

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

Vol. 2., No. 48.]

{ A. J. DAVIS & CO., }
274 Canal St.

NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING JANUARY 18, 1862.

{ TWO DOLLARS }
per Year.

[WHOLE No. 100.]

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

"MEDICAL WHISPERS," and other answers to correspondents, will appear next week.

T. G. T., MASS.—"We, the Aristocracy," has arrived. Thank you.

L. D. C., NEWTON FALLS.—We are always glad to receive additions to clubs at club rates.

K. G., HARVEYSBURG, O.—Your communication on "The World's Crucified Saviors," is marked for publication.

E. C., SOLLISVILLE, N. Y.—"Education of Children," No. 4, is received. We like the spirit and import of your articles.

"PASTOR," NEW YORK.—We have made an arrangement by which a "Bible Class," based on the method of Questions and Answers, will be opened to the public in our columns.

S. GRAVES, HERKIMER CO., N. Y.—Your questions will be answered. The epistle of last March, mailed from Geneva, did not reach the Editor's drawer.

THOMAS W., MITCHELL CO., IOWA.—We shall welcome your article on Physical Demonstrations in Lincolnshire, Eng. Truth is always new and useful.

MRS. X., COOKSVILLE, WIS.—There is at this time no paper published exclusively devoted to "Woman's Rights." All reforms go together, like brothers and sisters, and should be so studied and applied in every-day life.

POEMS ACCEPTED.—"Tribute to the Life of Francis Jackson," and "Pond Lilies," by A. B. D.; "The Empty Swing," by C. L. M.; "A Hymn for the Battle," by M. H. M.; "God is Love," by P. A. S.

"A FEMALE SUBSCRIBER, WIS"—We cannot decide whether it would be best and appropriate to publish your "Physiological Fact" until we are put in possession of it. If you will forward the directions, we will either publish them or return the manuscript to you.

J. M. C., NORTHVILLE, N. Y.—Tears are not always from the fountain of sorrow. For instance, an old lady, being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made one of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

"SOLDIER," WASHINGTON.—The population of France was about 29,000,000. From out of that number the great Napoleon mustered into service 2,476,000. The present army of America does not begin to represent the military resources of the country.

T. H. S., NEWTOWN.—We refuse to whisper to all such patients. Some persons think a doctor can save them from the consequences of negligence and violation. You remind us of a good old minister who prayed for those in his congregation who were too proud to kneel and too lazy to stand.

WM. A. H., DODGE CO., WIS.—We remember you well, and should Destiny or Duty lead us again near your habitation, it shall be our pleasure to call and salute you as a Brother in Free Thought, Truth, and Freedom. Our Journal will now visit you every week, and thus, though absent and invisible, friends will draw nigh and commune together.

C. S. M., NEWPORT.—The philanthropic population of the Summer Land do very tenderly care for the brave ones who fall on the field of battle. In regard to the particular battle to which you refer, we haste to quote the poet's words:

"The tyrannous and brutal act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of."

CHARLES F. O'BRIEN, formerly of Chicago, Ill., writes us a cheerful letter from the American Consul's office, Mexico. He says that he is most anxious to hear from his friends. His address for a considerable time will be "Sonora, Mexico, care of U. S. Consul." Charlie is faithful to the Stars and Stripes, and deserves to hear from his Northern acquaintances.

T. W. T., NEW YORK.—In replying to your questions this week, we must be brief. The earth's inhabitants at this time are estimated at 1,000,000,000. The annual loss by death is nearly equal to the population of the loyal States, say 18,000,000. The weight of the bodies of so many would be not far from 640,000 tons. The matter from all these decomposing bodies is slowly converted into other forms of life and animation. The doctrine of a "physical resurrection" is simply Oriental and absurd.

PROF. A. R. B., OF AURORA, ILL., will confer a favor on the Spiritual public by reporting for our columns concerning the "facts" elicited at his residence recently in the presence of a medium from Hannibal, Mo. We send salutations fraternal to each member of your household.

A. E. E., JERSEY CITY.—Your remarks remind us of a passage in a late sermon. The preacher said: "In the early ages men lived a life of innocence and simplicity." Upon this a critic asked: "When was this period of innocence? The first woman went astray. The very first man that was born in the world killed the second. When did the time of simplicity begin?" Who can answer this important question?

S. G. W., PHILADELPHIA.—The night is full of barbarism. But—

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small—
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all."

Therefore we do not despair, nor grow weary, amid the trials of revolution. "The Vision" is not yet explained. There is doubtless more to come.

"A FRIEND," residing in Iowa, whispers thus: "Thank you for the stand you have taken on the War. . . . I send all my boys old enough to bear arms—not to do battle for a piece of parchment, but for the establishment of Principles enunciated in that heaven-born 'Declaration of Independence,' so dear to all who wear the 'human form divine.' . . . What a glorious assurance we have that our friends in the Summer Land are assisting their mundane brethren to emancipate the weak from the tyranny of the strong!"

"BOSTON," MASS.—Daniel Webster was called the greatest American statesman. Concerning the Bible, Mr. Webster is reported to have said that "he believed there was more valuable truth yet to be gleaned from the Sacred Writings, which has thus far escaped the attention of commentators, than from all other sources of human knowledge combined."

—If the greatest American statesman ever said that, it is our opinion that he knew but little about the Bible; or, if he had attentively and deliberately read the Bible, our next conclusion is, that he did not comprehend "all other sources of human knowledge combined."

Medical Miscellany.

"The Land of Self-Murderers."—According to the *Annuaire Encyclopedique*, the average number of suicides each year in France is 8,899 of whom only 842 are females. It is in April, May, June, and July that they are most frequent, and the age of the greatest number of persons committing them is from 40 to 60. Of the total, 2,833 are accomplished by strangulation or drowning, 271 by suffocation with the fumes of charcoal, 395 by firearms, 153 by sharp instruments, 110 by leaping from high places, 93 by poison, and the rest by different means.

"Give the Children Fresh Air."—Some parents make the great mistake of keeping their children in-doors during cold weather. Such a practice is pernicious in many respects. It enfeebles the bodies of children, and renders them peculiarly liable to colds and coughs. A child should have its feet well shod with socks and boots, its body well wrapped in warm clothing, its head and ears securely protected from the cold, and then be let loose to play in the keen bracing winter air. By this means its body will become robust, and its spirits be kept bright and cheerful; whereas, if a child be shut up in the house, it will become fretful and feverish, and perhaps wind up with a severe attack of illness.

"The Measure of the Strength" of a thing is the measure of the strength of the weakest part. To put it in simple phrase, the strength of your table is the strength of the weak leg, not that of the sound ones. Apply this rule to character, and at once many things are explained. We have all been perplexed at the numerous brilliant failures we have observed—men with talents so fine and promise so great accomplishing little or nothing in the life-battle; and we are puzzled daily at the learned, able men, whose judgments are all awry, and who founder in great seas of light. They are victims to this severe law of mental mechanics, which renders their strength of character only up to the level of their weaknesses—fatal "rifts within the lute" too often making "the music mute."—*Exchange.*

"The Foot of a Horse."—The *Stock Journal* remarks that the human hand has often been taken to illustrate Divine wisdom, and very well. But have you ever examined your horse's hoof? It is hardly less curious in its way. Its parts are somewhat complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of insensible bone, fastened to the leg by a joint. It is made up of a series of thin layers, or leaves, of horn, about five hundred in number, nicely fitted to each other, and forming a lining to the foot itself. Then there are as many more layers, belonging to what is called the "coffin bone," and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper, and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangement of the several layers. Now the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four

feet—about 4,000; and all this is contrived not only for the easy conveyance of the horse's own body, but for whatever burdens may be laid on him.

"How to get Repose in Old Age."—Lord Brougham says: "I strongly recommend you to follow the analogy of the body in seeking the refreshment of the mind. Everybody knows that both man and horse are very much relieved and rested, if, instead of lying down and falling asleep, or endeavoring to fall asleep, he changes the muscles he puts in operation; if, instead of level ground, he goes up and down hill, it is a rest both to man walking, and the horse which he rides—a different set of muscles is called into operation. So, I say, call into action a different class of faculties, apply your minds to other objects of wholesome food to your selves as well as of good to others, and, depend upon it, that this is the true mode of getting repose in old age. Do not overwork yourselves, do everything in moderation."

"How to Grow Beautiful."—Persons may outgrow disease and become healthy by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitution. By moderate and daily exercise men may become active and strong in limb and muscle. But to grow beautiful, how? Age dims the luster of the eye, and pales the roses on beauty's cheek; while crowfeet, and furrows, and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and gray hairs, and bald head, and tottering limbs, and limping, most sadly mar the human form divine. But dim as the eye is, as pallid and sunken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong, erect, and manly body, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings for its home in heaven, may look out through those faded windows as beautiful as the dew-drops of a summer's morning, as melting as the tears that glisten in affection's eye—by growing kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human kind, by cherishing forbearance towards the follies and foibles of our race, and feeding, day by day, on that love to God and man which lifts us from the brute, and makes us akin to angels.—*Dr. Hall.*

"Man's Muscular Power."—M. Quetelet, in *Annales d'Hygiene* for 1834, reported "Experiments on the Muscular Force of Men of Different Ages." The conclusions from his experiments are that among seafaring people:
1. Muscular force increases up to forty years.
2. That strength of back, or renal force, begins to diminish at an earlier age than manual force.
3. That the renal force of a seaman of fifty is no more than that of a novice of sixteen years old.
4. That those little advanced in age, or the young, and those fully advanced, are equal to each other in the development of muscular force.
Renal force, or strength of back, doubles between the ages of eleven and fifteen years, triples between fifteen and forty, and after that age decreases. Manual force, in its augmentation and decrease, follows an analogous course.

For the Herald of Progress.
PRAYER FOR SPIRITUAL INSIGHT.
BY P. C. DENSMORE.

Oh when our troubled souls are tossed
O'er rolling waves of unbelief,
And Faith, the dove we thought was lost,
Returns and brings no olive leaf;
When skeptic clouds around us lower,
And Death's dark yawning gulf draws near,
We doubt the wisdom of the Power
That placed us on our sojourn here—
Then could we rend the veil that hides
God's inner temple from our eyes,
O'erleap the bound'ry that divides
Our earthly homes from yonder skies,
And see, as sure as this life here,
That just beyond life's golden gates,
Across the gulf that seems so drear,
Life, life, eternal for us waits!

When sickened by the ills of life,
As we the horrid details scan
Of cruel wars and bitter strife,
That rage 'twixt man and brother man;
Of slavery, with its woes untold,
Of thousands lacking daily bread,
Of hate, and pride, and thirst of gold,
Of wealth, by half-paid labor fed—
Then could our bounded vision see
Down through the future, now unknown,
When man from selfish sin grown free,
Shall feel another's wants his own;
When War no more the earth shall curse,
And Slavery's clanking chains shall fall,
And Avarice ope its greedy purse,
And Love and Peace reign all in all!

When Death with icy hand hath borne
Our loved ones to the silent tomb;
With anguish keen our hearts are torn,
Our hearth-stone filled with deepest gloom;
When through the dark funeral pall
No ray of solace enters there,
And all in vain on Death we call
To end our dark and deep despair—
Oh, then, with more than mortal sight,
Could we our own heart treasures see,
In you eternal world of light,
From pain and sin forever free;
And know that though they leave no more
Their blissful home so bright and fair,
They waiting stand upon the shore,
To bid our spirits welcome there!
BLOOMING VALLEY, Pa.

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."

Reported for the Herald of Progress.
A Lecture on Self-Government,
DELIVERED BY F. T. LANE,
At Norton, Mass., December 9th, 1861.

It requires the whole of humanity to demonstrate the capabilities of the race.

To no individual and to no nation is given a monopoly of Truth.

Nature is not partial in the distribution of her gifts, and in the progress of humanity the same general blessings shall be extended to one and all. But in Nature, there is a wise adaptation of the supply to the demand; hence, to a superficial view, the discrepancies in human conditions are apparently in direct conflict with the idea that Nature is impartial.

But could we penetrate the realm of Causes and trace their effects to the ultimate, how differently we should look upon the great Panorama of Life! its smiles and tears, its joys and sorrows, its blossoming hopes, its blighting disappointments, the cherished good, the repulsive evil, all would give us an intelligent faith in the manifestations of Nature, and reveal to us the wisdom of her dealings with man. Men profess to have a faith in an incomprehensible and mysterious overruling Power. This faith is natural to all men, and, therefore, right; but that Power becomes less mysterious and less incomprehensible as man increases in knowledge. Knowledge, then, is the door that opens to our view the secrets of Nature, and Experience is the path that leads to it.

He alone can labor cheerily who has faith that in every evil there is a redeeming element. In the pharmacopoeia of Nature there is a remedy for all human ills, social, moral, political, physical. To find the remedy and to apply it, will require culture of mind, integrity of purpose, and a faithful performance of the duties of every-day life. Thousands are groping along the pathway blindly, listlessly; aimless in purpose, fickle in feeling; waiting for a "moving of the waters;" hoping for an avalanche of fortuitous circumstances to carry them far out to sea; forgetting that the excessive force will cause their barks to founder.

The surging ocean of Life has a charm for those who are born to labor. Such push out boldly from the shore, but the pampered children of luxury "stand shivering on the brink, and fear to launch away."

We all have such a desire for wealth and its luxuries, that any reflections upon the rich are considered as the fox's cry of "sour grapes." But the truth is, the rich have their misfortunes. They do, indeed, have a credit given them for meanness, which credit is oftentimes entirely gratuitous. It is so common a thing for mean men to become rich, and for rich men to become mean, that the man of affluence stands a poor chance of being judged righteously. It is the men who do not question the happiness of wealth, that believe that poverty is a disgrace; for if we hold that wealth is the highest honor, it logically follows that poverty is the lowest dishonor. The evil of wealth or of poverty consists in divorcing them from labor. The bane of wealth is indolence, and the bane of poverty is indolence—the evil of the two extremes springing from the same identical source. The luxuries of wealth should be the condiments for the coarse fare of every-day life. Labor is the bread of life, wealth the butter; we can live without the butter, but we cannot live without the bread, hence the value of wealth is not absolute. Our vocations are so many, the industrious working of which will give to every one a little butter; enough to spread over the rough places of Life; enough to give a relish to that which would otherwise be dry and unpalatable.

The final settlement of the question of chattel slavery will open the way for a general consideration of the relation of capital and labor, their uses and abuses; the despotism of the one, and the servitude of the other. The arts and sciences are the laborer's best friends. Machinery is doing much of the drudgery of every-day life, and performing work that has hitherto been most exhaustive to man's physical powers. Thus labor is becoming less irksome, and less severe, and the completion of daily work leaves a surplus of physical strength to the laborer wherewith he can improve those opportunities of culture which impart strength and beauty to the character, and a true nobility to the outward life. Labor and self-culture harmonize the body and the soul, and give a practical efficiency to every word and deed; therefore, blessed is he who starts out in life on his own resources, and through evil report and through good report,

yields not to the force of circumstances, but with an unconquerable, but intelligent will, seizes circumstances and makes them subservient to the attainment of his own purposes. To high-minded, sensitive souls, such discipline may, at times, be severe, and perhaps unjust, nevertheless the reward is ample!

We stand in youth on the parental threshold and with "open countenances" look out upon the moving world; we receive the paternal benediction, and with our little budget of admonition and advice start out for ourselves; but "castles in the air" still attract us, and while star-gazing, we step on the slippery place, and in a moment more lie sprawling by the roadside; the little budget of admonition rolls down the gutter in evident disgust, our good intentions are all bespattered, the castles in the air have vanished, and we find ourselves in a rough, cold world, arched with a leaden sky. Humanity laughs at our misfortune; the world leers at us like a great dog, and wags on the same as ever. Indignant because no one will lend us a helping hand, we rise and help ourselves. Thus experience teaches us the first practical lesson in self-reliance. It is true we learn it from necessity, but that does not make the instruction less valuable, but rather the reverse.

It is well that a youth should measure his strength with obstacles. At the first trial, or even the second, he may be vanquished; but the history of those who, under like circumstances, have struggled until they triumphed, is a source of perpetual inspiration, and he renews the contest until victory is his.

We have gymnasiums to develop our muscles, and to combine strength, elasticity, and comeliness, in our physical proportions. But the obstacles in the path of every-day life develop a species of mental muscularity, which gives strength and vigor to the mind, and a practical efficiency to every mental effort.

Thousands go scampering through life as if this world was all a "fleeting show"—a kind of Bull Run—the only escape from which is in kingdom come. They dodge responsibilities as they would a rebel picket; they throw away their equipments and show their heels instead of their pluck; they are always beating a retreat, and the retreat is always beating them; for Nature has a special abhorrence for that vacuum created by any man who is out of his place.

Nature, like a good general, inspects all her children, putting every one on duty, so that in the battle of life they may acquire themselves like men. Nature furnishes us with the material, but we lay down, if need be, and chalk out our own patterns, furnish our own rations, and go into camp, when and where we please. Nevertheless, she holds us to a strict, but impartial accountability, requiring every man to have a thorough command of his faculties, and to train them for efficient service. Thus Nature gives to every man an "official character," makes him captain of those little fellows who work the masked battery of the brain, gives him a "commission," under which he can establish a system of mental training that shall make his forces loyal to principle, and uncompromising defenders of their own rights. Man's faculties demand a better mental, moral, and physical discipline, than they have yet received.

The age requires us to give them a larger culture, and to marshal them under a nobler standard. Our habits of life are such that they keep our selfish propensities in constant action; and when we, through culture of mind, shall give to our moral and intellectual faculties the same degree of activity, we shall become the representatives of a true manhood and womanhood.

Then we shall be "wide awake," but not "wild;" mirthful, but not irreverent; sensitive, but not prudish; enthusiastic, but not intemperate; sympathetic, but dignified; joyous, but not excitable; hopeful, but not visionary.

We shall have wisdom without conceit, faith without bigotry, judgment without dogmatism, love without dissimulation, charity without contempt. The selfish propensities will not be the less active, but they will work for the attainment of worthy objects. We shall have acquisitiveness without meanness, courage without brutality, perseverance without obstinacy, indignation without passion, combativeness without a knock-down argument, alimentiveness without dyspepsia.

Our national calamity will not make us less ambitious, but it will lead us to contemplate worthier objects; it will not make us less energetic, but it will teach us to be more considerate. We shall give more attention to the principles of self-government, and be more united in condemning unrighteous measures. Knowing that the disregard of the rights of a comparative few, and those the humblest, brought upon us our present distress, we shall see that to disregard each other's rights will tend correspondingly to similar results. Therefore, we shall have greater respect and

reverence for each other as individuals. This mutual respect will evoke a higher standard of manhood and womanhood—for the respect of others is to self-respect, and especially others in youth, are we likely to substitute one for the other, the resemblance is so close.

In other words, we are prone to take others' standards, and not our own, and to violate the dictates of private judgment rather than to incur the contempt and disrespect of our fellows. The good opinion of others is very desirable, and contributes largely to one's success, but there is such a thing as obtaining it at too great a sacrifice.

How sublime and exalting is the truth that he who is faithful to his own convictions cannot lose his self-respect? And, on the other hand, how humiliating to substitute another's wisdom for our own, and in the end fall of success, and thereby lose our own self-respect and the esteem of those whom we have sought to imitate.

The respect of others would be far more valuable, if it did not fail us in the hour when we need it most. Let the young man of fair character, but without any outward resources, start out in life, and he will undoubtedly have the respect of friends as a pleasant encouragement; it will fill his youthful heart with hope, will be a solace in his hours of weariness, a crumb of comfort to remind him of the whole loaf that shall one day be his.

But let that young man meet with a few reverses, and how often his professed friends will rudely snatch away that crumb, and leave the poor fellow nothing but the empty platter. Leave him nothing but the platter, did I say? I mistake! Behold it is filled with bitter food, uncharitable epithets, commiseration pickled in the sour kraut of contempt, sympathy dried to a hard crust over the hot fire of a merciless indignation, morsels of advice peppered with sarcasm, a few shreds of encouragement, so thin and crispy that one feels that they were offered to irritate rather than to soothe and heal!

The indignation which causes a young man to rise and kick over such fare as that, is a manifestation of spirit in which angels and self-made men rejoice.

The fact is, in the world respects only the successful man, and it measures that success with a rule of gold rather than with the golden rule. It is a well established principle of ethics, that the motive gives the character to conduct, hence the respect, won from those who ignore motives, is fickle and transitory.

The world applauds the successful man, and the successful man applauds the world. The world kicks the unsuccessful man, and the unsuccessful man returns the compliment. Now, can we not have a culture of mind that shall make us wiser? a development of soul that shall make us more considerate? Can we not quicken our intuitions, so that we can penetrate beneath the surface of character, and look in, as it were, upon the machinery of mind, and, like skillful mechanics, assist our disabled Brother in readjusting the wheels, harmonizing his unruly agents, touching with reverent hand the secret springs of character, working upon the inward rather than upon the outward plane—dealing with causes as the only way to rectify injurious effects? Why is it that, when we are the most indignant, we should talk the loudest about virtue and purity? or why, in our "better moments," do we feel the most and express the least?

In the one case, we are full of the spirit of condemnation, the higher and lower faculties are both active, and each is struggling for the supremacy; hence we are fiery and impetuous in speech, but moral in purpose; full of blustering activity, we are anxious to reform the world, and we seize humanity by the fore-top, and expect to rise at once to a higher plane. In the other condition we are moral, but not vindictive, a peaceful serenity of soul overshadows us, and with calm, clear eye, we penetrate the realm of Causes, and educe therefrom the lessons of practical life; perceiving that misery and unhappiness are the product of ignorance, oftener than the result of a perverted enlightenment, we have a larger charity for humanity, and at the same time conceive of more intelligent and effective methods of removing evil. Thus charity and encouragement are happily blended, making us considerate and hopeful, and we rise from our contemplations upon a disposition that will make our labors acceptable, and a wisdom that shall make them effective.

In these seasons of meditation we catch fore-glimpses of a higher condition—previsions of the golden age. We call them our "better moments," but those moments shall yet be lengthened into hours, hours into days, and days into the immeasurable cycle of years that spans the boundless arch of eternity.

But if we would become thus wise and good, we must not shrink from the discipline of life, but meet it cheerfully, manfully.

If we are willing to take the world as we find it, we may be sure that we shall leave it in a better condition than it was when we were ushered into it; for, if the time which has been spent in demurring at the world, had been wisely used in improving it, we should long ago have realized the "good time coming," and would now, perhaps, be quietly waiting for the millennium. In improving our opportunities of culture, it were well to remember that conceit is the bane of knowledge, and an excess of wisdom the pith of folly, and to guard against substituting the one for the other by remembering that we can learn something from every one; that even inanimate Nature is full of hints that speak to the intelligent.

Thus, whatever may be our position or condition, we shall be constantly growing in knowledge; and herein lies the secret of all true success: for our moral and intellectual acquisitions are permanent—the true measure

of happiness—the enduring wealth of the soul. It is indeed a part of true wisdom to labor for a share of this world's goods, and accumulate beyond the necessities of ordinary requirements, but many learn not in this particular to discriminate between moderation and excess. Wealth is a golden charger, and if we mount and ride all along through life, we are lifted above much of the healthful discipline of every-day experience. But if we dismount occasionally and walk with our fellow-travelers, giving the benefit of our steed to those who are foot-sore, weary, heavy-laden—the sick, the unfortunate, the fallen ones by the way-side—if we do this, we enrich our own souls, and as we leave our steed upon the bank, and pass over "the other side of Jordan," we receive the benediction of those whom we leave behind, and the welcome of those who have gone before.

Nothing is so cruel, nothing so repulsive, as to witness the miser, riding through life with stony visage, turning neither to the right hand or the left; as he approaches life's boundary, see him settle himself more firmly in the saddle, and with ghastly countenance endeavor to ride on still further?—but the steed balks, and the rider is thrown headlong into eternity!

The more powerful the agent, the greater the use or abuse; therefore when we find ourselves wishing for power, sighing to control those forces that sway the masses, let us consider the responsibility attached thereto; and we shall have a more considerate ambition, and a more thorough respect for that simple integrity so apparent in the humbler walks of life.

But we may rest assured that the power we attain through self-culture we shall know how to use wisely and well. With a healthy ambition we shall court the discipline of life, and not avoid it, and the wisdom of experience will soon teach us that we are not "the creatures of circumstance," but that circumstances are to be forged on the anvil of our necessities, and to pave the way to a true success.

Let the young man start out in life, and if he falls by the way-side and is bruised, so that he cannot rise at once, let him do the next best thing, and lie still and slumber for a brief period. Then his friends and acquaintances will hasten, and, not finding him on his feet, will proceed at once to sit in judgment—to hold an inquest over him. But their verdict will be so much at variance with the motives which actuated him, there will be such a discrepancy between their judgment and his own consciousness, that, if he be a young man of ordinary spirit, he will repudiate the foul aspersions heaped upon him, and rise, and help himself. The misinterpretations of those who should have known him best, will, in a degree, make him suspicious of all men, and that suspicion will awaken a spirit of self-reliance, and the faith he so innocently reposed in others will be transferred to himself.

He will thus become firm and dignified in his deportment, measuring humanity with a keener eye; his inspections of character, at home or abroad, will be quick, intuitive, and searching; crafty cunning will blink at his steady, penetrating look, and hypocrisy will shrink from his presence. Thus his very downfall will give him an insight into human nature, the value of which he will always possess, but can never estimate; and whether "up" or "down," "high" or "low," he will perceive that there is wisdom to be obtained from every phase or condition of life possible to humanity.

When a poor horse falls down in the street, how every one will run to give assistance! One will unbuckle a strap here, one will loosen a girth there, one will hold the animal's head, another will work at the shaft, another at the saddle, and when the horse is set free and things readjusted, each one will go quietly along about his business. But when a young man—a novice to the ways of the world—makes a misstep and falls, no one goes to his assistance; people straighten up, and, with an air of wisdom, say, "Well, I thought so!" "Well, I thought so!"

Gifted seers! magnanimous prophets! not to divulge the awful prophecy until after it had been fulfilled! What wonder is it, friends, that the young man remains at home, tied like a monkey to a hand-organ, rather than to endure, in case of failure, the ridicule of carping critics, who stay at home and never venture out for themselves.

It is not surprising that so many live, indifferent in feeling, aimless in purpose, insensible to those ennobling virtues which Nature has placed within the reach of all her children; for much of the philosophy concerning every-day life tends to blunt many of man's noblest aspirations. Take, for example, the common idea that "we are the creatures of circumstance." This is, at best, but a half truth! It is ignorance that makes us the creatures of circumstance, and not a decree of Nature. Nor will the honesty with which we cherish a belief make that belief a truth, for Nature winks at motives; hence, it matters not whether we jump from the house-top, or are pushed off, the effect is the same. In accordance with this principle "the rain descends on the just and the unjust," and the forces of Nature operate without consulting human volitions; hence we call those forces "blind," but the fact is they are too intelligent to heed our petty requests, but operate in perfect obedience to the unchangeable will of the Deific Mind.

Nature demands of us something beside mere belief; she demands of us knowledge. Knowledge comes through the senses, or through experience; and the history of human experience shows how individuals have risen above the severest obstacles, and demonstrated the fact that man is not necessarily the subject

creature of circumstances. Let us not shrink, therefore, from assuming that it is possible. Difficulties are possibilities raised above the common level of human experience. Possibilities are to the mind what the mountains are to the outward eye—they both inspire us, and we long to ascend to their very summit.

Another erroneous theory of every-day life is this: "we long to see ourselves as others see us," hence we refrain from entertaining a "new idea," or to carry into practice a new project, through fear of appearing ridiculous to others. But to ask for the power to see ourselves as others see us is invoking annihilation. To illustrate: Brother Jonathan wants to see himself as Johnny Bull sees him, and in order to do this he must become just like Johnny Bull, this metamorphosis produces two Johnny Bells, and leaves no Brother Jonathan to be looked at! Hence the wish is utter folly; even if we had the power, as no two look at us alike, the more we saw ourselves as others see us, the more we should be puzzled how to act; hence stupid ignorance would be preferable to our confused knowledge.

"Know thyself" was the maxim of the Delphic Oracle, and it is the epitome of all true success.

When we become thoroughly acquainted with ourselves, we shall look upon the world aright. The imperfections which we think we see in others, are often but the truthful reflections of our own faults.

Nature looks at us through our own glasses, and she no sooner sees our self-conviction of a fault than she kindly points to us the remedy!

The passing moments whisper, "Truly live." From a true life shall spring ennobling realities; as they tower heavenward, upon the lofty summit of each shall blossom an immortal hope—a beautiful symbol of realities still higher.

What is true of the individual is true of the nation. Let us remember that the war-cloud, that now envelops our country in darkness, has the silver lining of Freedom.

Let us, through faithful, energetic action, hasten the hour when the sunlight of Liberty shall dawn upon all.

Let us resolve henceforth, that through self-culture we will generate a moral and political atmosphere that will not require the thunderbolt of war to purify, and as we become wise and good we shall see that "he who beholds the truth in the spirit of truth has an eye as clear as the heaven."

Doings of the Moral Police.

"There is a golden chord of sympathy Fixed in the harp of every human soul; Which by the breath of kindness when 'tis swept, Wakes angel melodies in savage hearts."

Practical Christianity.

The following excellent extract is from a recent sermon by Henry Ward Beecher. Its truths exemplified by all his hearers would enlarge the "Moral Police" records of Brooklyn amazingly. We pray for the spread of integral honesty:

The man that steals a penny is just as great a transgressor against the purity of his own conscience as if he stole a million dollars. When a man makes up his mind that he will be a thorough-paced villain, and steal like a cashier, he does not do himself any more damage, in his moral sense, than when he says, "I will filch a penny." To steal large sums damages the firm, damages the bank, damages the commercial interests of the community. These things go by the ratio of quantity; but so far as moral deterioration is concerned, the moment a man says, "I will do wrong," the damage is done; the glass is broken; the mirror is defaced; the conscience is soiled. He cannot do more if he says, "I will do a double wrong, or a triple wrong." And there is the great mischief of it. There is an impression that the culpability of things bears some proportion to their magnitude. To steal an apple is not much. In stealing it you do not get much; but you get all the damage that you would if it was a golden apple. To betray a small trust has the same moral effect as to betray a large one.

Do you stand at a bank counter and present a check for a thousand dollars? and does the man behind the counter, in his haste, hand you eleven hundred dollars? and do you walk away, saying, "It is his business to take care of his affairs; I will take care of mine?" You are a thief! The law is that no man shall take a thing without rendering an equivalent, and that law you have violated. If that man blunders in finance, it is no reason why you should steal. And yet how many men are there, that if they were to take a thousand, a hundred, or ten, or five dollars too much, would think of returning it? You say that corporations have no souls. You will not have any that is worth anything long if you pursue such a course. It is a question that is to be settled, not on that side of the counter, but on this side.

How many men are there that, when looking over the money that they have received during the day see a bill that appears like a counterfeit bill, do not like to look at it again, and thrust it into the drawer? You have taken a circuitous way to make yourself a scoundrel. You saw it sufficiently to produce the conviction on your mind that it was a counterfeit; and the moral effect of passing it is the same as though you knew it to be counterfeit. Or do you take it up and say, "Well, somebody has passed it on me, and I have a right to shove it along?" Why, you are a counterfeiter! I tell you, my friend, it only requires the opportunity to lead you to forge bills and put them on other men! Do you protest and say, "Do you expect that I am going to lose that money?" It is a choice between losing the money and your conscience. I do not know what a person would not do who is willing to throw his manhood away for the sake of a little money. And if you are going to sell yourself, do not sell yourself for

a dollar bill, or a five dollar bill—though I think you would get enough for yourself even at such a price.

I do not know of any buyer that pays such high prices as the devil pays when he buys men. Here is a man that sells himself for about one-eighth of a pound of chicory in a pound of coffee. He sells himself to every customer that comes in. His advantage. He prepares his commodity with a lie, and retails it with another lie. Every time a man commits a known dishonesty, he sells his soul; and thousands of men are selling themselves by little dribblets. And I think that a man who sells himself thus—cheats himself. No, he cheats the devil. The devil pays too much for him!

How many men are there, who, if, through carelessness, the conductor neglected to punch their railroad ticket, and they found it in their pocket the next day, would not take it out, and look at it, and say, "I think I will use that again." You paid for that ticket a dollar? Yes. You have had service to the amount of a dollar? Yes. If then, you ride with that ticket again, you steal one dollar from the railroad company as much as if you went to the till and took a dollar. And yet, how many men would not ride twice with a ticket under such circumstances—yes, forty times?

I am informed that before the commutation system was abandoned by the ferry company, men of property and good standing in society would boldly declare that they had a commutation ticket in their pocket when they had none, for the sake of going through without paying! They did this when the ferrage was but one penny. They lied for one cent!

I pity the devil! I do not know what he does with such men! It is awful to be chief magistrate of a parcel of men like them! I cannot understand how these exiguous, thrice-squeezed men can be managed!

I have given you but one or two instances of this kind; but if you comb society you will find it to be full of just such little meannesses—things that men do with the cock of the eye or with dexterity of finger, misunderstandings, overreaching, underplotting, all sorts of trickery—which pivot on essential dishonesty.

And these rebound. They destroy the moral sense. They undo a man. If you go to-night to a bank, and break through the door, and rob the safe, or work above it, and split the granite over it, and get at it in that way, you are only more dishonest than you would be if you only ran away with a sixpence that did not belong to you.

The danger of these little things is veiled under a false impression. You shall hear a man say of his boy, "though he may tell a little lie, he would not tell a big one; though he may practice a little deceit, he would not practice a big one; though he may commit a little dishonesty, he would not commit a big one." But let me tell you that these little things are the ones that destroy the honor, that destroy the moral sense, and throw down the fence and let a whole herd of buffaloes of temptation drive right through you. Criminals that die on the gallows, miserable creatures that end their days in poor-houses, wretched beings that hide themselves in loathsome places in cities, men that are driven as exiles across the sea and over the world—these are the ends of little things, the beginnings of which were thought to be safe. I tell you it is these little things that are your peculiar temptation, and your worst danger.

Without following this theme any further this morning, I will close with that solemn declaration, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Think for Yourselves.

"Still shall unthinking men substantial deem The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream, Till at some stroke of Fate the vision flies, And sad realities in prospect rise; And from Elysian slumbers rudely torn, The startled soul awakes to think and mourn. O ye whose hours in jocund train advance, Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance, Who flowery plains in endless pomp survey, Glistening in beams of visionary day; O yet, while Fate delays the impending woe, Be roused to thought, anticipate the blow, Lest like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill."

To attain to happiness and prosperity, it is absolutely necessary that all should learn to think. "A soul without reflection, like a Pile without inhabitants, to ruin runs." And every one should do his own thinking as far as possible. It is unsafe and unwise to have it done by others. History is full of lessons for the thoughtful mind against the ill consequences of the few thinking for the many. Many of the vast evils which afflict and degrade the working classes, generally come upon them because they are led without thinking.

The ability to reason correctly and continuously upon the proper ends of life and the mode of attaining them must lead to beneficial results. Children and pupils should learn to trace causes out to their effects, to think upon the consequences of ruinous habits—such as using tobacco or strong drink in any form, of indolence, dishonesty, gluttony, etc. These evils should be reflected upon in all their bearings and their effects on prosperity and happiness.

Some one has said, "The man who teaches the people to think, deserves a monument." Thinking may become a habit by practice, and afford untold profit in the discovery of useful knowledge pertaining to the true method of promoting happiness, morally, intellectually, and spiritually.

"Think in the quiet morning, When all is hushed and still; Think in the dewy evening, When starlight glides the hill; Think when the calm moon shineth O'er valley, lake, and glen; Think while the stars are glistening, Think of happiness then."

Self-control is one of the noblest of virtues. "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools," saith the wise man. A simple rule will enable us to govern the temper, if adhered to, on all occasions. When anger begins to rise, think of the folly of giving way to it; soon, the mastery is gained, and we are ourselves again.

Life is beautiful when thoughtfully lived in all the rational relations of existence. Having done the best under all circumstances, we can suffer disappointment, if it comes, with calmness and true resignation.

"They err, who deem a world like this Hath more of sorrow than of bliss; Joy singeth gaily on the mountain, It sparkleth in the smelt fountain, It eddeth from glen and grove, And beameth from the eye of love; 'Tis painted on the skies of heaven, And comes to us in thoughts of Heaven." New York, 1861. J. F.

For the Herald of Progress, TO THE UNKNOWN.

BY WM. DENOVAN.

Unknown but omnipresent Soul! Must ever thou unknown remain, And every part of thee in vain Attempt to find the perfect whole, As through the past thy finite thought Hath the Infinite vainly sought?

We are, O God! a part of thee; But each are different parts, and we So far as different, disagree; And our own substance nature call The Truth, which rolleth through the AE.

Art thou the opposite of all That we can understand and know, Of the effects from thee which fall, And into our experience flow? Infinite thou, but finite we; The sexes here, but sexes thee; We think of whence, and what, and how, But we believe that never thou, Our greatest mystery—a part And unbeginning time, its vast Containings, all, may be to thee Not even an act of memory; And all the future that we fear Before thee lies as now, and here.

While thou hast given the desire For something dust could never give, If we were merely dust to live, To tell us of existence higher, Still ignorance to be our own, To man-like face the vast unknown, And live like men amidst the known.

I know alone that I am here; But whence, or what the here or I, No sound brings to my longing ear— In darkness doth the secret lie. I've looked for thee; I search no more Deeper's silent sea, life's noisy shore. The green of quiet waving trees; The cooling breathings of the breeze; The double-meeeting circle, sky, And restless ocean; fields that lie Before the life attracted eye;

The flowers, like visitants to time, Through earth from out a lovelier clime; The universe, a flower that peeps From the uncomprehended deeps, From whence the vital sap is flowing Up to the living wonder, thence It skeeth of itself from whence? Unto our thought is never showing Who planted it upon the face Of dusky silence—boundless space.

To us, thy lesson is to climb Towards thee in our life of time; To feel that place, love, wealth, and fame, Must rest subservient to the aim Of moral light, although in blame. But when to every human class Are voices crying, "Come up higher," And they, strait-gazing, onward pass The truths around them lying nigh; And when, amongst the general mass, Excitement born of wild desire Holds sway, to study, to abide, A rock amidst the rushing tide; Asbestos in the scorching fire.

And when the working will would try To change hope to reality, Look not to thee for aid, but trust That thou wilt leave the balance just; And with the vanishing of sense, Death's secret weighing on the brain— As Death approaches silent thought To crush the universe to nought— Rouse fortitude to cope with pain; Make course balance the suspense.

For the Herald of Progress The Bible, the Test of Truth. ISAAC'S LETTER TO THE PEOPLE.

DEAR READERS OF THE HERALD: It is a matter of great consolation to know that there is at least one infallible means by which we may be enabled to test the truth of the many great questions which so sorely puzzle the mind for solution. Without this standard, what would have become of us? No means of learning the truth of things, or of being able to discriminate between the soul-endangering errors which beset us but our own "carnal reason" and judgment. And since it is this delusive reason that has given rise to all the doubts and skepticism with which society abounds, there is additional argument why this reason should not be trusted. Hence it is fortunate for us that we have a standard, and that standard is the Bible.

The value of this has been shown in the past, and is now shown in the present. When any new-fangled notion is sprung upon the world to vex the brains of men, it is only necessary to refer to the Bible and see if anything is contained therein to sanction the advent of the innovator, or otherwise, and to adopt or reject accordingly. Hence it was that, when that foolish old infidel philosopher, Galileo, affirmed that the earth moved around the sun, it was only needful that we open our Bibles, and there see how Joshua commanded the sun to stand still; which clearly implied that the earth was stationary, and did not move around the sun at all. So, too, of geology. When those crack-brained heretics told us that the earth was so many millions of years in being formed, we had only to blow their absurd theories to the wind by reading the first chapter of Genesis, where it is distinctly affirmed that God made the world in six days.

Then, again, as the Bible is of plenary inspiration, it must comprehend all wisdom; hence that which is not mentioned therein must be presumed to be false. By this rule

we know that those foolish whims of the circulation of the blood, mesmerism, magnetic telegraphs, railroads, steamboats, and cotton-gins, are all "cunningly devised fables" got up by the devil, who goes roaring about the earth to deceive the nations.

But the great use of this standard was, after all, reserved for the last years to develop. The advent of the Spiritual phenomena and philosophy has given rise to an almost infinite number of theories and opinions concerning our future destiny, and also in regard to our relations to the present life. We cannot but be struck with the fact, that no two persons seem on all points to agree. One believes that the Spiritual world is populated by pretty much the same characters as people the present, while another thinks it is all sunshine; others still think it all moonshine, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Another curious feature of Spiritualism is, that its votaries think it a kind of virtue to be independent in opinion, and hoot at the old crutches with which the race have hobbled up to the present hour. Taking the mental and religious condition of things into account, they seem like a great boiling pot, in which the creeds and authorities are the dumplings, and in the ebullition some are burst, others scorched, and all somewhat damaged. In this mighty maelstrom of conflicting opinions, what is to be done? Surely Providence has not left us to be jostled about upon this stormy sea, with no chart to guide us but our own blind perceptions of truth! Fortunately he has not. That Spiritualists duly appreciate this fact, is to be seen by the character of very many of the articles with which our Spiritual literature abounds on this subject. Thus, almost every paper, pamphlet, book, or lecture, contains the sage lucubrations of some mind duly impressed with the necessity of crutches, and proceeds forthwith to make them for all brethren afflicted with spavin or splint. You may know these articles by their titles—thus: "Spiritualism in Harmony with the Bible;" "Modern Spiritualism and Ancient Spiritualism Identical;" "The Bible a Spiritual Book;" "Bible Miracles Confirmed," &c., &c.

It is impossible to tell how much these sage minds tend, by their labors, to relieve us from the necessity of severe scrutiny, by furnishing the documentary evidence, which becomes at once the square and compass by which the whole fabric may be tested. It is true, the Church gives us the cold shoulder—tells us we are all deluded, hallucinated, psychologized, mesmerized, odylized, or humbugged; or if not beset by one or all of these influences, then the devil is at the bottom of the whole affair; and as if purposely to demonstrate the value of this standard referred to, they prove their position by the Bible, showing how the devil did at sundry times and at divers places play fantastic tricks to deceive the saints, that they might "fall from grace."

By continually claiming our allegiance to the Church and the Bible, notwithstanding the former turns up its pious nose at us, and takes the Bible to bruise our willing heads, we show how great a virtue it is to have both cheeks smitten by the same hand, and thereby to show how valuable the friendship of those must be who contemptuously treat us. We have, to be sure, innumerable facts, invincible as the eternal hills, and which, too, are scattered all over the world, and confirmed in the experience of millions of living witnesses—yet what of all this? Why rely on the simple facts, when we can have the standard laid down in black and white? and if we should wish to exercise our spiritual muscles by thinking, then let us think how we may bend all newly-discovered truths, and chisel them down to fit the chinks and rat-holes of ancient, dilapidated shanties—pinch them into grotesque shapes, and make dancing pollywogs of them to amuse Spiritual children.

I trust, therefore, that these Spiritualists will continue to avail themselves of this great labor-saving machine, and not waste their precious time in independent thinking; or if they do, think not to be "wise above what is written." ISAAC.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec., 1861.

For the Herald of Progress.

"Free from Fanaticism"

NOT FREE FROM MISCONCEPTION.

MR. EDITOR: THE HERALD OF PROGRESS, No. 97, contains an article signed "C. M. P." entitled "Free from Fanaticism," which evidently refers to myself, and is so entirely erroneous in its assumption and deductions that it seems to require prompt correction.

The writer says: "We recently overheard the remark of a Spiritualist from a slaveholding city, well known to be in sympathy with the secession cause, say that Spiritualism was making real progress in B. . . ." It had been kept free from fanaticism, implying "abolition fanaticism chiefly."

On the 11th of the present month, while at your office in Canal street, New York, I was asked by Mr. Charles Partridge what was the condition or progress of Spiritualism in Baltimore. I replied that Spiritualism was making good, healthy progress in Baltimore—that it had been kept free from fanaticisms. I did not, however, in this remark, refer in the remotest degree to abolition. At that moment I had no thought of abolition in my mind; the assumption that I implied "abolition fanaticism chiefly" is, therefore, totally unfounded.

One of the "fanaticisms" to which I did refer was that "wild enthusiasm" which has led so many Spiritualists to believe that, because mediumistic power was unfolded within them by spirit agency, that because they had become instruments for communion between the spiritual and mundane worlds—no matter how imperfectly developed—they must, therefore, necessarily abandon the pursuits of ordinary life, neglect the means by which subsistence for themselves and families was previously obtained, and wander away upon some imaginary "mission," the usual result of which has been to leave them a burden upon those Spiritualists who have not been bewildered by the perception of spiritual light—who had not lost sight of the duties pertaining to the present life because they had received a clearer view of the conditions of the future.

Another "fanaticism" to which I referred is that "wild and extravagant notion of religion"—that "religious frenzy," as Webster appropriately terms it—which has been exhibited by some Spiritualists, who cannot be satisfied with entering the Spiritual Temple and enjoying the beautiful harmony of its por-

tions, drinking in the divine influences which radiate from its Great Center; but must go forth with uplifted hand to destroy every other structure—no matter whom it may shelter—which does not happen to reach their peculiar standard of excellence or beauty. My observation has led me to believe that this form of fanaticism has been not unfrequently exhibited by a class of Spiritualists, who, forgetting that harmony and peace, that universal love, which is the true angelic state, labor most zealously to destroy the religious systems and creeds of others, rather than illustrate the superiority of their own faith by the increased usefulness and purity of their lives.

Another and more hideous form of "fanaticism" is that which seeks to throw off all moral restraints; which claims that, because the Great Creative Power has endowed man with appetites and passions similar to those of the lower animals, he is, therefore, at liberty to indulge those appetites and passions as are the unreasoning brutes; a fanaticism which endeavors to conceal, under the pure and holy name of "Free Love," the loathsome practice of unbridled lust.

These are some of the "fanaticisms" to which I had reference; all of which have found their advocates and victims in the non-slaveholding cities of the North and East, and from which the Spiritualists of Baltimore have been most happily exempt.

I trust that C. M. P. will now perceive that his bitter denunciations of Baltimore, as a slaveholding city "with secession sympathies," "with growing insecurity to life," "with increasing intemperance, prostitution, and immorality," were called out without sufficient cause.

His "sad reflection" that Spiritualism (in Baltimore) "had no higher teaching than to inspire hope in the success of rebellion—that Spiritualism (in Baltimore) "had linked itself to oppression, foul injustice, and wicked treason"—thus proves to be but a reflection from his own excited imagination—a shadow without a substance.

There seems to me to be this striking peculiarity about Abolitionism: that when once that idea finds lodgment in the brain it gives its hue to every other thought which makes its home therein.

Its favorite proposition, that "Slavery is the sum of all human villainies," contains, no doubt, the converse of itself, viz.: "Abolition is the sum of all human virtues." But we who have not drunk at this fountain of all purity look upon "Abolition" in a somewhat different light.

The form of government under which the several States were united during a period of nearly three-fourths of a century has always been considered, by me, as the most perfect system of organized society ever devised by man; as that peculiar form of government best adapted to secure the "progressive growth" of the people who lived under its influence; but differing from the distinguished representative of the Republican party who now occupies the Presidential chair, I have been under the impression that the Constitution of the United States was the compact, or terms of agreement, by which the several States became united.

The eminent statesman to whom I have referred informs us, in a recent public document, that the States derived their character as States from the general government—that they were the creatures, not the creators, of the central power.

Not adopting this novel view of the relations of the parties, I still adhere to my original impression, that the Constitution is the written compact by which the several States are bound to each other, and that the General Government is the agent, created by the States, to execute the provisions of that compact.

In that great charter of our liberties, I find neither "Abolition" nor "Secession;" therefore I incorporate neither the one nor the other in my political creed. Both, in my opinion, are political heresies: Abolition the parent and Secession the child—the legitimate offspring of its unconstitutional mother.

Southern Slavery has its cruelties, its grievances, its wrongs; Northern society presents its moral degradations and physical wretchedness; but the Spiritualism that I said was making "good progress" in Baltimore has taught me that hatred in my heart, expressed by vituperative epithets from my lips, will not alleviate the one nor correct the other.

Respectfully yours,

WASHINGTON A. DANSKIN.
BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 30, 1861.

COMMENTS.

We accept Friend Danskin's statement, that he had "no thought of Abolition" as a "fanaticism" from which Baltimore Spiritualists were free. It was in the mind of the writer of the paragraph alluded to, simply because of Mr. Danskin's previously expressed "opinion"—uttered with a kindling of the eye and a tone of voice not indicative of sadness or sorrowing—that the South were sure to triumph in the present contest. From the tone and manner, as well as the character of the "opinion," we inferred that at least one Baltimore Spiritualist was free from the "fanaticism of Abolition." We are, however, spared all argument on this point, by the pains Mr. Danskin himself takes to prove it.

The "sad reflection" that "Spiritualism in Baltimore has no higher teaching than to inspire hope in the success of rebellion," is certainly not removed by any words Mr. Danskin has written. How easy it was for him to deny the imputation. This he is careful not to do. He simply styles "Secession" a "political heresy," and a child of "Abolition" at that! "Southern slavery" and "Northern society," viewed through the spectacles of Baltimorean Spiritualism, are properly comparable—are alike productive of human misery. Slavery is right, but has its wrongs, as society has its degradations! Does Mr. Danskin mean this? Is he a slaveholder? Does he, in the light of Spiritualism, hold slavery answerable only for its abuses? Is the highest teaching of Spiritualism an amiable neutrality, which recognizes both "abolition and secession" as "political heresies"—which chooses neither light nor darkness, serves neither God nor—the other one? Has such Spiritualism any positive principles to which either Freedom or

Slavery is akin? Saved from the fanaticism of abolition, are the disciples of this conveniently neutral faith altogether free? Is there no other slaveholder beside abolition fanaticism? Does slavery give no coloring to men's thoughts? crowd out no ideas? erect no barriers to freedom of speech?

"Hatred and vituperation" are children of slavery, not of freedom. We felt neither; only sorrow and sadness—which the letter of Mr. Danskin deepens—that Baltimore Spiritualism leaves its adherents where every other form of mere religious faith leaves credulous followers, reposing upon "compacts, instruments, and agreements," (if not on creeds,) rather than upon ideas and principles. It is this sad manifestation of blindness to the only true authority, which leads us again to add, "Alas for Spiritualism!"

If, in the light of this Spiritualism, freedom and slavery are alike good, alike just, alike right in and of themselves, aside from all abuses and cruelties, we would again pray to be delivered from such Spiritualism. Any religion, any philosophy or theology, which to-day evades this direct issue between freedom and slavery—which cloaks a real hostility to the one, and friendship for the other, under the guise of "amiable neutrality"—is unworthy the attention of an intelligent American. A Spiritualism which styles the desire to proclaim the God-ordained truth of universal liberty, or "abolition," a "political heresy," and the parent of "secession," is about as welcome to a philanthropist as the bosom of the Mother Church is to a rationalist, and entitled to no more respect.

And he who finds no "abolition" in the Constitution can be assured of one thing, that our Republic owes all of liberty and success there is in its charter to the "political heresy" of "abolition" entertained by its founders.

Friend Danskin has no "hatred" in his heart, and no "vituperative epithets" on his lips. Glad are we. Any poor, wronged, suffering immortal, appealing to him for rescue from a condition of chattelhood, would be kindly invited to "enter the Spiritual Temple, and enjoy its beautiful proportions;" and there be taught never to forget "that universal love which is the true angelic state," while the good, healthily progressed Spiritualists of Baltimore, "illustrating, by the increased usefulness and purity of their lives, the superiority of their own faith" over that which teaches to "love thy neighbor as thyself," and to "remember those in bonds as bound with them," will very kindly inform the brother that, not finding "abolition" in the great charter of their liberty and their slavery, they "do not incorporate it in their political creed;" and therefore gently bear the loved one, allied to them by ties of "universal love," back to a condition where he may be exposed to "cruelties and grievous wrongs," but will be saved from the "moral degradations and physical wretchedness" of Northern society. How great will be his consolation to know that the kind, loving, "spiritually progressed" brethren, who, carrying manacles in their hands to gently restrain him from assuming his self-ownership—according to the law of justice and right, but not according to the Constitution or Act of Congress—bear no "hatred" in their hearts, and "express no vituperative epithets from their lips."

Since writing the above our eye has rested upon the following statement from the pen of a Christian writer, who would scorn the charge of the least taint of Spiritualism: "Fredrika Bremer said to an American: 'The fate of the negro is to be the romance of your history.' That romance now makes part of every story of the war. Among the fugitives who crowded within General Sherman's lines were a husband and wife, who had been sold asunder eight years before, who had never seen each other's face since, each of whom knew not if the other were alive, and whose unexpected meeting and mutual recognition in the camp, with clasped arms and weeping eyes, produced a scene which touched the hearts of all the rough and sturdy men who witnessed it. A slave woman, foot-sore after a two days' flight from her master's house, swam New River, crossed Pinckney's Island, and then swam the rapid current of Skull Creek, to meet her husband at a chosen spot, where he was lying in wait after a similar escape. Leander buffeting the Hellespont was not so heroic, for this act was a woman's."

Christianity, at least as interpreted by the writer of the above paragraph, recognizes the humanity and immortality of these dark-skinned fugitives. We are curious to know how they would be regarded in the light of Baltimore Spiritualism! Or are its adherents free from the fanaticism of recognizing the black as a man and a brother? Has it no promise for them in the next life to atone for its cruel neutrality, in this? Is Spiritualism a religion for all classes and colors, or for the white man alone? C. M. P.

For the Herald of Progress.

Study of the Languages.

Ever and anon we boast of our descent from the "old Saxon race," but it seems to me as if the pride of that Pharisee who prayed aloud, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as one of these," peeps through this self-adulation as if that race were descended from heaven, and had been a "chosen" people of the Lord!

If we consult history, it teaches us that the Saxons, in connection with the Angles and Jutes, left Germany toward the end of the Great Migration, and sailed over to Britain, where they, at length, by their activity and boldness, subjugated the Romanized Britons. We learn further that those Saxons were a German tribe, and by no means an "original race;" a tribe only, I say, as Germany contained then many others, as, for example, the Allemauns, Franes, Suvavians, Bavarians, etc., etc.

It was not the whole Saxon tribe that went over to Britain, but only a part of it—first an

armed body and then a number of emigrants—so that the tribe, as such, remained in its mother country, and grew to become that people which Charles the Great converted by force to Christianity, which afterwards gave to Germany an imperial dynasty, and even continues, up to the present day, as the Saxon people in the heart of that country.

Now, to boast of our descent from the "Saxon Race," to believe that, for this reason, we are better than other nations, sounds, indeed, a little strange, if we at the same time despise the "Dutch," (as we call the Germans with some little contempt,) for thus we despise even those "Dutch" who emigrated from Saxony, and whom, if our glorying had any reason, we ought rather to acknowledge as our nearest relatives and brothers.

The history of various languages furthermore informs us that the ancient Saxons, like every other tribe in Germany, spoke at that time a peculiar German dialect, which is still extant, by the side of the modern High German, as the common medium of speech among the country people in Saxony.

Instead, then, of looking with contempt upon the language of the "Dutch," we would do better to study it, since it is the very fountain of our so-called "Saxon tongue."

History relates further that William of Normandy, after conquering the German tribes in England, retained his own language (French) at the royal court; that he also introduced it into the courts of justice, so that the pleadings and writs were made out in French, and that the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil (Normans) and the oppressed inferior "natives," (Angles, Saxons, and Jutes,) occasioned the gradual formation of the present English tongue.

French is, therefore, another essential part of the English, and it would be desirable for our people to study French, in addition to the German, as they would thus acquire two highly developed European languages, and learn to understand thoroughly the structure of their own mother tongue. With the acquisition of these two languages we might at the same time gain a knowledge of the highly valuable literatures of both nations, and thus our personal characteristics would be explained, and our strangely contracted notions about European conditions corrected and enlarged, and we should be enabled to judge of ourselves and our primitive "old mother country" with somewhat more impartiality.

Let us now ask, what languages do we acquire? We study Latin! And how do we study it? Must we not admit that our study is very slight and superficial? Or is the study, indeed, undertaken in order to examine carefully the structure, and to apprehend the spirit of that dead language? Is it? Far from it! It is, on the contrary, generally done in order, at every opportunity, to say, "I, too, have studied Latin!" For Latin makes a "learned man," or at least surrounds the owner with a "learned halo."

We very seldom master Latin as thoroughly as we should, or as it is mastered in Europe among the French, Germans, Swiss, Italians, English, etc. Among a hundred Latin scholars whom we occasionally meet with in this country, we seldom find half-a-dozen who know much more than to decline *mensa*, or who are able to read and enjoy a simple Roman author. The study of a language, pursued in this superficial manner, can assuredly be of no practical use.

If we would, then, study German and French instead of Latin, in other words, if we would make ourselves acquainted with the true sources of our mother tongue, our linguistic faculty would find sufficient exercise, and, at the same time—a consideration not to be disregarded—we should derive a solid advantage, because we might learn to speak the languages of the nations whence we sprung, both of which are so strongly represented in the United States. We could thus better approach our European brothers, and draw from the rich fountain of their literatures, so as to give a continual impulse to our own mental and practical culture. In this way we could also more really attain the aim, so flattering to the national pride, of being called "the only truly enlightened and glorious cosmopolitan people of the globe."

It would undoubtedly be of the highest advantage if we could so far master ourselves as to abandon the study of the "dead" languages and study the "living" ones; and, first of all, the rich and grand parental tongues, German and French. This, I think, my sixth suggestion of a TIMELY MOVEMENT to the American "sovereign" people.

JEREMY CRAFT.

(From the Liberator.)

Prophetic Communication.

DEAR FRIEND: The following prophetic communication, purporting to come from the spirit world, was written—at the period of date, now about ten years since—by a lady in Western New York, who, under similar influence, penned many beautiful and interesting articles, bearing the names of different individuals. Her mind and hand purported to be controlled by her father, who was an excellent man, and then about thirty years in the angel world, and without whose permission none others could have access to her. She wrote with rapidity, though seeing but a word at a time, and could not tell, when a communication was finished, whether or not there was in it any connection of ideas. What was written was, of course, as new to her as to any one else. Its publication may not, perhaps, be without interest, as foreshadowing the solemn events which are now transpiring in our country, and as indicating the propitious results to which they are tending.

THOMAS MCCLINTOCK.
PHILADELPHIA, 10th mo. 30th, 1861.

11th mo. 2d, 1851.

MY DAUGHTER: At the earnest desire of one who for his country contended while he inhabited the rudimentary sphere, do I now announce to thee the presence of George Washington, who wishes to write a few thoughts.

THY FATHER.

"Woe, woe to America! A woe is pronounced against her from heaven. She hath forsaken her God. She hath bowed herself to Ambition and Avarice. She hath encompassed sea and land to make proselytes. She hath sought to enlarge her boundaries and be amongst the mighty of the earth. But the day of her humiliation is at hand. Her government shall be broken up. Her children shall rise in rebellion, and cause her to become a by-word and hissing among the nations of the earth. My soul goes out mourning at her degeneracy."

Better had she never been born to inherit the mal-organization of her parents. They saw but in part the beauty, the holiness of that perfect liberty which the children of light are called into, and hence transmitted to their posterity imperfection, whose giant growth now overspreads the land of my love.

"O America! the magnitude of thy errors is as a mountain piled up to heaven. It shall be shaken by the mighty power of God. It already totters to its base. It is swayed to and fro by the winds of heaven. Its volcanic elements will burst it asunder, and not a fragment shall be left. On its site there will be reared a structure of beauty, of goodness, fit for the children of purity to inhabit; for on its door-posts will be blazoned her motto of liberty and the pursuit of happiness for all. The seed of oppression will not be left within her portals to strike root and rear its gigantic head, sending forth poison to infect the land."

"Then, all who dwell in the soil of freedom, from whence are to be dug the foundation-stones on which this structure is to be built, cease not to exhume them from their resting-places, in order that they may be ready when called for. Then will the earth approach the angel sphere, and they will descend with their influence to cause it to come forth clad in its robes of strength and power, to resist all opposing forces."—A Voice from Heaven, through George Washington.

For the Herald of Progress.

A Protest.

MR. DAVIS:—I protest against having anything more to do with spirits, unless they will show themselves, and so let us know who we are talking to. They say they can not only see us but know all our thoughts. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. Why can they not grant us mortals this humble request? Why do they persist in remaining eternally invisible? May we not with reason suspect something wrong, if they insist on remaining invisible, performing in dark circles, and never coming to the light? I suggest that Spiritualists call a World's Convention, some time next year, and publicly protest against communicating with gods or spirits any more, unless they will condescend to show themselves, and let us all see them, so that we may know who we are talking to, and not be deceived. If we are immortal, let us all be convinced. I think we have been going it blind long enough. I have been for ten years an INVESTIGATOR.

Sight and Insight.

For the Herald of Progress.

Saints and Sinners.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

NUMBER SEVEN.

ST. BENEDICT, THE WORKER OF MIRACLES.

The religious order of Benedictines has been the glory of the Catholic Church for thirteen hundred years. From this order, men went forth to carry arts and civilization over all Europe: churches, monasteries, and schools followed their track, as forests follow the stream. They taught better modes of agriculture, and introduced art and science wherever they went, and we can find a beautiful use in this severe but world-serving order.

St. Benedict, the founder, was born in Italy, in the year 480. He was of noble birth, and his prospects were those of a patrician of his day. When only fifteen years old, he had found out the wickedness of the world. While he lived at home, he knew no sin, but after Rome had been tried by his innocence, it seemed too full of evil to be his home. He forsook his prospects in the Church and the dangers of Rome, and fled to the rocky passes of Sabiaca, about forty miles from the imperial city.

Here he remained unknown to all the world for three years. He resisted the temptation to return to his studies in the Church, or to the quiet security of his home. He found his Penates among the rocks of an almost impassable ledge overhanging the Anio. Within a small cave where the brightness of sunshine could never enter, the lad sought to find his hopes of Heaven. The good Romanus alone found his retreat, and sometimes fastened food to a cord which Benedict drew up to his solitude. How little we can realize the length of those weary days. Prayer could have been no penance then, but a relief to the long hours; and what but the inspiration of Heaven could have given calmness and peace to the wild wishes of the mere boy, so that he forgot the enticements of his rank, and the ease of his home.

Yet the lad had another temptation greater than these; the fair face of his beloved haunted him. He beheld her eyes in the stars that nightly trooped over his cave; he saw her fair form in the clouds that touched the heights above him; he made her garments of the soft mist that floated in the valley below him; the little mountain flower sent its sweet perfume to bid memory count over the hours of gladness with her. Yet Love, the enchantress, the holy sanctifier, Benedict called a temptation to worldliness. Who shall say it was not, in that passion-stained age? Benedict rose from his temptations and his struggles a purified man. His hopes were not crushed, but became aspirations; his love was not thrown away, but placed within his soul as its sacred fire.

When the world found Benedict, it was ready to honor him; he was surrounded by disciples, and founded twelve monasteries around his cavern, in which he still dwelt.

He at last left his abode, because of the jealousy of a monk, and converted the idolators of Mount Cassino by his miracles, and then he changed the temple of Apollo into the famous monastery of Cassino, and founded the society of Benedictines, who were to

throw about the world a web of moral and religious influences.

One day a peasant came to the gate of the monastery, bearing in his arms his dead son, for whose death he would not be comforted.

But the father would not go. When they reached the body, Benedict, beholding it in its pale beauty, and touched by the parents grief, was moved with compassion and tender desire.

St. Benedict beheld visions that represented the future; he also prophesied. Totila, the king of the Goths, then passing through Italy, left his path of blood and carnage, to visit the renowned saint; and so awed was he by his presence, that he prostrated himself before him.

With what a golden beauty shines the light of that life; not because of its austerity and renunciations, but because of its purity and faith. Heaven was no far off place, but touched with splendor the cliffs of Sabiaca, and glowed on Mt. Cassino.

Poetry.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

HILLS AND VALLEYS.

By C. J. THORP.

Over hills, through valleys wending, Lies the changeful path we tread, Pansing now in friendship's circle,

Clouds and sunshine chase our footsteps, Like the ghosts of "long ago," Summer smiles as youth and beauty, Winter spreads a couch of snow;

Now we pause within the valley, Doubt and fear, as sprites before us; Now we mount the golden hill-tops, All is light and splendor o'er us;

Here enthralled by demon Slavery, Low beneath the tyrant's heel, Nations bow in tame submission, Martyrs bow the hopes they feel.

Yonder gather war's battalions, Loud resounds the battle's shock; Iron purpose hearts discover, Harder than the flinty rock.

Far along from distant ages, O'er the mist and through the storm, Like the dim and distant mountain, Freedom lifts her God-like form;

Men of high, of holy purpose, Strong to do and brave to dare, Perish when the weal of nations Hangs upon a trembling hair.

Ever gazing toward the morrow, Children of the brief to-day, With an earnest of the dawning, Yearning for the truth alway,

Such the royal road of action, Ups and downs, but e'er ascending, 'Neath the cloud and through the waters, Up the mountains, never ending,

Up the mountains, never ending, Falling, rising, ebbing, flowing, With an ever-ceaseless motion, Like the sea tide's grand procession,

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1862.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Table with 2 columns: Period, Price. Includes Single Copies, Yearly, and Foreign rates.

And any larger number sent to one Post Office at the rate of \$1.50 each.

Money sent at our risk. For all large sums, drafts on New York should be procured, if possible.

Sample copies mailed from this office on application. A limited number of advertisements will be received at the rate of ten cents a line for the first insertion, and eight cents for each subsequent insertion.

All notices, advertisements, or communications, intended for publication, should be sent in the week preceding the date of publication. The earlier the better.

All letters to be addressed to A. J. DAVIS & CO., PUBLISHERS, 274 Canal Street, New York.

Office Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Publication Office located a few doors east of No. 416 Broadway.

OUR BROADWAY BACHELOR (J. F.) will find communications, in our next issue, which he cannot read without being benefited both morally and conjugally.

NEXT WEEK we shall print a letter from Father Robinson to Hon. Abraham Lincoln. The patriotic old man has a right to speak and to be heard, for he has given money and a noble son to aid and sustain the Government.

THE ADMIRABLE LECTURE in this number, from our valued friend and correspondent, F. T. Lane, of Massachusetts, will be read by all with great interest. It treats upon a subject of universal importance, and cannot but bear fruits of righteousness.

THE DEMONSTRABLY TRUE in RELIGION and MORALS.—We this week give the first of a series of papers from the well-known and widely esteemed Dr. R. T. Hallock, of this city. The broadness of his questions, their intrinsically vital importance, and the cordial invitation extended by the Doctor to all who take an interest in the questions to bring forth their inmost and best thoughts, by way of friendly conference, will not be allowed to pass unheeded by our thinking readers and correspondents.

To Editors.

The attention of all editors and publishers into whose hands this sheet may fall, is invited to our proposal on the eighth page.

Such as may comply with the offers there made will please be particular in sending marked copies of their papers to this office.

Departure of Atheism.

We learn that the effect of the remarkable phenomena which are taking place throughout the country has been to force the conviction of the immortality of the soul and the existence of God upon thousands who have not entertained such a belief. It is currently reported that the subscribers to what have been called "infidel newspapers" are insisting upon a radical change, as more in consonance with their views, and that it is contemplated to give the subject serious consideration.

"They Die in Consequence of Inhaling their Own Breath."

The coroners' inquests in London daily show that every week, in that city, children are suffocated in bed, or under the shawls of mothers. They die, as the coroner is constantly stating, in consequence of inhaling their own breath, which is a compound of carbonic acid gas.

And who can marvel if the innocents do die in consequence of inhaling their own breath? We are not surprised to read that the "coroner is constantly stating" this fact to the fathers and mothers of England. And why? Because the superstition of Christians is in antagonism to fresh air and thorough ventilation.

What can be done to save these children of popular nursing? The carbonic acid gas of their own time-worn creeds is destroying the infants of Church and State.

growth—are suffocated in the Procrustean bed, or under the swaddling clothes of their theological mothers! Shall such things continue? We propose a universal system of ventilation.

The Lord's Opinion of Meeting Houses.

The Tribune last week contained the following shocking statement:

CHURCH BLOWN DOWN.—On New Year's night, the Episcopal Church, at Southport, Connecticut, was demolished by the violence of the gale which sprang up about sundown, increasing in fury until twelve o'clock.

What are we all coming to? If the Lord does not respect these temples of worship, who, in the name of Astronomy, shall rub up his organ of Veneration in their behalf? We live in a world of changes! "Such is life!" "The wind bloweth where it listeth." New Year's night, 1862! The deed was done "under cover of night." The Church was new—an Episcopal Church, too—the Church! The same that was originated by Henry VIII.

Poetesses and Romancers.

A German, traveling in this country, says he discovers on the banks of the Ohio or Mississippi an astounding number of celebrated poetesses and romancers, of whom he never heard before, and asserts that this American crinoline literary cohort constantly pours fresh water on old tea-leaves, and swamps the book market with a carefully insipid beverage.

It probably has not yet occurred to the mind of our Teutonic Brother—the traveler and critic aforesaid—that America is the grand repository of the germs of ALL HUMAN RIGHTS. Alas! few of these choice seeds are yet unfolded. But the age of germination and quickening is not distant. The poetesses and romancers on the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi—"who pour fresh water on old tea-leaves"—are only the beautiful rays of the real bow of Promise, and we regret that our Teutonic traveler was not qualified to discern the "signs of the times." These many poetesses and tea-cup romancers are the pioneers (the glimmerings) of an army of intelligent men and women, who shall be free from the milderms of antiquity, and above the shallow constaints of ignorance and injustice.

Questions of Taste.

The Christian Ambassador has the following paragraph respecting the announcement in the HERALD OF PROGRESS of E. Case, Jr., (formerly a Universalist reverend,) that he "opens his lectures with appropriate songs":

"There may be some room for a variety of tastes as to the propriety of opening religious meetings with 'appropriate songs,' rather than in the good old method so long in use. At least, it is quite provoking to curiosity not to be informed of the themes and tunes of the songs aforesaid."

What a pity Mr. Case did not say "hymns" instead of "songs." To the latter, notwithstanding "songs to the Lord" are the only "hymns" spoken of in the Bible, there would be no orthodox objection.

While speaking of questions of taste, we may mention that the same Ambassador contains a notice for a fair and festival for the benefit of one of the city churches, with a "sequel," in the shape of a Christmas tree, "for the same general object," and "a variety of original conundrums." "A prize is offered for the best original conundrum."

A prize conundrum for the benefit of a Christian church is all well enough. Had a society of Spiritualists proposed such a thing, when would we hear the last of it? It does make a difference, Brother Austin, with sectarians, whose bull goes the ox.

Spiritualists may open their meetings with Spiritual songs, but they don't close them with prize conundrums! Not often! Ce Empe.

Benefits of Prayer.

A member of Henry Ward Beecher's church recently commended his pastor to the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting as a subject of prayer. A Presbyterian minister responded with earnestness. The Christian Intelligencer records the fact, which record Mr. Beecher copies in the Independent, with comments.

Having, in his "salutatory," asked the "remembrance of all who pray," the pastor of Plymouth Church returns his thanks for the attention, and begs the Fulton Street Meeting to "do so some more." At the same time he proceeds to point out the superiority of prayer meetings to synods. We quote:

"There is a sacred liberty in prayer not accorded to documents coldly penned. There are intimations, and devout fears, and vague suspicions, which, if formally stated to men, would impose grave responsibilities. And it is a mercy to have one place where one can say whatever is in his heart without being called to account by men, and say it, too, benevolently. There is something discursive and uncertain in a speech. Somebody is apt to answer you. It opens the way to correct mistakes, and obliges men to stick close to facts and the truth. There is no such liability in a forensic prayer. One can say what he pleases about brethren, and his prayer will not be answered. This is one of the difficulties that conscientious persons have always experienced—how to take off a man's head and not let him know it; how to give a man a deserved thrust without incurring risks; how to table charges against troublesome per-

sons without having to defend them; how to set the Christian church upon its guard against men without the imputation of slander."

The Voice of Conservatism.

It is a marvel that a Republican administration should hesitate to adopt a policy approved not only by the "radical" element of the country, but thus emphatically urged by that most conservative of all religious conservators, the New York Observer:

"The army has nothing to do with the relations of master and slave. It is to treat all honest and loyal men alike. It is not to catch fugitive negroes, nor to send them to those who claim to be their owners, nor to inquire whether a colored man is a slave or a free man, nor to meddle with the institutions of the State in any way. The army is to know no distinction except that of enemies and friends. It will employ white men and black men in its service, when they can be so employed, and use them in the most efficient manner to crush out the rebellion. If the entrance of our armies into South Carolina is the occasion of the exodus of the entire colored population, it is no part of the duty of the army to arrest the flight, or to help it. Whoever stands in the way of the reestablishment of the Government over the whole Union, must get out of the way or be crushed. The relations of one class of the community to another is not to be regarded as an obstacle in the progress of our armies, but all men, whatever may be their condition under the laws of the State, are to be treated as friends or enemies of the Constitution. We would welcome the colored men of the South to the protection of the flag which the white men of the South have deserted and defiled."

"In the revolted States, the armies of the Union go to enforce submission to righteous government and wholesome law, by putting down rebellion, taking away arms and power from the enemies of the Union, and whoever will join in the assertion of this right, and the enforcement of this power, is a friend, whether his skin is white or black."

The Death Penalty.

The following emphatic testimony against capital punishment is borne by Gov. Andrews, of Massachusetts, in his late address to the State Legislature:

"I deplore the presence of the penalty of death still lingering on the statute-book of Massachusetts. Gradually receding in civilized legislation as needless and dangerous, corrupting to some persons, and shocking to others, years of study and reflection confirm the opinion that it must certainly disappear from the category of penalties inflicted by the best-ordered and most refined commonwealths. A natural method to the wild justice of the ruder forms and stages of society—a hard necessity sometimes in the code of war,—it erects the gallows in a community like ours only as a horrid spectacle, scaring the imagination and haunting the dreams of the sensitive; an intrusive reminiscence of more barbarous times; while it suggests to the hardened in crime only another disease, by which nature may one day pay its inevitable debt of mortality."

White Religion.

A Chicago letter-writer gives the following illustration of the breadth of Christian charity in St. Louis:

A pious Norwegian sailor, who enlisted from this city in the gun-boat service, under Commodore Foote, sought out, in St. Louis, a class prayer-meeting in one of the Methodist churches of that city. The evening was cold, and as he went into the lecture-room, and with the few present, drew up to the fire, he spied a poor colored man crouching and shivering in the entry near the door, striving to catch what he could of the prayers and exhortations. This was too much for the man's liberty-loving spirit, so, with a vigorous beckoning of his hand, he said to the black man: "Come in! come in! don't stay out there in the cold;" but with no other response than an enlarged whitening of his eyes. "Come in! come in!" he vociferated, "you have just as good a right to come in here by the fire as we have; you are just as good as we are." At this stage a pro-slavery Brother laid his hand gently on the Norwegian, and endeavored quietly to check him, when he exclaimed: "Black man just the same as white man before the Lord. If your religion teaches you to keep the black man in the entry, it is not my religion; your God is not my God, and my God is not your God!" With this he took his hat, and with the friend who told me the story went back to his boat.

A Pious Well.

There is an oil well at Renville, Pa., which flows at regular intervals once in every six hours, during six days of the week, but on Sunday it flows not at all. The Boston Investigator, commenting upon this Sunday-keeping well, says:

"We think the fact that it is the only instance of the kind on record, together with the cumulative evidence furnished on the other side by rains falling on Sunday, rivers flowing, crops sprouting, suns shining, and cattle yielding milk on that sacred day, should convince us that as 'one swallow don't make summer,' so one oil well of piously-educated instincts is not enough to establish the fact that all the oil contained beneath the earth's crust is to be devoted to sacramental purposes."

Compositor's Opinion of the War.

Can you not divine the signs of the times? This rebellion, now raging in the Southern part of the Republic, is without a parallel in the world's history. Its . . . are the basest of scoundrels, and the Government will em— an early opportunity to— them from the face of the earth. When they shall fall into the hands of the Federal authorities, their necks will be worth simply 0. The is unshathed, and "Down with the rebels," is the cry of all right-minded men the world over. Such of the rebels who are left from the halter should be made to suffer stripes till they see . . . in the constellation of the Union.

What a Crime!

Mrs. Stowe, in the story of "Agnes of Sorrento," now in the course of publication in the Atlantic Monthly, gives the dogmas of eternal punishment another terrible thrust. Writing of one of her heroes, she says: "He knew full well that, in the popular belief, all those hardy and virtuous old Romans, whose deeds of heroism so transported him, were burning in hell for the crime of having been born before Christ."

It would be difficult to make the doctrine more hideous than Mrs. Stowe has by this one stroke of her pen. "Burning in hell for the crime of having been born before Christ!" What a crime!—Star.

Praying on Time.

A writer in the Watchman and Reflector, who says he is not a church-member, has the following thoughts on prayer:

"If he who offers prayer does it simply as a supplication to God, why is there, as is the case in some churches, such a nice calculation of time for its performance? In many places of worship a constant attendant can inform you within two minutes of the time that will be occupied with the first prayer, or the succeeding ones, and so on with the remainder of the services. A child making daily requests to its parents, does not occupy at one time the same number of minutes that it does on another occasion—and such I should suppose would be the case with all who truly pray. When I hear any one praying for this, that, and the other thing, evidently to fill up the time, without care whether his prayer is heard or not by Him to whom it is professedly addressed, I am reminded of the story of an itinerant preacher in the West, (not a hard-shell Baptist) who dispensed with the gospel in that region, and on one occasion found himself making the closing prayer full fifteen minutes before the usual time for such service. The prayer he generally used on such an occasion was nearly finished, and striving vainly to think of something to pray for, so as to fill the allotted time, he astonished his hearers by breaking out in a louder voice, as follows: 'And now, grant all we have asked of thee, and permit me, in conclusion, to relate to thee an anecdote.'"

Liberty to be Damned.

Frederick II. of Prussia received a petition from one of his districts, praying that a certain clergyman be suspended from preaching because he held that the punishment of the wicked would come to an end. The king took his pen and wrote the following answer:

"I have considered the above petition, and do hereby give my royal permission to all my loyal subjects to be damned to all eternity if they choose it; but I do positively forbid their quarrelling with their neighbors who are not willing to keep their company so long."

The attention of all subscribers is directed to the paragraph at the head of the first column of this paper, and prompt renewals are in all cases specially requested.

Silvery Linings to the War Clouds.

One Southern State—Mississippi—has under consideration, through its legislature, the subject of organizing a banking system, the basis of which shall be cotton, instead of the precious metals, as heretofore. In that direction, what more need our New Era family desire for reform? Let Cotton, Corn, and Wheat, once become a basis for banking, and the "golden hammers" might be passed over to the gold beaters.

Secretary Chase recommends the centralization of the banking business of the country in the government. This would give to the nation the income accruing from interest on the circulation: a large sum of money which at present serves to support a small army of genteel non-producers. The change proposed is one of those events which in the destiny of things must come to pass, and we hail the epoch when the plan for its accomplishment has been sown broadcast. With Cotton, Corn, and Wheat, and other labor products, as a banking basis, and the banking business of the country centralized in the government, would not our rulers be selected with greater care by the people, under some other system than that now followed through "primary meetings"?

Six hundred and forty thousand men from the Northern States, and nearly as many more from the various Southern States, have left their homes, and in one sense become tourists. Let us consider the effects of the interchanging and fraternizing now going on between a million of minds collected from and scattered anew over all parts of our extensive landed estate! Verily, there is so much to be thought and spoken of the rivers of good which will flow out of this, that we must leave it for each mind who reflects upon the subject to mark out and construct its own map.

Our people are learning how much scheming-quality there is in the human mind, which is a power that might be made available for progressive uses. The lives of those who are esteemed as the greatest men—the generals, diplomats, cabinet officers, and others in "high position"—are now existing in the full bloom of schemism; all are engaged upon estimates and plans—how, in the shrewdest manner possible, they can outwit rebels, belligerents, neutrals, and ambassadors!

Prominent persons from European states are experiencing lessons in republicanism. At home, the rich are becoming poor, and the poor—those who can—are becoming poorer; so that nearly all are taking involuntary lessons in self-denial and trial—admirable gymnastics for "depraved and fallen human nature!"

But the clouds are growing so beautiful, their tints are becoming so varied, and their transparency so increased as we gaze, that we are constrained to go no farther at present lest we may be asking for more; never-

theless they be as black as night on the outside. Yet we must cast a lingering, rapt look, at that effulgence which shines for our long-suffered brother-nation, the African!

Persons and Events.

He must live who thinks most—feels the saddest, acts the best.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Rev. Thomas Starr King has resigned his pastorate of the Hollis Street Church in Boston, and will remain in California for the present. Robert Browning has made his residence permanently in London, and is preparing for publication the last poems of his wife Elizabeth Barrett Browning, some of which are said to be her most finished productions.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Our latest European advices are to Dec. 27th, by the arrival of the Bohemian at Halifax. In Liverpool peaceful hopes preponderated, and cotton was rising. The English papers were still discussing the Trent affair in a hopeful view—that the Rebel Commissioners would be given up by the Cabinet at Washington, and a war be thus averted.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

On the vote for Chaplain in the Massachusetts House of Assembly, Rev. A. A. Miner, Universalist, received 69 votes, and Rev. P. Stone, Baptist, 73. 26 of the remaining 70 votes were for Baptist candidates. Mr. Stone was chosen.

The ultimate extinction of human slavery is inevitable. That this war, which is the result of slavery (checked by an election and permanently subordinated by the census) not merely against the Union and the Constitution, but against popular government and democratic institutions, will deal it a mortal blow, is not less inevitable.

A Committee of the Maryland Legislature have addressed the Executive of Massachusetts to learn the condition of the widows and orphans of the patriots murdered at Baltimore on the 19th of April last, in order that the State of Maryland may take some action in reference thereto.

Gov. Wise, some years since, said to Gov. Chase of Ohio: "I deny the right of holding property in man." When surprise was expressed that a man holding three or four hundred slaves should avow such a sentiment, Mr. Wise replied: "They have the same right to freedom that I have; whenever a slave has escaped from me, I have never pursued him or advertised for him. I act as the guardian of my slaves; but if they renounce my guardian ship, they may go."

A correspondent of the Evening Post in Birmingham, Eng., writes that the indentment held out by the rebels, through Messrs. Mason and Slidell, to England and France, was not only extensive commercial privileges, but the promised emancipation of the slaves.

Some of the leading members of the New York Club gave Dr. Russell, of the London Times, a dinner on New Year's Eve. They would doubtless cite Jefferson Davis or Gen. Beauregard if they could safely do so.

Father Taylor, the eccentric seaman preacher, was once asked where he thought Ralph Waldo Emerson would go after death. The witty old man replied, "The dear, good blessed soul! I don't see in him any evidence of saving faith; but then I don't know what Satan could do with him!"

The young ladies in several New England seminaries met recently and mutually agreed that, until justified by the more fraternal action of England towards the loyal party in this country, they would neither purchase nor wear materials of English manufacture for clothing.

The Chicago Tribune says rough pine scantling were transported at Government expense from Pittsburg, Pa., to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for army use. Transported across four States, that a Pennsylvania contractor might be enriched! Is not this truly a contractor's war?

The first portion of the London Subterranean City Railway will be opened on the 1st of May next. It will extend from Paddington to Victoria Station. It will be so wide and well lit, that it will seem more like a well-kept street by night than a subterranean passage. It passes right under Fleet street ditch, the fullest and foulest of the London sewers.

According to experiments made in Paris, the pulse of a lion beats forty times a minute; that of a tiger, ninety-six times; of a tapir, forty-four times; of a horse, forty times; of a wolf, forty-five times; of a fox, forty-three times; of a bear, thirty-eight times; of a monkey, forty-eight times; of an eagle, one hundred and sixty times. It was impossible to determine the beatings of the elephant's pulse. A butterfly, however, it was discovered, experienced sixty heart pulsations in a minute.

The spirit of emulation inspiring the officers of our army is illustrated by the story of the colonel who, being told by the chaplain, that in one of the adjoining regiments the Lord had blessed the labors of his servants, and ten men had been baptized, at once called to a sergeant, and said, "Have fifteen men detailed immediately to be baptized. I'll be damned if I'll be outdone in any respect."

I believe in the curative process of the war throughout the whole body of society. It is to put us into our purgations. God knows we have needed them. It is to bring new thoughts into fashion, as well as new men.—Emerson.

The Pine and Palm (Boston) has reached a circulation of five thousand copies, and reduced its subscription price to one dollar.

Through life our worst weaknesses and meannesses are usually committed for the sake of the people whom we most despise.

An English court has condemned a rationalistic clergyman of the Established Church for having expressed views opposed to the thirty-nine articles. This decision is of great importance, as foreshadowing the fate of the seven Oxford Essays.

The question is often asked, What becomes of all the gold and silver annually coined? No satisfactory answer has ever been given. The prevailing opinion is that it is hoarded and buried all over the "East"—particularly in the Chinese empire. During the first eight months of this year, England alone shipped in that direction, through the Oriental Steamship Company, nearly \$30,000,000. A large amount was also shipped from France and other nations.

The number of barbers' shops in Philadelphia has fallen off from over two hundred to about eighty. A leading brush-maker says that five years ago he constantly employed three journeymen the year round for the sole purpose of making shaving-brushes. At the present moment a single journeyman can supply the entire demand, without occupying much more than half his time. While this is true of shaving-brushes, it is of course equally true of razors also.

The following is the formula given for making corn bread like the loaf which took the first prize at Orange Judd's great Corn-bread Show: To two quarts of meal add one pint of bread sponge; water sufficiently to wet the whole; add half a pint of flour, and a table-spoonful of salt; let it rise; then knead well for the second time, and place the dough in the oven, and allow it to bake an hour and a half.

Flora Macdonald, the heroine of the Scottish rebellion, was buried in the Isle of Skye. Tourists have so chipped away her tombstone that her grandson, Captain J. Macdonald, has had a new tombstone erected, with this inscription:

In the histories of Scotland and England is recorded the name of her by whose memory this tablet is rendered sacred, and mankind will consider that in Flora Macdonald were united the calm heroic fortitude of a man, together with the unselfish devotion of a woman. Under Providence, she saved Prince Charles Edward Stuart from death on a scaffold, thus preventing the House of Hanover incurring the blame of an impolitic judicial murder."

The Society of Friends in England have addressed a letter to Lord Palmerston deprecating the idea of a war between England and the United States.

The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals.

For the Herald of Progress.

Friends: You and I have a common interest in the Universe, and from this community of interest springs the rationality of a friendly conference with respect to its meaning. Has it a meaning? Are there any indications of a ground plan underlying this world of ours, in its physical as well as its physical aspects? Or is what we call the world of matter, so imbedded in law, and purpose, and plan, that no minutest atom of it can ever be the subject of accident or of caprice, while what is termed the world of mind is governed wholly by precepts or statutes which have their origin in the will of Omnipotence?

Friends, the great peoples who constitute our "elder brethren" in Church and State, do, with goodly accord, answer you to this latter interrogatory. Many ingenious devices, and not a few instruments of torture, have been put in requisition, from time to time, to make this answer final. They have not succeeded. The existence of the HERALD OF PROGRESS is proof that the question is yet open. We have still the right to say nay to the world's you in this matter; and if we can but improve this negation—so nurture it by demonstrative research as to make it bear the fruit of affirmation—our HERALD OF PROGRESS may yet live to be the "HERALD" of a consummation of happiness and peace on earth, hitherto supposed to be only attainable in the "islands of the blessed."

Assuming it to be true that the spiritual interests of the universe are as much the subjects of law as are the suns, and systems, and atoms, which constitute its body or outside, and we can easily conceive of the disasters possible to individuals and nations who blindly imagine that infinite realm of eternal verities to be the subject of universal lawlessness. For example: On the basis of the supposition that law reigns within the universe as well as upon its outside, justice—that is to say, the right line between myself and another human being—is as much a reality in nature as sunshine. In that case, to what perils is that man or that nation liable who ignorantly concludes that it exists only as a command?—that it is a statute repealable, (for a consideration), like the Pope's bull or an act of the Mayor and Common Council of the city of New York!

So deeply rooted is this error, that against it, all history thunders in vain. Every page of it, from ancient Babylon to modern Charleston, is scored and blackened all over with the terrible proof that justice is not a mere black-letter precept, but a power in the universe; and yet the self-styled Christian people are acting to-day as though there were no such thing, and that their preservation and salvation depended wholly on the milder conclusion of God's "sober second thought."

Friends, as we are all more or less uncomfortable under the weight of this and similar blunders, let us take counsel together with a view to riddance. I seem to see the raw material for so much happiness in this world awaiting only the quickening energy of genius to mold it into living forms of eternal beauty; that I invite your cooperation, not more as a debt we owe to ourselves and the race, than as a pleasure.

Let me propose, then, by way of beginning, a few questions; and, in the spirit of kindness, let us help one another to answer them:

- 1. With notions as varied as our personalities, we believe in God. What, where, and how is God?
2. With like differences we all respect moral purity. What is moral purity?
3. We are a religious people it is claimed. What is it to be religious.
With editorial permission I am willing to essay an answer to these, and it may be other cognate questions. Will some of you do the same, to the end that the reader may have our best thoughts on these important topics?

New York, Dec. 31st, 1861. R. T. H.

Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: To the Spirit Land, from his residence near Windsor, Indiana, MARK PATTY, in the 58th year of his age. He was born and reared in the Orthodox Quaker Church, but left it and accepted the more liberal teachings of Elias Hicks. But he soon progressed beyond all forms and creeds, and worshipped in the temple of Nature. In truth, it may be said of him:

"Bound to no sect, he took no private road, But looked through Nature up to Nature's God."

He was among the first to investigate the subject of Spiritualism, and was soon convinced of its many beautiful and consoling truths. He was an untiring advocate of Reform in all its various fields of operation, and he devoted much of his time to the cause of human redemption from ignorance and superstition. During his illness, which continued nearly four months, he was unable to converse, having lost the power to speak; we were thus deprived of much consolation we might otherwise have gained.

His last moments were so calm and peaceful that we could not but realize the truth of the

saying he so often quoted, "There is nothing to hate, to shun, to fear, or to deplore, in any department of Nature, or in the wide sanctuary of the living Divine Mind."

Notices of New Books.

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

A B C OF LIFE. By A. B. CHILD, M. D., Author of "Whatever is, is Right." Boston: Published by William White & Co., 168 Washington street, 1862. For sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

The spirit of a deep-toned sincerity pervades this collection of thoughtful and thoughtless reflections. There is evidence of sadness and happiness, torture and rapture, on almost every page. The spiritual philosopher is frequently entrapped by the materialism of his own experience. Because a thing is natural, it is held to be "right." To illustrate, the Doctor says: "Disease is not outside the laws of human life; it is an integer of physical being." But he failed to add that "disease is therefore just as right as health," which is his gospel.

In one place, the Doctor says: "There never was a death of physical existence that was not natural. So all deaths, whether they are called mature or premature, are natural; and, being natural, are surely right." Here he lets out what he omitted to say under the head of "Disease."

Again he says: "Our progression is never quickened or retarded by our efforts." That is to say, You go just as many miles while sitting in your chair, as when walking at the rate of two leagues per hour."

Again: "Scientific pursuits are useful for earthly things; but not for spiritual things." How is this? Scientific pursuits are natural anywhere, on any plane, and consequently they must be right anywhere. If the Doctor's philosophy be correct, then "scientific pursuits" would be right and useful in the kingdom of heaven.

Again: "A man of great experience is more liberal to the belief of others than a man of little experience. The man that has seen the most of the world, cherishes and opposes creeds the least." And why? Dr. Child does not answer. We answer for him, that a man of large experience does not oppose creeds, not because he sees they are "right;" but because he sees little or no good to accrue from his opposition to them. He looks upon religionists at their different devotions as a benevolent father looks upon children at their innocent and mischievous sports.

Again we are told that "Drinking-houses are spiritual laboratories, that work off material glory from the soul." We suppose that the Doctor meant "spirituous laboratories that work destruction and misery." Wonder who read "proof" for this unfortunate author. Such mistakes of the "printer's devil" are hardly pardonable at the "hub of the universe."

Again he says: "When we justify the deeds of others as much as we do our own, there will be no more war and fighting. We never go to bloody war with ourselves." This is another mistake. The best minds are slowest to justify themselves in the commission of unworthy deeds. The self-persecution and self-inflicted torture of early religionists prove that men do go to "bloody war with themselves" for conscience' sake, and to be worthy the favors of gods.

Again we read that "When we forgive the criminal deeds of others as we forgive our own criminal thoughts and deeds, prison-houses will not be used to shut up men and women in. No one will ever send himself to prison." Truthful and well-balanced minds do not forgive their own "criminal thoughts and deeds," but the self-condemnation of some minds is more unrelenting than their verdicts against any fellow-being for whatever crime. There is occasionally a "case of conscience" reported in the Treasury Department at Washington. Regret and remorse are the imps of a conscience darkened by its own deeds.

Again the Doctor says: "All that is done by man is the product of the spirit; and it takes all spirit to make the embodiment of Deity; so that all the actions of all men are the products of the spirit of Deity. Every action of man is from God, is in God." If all this be so, how comes it that "scientific pursuits" are not useful for spiritual things? If all that man does is of the spirit, how can anything he does be material?

On page 17 we read that "Criminal thoughts are from the soul, and to the soul the same as criminal deeds." We wonder how criminal deeds can take place in the spirit of Deity, from which spring "all the actions of men!"

On page 18 the question is asked: "Who has not ate too much and drank too much? This is intemperance and drunkenness." We wonder how it is possible for such conditions as "intemperance and drunkenness" to exist in the spirit of Deity. The author affirms that "every action of man is from God, is in God." How, then, can there be intemperance and drunkenness? Or, if it be admitted that these excesses and vices really exist, will not our author say that they are just as right and desirable as temperance and sobriety?

Again we are told that "Insanity is never recognized by its own consciousness, but by that of others. What is the standard of sanity? It has not been found yet in the human family." Consequently, the Doctor should have added: "There is no such thing as insanity." Where everything is from God, is in God, how strange it is that the word "insanity" should have occurred to any human mind. "Whatever is, is sane"—for who can

say what insanity is? This question should not trouble any complacent soul at the "hub of the universe."

On page 25 the Doctor says: "The soul never obeys written statute-laws—but it really thinks and acts independent of them." But this should not be, because statute-laws result from the actions of men, and the actions of men are either from God, or in God; therefore statute-laws are divine laws, are natural, are "right," and Deific, and ought to be obeyed. But if you shouldn't obey, never mind—"all right." Don't be backward; do just as you choose; it's all either from God, or in God, and must be "right." If your neighbor has an hundred dollars, borrow them; you needn't return what you borrow—why not? Because your neighbor needs the discipline, and you need the money, and, besides, "Whatever is, is Right."

Although this pamphlet inculcates the foregoing incoherent sentiments, the Doctor has uttered several very noticeable and highly suggestive thoughts. We give a few examples:

"Physical life had beginning, so it must have an end. We were born into matter, so out of matter we must be born again. Physical life is only the reflection of soul-life."

"The truths that Spiritualism has developed will be more cherished and loved in the next century than in this; and still in the next more than in that preceding it. Spiritual truths will brighten with age; all that pertains to the spiritual world will become intensified in beauty by deeper investigation and maturer consideration."

"All isms are the children of shadows that will fall before the light of spirit. Creeds are to souls what skins are to seeds. When seeds germinate and expand to new life, their skins break and fall off; so creeds break and fall away from the souls of men when they throb with new and independent life."

"When the body falls the spirit rises. The spirit always tends upward—the body downward."

"The murderer is not a murderer from the exercise of common sense."

"Infinite has no bottom, no top; no up, no down; no cardinal points; no shores, no boundaries. Nature, spirit, God, are commensurate, are inseparable."

"We cannot speak the language of the soul any more than we can sing the melody of silence. In the bosom of Nature, yet unexplored by us, there are existing for us deeper beauties than pen can write or pencil paint."

"There are the outer senses of the animal life, and the inner senses of the soul; the inner grow brighter as the outer grow dim. In our earthly life we oscillate between the consciousness of the two."

THE GREAT CONFLICT; or, Cause and Cure of Secession. By LEO MILLER, Esq. Delivered at Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861, and repeated, by universal request, at the same place, on Tuesday Evening of the following week. Boston: Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street.

There is always a reason for everything. The reason why our Friend Miller's lecture was "repeated by universal request" is because he said something out of the old time-beaten track—something natural and philosophical, adapted at once to the intuitions and the practical understandings of the people.

His lecture is bold, clear, logical, patriotic, and true to the principles of Nature and the laws of Reason. He sees the inherent necessity of War, both in Nature and among Nations. He does not believe that Evil and Slavery will vanquish Good and Freedom in the present struggle, but he teaches the magnitude of America's responsibility. We quote a few sentences: "The just claims of the world, in consideration of the long interruption of its business and commerce, demand of us that we now 'Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.'"

"The trembling hearts and lips of four million enslaved sons and daughters of Africa, call on us in the sacred name of Freedom, to break off the yoke of bondage, and liberate them from a doom more terrible than death."

"God himself, speaking in his Providence, warns us of our duty."

"The history of the world, the rise and fall of kingdoms, nations, and empires, admonish us, in a voice of thunder, to BEWARE—to see to it that this mighty element of discord and national death in our midst be removed far from us."

"Justice, with uplifted hand, says: 'Do it, or receive the thunderbolt of Jehovah's ire.'"

"Freedom, with tears in her eyes, and covered with wounds, adjures us by the mercies of heaven, by the love of God and his angels, by the tears and groans of the captive, that we emblazon upon our stary banners, 'FREEDOM FOR ALL!'"

Let the friends of Peace, as the crowning glory of Justice and Liberty, procure this timely tract and distribute it widely. For sale at this office. Price 12 cts.

THE FUGITIVE WIFE: A Criticism on Marriage, Adultery, and Divorce. By WARREN CHASE. 1862. Boston: Published by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street. And for sale also at this office. Price 25 cents. Postage 5 cents.

We do not at this time offer any remarks, either analytical or critical, of the positions and theories of the author of this volume. We simply wish to apprise the public that such a book has just been issued, and that it treats on subjects of immediate and universal importance. Warren Chase wields an influential pen, and is intellectually capable of imparting much invaluable instruction. His present work bears evidence of more thought and more system than anything we remember to have seen from him. It is written to improve the State, the Family, and the Individual, and we hope that he will find numerous readers.

Attractive Miscellany.

All things are engaged in writing their history...

RINGS.

BY MISS MRS. BOSTON.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Angles...

Tell my brothers and companions when they meet...

Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her...

I let them take what'er they would—but keep my father's sword...

Tell my sister not to weep for me, nor sob with drooping head...

When the troops are marching home again with glad and gallant tread...

But to look upon them proudly with a calm and steadfast eye...

For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die...

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name...

To listen to him kindly without regret or shame...

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)...

For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by...

You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye...

Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scornings—

Oh friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen)

My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison.

I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear:

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,

The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed, with friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk.

And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine:

and worth below his own. Beyond that, all of life was a blank to me...

"Where is he, mother?" I interrupted her, and the words passed, despite myself, rushed to my cheeks...

"Gone, gone to Heaven!" to rest in the everlasting salvation of the saints!

"Oh! if he could but have seen you once more," sobbed Charity.

"He did, as sure as the blessed sun's a shinin' this very mornin'!

"Dear father!" I murmured, "and yet no kin of mine; he loved me, when he whose blood flows in my veins laughed in derision at the thought of a child who dared not borrow his aristocratic name."

"She is well, dear; but went most night distressed when you left so suddenly."

"Mother," I said, taking both her wan, thin hands, "have you ever found me guilty of a falsehood?"

"Never! my blessed! never! Ye never told a whopper in play or in earnest; ye were allers too sempulentious and conscientiouser like."

"I read what was passing in her mind. Gently seating her, I knelt before her, took off my bonnet, and my untrained curls floated down over my face."

"Oh! Regina, Regina! come, come at last!" she cried, and clasped me in her motherly arms, and kissed me with a frenzied eagerness of love.

Once, oh! accusing memory! I had turned in proud disdain from those loving demonstrations of a heart unspoiled by worldly lessons.

"Oh! my blessed comfort! My own dear, darlin', best, Jinnie, come back at last!" I alters said it, dear, and I felt it in my heart, an' my spirit, and my bones, as you hadn't forsaken us forever!

When I possessed, with the unshowered blessing of my father, with my every faculty refined and elevated by the intercourse with the pure and great Athens, I might have created a sensation in the world, and never would that even critic have blamed me from his pen...

"Gone, gone to Heaven!" to rest in the everlasting salvation of the saints!

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"Dear father!" I murmured, "and yet no kin of mine; he loved me, when he whose blood flows in my veins laughed in derision at the thought of a child who dared not borrow his aristocratic name."

"She is well, dear; but went most night distressed when you left so suddenly."

"Mother," I said, taking both her wan, thin hands, "have you ever found me guilty of a falsehood?"

"Never! my blessed! never! Ye never told a whopper in play or in earnest; ye were allers too sempulentious and conscientiouser like."

"I read what was passing in her mind. Gently seating her, I knelt before her, took off my bonnet, and my untrained curls floated down over my face."

"Oh! Regina, Regina! come, come at last!" she cried, and clasped me in her motherly arms, and kissed me with a frenzied eagerness of love.

Once, oh! accusing memory! I had turned in proud disdain from those loving demonstrations of a heart unspoiled by worldly lessons.

"Oh! my blessed comfort! My own dear, darlin', best, Jinnie, come back at last!" I alters said it, dear, and I felt it in my heart, an' my spirit, and my bones, as you hadn't forsaken us forever!

Regina Lyle.

BY CLARA WENTWORTH.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HEART REST WON AT LAST.

"We leave Our home in youth—no matter to what end—Study—or strife—or pleasure, or what not; And coming back in few short years, we find All as we left it outside; the old elms, The house, the grass, gates, and latchet's self—same click; But lift that latchet—all is changed as doom."

BAILEY'S PESTUS.

"I love thee, and I feel That on the fountain of my heart a seal Is set to keep its waters pure and bright For thee." SHELLEY.

I trod once more my native shores with a heavy, almost breaking heart; though by the love of the dear departed I was raised far above the reach of want or toil, yet was my spirit bowed to the very dust in utter discouragement of life and absolute despair; all aim and ambition seemed to have departed from me; all hope lay buried in the graves of my heart affined ones.

My only object in returning home was to behold once more the dear familiar faces of my adopted parents, to meet again with Agnes Lyle, to seek the forgiveness of John, and to reinstate myself in all honor

and worth below his own. Beyond that, all of life was a blank to me...

"Where is he, mother?" I interrupted her, and the words passed, despite myself, rushed to my cheeks...

"Gone, gone to Heaven!" to rest in the everlasting salvation of the saints!

"Oh! if he could but have seen you once more," sobbed Charity.

"He did, as sure as the blessed sun's a shinin' this very mornin'!

"Dear father!" I murmured, "and yet no kin of mine; he loved me, when he whose blood flows in my veins laughed in derision at the thought of a child who dared not borrow his aristocratic name."

"She is well, dear; but went most night distressed when you left so suddenly."

"Mother," I said, taking both her wan, thin hands, "have you ever found me guilty of a falsehood?"

"Never! my blessed! never! Ye never told a whopper in play or in earnest; ye were allers too sempulentious and conscientiouser like."

"I read what was passing in her mind. Gently seating her, I knelt before her, took off my bonnet, and my untrained curls floated down over my face."

"Oh! Regina, Regina! come, come at last!" she cried, and clasped me in her motherly arms, and kissed me with a frenzied eagerness of love.

Once, oh! accusing memory! I had turned in proud disdain from those loving demonstrations of a heart unspoiled by worldly lessons.

"Oh! my blessed comfort! My own dear, darlin', best, Jinnie, come back at last!" I alters said it, dear, and I felt it in my heart, an' my spirit, and my bones, as you hadn't forsaken us forever!

When I possessed, with the unshowered blessing of my father, with my every faculty refined and elevated by the intercourse with the pure and great Athens, I might have created a sensation in the world, and never would that even critic have blamed me from his pen...

"Gone, gone to Heaven!" to rest in the everlasting salvation of the saints!

"Oh! if he could but have seen you once more," sobbed Charity.

"He did, as sure as the blessed sun's a shinin' this very mornin'!

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Geo. M. Jackson, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at Prattsburgh, Steuben Co., N. Y.

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

G. B. Stebbins will speak in Portland, Me., in January. Address care Bela Marsh, Boston.

J. H. W. Toohy may be addressed, for the present, New York City, at the office of this paper.

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

Rev. M. Taylor speaks every other Sunday at Stockton, Me., once in two months at Troy, Me., and will answer calls for other days.

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

W. K. Ripley speaks in Bradford, Me., each alternate Sunday; every fourth Sunday at Glenfern and Kenduskeag.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will lecture in Springfield, Mass., four Sundays of January. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.

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

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

E. Case, Jr., may be addressed care Mrs. James Lawrence, Cleveland, or at Florida, Hillsdale Co., Mich., for engagements this winter in the West. Mr. Case opens his lectures with appropriate songs.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller will receive calls to lecture in Northern Ohio and Michigan this winter; also attend on funeral occasions, if required. Permanent address, Conesus, O., care Asa Hicks.

Leo Miller will speak in Marblehead, Mass., the last three Sundays in February; in Chicopee, Mass., the two first Sundays in March. Address Hartford, Conn., or as above.

Miss L. E. A. De Force can be addressed at Evansville, Ind., the two last weeks of January; Philadelphia, Pa., through February. Will receive calls to lecture in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New York, during the spring months.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture each Sabbath of January at Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York City. In March in Philadelphia. Address care of Mrs. E. J. French, 8 Fourth avenue, New York.

F. L. Wadsworth will lecture in Little Creek, Mich., every Sunday until further notice; in Providence, R. I., four Sundays of May, 1862; in Taunton, Mass., first two Sundays of June; in Marblehead, Mass., three last. Address accordingly. He will answer calls to lecture in New England during the summer of 1862.

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