

Philosophical Department.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

The Reason of Evil.

The origin and significance of Evil in the constitution of the universe, and its presence in the moral nature of man, constitute a problem which for ages has tasked the speculative faculties of the thoughtful, but has received no solution commending itself to a general acceptance.

Evil, in all circumstances and conditions, is at least disorder; and this involves the idea of order violated. The violation of order again supposes the existence of a system of agencies to which order applies, and within which evil intrudes.

It involves the conception, first of elementary parts, which are, so to speak, the body of the system, which may be sheer forces, or organs, or forces and organs. Secondly, these elementary parts perform reciprocal functions, act and react upon each other within determinate limits.

The above are the essentials of the natural systems with which we are most familiar, of animal and vegetable bodies for example. But the two extreme types of natural systems with which we are acquainted, either lack some of these essentials, or modify them in a way which we do not yet understand.

We are now prepared to detect the secret of the evolution of Evil.

If the relation of the elementary parts to their functions is either too great or too little, if the force which is distributed to them severally is out of proportion to the stock of force belonging to them all collectively, Evil, or disorder, inevitably enters the system!

Now, the system of the Universe at large never decays—is eternal. It must, therefore, lack the fifth of the essentials above enumerated as requisite in such natural systems as we can grasp with our ordinary faculties.

Let us look at the question in another point of view. The Universe does not merely display in all directions through the measureless abysses of space, but has an inward extension and depth—intensity, so to speak.

Suppose the material Universe were a solid sphere occupying a finite space only. But suppose that, intermingled with this solid sphere there were another of larger dimensions, pervading the same space without in-

terfering with the former, more easily than the substance light pervades the substance glass. Penetrating this second sphere, and projecting its substance beyond it, suppose a third still more refined and subtle, and so on in a series, without end.

If, now, the additions to the physical Universe at large are all made on the first, or physical stage or degree, it is evident that the element of derangement would decline as a disturbing force; that is, as Evil, by continued stages, as we advance toward the spiritual heart, till its conscious beings it would have entirely ceased to be appreciable.

But there is another point of view from which the presence of Evil in a natural system may be readily understood. To all the elements of such a system, there is a certain degree of spontaneous activity essential.

Now, how must such a system in the nature of things be set in operation? Evidently it must start with a disturbed equilibrium. Its elements must be out of balance at the outset. Some of the constituent forces must be in excess, and some in deficiency.

Let us apply this definition to the action of the human soul. Here we have a system of spiritual forces, which are faculties, tendencies, appetites, passions, and loves. What we assert is, that the play of these functions could never have begun unless man had been created with some of them in excess; that is, so that he should be attracted too strongly to some objects, and too feebly towards others.

The essential evil of human nature, then, is the excess of some loves, and the deficiency and consequent misdirection of others. And man had thus to come into being, because his soul is a system of living forces, which required to be set in motion by a disturbance of its normal equilibrium.

CHARITY would lose its name were it influenced by so mean a motive as human praise.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

The First Practical Proclamation.

THE TRUE SALVATION OF MEN.

[The ever to be remembered Monday evening, Oct. 14th, 1861, in communication with spirits.]

Know all men and women by these presents, that I, Aaron Evans, a humble citizen, do proclaim to every living soul of the United States, both North and South, whether united or disunited, that the only true salvation depends upon their living true to themselves; that every act be true, and that it should be the great aim of mankind to gain the knowledge how so to act.

1. That every one be required not to occupy or hold from his neighbor more of mother earth than he or she may individually manage for his or her own support and happiness; 2. That every one that makes an exchange of any commodity, that costs labor, be required to receive, in exchange, some other commodity that costs the like amount of labor.

And I do further proclaim that stern necessity and justice do require of every one to fulfill these requirements; and when the people generally shall fulfill them, they will easily grow into others that are good. Had the North fulfilled them, the South would not have wished to fight her; and if the South had fulfilled them, the North would not have fought her.

Now I will put this question to every one from the President down, Will you live true to yourself? If there shall be a majority of this class in the United States, there will soon come an end to the war.

I ask no one to know or believe that one word of what I have written is true; for if he has not lived, or does not live, to know for himself, he cannot know it.

And I further proclaim that every editor and publisher of a paper throughout these United (or disunited) States, is hereby required, by necessity and justice, and by me requested and solicited, to publish these requirements, once or more, that each one may read and think thoroughly for himself or herself, whether living their own salvation is not the only sure salvation of a nation.

And further, I do proclaim that every one who lives truly will be in heaven and happiness! Is not truth, then, worth living for? Don't speak all at once, but think thoroughly and then answer.

Resistance and Non-Resistance.

BY ARKTOS.

I have perused the articles on "Resistance" and "Non-resistance" in the HERALD OF PROGRESS, with close attention. But I feel that I have not been much instructed by them, and it is to be doubted whether others be more favorably affected.

The history of every nation takes its onward course, and is determined for republicanism by the average of the spirit of the masses. These, evidently, make the history. The few persons, acting in the busy drama, are, properly, not the makers of the events; they are only the expression, or the instruments, of the spirit of the masses.

Every people has at every moment reached a certain stage of development. This definite condition is not easily to be disputed or preached away by individuals. The degree of culture of any people is always precisely as it is, and, though liquid and movable, yet very refractory, and moved only with difficulty.

A second grand error follows from this, particularly on the side of the "Non-resistants"—it is, that the main popular spirit is highly over-estimated. The conditions are, in a subjective way, considered in a too beautiful and progressed state, so that we must hear on every occasion the exclamations: "The finest country!" "The mightiest nation!" "The best government!" "The wisest and most enlightened people in the whole world!" &c., &c.

"The wisest man knows that he is and knows but a little." That grand mistake may be the reason that already, in the year 1858, being above us (as our friend A. J. Davis is telling us), found it good to proclaim through an "American Delegation" a resolution of the "Spiritual Congress" in the following weighty terms: "Be watchful, O Americans!"

Nothing, certainly, would be more becoming to these able and well-meaning men and women, who speak and write publicly on our national weal and woe, than to adorn themselves with a little more modesty and veracity—these being among the first virtues of a human being.

Let us look at the national conditions more as they really are; let us look at them in general, impartially, and with as little self-delusion as possible. And what do we find? That this people's spirit of patriotism is about on a level with other so-called civilized nations—that is to say, still in a half-cultivated state. Our people are still wading in the morass of half-civilism, only their heads into the light of humanism, and are therefore acting as belligerents and warriors.

It is easy to see that our nation fights the present difference through with the sword and other violent measures, being compelled, as all other nations have been to this time, to act according to its inward nature, developing itself, but not yet fully developed.

P. S.—In his recent discourse at Peterboro, Mr. Smith says: "But shameless and ruinous is it for an enlightened age to consent to be bound by the authorities of a dark one." I ask, Who says that we are living in an enlightened age? Is not this saying a mistake, proving rather blind self-righteousness? Is not the fact that the nations, with their clerical leaders, consent to be bound by the authority of a dark age, proof enough that we are living yet in very unenlightened times?

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Rare Chance for an Orphan.

WANTED—A MODEL BOY.

The subjoined correspondence lately passed between a Vermont farmer, in want of a boy, and the principal of an Orphans' School in New York State. The letters fully explain themselves, and would be spoiled by one word of comment; we would merely state that we vouch for their authenticity, and print them directly from the originals.—Water Cure Journal.

FARMER TO THE PRINCIPAL. — Vt., Nov. 2, 1860.

DEAR SIR: You advertise good boys for good farmers. I want a good boy, fourteen years old. Don't want none of your dirty, ragged, saucy, brassy, uncouth, snotty urchins. We've got enough of them here. But a good boy—smart, active, brave, tractable, industrious, honest, clean, pious boy: one that is intelligent and good-looking, yet reserved and modest, a fit companion for my children; one that is willing to work, and takes pride in well-doing, whether in play, study, or labor. That is the kind of boy I want. My pretensions as a farmer, or otherwise, are extremely humble; yet I have two hundred acres of farm lands and pasture scattered about, besides four hundred acres of timber land some ways off. Forty acres of my farm are set over with young fruit trees, most of which I bought of your seedsman, Mr. —. I will cite him as a referee, and he will probably tell you that I am the tightest mortal that ever lived.

Well, in explanation of that, I have only to say I have a little property placed in my hands by my late father for a sacred trust—that of seeing my aged and most worthy mother, who lives with me, well and respectfully through life. And I don't mean that any one of these grab sharks shall get it away from me so I cannot fulfill these most filial duties to my own satisfaction. Now, sir, our customs are to have our help considered the same as one of the family. Would not harbor one we could not consider so. Fed as well, clothed as well, schooled as well. But we wish the following rules impressed on the minds of our help:

- 1. No conversation during the hours of labor, except to inquire about the work.
2. No singing or whistling during work.
3. No talk at meal-times, unless spoken to.
4. Make suggestions about the work, and give an opinion when asked, but not insist on the advice being followed.
5. Eat the fruit of no trees except those assigned to the use of the family, of which a wholesome supply of less saleable apples in their season will always be supplied.
6. No pears are to be eaten unless presented by some of the family. Berries near the house are also interdicted.
7. Pastimes allowed. May play ball, read, sing, or whistle, or play on instruments, during the hours of leisure.
8. May play cards and checkers with the family, in order to soften down the enticements of such useless games, but shall not play away from home, unless attending an

evening party with a mixed company of ladies and gentlemen.

9. Must attend church at least half a day each Sabbath.

10. Must attend Sabbath-school during the season thereof.

11. Must use no disrespectful language to any person.

12. Must not be harsh with children.

13. Must not, with arrogant presumption, assume any false airs, blackguard, or hold any one up in ridiculous light without a cause.

14. May attend dancing-school, parties, and balls, to a reasonable amount.

15. No profanity, nor any narcotic stimulants, such as alcoholic mixtures, tea, or tobacco, to be allowed as a beverage at home or abroad, in any case whatever.

There! if you have got a good-looking, healthy boy that can conform to the above rules, I will give my attention to any arrangements you may propose. I beg leave to add, as an additional qualification, we want one that will make a good reader, to read to the family. Please reply soon.

Respectfully, PRINCIPAL'S REPLY. — N. Y., Nov. 14, 1860.

DEAR SIR: Yours of November 2d was duly received, and my first thought was, that you had made a mistake, and applied at the wrong place.

We have "good boys for good farmers;" i. e., good according to the average: not perfect, "made to order," as I see by your letter you want. Our boys (as you may be surprised to learn) though orphans, still belong to the human family, and each has one or more proclivities: human nature being distributed among them in very much the same proportion as among other children.

Still, I believe they would improve their opportunities, and profit by good training, as well as any boys, and better than some. They would probably do some good in any family, by giving those who would have charge of them an opportunity to exercise the Christian graces of patience and charity.

I have never, here or elsewhere, seen or heard of a boy that was "smart, brave, tractable, honest, industrious, clean, pious, intelligent, good-looking, reserved, and modest." I believe such perfect children die very young. "Smart, active" boys are not usually overcome with "modesty."

Your children, for whom you want a "fit companion," must be marvels of propriety and goodness. I congratulate you on their possession. With P. T. Barnum's tact, you might make your fortune.

I appreciate your modesty in saying your "pretensions as a farmer, or otherwise, are extremely humble." I have not called upon Mr. —, but I should much regret to place a boy with a man called "tight;" I wish these boys trained to temperance.

As you have given me your rules at length, it may be as well for me to give you my own views.

- 1. I presume a boy might be induced to omit conversation at work, if allowed ten minutes each half hour to talk.
2. Of whistling or singing, ditto.
3. If he had plenty that was good to eat, and was not too bright, you would have no difficulty about his talking at table.
4. A boy bright enough to "make suggestions about the work," would probably know enough of human nature not to "insist upon their being followed."
5. Your rule about apples and pears would give a boy a fine chance to resist the universal boyish propensity to eat good fruit when they can get it.
6. The "interdicted berries near the house" would be perfectly safe if you convince him they were poisonous.
7. Couldn't you be induced to include coasting, skating, whittling, etc., in your list of amusements for "pastimes?" Three hours a day, and the evening, would be reasonable.
8. Never having played cards myself, I am unable to judge how "playing in the family" softens the enticements of "such useless game." I should think softening might increase the attractiveness. I am happy to know that "playing at an evening party, in a mixed company of ladies and gentlemen," is not injurious.
9 and 10. Attending "church and Sabbath-school regularly," and "dancing-schools, parties, and balls, to a reasonable extent," is a liberality beyond the Broad Church.
11. I presume you will not be troubled by his "holding any one up to ridicule—without a cause."
12. The boys have not acquired a taste for "narcotic stimulants," "alcoholic mixtures," "tea or tobacco" (you don't object to coffee?) and the sense of their future guardians will suggest the propriety of keeping temptation from them.
13. For your "additional qualifications," I think any of these boys, with proper training, would "make a good reader, to read to the family."

On the whole, if you are averse to having a boy with a sprinkling of "human nature," I know of no place where you would be suited short of New Jerusalem.

Yours truly,

For the Herald of Progress.

Among the Hills.

A VISIT TO MY BOYHOOD HOME.

'Tis a Sabbath morning in June. One more bright or lovely, never dawned on this inharmonious earth. While others are repairing to places of worship, I have sought the temple of Nature, within the borders of my childhood home. Sacred indeed is this spot to me, consecrated as it is by a thousand tender recollections of boyhood's careless, joyous hours. Sitting here on the banks of the Ohio, my heart is inspired by the harmony and beauty that reign:

"The flowers spring wanton to be pressed, The birds sing love on every spray." How soft and gentle is the flow of this magnificent river, on whose glassy surface are mirrored the towering trees and woody shores. What hills of grandeur rise, and dewy fields and beautiful lawns spread out to view on the eastern shore; and how rich and fresh the living verdure that enrobes them all, while golden sunbeams glitter on leafy hill tops and breeze-ruffled waters.

Here the Ohio, making the most graceful curve, sweeps around a little willow isle,

which the waters of time are slowly wearing away. Lost in contemplation, I sit here, and seem to be inducted into "a kingdom that is not of this world."

Leaving this lovely scene, I seek closer contiguity with the home of my childhood. Passing by the stream by the uncouth name of Yellow Creek—(but whose limpid waters flow over the yellow sand as brightly as the waters of gurgling Ayr), I reach the mouth of another, but smaller stream, with a name little less symphonious—that of Hollow Rock Run.

"When but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade— In all their gushing joy, Here, too, my sisters played."

Under this old, "friendly tree," how I love to linger! How the plaintive cooing of a dove on the hill deepens and solemnizes this soul communion!

Now another bird, which seems peculiar to this spot and to the reminiscences of boyhood's hours, breaks forth with most melodious and flute-like notes, filling the woods with an almost unearthly music.

I now arrive at my home. But how changed! The house is dilapidated and fast going to decay. Its occupants are dull, plodding people.

But life's stern duties call me. I must away! Farewell, my boyhood home! I go forth to renew life's great battle. May the Good Father give me strength to bear me safely over its surging billows to the Evergreen Mountains of Immortality!

Poetry.

"The truly beautiful ever leaves a long echo of harmony in the soul."

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S VISIT TO ITALY, MAY, 1861.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

(Written at the end of May, 1861.)

We have a sad pleasure in giving to our readers the last poem of our late special contributor, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, written shortly before her death. It came to us by the recent English steamer, inclosed in a note from her husband, who is now in London superintending the issue of a new and complete edition of her poetical works.

"Now give us lands where the olives grow," Cried the North to the South, "Where the sun with a golden mound can blow Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row!"

"Now give us men from the sunless plain," Cried the South to the North, "By need of work in the snow and the rain. Made strong and brave by familiar pain!"

"Give us the hills and the intenser seas," Said the North to the South, "Since ever by symbols and bright degrees Art, childlike, climbs to the dear Lord's knees,"

"Give strenuous souls for belief and prayer," Said the South to the North, "That stand in the dark on the lowest stair, While affirming of God, 'He is certainly there,'"

"Yet oh, for the skies that are softer and higher!" Sighed the North to the South, "For the flowers that blaze, and the trees that aspire— And the insects made of a song or a fire!"

"And oh, for a seer, to discern the same!" Sighed the South to the North, "For a poet's tongue of baptismal flame— To call the tree and the flower by its name!"

The North sent therefore a man of men As a grace to the South— And thus to Rome, came Andersen— "Alas, but must you take him again?"

We see dimly, in the present, what is small and what is great; Blow of faith-how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of Fate; But the soul is still oracular—amid the market's din.

Last the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within! They mistake their children's children, who make compromise with Sin!

(JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.)

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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"THE PHYSICAL EVIDENCES OF SPIRIT POWER" renews some elementary teachings on the return of the spirit body, and the mode in which spirits communicate through tangible objects.

We have in the last issue of the French Revue Spiritualiste, an interesting statement of phenomena that have recently occurred in that country. We shall find place for them in a future number.

"THE SABBATH OF HUMANITY," we can commend to all who grieve over the existence of war. If we would believe in eternal peace, we must be able to detect its principles in the natural tendencies of the human soul.

The article in our Philosophical department, on the Reason of Evil, we trust will be found no bad thing. We have seen no better theory, at all events, to explain moral evil, or the intrinsic perversity of men, of which theologians so much complain.

Hand-Communications from the Spirit-World.

In our last issue, on third page, we published a brilliant letter from A. W. Fenno, Esq., asking an important question, namely: "What are the laws which govern writing mediums?"

Our answer, to be of any service, must rest on the laws of mind. The question is, "How can a medium tell when he is receiving a communication from a spirit?"

We reply that the medium cannot be mistaken, unless he is indifferent or negligent as to the operations of his own mind, while having his hand mechanically moved to write.

All the faculties and organs of the human mind are constituted on dual principles of action. Each is capable of acting both from the impulses of volition, and from the instigations of purely inherent forces.

In the animal, all faculties are moved constitutionally, or by a sort of automatic necessity; in man, when not indulging his idle propensities, the same faculties are self-conscious, and act from the impulse of volition.

Of man, when educated and refined, we say that he is throughout, self-conscious; and from this fact, men start out to fix upon themselves the doctrine of moral accountability.

Now, although it is easy for a man to lapse momentarily into the passive automatic life which is natural to the animal, yet it is not his province to do so, except while diseased and disabled, or when asleep and self-forgetful in Nature's protecting arms.

It is his prerogative to be self-conscious, and wholly a lord over the world without, which includes every organ and function of his own physical organization.

For this reason man is endowed with a marvellous power of Will, which is the agent of both the impulse of his love and the dictates of his highest wisdom.

With such prerogatives and endowments, it is needless and wrong for a man or woman to become so unconscious or indifferent, as not to know whether action is self-originated, or mechanical.

If a medium does not accustom himself to know, he will, of course, soon lapse into the self-indulgent state of not being able to determine anything with intelligent discrimination, and this condition is prolific of doubts, and evils, and disappointments, almost innumerable.

In saying this, we do not mean to overlook the nice and occult distinctions that occur in the delicate blending and commingling of the voluntary with the involuntary powers.

For example, a pianist may become so perfectly a master of the mechanical uses of the instrument as to perform gracefully and grandly upon the keys without so much as thinking about the various details of manipulation.

In such a case he is supposed to be unconscious of the volition employed by himself in developing the music; and, if he were not particular about facts of consciousness, he might affirm that the performance was mechanical, or that it was governed by a spirit.

But the case would be wholly different if the pianist performed a piece of music, to which, previously, he was a total stranger. The evidence, in such a case, is positive in favor of foreign—we say, spiritual—influence and control.

Spiritualists more than half admit the erroneous theory that "evil spirits" lead mediums and believers into various excesses and passions indulgences. Nothing, was ever further from the truth.

The whole evil-spirit theory is a miserable "scape-goat" for the sins of certain charlatans, in the ranks of Spiritualism—a cloak manufactured by self-condemned pseudo-mediums, who have from the first infested the body of true Spiritual reformers, among whom they practice their contemptible tricks and indulge their sensuality at the expense of the truly innocent and the over-credulous.

Let all true men and true women be aroused to the facts.

What is the Trouble? We are somewhat surprised that Mr. Davis, of the Herald of Progress, should covertly attack us through an anonymous communication in his last paper.

Wherein lies the secret of this new move? Do his inspirational teachings inculcate selfishness of this sort? It seems to us not. What is the trouble, friend Davis? Out with it at once.

We are liberal enough to suppose that the Spiritualistic field is sufficiently large for both the Banner and the Herald, and it has been our constant endeavor to promote the interests of our Brother whenever we could consistently do so.

But it seems that some unfriendliness has taken the place of love in our Brother's heart, as he thinks the said communication "deserves a little attention" from his readers—Banner of Light.

"What is the trouble?" Nothing, and we are considerably surprised that our friends of the Banner should imagine that "some unfriendliness has taken the place of love in our heart."

We are in the habit of "speaking an honest mind" on any subject, whether the same be sacred or secular, spiritual or material, at home or abroad; and this we do, and encourage our correspondents and associates to do likewise, on the plain principle that "Agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom,"

even in one's own mind, as well as in the family circle and the world without. We do not attack our friends of the Banner when we take exceptions to what we may not like in their columns, and we know it was not the intention of our correspondent to indulge any feelings of unkindness in making his free remarks on the "generous offer."

(See Herald, No. 90, p. 2.) We think, with the Banner, that "the Spiritualistic field is sufficiently large" for several well-conducted and fearless papers, and it has "been our constant endeavor to promote the interests of any 'Brother'" who has shown a true spirit in expanding the spiritual truths of Nature, Reason, and Intuition, although it is not unlikely that we may occasionally say something to "agitate his thoughts."

The Regiment of Spiritualists. "We have been able to glean a few facts in relation to this corps, which we give our readers. We learn that the regiment will be commanded by a well-known Spiritualist and medium, whose thoughts are often communicated through the columns of the Banner."

"We have no doubt but this regiment of mediums, or spiritual batteries, unintentionally to itself, may become one of the most marked objects of the campaign."—Exchange.

This movement seems to us unfortunate, in view of the efforts of all large-minded men to break down every form of sectarianism. We should be sorry to see Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Unitarians, or the devotees of any other creed, attempt an exclusively religious and gregarious demonstration.

Even politicians and the old-line sectarians do not club together for patriotic purposes. The People, irrespective of political and religious tenets, constitute the Army. If Spiritualists cannot carry their glorious faith into any Regiment, and be sustained by it, they are not up to their own noble standards of individual sovereignty.

The Spiritual Society. SETH HINSHAW, who gave the world a noble example (see this Journal, No. 88, page 1) at Greensboro, Henry County, Ind., has written us an explanation regarding the "faith qualification," to which we made objections. He says: "The reason we required a belief that departed spirits can and do communicate with mortals; is because we feared that some designing men, who are not Spiritualists, might some day join and be troublesome, violate the principles of the Society, vote Spiritualism out, and use the house for some other purpose."

We only want the control of the property for the interest of the Society. All have equal rights, under the Constitution, to debate and express their views freely on every subject." This explanation will fully relieve the organization from all suspicion of intentional credulism. Let the good work go forward on every hand.

Sectarian Guide Books. A colporteur in the employ of the American Tract Society, says: "On one occasion a person asked me if I had any books that would take a man to heaven. I told him that I had some that would direct him in the way to heaven. I sold him Baxter's Call, Anxious Inquirer, Flavel's Redemption, and other Books."

So the mass of mankind are kept in the darkness of sectarian ignorance. Thousands and millions of dollars are annually poured into the treasury of the American Tract Society, and into the Missionary fund, for the express purpose of giving world-wide circulation to Sectarian guide books and silly religious tracts.

If a man wanted books that would effectually close his judgment against new ideas, and deprive him of what little reason he might have saved from the wreck of a fashionable religious education, he could not have found any works more adapted to the purpose than those above recommended. Those books are to new ideas exactly what stubble is to a field of golden wheat.

We wish reformers everywhere would combine their capital and philanthropy against the march of error, bigotry, and superstition.

A Very Wicked Family. "A colporteur in North-western Virginia was told by a minister that five members of a very wicked family, to whom he had given Baxter's Call and Alleine's Alarm in exchange for a fictitious book, that he threw in the fire, now belong to the church, and say that the reading of the Society's books brought them to a knowledge of the truth."

We learn the above facts from the American Messenger, a Christian publication of the old theology stamp, issued under the auspices of the American Tract Society. We wonder whether the "five members of a very wicked family," in Virginia, were converted from the "fiction" of treason and secession by reading Baxter's Call and Alleine's Alarm?

The minister reports to the Tract Society that the books of the Society had brought the five members of a very wicked family "to a knowledge of the truth." What truth? Was it the truth of old theology? Or the truth of loyalty to Freedom? Or did the five members of a very wicked family get a new ray of light concerning the laws of life and health? What new thing did that wicked family learn from Baxter's Call and Alleine's Alarm?

Several Families Given Away. Several families with whom I have labored much, have given themselves to the Savior. I have heard of two men who have been turned from infidelity by reading Nelson's Cause and Cure.

These words emanate from a minister in the employ of the American Tract Society. He congratulates the Directors of said Society on the fact that he had induced "several families to give themselves" to a belief in the errors and solemn superstitions of old theology. He persuaded them to believe in total depravity; in the drama of the Atonement; in the terrible necessity of faith, without reason; and lastly, in being saved from endless misery on another's merits and righteousness.

"Infidelity"—consists in disbelieving the monstrosities of such a creed; and the "cure" for this disease (i. e., common sense) has been prescribed and prepared by Dr. Nelson!

The Late Victories. The recent victories of Union troops in South Carolina and Kentucky are among the surest signs of future peace that have appeared during the present war. The first, as is known, was achieved by the fleet and land forces combined.

Beaufort, which is likely to give name to this victory, is situated on Port Royal Island, S. C., and separated from the ocean by a network of islands lying between the mouths of the Combahee and Coosahatchie Rivers. At the mouth of the latter river, on the right as one enters, lies Eding's Island; on the left, the Island of Hilton Head. Fort Beaufort upon the former, and Fort Walker upon the latter, command the entrance to the inlet upon which Beaufort is situated. The fleet arrived off Port Royal on Monday morning (November 4th).

On this day and the following nothing more was accomplished than the dispersion of the little "Musketo" (rebel) fleet, commanded by Com. Tatnall. The decisive battle was fought on Thursday (Nov. 7th), with Forts Walker and Beaufort. The Union fleet formed in double line, kept moving in a continual circle, coming down the river, and paying their compliments to Fort Walker, and returning up with courtesies for Fort Beaufort. Thus a complete tempest of shell was rained upon the devoted forts for four hours. Commodore Dupont led the main line of battle in the Wash; the flanking squadron was headed by the steamer Bienville, Captain Steedman.

It was impossible that the two forts, with batteries, numbering all told but thirty-nine guns, could endure such an attack as this. Before the end of the fourth hour from the commencement of the fray, the rebels in Fort Walker fled in utter rout, and at three in the afternoon the Union flag was hoisted over it. Fort Beaufort and a small battery in its vicinity, on the opposite island, were abandoned the same night.

The loss on the part of the fleet was eight killed and some thirty wounded. The loss of life on the rebel side was vastly greater.

On the morning of the 9th, Beaufort was entered, and but a single white man found in it, and he intoxicated. But the "contented" slaves thronged the place in thousands from all the adjoining plantations, regarding the soldiers as their deliverers, even bringing their little bundles of clothing with the expectation of being carried away. And many, we are informed, were shot at Beaufort because they refused to follow their masters in their flight.

The results of this descent on the Carolina coast cannot but be in the highest degree advantageous to the cause of the Union, if the war be so prosecuted as to allow the dense slave population of the lower Southern States the chance of liberty. Their enlistment in the army would at once protect the white population from wholesale slaughter, and would prepare the slaves themselves for the enjoyment of orderly liberty. And this is what we have advocated in previous issues of the Herald, as an armed emancipation.

The victory won by Union arms at Pickett, Pike County, Ky., is hardly less in importance than that achieved at Beaufort. This was gained by Gen. Nelson over the rebel forces under Gen. Williams on Friday and Saturday, November 8th and 9th. The rebels were attacked in the rear by Col. Luke Moore with 3,800 men, and in front by Col. Harris with 600 men of the Second Ohio Regiment. The latter forces falling back, and Moore moving forward, the rebels were brought into the midst of Gen. Nelson's Brigade, and there pressed on all sides, were defeated with the loss of 400 slain and 2,000 prisoners.

This victory opens the way to East Tennessee.

established religions of the world sanctioned and held holy. I will not tell you how the attributes of the Eternal were blasphemed by that all-sacrificing devotee of pleasure, how bounteous Mother Nature was maligned, and her pure ideal inspirations perverted to the lowest uses of the sensual. How the all-pervading Spirit-God was denied, and immortality laughed to scorn! How the holy name of love was traduced, and unhallowed license substituted for the rightful claims of righteous liberty. The Free-lovers of our time employ the self-same sophistries, and judge by the same self-gratifying standard as did the first lover of my youth. And then, as now, heart, soul, and intellect, conscience and principle, revolted against the theory, and cried out in warning against its pernicious practice.

O, Love! heaven-ordained and purest angel! vestal white in thy dear robes of innocence, sun-illumined by the life-rays that issue from the great creative heart of Deity! Seraph that penetrates the innermost holies of infinitude! Divinest teacher of humanity! Great lever of souls! Vast universal shrine of inspiration! O supremest attribute of God!—how cruelly art thou repulsed by the undeveloped children of this world! Their ungrateful hands plant thorns and briars in thy path. O Love, serene and imperishable! their rebellious hearts cast forth thy ministering holiness, and enshrine in thy appointed place the coarse, metallic idols of this world!

Oh weep, proud, disenchanted heart, for thy dispelled illusions—for the mistaken embodiment of thy pure and high ideal! Weep, for the briny tide shall leave green banks of eternal verdure; and immortal flowers, dark bought on the soil of experience, shall be transplanted there to bloom forever, sacred mementoes of soul-triumphs won and victories achieved through purifying flames. Weep, human brother, when the ills of life assail, and fickle fortune frowns, and love and friendship seem no more for thee. Weep, but despair not, for the passing of the tempest is salutary, and the atmosphere of the soul is rendered beautiful thereby. Through sorrow, spiritual insight gains and strengthens, intuition thrives, and the birth-pangs of the spirit ultimate in angelic forms of thought, of speech, and action. A perfected soul can know no more of sorrow, it is inaccessible to grief and pain; but we, the striving, struggling, spiritually blinded masses, we must learn to suffer and endure; and from the lessons of adversity learn the ascending pathway of progression that leads into our Father's myriad mansions of repose and beauty.

For years I have been conning the lessons commenced with the first disenchantment of the heart, and I am a busy learner still; and though my all of knowledge is but limited, my vision still imperfect, and my spirit not yet brought within the sacred pale of obedience to law immutable and divine; yet am I conscious of the soul-light guiding me, of the widening path and the opening arcana, of the gracious ministrations of attendant angels, compassionate and forgiving as the mother-love of God! I am progressing, with toilsome steps, and oftentimes weary spirit; yet hear I cheering voices; winged inspirations lift the off-fainting heart, and the glories of eternal life and love are mirrored in the depths of my being. And I have attained to transient glimpses of the destined heaven of humanity by unwearied self-effort, by the prayer of labor, the wordless offering of my soul unto the True, the Divine, the Beautiful. By the overcoming of self, the supremacy of the Will, that is strengthened by ten thousand mystic aids of holiness, by the trampling under foot of the strong temptations that assailed me, by the binding in indissoluble fetters the stormy fiends that resist within, the hydra-headed passions, the enmities and besetting phantoms that torment our kind. O man! O woman! God-allied, yet earth-bound to the dust! know that there is a triumph far excelling the conqueror's warrior-joy; that the trophy of a bound temptation is a star-gem in the crown of manhood's glory, a pearl of celestial beauty in the diadem of woman's chastity! No trumpet tones call forth the mailed invincible spirit hosts; but the silent prayer of the despairing reaches the archangels of the Lord, and brings to the soul's struggling aid their victorious legions. And the songs of the glorified, in thrice ten thousand Edens, herald the glorious victory achieved.

But I was all untaught in the spirit lore that is an open book to all who care to read and understand. As I sat in the deserted house with Allan Graham, my recreant and unworthy lover, I was as yet undisciplined in sorrow, and all unlearned in heavenly patience and submission. I had exhausted the storm of my anger, invective, and reproach; then, woman-like, I wept bitterly as those who mourn for the lost treasure of a life.

And as I listened to the warm and eloquent speech of him I had deemed so noble and trustworthy, there mingled with my horror of his views, and my indignation of his base proposal, vague doubts, lingering fears, a distrust of myself, and of the received opinions of my fellows. I was, as I had said, an alien and an outcast; the great, the refined, the wealthy would not mate with such as I, and with the coarse and un congenial I could not build my home-nest for life. This man, whom still I loved, was willing to flee from the pleasures of his accustomed life, to live in another land with me; he would sacrifice friends and home for my sake; why should not I, for his, renounce the empty requirement of a mere form? We loved each other, what was the world's sanction to us?

The picture of that bright Italian land I had read of, rose before me, summer-beautiful and art-endowed with gorgeous hues. I saw the "wood-embosomed" bowers of home, the lavish splendors of a prodigal love outspread be-

fore me. What was I? A nameless creature, whom perhaps my unknown parents felt ashamed to own. On this dreary, Northern coast, my soul would wither; and having once known the aliment of love, it could not live without it. I had no known or perhaps living parents to wrong. Should I immolate my youth and beauty on the false shrine of the world's mistaken opinions? No; I would be brave in defiance, and stand by the self-constituted rights of love.

And still Allan plead, in the low, thrilling, persuasive tones, that simulate the holiest affection; and the magnetic coil of his imperious will was fast encircling me, and in the intoxicating spell of his presence, duty, honor, woman's highest allegiance, were fading out beneath the potent charms of eloquence and love; conscience was lulled in a heavy slumber, and the heart alone gave law.

Oh, terrible is the recollection of that fearful temptation of my youth! How very high I stood to the brink of utter ruin! It may have been a vision called forth by the exigency of the moment, from the foreshadowing of the future, or an impression from the realms above; but I saw my adopted father, tearing his whitening hair, in all the agony of shame and despair, as he paced through the home I had left by stealth. I saw the convulsed face of Charity, I heard her moans and cries, her frantic appeals to Heaven in my behalf. I saw my noble John, alas, no more my brother! wringing his hands, and calling wildly on me to return; his face, more than that of the others was impressed with a misery so profound that I groaned in spirit to behold it. I flung aside the hand that still held mine in its passionate clasp, and methought the pale, queenly face of Agnes smiled approval as I said:

"Your words are wasted and your arts are in vain! By the great God, who hears and sustains me, I swear! I will not bring dishonor upon the humble names of those who have reared me. I will not violate the moral decrees, embodied in human laws. If you love me sufficiently to live with me, you can give me your name. That you refuse to do this, proves the selfishness of the feeling you describe by the name of love! I will not be your mistress, for the fate of such is to be betrayed and abandoned. I will not share the destiny of her, who, it is said, haunts this place. Let me go, Allan; I bid you farewell forever!" And I rose and walked towards the door.

"You are not in earnest? You will not so cruelly sacrifice your happiness and mine?" he said, following me.

"Look at my face, and see whether I mean what I say. Let me go home, for my strength is failing, and I must seek comfort in prayer to God. When I can, I will forgive you, Allan; I cannot now."

He looked long and searchingly into my face, and read there my irrevocable resolve. The expression of his countenance changed; anger, scorn, contempt, and hatred, flushed it with crimson and with paling hues. "There is one thing left to tell you," he said, in a voice all unlike the musical soft ones of affection; "it may change your resistance effectually."

"I will not hear it!" I said, sternly. "Nothing that you can say or do will alter my determination. But one word more—tell me of my father."

He approached me close, put his lips to my ear, and whispered a sentence that branded itself into my brain like glowing iron! On me was cast the burden of a double shame! I was thrice accused from my birth. With a loud, maniac shriek, I struck Allan Graham, in the face that gleamed with such demonic and vindictive glee. I fled from the house, and, as if pursued by avenging fiends, I ran over rock and field until I reached my own humble home. Mother Charity did not see me enter. I threw myself upon the bed, and fell into a deep swoon.

(To be Continued.)

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