it was in the market to be let to all respectable causes and persons, for one hundred dollars a night—which is the fee—to deny it to him because he was advocating an unpopular doctrine, and because it was feared that his using it would have an injurious effect on the raising of money for the new church, was shameful in the extreme. When I read it I colored till I felt my blushes in my boots! I was ashamed through and through! I said to myself, 'Thirteen years of ministration among a people, resulting, in the thirteenth year, only in a cowardice that makes them afraid to let a man stand in my place and speak what they do not believe, what they fear will have an unfavorable effect on the church, or what will have an unfavorable effect on me!'

"There is not a more moral and upright man, or a more perfect gentleman and scholar in the Union! Though I do not accept his philosophy, or the application of it, I am proud to own that Wendell Phillips is my personal friend. I have the greatest admiration for the man. He has that which is brighter than any gem ever worn in a kingly crown, namely: moral courage to proclaim, and perseverance to advocate what he thinks to be true, no matter what opposition he may encounter."

"And I will tell you one thing: if you expect by any such prudent course as that, to get money to build a church, I do not want it; I do not want a church that is built at the price of making men hold their tongues. 'I see it is reported that of late I have been growing moderate; but the old feeling is in me yet! I am as warmly in favor of free speech as I ever was. I will have it myself; I will contend for it for others; and I will rebuke that cowardice which is afraid to let a man speak freely. Manliness requires that

you should allow open speech. If you want to meet it, meet it by counter speech."

"Now, you know very well that while I speak with great severity and emphasis, I do not speak with hatred or anger, but because I abhor cowardice—and most in those that I love. I did not suppose I had brought up a church or a congregation to sin in that way."

"One thing I am perfectly settled about, and that is this: I myself shall be free, and every one who has anything to do with me shall be free also, if I can help him to be so. And if, in the augmentation of our church, you mean that there shall be circumscription of the liberty of speech, you will not have my cooperation in the putting up of a single brick. You may say that this will stand in the way of building. Then let it! I do not care for a building that goes up on that foundation. It would be like an old temple of Egypt—great and grand in outward form, but full of dead dust inside. No: nothing is of any worth that does not carry with it the vitality of the liberty of the sons of God in the expression of honest convictions. So much for that!"

The Brooklyn *Engle* states that the Trustees who were so berated by their Pastor, are about to resign, or have resigned.

## Snuff Dipping.

We find in the *Tribune* an article relative to Snuff Dipping in New York city, which we faintly would believe to be written as a disgusting piece of fiction. The facts alleged are, however, we fear, only too probable. This filthy habit has been supposed to be confined to Southern ladies. It seems, however, to be prevalent at the North. The mode of its use is variously described. One method is that of conveying the dust to the lips by means of a swab-stick, or little mop, which, in "dipping" circles is "passed around!" The New York "dippers," or "diggers," as they are called, deposit the mixture, with a peculiarly shaped horn or silver spoon, in the inside of the lower lip. There it is allowed to remain until thoroughly moistened, when it is passed around to the sides of the mouth, where it stays till exhausted of its essential powers.

The writer says the amount used by each person addicted to the habit, varies from one quarter of a pound to a pound per week. One firm it is stated, make and sell for this use alone in New York city over two hundred pounds a day!

While lamenting the depravity of taste on the part of American women indicated by this habit, we confess ourselves not very much surprised at its adoption, in view of the abundant similar means of dissipation resorted to by men, and we hope the filthy picture may prove a faithful mirror for our tobacco chewing, snuff taking, and cigar smoking men. The masculine fraternity have long enjoyed a monopoly in the use of narcotic and other stimulants. Tea and coffee it is true, have been freely allowed to women, but have been as freely used by men, while tobacco, snuff, cigars and ardent spirits have been considered as quite unsuitable for our sisters, who are expected to possess all the positive virtues and excellencies, and to be free from all the besetting vices and bad habits of the "lords of creation."

Men by situation, employments, and associations, are less likely to feel the need of stimulants than women. Their avocations give greater scope to the mental powers—are more varied and attractive, and far less exhausting. In physical conformation, too, men are less subject to the prostration and lassitude which are supposed to engender a resort to stimulants. If, then, men are to be justified in an occasional debauch, or a daily smoke, or an uninterrupted enjoyment of a quid of tobacco, how much more are women to be pardoned for following an example so continually before them. The practice of "snuff digging," disgusting as it appears, is really less so than chewing or snuffing; certainly less destitute of apology than dram drinking. It is said to preserve the teeth in a sound and lustrous condition, which the use of chewing-tobacco certainly does not.

We would not be understood as defending this practice, but simply as taking the ground that cleanly habits, the avoidance of all filthy, corrupting practices, are as binding upon men as women. A virtuous man is as truly noble a spectacle as a woman of pure character, and the want of moral principle is as censurable in one as the other. A clean, pure, sweet-breathed gentleman, is quite as attractive as a lady with similar advantages, and in fact rather more so, from the rarity of the combination.

It is high time that women demand and expect from men the observance, themselves, of some of those strict habits of personal cleanliness, that they profess to regard as essential in the other sex. It is alleged that, "when this habit has once fastened upon a woman, she rarely, if ever, is able to shake it off. Neither ruined health, self-respect, nor love for her husband, children, and friends, can give her sufficient resolution to abstain from snuff chewing."

Precisely similar is the case of tobacco chewers among men. We know of many whose love for wife, children, and friends, is insufficient to lead them to shake off the habit. We feel almost reconciled to this revelation of snuff dipping, provided it can, by public sentiment, be placed on a footing with the snuff taking now so prevalent among members of Congress and others high in station, and the almost universal practice of tobacco chewing, cigar smoking, and lager-beer drinking. If men cannot consent that their wives, sisters, and daughters, shall enjoy with them these latter "luxuries," and few are willing to do so, they surely should not deprive them of the single grain of comfort left them in these little items, the "mop-stick and snuff-box!"



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"Such results are truly extraordinary. Pupils of a course where hundreds are taught together, where all who present themselves are received without any choice whatever, do what artist chorists of the conservatoire society, and of the opera, could not do. But, some will say, such results can be obtained only after years of labor. We answer: the pupils of the course held by Monsieur Cheve at the Polytechnic School, as we ourselves witnessed, read at first sight in parts after a very few lessons. After a few months they were able to read at sight without any hesitation, all the pieces of the repertoire of choral music."

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#### CALLING NAMES.

"We have been charged with slandering Mr. W. L. Garrison and his school when we have spoken of their attitude toward the Bible, as sheer infidelity. But what is an infidel in the common meaning of that word? One who denies that the Bible is the revealed Word of God; one who disbelieves the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the divine origin and authority of the truths which they contain. Now what says Mr. Garrison upon these points? In noticing Dr. Cheever's recent Biblical argument against slavery, *The Liberator* says:

"Dr. Cheever has here met the pro-slavery arguments drawn from the Bible with consummate logical acumen, scholarly ability, and irresistible power. We commend this work to all who profess to revere the Scriptures; at the same time protesting against making the rights of man to depend upon any parchment whatever."

Mr. Garrison then does not even profess "to revere the Scriptures." He treats them as he would any "parchment," ancient or modern. He concedes to them no authority over his opinions or conscience. Is he not an Infidel?—*N. Y. Independent*.

So the *Independent* takes the negative of the affirmation by Mr. Garrison, that the rights of man should not be made to depend upon any parchment authority. Let the editors of that journal then learn a lesson of charity towards their southern brethren, who agree perfectly with them in taking the Bible as authority first, and the inherent principle of liberty as secondary. They have no right to doubt the honesty of those who interpret the Bible differently from themselves. We propose a contest not of texts and interpretations, but a discussion of principles interiorly recognized.

## 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."

### Lecture on Reform.

BY MRS. CLARK, OF AUBURN.

AT DODWORTH'S HALL, APRIL 5, 1860.

As an appropriate introduction, Mrs. CLARK read a poem, from which we select a few disjointed lines, by way of text.

"I hear a tumult from the heaving sea  
Of human life. The multitudinous waves,  
Like ocean's billows, lift their mighty voices,  
And, with a deep and solemn sound, they ask  
A change."

The Church—God's holy Church—arrayed in weeds,  
And weeping like a widow, moans 'Reform!' Within her Gothic piles and stately temples,  
Wealth and magnificence are broadly strewn;  
The golden light streams dimly in through carved  
And painted windows, and with splendid hue,  
Sleeps on high pillar and gilt organ pipe;  
But low-browed Cunning and red-handed Sin  
Go skulking up the cushioned aisle; and when  
High nave and choir are trembling with a burst  
Of organ-music, sharp-set keen-eyed men,  
Are hoarsely whispering of 'Loss and Profit,'  
'Bank stocks,' and 'Six per-cents.'"

On all hands, said Mrs. C., we hear the cry for reform. Too often this word, which signifies to form anew, is defined in practice as only tearing down. We have reformers (self-styled), who write the blessed word upon their banners, and put feathers into their hats, rather than vigor into their feet, and beauty into their lives. An American writer has said: "Reform with some persons means change." They want the sky red and the earth blue. You shall see such religiously at work upon resolutions to change "constitutions" and alter "by-laws," and when that mission is accomplished, their "whole duty of man" is to organize a new constitution and new by-laws. These make perpetual changes, but no progress.

It is often objected that the Spiritualists are not reformers. Now, it should be remembered that Spiritualists have but just accomplished a mighty work of reform upon themselves. Do but think of the man just freed from John Calvin's hell, and the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism;" or of one who has but lately risen from the zero of French philosophy, into the summer radiance of the new life. These require rest for a little season; time to look about them, time for their wounds to heal. It cannot be expected of these, that they should rush into the front rank of the battle, until they have at least considered a little the primary question—*wherefore?* The reformer should bear in mind, that what he is, that only can he do. He cannot work beyond himself; his own status is the exact measure of his power. His first work, then, is to be. She once heard a reformer apologize for a fit of ill-nature, by saying that he had carried the world on his back so long, that its follies and sins had galled him; that is to say, he had been so religiously engaged in putting the world in order, that he had got out of order himself. In that case, you see, while the world was getting no better, the reformer was growing worse. The popular idea seems to be, that the present age is verging on decrepitude; she views it rather as a bold, brave boy, a little headlong and headstrong now and then, as active boys are wont to be, but full of promise of the coming manhood, nevertheless. What gives its care-takers the most trouble is, it will ask questions which they can't answer. So they say, society is in a ferment, and will not abide by "the old landmarks." But that is not quite the difficulty. It sticks to its multiplication-table closely enough; anything that it can prove to be true, it holds fast to as good. What it demands is, your "old landmarks" shall be verified as landmarks. It has become so expert in chemistry, that it is disposed to try even *ideas* as by fire.

The other day she observed a little boy trying to balance a stick upon his finger. Mightily tickled was he when he had found the point of equilibrium. She thought, as she observed him in his boy triumph, of the unspeakable joy of that soul who finds, in the apparent inequalities and paradoxes of human existence, the point of equilibration—the spiritual standpoint—where the self-poised soul, out of its own realized harmony and order, can say, of the order yet to be, as the astronomer said of the law of the stars: "It is written, and I can wait for a reader, even as God has waited from the beginning of time." So can the true Spiritualist wait. Even now all true men love it. Not the name, to be sure, but the thing. It is daily growing into the acceptance of the age, and it is the very soul of reform, because it reaches the affections and makes of them its ministers and workers. To reform the world and leave the men and women in it as they are, is to attempt "the perpetual motion." In Spiritualism we learn that life and love run parallel. Here is an equipoise, which, when fairly realized, will balance how many things? Not that all that is supposed by many to be spiritual, is *Spiritualism*; there are some who seem to think it requires at least two spirits to manage one body, which seems to her an unnatural waste of power. They come to help us grow, to quicken us by interchange of ideas and affection, even as we are made stronger by intercourse with the wise and good upon the earth. The moral suggestions of Spiritualism are worth more, if possible, than its facts. One good thing is, it unfolds the better nature, and elevates our aspirations. A man's desire is the measure of his destiny. She has known reformers so fierce

for the onslaught, that they would not pause to hear a seraph sing. That soul should take a lesson from the little boy and his balanced stick. He needs to feel the delights of equipoise, to realize the power and beauty of a nature balanced—of a head and heart in unison. The great work requires great souls, looking out through heroic lives. Not he who pulls down merely, not he who makes the most changes in the outside order of things, is necessarily the greatest reformer. The true man works by the force of affection, not by the force of law. He seeks for settled principles upon which to found the life, rather than for legislative statutes by which to regulate the conduct. He feels that the world needs to be encouraged rather than denounced, and, therefore, instead of seizing it by the throat he takes it by the hand.

### Paraphraphical.

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

### Brief Items.

Minnesota has been recently disgraced by the legal murder by hanging, of a woman, the first instance of the kind in that State.—The shoemaker's strike is about "concluded." Quiet is fast being restored, and workmen are resuming their work.—A division has occurred among the Mormons. A portion have declared in favor of Joe Smith, son of the original Joe, and he has accepted the office of President of the High Priests.—The *N. Y. Express* divides its columns between defences of slavery and religious notices.—An exchange sets down all over-dressed people as "vulgar." They are in the majority on Broadway.—In New Mexico, recently, a woman suspected of being a witch, was lassoed, stuck full of thorns, and after suffering prolonged torture, was burned to death.—A French Association has been formed in San Francisco, Cal., to propagate the theories of Charles Fourier in regard to the Reorganization of Society. They have a library of books on SOCIAL HARMONY, and have a reading-room open to the public three evenings every week.—Gerritt Smith continues to improve in health.—The people of Hayti have contributed largely to the family of John Brown.—It is confidently asserted that the Great Eastern will be ready to leave for New York in May or June.—John Brown, jr., of Ohio, refuses to appear before the investigating committee, and as the Sergeant-at-Arms lacks the power to take him, he will probably not be disturbed.—By the last steamer from England it is reported that a warrant has been issued for Heenan and Sayers.—In this country the mortality of children is increasing with terrible rapidity. In Boston, the percentage of deaths of children under 10 doubled from 1830 to 1850. In New York, the deaths of children to each 100,000 inhabitants have more than trebled since 1810.—Serious troubles have recently been developed in Dr. Cheever's church—arising from the "English appeal" for funds, and a late election of trustees. The whole matter is to undergo a judicial investigation.—Tom Thumb has again taken to the stage. He is displaying his accomplishments at Hope Chapel.—A new comic daily paper is about to be started in this city.

### A USEFUL INVENTION.

Several of our exchanges speak in high terms of a new churn, styled, "Lapham & Wilson's Air-pressure Churn," which consists of a simple barrel, hung so as to turn end over end. The barrel is partly filled with cream, and then fully charged with air, the pressure resulting in an improved quality and increased quantity of butter from a given amount of cream. We have reason to believe that this churn is truly a desideratum to dairy-men, at least worthy a trial.

### THREE HOURS' SCHOOL A DAY.

This is the title of an unpretending volume, left, a few years since, as a legacy to the world, by WM. L. CRANDALL. It is written with boldness and much logical power. We are glad to observe an article in *Life Illustrated* calling attention to the work, and the subject to which it is devoted. This correspondent says:

"The pale faces of most of our teachers and scholars, especially in the public schools, where large numbers are kept together five or six hours a day in ill-ventilated rooms, bear a testimony to the statements of this book, which cannot be denied. Teachers can be identified in a large crowd by their sickly and pale visages. We know, too, that the average length of their lives is at the lowest point in the scale, and but little over thirty years!"

Now, as I am neither a Christian nor Mohammedan fatalist, I believe there is a natural and sufficient cause for this, or, more properly, causes, one of which is the well-known fact, that in many schools the laws of health and ventilation are ignored, if not actually sneered at, by the 'authorities.' There may be exceptions, but where they are this dependent at present knoweth not."

The following extract from the book will serve to show that the author comprehended the value of true selfhood:

"Our education is now a thing of fashion, and not a thing of science. It is a thing of manner and not matter, of forms and not of ideas, of words and not of things, of the way in which a thing is said, and not of what is said. Our schools, from top to bottom, and from bottom to top, are *dyspeptic factories*! Where are your stalwart men who hold and express truth, because it is truth, though they stand alone in the world! So far from that, nearly every American seems to think himself a 'goner' if he be not the head or tail of a party in Church or State. So thoroughly has this dyspeptic imbecility, caused by over-schooling, eaten out the capacity for the idea that a man should belong to himself, and not to a party, sect, or clique."

### PRESENTIMENTS.

The *Hillsdale* (Mich.) *Democrat* details the following interesting case:

"The Rev. J. J. Handridge, of Ransom, last week took a load of grain to mill, and was detained until some time in the night, being some eight miles from home, and also with his children. He was importuned to stay all night, but he informed them that it was continually impressed upon his mind that he must go home, and he did so, notwithstanding the urging to the contrary. He arrived at home at one o'clock at night, and just in time to save his house from being burned up, and probably his wife and two children with it. His family were all asleep, and his wife, when awakened, felt that smarting of the throat that produces suffocation. The fire was caused by a firebrand falling on the floor, and had burned a large hole in it."

### Another—A Double.

The Vincennes (Ind.) *Gazette* vouches for the truth of the following:

"A gentleman was doing business in Terre Haute, his wife being in this city. One evening feeling somewhat fatigued he laid down on a lounge to rest, but did not sleep or even close his eyes. Presently his wife stood before him, holding in her arms their only child. She looked wan, and appeared to be suffering greatly. The vision made such an impression upon his mind that he resolved to return home, which he accordingly did as soon as he could make the arrangements. Upon his arrival he found his wife very ill, and learned that she was taken at the same hour precisely that he saw her appearance in Terre Haute."

### NAH-NEE-BAH-WE-QUA.

This is the Indian name (signifying "up-right woman"), of a representative of an Indian tribe living on the northwest shores of Lake Superior, in Canada, who has been deputed to visit England, to lay before Queen Victoria certain grievances of her people under an act of the Colonial Parliament prohibiting Indians from purchasing lands. The "up-right woman" is now in this vicinity, and attended a Quaker meeting, in Brooklyn, on Sunday week. The *Tribune* thus speaks of her appearance and discourse:

"She was attired with much neatness and simplicity, her carriage was erect and dignified, and, though her countenance is not beautiful, the expression is pleasing and intelligent. She was shown into the women's side of the house, and by request took her seat on the raised benches, among the elders, her flat hat of black beaver, with a profusion of trimmings of cherry-colored ribbons, contrasting strangely with the sombre Quaker bonnets of the women around her.

The house was immediately filled, many strangers being present, and for a half hour or more the meetings sat in expectant stillness. She rose and removed her hat, and in a voice low enough to have satisfied King Lear himself, and which was almost inaudible, even in the deep silence that prevailed, commenced her discourse. As she proceeded, she grew a trifle more animated, but her manner was throughout calm and unimpassioned, and her voice monotonous, but not unmusical. In her discourse she displayed excellent judgment, and even taste, avoiding all controverted points, and confining herself to a simple expression of her deep and fervid gratitude to the common Father of us all for his many favors, and especially that he had vouchsafed to extend the knowledge of his gospel to the poor and perishing Indian.

### MANLY WORDS FROM BEECHER.

How inspiring and gratifying are the following noble words, from a recent sermon by HENRY WARD BEECHER. They refer to the refusal by the Trustees of Plymouth Church to open the church doors to WENDELL PHILLIPS, reference to which was made by a correspondent in our issue of March 31st:

"When I was away from home, recently, I turned ruby red with shame to find in a newspaper what I supposed was an ignominious slander, but which proved to be an ignominious truth—namely, that this church had been refused to Wendell Phillips, for the delivery of his address on 'The Destruction of the Union.' If the church had not been accustomed to be let freely for concerts, and lectures, and the like, pending the construction of a new church, the case would have been different, and it might have been prudent not to let it on the occasion in question; but when it was in the market to be let to all respectable causes and persons, for one hundred dollars a night—which is the fee—to deny it to him because he was advocating an unpopular doctrine, and because it was feared that his using it would have an injurious effect on the raising of money for the new church, was shameful in the extreme. When I read it I colored till I felt my blushes in my boots! I was ashamed through and through! I said to myself, 'Thirteen years of ministrations among a people, resulting in the thirteenth year, only in a cowardice that makes them afraid to let a man stand in my place and speak what they do not believe, what they fear will have an unfavorable effect on the church, or what will have an unfavorable effect on me!'

"There is not a more moral and upright man, or a more perfect gentleman and scholar in the Union! Though I do not accept his philosophy, or the application of it, I am proud to own that Wendell Phillips is my personal friend. I have the greatest admiration for the man. He has that which is brighter than any gem ever worn in a kingly crown, namely: moral courage to proclaim, and perseverance to advocate what he thinks to be true, no matter what opposition he may encounter."

"And I will tell you one thing: if you expect by any such prudent course as that, to get money to build a church, I do not want it; I do not want a church that is built at the price of making men hold their tongues."

"I see it is reported that of late I have been growing moderate; but the old feeling is in me yet! I am as warmly in favor of free speech as I ever was. I will have it myself; I will contend for it for others; and I will rebuke that cowardice which is afraid to let a man speak freely. Manliness requires that

you should allow open speech. If you want to meet it, meet it by counter speech."

"Now, you know very well that while I do not speak with hatred or anger, but because I abhor cowardice—and most in those that I love. I did not suppose I had brought up a church or a congregation to sin in that way."

"One thing I am perfectly settled about, and that is this: I myself shall be free, and every one who has anything to do with me shall be free also, if I can help him to be so. And if, in the augmentation of our church, you mean that there shall be circumscription of the liberty of speech, you will not have my cooperation in the putting up of a single brick. You may say that this will stand in the way of building. Then let it! I do not care for a building that goes up on that foundation. It would be like an old temple of Egypt—great and grand in outward form, but full of dead dust inside. No: nothing is of any worth that does not carry with it the vitality of the liberty of the sons of God in the expression of honest convictions. So much for that!"

The Brooklyn *Engle* states that the Trustees who were so berated by their Pastor, are about to resign, or have resigned.

### Snuff Dipping.

We find in the *Tribune* an article relative to Snuff Dipping in New York city, which we faintly would believe to be written as a disgusting piece of fiction. The facts alleged are, however, we fear, only too probable. This filthy habit has been supposed to be confined to Southern ladies. It seems, however, to be prevalent at the North. The mode of its use is variously described. One method is that of conveying the dust to the lips by means of a swab-stick, or little mop, which, in "dipping" circles is "passed around!" The New York "dippers," or "diggers," as they are called, deposit the mixture, with a peculiarly shaped horn or silver spoon, in the inside of the lower lip. There it is allowed to remain until thoroughly moistened, when it is passed around to the sides of the mouth, where it stays till exhausted of its essential powers.

The writer says the amount used by each person addicted to the habit, varies from one quarter of a pound to a pound per week. One firm it is stated, make and sell for this use alone in New York city over two hundred pounds a day!

While lamenting the depravity of taste on the part of American women indicated by this habit, we confess ourselves not very much surprised at its adoption, in view of the abundant similar means of dissipation resorted to by men, and we hope the filthy picture may prove a faithful mirror for our tobacco chewing, snuff taking, and cigar smoking men. The masculine fraternity have long enjoyed a monopoly in the use of narcotic and other stimulants. Tea and coffee it is true, have been freely allowed to women, but have been as freely used by men, while tobacco, snuff, cigars and ardent spirits have been considered as quite unsuitable for our sisters, who are expected to possess all the positive virtues and excellencies, and to be free from all the besetting vices and bad habits of the "lords of creation."

Men by situation, employments, and associations, are less likely to feel the need of stimulants than women. Their avocations give greater scope to the mental powers—are more varied and attractive, and far less exhausting. In physical conformation, too, men are less subject to the prostration and lassitude which are supposed to engender a resort to stimulants. If, then, men are to be justified in an occasional debauch, or a daily smoke, or an uninterrupted enjoyment of a quid of tobacco, how much more are women to be pardoned for following an example so continually before them. The practice of "snuff digging," disgusting as it appears, is really less so than chewing or snuffing; certainly less destitute of apology than dram drinking. It is said to preserve the teeth in a sound and lustrous condition, which the use of chewing-tobacco certainly does not.

We would not be understood as defending this practice, but simply as taking the ground that cleanly habits, the avoidance of all filthy, corrupting practices, are as binding upon men as women. A virtuous man is as truly noble a spectacle as a woman of pure character, and the want of moral principle is as censurable in one as the other. A clean, pure, sweet-breathed gentleman, is quite as attractive as a lady with similar advantages, and in fact rather more so, from the rarity of the combination.

It is high time that women demand and expect from men the observance, themselves, of some of those strict habits of personal cleanliness, that they profess to regard as essential in the other sex. It is alleged that, "when this habit has once fastened upon a woman, she rarely, if ever, is able to shake it off. Neither ruined health, self-respect, nor love for her husband, children, and friends, can give her sufficient resolution to abstain from snuff chewing."

Precisely similar is the case of tobacco chewers among men. We know of many whose love for wife, children, and friends, is insufficient to lead them to shake off the habit. We feel almost reconciled to this revelation of snuff dipping, provided it can, by public sentiment, be placed on a footing with the snuff taking now so prevalent among members of Congress and others high in station, and the almost universal practice of tobacco chewing, cigar smoking, and lager-beer drinking. If men cannot consent that their wives, sisters, and daughters, shall enjoy with them these latter "luxuries," and few are willing to do so, they surely should not deprive them of the single grain of comfort left them in those little items, the "mop-stick and snuff-box!"



## 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."

## OUR BABY.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

Did you ever see our baby?  
Little Tot;  
With her eyes so sparkling bright,  
And her skin so lily white,  
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—  
Tell you what,  
She is just the sweetest baby  
In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling,  
And to me,  
All her little ways are witty;  
And when she sings her little ditty,  
Every word is just as pretty  
As can be—  
Not another in the city  
Sweet as she.

You don't think so—never saw her;  
Wish you could  
See her with her playthings clattering,  
Hear her little tongue a chattering—  
Little dancing feet come patterning—  
Think you would  
Love her just as well as I do—  
If you could!

Every grandma's only darling,  
I suppose,  
Is as sweet and bright a blossom,  
Is a treasure to her bosom,  
Is as cheering and endearing  
As my rose.  
Heavenly Father! spare them to us  
Till life's close!

(From the Ladies' Companion.)

## THE SPECTRAL HAND.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

[In Aubrey's collection of Hermetic Philosophy, a very curious old book, notwithstanding D'Israeli's contemptuous opinion of it, may be seen the original narration of the incident on which the following tale is founded.]

"You are no believer in vulgar ghosts; nor am I, but I do believe most firmly that we are ever surrounded by ministering spirits, invisible to human eyes, but not unfelt by human hearts."

The speaker was a pale, thin old man, with a face singularly attenuated, and of ashy paleness, while his small, jet-black eyes, rolled spasmodically beneath his shaggy brows, as if moved by some galvanic power. Those eyes were certainly a most remarkable feature. They seemed, at times, to blaze out, and again to become dim, like the fitful lamp of the firefly; and the gray haze which occasionally crept over them, was like the glassiness which death imparts. No one knew anything about him. He had accidentally become our traveling companion, and, as we gathered round the fire, in the solitary parlor which the wayside inn afforded, he joined himself to our little group, so silently as scarcely to be observed. Our host had endeavored to entertain us, during supper, by the details of a horrid murder, lately perpetrated in the neighborhood, and had garnished the tale with some incidents of a supernatural character. This led to a discussion among us, respecting ghostly revelations, and, while some of our party related half humorous, half horrifying stories of supernatural visitations, others vehemently declaimed against the indulgence of any such pernicious creeds. It was the violent tirade of one, who looked upon superstition as ranking among the seven deadly sins, which called forth from the strange old man the remark already quoted. Our pious friend immediately replied by a most elaborate argument, to which the stranger listened with evident indifference and impatience.

"Your reasoning is most conclusive," said he, with a faint smile, "and I doubt not that I should entirely agree with you, if facts, which have come within my own knowledge, were not more convincing than all the fine-spun theories in the world."

"Have you ever seen a ghost?" was the natural question.

"No," was his reply, "but I have both seen and heard enough to convince me of the existence of ministering spirits."

A little persuasion soon induced the old man to give us the results of his experience, and as we drew our chairs more closely around the fire, he thus began:

"I believe that we are all sent into the world to perform some definite mission. The moment an infant breathes the vital air, his ministry of good or evil is begun, and according as he performs his allotted duties, or fails in their fulfillment, will be his future measure of reward. I speak not now of deeds only—there are things known only to man and his Maker, which yet form an essential part of that ministry, though the world knows nothing of them. But there may be those who have gone on humbly seeking to fulfill their mission of duty, until death has stilled the beating heart, and palsied the ready hand. There may be those whose ministry is needed after the spirit has escaped from the decaying body; and whose invisible agency completes the unfinished course of duty. Such, I believe, are they who are sometimes allowed to revisit the 'glances of the moon.'"

"Look into the scroll where memory has for years been inscribing her speaking pictures of the past, and tell me if you find not there the record of some mysterious impulse, which seemed almost like folly when you yielded to its power, but which now appears to you like a special interposition of Providence. Can

you not recall some well-devised scheme of worldly advancement, from which, by some strange instinct, you recoiled at the very moment when success seemed sure, and which, if then pursued, in despite of this secret warning, you now see would have led to certain ruin? Do you not remember evil thoughts which would have ripened into wicked deeds, had it not been for some silent but powerful agency, which you could neither comprehend nor resist. Are there not acts of kindness and virtue which have been performed by you almost unwillingly, and as if under the power of some fascinating spell? He who can remember things like these—and who among us cannot?—has felt the invisible ministry of angels. Sometimes, though rarely, this ministry is permitted to become visible; but it is only when the silent influences, which fall upon the spirit, like dew within the flower, are not sufficient for its renovation. The tale I am about to relate, is directly in point:

"Sir Walter Lisburne, of Drayton, had wedded rather late in life, but nothing could exceed the domestic felicity which he enjoyed with his young and beautiful wife. The Lady Lucy was as good and gentle as she was lovely. Her very presence seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of happiness around, and her sweet face shed a light as genial to the soul as is spring sunshine to the earth. Her picture, which still adorns the old gallery at Draycot, represents her in the first bloom of maidenhood, and it needs little knowledge of physiognomy to decide that such a creature could bear none other than a noble and gentle heart. The portrait of Sir Walter, which hangs beside hers, is equally characteristic. Eminently handsome, with the form and bearing of a hero of the olden time, yet his features bear witness to the vacillation of mind, the infirmity of purpose, and the weak credulity of temper which were so conspicuous in the actual man. Possessing the most affectionate feelings, and relying most implicitly on those whom he loved, his want of decision placed him entirely under the influence of others. It was only while his heart was fixed on the good and the pure, that he could depend on his own correctness of thought and action. Lady Lucy revered her husband, as all good wives should, and her humility prevented her from discovering his entire subjection to her guidance. It was only by suggestive hints that she ever attempted to direct his judgment, and when once the idea was placed before him, Sir Walter well knew how to develop it in such a manner as to establish for himself something of a claim to originality. His large fortune enabled him to gratify all her elegant tastes, as well as all her schemes of benevolence; and while he went heart and hand with her in her plans, no one would have suspected that his facile temper made him simply the reflex of the object nearest to him.

"But such happiness as was enjoyed by this noble pair, never can endure. Earth would claim too many Heavenward thoughts, if the household fire ever burned thus brightly, and when disunion comes not to dim its light, death stands ready soon to quench the flame. Just when her prospects were brightest, the Lady Lucy was called to leave all that she most dearly loved. A sharp and sudden illness fell upon her; the powers of her strong mind were broken, and after a few days of intense suffering, she sunk into a torpor, which gradually deepened into death. Not one lucid moment had been afforded her, to utter a fond farewell to her beloved husband, or to impress one parting prayer on the tender heart of her only child. While reason remained true, her duties had been well performed, but she died with the mother's mission yet unfulfilled.

"The grief of Sir Walter was like that of all weak-minded and passionate-hearted men. He wept, and raved, and forbade all preparations for the funeral, and talked of self-murder, and, in short, acted like a mad man. It was necessary to place him under positive restraint, in order to prevent some fatal act of rashness, until time should have alleviated his wild sorrow. He shut himself within an apartment hung with black, and from which every ray of light was excluded. From this chamber he never emerged, except at midnight, when he paid a nightly visit to the tomb of his beloved wife. His servants, his friends, even his son—the image of his sainted Lucy—all were denied access to him. He had taken a solemn vow that while the hatchment which told of death's victory still remained affixed to Drayton, he would not appear beneath the blessed sunshine. And he kept his word, as all such people keep rash vows; he forgot not the letter, though he dispensed with its fulfillment in spirit.

"In his son, who had then scarcely attained his twelfth year, were singularly blended the characteristics of both parents. He possessed the gentle temper of his mother, and the facile indecision of his father—the relying tenderness, which, when properly directed, is so efficient a means in the formation of youthful character, together with a lightness and buoyancy of disposition which rendered it extremely difficult to make any permanent impression upon his feelings. He was one who would require 'line upon line, and precept upon precept.' His true and really noble character lay hidden like the statue concealed in the shapeless mass of marble. It is only by the repeated strokes of the chisel and the toilsome study of the artist, that it is at length enveloped in its perfect beauty. Yet Sir Walter, yielding himself up to selfish and morbid grief for the dead, forgot his duties to the living; and the boy was left to the tender mercies of the servants and retainers, who found their own interest in pampering

the incipient passions of the young heir. The result of such society, at a period of life when the mind is most impressible, may be easily foreseen.

"Adjoining upon Drayton, and, indeed, divided from it only by a brooklet, which a child might overhear, lay the rich domain then in possession of the Lady Elizabeth F—. This woman was singularly gifted, both in mind and person, and had the gentler virtues and graces been also bestowed on her, she would have been one of the loveliest of her sex. She was exceedingly beautiful, with a face almost Moorish in its dark, rich coloring, and features of the most perfect symmetry. Her form was superb, and the idea of queenly magnificence involuntarily associated itself with her noble beauty and stately presence. She had been wedded, in youth, to a man at least thrice her age, and who was as destitute of all lovable qualities as of personal attractions. Infirm in mind and in body, his querulousness had been the torment of all around him; but especially was his mean and tyrannical spirit exercised towards his wife. Her beauty was hidden in the strictest seclusion by his selfish jealousy—her fine mental powers were wasted in vain attempts to soothe or divert the peevish invalid—her love of magnificence was entirely thwarted by his sordid parsimony—and, in short, everything which could lighten the weight of so wearisome an existence, was strictly forbidden her. Even her flower-garden, the last shelter of her hunted spirit, had been plowed up, and sown with turnip-seed, because the wretched old man fancied that it occupied some portion of her interest and her time. And yet he loved his wife—he had sacrificed schemes of ambition to blind passion when he made her the partner of his name and rank—but his love was like the vile affection with which a miser gloats over his golden store. He was proud to feel that she was his own—that all this wealth of beauty and brilliancy was buried from the world for his sole gratification. He found pleasure in adorning her with priceless gems, and decking her with all the splendors of Oriental taste, for his eye alone. While his parsimony scarcely allowed him to keep his noble mansion in habitable order, and while his jealousy forbade the intrusion of a single guest within his walls, he yet exacted from his lady the daily compliment of a full-dress dinner, and a superb evening toilette for only himself to gaze upon.

The proud and lofty woman was but as a puppet in the hands of her master. He ruled her as if by some magic spell, and scandal whispered that the talisman might be found in the record of the lady's early life. It was said that Lord F— had found his bride in a station which she wished not to remember; and that the secret of his absolute power over her, lay hid within a locked and sealed coffer, which ever stood within his chamber, and which was said to contain the tawdry and tinsel trappings of a female rope-dancer. Whether the tale were true, or only the surmise of envy and malice, certain it is, that nothing but the strong bond of self-interest could have subjected Lady Elizabeth's lofty spirit to such an intolerable weight of bondage. She had sold herself for wealth and station. She felt herself enslaved beyond all present redemption, but she anticipated the moment when death should enfranchise her; and year after year passed away, while she waited in silent and patient hopefulness for the freedom which only the King of Terrors could bestow.

But Lady F— had purposes, deep and determined, which were only to be accomplished by the most adroit self-concealment. Her husband's estates were large and unentailed, and she had long since resolved that wealth, with all its powers and its pleasures, should reward her years of servitude. To accomplish this, required the most consummate art, for Lord F— was suspicious of every one, just in proportion as he ceased to deserve respect. It was necessary for her to feign the most devoted affection for a person whom disease had rendered positively disgusting—to pretend the utmost deference to the dictates of a mind which, in everything save its power of will, was almost imbecile—and, in short, to bend all the energies of her being to the task of cajolment and deception.

Alas! alas! for those who possess an untamable spirit enshrined in a frail and enslaved body! Alas! for those who must work out their own will in secrecy and silence—who, having no weapons of strength, must use the craft and cunning which nature ever bestows on the weaker animals—who must exercise masculine energies only by the aid of feminine devices. Alas! for such when the principles of virtue are wanting, and the woman's heart becomes the demon's haunt!

All that the Lady Elizabeth might once have possessed of gentleness and goodness, all the womanly charities of her nature, had been long since crushed beneath the chains which she had found so "heavy, though they clanked not." Ambition was now her only passion. For this she lived, and for this she suffered. "I hide my time," was her device, and never once did she relax her powers of fascination, until the grave closed over the tyrant and the deceived. During her husband's last illness, she was his faithful and unwearied nurse. She well knew that the will which made her sole heiress to his vast possessions, had been long since made, and she felt that her thralldom was now drawing to a close. But she was yet to learn that there is a tyranny which seeks to make itself felt, even from the narrow limits of the grave. Almost with his dying breath, Lord F— summoned her to his bedside, and dictated a solemn oath that bound her to a life

of widowhood. With freedom just in view, and the fetters of slavery still heavy upon her, the proud woman felt little disposition to think of a second marriage. But she spurned the idea of a subjection, which should outlast the stroke of death; and a refusal to utter so false a vow was upon her lips, when the expiring husband, with the last effort of impotent malice, drew from beneath his pillow the long hoarded will, and exhibited, appended to it, a codicil, which made the forfeiture of the whole estate the penalty of a second marriage. Calmly, and coldly, Lady F— uttered the prescribed oath—but no eye save hers witnessed his dying agonies, and when the will was drawn from its concealment, with all the forms of law, no condition was found annexed to the bequest which made the widow sole heiress of the rich domain. The portentous codicil had disappeared.

"And what, you will ask, was the story of the Lady Elizabeth to do with Sir Walter Lisburne? Be not impatient, but let an old man tell his story in his own way. One little year after the burial of the gentle Lady Lucy, Sir Walter emerged from his chamber of darkness. His first care was to order the removal of the funeral hatchments from his gates, and his next to direct that all things should be prepared for his second nuptials with the Lady Elizabeth F—. It was a most mysterious affair, for he had never been seen to cross the threshold of her abode, though she had been for some years free and unfettered. Indeed, it was universally believed, that, save his nightly visits to his lady's tomb, he had never left his gloomy apartment. But, be that as it may, he came out from his seclusion the betrothed of the haughty widow. She had found society less kindly in its reception of her than she had anticipated. Her position was somewhat ambiguous, and her very superiority to most of her sex in personal charms, gave new vigilance to envy. Who was Lady F—? was repeatedly asked. But the world could not, and the lady would not answer. She felt the insecurity of her situation, and with her, now, to will was to do. Perhaps, too, the noble person of Sir Walter, for he was still distinguished for manly beauty, might not have been without its effect upon the proud and luxurious woman. With her usual artifice, she managed to throw herself in the way of the sorrowing husband, and, ere long, his unprofitable visits to the cold stone which covered the remains of his dead wife, became only an easy means of concealment for his much more agreeable communings with warm and breathing beauty. As a matter of worldly prudence, Sir Walter could scarcely have made a more advantageous match; for it united two contiguous estates into one of princely splendor; while the lady, as the wife of a man who could trace back his family to the time of the Norman Conquest, assumed a rank which no one cared to dispute.

"There is no tyrant so despotic as a disenfranchised slave"—is a maxim proved to its fullest extent in oriental life, and the truth of which may be tested in the personal experience of every one of us. Lady Elizabeth soon discovered the weaknesses of her husband's character, and they were exactly such as suited best with her views. Without sacrificing anything of her dignity, or her graceful assumption of gentleness, she was able to rule even to her heart's content; while Sir Walter, glad to be released from the irksome duty of self-guidance, was both proud and happy in his choice. Matters went on well enough, until Lady Elizabeth became a mother. The birth of her son awakened in her new emotions, and had such an event occurred in earlier life, before she was so completely indurated by ambition, it might have wrought a radical change in her character. Now, however, it only served to bring out in stronger relief her evil nature.

"Sir Walter's eldest son—the young Walter, was now in his fifteenth year, when this new claimant to family honors appeared. Since his mother's death the boy had been sadly neglected, and had sought his friends chiefly among the tenantry and domestics of his father's household. His tutor was a man of abstracted and absent turn of mind, whose simplicity of character rendered him an object of ridicule, rather than respect; and the wayward boy, who had his occasional fits of study, and his frequent moods of idleness, was most ingenious in mystifying the kind old man. With fine capacities, a most affectionate temper, but a most reckless will, young Walter Lisburne seemed destined to add another to the long list of profligate heirs. Yet, a kindly hand might easily have rescued him from the mire of self-indulgence, and womanly gentleness, to which he was ever most susceptible, might even then have allured him to the path of virtue.

"The Lady Elizabeth had other schemes, however. Sir Walter's estates were not entailed, and she had resolved, while her child was yet in his cradle, that the rich lands of Drayton should be united with the domains of F—, to form the princely heritage of the son whom she almost worshiped. Among the retainers of Sir Walter, were several who were devoted to her interests. To them were given such directions as were likely to work out her ends. The incipient vices of the youthful Walter were fostered by every possible means; his virtues were sneered at and mocked; his capacity for lofty attainments ridiculed; while his proficiency in all that marks the high-blooded profligate, were lauded with the most fulsome flattery. Temptations of the most seducing kind were placed in his way; and more especially was he enticed by that most debasing and insidious of all vices—the love of strong drink. Every

opportunity was taken for indulging him in this propensity—he was led on, step by step, and whenever he was found to be completely under the influence of the degrading taste, rioting with his boon companions, his father was sure to be brought by some singular chance to the scene of his son's folly. Sir Walter's heart was gradually alienated from his child, and he was thus by degrees prepared to enter into the schemes which his wife had long since matured.

"I am now coming to that part of my story which will, perhaps, cause you to doubt its truth, or else to look on me as a weak visionary; and yet it is true as are the details I have just given you.

"Sir Walter, now advancing in life, and completely under the influence of his haughty wife, (who, when she broke her vow with the dead, could hardly be expected to keep faith with the living), was persuaded to make a will, which should give to his second son, Godfrey, the broad lands of Drayton, leaving to his eldest child only a small patrimony which he could justly claim in right of the Lady Lucy, his mother. The papers were drawn up by a lawyer, who was at that time much occupied at the assizes, and I, then a youth of twenty, the son of Sir Walter's steward, was employed to engross the document. The affair was kept very secret, and was to be done as expeditiously as possible, because Sir Walter was confined to his bed by a serious illness, which it was feared would terminate fatally. I was accordingly placed in Sir Walter's study, a small room adjoining his library on the one side and his sleeping apartment on the other. In order to prevent intrusion, I kept both doors securely locked, by the directions of Lady Elizabeth. I had been writing until very late in the night—the house was perfectly still, and I could distinctly hear the ticking of the night-watch in the sick man's chamber. I had copied all the tedious and minute details which the law requires in such important papers, and after enumerating the various portions of property, I was just in the act of writing 'Godfrey' as sole heir, when suddenly the light was obscured, and a shadow, as of a hand held before the taper, fell upon the parchment before me. I looked up hastily, but the lights on the table burned clear and bright, and I almost smiled at my own vain fancy, as I dipped my pen in the ink and again bent my head over my task. But scarcely had I touched the paper, when the same sudden gloom appeared, and the shadow of a hand was distinctly projected upon the document before me. Again I looked up, with a beating heart, while the cold sweat started upon my brow in heavy bead-drops, but the candles burned with unclouded brilliancy. Summoning all my courage to my aid, and ashamed of being frightened at a mere shadow, I attempted the third time to write the name of Godfrey. At this moment the gloom again fell around my pen—the shadow again lay dark and distinct upon my paper, and as I looked up, I saw held before the taper, a hand—a woman's hand, fair and delicate, with almond-shaped nails, and long taper fingers, between which the light shone with a half transparent roseate hue. It was no vision of a heated fancy. I saw, with my bodily eyes, that veined and snow-white hand. I shall never forget its pure, pale waxen tint. While I gazed spell-bound, it slowly melted from my sight, and a halo, such as one may see gather around a candle, if held in a moist, close atmosphere, formed around the lights as that shadow vanished.

"Flinging down my pen, I burst into the room where lay Sir Walter Lisburne. Lady Elizabeth, wearied with watchfulness, had retired to seek repose, and no one was beside the sick man save an old family friend, whose integrity was as undoubted as his heart was warm. Breathless with emotion, but firm and unshaken in my belief, I told my story. The effect produced upon Sir Walter was terrific. What afterwards occurred respecting it, I know not, but that unjust will was never completed. I kept my own secret, and never revealed the story of my mysterious visitant, until a circumstance which occurred at a later period, induced me to narrate it to the heir of Draycot.

"Sir Walter Lisburne never recovered from the illness of which I have just spoken. And the young Walter, about a year after his father's death, attained his majority. His kindness of heart had induced him always to treat his step-mother with respect, while his young brother had shared his affections, and accordingly, they were first among the invited guests, who were expected to honor Draycot with their presence during the rejoicings. Lady Elizabeth had retired to her own estates immediately after the death of her husband, and seemed to have quite forgotten her disappointment, if one might judge by the alacrity with which she obeyed the young baronet's summons. The heir was free-handed, even to a fault, and the festivities were upon a scale of unbounded magnificence and liberality. More especially was the evening banquet remarkable for its tasteful elegance. Lady Elizabeth, still stately and beautiful, though time had touched her brow with his tracery, presided in all the pride of dowager dignity. Her son, a wild and light-headed boy, sat near her, while preeminent in sweetness of deportment, noble bearing and beauty of person, notwithstanding the hectic flush with which his early excess had stained his cheek, shone the young Sir Walter.

It was late in the evening when Lady Elizabeth rose to leave the banquet. Passing one instant ere she withdrew, she raised to her lips the golden goblet in which she had been served with wine, and, uttering a grate-



ful gratulation to the heir of Draycott, drained the cup. Seizing his capacious glass, Sir Walter held it over his shoulder to be filled, as he rose and courteously reciprocated the lady's compliment. I was seated in the gallery which overlooked the banquet, and I remarked that it was one of Lady Elizabeth's foreign servants who filled the glass for my young lord. Scarcely had the wine risen to the brim of the drinking vessel, when it suddenly vanished, as if mingled with some effervescent drug, and the glass was shattered into fragments. It was a Venice glass of great price, and I shuddered as I remembered the peculiar value which in former times had been set upon that substance, whose purity could not bear the touch of poison. But, as the wild thought passed through my brain, Sir Walter grasped a silver beaker which stood near, and called for wine. The same dark-browed servant stood behind him, and the cup was filled to the brim. Sir Walter raised it, but ere it touched his lips, a spell seemed to have fallen upon him. He held the cup suspended, while his gaze was fixed fearfully upon vacancy. At length, as if overcome by some frightful vision, he dashed the goblet violently to the ground, and rushed from the apartment.

"The wine was poisoned. The dog which had lain at his master's feet and lapped it as it ran along the floor, died the next morning. It was drugged with a slow but deadly poison. "Years afterwards, when I was admitted to the confidence of Sir Walter, (who, by a life of virtue afterwards amply atoned for the errors of his youth, I heard from his own lips the tale of that strange visitation. Often in his hours of revelry, ere the last intoxicating cup was quaffed, a hand—a woman's hand, soft and delicate, would be laid on his with a strong and gentle clasp—holding back the draught from his hot lip. Sometimes the dewy fingers touched his brow and cooled the fevered brain, till reason could assert her sway. The effect had ever been salutary, yet exquisitely painful to the youth. It had stayed the impetuous fury of mad passion, and by degrees the touch of that invisible hand had won him from his evil ways. He felt himself watched over by some unseen spirit, and as soon as he fully believed and yielded himself to this gentle intimation of guardianship, the temptations that assailed him lost their baleful power. On the evening when he sought to pledge his step-mother in the poisoned draught, that shadowy hand had grasped his with a burning clasp, that made his blood boil in the shrinking veins. He felt the scorching of the flesh, beneath the touch of those slender fingers, and, as he told the tale, he bared his wrist, and I beheld the impression of three fingers, branded as if by a hot iron into the living flesh. Until his dying day, Sir Walter bore that seal of a spirit's mission.

"To whom do you suppose that spectral hand belonged?" asked one of the company. "Did I not say that the Lady Lucy died without pouring forth the strong earthly love which was hoarded within her breast? She had come back to earth in spirit—she had come to check the impulses of evil in the bosom of her child—to rescue him from the poverty which would have driven his proud spirit to madness—and finally, to save him from the deadly malice of her, who, for the guerdon of his wealth, would have sent him to an early grave, with all his sins yet heavy on his head. It was the mother's hand, and it fulfilled the mother's mission."

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These facts ought to be better understood, and as good health so certainly underlie all other blessings and enjoyments, it becomes a personal and serious inquiry how we may, with the least trouble, combining economy and permanency, secure so great a luxury. There seems to be no remedy except in the use of a properly constructed filter, possessing capacity, durability and convenience to furnish a full supply of water for all domestic uses—and without making any invidious comparisons, we have great confidence in recommending the Kelsie Patent Water Filter as possessing the above qualities. (See advertisement on another page.)

There are always exceptional people; men who have strong wills. I knew a statesman when he spoke, if his voice failed him, little cared he; he knew his argument must be discussed if he was obliged to squeak.

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**WARREN CHASE** speaks 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 Owego, N. Y.

**J. M. PEEBLES** speaks every alternate Sunday at Battle Creek, Mich.

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

**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.

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

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**F. L. WADSWORTH** speaks at Utica, N. Y., April 15th; Troy, 22d and 29th.

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

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**MRS. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK** will lecture, April 15th and 22d in Cincinnati, O.

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**MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON** is for the present speaking at Clinton Hall, Brooklyn, every Sunday at 3 and 7½ o'clock, P. M. She spends the first and second Sundays of June at Providence, R. I.

**ELIJAH CASE, JR.**, will answer calls to speak, addressed to Florida, Hillsdale, Co., Mich. He speaks at Toledo, O., the first Sunday in April.

**MISS EMMA HARDINGE** may be addressed at No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York. She will spend the month of April at Providence, R. I., and in adjacent towns.

**REV. WM. H. FISH** speaks in the Stone Church, in Cortland village, N. Y., every alternate Sunday A. M. and P. M. The remaining Sundays he speaks in different localities in that vicinity as friends desire.

**MRS. S. E. WARNER**, who has been lecturing in Michigan during the winter, expects to return to her home in the vicinity of Milan, Ohio, in the month of May, and will answer calls to lecture in any part of Ohio and Western New York, during the ensuing summer. Mrs. W. has been in the field nearly six years, as a lecturer on Spiritualism and kindred topics. Address Mrs. SOPHERONIA E. WARNER, Milan, Ohio.

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For Albany—9 A. M., Mail, and 3:30 P. M., Express, connecting with the New York Central Railroad.

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Williamsbridge—6:40 and 9:30 A. M., 1 and 3:40 P. M.

White Plains—5 and 7:20 A. M., and 4:50 P. M.

Croton—7 A. M.

Millerton—7 A. M.

Albany—11 A. M., Mail, and 4:10 P. M., Express train.

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"In the production of the next volume, I am impressed to give notice that I have been informed that Confucius, Solon, Plato, Demosthenes, Cicero, Cullen, Galen, Newton, Copernicus, and many others, will assist in its production.

"I will remark that I have given the contents of this volume, as I have received them, to the public mind, for perusal and examination."

The several topics are treated in a manner of dispassionate calmness, to which the language appropriately clings and corresponds.

The few poetical quotations, or effusions, are decidedly prosy and uninspired. They should have been omitted.

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On the whole, however—excepting the unutilized style in some places—we think the work will impart truth, and give satisfaction to many.

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PHEBE E. SILVEIRA.

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ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF ABLE WRITERS.

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