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THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE. WISDOM. LIBERTY.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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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.
The real name of each contributor must be imparted to the Editor; though, of course, it will be withheld from the public, if desired.
The Editor will be accessible to his friends and the public only on each Wednesday, at the publication office, a few doors east of Broadway.
Non-official letters and unbusiness correspondence (which the writers design for only the editor's perusal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."
We are earnestly laboring to pulverize all sectarian creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

M. M. B.—"Death—By a Spirit," is accepted for publication.

J. W. E.—Your article on "Statistical Literature" is received, and will be examined soon.

J. S. F., NEW YORK.—Your communication is respectfully declined.

IRA P., MICHIGAN.—Your letter is in every respect satisfactory.

A. R. B., AURORA, ILL.—Your criticism of positions assumed by L. R. S. would be welcomed and published.

POEMS DECLINED.—"The Angels they Come Unto Thee;" "New America;" "Theological Musings;" "Happiness."

J. P., WEBSTER, MASS.—There is no immediate prospect of the publication of the "Peep into the Sacred Canon."

T. H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—We think "The Dream" was not sufficiently clear and complete to interest the general reader.

M. V., PROVIDENCE.—The Children of your Thought—"Awake Ye," "He Smileth on the Outcast," and "Will He Understand?" are safely in our hands. Many thanks.

"SARAH," CALIFORNIA.—We have full confidence in the Brother, and can commend him to the public as trustworthy and talented.

P. A. C., PENNSYLVANIA.—The Spiritualists of New York have taken preliminary steps to open a fall and winter campaign. A glorious season is in store for those who have an ear to hear.

SELDEN J., GENEVA, O.—The record of your thought and inspiration has arrived. We are glad to see in your familiar hand-writing, dear Brother, a paper on "Divine Ideas." We shall soon secure to ourself the pleasure of a perusal. Perhaps we may whisper a few words on the points signified.

J. W. W., ONEIDA COUNTY, N. Y.—Yes, Brother. Some of the most remarkable physical manifestations are occurring in this city. The forms of well-known persons, who once lived on earth among men, are now made fully visible to the bodily eyes of members of the circle. But it is ascertained that these spirit forms are materialized, so to speak, in order to bring them within the law of ordinary vision.

F. A. L., LOGANSVILLE, sends us the following heartfelt lines addressed to a departed Sister:

OUR MARY.

Mary, dear Sister, angel bright,
On morning's pinions come to-day,
And chase the shadows of the night
Far from my stricken soul away;
For I would sing some lay of thee
Thou wert so gentle—kind to me.
I seem to see thy lustrous eyes
Beam lovingly upon me now,
And smilingly thy features play,
As pure, deep thoughts, enrich thy brow,
Too deep for utterance, and so grand—
They only live in Summer Land.
Mary, thy name forever lives
Among the poor, the proud, the weak;
How many shared thy tender care,
And of thy kindness daily speak;
Now with a band of seraphs dear,
My Mary comes our souls to cheer.

LOVE'S DEVOTION.

"Still will I strive to be
As if thou wert with me;
Whatever path I take,
It shall be for thy sake,
Of gentle slope and wide,
As thou wert by my side,
Without a roof
To trip thy gentle foot.
I'll walk with gentle pace,
And choose the smoothest place,
And careful dip the oar
And shun the windy shore,
And gently steer my boat
Where water lilies float,
And cardinal flowers
Stand in their sylvan bowers."
HENRY D. THOREAU.

Physiological Department.

Medical Hints to Wounded Soldiers.

You have been among the first to answer your country's call in this internecine war, and among the first to offer your blood for its welfare. You have had all the care bestowed upon you that your country, under the circumstances, could give, and are now received at home with all public and private affection. This affection prompts the desire to afford you the best medical attendance and the most careful nursing to alleviate your distresses.

In the course of human affairs it is found the whole truth does not belong to or lie in any particular circle of human life.

Assuming you have the tenderest care and the best medical treatment, I will venture to step out of the beaten path and hint to you some processes for cure that are not generally adopted in cases in which you are not progressing.

In gun-shot wounds, after the ball is extracted, (if it made a lodgment in the body,) and in stabs, also, the first and main object is to prevent the inflammation that occurs, and the consequent suppuration that follows, which last is the only cause of pain.

The object the physician wishes to attain is to heal the wound by what is termed the first intention. One mode of keeping down this inflammation and suppuration is to apply a folded flannel, wrung out of tepid water, placed firmly on its surface, and then a laundress' iron is applied as warm as the patient can bear, until the pores are filled with vapor. Then oiled silk is laid on lightly over it. This almost invariably performs a rapid cure.

Another mode is the frequent application of tepid water, applied by a sponge for a period of fifteen minutes at a time, three or four times per day.

Another mode is the employment internally of homeopathic doses of *aconitum*, *belladonna*, *rhus tox*, and particularly *calendula officinalis*, or marigold. This last named article has been found so successful, under all phases of wounds, that it may be termed a *specific*. Make a strong tea of it, with which the wound is to be kept saturated constantly, and internally take a few drops, two or three times per day.

Should the skin be very irritable, strong teas of chamomile and sassafras, drank in large quantities, will correct it.

If *gangrene* should set in, wash the wound out with wine and apply pulverized sugar. Take internally homeopathic doses of *arsenicum*.

The necessary precautions and practices unspoken of here are supposed to be followed.

Outward Signs of Health.

Perhaps there is no living writer on medical subjects who enjoys a higher reputation for keen observation than Prof. T. Laycock, of Edinburgh. The following are some of his opinions, delivered in a recent lecture, respecting the outward signs of sound health and indications of long life:

1. The skin should be healthy; this is indicated by a freedom from dry scurfiness, both of the skin and scalp; a certain suppleness, the result of due secretion of sebaceous fluid; a firmness of texture equally removed from transparent thinness and coarse thickness; a freedom from chronic congestions, patches of varicose vessels, or any skin diseases, whether parasitic or diathetic.

2. The skin products, whether appendages—as hair, nails, and teeth—or secretions, as the pigmentary, sebaceous, or perspiratory, should be normal and healthy. The expressions of the eye should be free from peevishness or irritability, for these often mark a tendency to shortness of life; there should be no *arcus senilis*, or infiltration of the lower eyelid, or marked vascularity of the upper lid. The complexion may be of any temperament, but should be good of the kind; there should be no signs of unhealthy blood, as a peculiar pallor, or icteric tint, or duskianness of hue. Perhaps the best single criterion of a sound, enduring constitution, is to be found in the character of the hair and teeth. Persons tending to longevity have usually sound, well-enamelled, well-set teeth, continuing free from decay until old age, and their hair is thick, not soon gray, nor falling early. In such persons the general powers are vigorous, and it is only some visceral disease or acute fever which shortens life. If to the signs of good health you can add good conduct, and the fact of longevity being hereditary in the family, the individual has a good chance of long life.

The appearance of the patient may be fallacious as to the formation and deposit of fat, whether in the cavities or the adipose tissue. This occurring beyond the healthy mean is not a mark of strength, but of degeneracy. It

constitutes the popular sign of advancing age in the "decreasing leg and increasing belly" of Shakspeare; and an early or excessive fat deposit is not unfrequently indicative of premature old age. Scrofulous children and youth are apt to be very fat before tuberculosis comes on; very fat men or women rarely reach sixty, and all the fat infantile monsters die early. Polyseria, as this fatty condition is termed, is to be distinguished from atheroma, which is fatty degeneration, limited to the arterial tissues, and also from fatty deposit in the muscles. It is a general mode of degeneration of nutrition arising from constitutional tendencies, often hereditary, and apt to show itself at epochs of evolution or decline, especially of the sexual glands. Another commonly-received sign of a good constitution is a clear, florid complexion, and it may be received as such, with reservations. But it is not unfrequently the sign of a dangerous tendency to serious diseases of the heart and blood-vessels, and to rheumatic affections in persons otherwise of a vigorous habit, and should never be accepted as a good sign without cautious inquiry, more especially into the morbid tendencies as to the nervous system.

Medical Miscellany.

"Uncertain Stuff."—Some doctor advertises to this effect: "Consumptives, cough while you can; for after taking one bottle of my medicine, you can't."

We rather think we won't take any of that doctor's stuff until we find out what he means by the above rather equivocal extract from his advertisement.

"Let them Alone."—"Madam," said a doctor one day to a mother of a sweet, healthy babe, "the ladies have deputed me to inquire what you do to have such a lovely, happy, uniformly good child?"

The mother mused for a moment over the strangeness of the question, and then replied, simply and beautifully: "Why, God has given me a healthy child, and I let it alone."

"A Shocking Order."—A recent prayer-meeting at Hartford was surprised and a little amused by the following remarks from an honest-hearted Brother in regard to the war: "It is all very well, brethren, to hold out hopes, and to present the brightest side; but we are getting some bad news as well as some that is good. Here, for instance, I read in the paper to-day that Beauregard, who has always some deep, infernal plot at work, had issued an order—yes, an army order—that every woman and child in Corinth should be evacuated before Saturday night!"

"Laughing as a Medicine."—A clerical friend, at a celebrated watering-place, met a lady who seemed hovering on the brink of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, her manner listless, and her step languid; and her brow wore the severe contraction so indicative both of mental and physical suffering, so that she was to all observers an object of sincerest pity.

Some years afterwards he encountered this same lady, but so bright, and fresh, and youthful, so full of healthful buoyancy, and so joyous in expression, that he questioned himself if he had not deceived himself with regard to identity.

"Is it possible?" said he, "that I see before me Mrs. B., who presented such a doleful appearance at the Springs several years ago?"

"The very same."

"And pray tell me, madam, the secret of your cure? What means did you use to attain to such vigor of mind and body—to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"

"A very simple remedy," returned she, with a beaming face. "I stopped worrying, and began to laugh; that was all."

"The Freaks of Monomania."—Vicentius believed himself too large to pass one of his door-ways. To dispel this illusion, it was resolved by his physician that he should be dragged through this aperture by force. This erroneous dictate was obeyed; but as he was forced along, Vicentius screamed out in agony that his limbs were fractured, and the flesh torn from his bones. In this dreadful delusion, with terrific imprecations against his murderers, he died.

A Bourbon prince thought himself dead, and refused to eat until his friends invited him to dine with Turenne and other French heroes, long since departed.

There was a tradesman who thought he was a seven-shilling piece, and advertised himself thus: "If my wife presents me for payment, don't change me."

Bishop Warburton tells of a man who thought himself a goose-pig, and Dr. Faraday, of Manchester, had a patient who thought he had swallowed the devil.

In Paris there lived a man who thought he had, with others, been guillotined, and when Napoleon was Emperor their heads were all restored, but in the scramble he got the wrong one.

"What is Chicory?"—"Mr. Editor: Please inform me what is the chicory that people say is mixed with our coffee? Is it harmless?"
ANSWER: It is the wild succory—a bitterish plant, yielding a milky juice from its roots, and sometimes used as a salad. It is not injurious, unless largely used, when it produces costiveness.

Sight and Insight.

Saints and Sinners.

NUMBER EIGHT.
SAVANAROLA.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

It seems sometimes as if historians placed the most significant facts in the most insignificant phrases, and unless we find the key of feeling hidden amidst the rubbish of fact, we pass by the chief beauty of the characters of the past and make them cold, lifeless images, instead of living, inspired realities.

When an artist like Mrs. Stowe weaves about the life of a great man the simple beauty of daily experience, and we hear again the voice, and see the gleaming eye, then we feel that he still lives, an inspired reality of the present. Thus the passing glimpse given to us in Agnes of Sorrento, of Girolamo Savanarola, is like a revelation of courage and power, and we thankfully turn back the dial of time to mark the day and hour that gave to the world so noble and true a man.

Born in Ferrara, into the fifteenth century, with its indulgencies for sin broadcast over Catholic Europe, with the profligate Medici in power, and the fearful tide of iniquity and tyranny at its height, this high-souled young man cast aside the quiet and peace that would have resulted from yielding to the strong current of power, and almost alone tried to stem the tide of oppressive wrong.

We are told that he was "disappointed in love," and so became a monk. Simple words and a common experience, but what mighty results were within them! Sorrow and disappointment often turn the wheel of destiny and bring new powers to conflict with wrong and evil. He resisted the love of his father and mother, who did not wish to give up their beloved son to so solitary a life as that of a monastery, and left his home with too little courage, or too much tenderness, to announce his departure. A beautiful letter to his father is preserved to us, full of humanity's best hopes and feelings.

"Such was my distress at quitting you that I verily believe if I had uttered it, I should have broken my heart at leaving you, nay, I might have changed my purpose and resolution; but though I could not tell you, I left behind the books that are propped up against the window, writings which give you an account of my proceedings. Dear father, then, do not weep or increase my grief; soon will these present days pass, and we may be consoled, I hope, by grace here and by glory hereafter. Nothing now remains but that I beg you to console with fortitude my mother, of whom I beseech it that she will bless me, and I will ever pray for both of you."

He soon found that the corruptions of the Church forbade him to find in her a solace for his sorrows, so that he said to others, "If you would have your son a wicked man make him a priest; yet nothing remains to me but silently to sorrow and hold fast the hope of a better time."

He possessed the gift of prophecy; and, although all his prophetic words were not verified, yet many of them were, and thus he became inspired to act. He began to denounce sin in high places. Popes, cardinals, bishops, and priests received his chastisements, and the people at first joined in his rebukes. He became the most popular preacher of Florence, though at first, before he received the inspiration which his combat with wrong gave him, he says of himself, "I had neither voice, lungs, nor style; my preaching disgusted everybody. I could not have moved a chicken;" and his audiences diminished to twenty-five women and boys. He was a droning monk merely, but destined to become an eloquent reformer. His pent-up eloquence waited alone its theme; and when he found it in the wrongs and evils of Church and State, and raised his voice against them, a tide of burning power burst forth and he carried all before him. Men almost revered him. Lorenzo de Medici, even, sought his favor, and to win him to his cause by gifts and promises, but he could not be bought.

It was not strange that the popular current should turn against so bold and fearless a man. He who rebukes sin, even if he do it with majesty and grace, will in the end find sin smarting under the rebuke and opposing itself to the daring castigatior. The mob that stormed the monastery of San Marco, was the same that had hailed him as "prophet of God." It had heard with delight the words of inspiration falling from lips kindled from

off the altar of truth. It had bowed its head at the reverent appeals, it had kindled its eye at the fervent aspirations, it had waited for the rebuke of sin, and had felt the keenness of the blows dealt at wrong; yet the wave of high resolve had passed over it, and now it came to summon to death the man who had dared be true to his convictions, and to say in face of the power of the Romish Church: "I declare to you, by the authority of God's Word, that this Alexander the Sixth is no Pope, on account of his public vices and his secret and scandalous crimes. He is no Christian. From this Pope I turn to the Pope Christ Jesus." The last words in the last sermon of the preacher.

When the day of his execution had come, he was calm and self-possessed. He submitted to the taunts of his enemies, exhorted his companions to faith and courage, bade them remember the better time coming for the world, and when the bishop declared the fatal words of excommunication, saying, "I separate thee from the Church triumphant," he replied: "Nay, from the Church militant—from the Church triumphant thou canst not separate me."

As the flames curled about him, and the multitude jeered and scoffed, he held up his arm with his fingers extended in the form appropriate to the Latin benediction, over the heads of the fickle crowd. He forbore to sing songs of triumph, lest he might incense his enemies, and thus add to their crimes and their remorse.

The flames died out from beneath the sky of lovely Florence, and the smoke curled up to heaven, and the ashes were scattered in the yellow waters of the Arno, and thus, they thought, truth was silenced; but the flames of a most mighty revolution were kindled at that stake, and in less than fifty years Luther received his spiritual baptism, and took up the work Savanarola had so nobly died for.

Savanarola had an Italian heart full of sensitiveness and emotion, and they gleamed on every feature. He loved to talk with the young, he said, for God often gave his truest inspirations through them. His heart was as trusting and simple as that of the gentlest child, and yet, under the inspiration of his desires for the regeneration of the human family, he kindled into a hero, and his eye shot forth sparks of light, and his voice leaped from the lowest, most tender appeal, to the most terrible denunciation.

It is good to think of a man brave enough to stand up alone against the evils of Church and State; it is inspiring to find, four hundred years ago, a life of such earnestness and power. In one's time and generation it is easier to be on the popular side, but it is grand to feel that one's life will be recognized in after centuries, because it was for truth, and liberty, and virtue.

Great-souled Savanarola! thou art one of us even in this day; may the inspiration of thy life make us freer and braver to contend against State corruptions, priestly usurpations, and all wrongs!

For the Herald of Progress.

Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit Land.

NUMBER FORTY-FIVE.

In his "Philosophy of Progress," Mr. Slack says: "The emancipation of science, by dividing the functions of the philosopher from those of the priest, marked a great step in human progress, and another step was made when morality, not being well treated by the clergy, took refuge with the scientific expounders of Nature's laws, and soon, like science, wore an existence independent of theological technicalities." Yet too much do things remain in abeyance to the dogmas of the pulpit, whose wares, in the market, constitute what Milton not inaptly called "pulpit stuff" and "pulpitry." Whoever approaches to discuss the mysteries of the "holy land" which the clergy have gone in to possess, beholds the same guardian Cerberus, or three-headed dog, which guarded the ancient hell. This power of affrighting is even now so great that almost every one, in passing, throws a sop, to conciliate the fierce wrath of this lord of the manor. Well, beholding so much of this cowardice, we are projected towards the opposite extreme, even to the irreverent rashness of endeavoring to seize the nondescript "What is It" of popular superstition, and to drag him out to upper day. Ever prone to make his bed in darkness, those who are most nearly his like have ever presented the darker phases of his image.

Says the late W. E. Channing: "He who

speaks, must speak what he thinks, speak courteously, but uncompromisingly. What makes our communications unprofitable in this country is the dread of giving offense, now to the majority, and now to the fashionable or refined. We speak without force because not true to our convictions. * * * The multitude is rising from the dust. Once we heard of the few, now we hear of the many; once of the prerogatives of a part, now of the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguises, envelopments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which lies below them, and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be, but the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A faint consciousness of it has seized on the public mind. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition for which they were designed. The grand doctrine that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, of comfort and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of man—this is slowly taking its place as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all—these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life.

In order to be ready for this "better day a-coming," we must first be rid of the bonds of the old theology, which sanctifies the barbarisms of the past as "God's Word," even to the making holy that "sum of all villainies," the chattelized bondage of man—a bondage which engulfs enslaved and enslaver in the bottomless depths of hell. But that dark past which is eroded to cloud the present, disperses. "Science," says Channing, "has burst all bounds, and is aiming to comprehend the universe, and thus it multiplies fields of inquiry for all orders of minds. There is no province of Nature which it does not invade. Not content with exploring the darkest period of human history, it goes behind the birth of the human race, and studies the stupendous changes which our globe experienced for hundreds of centuries to become prepared for man's abode. Not content with researches into visible Nature, it is putting forth all its energies to detect the laws of invisible and imperponderable matter." The spiritual world is laid open, and its inhabitants announce to us that they are the same in identity as when incarnate. The invisible Lords, Gods, and Devils, are now found to be our brethren; and these, in the ignorance, misconception, and superstition of the past, have kept us in leading-strings to an assuming priesthood, who would strongly fetter that they might strongly rule. But now the New Jerusalem is made the Commonwealth of Heaven, and its democracy, like that which sought birth through the soul of Jesus, finds those to be the rulers who have served the best, and those who have baselessly claimed to be first, to constitute the rear of the procession.

Again says Channing: "Throughout we see the ecclesiastical powers resorting to force as the grand instrument of conversion, thus proving their alliance, not with heaven, but with hell. If we take broad views of the Church in any age or land, how seldom do we see the prevalence of true sanctity! How many of its ministers preach for lucre or display, preach what they do not believe, or deny their doctrines in their lives! How many congregations are there made up of worldly men and women, who repair to the house of God from usage or for propriety's sake, or from a vague notion of being saved—not from a thirst of the Divine Spirit; not from a fullness of heart, which longs to pour itself forth in prayer and praise! Such is the Church. We are apt, indeed, to make it an abstraction, or to separate it in our thoughts from the individuals who compose it; and thus it becomes to us a holy thing, and we ascribe to it strange powers. Theologians speak of it as a unity, a mighty whole, one and the same in all ages; and in this way the imagination is cheated into the idea of its marvelous sanctity and grandeur. But we must separate between the theory, or the purpose of the Church and its actual state. When we come down to facts, we see it to be, not a mysterious immutable unity, but a collection of fluctuating, divided, warring individuals, who bring into it, too often, hearts and hands anything but pure. Painful as it is, we must see things as they are; and so doing, we cannot but be struck with the infinite absurdity of ascribing to such a Church mysterious powers, of supposing it can confer holiness on its members, or that the circumstance of being joined to it is of the least moment in comparison with purity of heart and life. * * * It is customary to deliver sermons on the history of Peter, John, Paul, and of Abraham, and Elijah, and other worthies of the Old Testament; and this we do because their names are written in the Bible. But goodness owes nothing to the circumstance of its being recorded in a sacred book, nor loses its claim to grateful, reverent commemoration, because not blazoned there. Moral greatness did not die out with the Apostles. * * * The moment we shut our eyes to this truth, and conceive of the Church as serving us by forms and ordinances which are effectual only in the hands of privileged

officials or priests, we plunge into the region of shadows and superstition; we have no ground to tread on, no light to guide us. This mysterious power, lodged in the hands of a few fellow-creatures, tends to give a serflike spirit to the mass of Christians, to impair manliness and self-respect, to subdue the intellect to the reception of the absurd dogmas. Religion loses its simple grandeur, and degenerates into mechanism and form. The conscience is quieted by something short of true repentance—something besides purity of heart and life is made the qualification for heaven. The surest device for making the mind a coward and a slave, is a wide-spread and closely-cemented Church, the powers of which are concentrated in the hands of a "sacred order," and which has succeeded in arrogating to its rites or ministers a sway over the future world, over the soul's everlasting weal or woe. The inevitably degrading influence of such a Church is demonstrative proof against its Divine original. * * *

Now it is the tendency of increasing civilization, refinement, and expansion of mind, to produce a tone of thought and feeling unfriendly to the Church spirit, to reliance on Church-forms as essential to salvation. As the world advances, it leaves matters of form behind. In proportion as men get into the heart of things they are less anxious about exteriors. In proportion as religion becomes a clear reality, we grow tired of shows. * * * There have been men of eminent piety, who, from conscience, have separated themselves from all denominations of Christians and all outward worship. Milton, that great soul, in the later years of his life forsook all temples made with hands, and worshipped wholly in the inward sanctuary. * * * The angels and pure spirits who visit our earth, come not to join a sect, but to do good to all.

Very different this from the growing fossilism of some of our present Unitarianism which attempts to sustain its gouty proclivities by putting out feelers for liturgies and ceremonies in all the various ways of Popish or prelatical tom-fooleries, including machine praying, adjusted to each day of the week, as set forth by the Unitarian Association. A very pious damsel brought some of these machine prayers to us as if our soul had the gout, or was otherwise fossiliferous. It is a shame to send out such lollipop, which can only hasten the collapse of the soul; and yet our Sunday-schools are busy in preparing this watery milk for minds which can only have healthy growth with quite other food than the ancient thin potations. Even the damsel who presented us with the Unitarian programme of machine praying, was a wreck to the old theologies, according to their nurture and admonition of the Lord. To have health of body and soul, we must have growth beyond the capacity of old Jewry swaddling-clothes; and we must have true interpreters for the feelings of Nature—not mere theologians educated to bore us on their arbitrary Sabbaths with their sermons of antique and narrow formation. The soul must be developed as a whole to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise. We must look to the antecedents of its being, as well as to its present unfolding. We must lay the basis in the broadest physiological and psychological laws—must lay hold of the harmonious conditions and line them for the right expansion of physical and spiritual life. We shall then have the brave, upright mind, in the healthy, well-wrought body—a fitting temple for the soul or Holy Ghost. We shall not then be the superstitious underlings to priest-craft, lawyer-craft, and doctor-craft, nor the imbeciles which ignorance everywhere entails. We may then walk erect, nor crouch with "bated breath and whispering humbleness," to some old Jewy Jehovah in the shape of a priest—nor tremble at the fierce wrath of the Lord; but to do good for goodness sake, and to know that to live the highest life is the highest happiness, and that the resurrection of life and the kingdom of heaven are within, whether on this, or the other side of the Jordan.

Since Science has swept away so many of the old landmarks, whose boundaries lay in the darkness of the old theologies, it is necessary to have a new and healthy survey of the Spirit Land. It is necessary to study it in relation to the new order of things, or in conformity to scientific principles which discover no miracle, but only certain correspondent relations of the two worlds—the outer, or excrementitious, termed matter—the inner, or evolving, termed spiritual, in which we are identical after having cast the slough of the body. It is in this direction that Boismond and many others are laboring to elucidate the holy land. This author, too, like many others, has not yet outgrown the Biblical leading-strings, nor the dogmas of Papistical nurseries which shackle him in his survey; though the more open vision will not fail to see the exact similarity and parallelism of all that has hitherto been presented from the logic cloud-land.

In case ninety-six, says Boismond, "the visions of Jean Engelbracht bear a close resemblance to those of Swedenborg." After giving the case in full, which, indeed, presents the Swedenborgian or Spiritual aspect, Boismond resorts to the material mode to account for it in this wise:

"The state of ecstasy being a phenomenon of extreme nervous excitability, it is clear that it must be manifested at all periods when the mind has been agitated by fanaticism, and by a belief which hangs in its train either ardent hopes or strong fears. Hence it is evident that it has been more prevalent in times of ignorance than at those periods in which a more advanced civilization has enabled reason to triumph over imagination. This remark is undeniably true; and a very little erudition

is required to acknowledge the existence of ecstasy in the Pythoneses of antiquity; in those initiated into different mysteries; in the famous sects of the Middle Ages; the possessed, the convulsed Shakers, Illuminists, &c. &c."

But what kind of science, logic, or philosophy, is this that measures like phenomena by a different rule, if the "pasteboard barriers of the Bible" should intervene? Does not Boismond stultify himself in the very "ignorance" he charges upon others—an ignorance or perverted vision which has not "enabled reason to triumph over the imagination," when he would draw a line between parallel phenomena, and classify one side as of divine causation, if biblically recorded, while the exact counterpart, if not recorded, is a phenomenon of extreme nervous excitability? Unless such exception be made as a sop to Cerberus, it is a clear case of that dementia, which the distorting iron of old theology from earliest cradle-dream drills into the soul.

"This division," continues Boismond, on the same case, "ranks in one class, prophets, saints, philosophers, and many illustrious persons, who have fallen into a state of ecstasy from profound meditation, a sudden illumination of their thoughts, or a supernatural intuition, and places in another class, beside the individuals already pointed out, the nuns of London, the Shakers of Cevennes, the convulsed of Saint Medard, and the sick who submitted to the exorcisms of Gasner, etc. This second category comprehends, likewise, the Illuminists, the Martinists, the Begardis, the Troglodytes, the Quietists of Mount Athos, many of whom boasted of having seen God face to face. It will be remembered that Madame Guyon, whose opinions have excited so much attention, said that on reaching the highest degree of her condition, she saw God and his angels."

It would seem as though ecstasy should be only induced in individuals in whom imagination has had time for development; but experience shows that this phenomenon exists even in a number of very young children. In the *Theatre Sacre des Cevennes*, we read that children of eight and six years, and even younger still, fell into ecstasies, and preached and prophesied with others.

In 1556, a number of children brought up in the hospital of the city of Amsterdam, girls, as well as boys, to the number of sixty or seventy were attacked with an extraordinary disease; they climbed like cats on the walls and roofs. Their aspect was alarming; they spoke foreign languages; said wonderful things, and even gave an account of all that was then passing in the municipal council. It happened that one of these children revealed to Catherine Gassardi, one of the nurses of the hospital, that her son, Jean Nicolai, was preparing his departure for La Haye, and that his errand was for evil. This woman went immediately to the Basilica, which she reached just as the council was about to rise. She found her son there, who was himself a member of the council, and asked him if it was true that he was going to La Haye. Much confused, he confessed that he was; and on hearing that the child had revealed it, he returned and informed the council, who, finding that their project was discovered, abandoned it.

These children ran in groups of ten or twelve through the public squares. They went to the rector, and reproached him with his most secret actions; and discovered several plots against the Protestants.

The faculty of prophesying, foretelling the future, and speaking foreign languages, which appeared really to exist in this epidemic, and in that of the Cevennes, was probably due to an exalted state of the mind, favored by persecution and the spirit of imitation."

Now, the Romish Church itself, with whose graces Boismond would shield himself, is largely built upon the very same order of phenomena, and ascribed to the Lord, the Virgin, the Devil, and the Saints; and it also appeals to the Bible for proof of the same. The Protestants permit the Virgin and the Saints to slide, and will have only the Lord, or the Devil, to their Father. Let us be consistent. Let us neither throw sops to the churches, nor stultify ourselves by accounting for parallel phenomena, by assuming one to be in a supernatural line of causation, and the other in the natural; and this by sophistries which have not even the appearance of truth, and are alike destructive of all scientific, philosophic, and spiritual principles. Did not Saul cut up various capers when "an evil spirit from the Lord" was upon him? and was not Saul among the prophets when he "lay down naked" among them? Were not the Hebrew men of God somewhat eccentric in doing the Lord's work, which is so marvelous in our eyes when done many centuries ago? but is only an "epidemic," or "cerebral excitation," when the same order of manifestation is to be noted in more modern times! Was it the Spirit of the Lord in old time? while the latter men of God are only full of new wine. True, it is not well to circumscribe the new wine by the old bottles whose expansion is not sufficient for present needs. Our theological fossils claim the old lees alone to be divine, while they scold the newness of the present spirit as only cerebral effervescence. But Protestant Gasparin outdoes Roman Boismond in "ground and lofty tumbling" of the spirit, and in the various manipulations of the "little joker" in old Jewry—asserting its superior claims over any other lord of the manor.

Case ninety-seven is that of "an uneducated woman, in low life," was fond of hearing the Holy Word, would go into a trance, having "her eyes open" like Balaam. "She had seen her Savior, and felt delightful sensations."

" * * * This malady having resisted all other means, was cured by air and exercise."

We certainly commend, in our practice, "air and exercise" as among the most efficient agencies of health; but whether that is a "malady" to be cured, which consists in seeing one's Savior, and feeling "delightful sensations," may be open to question; for thus it would appear that when the Apostles saw Moses and Elias talking with Jesus, and in the visions of the resurrection, a little fresh air and exercise would have cured them of their vision; and so of Moses, and the prophets, and other God-men of old time, who, had they been well ventilated and exercised, would have failed to see God. We do not doubt that physiological and pathological conditions, as well as hereditary and educational proclivities, variously modify the seeing of the soul; but this only shows that spiritual vision is not infallible—is not the Word of God, though it may be of trans-sensuous life. It was a belief of the ancients that by sufficiently fasting one might see God. Moses tasted "forty days and forty nights, and he was there with the Lord, and wist not that his face shone while he talked with him;" and he wrote "with the finger of God" what he had learnt in Egypt. Jesus fasted "forty days and forty nights," and talked with the Devil. "Then the Devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered to him."

Case ninety-eight is another instance of prophetic ecstasy, or seeing, hearing, and foretelling mediumship. The physician of Voray wrote: "Our young ecstatic desires me to inform you that her paroxysms will recommence on Monday; a voice has just announced it to her. And on the very day, at eight in the morning, the ecstasies recommenced."

This girl saw the Virgin, and knew her in the same way that the Protestant ecstasies see the Lord and the Devil, and know them—in the same way, too, as Moses and the prophets, Jesus and the Apostles, discerned spiritual things—in the same way, too, as Swedenborg and other spiritual mediums; and we have no doubt of their basis in real truth, whatever the coloring may be in passing through the medium's proclivities, constitutional or educational. The mediumistic condition is subject to various refrangibilities of rays, and spiritual objects may be subjectively received as the Lord, the Virgin, and the Devil.

"The ecstatic of the Vosges we saw in company with Messrs. Duchenne, of Boulogne, Bouchut, and Brown, Seguard—the two last mentioned physicians, who, by a powerful electric shock, proved insensibility, and, consequently, a diseased condition, have both presented particulars of their conjectures relative to the paroxysms and the phenomenon of hallucinations. During her attacks, we have heard her converse with angels and the Virgin as if in their presence. The harmonious tones of her voice, the expression of her features, and the air of beatitude which her countenance displayed, were indescribable. Whether she expressed herself in verse or prose, her discourse was entirely upon religious subjects. The account describes her as oftentimes transported to heaven, and as having seen, in her ecstasy, her father and her brother, who have been dead for many years. This young girl is aged twenty, and very pretty, and there is something in her whole appearance calculated to excite the liveliest interest in her. We much regret that our proposal to receive herself and her mother into our establishment was rejected. Both Truth and Science would have profited by the acceptance of our offer."

But how is "Truth and Science" to be profited when you violate all truthful and scientific principles in your arbitrary classifications, by ascribing the same interlinked mode of being of old Jewry to God, which you and your Protestant collaborators, Gasparin, Mahan, and many others, transform with the facility of a "prestidigitateur" into hallucinations, Od, or Third Action? Spiritual objectivity is true; but not in the absolute sense set up by the Bible-worshippers in wholly unsubstantiated, exclusive claims, nor though tinged by the media through which it appears, is the Spirit World made up of hallucinations, spectral illusions, or insanities. Our own experience in health, and with healthy subjects, proves conclusively the transmudane world of intelligent beings, once incarnate, with whom we were acquainted while in their first estate. All these things to-day are finding a common-sense explanation, with scientific exactness, too, with heaven no longer so far within the veil as only to be engineered by hireling priests with a special Lord and special Devil in mystical performance of theological tom-fooleries.

But says our author, "Mystic ecstasy occurs chiefly in subjects of great fervor, and who are addicted to fasting and prayer. It also occurs in those accustomed to deprive themselves of sleep, and who live an ascetic and contemplative life."

Of course, various modes of action vary the bearing of the soul in its relation to spiritual and material things. Beautiful uses of the principle of being may open spiritual portals to us, while an abuse of the same principle may open the gates below. By abuse of fasting and prayer, very many of the saints have found themselves greatly more *en rapport* with hell than with heaven; for one sight they got of the Lord, a score could be counted up for a vision of the Devil. Daniel, by a happy adjustment of fasting and prayer, was more fully clairvoyant and spiritually wrought than his brethren, the wise men, or magicians, and was thus more approachable by a higher spirit from the spheres than the grosser-living groundlings; but the same principle too much stretched towards the crack of doom, may let through the Devil, sty as a weasel. After

forty days' fasting, Jesus encountered the Devil; but we have no doubt that when he was properly nourished with proper food, fresh air, exercise, and sunlight, that "the Devil departed for a season," and angels ministered unto him. Hasheesh, opium, and wine also abnormally lift the veil between the two worlds; but we think that a temperate life and ministering angels are far to be preferred to delirium tremens with its infesting devils. A little common sense will so adjust the two worlds as to cast out the devil of palpitancy with its Judean swaddling-clothes. C. B. P.

Selected for the Herald of Progress.
The Beauties of Thomas Carlyle.

There is in genius that alchemy which converts all metals into gold; which from suffering educes strength; from error, clearer wisdom; from all things, good.

Everything has form—everything has visual existence—the poet's imagination bodies forth the forms of things unseen, and his pen turns them into shape.

The poorest day that passes over us is the conflux of two eternities! It is made up of currents that issue forth from the remotest past, and flow onward into the remotest future.

Poetry and prose are no longer at variance; for the poet's eyes are opened: he sees the changes of many-colored existence, and sees the loveliness and deep purport which lay hidden under the very meanest of them—hidden to the vulgar sight, but clear to the poet's because the "open secret is no longer a secret to him, and he knows that the universe is full of goodness; that whatever has being has beauty!"

One man that has a higher wisdom, or a hitherto unknown spiritual truth in him, is stronger, not than ten men that have it not, nor than ten thousand, but than all men that have it not; and stands among them with a quite ethereal, angelic power; as with a sword out of heaven's own armory, sky-tempered, which no buckler and no tower of brass will finally withstand.

Blessed is the healthy nature: In the harmonious adjustment and play of all the faculties, the just balance of oneself gives a just feeling toward all men and all things. Glad light from within radiates outward, and enlightens and embellishes.

It is toward a higher freedom than the mere freedom from oppression by his fellow mortal that man dimly aims!

The path of this wondrous planet, earth, as our astronomy teaches, presently lies toward Hercules, the constellation of physical power; but that is not our most pressing concern: go where it will, the deep HEAVEN will be around it!

In the various countries we can see indications, infinitely cheering to us, that mechanism is not always to be our hard taskmaster; but one day to be our pliant, all-ministering servant; that a new and brighter spiritual era is slowly revolving itself for all men! [1829.] Whoso is acquainted with his world has but a little stock to cultivate acquaintance with.

Again and again we say that the great, the creative, and the enduring, is ever a secret to itself: only the small, the barren, the transient, is otherwise.

Wealth has accumulated itself into masses; and poverty, in accumulation enough, lies impassably separated from it—opposed, uncommunicating, like forces in positive and negative poles. The gods of this lower world sit aloft on glittering thrones, less happy than Epicurus' gods, but as indolent, as impotent; while, at the same time, the boundless living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger welters terrific, in its dark fury, under their feet.

Religion, being a great sanction to civil morality, is of use for keeping society in order, at least the lower classes, who have not the feeling of honor in due force; and, therefore, as a considerable help to the constable and hangman, ought decidedly to be kept up!

Religion, like all else, is conscious of itself; it becomes less and less creative, less vital, more and more mechanical. Considered as a whole, the Christian religion, of late ages, has been dissipating itself into metaphysics, and threatens now to disappear, as some rivers do in deserts of barren sand!

Metaphysics is the attempt of the mind to rise above the mind; to environ, to shut in, or, we may say, to comprehend the mind. Hopeless struggle for the wisest as for the foolhardiest! What strength of sinew or athletic skill will enable the stoutest athlete to fold his own body in his arms, and, by lifting, lift himself? The Irish saint swam the Channel—carrying his head in his teeth; but the feat has never been imitated.

The doom of the Old has long been pronounced, and irrevocably: the Old has passed away; but, alas! the New appears not in its stead—Time is still in pangs of travail with the New. [1831.]

Deep and sad as is our feeling that we stand yet in the bodiful night, equally deep and indestructible is our assurance that the morning will not fail; nay, already, as we look around, streaks of a day-spring are in the East—a dawn is dawning. The progress of man towards higher and nobler developments, of whatever is highest and noblest in him, lies written to the eye of observation.

To HIM who possesses but a moderate fortune, we pardon the cages of a severe economy; but in the rich, we expect more generosity and disposition to a free expenditure. So it is with health impaired or seriously injured; to bestow upon it constant care, is a duty imposed not only by religion, but by all the affectionate regard felt for us by others. But to be continually engrossed about one's self without any reason, to constrain others to share in our unreasonable anxiety, is a weakness, the sheer pusillanimity of selfishness.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

HOW NEAR ARE WE TO DEATH?

BY TUDOR HORTON.

How near are we to death? Soul, let us ponder— How soon will cease this breath We labor under?

What is behind you fall? Eyes pierce the curtain— Doubt shakes the soul withal Before th' uncertain,

Knowing not the awful verge Of the sand shifting, Or on what rising surge Our bark is drifting.

Chilled are we by vague fears; We should be braver— Death closed our fathers' years; They knew its savor—

Whether it is sweet to die, Or if 'tis bitter, When life's threads broken lie, Snapped by the knitter.

Those who have taken wing Mayhap smile on us, List to our questioning, And wait upon us;

And when the moment comes For the cup's tasting, May lead us unto homes Bright—everlasting!

NEW YORK.

For the Herald of Progress.

My Spiritual Experiences.

EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS, DEAR SIR: Seeing you have published the few facts I had previously sent you, I presume you will give to the remainder of my experiences a place in your columns.

My next important "seance" was at M. Piferart's (Editor of the Revue Spirituelle). There might have been about ten or twelve persons present; amongst others, a medium who professed to see spirits in the dark. Accordingly, the lights were all put out, and soon after the table began to shake most violently. The clairvoyante seemed rather nervous, and I confess to feeling alarmed. I made the sign of the cross, as I had heard it said to do so would repel all but good spirits. I then replaced my hands on the table. In about two minutes I felt my hands drawn off by a force I could not resist, and I called out to that effect. M. Piferart then asked if the spirits had taken my hands away. Answers came affirmatively, by raps, and the spirits also said I was not to replace them. Soon after, the other medium stated she saw a spirit, who proved to be the daughter of a lady present, according to the description. It was said by a person at the circle, accustomed to spiritual manifestations, that, as long as I had my hands on the table, I drew away too much of the magnetism from the clairvoyante. I fancied the sign of the cross might have had something to do with it. M. Piferart spoke of this in his Revue, I think in October or November of 1860.

I must not omit to mention that, after every circle I attended, I found myself able to draw groups of flowers, which I never attempted before, and that the more I sat at the table, the better I drew, and that this had nothing whatever to do with practice. At the Baron Guldenstubbé's I was present at a seance, with his sister, the Comte d'Ourches, M. Piferart, M. Squire, and others. I felt there a cold air from the spirits present, and I saw a curtain before the door take the form of a living person, and open just as it would if any one entered, closing afterwards. We were all far from the door at the time. Mlle. Guldenstubbé then exclaimed the spirit had come in. Afterwards I held a blank sheet of paper with M. Piferart, and some letters were then impressed on it; in fact, the very letters I wished in my mind should be written.

A curious circumstance occurred, à propos to this latter seance, which I have always attributed to spirit influence. The Countess de B—, a Spiritualist, had made me promise to come to her box at the French Opera on a particular evening. The day after she sent me my admission ticket by the post, I took it out of the envelope, read it, and put it into a place of safety. The same day Baron Guldenstubbé invited me to his circle, which was fixed for the same evening of my opera engagement. I therefore sent to say how much I regretted it, and refused. In Paris ladies dress for the opera as for a ball. I therefore put on a white dress, with a white wreath, and started to join my friend. In the vestibule of the theater, on presenting my ticket, the man said: "Why, this is for the Italian Opera, and for yesterday!"

I was not sorry, so I went on to the Guldenstubbés. Now the Baron had a dream the night previous about myself, which caused him to say to his sister: "I hope Madame— will not dress to come here, for I saw her last night come in a white evening dress with a white wreath, and only she can direct writing with M. Piferart."

I imagine how struck he was. But this is not all. Next day I wrote to the Countess de B—, excusing my non-appearance in her box, and stating the facts. She wrote me in reply that she had "expected me all the evening, and had no idea she had sent me the wrong ticket."

Now here were two ladies who read the same order precisely in the same way, and equally wrongly. Also, had not both made the same mistake, the Baron's dream would certainly not have come true, for I should have returned the order, which would have been exchanged for the right one; and had I

not gone to the opera, of course I should not have dressed to go to a spirit circle; so I consider the spirits wished me to be there, and to wear that particular toilet.

After this, the Comte d'Ourches invited me to his house, in the neighborhood of Paris, and there, at a circle, on entering his garden, we heard the moans of a suicide, who had hanged himself there many years since, and who had previously stated that he was condemned to remain there in a state of suffering till he had completed the term of his natural life, which had been cut short by suicide. At the same sitting I likewise heard spirit voices in the table.

The remaining experiences all took place in my own house. Once, I remember, I went into a back room where there was a piano. After having previously made a circle with non-believers, I began to play dance-music, when the table became quite unmanageable, and, breaking from the hands of the persons who still made the circle, rushed into the next room to me. Another time, on my telling it to make a violent effort to spring into the air, it did so, and then, falling, broke into a thousand pieces. My last two Parisian seances, however, were the most satisfactory. In one we were eight, and one of our circle, a young French officer of the Cent Garde, is, I consider, most highly gifted as a medium. We began by the usual physical manifestations, raps and violent shakings of the table—the spirits only obeying the young officer and myself. We then asked if they would give us direct writing or drawing. On receiving an affirmative answer, we laid various sheets of paper on a table near, and in a few moments we took them up, and found them drawn all over, as by marks of an exceedingly black pencil; the words, however, were illegible. I kept one or two specimens, but two ladies who were present took by far the best of them, one of which, I remember, was a serpent. A few days after the young Frenchman, M. G—, called to see me. I proposed to him to try to get direct writing. He consented. I then said aloud:

"Is there any spirit here?"

"Yes," rapped in the wall.

"Can we get direct writing?"

"Yes."

"In how many minutes?"

"In seven."

I got some paper I had just bought out of a parcel, and we put it between a sheet of paper. In five minutes there was no sign, and my colleague was losing patience, when I said: "Just wait two minutes more."

In a second we heard the scratching, as of a pencil, and on taking out the sheet, we saw drawing and writing, the latter being upside-down, or, rather, backwards. I got a looking-glass to read it, when we saw these words, in French: "Ou vous aime, Marie!" ["You are loved, Mary!"]—my name.

This paper I have, and the others, with drawings which were done at the same time. Soon after this I left Paris, and have since not found the materials for forming a sufficiently sympathetic circle to hope for good manifestations, so I do not attempt it. In conclusion I must mention that some years ago a relation of mine was very ill, but not as was supposed, on his death-bed. I had seen him, and had gone away seeing no immediate danger. One night I woke with a horror upon me, and I distinctly saw the person lying in the agonies of death. It did not, however, strike me, even then, that my relative was worse, but the following post brought me news of his death, the same night and the same hour that I saw him in a half-waking state.

You have now, Mr. Editor, all my experiences, except those with public mediums, which are not always reliable. Permit me, therefore, to subscribe myself, Truly yours, M. A. J.

Philosophical Department.

"Let truth no more be gagged, nor conscience dumgeoned, nor science be impeded of godlessness."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals.

NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.

FRUIT-BEARING.

A member of congress decides to use the leisure afforded by the weekly day of rest, in seeing what the troops are about, on the other side of the Potomac. He is taken prisoner. Returning, he writes a book, the moral of which is, that it is not well to exercise the curiosity department of one's nature on Sunday.

This, with other driftwood, (such as the saying of life by a Bible in the breeches-pocket, etc.) afloat upon the current of popular literature, shows with what strength of grip man is rooted in his antecedents. To remove a tree from the spot where it has flourished for a century or so, is fatal. To succeed with a young one, it is well to let a portion of the old soil go with it. In the transplanting of a man from the nursery of the church into the orchard of natural morality and religion, shake all the Old and New Testament dirt wholly out from among the roots of him, and he rarely comes to fruit-bearing.

The soil is so different, and the light and heat. When the gardener first sets a young cabbage where alone it can answer the end of its being, it must be protected from the mid-day sun; and to this end a burdock-leaf is useful. Once rooted in the new soil, once accustomed to the strong light, how it rejoices.

So of man. Planted in the garden of Church and State, (a rather questionable Eden,) overshadowed by a priesthood and a governing class, which have got the start of him, pushed and crowded by cotemporary growths; transplanted out from under these thick shades being indispensable to maturity and fruitage, the light, for a time, needs to be sifted down through the leaves of sacred books, state constitutions, legislative enactments and the like. But a well-grown, or indeed a well-growing vegetable needs no such burdock-leaf protection and sifting of the sun's rays as this. Whatever comes to fruit-bearing must first be able to receive the sun's light direct. Apples are not a product of the history of sunshine, they are sunshine itself, incarnate. The law holds as well with a fruit-bearing man—that we call a Christian—as with a fruit-producing tree. In the church-nursery there is no prolification of fruit, only a picture reproduction of that which rotted centuries ago. Witness that drest of succulents who went to Richmond a prisoner of war and came back with no other idea in the noddle of him, than that which was placed there by his spiritual nurses, namely: that it was all because he had broken the Sabbath.

Call you that sustenance for a nation to grow on and become strong? Shake a churchman, and there falls from him no luscious fruit—nothing to support Nature—only dry texts of Scripture. Or a statesman, and you are covered with the "constitution" and "our revolutionary fathers"—a mighty windfall of wordy patriotism; but from that tree there drops no nut, only the dried semblance of fruit that was.

Why will not the Church learn, and the State? Are we to be "brayed in the mortar" of this war and come out of it like Solomon's fool, never the wiser? Cannot the statesman see that had the "revolutionary fathers" been the men they are, laudation even from them had not been possible? And the doctors of divinity: suppose the saints they venerate had been like themselves, curious only in texts of Scripture—not personally inspired men, only expounders of the inspiration of other men—where would have been the veneration? Where? Why precisely where the world's veneration to-day is, for its doctors of divinity—nowhere.

These Church Fathers and these State Fathers were fruit-bearing men. They were the makers of history, not the mere readers and quoters of it. A New England scholar, not long since dosed the nation (by way of "soothing syrup") with laudations of Washington; did that make him a Washington? Will his memory go down to posterity with that of the man whose name he so stupidly sought to prostitute? Praise does not make greatness; veneration, of itself, makes no man venerable. See what it costs us, this absence of greatness—this mere laudation of greatness. Here is a Government, hamstrung by its own Constitution as it would have us believe; that is to say, there is nothing in the way of its doing right but the instrument by which it is to do it. Our fathers gave us an organic law by which to establish liberty and justice throughout the land which does exactly the contrary. Great are our fathers!

We read, "From him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath." Every day is this saying verified. With nothing worshipful in oneself, praise of greatness in another is insult. With no "Constitution" or basic law of Government within us, the Constitution our fathers left is made to mean exactly the reverse of what it says. Yourself unverified, the law is you shall look out upon a world of shams. You may quote Scripture, but it shall have no meaning, or worse than none; you may prate of "our glorious Constitution;" but it will be to make it inglorious by your quack construction.

Mark the man who quotes Scripture, or the Constitution and Laws of the land as authority for what he does, or refuses to do; in him there is no help. In him there is no consciousness of soul. In place of soul is a bit of paper, (which we name memory,) upon which dead men have written the way for him, and invariably, as he reads the direction, it is the wrong way, tending ever toward perdition. You cannot strangle greatness with red tape, nor yet with hemp even. In greatness is a soul, which, as I learn, has a way of "marching on." Only littleness can be discomfited. A fly comes to a dead halt, entangled by a cobweb.

Little buzzing statesmen tinkering at fugitive slave laws, and the right in loyal men to property in loyal men, is the mournfullest sight the eye of man sees above the horizon. A battle-field where brave men lie stark and stiff, disconnected from cause and effect, (were that possible,) is horrible; but a national congress, with scenes like that transpiring all around it, sitting there, harranguing, enacting, reconsidering, anent such a topic, must await the coining of new words wherein to express the heart-sickness it creates.

Some shipwrights were removing plank which the worms had destroyed, from the bottom of a ship. Observing one of them putting a large fat worm carefully back into the sea, I asked him, wherefore? He replied, "For the benefit of ship-carpenters." Not a large-souled man, that carpenter—not the sonnet of philosophers. 'Twas a small business, however, and there is nothing tragic in the contempt with which we regard him; but when the scene changes from the ship-yard to the halls of legislation, where men, at work upon the ship of state, are endeavoring to save alive the worm which alone has caused the damage, contempt gets itself closely allied to indignation.

My Brothers, in our present national plight until such an abomination can be abolished, there is but little hope for us. Above the human soul, we have set the Bible. Above the

indalienable right, we have placed the Constitution; the one construed for us by the Church, and the other by the Supreme Court: in us, no power of construction; quacks in religion, quacks in law bearing rule throughout. Instead of guidance from our religion and confidence in our statesmanship, we are driven to apologize for both, to ourselves and to each other. "What an excellent sermon," we exclaim, "that of the Rev. Dr. Halfright—consider." A motion is made in Congress, or by the Executive, aiming circuitously in the direction of justice, and we say with a consolatory sigh, "Well, the world does move." Yes, the world moves; but it is not they who move it, the motive power is not in them. What to hold it still, these could do, these have done. There is comfort in this, however; when a nation such as ours finds it necessary to frame excuses for its religion and to palliate its statesmanship, speedy reformation or speedy ending is inevitable. By either method there will be peace, and still the world will move. R. T. H.

Voices from the People.

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

THE MOURNER A LA MODE.

BY JOHN G. SAKE.

I saw her last night at a party, (The elegant party at Mead's,) And looking remarkably hearty For a widow so young in her weeds; Yet I know she was suffering sorrow Too deep for the tongue to express, Or why had she chosen to borrow So much from the language of dress?

Her shawl was as sable as night, And her gloves were as dark as her shawl; And her jewels—that flashed in the light— Were black as a funeral pall; Her robe had the hue of the rest, (How nicely it fitted her shape!) And the grief that was heaving her breast Boiled over in billows of crape!

What tears of vicarious woe, That else might have sullied her face, Were kindly permitted to flow In ripples of ebony lace! While even her fan, in its play, Had quite a lugubrious scope. And seemed to be waving away The ghost of the angel of Hope!

Yet rich as the robes of a queen Was the somber apparel she wore; I'm certain I never had seen Such a somptuous sorrow before; And I couldn't help thinking the beauty, In mourning the loved and the lost, Was doing her conjugal duty Altogether regardless of cost!

One surely would say a devotion Performed at so vast an expense, Betrayed an excess of emotion That was really something immense; And yet as I viewed, at my leisure, Those tokens of tender regard, I thought: It is scarce without measure— The sorrow that goes by the yard!

Ah! grief is a curious passion: And yours—I am sorely afraid, The very next phase of the fashion Will find it beginning to fade; Though dark are the shadows of grief, The morning will follow the night— Half tints will betoken relief, Till joy shall be symbolized in white!

Ah, well!—it were idle to quarrel With Fashion, or aught she may do; And so I conclude with a moral And metaphor—warranted new: When modes come handsomely out The patient is safest, they say; And the Sorrow is mildest, no doubt, That works in a similar way!

For the Herald of Progress.

A Live Minister found by a Seeker.

Illustrations sometimes go halting as parables, yet are said "not to walk on all fours;" yet I cannot help comparing my situation for months past to that celebrated cynic of old, who is said to have "sought a man" at noonday, adding to the light of the sun somewhat by the dim flickerings of his own candle.

It may seem to some who worship aspiring divinities of varied name and faiths multiform, in this and contiguous cities, that my search has been limited and superficial. Not so. I have found the men before whom the opulent, the ostentatious, the proud, the titled, the learned, so-styled, bow and humble themselves. But in them my soul found no satisfaction. Beecher I know, and Chapin I know, for I have heard them both, though not often. Having read most of their sermons recently reported, I judge that the public estimate of the men is nearly just, as it is in regard to most men. Of such men as Parker, while they live, the masses judge erroneously. Beecher pleases a very large class of our citizens, and, from the prominence of his position, he is seen by a still larger class, who pronounce him a "dangerous man" and a "fire-brand" in the community. His sentiments are viewed with distrust by many of his brethren, who think, and justly, that at heart he is unfaithful to their creeds and inclined to Unitarianism, at least to Liberalism. He is denounced by the narrow-minded and bigoted, and feared by the hierarchs of Congregationalism.

The liberal mind and unbiased Christian rejoice that there is such a light in the world, and that it is not concealed "under a bushel." There are many of this latter class who see with clearer vision, because they stand upon a higher plane, spiritually as well as intellectually, and pray that he, as Paul, may be caught up in some ecstatic state, and, in some third or other heaven, be made to see things quite possible to utter. Beecher is a good middle-man, but he is not a clear-minded prophet. He breaks, but he does not reconstruct. He unsettles the faith of the past, and his inspirations point to a better life temporarily as well as spiritually. God is in the man, and he works for the present as well as the future. All good men, those who stand upon the nineteenth century's mount of vision, pray for his prosperity, and, when he leaves the scenes of his earthly labors, that his mantle may descend upon many Elijahs. But they ask that more extended vision be given—a clearer prophetic eye, one fully able to read the "signs of the times." No remark need be made of Chapin, who is an idol with many, though less widely sought than Beecher.

The special friends of these men will probably consider that they have good ground for

classing all who are not well pleased with them, who think them not sufficiently liberalized, with Diogenes, and no doubt they will call all such surly philosophers, determined not to be pleased with any good thing. Not so. We are not egotistical enough to consider ourselves better or stronger than other men, either in intellect or virtuous qualities; but the sailor at mast-head arrogates no superiority over his comrades or his commander, when he descries in the dim and distant horizon a floating speck, and cries, "Sail ho!" The reconnaissance of the enemy's lines and works from an elevation of one-tenth of a mile is of importance, not on account of the longer natural vision of the aeronaut, but it commands a more extended view. The man of piety and good works need not be praised therefore, for he has no better heart by nature than other men; it only has been lifted up from the murky atmosphere of earth, and, when others take in the same elements of life, they must become, like him, pious and benevolent—for like causes produce, in the realm of mind as of matter, like effects.

While I am disposed to be most charitable and lenient in my judgments in view of the obliquities of vision in others, yet, conscious that I stand at "mast-head," and having experienced the quickening of the life-currents, while, with the Lord's prophets, I have made reconnaissance of the better land, I declare the fact, the living fact of my new life, and ask that I may be accredited with clear vision. My illustration is defective, and I declare that I am no cynic, while I say that for many months I have "sought a man" in this city, and not till recently have I found him. Four weeks ago to-day I was induced by some inward prompting to go to Ebbitt Hall, Thirty-third Street, near Broadway, and there listened to a discourse illustrating the principle of resurrection as manifested in all animated Nature. In this discourse my intellect was commanded, my affections were captivated, and my whole being seemed again to glow with new life, and I was indeed most happy, for I felt that this great city had one great man. He prayed, and his prayer was full of the aroma of the heavens; he sung, and his voice was full, and melodious, and clear, above the harmonies of all around him; and as he spoke of the resurrection symbolized by all animated existence, I became positive of the new and beautiful life into which he had been born, and that a great heart was adding its life pulses to and quickening a strong and vigorous intellect. I did not tremble as old Felix did while hearing Paul's discourse, but I knew that I was listening to a better, if not a greater man, one who had completely divested himself of Jewish old clothes, and was clad in the beautiful garments of the latest dispensations from the heavens.

The truth is plainly and quickly told. Our beautiful philosophy, the philosophy breathed from the higher spheres by the pure departed, pervaded every sentence of that discourse.

His congregation is large, but he should speak, as he does in that hall, to thousands, and not to hundreds. His lectures or discourses would enrich the columns of any liberal sheet, and would be quickly sought after and eagerly perused by your large and increasing circle of readers, while some of those of Beecher and Chapin fell still-born, upon our minds, more progressed and more mature even (the language must be pardoned) than the minds of those popular instructors. I have listened to three other able discourses by him upon interesting themes, and in no respect has my first estimate of the man been lessened by the discovery of any weakness or bigoted attachment to wasting Judaizing ideas, but the new-born, completely resurrected man stands forth before you, a great and good teaching.

Many seek an opportunity to hear Beecher and Chapin, or some celebrity of lesser light, whenever they visit our city, but I can assure the liberalized free thinker, who seeks truth for its beautiful proportions as well as its adornments, that he will be most liberally compensated and most highly gratified by whatever discourse may have been prepared for the fortunate auditors at Ebbitt Hall by Mr. O. B. Frothingham. Faithfully, JUNE, 1862. ALPHA.

For the Herald of Progress.

"Motive Power of Sectarianism."

LETTER FROM AN EX-CLERGYMAN.

MR. EDITOR: I sympathize very much with your efforts for "pulverizing all sectarian creeds." Having myself been a sectarian "minister of the Gospel" for about twenty years of my life, I may perhaps be supposed to have learned something as to the "motive power" by which sectarian "revivals" are got up, and "converts" multiplied to the Christian churches. And now, if you will allow me, as the religious folks say, to "tell" a little of "my experience," I shall thus be the better able to give you my present views as to what this "motive power" is.

To use the sectarian parlance, then, I may say that I have been "convicted," "converted," and "born again by the Holy Ghost;" have been "baptized by immersion;" and from first to last am sure that I have experienced all those psychological changes, emotions, hopes, and fears, that are meant under the terms of "conversion," "faith," "sanctification," and "the love of God shed abroad in the heart."

Twice have the "bishop's" hands been placed on my head, by which I was said to have been "ordained to the office of a deacon," and also to "the work and office of an elder in the church," during which ceremony the "bishop" put a copy of the Bible in my hands, at the same time addressing me in these words:

"Take thou AUTHORITY to read the Holy Scriptures in the church of God, and to preach the same."

Thus "armed and equipped," I went forth to preach" under the fictitious authority which had been assumed and exerted over me, based wholly upon alleged revelations from the invisible world, and all the power, the influence, the ENTHUSIASM, which attended and followed my preaching, resulted wholly from this IDEA in respect to inspiration, or alleged revelations from the spiritual world. Under my first sermon, which was preached in Walpole, Mass., June 9, 1823, nearly every person in my audience, (it was not large,) was, as it was called, "struck down by the power of God." They fell upon the floor, lost their strength, it was said by the "influence of the Holy Ghost." And similar phenomena



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1862.

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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.

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A CORRESPONDENT, this week, indicates a successful result in his search for MAN in New York. We think many readers may seek in the same direction without fear of disappointment.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND, taken through the camera of common sense, cannot fail to induce a more just estimate of sacred tradition, as well as modern revelations.

NEW USE FOR CHURCHES.—The necessities of war begin to affect the physical temples of old theology. It is cheering to read of many "conversions" of these buildings from uselessness into "hospitals" for our sick and wounded soldiers.

DR. HALLOCK'S ARTICLES.—The conclusion of the series will be found in this number. He has written ably, pointedly, and profitably. The spirit and the power of Truth are seen and felt in his contributions. He has incited faithfully the supremacy of Spirit over matter, the mastery of Reason over authority, and taught that the Laws of Nature are the true original and the sanction of laws.

Spontaneous Organizations.

The time has at length arrived for the development of the Social law among independent, individualized, and self-supporting friends of the "good time coming." We have strenuously advocated the unconditional emancipation of the individual from all forms of authority. The white flag of freedom and peace floats from the standard of perfect individualization. We have called all men to rally about this standard, and to accept it as the voice of Freedom in its broadest, deepest, highest, grandest sense.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND. Boston, June 16, 1862.

HEBREW MELODY.

THE SONG OF JUDITH AND THE WOMEN OF BETHULIA AFTER THE DEATH OF HOLOFERNES.*

BY MRS. EDWIN JAMES.

Assyria's proud host as a whirlwind came down To wrest from our city her banner and crown; Like a lion they roared, as they rushed on the prize, While hatred and fury flashed fierce from their eyes.

And thou, Holofernes, wasn't mighty in war, Like a god as thou sat'st on thy radiant car; And, oh! 'twas a glorious sight to behold Thy legions resplendent in purple and gold.

But vain were thy chariots and martial array, And vain the dense squadrons that blackened thy way, And vain were thy treasures of jewels and gold, For thy life passed away as a tale that is told!

In the morning the sun rose refulgent and bright, He saw thee exulting and glorious in might; But the wan orb of evening shone pale on thy bed, She beheld thee—and lo! thy proud spirit was fled.

For Jehovah, our God, as a whirlwind of fire Swept thee off, in the fierceness and strength of his ire, Like the "star of the morn" hath he laid thee thus low, And the frail arm of woman inflicted the blow.

Now no sister shall greet thee, no parent shall bless, Thy fair infant no more his fond father caress, And no more shall his mother in tearful alarms Spring joyful to meet thee, restored to her arms.

And thy legions are scattered abroad to the wind Which against us in power and strength had combined— And Assyria's dark maids, when they hear the sad tale, Shall be loud in their sorrow and wild in their wail.

While we to the Lord, who hath pitied our woe, And hath rescued our land from the wrath of the foe, To Jehovah eternal hosannas we'll raise, And the angels shall join in our anthems of praise.

*See Apocrypha.

* How art thou fallen from Heaven O Lucifer, son of the morning!

spond to the summons. They all acknowledge the word, and the great majority say "amen" to the prayer for integral unity and organic harmony.

And we are among the number. Systematic efforts are congenial to our feelings and harmonize with our every inspiration. We only aim our opposition at leadership. The discipline of an ecclesiastical tribunal we un-speakably detest. Bishops, prelates, priests—let them not appear in the Better Day! The sun of individual independence is now shining in a cloudless sky. Let no man dare darken its golden beams, nor bend its rays to gratify his lust for power among men. It has been tried in our ranks, but the Truth has sent the adventurers headlong to the base of the movement. There they are—angry, disappointed, proclaiming evil, assaulting the less ambitious, and endeavoring, in their despair, to set the religious world in deadly opposition to the New Dispensation.

Their efforts are all in vain. The grand gospel of spiritual truth is spreading like the wings of heaven over the earth's inhabitants. The few ambitious ones who have sought the pinnacle of leadership in our ranks have found themselves defeated by the very Truth they wished to control. Thus, in the Spiritual movement, it will ever be—no leader, no master, no power, outside of Nature, Reason, and Intuition.

We feel to indorse the present efforts at Organization, because they do not contemplate a creed, neither a form of chieftainism, but merely and simply a more efficient method of friendship, sympathy, and exertion. Let the local movements go forward. Institute business corporations for the furtherance of the work of perfect individual enlightenment and freedom.

To Public Lecturers.

The attention of all public laborers in the Spiritual or Reform field is invited to the suggestion of Leo Miller on the eighth page. Great service can be rendered us in this way, at small cost of time.

We hold our columns open for the publication—without charge—of appointments of speakers, and devote occasional space to reports of their meetings, when furnished. In return, may we not ask for a combined effort on the part of all friendly to our movement, in harmony with the suggestions to which we refer.

The Artist Anderson.

PHILADELPHIA, June 23, 1862.

FRIEND A. J. DAVIS: Please inform your readers that Professor W. P. Anderson cannot at present attend to orders from a distance, his time being fully employed in taking portraits in this city. He hopes soon to be permanently located, so that he will be enabled to attend to the wishes of friends from afar. He will then make known his whereabouts and terms through the columns of your paper. His present address is 250 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. Yours, for Truth, CORA WILBURN.

Up-Town Christianity.

The following statement from the New York Tribune, we understand to be correct; the church alluded to being Dr. Hague's, in Madison avenue. What an illustration of modern aristocratic Christianity!

TROUBLE IN AN UP-TOWN CHURCH.

Some time since a gentleman in good standing in the community, who is a member of an up-town Baptist Church, purchased a fashionably located pew, for which he paid the munificent sum of \$1,000. In the course of a little time he met with reverses, and among other effects at the mercy of his creditors was his pew in the church. This fell to the lot of a practical working mechanic, who decided that he would worship his God in this edifice, and with his family would, on the Sabbath, occupy the \$1,000 pew for that purpose. Accordingly, he and his family attended regularly and respectfully the services of the sanctuary, but his social status became known to the "ladies and gentlemen" who occupied pews adjacent to his, in the middle aisle, and they presumed to criticize every and the minutest act of the new-comers. The mode of shutting their eyes during prayer, their unusual attention and apparent devotion during the services, their uniform vulgar practice of remaining till the close of service, their going to church in stormy weather without using a carriage, and other extremely ill-bred peculiarities, all were criticised. As the mechanic and his family retired from the church, the grown boys of the congregation, together with some of the younger misses, would crowd in the vestibule and converse loudly about "tallow," "grease," "shoddy coats," "calico," "leather gloves," and other kindred subjects, with which the strangers were supposed to be familiar. It appears that the humble but frugal mechanic bore this contumely with creditable Christian forbearance, not yielding his rights in any degree, but continuing his attendance upon religious ordinances as usual. The stoicism of the iron pew-holder was an outrage to the devotees of fashion; they appealed to the trustees, the trustees appealed to the mechanic, the mechanic offered to sell out at cost price; the trustees hesitated, and the mechanic retained the pew, attending the church as usual. Being somewhat democratic in his notions of society, and a firm believer in the doctrine of human equality, he introduced to his softly-cushioned pew two colored brethren. This last act was the feather which broke the camel's back. So grave an outrage demanded redress at the hands of the law as a "disturber of public worship"—an act of annoyance of God's people "under their own vine and fig tree."

The mechanic continues his devotions, is passionately fond of music, and elects to look toward the choir while praise is being offered from that locality. Meanwhile the trustees have preferred a charge against him before a police justice for "disturbing public worship," on which Mr. Mechanic had to find bail, and the Grand Jury have found a bill against him. His case will be tried soon in the Court of General Sessions. The trustees allege that the reputation of the church demands that they prosecute the case. They contemplate forcing him to sell the pew at a sacrifice, which he considers would not be an equitable financial transaction.

Conciliating Rebels.

SPEECH OF SENATOR WADE.

In the Senate, Wednesday, June 25th, the general question of the conduct of the war being under discussion, Mr. Wade said:

Upon the idea on which this war is carried on now, we shall never have peace, while men sedulously guard the property of rebels with one hand and fight them in the field with the other. The rebels treat such acts with contumely and scorn, and look upon it as cowardice. There never was, since the war commenced, and I challenge any one to show me a single instance, when a rebel was placated or brought to the support of the Union because you treated his person or his property with lenity. I have an order here, written by Gen. McDowell, which I ask to have read, just to show the principles upon which the war is at present prosecuted.

The Clerk then read the order, dated—

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK, } May 26th, 1862.

"Col. Meredith, of the 56th Penna. Reg't, will furnish a guard from his regiment to guard the house and property of Mr. L. B. Hoffman. Col. Meredith will see that no more corn is taken from Mr. Hoffman, and no more fencing distributed. The guard is to be placed so as to make this sure, even if you have to place a sentinel over every panel of the fence. GEN. MCDOWELL."

Now, sir, I am told that this Mr. Hoffman, whose every panel of fence is to be guarded by a soldier, paid for with our money, is an ardent a traitor as there is on the face of God's earth. Cannot we reach such property? Cannot we forage on the enemy? The Senator says no, we are restrained by the Constitution, we cannot even take it in the field. If, in the prosecution of this war, the Constitution is so weak, and our arm is so short, that we cannot take food enough for our starving soldiers, then, we might as well disband the army at once. We can never bring the war to an end while these parties are using the soldiers to guard the pigs, chickens and fences of our enemies, instead of fighting them in the field. A general who will thus place a guard around the property of traitors, and who so sedulously protects their property, will not be very likely to fight that rebel in the field. It is idle, anomalous, and against the common sense of the country.

The President's Speech.

On the return of President Lincoln from West Point, to which place he paid a flying visit on the 24th and 25th inst., he was "called out" from the cars at Jersey City, and said:

"When birds and animals are seen through a fog, their size is greatly increased, but when the fog clears away, the effect is diminished, and they appear in their natural proportions. So it is with my visit to West Point. The real cause of this visit, if known to you, would probably seem of less importance than it now does.

"I will only say that it is not to make or unmake any Generals. The Secretary of War holds a very tight rein now over the newspapers, and if I were to blab any, I don't know what he might do with me."

"Now you See It"

A careful reader of the Independent, or of Mr. Beecher's sermons, will not fail to be reminded of the little joker—"now you see it, now you don't!"

We have recently quoted several examples where we "didn't see it." Now an illustration of the opposite character occurs from the Independent:

"Ought we not to trust in Providence? A man that does all that he knows how to do, and nobody else, has a right to trust Providence. God gave us reason that it might be used. God is honored by those who use his gifts, and not by lazy or stupid folks, who think that doing nothing is trusting Providence!"

"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

"We have no right to trust God for anything which he has enabled us to obtain by our own skill and industry. Providence will not pay a premium on indolence."

Stand from Under.

The following paragraph is from the Nashville (Tenn.) Union—not from a Massachusetts paper:

"The rebels who were the prime movers in the rebellion, are the loudest to complain that slavery is being injured by the war. Keep your fingers from under our trip-hammer, then. The Federal army has no time to catch a rebel's negroes, and ought not, if it had time."

A Question of Costs.

"The support of the 'contrabands' now costs the Government \$100,000 per day."

We find this paragraph going the rounds of such journals as the Boston Courier, the New York Herald, and the Cincinnati Enquirer. Why not add, what is more true, that the support of slavery now costs the nation over one million dollars per day; and that if the slave-owners had not been encouraged to rebellion by such sheets as these who now use every opportunity to misrepresent the Government, there would have been no contrabands.

[Post

Sinclair Tousey, 121 Nassau street, is our General Wholesale Agent for supplying dealers with our paper.

The interview of Oliver Johnson, and Alice E. Hambleton, and Thomas Garnett, committee from the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, with the President, proved an impressive and interesting occasion. The President responded to the Memorial earnestly, evidently deeply impressed with the character of the communication.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

CHARLES MACKAY is to succeed Dr. Russell as the correspondent of the London Times in this country.

REV. DR. TYNG, of New York, has done good service by his able addresses in behalf of the National Freedmen's Relief Association.

MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY is speaking in Central and Western New York. Address, for the present, Cazenovia.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S new book has reached the seventieth thousand.

REPORT says that CAPTAIN BONAPARTE PATTERSON, who is serving in the Mexican expedition, is in high favor with the Emperor, and it is conjectured that he may prove a more acceptable candidate, as King or President of the Mexicans, than an Austrian Prince.

MRS. LINCOLN has at length sufficiently recovered from her recent severe family bereavement to venture forth on missions of mercy. She visits the hospitals, brings kind gifts and kinder words to our sick and wounded soldiers, and is everywhere welcomed as the fit wife of our President.

THE PRINCE OF WALES shows much manliness in his Egyptian travels, wading ashore with his royal trowsers rolled up, and not finding the Nile a bad foot-bath.

REV. GEO. B. CHEEVER has associated himself with the Rev. Wm. Goodell, in the editorial management of the Principia, and a Joint Stock Company called the "Principia Association," has been organized to aid the work.

J. W. FAWKES is now in Illinois with his steam plow, offering to plow the fields of the farmers by contract. The Prairie Farmer calls upon the farmers to give him encouragement, so that the relative economy of plowing by steam and animals may now be fairly tested on the prairies.

SENATOR WADE, of Ohio, has a son in our army before Richmond; recently another son, a school-boy sixteen years of age, enlisted in the military service, under the late call of the President for additional troops.

MR. FORNEY, in a late letter to the Philadelphia Press, says: "Results have sadly proved that if Breckinridge had been elected, four years would have found the Free States without a country, save that which was controlled by the institution of slavery. The rebellion of 1861-'62 is the voice of the devil proclaiming that, in the event of the election of Breckinridge in 1860, four years more would have found us a slave monarchy."

HENRY R. SELDEN, late Lieutenant-Governor, has been appointed by Governor Morgan Judge of the Court of Appeals, in place of Samuel L. Selden, resigned. The new Judge will enter upon the discharge of his duties on the 1st of July.

MR. BOWLES, of the Springfield Republican, writes from England: "As yet I get my watchers and ministers of the Established Church sadly mixed up. They dress just alike, and, so far, I have to give decidedly the preference for impressiveness of manner and mental alertness to the waiters. Certainly a big man in white canonicals, who mouthed a lot of incoherent stuff at a popular audience in Westminster Abbey last night, would do the world and his Maker better service bringing bread and cheese and pouring beer in a country hotel, than disgusting and belogging the people from the pulpit in the matter of the highest import to their happiness."

JOHN B. GORDON is very much disgusted with Canada. He recently said at Troy: "There are a great many good people and a great many snobbish people in Canada. The British residents there endeavor to be much more English in their habits, customs, prejudices, than those who dwell in England. They play second-fiddle to English snobbery. The present season I had an engagement for three weeks there; but after lecturing nine evenings in different places, the language and conduct of the people in reference to this country became so intolerable that one day I sat down, wrote a letter, and declined to fulfill the remaining engagements."

JOHN S. ROCK, Esq., the colored lawyer of Boston, who has returned home from Washington, where he has been to deliver his lecture, "A Plea for my Race," thus disposes of the charge that he was assaulted in Washington. The very slight exceptions he makes afford a valuable commentary upon Washington society at present: "Though compelled to believe that I was not safe, I remained in Washington ten days, and much against the advice of friends I went freely about the city; and with the exception of being split upon, having dirt thrown upon me, being struck by a stone fired at my head in open day, and of being waylaid and having a horse-pistol snapped at me at night, I was not assaulted in that city."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Paris Patrie gives a rumor of approaching negotiations for a joint offer of mediation by France and England.

The Times editorially approves of mediation, and says that Europe ought not to look calmly on and do nothing in the present aspect of affairs. If the offer of mediation is delayed, the more important question, that of the recognition of the Confederate States, may have to be considered.

The Japanese Embassadors were about to embark at Woolwich for Holland.

The Pasha of Egypt continued in London, and had been visited by the Lord Chamberlain on the part of her Majesty.

The number of visitors at the Great Exhibition on Monday, the 9th, was 58,682, the largest attendance yet.

A telegram had been received from the Cabinet of Vienna, by the authorities of Venice, prohibiting the introduction of Italian newspapers into the interior. Numerous arrests had taken place in Venice.

The fête at Rome celebrating the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, had been solemnized with perfect order. The ceremony lasted six hours, and was attended by 40 cardinals, 243 bishops, as well as by the diplomatic corps. The Basilica of the Vatican was magnificently decorated and lighted by wax tapers.

The Paris Opinions Nationale learns that the bishops in Rome are making great efforts to induce the Pope to pronounce the major excommunication against Victor Emanuel and

his adherents, the oath of all... The bishop deplore the opinion that the independent all that the rights of the... ness to conti address is si bishops.

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his adherents, and to relieve his subjects from the oath of allegiance.
 —The bishops, in their address to the Pope, deplore the oppression of the Church, and declare that the temporal power is necessary for the independence of the Pope. They approve all that the Pope has done in defense of the rights of the Holy See, and exhort his Holiness to continue firm in his resistance. The address is signed by 21 cardinals and 244 bishops.
 —Garibaldi had arrived at Belgrate.
 —It was reported the Papal Government had officially informed the French Government it will listen to no propositions modifying the conditions of its temporal power.
 —It is stated that Russia has announced her willingness to recognize the Kingdom of Italy, if the Government will undertake to prohibit any organization of Polish refugees.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.
 —Our troops under Gen. Benham have met with a repulse on James Island, near Charleston, with a loss of over 600. The reverse is but temporary. Our men fought bravely.
 —Seventy-nine students of Dartmouth College, N. H., have enlisted in the Union army.
 —The editor of the Nashville Union advertises for a lot of *uncut* Confederate bonds for newspaper envelopes; also, one hundred pounds of Confederate notes for cigar-lighters. Old clothes are offered in exchange.
 —The visitors at Central Park for the week ending June 21st, numbered 68,910 pedestrians, 2,385 equestrians, and 23,142 vehicles. The average per day was 4,500 pedestrians till Saturday, when the number was 22,000, and Sunday 23,500.
 —The House of Representatives has agreed to the Senate amendments to the Pacific Railroad Bill. The act only awaits the President's signature to become a law.
 —The several armies in the Shenandoah Valley have been consolidated into a single army corps, to be called the army of Virginia, under the command of Major General Pope. This will comprise the commands of Generals Fremont, Banks, and McDowell, the three divisions to be commanded by them, respectively, in the order named, under Gen. Pope. This consolidation, we may presume, is preparatory to thorough work in the valley of the Shenandoah, and to a vigorous pursuit of Jackson with a sufficient and combined force. In consequence of this change, Gen. Fremont has at his own request been relieved from his command.
 —There is a Bible in Lucas County, O., which was once baked in a loaf of bread. It was during the Protestant persecutions in Bohemia, when, to save it from priestly destruction, it was placed in the center of a batch of dough ready for the oven and baked!
 —The census develops the curious fact that there are more Scottish descendants in London than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, 100,000 more Romanists than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine. There are also in the same metropolis more than 60,000 Germans, 30,000 French, and 6,000 Italians, a very large number of Asiatics from all parts of the East, and many who still worship their idols.
 —The Mormons have had a small rebellion of their own. A fellow named Morris, who set up for the prophet Moses just returned to earth, got up a crowd of followers, established a settlement, repudiated the regular Government, and began plundering for a living. Militia were called out, a siege and fight ensued, the new Moses was whipped, and 174 of his foolish followers were sent to prison. Some lives were lost, among them that of the new prophet.
 —The treaty between the United States and Mexico for the extradition of criminals is officially proclaimed. The offenses are confined to principals, accessories, or accomplices, as to murder, assassination, piracy, forgery, counterfeiting, larceny, etc., and kidnapping, the last defining the same to be the taking and carrying away of a free person by force or deception. Political sinners and fugitive slaves are not to be given up.
 —The President has vetoed the bill to allow the circulation of notes under \$5 in the District of Columbia.
 —"And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges." Not a great while ago, a Rev. Mr. Sawyer gave the *Tribune* a graphic account of the whipping of a slave with a hand-saw by one Deacon Netherland, of Tennessee. For this he was threatened with many kinds of sudden death should he show himself in that highly civilized State. He has shown, however; and on a recent Sunday preached some wholesome truth from the pulpit of the Methodist Church in Memphis, the pastor of which, a nephew of Gov. Harris, traitor, had taken to his heels at the sight of the stars and stripes.—*New York Tribune*.
 —Wounded rebels in our hospitals say that the rebel authorities do not allow the soldiers to hear about the kindness extended to Confederate prisoners by the North. If they did, the men would refuse to fight against such friends. Upon telling a North Carolinian about the rebels burning the navy-yard at Norfolk, he exclaimed: "What fools! I wish something hard would hit and knock a little sense into them!"
 —A final disposition has been made of the Chicago Burch divorce case. It is a separation according to the laws of Michigan, for desertion and refusal to support, as stated. The divorce renders both parties equally and entirely free, which is what both desired.
 —Gen. Lew. Wallace has established his headquarters at Memphis, and is administering the oath and controlling the rebel press.
 —At the naval battle on the White River recently, the Mound City burst her boiler, and the scalded seamen and soldiers were driven to the water. The rebels at once directed the guns of both batteries and sharpshooters upon the struggling men, and upon the boats which put out for their rescue. Such is the civilization that springs from slavery.
 —Crude petroleum, or coal-oil, is now being successfully employed for fuel.
 —A soldier in a Vermont Regiment, on Ship Island (says the *Home Journal*), was lately taken ill while on duty, at midnight, and, on being taken to the hospital, gave birth to a young recruit. The "relief guard" were considerably astonished, never having suspected the sex of the stout "private."
 —Of all the women married in England in 1860, more than 60,000 were unable to write their own names. Throughout the nation, in one marriage in every six, neither man nor woman could write.

Association of Spiritualist Teachers.

—The greatest horse-show ever known, is, according to promise, to be held in Chicago on the 2d of September next. Fifteen thousand dollars are offered in premiums.
 Reported for the Herald of Progress.

Brother Davis: Agreeable to notice, circulated by letter and "word of mouth," a number of lecturers assembled on Tuesday, June 17th inst., at 75 Beach street, Boston, Mass., to confer together concerning the signs and demands of the times generally, and the question of organization particularly, and, if possible, to designate some point or points of interest upon which we could unite our efforts, with the hope of becoming more efficient as laborers for human good.
 As the object of the meeting was one of general interest, it was hoped that it would be quite fully attended, but of the thirty or thirty-five who were notified, twelve were present—namely: H. C. Wright, Emma Hardinge, H. B. Storer, J. S. Loveland, A. E. Newton, Lizzie Doten, Bertha A. Chase, N. Frank White, A. M. Spence, M. G. Kimball, Andrew T. Foss, and F. L. Wadsworth. Others sent their greeting and assurances of a wish to cooperate with us in whatever steps we might take that would serve to carry on the work of reform.

The conference was organized by appointing H. C. Wright as Chairman and the undersigned as Secretary. In a free, conversational manner, we commenced our work. With the exception of one voice, and that not raised in opposition, we found ourselves agreeing that the inauguration of some system was necessary.

After further consideration, we were equally agreed that the proper mode consisted in forming independent associations in different cities, villages, &c., with a view to future co-operation, if the work to be done demanded it.
 We have placed before us the "General Declaration of Principles of the Society of the Lyceum Church" Spiritualists, of Boston, Mass. This plan of organization was read and examined. Although we did not deem it proper to recommend this particular one in preference to any other in existence, yet we considered this plan profitably suggestive, and worthy of examination by all interested.

Attention was then called to the idea of forming an Association of Lecturers, with a statement of our principles as its aims, to the end that we might be more clearly understood by the people generally, and better understand ourselves, and thus mutually aid one another in our work; and further, to establish a fund by which we could afford assistance to such of our number as may be sick or infirm after years of labor. This idea was deemed practical. Accordingly, a committee, consisting of Emma Hardinge, J. S. Loveland, M. G. Kimball, and F. L. Wadsworth, was appointed to draft a statement of principles and a plan of association.

On the following morning (Wednesday, 18th), the committee reported, and the report was accepted. It was then read by section, carefully examined in its nature and tendency, and finally adopted.

Two days, of two sessions each, were thus spent upon the "statement of principles and aims," and upon "articles of association."

Friday morning we again met, attached our names to the instrument thus formed, and elected Emma Hardinge President; H. B. Storer, Vice President; F. L. Wadsworth, Corresponding Secretary; Daniel Farrar, Esq., Recording Secretary and Treasurer.

It was deemed proper to name it an "Association of Spiritual Teachers."
 It was resolved to publish the "Statement of Principles and Aims" and "Articles of Association" in pamphlet form. The Corresponding Secretary was authorized to superintend the same; also, to furnish the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* and *Banner of Light* with a report of the meetings, for publication; after which the Association adjourned.

F. L. WADSWORTH, Secretary.

A WORD TO THE BRETHREN EVERYWHERE.—In placing this report before our collaborators, we wish to say to them that we have sought to act upon the broadest principles perceived—keeping in view the good of all, not exclusively our own or that of any party. We have all experienced the need of more fraternal feeling and a oneness of interest among us; and we could conceive of nothing so well calculated to unite us as an association of this kind. We do not consider it a perfect instrument, or an ultimate; only a means to desirable ends, subject to changes as the future may require. We place the whole matter before you, confidently believing that you will appreciate our motives, sympathize with our views, and join with us and be one of us.
 Our meetings are to be quarterly and annual, which will afford us opportunities of acquaintance and conference not otherwise practical.
 We regretted that so few were present at the conference. We hope that many more will be present at our first quarterly in October. Before this reaches you, the pamphlet will be published, and one will be forwarded to each lecturer, as far as we can learn his or her address, and with it our highest esteem and kindest fraternal love. If any of you do not receive a copy, it is because we do not know where you are. A letter to the Corresponding Secretary, informing him of your whereabouts, will meet with an immediate response; and further, any information wished for, not herein or otherwise set forth, will be most cheerfully forwarded.
 F. L. WADSWORTH,
 Corresponding Secretary of the Association of Spiritualist Teachers.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—As it is by some supposed that the "Sacred Order of Unionists," having an existence in New York and Boston, and this Association are in some way connected, we here briefly state that they are entirely distinct, each acting upon a different basis and in a different manner. F. L. W.

The Northern Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists.

This Association of Spiritualists met in Convention at Fond du Lac on the 31st day of May, 1862, according to previous adjournment.

At a business meeting held on Sunday morning, the following proceedings were had.
 Convention called to order by the President, J. H. Spencer, Esq., of Fond du Lac.
 On motion, Mr. S. D. Sweet, of Spring Vale, was elected President for the ensuing quarter, and J. P. Gallup was chosen Secretary.
 On motion of A. B. Smedley, it was

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed, who shall consult together for the purpose of arranging some plan of organization, by which Spiritualists of Northern Wisconsin can work together more harmoniously and effectively.

The following persons were appointed such Committee, with instructions to report at the next quarterly meeting, viz.: A. B. Smedley and J. P. Gallup, of Oshkosh; J. R. Tallmadge, Calumet; Mrs. N. F. Beckwith and Mrs. S. E. Warner, Berlin; E. Thompson, Omro; Mrs. Jane Henderson and Mrs. H. T. Boswell, Ripon; A. B. Randall, Appleton; Charles D. Cole, Sheboygan Falls. Said Committee appointed their meeting at Oshkosh, July 5th and 6th ensuing.

On motion, Mr. M. C. Bent was chosen a Corresponding Secretary, and instructed to correspond with the prominent Spiritualists in the State, with reference to holding a State Spiritualists' Convention.

The Committee chosen at the last quarterly conference proceeded to report for their several localities as follows:

APPLETON.—Report by A. B. Randall. About thirty avowed Spiritualists, and many more disposed to think and investigate for themselves. Two private circles established in the city, and several new mediums have been developed.

ALMOND.—Report by M. C. Bent. Thirty-eight open and avowed Spiritualists, and some twenty others favorably inclined.

BERLIN.—Report by Mrs. N. F. Beckwith. Professed Spiritualists, one hundred, and two hundred to three hundred liberal-minded persons. Lectures once in four weeks, by Mrs. S. E. Warner.

CALUMET.—Report by George White. Number of Spiritualists about ten, and probably fifty others measurably free from sectarian prejudice.

EKSHART.—Report by Caleb Miller. Number of Spiritualists about twenty. A large proportion of the people favorably disposed and liberal-minded; have frequent social meetings and circles.

FOND DU LAC.—Report by E. Beeson. Forty-one Spiritualists in the city, and twenty others within four miles. From four hundred to six hundred persons of liberal views; have occasional lectures, and a free hall open to all.

GREEN BUSH.—Report by G. W. Hersey. Twenty-five open and avowed Spiritualists, and twenty others of liberal minds, free from sectarianism.

OSHKOSH.—Report by A. B. Smedley. Thirty open Spiritualists, and probably one hundred others liberal-minded and free from sectarianism. Arrangements being made for lectures.

OMRO.—Report by Samuel Charlesworth. Number of open and avowed Spiritualists about sixty; liberal-minded persons, fifty or more. Have regular lectures by Mrs. S. E. Warner.

PRINCETON.—Report by S. M. Hopkins. Twenty Spiritualists and fifty liberal-minded persons who attend meeting. Regular lectures once in two weeks by Mrs. S. E. Warner and M. C. Bent.

RIPON.—Report by S. G. Strong. Open and avowed Spiritualists, twenty-five; favorably inclined, fifteen. Have occasional lectures, which are well attended.

ST. MARIE.—Report by Benjamin Rice. Twelve or fifteen Spiritualists, and a number of others favorably inclined. Lectures once in four weeks by Mrs. S. E. Warner and M. C. Bent.

WEST ROSENDALE.—Report by H. A. Stewart. Number of open and avowed Spiritualists, eight; number of liberal-minded persons, free from sectarian prejudice, about twenty-five.

SHEBOYGAN FALLS.—Report by Charles D. Cole. Number of Spiritualists, fifty, and probably one hundred and fifty others who are liberal-minded.

SPRING VALE.—Report by S. D. Sweet. Number of Spiritualists about thirty. Seventy-five to one hundred liberal-minded persons. Regular lectures, the past year, by Mrs. Warner and Mrs. Boswell, once in two weeks.

On motion, it was **Resolved**, That those persons who have reported at this Convention be retained as a committee for the ensuing year.

On motion, **Resolved**, That our next quarterly conference be held at Spring Vale, Fond du Lac County, the 13th and 14th of September next.

On motion, voted the thanks of this Convention to the generous-hearted people of Fond du Lac for their hospitality in providing for those attending this Convention.

The Convention, during its session, was addressed by Dr. Lyon, of Boston, and Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, a lecturer from the East, as also by Mr. M. C. Bent, Mrs. H. T. Boswell, Mrs. S. E. Warner, Mr. Caleb Miller, and G. W. Hersey, each of whom contributed toward making this Convention one of great interest to all who attended.

On motion, **Resolved**, That the *Banner of Light* and *HERALD OF PROGRESS* be requested to publish these proceedings.
 J. H. SPENCER, President.
 J. P. GALLUP, Secretary.

The Physician.

"The whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick."

Medical Whispers.

BY THE EDITOR.
 L. C. W. FIFTEENTH ST., NEW YORK.—Wash your face with sweet milk just before retiring.

C. T. S., PLASANT VALLEY, VT.—Your little girl, whose leg is lame and weak from the effect of the measles, should have her spine, kidneys, and loins, rubbed in water and magnetized every night. Rub down both limbs alike. Shake her vigorously about the waist. Give the liver—the right side—a good pounding. Thresh the little girl, drive her disease out with the will-power, but do not hurt her "feelings."

W. L., NEW YORK.—Stop shaving. Let the productions of Nature be respected. Trim and keep clean, but do not remove the beard. "God covered the skull with hair," says Dr. Lewis; "some people shave it off. Mischievous practice. It exposes the brain. God covered a part of man's face with hair; some people shave it off. Mischievous practice. It exposes the throat and lungs—the eyes, likewise, say wise physiologists."

"Wash to keep the Head Clean."—A. B. A., BROOKLYN, L. I.—Take of castor oil, half an ounce, mixed in one gill of alcohol; put into half pint of bay rum and one pint of castile soap suds. This wash will cleanse the scalp of all morbid accumulations and strengthen the roots of the hair. Should be used two or three times per week.

"Headache every Morning."—N. G. W., FOND DU LAC, WIS.—We will give you a perfect remedy, and hope you have sufficient will-power to follow directions—viz: Don't eat anything after dinner until December next. Your indomitable headache every morning is owing to the fact that your stomach cannot dispose of what you eat at your third meal.

"Morbid Sufferings."—A. L. L., CHICAGO, ILL.—Your reasoning faculties want expanding. Better not attend "preaching," unless the preacher is wiser and larger than yourself. You should strive to see, if he does not, that "in confusion, death, and dust, are light and law." Go upon the high places of thought. "Get Wisdom" and act from higher motives. Thus your spirit will throw off every morbid feeling.

"Chloroform." says Dr. Dr. Hall, to cause insensibility while undergoing painful operations, can never be used with perfect safety. In any given case, the most skillful and experienced administrator cannot vouch that the patient will not be dead in ten minutes. No well-attested case has ever come to our notice where fatal results have followed the use of "sulphuric ether" for the same purpose. It has a bad smell, and a large quantity has to be used; but these objections are trifling when the difference is between perfect safety and possible death within a dozen minutes.

"Remedy for a Sore Head."—EMILY C. HUDSON, N. Y. "What can I do to remove a large scalp-sore from the head of my little boy? His head is almost covered with a scabby sore, which discharges bloody matter every day. It is not a 'scald-head,' but something different."

REMEDY: The cause of the sore is a scrofulous virus in the boy's system. By correct diet, bathing, and not too early mental development by going to school, and living out doors most of the time, the scrofula will be overcome. For immediate cure of the sore scalp, pour cold black tea over it several times a day; at night bandage the head with the tea-leaves; be sure to wash and thoroughly cleanse the scalp with the cold decoction every morning. Do not bind the head or cover it much during the day.

"A Remedy for Small Pox."—Dr. Fred. W. Morris, resident physician of the Halifax Visiting Dispensary, N. S., has written a letter to the *American Medical Times*, in which he states that the "Sarracenia Purpurea," or Indian cup, a native plant of Nova Scotia, is the remedy for small pox in all its forms in twelve hours after the patient has taken the medicine. That "howe'er alarming and numerous the eruptions, or confluent and frightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease." If either vaccine or variolous matter is washed with the infusion of the sarracenia they are deprived of their contagious properties. So mild is the medicine to the taste that it may be largely mixed with tea and coffee and given to connoisseurs in those beverages to drink without their being aware of the admixture. The medicine has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued.

"Substitutes for Coffee."—A. J. DAVIS, SIR: In what you say about the use of coffee, do you intend it to apply to scorched rye, or peas, or a crust of bread? Many are using these and other substitutes, believing they feel best by drinking something warm with their breakfast.
 A. UNDERHILL.
 CLEVELAND, OHIO.

ANSWER: Among these substitutes for the coffee berry, the crust of bread is the healthiest and most agreeable. Warm drink after and with food is better for most persons than cold water, simply because almost everybody's stomach is used to warm or hot articles of food. If the custom of eating hot substances was abolished, it would then be easy for people to abolish hot fluids from their tables. It is folly to look for a general change in man's drinking habits until he has radically reduced the temperature of his food. These things live together, and they will die together, or about the same time.
 While on this subject, we will say that "Dandelion Coffee," as prepared and for sale by Rowland Johnson, (see his advertisement in this paper,) is the best article to substitute for the common breakfast drink. It is remedial in its influence on the stomach and liver, and will warm and nourish the system better than the pure Java. We can commend it to the sick as a pleasant tonic. In using it let every one be regulated by the dictates of his own appetite. It is pure and not expensive.

Progressive Literature.

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

A Bohemian Peasant.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY GORDA WILBURN.

[This life-picture of the oppression of the lowly by the great, with its natural portraiture of the endurance and heavenward aspirations of the humble, is taken from a series of novels entitled: "The Society of the Martyrs." It was published in a German literary paper, the *Europa*, in the year 1847.]

It has never been fully explained why the name of "Bohemian Villages" has been applied to Utopian things; but this much is certain—that the said villages, especially those removed from the royal highways, are, indeed, apart from the world. There are the miserable huts, so low that their straw roofs can be reached by the hand, that need not be a giant's for that purpose; and therein dwells a sullen, gloomy race of unthinking, imbruted human beings, who seem akin to the animals that live close beside them. The Idylls that would weave their choicest dreams of the village life, find there no fit materials; no careless, merry song issues from 'the narrow windows, out of which the inmates can scarcely put their heads. Half-naked, dirty children roll before the doors, and stare at the passing stranger in stupid amazement. Upon rough-hewn benches sits here and there a weary peasant, with his pipe in his mouth dispensing its unpleasant fumes around; but in the wrinkled brow, the brown, leathery cheeks, there is not a sign of the much-valued patriarchal cheerfulness; in its place there is written a history, sad and despairing, of servitude and heavy toil. A fitting comparison is the house-dog, of an ignoble, thick-headed species, with treacherous and savage look and discordant bark; yet he does not often bite, but is as cowardly as he is vicious; only when thoroughly aroused does he become dangerous, like his master, the Bohemian peasant.

The indoor view is in no wise more agreeable: a single room, with blackened walls and wooden ceiling, is the sitting and sleeping-room of the whole family. An immense stove, made of brick, takes in one-fourth of the space, and diffuses a stifling heat around whenever the black bread is being baked therein. It is reached by steps; and above it sleep the female servants and the children of the house. The furniture consists of a table, usually painted red, a few stools that had been used by their forefathers, and from the wall looks upon them, gloomily, the God of this benighted people, a roughly carved image with distorted features; upon its bleeding, disfigured head, the unavoidable crown of thorns. No newspaper ever finds its way there, to tell the bond-children of the once terrible Hussites of their rights; to teach them of lands beyond the range of the mountain-chain; while for them the sun arises only to summon them to incessant toil. No book ever loses itself in this region, that would instruct them of a better God than that represented by the dreadful image on the blackened walls. Even the book of the people, with its consoling promises and kindling thoughts—the Bible—has never victoriously entered those miserable abodes. He has but little time for reading, the Bohemian boy, for his days are dedicated to incessant service. Three days of the week he labors for the land-owner; the other three he is the servant of his own acres, and on Sundays he serves the Madonna in the church. In the afternoons of holy days he could have leisure, and could enjoy the quiet from the windows of his hut. But what is there for the eye to rest upon? Naught that is inspiring; the heaps of manure that promise him a fund of hard labor for the autumn is all that greets him; and when he has gazed at that long enough, he is overcome by a dreamless sleep, for which many a rich and great man would envy him. But he shares this happiness with the yoke-bearer in the stable; with the scorched dog in his chains.

There is little conversation in these dwellings, for there is nothing to converse upon; thoughts that demand communication stir not these immovable souls; feelings that crave sympathy throb not in these hearts that have grown hard as their own barn floors. Everything goes through the lapse of years with the same step, by the line of habit. As the father learnt it, the grandchild imitates; only the church days and the wedding festivities interrupt the even tenor of these living machines. On those occasions, the peasant breaks forth in wildest merriment; intoxicated with beer and brandy, he breaks the glasses out of which he has imbibed his joy; he fights, until the blood flows, with his neighbor or relative. Even so would he destroy the palace of the ruler and trample on his myrmidons if an intoxicating idea were to stream through his brain. But those in power see to it that an eternal calm is perpetuated in the villages, and that the eye of the slave shall see no further than the allotted limits.

But a great and mighty spirit walked through these villages at times; it was the spirit the ancient Heathens feared, and which the Cross has not banished—that of Destiny; whose gray eye pierces through more secrets than do the clear, bright eyes of the day. Its strange caprices, that play with kings and nations, scorn not the miserable peasant race in their lowly huts. It seizes upon an iron hand upon a harmless breast; plumes flies with eagle's pinions; transforms the creeping worm into the serpent, and bids them ascend the loftiest trees of humanity. Many a round-cheeked maiden, that had stepped barefoot over the village, it exalts into the ruler of a sovereign, and of the herd-boy forms the corpulent and imperious bishop. Even one of the Generals of that fearful Order, that, with the arts of the infernal, warred for the cause of heaven, was at one time a little ruffian who contended with the dogs of a Bohemian village.

Johann Wlk* was one of these selected ones whom the hand of unbending Destiny forced into new life-paths. The world's history has dedicated to him no page; but the poet forsakes the tumult of the throng; hastens from the dark stairways of the city; follows the

* Many Bohemian words contain no vowels.

windings of the village and the forest-roads; places his expectant ear to humble hearts whose throbs of aspiration are unheard by history; and, with a contemplative spirit, he beholds the tears the world sees never flow.

Johann Wik was the son of a wealthy farmer. A Bohemian peasant is called rich when he can afford a cup of weak coffee and a piece of meat on Sundays! when he can kill his pig once a year, and in the same period of time provide a garment for his wife or child. He possesses, it is true, a pair of cows and a team of oxen; some fowls in his yard, and can send ten sheep and five pigs to pasture; but all the good cream, butter, eggs, young chickens, sucking pigs, and calves, are taken to market for the purchase of the officers, landlords, and merchants. He dare not think of dainty morsels, for his leather trousers are not eternally enduring, and the thick soles upon his boots give way; the hat is visited by the ravages of time, his wagon and plow are not indestructible, and the taxes never wait. Even if the farmer retains a few garden, he has ample use for them; his daughter must have an outfit on her marriage, and his son must be rescued from wearing the white coat at the cost of the shining silver, and the unavoidable law-suit in consequence has a most rapacious maw.

Johann Wik was the only child of such a well-to-do peasant, who could well afford some superfluity upon him. His holiday trousers were of the finest deer-skin; his vest of black velvet; he never was barefoot, and on Sundays the boots that reached to his knees were polished nicely, and a felt that decked his brown and smoothed hair. On festive occasions, and at the dance in the tavern, he even wore a flowered silk handkerchief around his neck. The burden of labor weighed not too heavily upon him, for his father had two men in his service who performed all the hard work.

Johann was not only a pretty peasant-boy; he was a genial and ennobled child of the village, who clung to his mother with a tenderness not often found among the inhabitants of Bohemian villages. He never spoke a harsh word to the servants; he would not permit the cattle to be ill-used in his presence, and he was a friend to the neglected house-dog; neither was his brain leader, nor his tongue of wood, like his companions, for when he conversed with his mother, there streamed from his lips heartfelt and loving words betokening the striving aspiration within. He had read as little as the other villagers, although he had been accounted a master in spelling while at school; yet there was that passing in his soul that denoted a higher capacity. Passages from the sermons he heard were retained in his mind, and expanded into manifold ideas, from silent observation and doubt. As he looked upon the glittering stars, his soul would question: "What are those eternal lights?" an inquiry that had never occurred to any one in that village before. Often, when the sun had set, and the far country was enwrapped in mysterious silence, and the air was heavenly mild, a strange sadness would invade his being, although he knew of no sorrow; and beneath that evening sky, his soul oppressed, he would gaze on the parting day-beams with a moistened eye. At such moments he would take the winding-horn that he had learnt to play upon, and draw from it the pleasing tones, thus soothing his own inexorable melancholy while all around lay buried in their leaden sleep.

Whence came to the son of the Bohemian village this higher receptivity—this delicate nervous organization? We could answer: Does not the lovable forget-me-not grow close beside the bog-plant? But that sounds somewhat mystical, and a clearer explanation can be given of Johann's gifted nature: he was the son of a German mother. The German villages of Bohemia are some steps in advance upon the ladder of human progression; and the Czech can do no better than to enoble their own rude race by mingling with the German; the brutal and unthinking expression, the savage defiance, would vanish from their morose features, and gentle and humane impulses would stir their benumbed souls. With German blood in their veins, the Hussites could not have become murderers and incendiaries, and the German disciples of Huss would, in place of the lighted torch, have carried into the households of the land the warm and brightening fires of a better faith a century before the advent of Luther.

Even the balsam shrub of Mecca withers when deprived of the sun of Araby; the orange-tree cannot blossom on the uncongenial soil of Lapland; so even the spark of thought illumined in the breast of the peasant-boy would have perished for want of aliment, had it not been cherished by a singular person with whom he held intercourse, who was to him the teacher of the beautiful.

Johann had attained his eighteenth year, without, as the poet says, having found fault with his God or his king. But at that period, certain events occurred, that, breaking in upon his uneventful life, gave him cause to do both.

The three persons that composed the Wik family, were seated one evening on the bench before the door of their hut, resting from the labors of the day, when one of the bailiff's messengers, stiff and erect, with an ill-natured grin upon his face, came from the direction of the lord's castle, and entered the yard. The appearance of the bailiff's man seldom augurs of good to the Bohemian peasant; either there is a tax to be paid, or his compelled service is required, or his son is demanded as a recruit. Whenever the messenger of the law approaches with so peculiar a mien of command, a storm is gathering over the devoted head of the farmer honored by this official call; he awaits the thunder-tones of the unapproachable village tyrant, and sometimes even the blows from the uplifted cane of the jailer.

The bailiff and his men are the curse of the unfortunate Bohemian peasantry; the legislated service due their lords robs them only of three days in the week; the heavy ground-tax costs money alone; but the caprices and slavish treatment they are subjected to by these village rulers, the brutal haughtiness of their servants, robs them of worth and honor, and pursues them unceasingly even beyond this life; for how could the creature so long oppressed on earth become happy in the realm of spirits!

Old Wik had arisen hastily and in alarm at the approach of the minion of the law, and had humbly taken off his cap. The man removed not his head covering, nor did he reply to the farmer's salutation.

"Come in with me, Wik, into your room," he said, roughly; "I have a pretty story to tell

you?" And without glancing at the rest he entered the room, and with great bustle reached himself a chair, and sat down without waiting the invitation.

The rude ways of the representative of lordly power impressed the poor householder with a nameless dread, and he grew still more deferential towards him. With his cap in his hand and with bowed head he stood before the shameless intruder; the old wife stood behind him, lamenting in a low voice: "Jesus, Maria, and Joseph! what will become of us!" Johann, leaning against the large stove, cast angry glances upon the bailiff's subordinate.

After he had looked around the room, as if to take an inventory of the farmer's possessions, he turned towards the trembling Wik, stamped upon the floor with his huge stick in order to give emphasis to his words, and said, in the same harsh, domineering tones:

"Do you know, Wik, that you, and your father, and grandfather, have robbed the gracious lords for more than a hundred years? But for it the devil will get hold of you at last; that joke may cost you all you have, and five years in the penitentiary may chase the pleasure you have found in filling your stomach from the lordly treasury."

The old man, who remembered the oppressions, varied and numerous, that had been inflicted upon the defenseless people, stood there speechless and trembling, as some detected criminal. But Johann could no longer control the burning indignation that filled his breast. With crimsoned face he rushed towards the accuser, and held his clenched fist before the astonished eyes of that functionary.

"My father is no thief!" he cried; "and if another impertinent word crosses your shameless lips, I will show you the door in such a manner that you will not have to look for it." The servant of the law murmured something about "impudent clothe-hopper," but the fist of the athletic young man hovered so close to his face that he dared not give loud utterance to a new insult. The innate and nurtured fear of the peasant in presence of the law officers, shielded them, it is true, even in their most unjust proceedings; but there had been instances where the bitterly aroused subject had given vent to his long-cherished hatred, and regardless of consequences, had attacked his superiors. In view of this, the man was embarrassed, not knowing how to retire from his awkward position without the loss of dignity. The alarm of the mother came to his aid, for fearful of the result of threatening so important a personage, she had taken her son's arm and had drawn him hastily to the furthest corner of the room. Relieved from the proximity of the determined fist, the officer contented himself with saying, contemptuously, as he raised his stick towards Johann:

"Old Wik, your boy, there, is very forward, but at the next recruiting we will prepare a soup for him that will taste badly! When he is once put into the white coat, the cane will cool his temper! You, Wik, have to appear at the court-house at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, and you will hear there whether I told you the truth."

It was a terrible night that followed for the hitherto contented family. The words that had been spoken weighed, like the oracles of old, dark and incomprehensible, yet presaging misery, upon the three sorrowing souls. The next day, at the appointed hour, the old peasant, wearied from the past night's sleeplessness, stood before the threatening tempest of the law. The bailiff was not a villain, but the fate of the lowly was a matter of indifference to him; like most of his associates, he regarded the peasants as so much property that is to be turned to the best possible advantage. When the farmer Wik was announced, he said, without as much as looking at the "individual," to the secretary in office:

"Read to the peasant, Wik, the record that is guarded."

He read: "After due investigation of the deeds of the Manor of Wanka, Estate of Mozirsch, it has been found that the ground used by the peasant Wik, between the lord's fields, Numbers Five and Six, one side bounded by the pond, on the other by the highway, nowhere has been entered in the name of said peasant, or any other subject—therefore, the above-mentioned land has been unlawfully used by the said peasant, and must return at once to the rightful land-owners. At the same time, the said subject is to pay for the use and benefit of said lands, from the time that he inherited from his father up to the present, one schilling farm-rent, according to the measure of the area, which is to be paid into the lordly treasury."

Poor Wik turned sick and pale as he heard the sentence that almost beggared him; with a livid face he fell back against the wall.

"Servitors here!" cried the bailiff, unpleasantly moved at the aspect of a fainting man, but without one touch of sympathy; "Carry that individual home!"

Johann and his mother awaited the return of Wik, with anxious expectation, beside the court-house door; but when they beheld him dragged more than supported, his son thrust aside the pitiless sergeant, and carried his almost unconscious father to the pump in the court-yard, and laved his forehead with the cold water. The wife followed, lamenting and wringing her hands. The old man recovered sufficiently, through his son's ministrations, as to be enabled to reach home. Arrived there, he threw himself upon the bed, pressed his face to the pillow, and commenced to weep so pitifully, that wife, and son, and attendant neighbors, stood rooted to the floor in silent amazement and dread.

They were all in this condition when the peddler Moses, carrying his pack, entered the room. The Jewish peddlers are a characteristic feature of the Bohemian villages; strangers by religion, manners, physiognomy, and difference of speech, they know well by cunning and tact how to ingratiate themselves where aught else that is strange and new finds such difficulty of access. They usually come on Monday morning from the adjacent cities, and remain in the villages until Friday, when the Sabbath calls them back to their own people. Every large village has its own adopted peddler, from whom everything is bought that the farm-yard and the fields cannot give. The well-dressed bride is arrayed in the stuffs he brought for that purpose; he has provided the wedding rings; the large pipe with its silver lid, and the clumsy watch that so greatly rejoices the wealthy farmer's son, come out of his stock. It is easy to deal with him, as he never strives to overreach his regular customers, and because he never demands ready money of them, which is a scarce article in

those Bohemian huts; but they sell to him the sheeps' wool, the skins, and many things that farmers furnish. He is also the peace-maker between embittered foes, he brings about many a marriage, and recommends physicians and lawyers from his birthplace.

The Bohemian peasant would need no persuasion to undertake a crusade against the Jews if called upon by his pastor; but he would spare and even defend the peddler of his village. He calls him "our Jew," when he speaks of him, and adds, "He would not have crucified the Lord Jesus."

The peddler Moses had attained a high position in the village; for twenty years he had held intercourse with its inhabitants; men and women had known him as children, and old men remembered him gladly. The women liked him for his polite attentions, the men for his ripe understanding and good advice concerning agricultural and other matters. They would have almost revered him as a magician, if enemy as he was to all superstition, he had not repeatedly told them that he derived his knowledge mostly from the journal that was published at the capital. They forgot in him the Jew, for he ate with the people, often remained over Sabbath in the village, and even went sometimes to church; indeed, he loved the villagers as if they were his own children and relations. Forty years of age, and unmarried; an unbeliever, at variance with the congregation at home, he had found a more agreeable resting-place and more friendly surroundings in this humble spot. Every peasant who had a daughter would willingly have given her to Moses for a wife; but his unyielding freedom of thought thrust back the dogmas of the synagogue as it had the ordinances of the synagogue, and the narrow state laws were so repugnant to his spirit, that he would not, through a false acknowledgment, purchase the rights that were denied him.

Moses continued his traffic through habit, for he had accumulated sufficient for his needs, and was in possession of a handsome fortune. He took but little profit from the farmers; with the poorer class he allowed many a debt to remain unpaid for years, and he aided many an unfortunate one with ready money, and that without interest. Only the persons of the lord's castle were compelled to pay him well for his wares. They did this willingly, for Moses was witty and brought new and interesting gossip from the city; he was especially welcome to the wife of the upper bailiff, whose time hung heavily upon her hands in that wayward place, while at the same time she was too ignorant to seek for instruction and amusement in books. As often as Moses left her apartment, his smiling face was darkened and he murmured gloomily:

"Accursed race! to whom the lowly must be slave or harlequin!"

To the Wik family he had attached himself as a brother; he lived in their house during his stay; he conversed gladly with the good wife because she was a German; and in her son, Johann, he found a comprehension and range of thought that occupied his mind far more than business details. His lonely heart, too, was cheered by the love and esteem with which the lad clung to his teaching friend.

When Moses, on entering the room, beheld the sorrow of the old man and the alarm depicted on the faces of the others, he cried out with apprehension:

"What has occurred? for heaven's sake! You all look as if the judgment-day had come!"

The poor disconsolate Wik, hearing the voice of the cherished friend and counselor, lifted up his tear-stained face and beckoned him to draw near.

"Well, God be praised!" said Moses, with a forced smile; "I see you are not yet dying, and other evils may find a remedy."

After he had placed his pack upon the table, and had somewhat regained his composure, he sat down beside the bed of the sorrowing man, and, pressing his hand, entreated him with fraternal solicitude to confide to him the cause of his grief.

No one could have deemed it possible that the gently-smiling, shy face of the peddler, could assume so terrible an expression as that which it displayed when he had heard the story of the oppressed farmer. The wild and oriental vehemence of his race flamed in his black eye; his features became distorted and livid, and his lips quivered visibly. The violence of the inner emotion caused him to rush from his seat and pace the room like one demoted. Broken sentences escaped him that betrayed the thoughts surging deeply in his soul, in which the frightened peasants could only discern the incoherent ravings of one bereft of sense—"blood-moistened earth!—shame-spot of the universe—will this misery have no end—worms in the blossoms—in vain he died upon the cross—oh, morning hours—oh, morning hours!"

He meant the "Morning Hours" of Mendelssohn, that work that gives evidence of the existence of that God in whose supreme rule the indignant peddler dared to doubt at that moment of overwhelming grief.

Suddenly he paused in his rapid walk in the middle of the room, his figure grew erect, his face changed. With an expression of deep solemnity, with wide-opened eyes, he gazed upon those assembled. "A great moment," he thought, "is perhaps now given to my keeping. I could enkindle the dead embers in these souls, and wait the flames from hut to hut, from village to village; increase them to a stream impossible to check; and then, and then—but no! they would succumb to the overwhelming night prepared against it, and heavy sufferings would fall on these unfortunates. Oh, my God! demand it not of me, I am too weak for such a mission!"

And in order to escape the alluring temptation, he seized his cap that he had thrown to the ground, and hastened from the house and the vicinity.

After a long and wearying march over fields and meadows, his excitement became allayed, his steps grew slower and shorter, his senses took cognizance of the outer world, and the convulsively downward drawn eyelids opened again.

He found himself in one of those wide valleys of Bohemia, where the ground on all sides leads to the feet of the encircling hills. From every point of view the eye beheld a perfect and beautifully framed landscape; from the summits of the adjoining chain of hills arose the azure vault, and in the midst of its gigantic dome hung the glorious lamp of day. Like a vast carpet spread the beamed plain; the pensive benediction of the secret and divine power displayed in various forms that concealed the traces of the toilsome human labor; and in the atmosphere there reigned that sug-

gestive stillness that solemnizes with a charm the wondrous beauty of the summer scene.

Deeply moved by the magical loveliness of the surroundings, Moses remained standing, for the sound of his footsteps seemed a disturbance of the holy calm of the apart world, leaning against a tree, he lost himself in contemplation of that beautiful and consecrated site. He had often wandered through this neighborhood, but never before had he so fully felt the potent charms of Nature. The man of society appeared to him then as a wretched invalid, lying extended in his murky chamber with clouded soul and palled or unnaturally excited senses, his bed his world; and the painful feeling of the disturbed inner harmony the curse of his whole existence.

"Incomprehensible one!" he cried, "that thou art so visible; it is written in great and glorious characters throughout the wide domain of Nature; but for mankind there must be other worlds for development; in the earthly existence of thy creature, man, in his destiny I cannot recognize thee!"

This thought recalled to him again the evidences of the divine being that he had found in the perusal of Mendelssohn's "Phadon," and "Morning Hours." Once more he sought their proofs, and they appeared more convincing than ever.

The works of that noble thinker, who "from the rose of philosophy broke away the thorns," are almost, even to their names, forgotten. The Jews, however, who hold to that which they have once acknowledged as authority, revere those works almost equally with the Bible.

When Moses returned to the hut of the peasant Wik, he was again the good-natured, smiling peddler of old, whom the villagers and children were all pleased to see.

"Do not give up all hope," he said, cheerfully; "all may yet end well. We will take a lawyer and appeal to a higher court; the bailiff is not the emperor; there are lords in the land who have a word to say in the affair; and," added he, in a low tone; "let me arrange the matter; even the great lords know the difference between the ducats of Kremnitz and two groschen pieces."

Strange it is, how circumstances are linked together in this world! The fate of a peasant family, living in a remote village, was decided upon in the brilliant saloon of one of the most distinguished ladies of the capital. At supper, the Counselor Lightfoot sat next to General Count Rosberg; the deep bow of the latter was responded to by a slight nod that was almost contemptuous, from his haughty neighbor.

"Are you here, too, scribbler and dancing-master?" was the thought of the General. The Counselor's unuttered opinion ran thus: "If that creature were not a general, and twoglegged, what an excellent bull-dog he would make!"

The two gentlemen differed widely in their views of life; the General saw in the world only the chase, the gaming-table, the race-course, and the drill-ground; the Counselor regarded the State as a ladder whose steps led from one lucrative position to another; and mankind was to him a large sack of gold, to which free access must be obtained at all times.

He was, however, too good a diplomatist to spare himself any trouble that could gain for him the good-will of the noble beside him. He spoke to him of horses and dogs as if the forests and stables were as familiar to him as the wisdom of Puffendorf and Hugo Grotius. The disdain of the General gave way; his replies became warmer; he even looked the smooth Counselor full in the face, whereas he had only glanced at him sidelong before. The maneuvering neighbor believed that the moment had arrived for speaking upon the purpose that had prompted him to take his seat beside the old military aristocrat.

"I just now recollect, your excellency," he said, with the blandest smile wreathing his thin lips, "that I have to give sentence upon a matter relating to your estate of Wanka. One of your subjects there has appealed to higher quarters against a decision of your bailiffs. The peasant hardly dares, but—"

"Spare me the details!" interrupted the General as he wrinkled his brow; "I do not understand all that paper-talk; but this I advise you, my dear Counselor, do not make my subjects rebellious! If they once observe that there is aught in the world to be done against the decisions of the law, there will be no getting along with those thick skulls. The times are hard; you are a politician; à propos, as we were speaking of my place Wanka, there is fine game there; you seem to think something of a good hunt; when you have leisure, you can exercise your gun on my grounds."

The Counselor had attained his aim in informing the General that it was in his power to render him a service; and the district Wanka was the subject of conversation only as regarded the deer and birds that abounded in its woods.

Two weeks from that evening, the officer of the law appeared in the dwelling of the farmer Wik with a paper containing the decision of the authorities. The peddler Moses, who was in the village, was called to explain the document and aid in bringing the matter to a close. The sentence was: that the land in question was to pass into the hands of the noble owner; but the many rent shillings due were forgiven to the retainers, who were to be exempted from payment for the use of the land.

"Well, thank God," said the peddler, striving to conceal his indignant feelings; "the ducats of Kremitz have done some good; I feared it would be worse; for law-suits between subject and lord do not always end so favorably. Be comforted, Father Wik; you are at least rescued from the beggar's fate to which the payment of that threatened sum would have brought you."

The old man made no reply to these encouraging words; the peasant has not the command of language wherewith to express his feelings; he gives them vent by gesture and act; what he dislikes he thrusts aside; he strikes his adversary in the face, and thus revenges himself for an insult. But in the parchment presented to him there dwelt a mysterious, an unapproachable and fearful power, beneath whose sway he bent as to the terrible decrees of the same fate that he believes sends the devastating fire to his barn and the destructive hail upon his fields. But he was neither comfortable nor resigned; gloomy, and with murmuring lips he left the room, and attended to his cattle with more than the usual impatience; he beat the poor animals as unjustly as he had just himself been beaten by oppression.

Johann remained in the room buried in deep reflection, in the society of the much-valued friend, the peddler, he had developed as a reasoner. He had pondered deeply on the many subjects for thought surrounding his still life. At that moment, his spirit for the first time soared beyond the limits of his visible horizon. He dwelt not on the loss or gain of a few acres; but the idea of that distant power, that from the far city commanded his destiny, occupied and enlarged his thought-range, and awakened in his breast a spirit ready for the conflict, in arousing the innate consciousness of Right.

We of the world who have books for nurses and words for strengthening food, carelessly do we cast aside ideas; but the child of Nature, receptive in a different degree, attains by a long and painful process only to the comprehension of certain facts; and it requires a lofty spirit and a great heart to comprehend the individual amid the masses; and from the example of the one to understand the many.

The peddler saw that his young friend was engrossed with new and weighty thoughts, and he softly and silently withdrew, so as to give him no opportunity for conversation; for he deemed it best that new thoughts, like young trees, should be exposed to changes of condition; and that, thus accustomed, they would not fall in bearing their appropriate blossoms and fruit. If the thought was prematurely spoken, the plant broken off too soon, they fulfilled not their aim, but settled, mayhap, only as coarsest food for lower animals.

While the members of that little family were occupied each in a different manner in reflecting upon the occurrence of the day, the old mother it was who suffered most keenly in view of the sorrow that had fallen upon her loved ones. Her heart was filled with anxiety, for she knew that a mighty storm was surging in the soul of her son. She bustled around him, vainly striving to arouse him from his abstraction, but he heeded her not. She sat down on the bench near the stove and apprehensively regarded him, as the dark clouds of thought and care chased each other on his brow; and when at length he arose, and with wide-opened, dreamy eyes, passed out of the room, it seemed to her as if her aching heart would break; but Heaven awarded to her the balm of all afflicted souls in the consoling, soothing flow of tears.

(Concluded in our next.)

Aids to Education.

Persons first, we are wont to consider, and books next in the order of influence. But both disappoint and deceive more or less, Nature taking the larger share in our culture. Books aid us as we have the skill to use them to advantage; persons best by indirect means as if they served us not. Nature converts us to ourselves and against our knowledge or consent. For it is still a questionable matter how far our best arts are subordinated to her intents or thwart them; the art of education being as yet a business of so much difficulty and so complicated and incalculable, that, with all the experiences of past times to aid us, the most striking persons have oftentimes been of those who, having escaped the trammels of the schools, were formed by the direct influences of things operating under the pressure of necessity and what we call accident.

ALCOTT.

Safety of Silence.

I beg you to take to heart one maxim, which, for myself, I have ever observed, and ever shall—it is, never to say more than is necessary. The unspoken word never does harm; what is once uttered cannot be recalled, and no man can foresee its consequences.

KOSSUTH.

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: From Texas, Kalamazoo Co., Mich., May 26, 1862, NELSON B. MCCLIN, aged 26 years.

The deceased was universally beloved. He suffered for over five years with consumption. He was ready to meet the change, having imbibed the glorious teachings of Spiritualism, which smoothed his pathway while on earth and made life beyond a certainty. The funeral services were performed by the writer in presence of a large concourse of people. The following beautiful lines were written by Katie L. Smith, a lady medium of rare spiritual gifts, and read at the funeral services.

Though your son's cold form be lying Cold and lifeless in your sight, His bright spirit, all undying, Lives in realms of endless light; And though death's unerring quiver Felled this form to rise no more, All unharmed he crossed the river, Safely reached the farther shore.

Few the years his earth-life numbers, Yet your loss will be his gain; With this clay the earthly slumbers From disease, and death, and pain. Freed he seeks the open portal, Enters past all doubt and gloom, Joyful roams in climes immortal, Where un fading flowers bloom.

When grief's dark clouds seem to cover All the sunshine bright and gay, He may near you gently hover, Chase the deepening gloom away; Tell you of a Land of Gladness, Where the fields are ever green, Where there's none of earthly sadness, Where no fearful eyes are seen.

Then be calm, oh parents tender, Brothers, friends, relations near, In the last act you can render To the clay-cold form still dear; This doth not earth's fond ties sever, He has only passed before— Soon we all shall cross the river, Meet him on the farther shore.

W. F. JAMIESON.

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Leo Miller will speak in Pultneyville, New York, every other Sunday during the present summer. Persons in Central and Western New York desiring his services may address him as above.

Miss L. E. A. DeForce will remain in the West until September, when she returns to New England. The friends in Northern Illinois will please address her immediately at St. Louis, Mo., care of box 2307.

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F. L. Wadsworth speaks in New Bedford, Mass., four Sundays of July; Quincy, Mass., four Sundays of September. He will answer calls to lecture in the East until further notice. Address as above.

Miss Emma Harding will lecture in Chippewa and Foxboro in July; in Oswego and Western New York in August and September; and in Philadelphia in November. Address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., from whence letters will be forwarded.

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(From the Banner of Light.)

How to Circulate Spiritual Journals.

Allow me to say a few words, through the columns of your excellent paper, to the friends of Spiritualism, on a subject concerning us all, as well as the dearest interests of human progress. I allude to the support and circulation of our Spiritualistic journals.

For the past year I have adopted a plan, which, it seems to me, if our public lecturers and teachers would employ, and all others who feel an interest in the spread of an intelligent Spiritualism might easily double the circulation of invaluable papers like the *Banner of Light* and *HERALD OF PROGRESS*.

There are thousands who would be glad to read these papers and profit by them, who do not feel able, and especially in these times, to pay two dollars in advance for a year's subscription. They never find themselves just ready and able to inclose that amount in a letter, and commit it to the tender mercies of Uncle Sam's mail agents for safe delivery at the publishers' counting-room. Now, if that sum could be divided into fifty-two equal parts, payable weekly, such persons would gladly avail themselves of the spiritual food, at an expense of only four cents a week, without ever realizing any perceptible diminution in their cash account, or in their daily rations of bread and butter. This can be easily done.

In every village of four or five hundred inhabitants may be found a news-dealer, who will supply these papers for four cents a copy, thereby saving to the purchaser the postage. I know that a little effort in this direction will secure many additional readers to our Spiritual papers; and though the lecturer may not receive directly any pecuniary reward for his or her work, yet a little unselfish labor often brings with it a far greater blessing than the hard-earned wages of selfish toil.

My usual plan has been to ascertain the name of some news-dealer, and then draw up a subscription paper, pledging the "undersigned" to purchase of said newsman, say twelve consecutive numbers of the paper set over their names: placing the words "*Banner of Light*" and "*HERALD OF PROGRESS*" at the head of the list, on the opposite sides of a perpendicular line drawn through the center of a paper.

In many places where it would have been impossible for me to have persuaded one person to pay for a year's subscription in advance, I can get ten, twenty, or thirty individuals to take twelve copies in this way; and when their subscription expires, half of them, at least, will continue to order the paper till the end of the volume, if not till the end of their earthly eye-sight.

I would suggest the adoption of this plan by our public teachers and all active friends of Spiritual progress, for their good, for the good of truth, and last, though not least, for the good of those who are so nobly bending every energy to publish these journals in the midst of commercial and political convulsions such as our country has never before known.

Come, fellow-laborers, let us help to hold up the hands of those who now need help more than ever. You can get long lists of names in the way I have proposed, which will benefit the publisher just as much as if you sent the money directly to him. When you have made up your subscription, hand the list to the newsman, and he will order the papers without further trouble.

It is no more than due of us that we put forth this slight effort at this time to support the evangelists and defenders of newly-revealed truth. They are indeed *Banners of Light* and *HERALDS OF PROGRESS*, before whose triumphal arch error, darkness, and oppression, must ever flee.

Before closing this article, dear reader, let me say a word concerning myself. For four years I have been constantly in the field as a public advocate of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism—the last two years and a half of which I have spoken every Sunday, principally in the New England States.

One more Sabbath in this place, and then I must bid my dear friends in the East an adieu for several months. A "Cincinnati farm," lying on the shore of the placid waters of Lake Ontario, in the village of Pultneyville, N. Y., invites my hands to the culture of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, "for the service of man." On it stands a little cottage—large enough, however, to shelter the material forms of the writer, his wife, two bright-eyed children, and the houseless wanderer, whether stranger or friend, who may chance that way. Like the famous omnibus, we shall always be able to make room enough in it for one more.

But do not think I am going to retire from the lecture-field and bury myself in four acres of dirt. Oh no! I still live, and am going there to stir up the physical elements of earth during the six (?) unholly days in the week, and on the holy seventh, which is the first, shall employ my humble talents in the region adjacent, in the "agitation of thought."

When the leaves on the trees of another summer begin to fade and fall with the approach of time, and the products of the soil are gathered into cellar and granary for winter use, then will I go forth again to the great world to proclaim the glad tidings of truth

which flow down from the realms of infinite wisdom, light, and love. LEO MILLER. CHICOPET, MASS., April, 1862.

Cost of Housekeeping in New York.

It may interest general readers to know the cost of housekeeping in New York, among families in "moderate" or "easy" circumstances, exclusive of house-rent, dress, teachers' bills, and "summering."

A family near Union Square, of nine persons, (five grown and four children under fifteen,) footed up the bills on the last day of 1861, as follows:

Green grocer, (vegetables, fruits, poultry, etc.)	\$256
Grocer, (coffee, tea, sugar, etc.)	96
Cook	96
Housemaid	75
Coal and wood	77
Milk	76
Meats	59
Gas	39
Sundries—ice, repairs to range, etc.	26
	\$800

This family lived in their own house; purchased all their supplies by the small quantity, excepting apples, flour, and fuel; as leaving less margin for waste, pilfering, and losses from decay of provisions, thus having everything good and fresh of its kind. As to style and quality of table: seven barrels of apples were provided in autumn; the flour always exceeded eight dollars a barrel; loaf-sugar was mainly used, except for pastries; butter averaged thirty cents a pound; home-made bread; no liquors for drink; not a dollar for medicines; Java coffee roasted at home; tea one dollar a pound; from three to four quarts of milk a day; nine gas-burners were lighted every night, sometimes ten or more, three of which always burned some, all night; less of some kind every day, and more or

less of company, eating, and lodging, every week. Servants were required to be in bed before the clock struck ten; the area-gate was always kept locked; there were no perquisites of rags and soap-fat sold at two cents a pound, made of bacon, lard, and butter, at forty cents; no cats or dogs were kept; neither ants, roaches, bed-bugs, nor mosquitoes. Servants were selected who had been at their "last places" several years; who were middle-aged; looked tidy all the time, especially the cook; had no relations, and few indeed, if any visitors. Nothing was kept under lock and key.

Thus a family of eight or ten persons may live in comfort, cleanliness, and health in New York, for eight hundred dollars a year for fuel, lodging, washing, lights, food, and drink; guarding against wasteful, dishonest, and liberal servants, late hours, and costly, early, or out-of-season dishes.

It is painful to know how many families strive desperately and yet unavailingly to "get ahead" in New York city; the failure arising too often from their setting out with a style of living which was decided on in ignorance of what it ought to be; in consequence of forming an opinion from those who were living beyond their means, or who had resources greater than their own; then the strife to "keep up," involves those excessive efforts, those anxious toils and corroding cares which eat out all the joys of life, undermine the health, and make a premature grave, leaving children with no other heritage but the necessities of the same toils and cares, with the same false ambitions, and to make of life a failure also!—Dr. HALL'S JOURNAL.

A New Postal Law.

Mr. Hutchins, of Ohio, has introduced a new and comprehensive postal bill, establishing low and uniform postage rates. It greatly simplifies the present rates, making one rate of letter postage instead of three, nine rates on printed matter instead of three hundred and twenty-four, and reduces the charges on periodicals from forty-nine different rates to fourteen! It provides also for city delivery, for a money-order system, abolition of the franking privilege, &c.

Mr. Hutchins offers a comparison of the postal systems of this country and Great Britain, affording the following striking contrasts:

	U. S.	G. B.
Population	32,000,000	28,000,000
Letters written in 1839	40,000,000	70,000,000
Letters written in 1860	184,000,000	564,000,000
Average letters yearly for 20 years	94,000,000	371,000,000
Increase in number of letters yearly	7,000,000	23,000,000
Money sent in money-orders yearly	nil	\$69,300,000
Post-office revenue in 1840	\$4,543,522	7,251,137
Post-office revenue in 1860	9,218,067	18,636,365
Per cent. increase in 20 years	103	157
Increase per cent of population in 20 years	70	7
Letter to each inhabitant yearly	6	19
Postage money by each inhabitant yearly	\$0 29	\$0 66
Per cent. of population that cannot read or write	5	30

The Utility of Refuse Things.

The prussiate of potash is made in large quantities, in Cincinnati, from the hoofs, horns, and other refuse of slaughtered grunts.

Cow-hair, taken from the hides in tanneries is employed for making plastering mortar, to give it a fibrous quality.

Sawdust is sold for sprinkling floors of markets. It is also used for packing ice for shipping.

The rags of old, worn-out shirting, calico dresses, and the waste of cotton factories, are employed to make the paper upon which these lines are printed.

Old ropes are converted into fine net paper, and the waste paper itself which is picked up in the gutters, is again converted into broad, white sheets, and thus does duty in revolving stages.

The parings of skins and hides, and the ears of cows, calves, and sheep, are carefully collected and converted into glue.

The finer qualities of gelatine are made from ivory raspings—the bones and tendons of animals.

Bones converted into charcoal, by roasting in retorts, are afterward employed for purifying the white sugar with which we sweeten our coffee, etc.

The ammonia obtained from the distillation of coal in making gas, is employed for saturating orchil and cudbear, in making the beautiful lilac colors that are dyed on silk and the fine woolen goods.

Carbonic acid, obtained in the distillation of coal tar is employed with other acids to produce beautiful yellow colors on silk and wool.

The shavings of cedar wood, used in making pencils, are distilled to obtain the otto of cedar wood.

Brass filings and old brass kettles are re-melted and employed to make the brass work of printing-presses and pumps.

Old copper scraps are used in the construction of splendid bronze chandeliers, for illuminating our churches and the mansions of the wealthy.

Old horse-shoe nails are employed to make the famous steel and twist barrels of fowling-pieces.

Just Published. THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL FOR 1862. COMPRISING AN ALMANAC, A Spiritual Register, AND A GENERAL CALENDAR OF REFORM.

The Publishers of the PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL take pleasure in announcing the appearance of this useful Handbook for Spiritualists and Reformers—the first of a yearly series—future numbers to be issued on the first of January of each year.

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The work contains an accurate monthly calendar, over twenty pages of valuable original and selected reading matter, including several pages of new Medical Directions, with important Rules of Health, by ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS; the value of all of which may be inferred from the following partial

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