MRS. A. POST

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE. WISDOM. LIBERTY.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

MRS. M. COVERT, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.—What post-office and what State?

"LEWIS," N. Y.—Never let a word of slander pass between your lips.

J. M. C., POUGHKEEPSIE.—There are better men out of the profession than in it.

J. C., NEW YORK.—We have your "Remarks on Ante-natal Growth" marked for publication.

ANN K., WATERLOO.—It will be necessary for us to see the essay before deciding on the question of publication.

C. J. T., LITTLE PRAIRIE, MICH.—Your "Visions" are received. Thank you for the expression of your best wishes for the HERALD.

COL. STARR, NEW YORK.—"Recollections of a Physician," No. 1, is marked for an early appearance.

J. W., BUREAU COUNTY, ILL.—It will be wisest to let your daughter's medium powers remain quiescent for a year to come.

C. G. M., LIVINGSTON COUNTY, N. Y.—Better let the neighbor visit the place and satisfy himself. If you volunteer to help him, he will turn upon and condemn you.

MRS. M. A. J., NEW YORK, will receive our thanks for her translation of the "Double Suicide for Love and Duty." It will interest our readers.

D. H. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.—No answer has ever been whispered for you, and now it is not reasonable to expect one to emanate from this direction.

W. O. J., MELLENVILLE.—"The Criticisms" on the four gospels are probably out of print. We think "Demonstrably True" would read well in pamphlet form.

H. B. L., OF OHIO, writes us in phonography, expressing the desire of the spirit communicating that we should harmonize the medium's domestic affairs. We respectfully decline the commission.

JOHN H. E., CHAMPION COUNTY, ILL.—You cannot obtain the evidence from the departed friend without complying with the necessary conditions. (See "Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse," or "Present Age and Inner Life."

S. J. FINNEY, GENEVA, O.—If you *can* now continue the series on "Divine Ideas," do not fail to write. Take no thought concerning their destination. We could not immediately publish them, but the way to the people's inmost will in due time be opened.

S. P. S., FRANKTON, IND.—It would be better for you to learn the profession of seaman. Make yourself practically proficient in all departments of the science, then take position as master of your own vessel. Strike high, do right to all men, and win.

"FANNY," GALESBURG, ILL.—The treatment of such derangements, to be successful, requires the patient to retire from house labors. We see not how your case, under your circumstances, can be permanently cured. Of course you will practice ameliorating methods, and favor yourself whenever possible. At this time, Sister, there is nothing further for you. Write again some time.

MRS. CHARLOTTE B. C., ROME, N. Y.—Our general labors are too many and too important to the million to devote time to the particular spirit whose departure you so tearfully deplore. All will be well with thee in the coming months. Grief comes. Joys go, everything is dark and tinged with mourning now; but the hour cometh when the sad heart will forget its sorrow, and the lonely will no longer be bereft of its mate.

S. J. F., OHIO.—"Will Brother Davis please whisper what are the best conditions for obtaining those new manifestations of our spirit friends in which they appear in tangible forms to the senses of mortals?

ANSWER.—Experiments are being made and carefully recorded. As soon as the exact "conditions" are ascertained by practice, they will be made public.

"ANGELA."—To overthrow the irresistible temptation which now leads him away from you, it would be necessary for a third person, with strong moral magnetism, to frequently associate with him, for the purpose of changing the current of his thoughts. We do not now see how the right party can be obtained. For yourself, there is the great fact of an *inner life*. During the ordeal hours, withdraw from your dependence, turn in toward thyself, read attractive books, and thus gradually gather into your own centers of life and existence. Self-justice is imperative. You will be lonely for a time, but results will live gloriously in the years to come.

Theological Investigation.

"Fair Truth! for thee alone we seek!
Friend to the wise, supporter to the weak,
From thee we learn whate'er is wise and just,
Creeds to reject, professions to distrust,
Forms to despise, pretensions to deride,
And, following thee, to follow naught beside."

For the Herald of Progress.

An Explanation of the Miracle of finding a Piece of Money

IN A FISH'S MOUTH, WITH WHICH TO PAY TRIBUTE.—*Matt.* xvii: 24, 27.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRIST, THE SPIRIT"—KNOWN TO BE GENERAL HITCHCOCK.

Let it be assumed, as a theory for trial, that the gospels were written by the members of a secret society (the Essenes) called in the New Testament the *Brethren*, who were sworn, according to Philo, (Essay on the Contemplative Life,) not to disclose their secret, and not to write of it except in allegory or symbolism. The members of the society called all others the "without"—to whom the teaching "was done in parables."

The *without* were regarded as "dogs" and "swine," to whom it was not meet to throw the "children's bread," to wit, the doctrine of the Essenes, lest they should "turn and rend" the giver; [Matt. vii: 6 and xv: 26]; for those who love a specific form of faith more than they love Truth, hate to be undeceived, and usually hate those who attempt to undeceive them.

The secret was called the secret of the Lord; and this was itself a mystical expression, meaning the secret of the Hebrew sacred law, the mysterious law of Moses; called among other expressions, the treasures of wisdom. This law was the *seed* referred to in the parable of the sower. In Matthew it is called the Word of the Kingdom (of God); in Luke, the Word of God; while in Mark it is called simply the WORD; for the Jews knew no other divine Word save the Law. In John this Word is personified in Jesus, and set forward as a teacher, a mystical teacher of the doctrine of life.

The secret of the Essenes was the knowledge of a certain internal sense (the spirit) of the Law; the Law being likened to man as having a body and a soul. The Law, in its spirit, is the Son of God; but as a writing, it is the Son of Man. The letter, (or writing, with its external sense,) was compared to water [1], as also to flesh [2], loaves [3], bread [4], friend [5], servant [6], and to Jacob's well, [7], &c., while the internal sense was compared to spirit [1], as also to blood [2], fishes [3], wine [4], the bridegroom [5], the master [6] and to living water [7], &c. These two, the letter and the spirit, are the so-called *two witnesses;* for whilst the letter testifies of the spirit, or "declares it," the spirit becomes a witness (the witness of the spirit) that the letter is true. The water was represented in the sacred allegories by the Baptist. He baptizes in water, the symbol of the letter; but the spirit is represented by Christ, who is said to baptize with fire, this being a symbol of the spirit. The water-baptism preceded that by fire: meaning that the child is born to the letter, and passes subsequently to a realization of the spirit. The law is represented as teaching its own "grace and truth" in the person of Christ—telling Nicodemus that he must be born again; that is, he must understand the Law, not in the letter only, but in the spirit. To eat of the flesh of the Son of Man and drink of his blood has the same meaning. The Law cured the blind (in understanding,) and performed many other miracles. It raised those who were dead, (in "trespasses and sins,") teaching at the same time the eternal life, &c.

To conceive this mode of teaching, let the Bible, as a divine book teaching a divine life, be supposed *alive* and going about "doing good," that is, accomplishing its mission as the message or messenger "sent" by God to save that (of the house of Israel,) which was lost, this being the mission of the Law, the New Testament, more especially the preaching of St. Paul, extending the message to the Gentiles. The Bible is now the bridegroom, the church is the bride (the virgin,) the child as respects the Bible, is the Son of God, (John i: 24; but as respects the church, the child is faith, called the daughter of the church—the faith (or fidelity) preached by St. Paul, (Rom x: 8.)

To see the truth in the Law was to see (said in a figure,) Jesus. This was called the "manifestation" of Christ—who was manifested to those who obeyed the Law, which was called doing the will of the Father. The spirit of truth is both the Father and the Son; the Father as the source of the Law, and the Son, or the Holy Ghost, as communicated to a disciple. This spirit is the Comforter, said to be sent by Christ, who sends himself through the Law which is the mediator between God and man. The Bible is figured by heaven. The letter makes the clouds of heaven. To see the spirit in the letter is to see the Son of Man coming in the clouds. The story of the disciples going to Emmaus is a parabolical representation of the recognition of the truth (the spirit) of the Law and the Prophets. The Law and the Prophets teach but one spirit, as set forth in the transfiguration scene, where Moses represents the Law, and Elias the Prophets. But the illustrations are endless.

Now, the members of the secret society could not engage in discussions with the "without," (the Pharisees and Sadducees,) without exposing their secret, which they were sworn not to disclose. Hence the teaching in Matt xvii: 24, 27: which is a symbolical mode of directing the followers of the spirit (of truth) how to conduct themselves when among the "without."

Go to the sea, (says the teacher,) [and the sea represents here the external church,] cast an hook, and take up the first *fish* that cometh up, [that is, any one of the external church, who will be a sample of the (then) church]; and when thou hast opened his mouth—[by a question touching the popular belief]—thou shalt find a piece of money [that is, an *opinion*, which will be current among the without], and with that money pay the *tribute* [the tribute to public opinion] which in every part of the world the public requires, &c.

The secret itself, like all the rest, is only disclosed or spoken of in symbols. It is compared to the sun, and is referred to as something "among" or in the "midst" of us. It is compared to the dove, an emblem of the truth; but it is especially compared to the lamb—as innocence, this being the root of a divine life. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. It is also figured by childhood, another picture of innocence. Suffer the innocent to come to me (or see me,) for of such is the kingdom of heaven. It is also compared to an "angel," a "prophet," a "pearl of great price," a "treasure hid in a field," (man being the field); and to leaven in three measures of meal (the body, soul, and spirit of man—the three figures on the cross,) to a mustard-seed, &c., &c. The reception of the truth is compared to a marriage—to the marriage of Christ and the Church, (Ephes v: 28, 32.)

Doings of the Moral Police.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Genuine Disinterestedness.

Everybody of course has something to do with a post-office, and, with equal certainty, everybody knows by experience how common and how annoying it is to have one's letters fail to come to hand when anxiously expected and overdue. Having passed a goodly part of my life in a large post-office, I am fully and painfully aware of this general disappointment on the part of the public.

Truth, however, compels me to say in this connection that the greater majority of these disappointments arise from either the ignorance, oversight, or negligence of the writers.

A few weeks ago, while distributing the mails one forenoon, my eye was arrested by a little printed notice, on colored paper, pasted over the edge of an unpaid soldier's letters—which had incautiously been dropped into some office without the necessary stamp to insure its transmission—containing these words, which kindly tell their own story:

"The postage of this letter, which would otherwise be *detained for postage*, is paid from a fund provided by a gentleman who knows the inconvenience caused by the neglect of postal requirements. That others may continue to receive their letters in the like manner, you are requested to repay this loan by inclosing a stamp of the new style to Post-office Box 324, Salem, Mass."

This is something so out of the usual course, and so much above it, too, that I thought it worthy of mention. Besides, I understand the gentleman made several ineffectual attempts of the kind at other offices, but for some unknwn reason his kind offer was declined. How strange, in these days, such charitable purposes should go begging!

G. A. B.

For the Herald of Progress

A. J. DAVIS, ESQ., DEAR SIR: In sending you an item for your Moral Police Record, I will venture to take this favorable opportunity to say that I regard this department of your paper with very peculiar interest. It is of the first importance, in my estimation, and the continuing it a real necessity.

Of the many opportune features every now and then introduced into the columns of the HERALD, this is one of the most noticeable, and one eminently fitting its progressive character. Obviously the most attractive and *taking* way of proclaiming the beauty and duty of being happy, kind, good, benevolent, &c., is by illustration—first in our own lives, then in the lives of others; and the more of these moral pictures the better for us all. Indeed, it may be said, that, in proportion as we possess and profit by them, adding to our stock daily, are we the richer, more capable, and more blest.

The thought of giving to the world the credit and benefit of its own acts of goodness in such a form was born of that happy union, a fruitful mind with a kindly heart.

It is no more than simple justice that the world should thus receive what so properly belongs to it. It cannot well afford to lose never so small a portion of its fair fame. It is certain newspapers generally have no "plentiful lack" of *evil reports* to bring before the public respecting the doings of the world at large. It is the burden of their song. I do not believe, however, that tales or episodes of cruelty, heartlessness, and selfishness, should monopolize the place and part of newspaper story-telling. Who wants his soul to always sup on horrors? We all know how potent the influence of newspapers are for good or evil. Now to remedy the latter all we can, to neutralize its baneful effects, what more practical and radical way than to substitute *good* for *evil?*

The discovery of Truth, however desirable in itself, without proper application, is virtually of no advantage. A union of the two is essential to true advancement, to progress, and to harmony. In the application of Truth, with special reference to our social and moral conduct, this complying with the divine injunction, to overcome evil with good, is the most *philosophical* method known to man. If this is not so, what other system is so direct and effectual?

It is never inopportune to narrate the unselfish performance of any of earth's children, as "harm to none and good to some" is invariably the result. Unconsciously to ourselves, we thus give strength and encouragement to have these cases largely multiplied—

"For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along
Round the earth's electric circle the swift flash of right or wrong."

We are all the better and stronger for the knowledge of every kindly prompting, every good example, every noble thought expressed in deeds.

The "force of example" is proverbially effective and enduring. If it is considered indispensable then, for the benefit of our children, socially and morally, "to hold the mirror up to Nature," "to give line upon line and precept upon precept," surely it cannot be amiss for "children of larger growth" to be thus occasionally reminded and prompted.

In obedience to the dictates of our humanity, in virtue of that mysterious law of sympathy, the sacred tie which binds the race, and makes mankind a unit and the whole world kin, we cannot remain insensible, if we would; we cannot so belie our Mother Nature as not to be more or less affected for good by even a simple rehearsal of disinterested kindness. So the liberal publication of those acts which exhibit the better part of our nature, which illustrate the real and innate nobleness in man, making heart respond to heart the wide world o'er, cannot but result in good universally. Its tendency is sure to elevate and strengthen, to beautify and bless. A kind of inspiration is imparted to us on learning of every manifestation prompted by the great heart of humanity, every gracious act of kindness, every manly and womanly exhibition of character. We are all the better for being made acquainted with recurring instances of loyalty to truth and to the spirit of all good. We are lifted to higher planes of thought and feeling in knowing of the moral heroism, the magnanimity of soul, which grace the lives of certain men and women. To witness, as we sometimes do, the divine spirit in which daily duty is done, not unfrequently gives beatific visions of the infinite capabilities of man.

Coleridge truly says that we insensibly imitate what we habitually admire.

Like attracts like, as truly in morals as in medicine; and while this law exists, while goodness is natural to man, will its exhibition be contagious. The attractive force of this principle is all-powerful, almighty!

Realizing this, kind reader, let you and I, as individuals, in the circle of our respective sphere, more constantly and practically than heretofore, exercise the divine workings of this eternal law.

G. A. B.

BOSTON, June 23, 1862.

[From the Phrenological Journal.]

The Key Found.

PROPER TREATMENT OF THE VICIOUS.

Visiting one of the State-prisons a few years since, in company with the governor or superintendent, I was much interested by his remarks upon several of the convicts, their manifestations of character, and the effect upon them of the discipline to which they were subjected. Some were cheerful at labor, and appeared to find it a relief from painful thought; others submitted to it patiently, but yet with evidence that it was irksome to their feelings, their habits—it was endured only, not welcomed. Others, again, were always reluctant, sometimes refractory at their toil; their faces wore a sullen expression, and they contrived a thousand expedients to retard the progress of their work, yet without exposing themselves to punishment by actual neglect or evidently willful perversion of duty. The conversation of the governor, suggested by these varieties of conduct and disposition, had an intrinsic interest, resulting from the clearness and sagacity of his views in relation to the varying elements with which he had to deal. I soon discovered that he was a quick and shrewd observer of men's minds; naturally endowed with a penetrating glance at the inward, sharpened and perfected by long practice, until it afforded him a knowledge that seemed almost intuitive. I perceived, too, by the demeanor of the convicts in his presence, that he exercised over them that quiet authority which superior power of intellect always commands. Their manner toward him, their very aspect and movement when he was among them, though indicating neither servile fear nor that shrinking avoidance which is generated by habitual harshness and severity, told more plainly than words could do that they knew him as their ruler; as one whose vigilance they could not elude or his authority resist, while yet they had nothing to apprehend from wanton severity or capricious tyranny. He had not been very long in the prison, and report said that his predecessor, though an upright and well-meaning man, had been so lacking in decision and tenacity of purpose, that, under his control, the institution had become very much disorganized; but whatever the faults of the previous administration had been, and however injurious they had proved to the moral and physical discipline required in such a condition of society, I needed not the evidence of general commendation to assure me that under its present head the prison was governed and controlled with perhaps as near an approach as it is possible to the difficult attainment of the two desired objects in all penal institutions—punishment and reformation—punishment for the good of the community at large, as a means of deterring others from the commission of crime, and reformation for the good of the individual criminal.

In the course of our progress through the various wards and workshops, the governor requested me, as we were approaching one large apartment, to take especial notice of the person whom he should call when we had entered, and from whom he should ask an explanation of the process carried on in that part of the prison. I of course complied, and soon found myself listening to the intelligent remarks of a man apparently about thirty or thirty-five years old, well-made, of middle hight, and strongly marked, though far from unhandsome features. His eyes, of a rich, bright hazel, were yet singularly soft and mild in their expression, contrasting remarkably enough with that of his mouth, which betokened an uncommon degree of energy and firmness; the lips, though well formed, closing upon each other with a fixedness than which nothing could more plainly indicate strong will and self-reliance. The character of the face and head generally was good—such as to please both the physiognomist and the phrenologist, who would respectively pronounce the features and developments attractive.

What struck me particularly, however, were the appearances of personal attachment to the governor that rather escaped from him occasionally than were exhibited. They were perceptible in the tone of his voice, in his look of affectionate respect, in the air of delighted but deferential interest with which he listened when the governor addressed him; perhaps more than all in the eager alacrity with which he hastened to afford any explanation requested by the latter on my behalf; for the room in which we were was occupied by machines of various kinds, employed in the formation or preparation of different fabrics, and from the tenor of the questions addressed to him, and of his answers, I judged that the man of whom I speak was to some extent charged with their management or superintendence. At all events, he appeared to understand them thor-

oughly, and his explanations of their nature, their construction and performances, were singularly intelligent and satisfactory, adding much to the interest with which I had been inspired by his appearance and manner.

It may be supposed that after we had left him, and were on our way to another part of the prison, I inquired with some eagerness whether there was anything peculiar or remarkable in his history, and the answer I received was substantially as follows:

"That man, when I first took charge of the prison, was the veriest black sheep of the whole flock. His sentence was fourteen years, of which three had elapsed, and my predecessor, when he turned the prisoners over to me, assured me that he had less trouble with all the others than with him; that he was incorrigible and utterly unmanageable. The utmost severity of punishment had been inflicted on him to no purpose; neither hunger, nor stripes, nor the shower, nor solitary confinement, nor kindness, nor expostulation, had an effect upon his indomitable temper. His sentence was for an aggravated and wanton assault with intent to kill, which he barely failed to accomplish; and this was but the last of several, in the perpetration of which he had exhibited a ferocity, a recklessness and desperate courage that made his name actually a terror to the police as well as to the frequenters of the low haunts where he was generally to be found. The same violent and indomitable spirit he had exhibited ever since his arrival at the prison. Coercion seemed only to harden him, and gentle means were but wasted on his obduracy. Work he would not, except at intervals when he was in the humor; his fellow prisoners all stood in awe of him, and even the keepers were reluctant to meddle with him, three of them having at different times sustained severe personal injury at his hands in attempts to subdue his refractory spirit. In short, according to the account of my predecessor, Harding—for that is his name—was more like a wild beast than a human being, and, like a wild beast, ought to be shut up in a cage, where he could do no mischief; to repeat the expression made use of to me, he was as untameable as a hyena, and deserved no better than a hyena's treatment.

"I do not mean to compliment my own sagacity, but I will say that I could not help doubting the entire accuracy of all this. I had had plentiful experience of refractory convicts in other prisons—had had occasion to deal with depraved and brutal men in almost every conceivable variety of wickedness—and I had never yet found one for whom there were not *some* available means of correction and reformation, if we could but find them out.

"This man, I felt confident, had a heart—a human heart, with true sympathies and right emotions; but it was locked up, and nobody had been able to discover the key that should lay it open. Perhaps, in the course of his short but violent and stormy life—for then he was but little beyond the age of legal manhood—no one had fallen in his way who would have been willing to apply the key, had it been in his possession; I could easily conceive that a childhood and youth of neglect and hardship, without sympathy, without the softening influence of care or kindness, without joys or pleasures, except the most sensual and base, might have been the ferocious manhood of brutal and desperate ferocity. You have seen Harding, and can understand me when I say that his features seemed even then to indicate the existence of better elements within than were believed to form his character; I felt assured that with a countenance so befitting a man was not associated the nature of a beast, and I resolved to spare no pains for the education and development of that nature of a man which I believed to exist beneath his outward show of heartlessness and depravity.

"My first step was to watch him carefully, yet in such a way as not to excite in him suspicions of my observance. I noted heedfully his actions, his manner, his countenance—at work and at meals, in the chapel and when allowed to exercise in the prison-yard—in every situation I brought him to view I studied his appearance and bearing with unremitting vigilance. Whether it was that report of my success in governing other prisons had reached him, and produced some effect of apprehension even on his obdurate disposition, or that he felt the influence of the quiet but energetic regularity which pervaded the prison, I know not; but it so happened that for some weeks he was unusually peaceable and diligent, performing his tasks in the workshop well and cheerfully, and giving no annoyance to his fellow-prisoners; and the consequence was, that I had no occasion to hold direct communication with him. I was not sorry for this, as it gave me ample time for the watchful observance to which I have alluded; and, perhaps, all the results I could expect from it had been attained, when at length some neglect or violation of duty on his part made it proper for me to notice him personally. I was careful, however, not to engage in conversation with him, to ask no question, for my object was merely, by a few words of admonition, to suggest rather than announce that the treatment he might expect from me was to combine the resolute and undeviating firmness of control with the kindness of sympathizing humanity. I wished him to draw this inference from my manner of speaking—grave, earnest, indicative not so much of determination to be obeyed as of assurance that to be disobeyed was impossible; but carefully divested of harshness or the least appearance of resentment. This was the lesson I wished him to receive and ponder, and I had reason to believe that my object was accomplished.

"But I will not take up your time by going into the detail of my various experiments upon Harding, and their results. Suffice it to say, that in the course of five or six months I became convinced of the truth of my original impression, that there was something more and better in him than had been supposed; but as yet this conviction was the only good fruit of my endeavors. He was still willful, intractable, and sometimes fearfully violent; punishment was still thrown away upon him, and so sure was I that it even aggravated his faults of temper, that I regretted the necessity of inflicting it for the sake of maintaining the general discipline of the prison. I made some important discoveries, however, in relation the course of early life, which, as I had from the first suspected, had been largely instrumental in the formation of his character. In his furious moods he would often let fall expressions, disjointed indeed, but capable of being put together and wrought into a connection full of significance. They generally took the form of maledictions and reproaches upon society—upon mankind at large—for cruelty and injustice of which he had been the victim; and from them, as reported to me by the keepers, I gathered that his father, an Englishman, had been transported for a crime of which, after his death at Van Dieman's Land, he had been ascertained to be innocent; that his mother, coming to America, had died in prison of a jail-fever while detained as a witness merely; and that himself, thus left an orphan when little more than a child, had struggled on to manhood through penury, and suffering, and evil companionships, and temptations of the coarsest and most debasing kind, such as are but too much incident to the career of indigent and neglected orphanhood in the squalid haunts of all large cities.

"I ascertained, moreover, by inquiries of the police in the city where his life had been passed, that no crime had ever been alleged against him, except those acts of violence which at last brought him to the prison. He had figured repeatedly in the annals of the criminal department as a rowdy, a ruffian, a leader in riots and aggravated breaches of the peace, but never as a thief, a shoplifter, a burglar, or in any other grade of felonious rascality. This was encouraging; and still more so were accounts that had reached me of several instances in which Harding had been known to exhibit a sort of rude and reckless generosity, not out of keeping with the darker features of his character. I felt more and more assured that there must be a way of reclaiming him; but I was still forced to acknowledge that as yet I had made little or no substantial progress toward the discovery of that way.

"At length, however, a fortunate accident befriended me. I had conceived the idea, and was strongly impressed with its truth, that if Harding could be made to feel himself useful, a great step would be gained. My theory was, that want of self-respect—the failing of a generous nature perverted by circumstances—was the root of his depravity; and that if he could be induced to believe there was good in him capable of being called into action profitable to his fellow-men, this belief might without much difficulty be nurtured so as to bring forth abundant fruit.

"It happened one day that he was called in to assist, with others, under the direction of the engineer, in putting together a new piece of machinery; that is, he and the other convicts, three or four of them, were required to lift and place in certain positions various parts of the engine, while the constructor adjusted them and applied the fastenings. I observed that Harding, who had been for some days in a remarkably good humor, bestowed much attention upon the putting together of the machinery, and seemed to be interested in its construction and object, as one who understood them. While the others merely did what was required of them with careless indifference, his eyes closely followed the movements of the engineer; and I noticed that when the latter two or three times made a trial movement of a principal wheel, Harding quickly turned his attention to another part of the machine, where the effect was to be looked for, showing that he comprehended the principle of its action.

"My plan was quickly formed, and circumstances took just the turn most favorable to its application. There was something wrong in the engine, something had been omitted or misplaced in its construction, and it did not work to the satisfaction of the engineer. Repeated trials were made to remedy the defect, whatever it was, but still the same check occurred when the wheels were put in motion. You may suppose that I watched Harding more vigilantly than I did the machine, and I was delighted at perceiving that he seemed to be as deeply interested in the matter as the professional machinist. His eyes followed every movement of the latter, and it was evident from the intent expression of his countenance that everything but the engine and the difficulty was forgotten. At length there was a flash of the eye—a lighting up of all the features—succeeded in a moment by an earnest and thoughtful gaze at one part of the engine, whence I inferred, and rightly, that Harding had conjectured the cause of the failure and was seeking to verify his idea. Stepping to his side quietly, and looking for a few moments at the spot on which his attention was fixed, I said, in a kind of abstracted way, and rather as if thinking aloud than addressing myself purposely to him: 'What can be the matter with this thing? Can't you find it out, Harding? I dare say it is some very slight defect, which could be remedied in ten minutes.' If I had spoken in any other way, it is probable that his thoughts would have been recalled to our relative positions; but my remark had so casual and matter-of-course an air—conveyed so perfectly the idea that I was thinking only of the machine, and chimed in so well with his own similar pre-occupation—that he continued to forget the prison, the governor, and his own position as convict; and he proceeded at once to point out what he supposed to be the cause of the difficulty. He was right; the engineer saw in a moment what was wanted, and again, most fortunately for the success of my effort, acknowledged the fact with a brief but hearty expression of thanks to Harding for his discovery. Sir, the key was found to the true and better nature of the man. The gratification he felt at that moment in the consciousness of having rendered a valuable service, aided no doubt by some uprising of self-esteem at his sagacity and success where a skillful machinist had been baffled, afforded all that I wanted for his regeneration, as I may call it. My course with him henceforth was clear, though requiring much caution ank skillful management. I had but to encourage and develop to full action his feeling of self-respect, perhaps now called into existence, but certainly for the first time fostered and rightly guided. By slight occasional allusions to his acuteness, made incidentally and as if merely suggested by some occurrence of the moment, I not only kept alive in his mind the recollection of the pleasant feeling he had experienced, but at length induced him to express a wish for employment in the machine department, for which he had evidently a natural aptitude, and the promptness with which I acceded to his wish, aided by an encouraging, half jocular remark upon the certainty of his becoming a skillful engineer, put him in precisely the right frame of mind for working out all the good which I had hoped and expected. Henceforth his progress was rapid and scarcely interrupted. You have seen him the foreman of the machine department, in which he has introduced several very ingenious and valuable improvements; you have seen him grateful, gentle, assiduous, and self-respecting; and I have only to add, that when he receives the pardon which I have solicited for him, though society will gain a useful member, I shall lose my most excellent and esteemed assistant."

Such was the story related to me by the humane and judicious governor of a state-prison—a man who had sagacity to perceive and a heart to feel that even in the most perverted nature there might be a germ of good still subsisting, which needed only gentle and wise culture to quicken and expand, and ultimately bring forth golden fruit. Let parents learn a lesson from this narrative.

Progressive Conventions.

"A Progressive Convention is the mouth-piece of mental liberty. In the absence of freedom of Speech all our other rights are in jeopardy. Free Conventions are to America what tides and waves are to the ocean."

For the Herald of Progress.

A Report

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, AT ST. CHARLES, ILL.

[A large congregation was in attendance throughout the meeting, besides a large gathering of the people of St. Charles and the country roundabout. There were delegations from Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, and most parts of Illinois—some came two hundred miles to be present. I am told by residents here that the number in attendance was four times larger than there ever had been at a festival here before. The interest in the exercises seemed to increase up to the time of the final adjournment. Taken all in all, this gathering of the Friends of Progress cannot but be productive of great good.

A. B. WHITING, Reporter.]

The annual Festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society at St. Charles was opened on July 4th, at eleven o'clock, by the choice of the following officers:

Hon. S. S. Jones, of St Charles, President; C. H. Waterman, Esq., of Chicago, Judge W. A. Boardman, of Waukegan, S. H. Todd, of Geneva, and Miss Blossom, of New York, Vice Presidents; A. B. Whiting, of Albion, Mich., Mrs. Dr. Stillman, of Dewit, Iowa, and D. P. Daniels, of Independence, Iowa, Secretaries.

After the Festival was duly organized, the following programme and rules for governing the Festival were unanimously adopted:

This Festival shall be opened in conference at 8½ o'clock in the morning of each day; 1 P. M. and 5 in the evening.

The Festival shall be opened for stated lectures, by select speakers, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and 2 P. M. and 7 in the evening.

The regular hours of adjournment shall be at 12 M and 4 P. M., for dinner and supper.

A *free platform* shall be maintained through the Festival for the full and free expression of thought upon all subjects deemed advisable by the speaker—the speaker only responsible for the views uttered, subject to the ordinary rules of decorum; but all speakers shall be limited to fifteen minutes' time, in conference, and no person shall speak the third time at the same conference, if any other person shall signify a desire to speak.

The Declaration of Independence was then read by H. A. Jones, Esq., at the close of which, A. J. Higgins, of Chicago, gave a patriotic song, accompanied with music on the melodeon.

The following opening address was then given by the President:

OPENING ADDRESS OF S. S. JONES.

FELLOW CITIZENS, FRIENDS, BRETHREN: Once again I welcome you to the festivities of the Religio-Philosophical Society—a Society formed for the promulgation of the great and glorious principles of the Harmonial Philosophy—the religion of Father God and Mother Nature. Welcome, welcome, a thrice happy welcome, to the "feast of reason and flow of soul" that awaits all who will sit down with us and partake of the rich viands of truth that decorate our well-spread table.

A free platform is here presented for all who desire to give utterance to the burning thoughts that well up in their inmost souls as the highest conceptions of truth.

We come up here for a feast of reason and the elevation of human character. We have no idle ceremonies to perform to captivate the superficial and ignorant devotees of a false system of theology.

The age of reason is being ushered in, like the morning sun, which arises in the east and sends forth his refulgent rays to bedeck the day, first illuminating and invigorating those objects which are upon the mountain-summits and hill-tops, and afterwards, as he ascends in the eastern horizon, those objects that are in the valleys become in turn illuminated and invigorated, until at length he reaches his meridian hight, when his vertical rays descend into the deepest pits and darkest caverns. So with the refulgent rays of spiritual truth. Those who stand upon the watch-towers and in the vanguard of rationalism and free thought, catch the glorious rays of divine truth, as manifested through the sublime workings of Mother Nature.

To-day we mount one of the highest eminences that mortal man ever ascended, with aspirations most intense, to catch the glorious inspiration that leaps forth from the bosom of the Divine Mind, and fills all to the full extent of each one's individual capacity.

This broad and free platform is erected, and will be boldly maintained, for the revelation of just such inspirations as the receiver shall be capable of imparting.

Chaste and respectful language is the proper vehicle for the conveyance of thought, without which, burning thoughts of living truth will not find audience and be treasured up by the anxious listeners, whose souls are famishing for the bread of life.

We have not come up here to measure every speaker in our little finely-graduated measures, and if they perchance fall a few grains short, or run as brimful and a plentiful shower over, to reject and contemn with vile vituperations and slander foul. Nay; the true philosopher knows right well that no two minds think exactly alike on all subjects any more than all look exactly alike. Then we should no sooner contemn others for not thinking just as we do upon all subjects than we should contemn ourselves for not thinking just as they do.

We know, all of us, that, but a few short years ago none of us thought and believed then as we do now upon the subject of spirit-intercourse. A great and radical change has come over us.

But can we cry, Eureka! Eureka! without admitting that we have aspirations to find still more, still greater and more sublime truths? which aspirations are philosophical evidences that a greater and higher mount of knowledge lies just before us, to be ascended as soon as we pass the valley we now are in. Then shall we contemn the free-born mind who is scaling that mount and reaching out his friendly hand to us, and beckoning us on with smiles and cheers, while his soul glows and burns with the fires of everlasting truths which he inhales with every breath, as he beholds the beauty of the new landscape-scenery bursting upon his admiring vision.

While we, my Brethren, have been scaling the mount of spiritual knowledge, and, by the aid of tiny raps and higher phases of spiritual manifestations, have held sweet communion with dearly beloved fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, or children, who, a few years, months, or days ago, passed from this sphere of life and from our vision—I say while we have held sweet communion with these dear ones, who have so often assured us that they are not "dead," but that *they yet live and love us*, and that they live in a world of love and light, and that it is their especial mission to watch over and guard us, and in our quiet and passive moments to "whisper" sweet evangels of love to our innermost souls, and exert every power of their more highly illuminated minds to inspire us with still stronger aspirations for spiritual and real interior growth—I say, my friends, that, while we have held this sweet communion with the inhabitants of the spirit world, all skeptics upon the subject of spiritual communion have stood aloof and contemned you and your faith, and laughed at and scorned your researches, as evidence positive of the feebleness of your intellect, or as signs of approaching insanity—aye, worse than that: the poor, miserably dwarfed souls, that never had the satisfaction of feeling a high and lofty thought fresh from the supernal spheres, piercing the crowning element of their innermost souls, judged you from *their own standpoint*, and surmise that you are guilty of all that they so often practice. They differ with you in opinion, and judge you and your faith in Spiritualism as immoral, and your teachings upon that subject as unfit to be discussed in popular churches—aye, or even in unpopular churches. Again I repeat, they differ with you in opinion. They think such *radical subjects* are unfit for refined society. They wish it to be distinctly understood that they do not in any manner fellowship *Spiritualism* in any of its phases, and they wonder that good society will tolerate it. Poor starving souls! How I pity them—sitting by the side of a table laden with the richest viands, with their eyes closed, swearing that they can see no bread nor other food! It is but a few years since you stood right there, many of you.

Popular churches, popular creeds, popular sentiments, popular insignificance, held many a timid, trembling soul, until some accidental cause operated to produce favorable conditions for some loved father, mother, brother, sister, or dear child, who had passed to the higher life, to manifest and prove to you that they yet lived and loved you. For the declaration of this blessed *truth* you have been cast overboard, Jonah-like, because you are no longer fit to belong to the Church! You had become a Spiritualist!

But this casting overboard, however painful the ordeal, was the dawning of a new and brighter day in your life; from that valley of darkness you have come up and are now ascending the mount of rationalism. Instead of dogmas and creeds, or a sickish catering to insipid popular ignorance, you boldly drink in the great truths of the Harmonial Philosophy, and listen to the free utterances of truths from the various standpoints of our fellow-travelers as they wend their way onward and upward, never doubting but they are as honest as yourselves in their convictions and experiences.

We come here to listen to the highest conceptions of truth that our fellow-travelers have to impart. If we hear nothing but what we now believe and know, we shall not be any wiser for coming here. If we hear utterances that we do not now believe, couched in respectful and chaste language, we shall receive food for thought which will enter into our very spiritual organization, and contribute to its healthy growth and unfoldment, even as variety in physical food contributes to the growth and development of our physical bodies.

Then let no Brother or Sister fear a *free platform*; but come up to the "feast of reason" as you would to a well-spread table, with a keen appetite. The host at your hotel does not expect each guest that sits down to his table to take the bill of fare and eat of every dish to a surfeit till he eats "through the bill." Such a glutton would entirely incapacitate himself to judge of the new and rare dishes set before him. That would be as ridiculous as it would for one guest to insist that all the rest should dine exclusively upon salad done up in a thick batter of sweet oil and mustard, because he, forsooth, had found it so pungent and good to start the tears. Why, my friends, to talk here on this platform all the time during a three-days' festival upon the subject of spirit-communion, and tell of the communications we have had from our departed friends, would be like dining upon the mustard-salad, good to open the lachrymal glands, to be sure, but when we got through and started home, I think we should feel weak in the knees and long for substantial nourishment, for high philosophical principles that lie at the basis of practical life, human freedom and happiness.

My friends, the great cause of free thought and free speech is taking a deep and firm hold of the minds of humanity. "The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." Quiet and repose are easy, and the sluggard loves sleep! The brave, bold thinker, like the lion in the morning, that goes forth with a stately tread and majestic mien, fully realizing that he is monarch of the animal kingdom, feels that he has a fire enkindled and burning upon the altar of his own soul, which will burn up and consume all opposition. He goes forth in the full consciousness that all error is fleeting and transitory; and when he hears the crackling of the burning faggots, and feels the hot, scorching winds, that blow over the crumbling and consuming rubbish, he rejoices in anticipation of the clear, productive ground that will be thereby brought into use. So, when we look abroad, and behold the terrible turmoil, strife, and convulsion, which the agitation of thought upon the subject of the intrinsic *equality in the germinal principles of man*, and of his duty to unfold, by all the instrumentalities in his power, those germinal principles in his fellow-man, of whatever nation or kindred he may be upon the face of the whole earth, and whatever suffering, aye, excruciating pain, and heart-rendings, poor humanity may endure in passing the terrible ordeals—we rejoice to know that those glorious principles which the fathers of our nation in solemn council, eighty-six years ago to-day—and which you have just heard read—uttered to the then astonished world, will, after the subsiding of the now terrible storm, shine forth with a beauty and brilliancy, and with a practical utility that was never anticipated by the most sanguine, save and except in the purely ideal.

Great God, hasten the day! Let the tide roll on and speedily pass by, and let the clear dry ground appear for the more beautiful edifice to be erected upon!

But for our philosophical hopes and a knowledge that the tides of progression never flow backwards, leaving stagnant waters and mire in their wake, the heart would sicken at the terrible scene that America's civil war is now presenting to the gaze of the world.

But as I stand here on this glorious Fourth of July, I feel the inspiration which teaches me that the fathers of our noble republic still live and have a hand in affairs! and that, by the inspiration of heaven, they will not permit the old ship of state to founder nor *rot* upon the foundation which they laid. No; all things will be done well. The body politic had become corrupt and diseased. It could not be renovated and cleansed without prostrating it and bringing it to the very gates of physical dissolution.

Such ordeals in every department of the wide domain of Nature are in accordance with the will of the Divine Mind, as is witnessed in all the convulsions of earth or air, and which, in all time past, have resulted in producing higher and better conditions, whatever may have been the suffering occasioned thereby! Patriotic blood is being poured out like water to cleanse and purify this glorious old ship of state, which has become contaminated by the accumulating filth imposed by bad men during the last half century, just as blood is used to cleanse and bring forth the pure white sugar from the black and turbid syrup!

But now a stream of light is being let in, which will cleanse the Augean Stable. When this terrible storm shall have passed, a new and higher form of government will be unfolded from the experienced minds of our statesmen, which will attract the gaze of an admiring world. We who have for the last few years held sweet communion with those glorious intelligences who once lived, as we now live, in the midst of turmoil and deadly strife, and established religious and political freedom, but who long since passed to the higher life, but who still take a deep interest in our governmental affairs, have been warned of and made acquainted with the terrible scenes which are now being enacted—aye, and have been assured, too, of the happy termination of the terrible conflict, though it may not come so speedily as the impatient may desire. Yes, my auditors, the glorious anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence will be celebrated by countless millions yet unborn, whose hearts will burn with patriotic fire, and who will catch the holy inspiration from the lovers of human freedom, then in the supernal spheres, and with eloquence divine, which shall captivate the youths of ages yet in the future, and teach them to love and revere the memory of the fathers of the great and mighty republic that shall then overspread this vast continent. The germ of human freedom which they planted on America's fertile soil, and which is now being watered by the free flowing blood of patriots, *our fathers and brothers*, will have unfolded until the shadows of its peaceful outspread branches shall extend from pole to pole, enveloping the whole earth, in its congenial shade, and its delicious fruits shall be food for the universe.

We, the devotees of the Harmonial Philosophy, see in this, the darkest hour of our beloved country, the near dawning of a brighter day than was ever yet the lot of the inhabitants of earth to enjoy.

Stirring patriotic addresses were then made by E. V. Wilson, of Chicago, and Mrs. Wiltsie, of Wisconsin. A very beautiful poem was delivered by Mrs. H. A. Jones—subject, "The Battle-Fields of To-day." Music and song by Higgins. An improvised poem by A. B. Whiting—subject, "Voice of the Spirit to the Nations," closed the exercises of the day.

After which a pic-nic dinner and music and dancing on the greensward *closed the festivities of the occasion.*

SATURDAY MORNING.

Opened in conference—President Jones in the chair.

MRS. DR. STILLMAN spoke of the "laws of health and disease"—of the baleful effect of tobacco and drugs generally—even in the church. You see ministers preaching up religion with their mouths crammed full of this pernicious weed. They may pray, but what is the use of prayer unless you labor to obtain what you pray for. Again, all kind of brutes are eaten by man, even little singing birds do not escape his rapacity! When will man learn that the vegetable kingdom contains the only fit food for man?

MRS. MORSE indorsed what the preceding speakers had said. For the last twelve years she had taught that the highest development was a "sound mind in a sound body." Was satisfied that the present generation must pass away without living this great truth.

MR. HIGGINS spoke in favor of "dress reform." He said few could advocate practical unpopular reforms without losing their support. In ancient times it was supposed that

woman was only a "weaker vessel." Now we live to see the female character and appreciate it. They prove the powers of woman to be equal with man. Tobacco and other drugs are deleterious in their effect, though they soothe the nerves of some, and make them tranquil and stupid. The only bread fit for man to eat can be made with three ingredients: Graham flour, water, and air.

Mr. Kellogg said: I suppose the majority of this audience came here this morning to hear about Spiritualism instead of Bloomerism, brown bread, and potatoes. I want to talk on the subject of Spiritualism. I love the idea that the departed dead are around us and can communicate. Have we not been cheered by their presence, raising our aspirations and preparing us for a future life? Men generally talk on the subject they think of most. When our minds are drawn towards our spirit friends we call on mediums for the purpose of establishing the great truth of their existence firmly in our own minds. When thoroughly convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, our theology becomes immediately changed. Do not destroy, then, by fanaticism, the little interest all mankind have for spiritual investigation.

Mr. Dayton said: I know my brother who has just spoken. He has grown greatly within the last two years. Once he was doubly-dyed in orthodoxy; now he begins to see his way out of the fog. The human spirit passes away to another world as it lived here; and if the body is gross it will enter the spirit-world in that condition. I am in favor of dress reform and a vegetable diet. Fogyism cannot harm these reforms. I like to see physical and spiritual reforms go together. Spiritualism teaches you of a life on earth and that you possess bodily forms after death. I am a radical abolitionist, and go for abolishing *all forms* of slavery. The American people are great cowards on the negro question. If the Confederates want to take Washington let them send an army of negroes and the government officials will run, *President and all!* I do not expect my radical notions will be carried out in society at present, but I can enjoy them in spirit.

Mr. Wilson said: We have heard a great many different opinions here upon different subjects, but, having a hard head, they don't any of them hurt me. Some people talk of being disgusted; have attended all kinds of orthodox meetings, and are disgusted with the whole of them. Some people talk of being disgusted by the radicals. I can stand them all. I am in favor of the reform dress. There are in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, ingredients that go to make up the physical organization of man, and can be appropriately used by him.

The hour having arrived for the regular morning lecture it was given by Miss Howe, inspirational speaker. She spoke of the natural character of spiritual influences, and their adaptation to the wants of different classes of minds. Man never made a truth—he only discovers it. God is truth, and we behold his power in all of Nature's unfoldments. What is worship? Adoration and devotion to some thing or person whom we look upon as superior to ourselves. Whatever we worship, we obey. All nations, however idolatrous, have made some idea of the one and only true God. The Mosaic idea of God was the highest development of that age. When Jesus came, a higher form was revealed by him. Unto him was delegated the sublime duty of bringing man to a knowledge of a higher and better idea of God. Nothing is new, everything is old. It only changes its outer garb. The God-principle is eternal, but the form in which man has robed it must pass away. The time is coming when man will see the folly of worshiping forms, civil, social, or religious. Do not worship systems, but live up to principles.

The morning exercises were concluded by an impromptu poem by Mr. Whiting.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

Festival opened in conference. The President made a few remarks touching the principles and basis of the Religio-Philosophical Society, urging the necessity of general organization for business purposes only. That all tendency to fossilization should be carefully avoided by Spiritualists; that no person should be required to subscribe to opinions of others; and that all persons should be at liberty to join or withdraw from any organization, as their own judgment should dictate. Order and strict observance of the laws of the land are necessary in all of the different departments of life, but every person should be their own judge in matters of religion.

After a song by A. J. Higgins, Mr. Kellogg said: A man may deceive himself and imagine he is progressing, when, in reality, he is not; but the truth of Spiritualism tends to elevate the soul. We have been taught that the dead went to some far-off world, but now we know that there is no death. We are in eternity to-day just as much as we ever shall be. We should be careful not to reject *ancient* Spiritualism as revealed in the Bible. When you converse with your spirit friends, you become somewhat like Paul, who saw the angel and heard his voice from on high.

Mr. Hopkins said: I understand the last speaker to say he believes in retrogression. Now I consider him one of the very best proofs of progression. He has come entirely out of orthodoxy in the last two years. This free platform is another great evidence or proof of human progression. [The speaker then gave a reminiscence of his early labors and the persecutions he received as a trance speaker.]

Song by Mr. Higgins.

Mrs. Munn, trance medium, said: Thank God for this glorious time when we can look with joy on the scenes of the day, and look forward to the time when man shall be free from priestcraft and tyranny. The time has come when man can comprehend the high destiny that is in store for him. Grasp, then, and hold the truth you already possess, and seek for more. Scan well every thought that appears, no matter what its source, and accept only that which is just and in accordance with reason.

Mr. Higgins said: All acts and deeds of human life were done under spirit control, but not necessarily by spirits *out* of the form. The regular lecture of the session was then given by Mrs. Wiltsie, of Wisconsin, trance speaker. She prefaced her discourse by a beautiful invocation, commencing: "O thou angel of Wisdom! draw near us, and bring the light of truth, that inspiration may come and pour its never-failing rays into our souls." The subject of the discourse was, "The Human Atmosphere, or Magnetism." Every human being carries with him an atmosphere that can be detected, aye, positively felt by sensitive persons. Each individual carries with him a magnetism by which he is known. He cannot crush out or wholly cover up his true character. He will be recognized by his surroundings. Man can only know himself by a comparison with other minds, and should study to develop his mind in a knowledge of truth. True religion teaches you to save the world from error and lead mankind onward to happiness by a purification of the soul atmosphere, and not through creeds and forms. Freedom is the religion that shall lead the world to know the right and to live it out. Ignorance and superstition would lull man to sleep, and say: "Let his repose be deep and solemn." True religion awakes him to a knowledge of himself and destiny. Must man suffer and make every conceivable sacrifice for his fellow beings? Some say, No! There is no such thing as sacrifice in work for humanity; 'tis but the path of duty—the sure road to happiness. Spiritualism does not teach man to be uncharitable, but to speak his highest convictions of right in a chaste, friendly, and proper manner. Man need not dig down into the depths of old religious lore, but he should penetrate deep into the depths of his own soul, to bring up the buried treasures that lie hidden there. Then let your spiritual aroma be brightened by a charity that shall extend to all, both high and low, rich and poor. Then man will no longer ask Where is God? for his own spirit will answer, "He is here."

Mr. Whiting then improvised a poem—subject, "Be True to Thyself"—which closed the services of that session.

SATURDAY EVENING.

The President being absent, Mrs. Morse took the stand and made some remarks on woman's mission and "the good time coming."

Mrs. Messenger spoke on "Man as Woman's Physician," and the benefits of the Bloomer dress, coarse food, &c., &c.

Dr. Woodbury spoke of the importance of taking care of the body, and of its worth in this world. He would let the next life take care of itself.

After a song by Mr. Higgins, E. V. Wilson gave the regular discourse of the session—subject: "God and the Bible, Nature and Nature's Progress." He said: Spirit asks no battle, save between truth and error—no battle-field, except this *free platform*. We ask you to contrast the God of Nature and his infinite revealments with the puny, feeble, and contradictory creations of human ignorance. We bring to you an individual reward. We say to you there is room on earth and in heaven for all mankind and all their conflicting opinions. Blessed be eternal truth! The day is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Lord. Isaiah said, "Seek for the living unto the dead." Peter indorsed these sentiments; so did Jesus when he went and preached to the old antediluvian spirits who were in the prison-house of darkness that they might make progress. We say unto you to-day, though we are condemned we shall continue to stir you up, even though you may yet be in the smoke and flame of old theology.

[The speaker closed his discourse by a witty and sarcastic picture of hell and the condition of the dead according to old theology.]

SUNDAY MORNING.

Festival called to order by Judge Boardman, Vice President.

A. B. Whiting then read the following letter from Mrs. M. M. Daniels, editress of the *Rising Tide*, Independence, Iowa.

INDEPENDENCE, June 22, 1862.

Friends of Progress: I see by the *Banner of Light* that the Yearly Meeting of the Religio-Philosophical Society will commence on the 4th of July. On seeing this notice it made me feel sad, yet it excited in me pleasant emotions, for with much pleasure do I remember the meeting I attended there last summer, yet sad, as I did contemplate being with you on the next occasion; but the call being fixed some two or three months earlier than I had anticipated, makes it impossible for me to be present. I am heartily sorry, as I had looked forward to another "feast of fat things" with the good people of St. Charles. To meet old and true friends, as well as to form new ones, scattering thoughts, mingling feelings with each other on life's journey towards the "Summer Land."

Dear friends, I send a hearty greeting to you all, and hope the brave and true words that will be spoken may enter the innermost temples of the souls of many persons during the annual festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society. May the beautiful thought-flowers of the soul expand and extend their tendrils, clasping the lone and bereaved ones in the arms of love and charity.

The agitation of thought on such occasions as you are about to enter produces a blending of feeling and brings mankind together on a more extended and friendly platform. Some pretend to say that agitation produces bitter feeling and the result is injurious. Not so. It is just as necessary that we should have this agitation of mind sweeping over our country, both religiously and morally, as it is that we should have the sweeping tornado. It purifies the atmosphere, and the bright beams of truth shine more gloriously than before. By agitation, the lowest, the most unprogressed, will outgrow their eccentricities, and the guardian angel will descend and impress principles of righteousness as a signet upon their brow. Fear not, then, agitation, for right will come uppermost!

The principle "whatever is, is right," some think is pernicious, and ought not to be discussed; but there is a truth there that cannot be gainsaid. It shines out more brightly by controversy; it is a subject that demands attention and cannot be avoided; it is agitating the ocean of mind, and will still continue to agitate, till all can step into the pool of perfect charity and be healed. And I hope when I read the proceedings of your meeting to find thet it has been a theme of agitation among you; also that the utterances be strong and firm in maintenance of woman's rights and marriage laws, and against every social wrong, probing to the very center, at whatever cost it may be to the sensitive feelings of those present. If we but look at things in their true light we will find there is a nobler and a higher part in the drama of life than that of pleasing those who may chance to hear us give expression to what appears to us to be truth. How I love these meetings of Reformers! and I know of no place where the claims of humanity are more righteously and virtuously set forth than at these meetings; they do so much towards rectifying and exterminating the superstitions and bigotry of the age; I give you a God-speed in helping to remove the monster which so many people have courted instead of true religion.

Seeing I could not be present in person to coöperate with you, I think you would be glad to hear how the cause of Spiritualism is progressing in this part of Iowa. Spiritualism is gaining ground here. Liberalism is entering stealthily the hearts of the most orthodox, like a thief in the night, and they perceive it not. Hoping that you will have a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," and that all great topics pertaining to human welfare will have a hearing, I am, your colaborer in Reform,

M. M. Daniels.

The President then made a few remarks of approval of the noble sentiments of the letter.

Mr. Dunton believed "marriage and divorce," and all other subjects, were equally sacred and proper subjects for discussion. Likewise all days, places, and ceremonies. "Whatever is, is right" may be profitably considered. Recommended fasting and prayer as a means of purification, and said the time is at hand when all will see the need of a better acquaintance with the laws of our being.

Mr. Dayton said: what would we do if it were not for sin. It was the savior of the world; and the sinner is, in *one sense*, the reformer. Were it not for these lower conditions, where would be the beautiful action of the law of progress? Spiritualism cannot go down, though I am in not favor of paying mediums to keep it up. Where there is the least money there is the most inspiration. I have preached a free gospel a great many years; will not preach any other. The idea of reform is good, but the reform principle must be within. Sin, crime, and sorrow are necessary to man's salvation.

Mrs. Mann, entranced, made a short prayer, and then spoke of the necessity of enlarged views with regard to spiritual phenomena.

Mr. H. A. Jones said: He had a few words of confession to make. He had investigated Spiritualism for several years, and was at last converted to its truth. He related his experience the evening before with the celebrated Davenport boys, who were present at the Festival, and closed with an illustration of the beauties of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Dr. Stillman now gave a lecture on the "Laws of Health and Disease," which was listened to with marked attention, and many a firm resolve was taken in the vast audience to live a life more in accordance with the laws of physical harmony.

After a song by Mr. Higgins, a lecture was given by Miss Knox—subject, "The stone which the builders rejected has become the chief stone of the corner." Intelligence is that which reasons, looking to the past and present for causes, and to the future for great results. Spirituality is the life-power that exists in all things. The physical nature is that through which the spirit manifests itself externally. In ancient times, when the human soul was in its infancy, it erected on the earthly plain great and gorgeous temples in which to worship their respective gods. The great Jewish temple was so wonderfully fashioned that every stone fitted exactly in its proper place. They rejected a stone that seemed unfit for use, but more highly developed architects saw its beauty and utility—the key-stone of the arch. So also there has been an intelligence-house builded by man alone, in which woman has been rejected, and all the governments and institutions lacking this element have fallen. But in this, the afternoon of the nineteenth century, the architect's reason has come from the mountains of heaven to be the leader of the present age. Thank God for this glorious chieftain. Though by superstitions men he is despised as infidel, he is destined to be the chief stone of the corner. [She then spoke at length of the laws of life, birth, death, and the necessity of woman being elected to positions equal with man.]

SUNDAY AFTERNOON—CLOSING SESSION.

After a short session in conference, during which several speakers participated and spoke upon kindred subjects to those above reported, the closing lecture of the Festival was delivered by A. B. Whiting—subject, "The Mission of Spiritualism." What is the mission of Spiritualism? It is to inspire, to reveal, and to elevate. Inspiration is the thought of God. It permeates the universe. It is eternal—not confined to any age, sect, or order—not sealed up in a single volume. It always comes to man in accordance with his intellectual growth, affections, purity, and intuitional perceptions. Revelation is that which brings to man something unknown before. Education is the process of man's development. Then man must be continually inspired. Spiritualism reveals the truth of immortality—unknown before. Millions of minds owe all their knowledge thereof to modern Spiritualism. 'Tis true Nature teaches immortality by inference, but it remains for the departed dead, as they return through earthly media, to demonstrate it to an absolute certainty. Spiritualism reveals the fact that the next world is but a continuation of this—a world of progressive development. Spiritualism is as old as history itself. The ancient Egyptians, Persians, and Hindoos, were wont to call on and commune with the spirits of their ancestors, but their communications were in accordance with the age in which they lived and the development of the people to whom they were revealed.

Spiritualism comes to you to-day as the religion of the age; comes to write its revelations in the hearts of humanity; it has a message of love for all. To the mother, who has looked for the last time on the form of her dearly loved child, as she has seen it laid low in the ground, it whispers, "Your child still lives to be your guardian angel;" to the youth who has seen the dear sire who cherished him on earth laid in the cold embrace of the tomb, it speaks the glad language of continued life and affection, and unto all it brings words of consolation and instruction. Already it has accomplished a great work; though the friends of truth have had no external organization, the doctrines promulgated by the spirits are fundamentally the same. Belief in one God and no more, in the immortality of the soul, its progressive nature on earth and in the spirit land, and spirit communion. These principles constitute the groundwork of Spiritualism. Here is a platform broad enough for all mankind. This is our platform. Others may talk of other themes, political or social, or of what we shall eat, drink, and wear, but it is our glorious privilege to inculcate those immortal principles of spiritual development that lie at the foundation of our religion; for Spiritualism is destined to be the religion of the world. Though much good has been accomplished without organization, more can be done with it. We hope the time is not far distant when Spiritualists, in all parts of the world, will organize and make a united business effort for the promulgation of truth.

At the close of the lecture Mr. Whiting gave a poem on the following subject, selected by a committee from the audience, "What is the devil?" in which he took the ground that all the devil there was was in the unprogressed nature of man.

After a short conference, in which Judge Boardman, Mr. Higgins, and others participated, Mr. Whiting delivered a farewell poem, when the audience, at the suggestion of the President, unanimously tendered a vote of thanks to the speakers, including A. J. Higgins, with his spirit of song, especially, and recommended to the Religio-Philosophical Society to hold a like Festival upon a broad, free platform, about the 4th of July, next year, and invited the speakers at this Festival, and all others that could make it convenient, to attend. The time having arrived for closing, the President pronounced the festival closed. [The President received the following letter after the close of the Festival:]

DR. UNDERHILL'S LETTER.

Mt. Palatine, July 3d, 1862.

Dear Brother: It is with much regret that I find myself compelled to give up my much desired meeting with you and the many friends who will enjoy with you the national festival and our annual meeting. I am obliged to give up coming on account of the illness of a son-in-law, whose end seems near. I should have started to-day but for this.

I am, as you know, Brother Jones, an advocate for the organization of Spiritualists everywhere, much on the terms of your organization. I expect these organizations, in course of time, to incline to creedism, and in their turn to become persecutors; but I believe it is best to risk this for the good that will be accomplished before this degeneracy takes place.

The Quakers organized without creed and with a protest against a creed or established form of worship, urging in favor of organization only two wants to be supplied by it, and disclaiming all other grounds—to wit: financial wants and a way to testify against public preachers whose moral characters were not good and who yet claimed to be Quakers. In two hundred years they had become creedists in practice, and persecutors, of course. My own experience in this is very extensive. But there is some life even yet, and of the number who have cast off all sectarian fetters, the Quakers furnish a greater per centage than any other sect. They have done much for human progress, for freedom of the slave, and for that other slave, *woman*. Their course is run, and the lead in reforms is now conferred on Spiritualists. Through them is the God manifest in the flesh now conversing with the world with these despised, hated, hooted offscourings of the earth, as they are esteemed by many of those who sit in Moses' or Jesus' seats—with these are now the outspoken oracles of God. Through these are the true teachings for man's present spiritual wants. Through these is witnessed the healing "by laying on of hands." Through these are witnessed "speaking with unknown tongues." Through these, as mediums, strange "wonders" are performed. The movement of heavy physical bodies, in defiance, nay, in contradiction of all physical laws.

And Spiritualism now says, "Had I not done those things which can be explained only by referring them to the intelligent disembodied spirits of a sphere super-mundane, ye had no sin in rejecting me, but now your sin remaineth."

We must act from this standpoint—a great day's work is before us, calling for all our energies to be dedicated to the work. And we should ever bear in mind that, in giving ourselves to the work before us, the reward is with it; that we are only acting with a "heavenly host" *who are the life of the Cause;* and that we are to be and will be fed at the same table with those spirits, and thus feeding and thus working, we shall most effectually "work out our own salvation," and in the end, leave this house of clay only, to enjoy the blessings and joys and labors and delights of higher spheres.

May love and wisdom reign over your deliberations, and the sensible overshadowings of higher spiritual atmospheres be felt deeply as a sweet baptismal blessing to your assembly. I remain, your brother,

S. Underhill.

For the Herald of Progress.

Friends of Progress.

MEETING AT DECATUR, WIS.

The Friends of Progress held a meeting at Decatur, Green county, Wis, Saturday and Sunday, July 12th and 13th. The meeting was called to order by appointing R. C. Barrett President, and J. W. Stuart and Milton H. Marble, Secretaries.

The chairman made a few opening remarks, after which Miss M. J. Woodbury, an eloquent and impressive trance medium, was introduced, and delivered a most soul-stirring lecture on the doctrines of Progression—the tendency of Spiritualism to enlarge and expand the mind—the free interchange of thought necessary for this, &c.

A poem was then read by Milton H. Marble, after which the meeting adjourned till one o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Opened by an address from Mr. Lemuel Taylor—subject, "The Agreement and Harmony of Truth Wherever Found." After which a lecture on "Light" was delivered by Milton H. Marble, of Iowa. God has spoken in the Nineteenth Century and again said "Let there be light."

The audience were then entertained by a speech from D. H. Morgan, on the Progress of Religious Freedom—and the Onward March of Truth. Minor Taylor spoke at some length, when remarks were made on Organization by C. C. Knowles and others.

Miss Edna Rutty, of Dayton, sang, under influence, a song—"We are Going Home."

Meeting then adjourned.

SECOND DAY—FORENOON SESSION.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather the congregation repaired to the school-house from the beautiful grove where the meeting had been held.

A lecture was delivered by the chairman, R. C. Barrett, on Spiritualism—What is it? What do Spiritualists believe and teach? The Philosophy of Spiritualism, &c.

By request of the audience, the poem by Milton H. Marble, read on the day previous, was re-read.

Adjourned till one o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Remarks on Organization by L. Taylor, C. C. Knowles, M. Taylor, D. H. Morgan, and others.

Miss Woodbury then came forward and spoke in her usual eloquent style. Subjects: The Proof Spiritualism offers in favor of Immortality—All things in Nature useful—No idleness in Creation—The upward tendency of the Spiritual Philosophy, &c.

Remarks were made by several speakers, after which the meeting adjourned.

To the speakers, and the friends who so liberally opened their doors to those from a distance, sincere thanks are returned.

J. W. Stuart, Milton H. Marble, } Sec'ys.

R. C. Barrett, President.

Banner of Light and *Rising Tide* please copy.

Voices from the People.

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

The Progressive Friends.

FINAL LETTER FROM MR. JOHNSON.

[We do not hesitate to present the following concluding letter without comment, assured that the narrowness of certain observations and distortions will not escape the notice of candid readers.

We are content to learn that the Progressive Friends "have taken their ground, and are not likely to change their minds at present." Comprehending this, our "fraternal suggestions"—we make no "unfriendly criticisms and accusations"—will in future be reserved for *imperfect* organizations.—C. M. P.]

Anti-Slavery Office, New York, 19th July, 1862.

To the Editor of the Herald of Progress:

I must confess myself not a little astonished by the spirit and bearing of C. M. P.'s "final remarks" appended to my letter in your paper of this date. His criticism seems to me alike illogical and unfair, and to betray a fault-finding, if not an unfriendly spirit, toward the Progressive Friends—a determination, in short, to find *some* ground for disparagement and censure.

The change—from Sunday to Thursday—in the time of beginning the sessions of the Yearly Meeting, he holds to have been nothing less than "*offering emphatic testimony* IN FAVOR OF HUMAN DEPRAVITY" (!!)—the "signing of a treaty of peace for capitulation with a domestic foe," (!!) and he takes occasion therefrom to lecture the Progressive Friends as not only wanting in fidelity to home obligations, but impliedly, also, as having, in the face of their professed principles, set themselves *prac-*

tically "against temperance, quiet, and good morals." "*Home* missionary work," he reminds them, in words that seem almost to convey a sneer, "often requires more vigorous and self-denying effort than delegations to Washington or missions to Hindostan."

Observe, the ground of this disparagement is not that the Progressive Friends are not, in practice as well as principle, temperate and moral, nor that, as a body, they have failed to bear their earnest testimony against any and every popular vice, but simply and solely that they changed the time for beginning their yearly meeting, in order that it might not any longer be made an *occasion* for disturbing the neighborhood by disorderly and riotous persons. Their very anxiety for the cause of sound morals, and their promptness in removing a needless temptation from the path of the intemperate and vicious, are actually set down against them as a proof of indifference to home duties! The injustice of the accusation is relieved only by its absurdity.

I venture to affirm that of all the communities or societies in the world, none are less obnoxious than the Progressive Friends of Chester County to the charge of insensibility to the duties they owe to the "multitudes" by whom they are surrounded, none more anxious than they to find and adopt the best means of exerting their moral and social influence for the reformation of the vicious, and none whose minds and hearts are more open than theirs to friendly advice or admonition. There is a wide difference, however, between fraternal suggestion and counsel and unfriendly criticism and accusation. It is their misfortune, not their fault, that their meeting-house is too small to accommodate a multitude; and if they have not yet concluded to procure a tent for their annual meetings, it is not from any indifference to home duties, but because they are not yet convinced of the wisdom of such a measure. Having had a somewhat extensive experience in tent-meetings, I am free to say that I hope they will never try the experiment. For the local meetings, for which it was chiefly erected, the meeting-house is large enough. Progressive Friends may sometime have the pecuniary ability to enlarge it or build another; but at present they are constrained by necessity to get along as well as they can with a house too small for the yearly meeting.

That disorderly persons, coming near the meeting for a frolic, would be more likely to listen to Gough, Youmans, or Wright, than to Garrison, Tilton, or Mayo, I see no good reason for believing; but if those gentlemen, in response to the call, shall ever be drawn to the meeting, I will promise them a hearty welcome and a freedom of speech as large as anybody could reasonably ask. Mr. Gough speaks on temperance—a theme in which the meeting has always felt and manifested a deep interest. If he would come, we should be glad to see him; but even if his orthodoxy did not forbid him to take part in a religious meeting with "heretics," it is not probable that he would come, except at a price which persons bred as Quakers would be somewhat reluctant to pay. Mr. Youmans is a lecturer on science, and the Progressive Friends are not a scientific but distinctively a *religious* society. C. M. P. may, perhaps, think it a mistake to make such a distinction, but the Progressive Friends, after weighing that point, have taken their ground, and are not likely to change their minds at present. The subjects mentioned in connection with Mr. Wright's name, being intimately associated with religion and morals, has frequently engaged the attention of the Society; and if Mr. W. were to come a dozen times, the meeting, though it would unquestionably be edified and enlightened in hearing him, would not thereby be made one whit more "eclectic."

I venture to assure C. M. P. that if he knew the Progressive Friends of Chester County as well as I do, he would be slow indeed to intimate that they have not "an enlarged conception of a legitimate field of effort immediately at home," or that they lack the spirit to perform their duties in that field. If he had attended their weekly, monthly, and quarterly assemblies, and visited them in their homes as often as I have, he would have been convinced that, however they may come short of appreciating the wisdom or importance of so fixing the time of the Yearly Meeting as to make it the occasion of drawing together a large number of persons having no desire to be benefited by its proceedings, but seeking rather for an opportunity to indulge in disorderly practices, they are by no means unmindful of the duties they owe to the community in which they dwell. Their labors for the elevation of society by the diffusion of right principles of religion and morals, however short of perfection, are sufficiently earnest and comprehensive to command the respect and confidence of every intelligent and candid observer. As the value of a newspaper is not determined by its size, but rather by the quality of its contents, so the power of a religious society depends not so much upon the size of its meetings as upon the character of its proceedings and the personal example of its members. Yours, fraternally,

OLIVER JOHNSON.

For the Herald of Progress.

THE STREAM OF LOVE.

BY D. E. H.

There is a stream which gently flows
Out from each pure and trusting soul,
The star of hope above it glows,
And lights it to its destined goal—
Its destined goal—some genial heart,
Where it a kindred stream may meet,
And mingling with it, never part,
But still flow on in union sweet.

'Tis not disturbed by passion's force—
This only marks its billowy swell,
And shows that neath the channel's course
Life-moving powers in concord dwell—
In concord dwell—Oh! peacefully
My heart shall float upon its wave,
And kindred souls shall joyfully
With mine in its bright waters lave.

Upon the surface of this stream
Bloom sweet affection, lily pure,
Whose fragrance is no transient dream,
Whose beauty shall fore'er endure—
Fore'er endure—love's mighty river
Bears life upon its glowing tide,
And forms of beauty perish never,
But in love's heaven are glorified.

SALEM, MASS.

Herald of Progress

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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THE "DOINGS OF THE MORAL POLICE" embody some excellent lessons for all readers.

WE devote considerable space this week to reports of Progressive Conventions.

AN editorial reply to questions respecting our support of the war will appear next week.

BIBLE STUDENTS will be interested in the communication on our first page, from the author of "Christ, the Spirit."

The Physician.

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

Medical Calendar

FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"**Abdomen,**" the largest cavity in the human body, is the region of most disturbances in warm seasons. Use the will-power on the various muscles before rising and while walking. (See directions in *Harbinger.*) Strengthen the sustaining muscles by bathing in cold water, using your hand for the purpose every morning. Practice lifting the whole abdomen by efforts of will.

"**Ablutions,**" or washing the whole body at least twice per week, are essential to your salvation from disease. This is the only divine baptism which separates extraneous and feverish substances from the corporeal surfaces.

"**Absorption,**" which is performed by the lacteal vessels, is tardy in the summer time. Efforts to stimulate them by brandies, wines, &c., are contrary to the laws of health.

"**Appetite,**" in midsummer, is necessarily and naturally weak. Some persons think they are sick when appetite "fails." But Nature, during the heated period, takes this method to give rest to the vital organs.

"**Acidity,**" a symptom of dyspepsia, may be relieved by the juice of lemon. The only absolute cure is obedience to the laws of eating and drinking. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

"**Aconite,**" taken from wolfsbane or monkshood, is good as a wash for rheumatism.

"**Action**" for the mind is best from early morning to noon; afterwards, for the social faculties and the body. Be not in great haste of either brain or body. Keep "cool" during the warm weather.

"**Bile**" may be kept out of the blood by eating plentifully of fruits and grains, drinking buttermilk, and rarely using anything from the animal kingdom.

"**Bones**" may be strengthened by keeping a good digestive system. The bones of a child contain most animal matter, and the bones of the aged most of earthy matter; therefore the young bone is *weak* while the old bone is *brittle*. Children should stand erect and sleep straight in bed, otherwise their bones will grow crooked and their bodies be out of symmetry.

"**Bronchitis**" may be cured by following breathing directions given in the *Harbinger*. Increase the capacity of the chest and you will overcome both laryngitis and bronchitis. The muscles of the neck must not be compressed. Enlarge and strengthen them.

"**Burns**" should be immediately dressed with either *urtica ureus*, or weak tincture of *lobelia*. The application of large quantities of cotton with sweet oil is not the best treatment. (See the *Harbinger.*) Blistered parts may be covered with a linen cloth and fresh cream. If there is no blister, apply cold water until the smarting and pain subside, then cover the part with linen cloth and sweet oil. Never allow any covering to become dry.

"**Cancers Cured by Clover.**"—A. J. DAVIS, DEAR FRIEND: A woman in our city some years ago had a very large cancer. She had celebrated physicians from New York, who concluded to cut it out. It grew again, and then a physician made an application that ate it out. It reappeared, and through it all she was an intense sufferer. Finally she and her family concluded there was no help for her. She was then advised to try a clover plaster, which was made by filling a small brass kettle with fresh red-clover blossoms. After boiling them in soft water for two hours they were skimmed out, and the kettle again filled with the same quantity of the blossoms in the same water; when these were skimmed out the water was boiled down to a sort of thin molasses, which, when set away, dried to a consistency like salve. She applied this externally for perhaps six weeks or two months; at the same time she abstained from tea and coffee, and drank the clover tea to the exclusion of anything else. It cured her cancer entirely. Previous to that I cured one in the same way. I have known three others who had been real sufferers for some time, but who were cured by this treatment. I consider taking the tea as indispensable as the salve. I give the remedy very particularly, so that it may be done right. SARAH D. FISH.

ROCHESTER, July, 1862.

"**Clothing**" should be changed frequently. Never sleep in your day under-garments. Persons sensitive about the lungs should wear a kid breast-piece next to the skin.

"**Circulation**" is always languid in warm weather. There should be less labor, less physical exertion, because there is less nutriment appropriated by the body.

"**Drinks**" for the warm months should contain little sweet. Mild acid beverages are healthful. Light beer with a little red pepper in it, is best and most grateful. Do not use "soda water." Let all the "syrups" remain in the bottles. Large draughts of ice-water are useless for thirst; they are often dangerous. Of any fluid, drink only when *very* much in need of it.

"**Dinner**" is the last meal that a dyspeptic or bilicus person should eat. No desserts. There should be no attempt to digest fruit and vegetables together. The folly will soon exhibit unpleasant symptoms—sour stomach, flatulency, headache, bile, and depression.

"**Drowned**" persons may be resuscitated by filling the lungs with air by a bellows, or forcing your breath into the nostrils, and pressing the chest first downward and then upward until natural breathing is established. It is sometimes necessary to force the air into and out of the chest one hour before the patient will recover. Then wrap the body in warm blankets and keep the patient near a fire for two or three hours.

"**Diarrhœa,**" even of the chronic kind, may be subdued by drinking weak clove tea. Chew cloves for too much looseness of the bowels. Wintergreen roots and leaves will, with low blackberry roots and leaves, make the best tea for children and the young. Such a tea should be sweetened.

"**Dysentery,**" which is known by the bloody discharges, may be controlled by physical rest. Give the stomach light wheat flour puddings. Wintergreen essence in a little cold water occasionally. Keep the bowels cool and quiet by bandages of water and spirits of camphor. (For cholera, &c., see *Harbinger.*)

"**Ears**" should not be meddled with. The membranes become sore if the wax is often disturbed. Hard wax can be softened by soaking with warm soap suds.

"**Earache**" will yield to hot water compresses applied to the back of the neck. Take foot-bath, and then walk the room or in the open air.

"**Electricity**" is not a curative agent. It is sometimes beneficial as a stimulant to the muscular fibers. If a person is struck by lightning, try the resuscitating process by artificial breathing, as in cases of drowning. (See the *Harbinger.*) Do not forget the use of water.

"**Eyes**" should not be strained by reading by artificial light. Moonlight is most dangerous to the eyes while reading. Never weary your eyes during the heat of summer. More persons loose their sight in this way than is generally supposed.

"**Energy**" is out of order during the heated period. All labor should be graduated to the temperature of the air.

"**Enemas,**" or injections, are necessary, in some cases, to bring the bowels out of costiveness. For purposes of cleanliness, also, this use of water is admissible.

"**Erysipelas,**" which violently burns and irritates the surface of the body, can be relieved by making an ointment of pure lard and sumach berries. Or take the tincture of the sumach called *Rhus*, and bathe the afflicted parts lightly.

"**Fevers**" will not afflict those who do not disobey the laws of diet. The best treatment for fevers is known to the disciples of Hahnemann. The Homeopathic treatment is the best. Hydropathic treatment is excellent to some extent.

"**Foods**" for summer should be free from grease and sweets. Most people of weak digestion would be benefited by eating slower and drinking almost nothing.

"**Fibers,**" which compose the substance of every muscle, do not admit of large development in hot weather. They dilate and spread out like a fan, but a lower temperature is required for energy and healthy expansion.

"**Gastric Juice**" is necessary to digestion. It cannot be substituted by any external fluid. Tobacco chewers waste much fluid that would make gastric juice and promote health.

"**Glands**" of the throat, when inclined to enlarge, may be kept down by manipulation.

"**Grapes**" should be given to those who suffer with costiveness and inward fever.

"**Heat**" is magnetic. Under the influence of summer the blood expands. Passion, not love, is in the ascendant. Let those who would become parents remember that love, not passion, is the principle of prosperity and beauty to offspring.

"**Heart**" affections are apt to increase in hot weather. Buttermilk as a beverage and a low diet is the best treatment.

"**Intestines**" are the brains of the vital system. When they are out of order the whole body droops, and gasps for vitality. Remember the pneumogastric remedy. Do not depend on bandages and trusses while you have a Will and a spirit to carry out its mandates.

"**Ice Water**" is good for neuralgia. Ice will relieve severe pain. Pieces of ice put in the mouth of an epileptic will bring him out of the fit. Drinking ice water in hot weather should be seldom.

"**Itch**" may be relieved by scratching. A cure may result from occasional washing with a tea of sumach. In some cases use chloroform as a wash. (For other remedies see the *Harbinger.*)

"**Joints**" may be limbered by rubbing them with a few drops of cajaput oil.

"**Jaundice**" should be treated like persistent biliousness. (See the *Harbinger.*) If the patient is very weak, then give the following: Peel of one orange; anise seed, one table-spoonful; hyssop, two ounces; liverwort, four ounces; coriander and rhubarb, of each one table-spoonful. Tincture in one pint each of brandy and water, for six days. Dose, every night, one table-spoonful. Add more water as the tincture gets stronger.

"**Jawing**" is extremely unwholesome in warm weather. More than one member of a family may be made "heart-sick" if much of it is indulged in.

"**Kidneys**" are easily strengthened by the habitual morning application of cold water with the hand to the back and hips. The young should invariably practice such bathing. Laboring men and women would find great strength in this simple practice.

"**Kindness**" in warm weather is remarkably conducive to peace on earth.

"**Killing,**" of whatever nature, should be abstained from. It is a sin to "kill time," and still worse to deprive anything of life, except the "rebellion."

"**Light,**" in warm weather, is abundant. The sun rises early and sets late. Lamps and candles may be put away, except to light the bed-chamber for a brief period.

"**Liver**" is the most laborious organ during summer. As it is the sugar-making organ, and as *heat* promotes the bile and carbonic gas of the system, it is necessary that persons should not indulge in sweets.

"**Lungs**" are comparatively idle during the period of such hepatic activity. Consumptive persons usually "feel better" in hot weather. The liver is temporarily relieving the lungs.

"**Lips**" should not be *bitten* under any circumstances. (For the best lip-salve see the *Harbinger.*)

"**Medical Books,**" as a general thing, are of no service to the sick. They should be read in health, and the laws of physiology obeyed to *prevent* sickness.

"**Mercury**" is an excellent substance for thermometers, but as a medicine it is as injurious as old theology is false.

"**Mineral Waters**" for medical purposes are nearly worthless. Many persons, if they only get from home and its corroding cares, will recover from many ills. Mineral springs often get credit for doing what such "changes" more naturally effect.

"**Magnetism**" is the divine remedy for many human ills. Let us all welcome the age of cure by "laying on of hands."

"**Mothers**" should not be teased by their children in warm weather. Children should not be kept from the water "till they know how to swim." Not to know how to swim is as bad as ignorance of any useful and healthful amusement. Let your children go into water for thirty minutes every day.

"**Nerves**" are just now very abundant. They should be kept *inside* of your broadcloth and brocade. If your friend is nervous, keep out of his way; if you are nervous, keep away from those you love most.

"**Nurses**" are better than doctors for the sick, and worse than poverty for the very young. Happy is he who was permitted to grow up without a nurse! City nurses cause most of the mishaps to children.

"**Opium**" is one of the most mischievous drugs in civilization, owing, of course, to the abominable uses to which it is put by persons of reputed intelligence.

"**Onions**" are highly magnetic. (See the *Harbinger.*) There are many uses to which this bulb is adapted. The warm period is adapted to fully mature their powers.

"**Physicians**" do not have much practice in summer unless there is an epidemic. It is also a dull period for preaching the gospel of despair to the carnally minded. Green fields promote both health and common sense.

"**Poisons**" internally should be held in check by a large dose of sweet oil until the proper antidote can be administered.

"**Petroleum**" will no doubt relieve a few cases of rheumatism.

"**Pestilence**" is natural to a discordant state of public mind. Emanations from morally disturbed people result in physical epidemics. In all cases remember the tranquillizing influence of Truth and the efficacy of the Will-power.

"**Pain**" is evidence of health in an assailed structure.

"**Reading**" of physiological works by the nervously sick should be discouraged. If you wish to grow wise and healthy, do your reading and intellectual work between sunrise and 12 o'clock A. M.

"**Ribs**" are so constructed as to admit of much expansion. Be not afraid, therefore, to inspire the fresh summer breezes.

"**Rebels**" are likely to be troublesome during August and September. The best treatment for worst cases is a spare diet at Forts Lafayette and Warren. For mild cases use a mineral preparation of powder and grape.

"**Smell**" is a blessed sense in summer time, when roses are blossoming and the world is filled with fragrance. Snuff is deadening to the sensibility of the olfactory nerve.

"**Salt**" is excellent in diptheria. Dissolve it in water and gargle every hour, or more frequent if the symptoms are severe.

"**Soda**" is sometimes serviceable in liver diseases, but it is more likely to cause such diseases if used often in pastries, bread, &c.

"**Spinal Weakness**" should be treated by the human hand. The Movement Cure is adapted to several forms of spinal disease.

"**Sun-Strokes**" may be prevented by wearing a wet handkerchief in your hat.

"**Small-pox**" would seldom, perhaps never, occur in a community where the people used neither butter, eggs, nor cows' milk. Of the three, the latter is the most productive of small-pox in large and unclean cities.

"**Smoke**" from a cigar is like the vapor of the fabled gehenna. It ascends from depths of idleness, discontent, and misery. It is not possible that a bank of flowers, or a lake of pure crystal water, should smoke like a volcano or the pit of darkness.

"**Typhoid Conditions**" can be prevented in the army by accepting the services of the African population, who can easily work in the heat and moisture.

"**Throat**" diseases will yield to magnetic treatment. Everybody can use their hands upon the sick. By this practice many would become excellent "healing mediums." The *Harbinger* contains all instructions necessary to make every one a practical magnetist.

"**Tobacco**" is slowly losing its reputation among sensible and refined persons. August and September are good months to throw such "physic to the dogs."

"**Vegetables**" are not good for supper. Berries and bread and butter compose the finest evening meal.

"**Weather**" prostration is not to be treated with medicine. Rest and temperate habits will best prepare the body for the Fall Campaign.

"The Power of Prayer."

AN APPLICATION TO THE REBELLION.

"The world itself is established and kept from dissolution by the prayers of saints; and the prayers of saints shall hasten the day of judgment; and we cannot easily find two effects greater. But there are many other very great ones; for the prayers of holy men appease God's wrath, drive away temptations, and resist and overcome the devil. Holy prayer procures the ministry and service of angels, it rescinds the decrees of God, it cures sickness and obtains pardon, it arrests the sun in its course, and stays the wheels of the chariot of the moon; it rules over all God's creatures, and opens and shuts the storehouses of the rain; it unlocks the secret cabinet of life, and quenches the violence of fire; it stops the mouth of lions, and reconciles our sufferance and weak faculties with the violence of torment and sharpness of persecution; it pleases God and supplies all our needs. But prayer that can do thus much for us, can do nothing at all without holiness. For God 'heareth not sinners, but if any man be a worshiper of God, and do his will, him he heareth.'"—JEREMY TAYLOR—*From the Macedonian.*

Doubtless every Christian will admit that there is such an element in the land as "holiness." We could not be so uncharitable as to deny the presence of holy men in the country, though a call from the President might not bring out 300,000 of them at once.

Now, realizing the truth of the above assertions by Jeremy Taylor, let us see how we might terminate this war by prayer. First, then, since "the prayers of saints shall hasten the day of judgment," they might succeed in moving the Army of the Potomac! The prayers of holy are men sufficient to "resist and overcome the devil." Would they not be more than a match for Jeff Davis? Holy prayer "cures sickness." Wouldn't it prove a specific for secession? "It arrests the sun in its course." Couldn't it arrest the rebel army? It "stays the wheels of the chariot of the moon." How would it work with the rebel artillery? It "opens and shuts the storehouses of the rain." Why couldn't it come the open and shut game on the storehouses of the rebels? If it "rescinds the decrees of God," wouldn't it the ordinances of secession? "It unlocks the secret cabinet of life." Couldn't it dig McClellan's last ditch?

As this same "holy prayer" stops the mouths of lions, it might be useful to relieve Commodore Farragut in blockading the mouth of the Mississippi!

If it could only "reconcile our (long) sufferance" with the rebels, and the "weak faculties" of the administration with the "violence of the torment" inflicted on Union men at the South, and the "sharpness of their persecutions," little more need be expected. The achievement would be wonderful enough. We should only expect in addition a "supply for all our needs," prominent among which, just now, is a modicum of specie and freedom from shinplasters!

As it can "quench the violence of fire," we wonder if it couldn't squelch speculators, contractors, and brokers!

But, alas! we reflect that mayhap "holiness" belongeth also to the rebels, and "holy men" have their habitation in the Confederacy as well as here! If so, why may not the rebels by means of holy prayer not only "obtain pardon," but extend their rule, heretofore confined to the blacks, "over all God's creatures," which includes ourselves with the rest! In the light of such peril fear constraineth us.

We have, however, overlooked an important point. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and we suppose is vastly easier to secure. If "the world itself is kept from dissolution" by the prayers of saints, perhaps the same agency may be potent in preserving the American Republic! Our only fear is, lest, in view of our sins, they pray too heavily, and "hasten the day of judgment" also, which would be fatal! So we trust all the saints will be particular, and for the present pray for but one thing at a time. Let it be "from dissolution and all other perils, good Lord deliver us! *Ce Empe.*

To Speakers and Committees.

Notices of meetings or of appointments to speak should reach us as early as Tuesday or Wednesday of the week of publication to insure insertion.

The Great Error.

The one grand mistake of the administration, thus far in this war, has been the failure to *recognize* the negro. The government has signally failed to treat with the negro in any manner, to offer him one single proposition, or in any shape to recognize him as an individual.

Do you say that half the laws of the late Congress, and half the army orders, have reference to this race? Granted. And still the more we have of such acts and orders, the more clear is this ground of complaint. It is not that there is not much said *about* the negro, but nothing *to* him. Fremont and Hunter recognized *individuality* in the negro slave, and impliedly, at least, addressed him in their immortal orders. But governmental modifications have reduced these to the level of all the rest—*enactments respecting the negro slave*, but *not propositions to him!*

Here lies the error. We may everlastingly seek to dispose of the negro by sweeping acts of Congress or military proclamations, but so long as they dispose of him as an unintelligent chattel, a piece of property, or thing, they perpetually fail of the desired end. The negro slave stands, to-day, a personified interrogatory—asking one grand question—"Am I not a man and a brother?" Government answers him, as in the last executive order, by directing that military commanders "may employ so many persons of African descent as can be advantageously used," and shall "keep accurate accounts *from whom such persons shall have come*, as a basis for compensation, &c."

Here is a distinct recognition of what? Why, of the *chattelhood* of persons of African descent! Not one word of their humanity! Not one promise of freedom. Not one line addressed to the African himself. All is *of him* as a chattel personal, as much as a horse or mule.

Will government perpetually act upon the weak and foolish presumption that the black man has no interest in this matter? that he has no ends to secure? Is it their pleasure to do the bidding of a government always most powerful in enforcing their degradation and enslavement?

Some time, we fear, alas, too late, the government will find that the black man is a power it were well to have recognized. He may of himself be insignificant and unworthy notice. But when he has on his side the eternal principles of justice and right, it would be well for even the administration to recognize him as a personality with whom to treat—as an ally whose aid it is desirable to secure—as a victim of injustice and oppression whose avenging God it were wise to placate!

C. M. P.

Can't Go!

A friend has handed us an invitation card reading as follows:

"Grand Excursion by Steamboat and Railroad! This ticket entitles the bearer to a passage to Richmond, Va. Fare, clothes, and food gratis, and thirty-eight dollars given for going! For further particulars apply to Capt. Edward Reynolds and Lieutenant Ben. W. Vanderpoel, Committee of Arrangements, No. 29 Bowery."

We might feel inclined to accept this very inviting opportunity, were it not for certain facts which have come to our knowledge respecting the management of the affair.

1st. The excursion is a great while in reaching its destination. Indeed, some of the excursionists seem intent on taking up a residence this side, and digging the last ditch there, and many of the leaders object to the "On to Richmond!" cry altogether.

2d. The route taken involves greater peril than was promised. Added to the ordinary hazard of the trip, we have the poison of Virginia swamps and the toil of perpetually ditching them.

3d, and lastly. The management have not only neglected, but refused, to provide the company with the necessary force of "colored waiters" for the menial labors of the trip, and the excursionists are obliged to perform all these themselves—in fact, to work their passage!

No, gentlemen of the Committee, we can't go! Any excursion too aristocratic to provide a supply of negroes for doing the dirty work, is too genteel to suit our taste! They manage things better at the Springs, and on Broadway even, where, if there is a lack of real negroes, white gentlemen counterfeit the color for our amusement (*vide* the popular Minstrels.) For a pleasure trip, we would prefer riding on the Erie Canal, where one can walk and drive the towing-horses, and has neither to board himself nor to stop to dig the canal before starting! There, too, they allow negroes to do useful work, and think it no disgrace to suffer them to take the risks of navigation in common with white trash!

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The Real Infidels.

"I do not believe that one Christian in an hundred, take them as they rise, believes fully in any one vital truth or doctrine of the Bible."

Such was the remark of a speaker at the late State Sunday-school Convention at Lawrence. * * * * Now, we would inquire if, after all, that statement be not the exact truth? Startling as it may appear, and as it is, does it not hit the real state of a vast majority of professed, yes, of real Christians? Does one in a hundred, take them as they rise, believe *fully* in any one vital truth or doctrine of the Bible? that is, if we understand the speaker's meaning, do they possess a full realization of any such truth?—*Zion's Herald.*

If these two Christians affirm the truth—and questionable as their veracity must appear, in the light of their statements, we are inclined this time to believe them—then the world need not look outside of its churches for the real unbelievers or infidels! Whatever other sin may be laid at the door of Spiritualists, no man can say of them: "Not one in an hundred believes fully in the vital doctrines they profess." No: "Take them as they rise," and *every one believes fully* in the vital truths of a progressive life and a spiritual revelation.

Henceforth call Spiritual philosophers believers, and Christians infidels!

The New Currency.

After the first of August postage-stamps become legal currency, and the issue of shinplasters (or notes for less than one dollar,) is expressly forbidden. The sale of stamps at the New York post office has already become very large, reaching on Saturday last $16,000, while but $3,000 worth are sold ordinarily.

The Department have now stopped the sale for currency, since the Treasury Department is to furnish that supply. These will be printed on thicker paper, without gum, and possibly in convenient combinations. There are eight denominations of stamps now in use: One cent, blue; three cent, pink; five, chocolate; ten, green; twelve, black; twenty-four, lilac; thirty, yellow; ninety, blue.

Notice to Contributors.

PRINTERS' RIGHTS.

The following, taken from the *New Republic*, we publish as a word to all who write for the HERALD OF PROGRESS:

This is an age of "Rights." But of all abused classes we think printers are the worst abused. Hardly any kind of labor is so exhausting as type-setting, even where the printer has good copy, and to add to his task the additional one of deciphering hieroglyphics and patching up horribly constructed sentences, is an outrage that we have pledged each other not to submit to. Some of our contributors send us the very best of copy—perfectly plain and correct—the only kind of manuscript that should ever be handed to a printer—and we intend to give these the preference. Copy, to be acceptable in this office, must be plainly and correctly written (and punctuated) with black ink, on one side of white paper. Those who cannot conform to these simple and essential rules can send their manuscript elsewhere. This is plain language, but it is time that all writers understood this matter, and we have no time to apologize, and no disposition to.

"Common Sense."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A few days since a stranger entered the book-store of Calvin Blanchard, in this city, and inquired what sum would be necessary to insure the publication, at a mere nominal price, of Thomas Paine's "Common Sense." Being informed of the necessary amount, he drew his check for the sum, and directed Mr. B. to put the work in market. The result will be seen in our advertising columns. This work, which so electrified the American people when it was written, and which contains so many vital truths for the people to know, can be obtained for ten cents a copy. The book contains fifty pages of closely printed matter. We will supply all orders sent us at the same low price—ten cents a copy.

Friends of Progress, Spiritualists, and Humanitarians, would do well to learn a lesson from this example of the New Yorker. A few dollars expended in throwing broadcast some work of intrinsic value, that all the people may read, is better for the millions than to cheapen food or multiply dollars. Will not others try the same experiment, and authorize us to publish and distribute gratuitously some tract or pamphlet which will spread the truths of the New Dispensation?

Gen. Butler—His Order.

Gen. Butler has written a letter explanatory of his much talked of "order," to the effect that women who insulted Federal soldiers were to be regarded as "common women plying their vocation." He writes:

"Pray how do you treat a common woman plying her vocation in the streets? You pass her by unheeded. She cannot insult you! As a gentleman, you can and will take no notice of her. If she speaks, her words are not opprobrious. It is only when she becomes a continuous and positive nuisance that you call a watchman and give her in charge to him.

"But some of the Northern editors seem to think that whenever one meets such a woman, one must stop her, talk with her, insult her, or hold dalliance with her, and so from their own conduct they construed my order.

"The editor of the Boston *Courier* may so deal with common women, and out of the abundance of the heart his mouth may speak—but so do not I.

"Why, these she adders of New Orleans themselves were at once shamed into propriety of conduct by the order, and from that day no woman has either insulted or annoyed any live soldier or officer, and of a certainty no soldier has insulted any woman."

We predict that this explanation of the misinterpretation of the order will tend to lessen the abuse heaped upon the General on account of it.

One Officer Loyal to Freedom.

Colonel Halbert E. Paine, of the Fourth Michigan volunteers, now at Baton Rouge, was arrested by order of General Williams for disobedience of orders. The General had commanded all negroes to be turned out of our lines. Col. Paine wrote him a note, stating that by act of Congress any officer aiding in returning a fugitive slave would be cashiered, and that this excluding of negroes from our lines was virtually restoring them, as their claimants were ready to seize them on the instant. He therefore could not obey the order, and must abide the consequences.

McClellan's Victories.

The following old letter has just been found. It is headed, "*Supposed* (or Suppressed) *Dispatch from the War Department.*" The letter—the original of which is in our possession—has no signature.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1862.

GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, MAJ.-GEN. COMMANDING, &c., SIR: In reply to your dispatch of yesterday, in which you ask, "Am I authorized to follow the example of other Generals, and direct the names of battles to be placed on the colors of regiments?" I am directed to state that Generals who fight and win battles will be allowed to control that matter for themselves.

In regard to yourself, permit me to make a suggestion, which your modesty doubtless has prevented you from making. The achievements of the army of the Potomac have heretofore been solely your own. You are therefore authorized to plant a flag at your headquarters, bearing a shield quartered, in the upper left hand corner a log gun *couchant*, above the shield a scroll, inscribed with the words, "Centerville, Manassas, Yorktown;" below, the motto, "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*"—the remaining quarters to be reserved for the other battles to be fought "before reaching Richmond."

Worthy of Emulation.

The Secretary of War publicly acknowledges the receipt, from Wm. H. Aspinwall, of this city, of $25,000, being his share of profit on a contract for arms purchased by Howland & Aspinwall and sold to the United States. If the Morgans, Camerons, and other speculators of the North, would "go and do likewise," and a similar spirit animated all who handle government funds, how much lighter would be the tax which the people of the North will soon have to pay.

A Short Dialogue.

PRO-SLAVERY MAN: When we get through this war we will hang all the d—d abolitionists who got it up.

ABOLITIONIST: My friend, if the abolitionists were strong enough to bring about this war, will you not find them too strong to be hung easily?

For the Herald of Progress.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Scott Hatch.

CLEVELAND, O., July 16, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: On the 1st of July Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch left New York for the West, and, through the earnest solicitations of many of the friends of our cause, concluded to make it somewhat of a lecturing tour. She will travel in company with the writer, her brother, and speak at all the principal towns and cities along the line of our route.

Mrs. H. addressed two highly appreciative audiences in this city last Sunday, and will remain here and deliver two lectures during the week, and two next Sunday. Then we proceed to Wisconsin, by way of Toledo and Chicago. Returning, we shall take the Northern Indiana, Lake Shore, N. Y. Central, and Boston and Worcester Railroad to Boston, where we hope to meet our many friends, by the 1st of October.

To facilitate the lecturing, all the friends along the line above indicated can address Mrs. H. or the writer at Lake Mills, Wis., during the month of August. As soon as we know of the different appointments, the many readers of your valuable paper will be informed. I am, very truly, yours,

E. T. SCOTT.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—The news of the fighting before Richmond had been received in England, and excited great attention.

—The London *Daily News* treats the result of the fighting as a serious reverse to the Unionists, and as likely to lengthen out rather than shorten the war.

—The London *Times* says that the strategical movements of Gen. McClellan are purely unintelligible, and adds that the recent events must infuse new energy into the Confederate army.

—The London *Herald* treats the affair before Richmond as a decisive defeat of General McClellan, and says that the Confederate Capital is safe. It does not believe, however, that the campaign in Virginia is ended, but supposes that it will go on until Europe stays the uplifted swords, and in the name of humanity enforces peace.

—The London *Morning Post* argues that, practically, the scheme against Richmond has terminated. It then proceeds to point out the dangerous position of General McClellan's army.

—The Prince of Wales is about to visit Russia in the royal yacht Osborne. It was reported that the British Channel fleet would accompany the yacht up the Baltic.

—The Viceroy of Egypt, in a speech at Manchester, said, in regard to cotton, that next year he felt confident in promising from Egypt, if not double the amount of the last crop, at least an increase of one-half.

—The freedom of the city of London, in a gold snuff-box, was formally presented to George Peabody on the 10th.

—The ceremony of awarding the prizes of the Great Exhibition took place on the 11th. The Duke of Cambridge officiated as representative of the Queen. The attendance was estimated at 100,000.

—Among the awards in general for machinery, at the Great Exhibition, America gets twenty medals for agricultural and horticultural machines; six for military articles, and one medal each for Colt's revolvers and for naval architecture.

—The walls of Paris were covered with placards announcing that there will be shortly given on the lake at Versailles a grand nautical *fête*, representing the combat between the Merrimac and the Monitor.

—The Paris *Patrie* asserts that France will never treat with Juarez. When the French army has entered the City of Mexico, the Mexicans will be consulted and their wishes scrupulously respected. France will only quit Mexico after the complete execution of a future treaty.

—The accounts from the French manufacturing districts continue very unfavorable, and the Bank of France is asked to come forward and aid the manufacturers by discounting their paper.

—The Grand Duke and Duchess Constantine arrived at Warsaw on the 2d, and were warmly cheered on their arrival. On the night of the 3d, however, as the Grand Duke was stepping into his carriage on leaving the theater, a revolver was fired at him, and he was reported to be slightly wounded. The perpetrator had been arrested.

—According to the present reports, it does not appear that the Russian grain market will be large this year. In the south the crops have been burnt up, and in the north they have had cold and wet. The cold at the date of the last letter was described as unprecedented at this season of the year.

—The fear of further fires seems to have subsided. The insurance companies have lost between £220,000 and £290,000 sterling, but the total destruction was much more, the amount insured having been comparatively small. It is thought, however, that a million or a million and a quarter sterling will cover all.

—Our new minister to Russia has arrived at the court to which he was sent by our Government, and the Czar, waiving the usual etiquette of court delay, has received him at once, taking the occassion to express his hearty sympathy with the Federal cause and his admiration of the gigantic machinery put in force for the suppression of the rebellion.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—It is rumored that our troops will soon be withdrawn from the James River, in consequence of the unhealthiness of their position.

—Prior to adjournment, Congress modified the confiscation act to harmonize with the views of the President, confining the forfeiture of real to the life estate.

—The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* says that the rebels' official records show their Richmond army to have numbered, before the late battle, not more than 91,000 men, and their total loss not less than 25,000.

—The opinion the rebels entertain of Fremont is indicated by the remark of a rebel near Warrenton the other day, who, while applauding the enterprise and ability of Stonewall Jackson, said, significantly, "He is our Fremont."

—Ex-President Van Buren, now upwards of eighty years of age, is very low, suffering from throat affections. His recovery is quite improbable.

—A report from Beaufort, S. C., made to the War Department by Gen. Saxton, represents the negroes employed in raising cotton as working faithfully. Some 15,000 acres of corn and cotton are under cultivation. "The system of voluntary labor," says the General, "works admirably."

—Gov. Morgan, on behalf of the State of New York, assumes the responsibility of proclaiming a bounty of $50 for each new recruit under the recent call for troops. He does this to save the time and expense of a special session of the Legislature, trusting that that body will indorse his action.

—A company of ladies in Chicago lately sewed *a mile and a half* of mattress-sacks for the soldiers in one afternoon.

—Mr. Singer, the manufacturer of sewing-machines, has left this country, with the intention of spending the rest of his life in the Holy Land.

—The State of Illinois is next to Vermont in responding to the new call for troops—her 68th Regiment reached Washington on Friday of last week. They hail from the central part of the State, in and around the home of the President, and were organized within ten days after the call was issued.

—A body of cavalry, of Gen. King's command, performed a brilliant feat the other day. They made a forced march from Fredericksburg to the Virginia Central Railroad at Beaver Dam, forty miles west of Richmond, destroyed the railroad and telegraph for several miles, burned the depot with 40,000 rounds of musket ammunition and 100 barrels of flour, and brought in one captain as a prisoner, having on their side but one soldier wounded.

—Gen. Carlton's expedition from California, ten companies of infantry and a battery, regulars and volunteers, has reached Santa Barbara, in New Mexico, and formed a junction with the forces under Gen. Canby. This secures the driving of the rebels out of the Mesilla Valley and the northern tier of counties of Texas. Santa Barbara is on the Rio Grande, fifty or sixty miles above the Texan State line.

—The government, after more than a year of war, has at last taken the position that the negro *may* help us a little—only so much, and under certain rigid restrictions, but still he *may* help a little. When the administration declares that he *must* help, and help as he best can, we may hope for an end to the war.

—Secretary Welles officially promulgates the section of the new law concerning the navy which stops the spirit ration of the sailors, and gives notice that it will be rigidly enforced.

—It is a matter of sincere congratulation that not a single member of the numerous staff of General McClellan was either killed, wounded, or in the slightest degree injured, in the recent battles near Richmond.

—The Hartford *Press* published a letter from ex-Governor Thomas H. Seymour, declaring his utter hostility to the efforts of the government in the suppression of the rebellion. The portrait of the Governor has since been removed from the Senate Chamber. A former admirer of Mr. Seymour having named his child after him, repaired in haste to the office of the town clerk, in Hartford, to get the infant's name changed. "Any name but that," said he.

—The Chicago *Tribune* says that regular meetings of secessionists are held in that city, at which most treasonable sentiments are uttered, and at their festive orgies, healths to Jefferson Davis and his crew are drunk, sometimes with so much enthusiasm as to be audible to parties in the street."

—Gen. Pope has ordered his troops to subsist upon the enemy, but adds that any man who is loyal *from the date of the seizure of his property* shall be paid.

—The total loss of the Union armies during the recent six days' fighting "from" Richmond is now stated at—killed, 1,565; wounded, 7,701; missing, 5,958; total, 15,224.

—It is said that there is an unfortunate omission in the confiscassion and emancipation bill, inasmuch as it contains no section providing for the due enforcement of the provisions relating to emancipation. In general terms the slaves of rebel masters are declared free, but it does not authorize anybody to decide upon the question, except in cases where an attempt is made to recover the slave in the courts. But the black man in the neighborhood of slaveholders and plantations needs something to show that he is entitled to his freedom.

—The Albany *Standard* asserts a pregnant truth, when, in rebuking the panic-making demonstrations of a neighbor, it tersely says: "Our army is *not* outnumbered by the rebels; it is only *outscattered*."

—Gen. Morgan has probably done more good than harm to the Union cause in Kentucky. From a number of points in that State, from large slaveholders, from conservatives, and from men hitherto calling themselves neutral, come dispatches to the government of a tone rarely heard in the Border States. The writers urge the adoption of the most energetic and thoroughly warlike measures. Not a few of them, and even some slaveholders, ask the President to declare the immediate abolition of slavery in the State by the military powers.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

—Major Miller, of the Second Wisconsin Cavalry, with a force of 600, attacked the combined forces of Rains, Coffee, Hunter, Hawthorne, and Tracy, numbering about 1,500, near eight miles beyond Fayetteville, Ark., at sunrise Tuesday morning, 15th inst., defeating and routing them completely.

—We have a report from Mayville, Ky., that the Union cavalry had overtaken Morgan's banditti near Mount Sterling, and, after a fight of an hour and a half, Morgan's forces were completely scattered, and the cannon and horses captured by Morgan at Cynthiana were retaken, as was also a large portion of the stolen property.

—The exchange of prisoners is rapidly progressing. On the 18th a train of ambulances conveyed to transports below Drury Bluffs, on the James River, under a flag of truce, between 700 and 800 wounded prisoners, including a number of officers and surgeons.

—The conservative press demand the removal of Secretary Stanton, and allege that the radicals desire the same fate for General McClellan. The charge is not true. The radicals do not demand the removal of the "great unready," but to see him *promoted* or *advanced*—towards Richmond.

—Rev. Mr. Stubbs, Chaplain of the New Hampshire Legislature, is reported to have opened a late session as follows: "We think that every member of the House, O God, is in favor of a short session, and they frequently manifest their appreciation of short prayers; we pray thee that they will also conceive a love for short speeches, and speak only when they have something to say, say it, and then stop.—Amen."

—A snow drift at Skinner Hollow, Manchester, Vt., located within 100 rods of where ripe strawberries were found, measured twelve feet in depth and covered one-fourth of an acre. It has been forty feet in depth. There are two arches in the drift, formed by the passage of a small stream. One of these arches is large enough to drive a horse and carriage through; the other, for four persons to pass through abreast.

—A London literary paper gives the following as the prayer taught to the children of the Scarborough wreckers in England in old times: "God bless daddy, God bless mammy, God send a ship ashore before morning! Amen!"

—A rumor from Harrison's Landing has it that the rebels have fallen back ten miles further toward Richmond. They do not seem to like the air of Chickahominy swamps.

—A Washington letter-writer calls deserved attention to the services, as an angel of mercy to the sick and wounded in the hospitals there, of the daughter of Baron Gerolt, the Prussian Minister; also of the Misses Kennedy, daughters of Superintendent Kennedy, of the census.

—A rebel letter, found in a North Carolina post-office, establishes the truth of statements made hitherto as to the atrocities committed by the rebels on the dead bodies of our soldiers. The writer says: "I saw soldiers from Georgia grabble up Yankees that had been buried, and I saw them pull off their heads and scrape the meat and hair off their heads, and take the skull-bone with them to send home for their folks to see."

—The wife of a Massachusetts soldier, who was taken prisoner at Ball's Bluff, suffered great alarm at the report that he was to be exchanged for a rebel. "I won't have him," cried the woman; "I love Tom, and won't have him exchanged; I do not want a rebel husband." A friend corrected the poor woman's misapprehension; the absent husband was finally released, and she learned that for once "exchange was no robbery."

—A Dress Reform Convention has been held recently at Chicago. Mrs. Ellen Beard Harmon was the principal speaker.

—The Christian Alliance of this city have leased the notorious concert-rooms at 444 Broadway, for the purpose of holding meetings on Sunday evening for the benefit of persons of all classes who choose to attend.

—An enterprising soldier in the camp before Richmond has applied for the agency for Parson Brownlow's book in that city, as soon as occupied by our troops.

—The exportation of butter is now immense. On the City of Washington, for Liverpool, there were 8,300 firkins of butter; and in the Ariel, for California, there were 2,150 firkins, making 10,450 in one week. These firkins net 100 pounds each.

—The following appears in the advertising columns of the London *Morning Post*: "A young lady of high title and first position will receive at her husband's West-end mansion a lady wishing to be presented, or aspiring to any advantages derivable from an introduction to exclusive society. Confidence must be kept. Real name and all circumstances stated, and no curiosity or ambiguous letters will succeed. £5000 requisite."

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."

"Like Father, Like Son."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My friend had spoken an impatient word to his little son, and I saw the child's face stained by the hot blood of anger. My friend saw the stain, also. What did he do? Repent of his impatience, and heal the hurt in his child by a gentler word? No. But he grew more impatient, and calling sharply to the boy, said, in a warning tone:

"Take care, sir!"

Take care of what? Why, lest punishment follow.

You ask as to the child's fault that punishment should be threatened. There was no fault. He had, in passing near a table in the room where I sat talking with his father, accidently touched a book lying on the edge, causing it to fall. The noise jarred on the father's sensitive nerves. Naturally irritable, he smote the child, as I have said, with an impatient word, and the child's spirit answered to the harsh rebuke in a hot face and flashing eyes.

"Take care, sir," repeated my friend, seeing that his warning admonition had produced no effect on the boy's roused spirit, smarting under an undeserved blow. The stain grew redder on his cheeks and brow, the eyes more intense, the lips more firmly shut. I saw defiance in the child's face.

"Why don't you pick up that book, sir?"

There was no sign of obedience.

"Did you hear me?" almost fiercely demanded the father. I shuddered, inwardly, but dared not interfere between my hot-tempered friend and his equally hot-tempered child. He might as well have spoken to deaf ears.

"Pick up that book, I say!"

The child did not stir.

"I shall not speak again," said my friend, in a suppressed voice. One minute passed in dumb silence; then rising with deliberation, he approached the boy, whose face had become pale, but not weak or fearful, and grasped one of his arms tightly. Time was still given for him to lift the book; but he was too angry to yield. I held my breath painfully, taking a long inspiration as my friend swept from the room, dragging the boy after him. He was gone for nearly five minutes, and then came back, flushed, nervous, and excited, saying, as he sat down opposite me, "I'm out of all heart with that boy."

He looked sadly discouraged. I did not answer. After sitting for a few moments, he added:

"Such a temper! such a will! I never saw anything like it!"

But I answered nothing. What could I say in approval of my friend's conduct? My silence was on the side of his own uneasy convictions, and he felt it to be so.

"What am I to do with the child?" he asked, interrogating my unspoken thought. "To give up to him—to let will and passion have their sway—can only end in moral ruin. He must come under the yoke. Is it not so?"

"Obedience is essential," I answered.

"So I think—obedience at all hazards."

I did not assent to this extreme proposition.

"At all hazards," he repeated, with increasing force.

"It may be well," said I, "to look at the conditions of obedience before exacting the full measure of obligation."

"I am not sure that I understand you," answered my friend, with a slightly puzzled air.

"Obedience may be impossible."

"Was it impossible for John to lift that book from the floor?"

"Perhaps," said I.

"Perhaps!" My friend looked astonished.

"Morally impossible, I mean."

He shook his head doubtfully.

"A condition may render the easiest act so difficult of performance that a man will look death in the face and yet not lift a hand in attempted execution. The act, in this case, becomes morally impossible."

"I do not see how you will apply that to my boy's case."

"Suppose," said I, "you were riding in one of our street cars, and a passenger on entering, and before you could make room for him, were to order you, in a rough, imperative manner, to move; what would be the result?"

"I would sit still in my place," answered my friend.

"And yet it would be the wisest course to give way, and not to be disturbed by ungentlemanly rudeness."

"Perhaps it would; but I have that in me which will not submit to unjust encroachment. And I am quick in my resentment, as you know. To a gentlemanly demeanor I yield everything that is right; to rude exaction, nothing."

"Therefore it is that the condition of a demand may render obedience a moral impossibility."

"It is so," answered my friend.

"Has it not often happened," I continued, "that, under a momentary blind excitement, you have said or done things for which you were sorry, and yet, having said or done them, would not recede—growing more persistent in the degree that you were assailed by angry efforts to drive you from the position taken, although, in your heart, you knew that you were wrong."

I understood my friend's character, and knew its weak side.

"It is as you say," was his answer. "I can be led easily, but all the world cannot drive me—no, not even to do what is right."

"Has it never occurred to you," I asked, after a pause, "that your son is like you in this respect?"

I saw a quick change in my friend's countenance. The question had taken him unawares. A sudden light had streamed into an obscure corner of his mind.

"Like me?" His tone was like that of a man just awakening, and in surprise at some unexpected sight.

"Is it strange that he should be like you?" I queried.

"Perhaps not. I am his father." The surprise had already gone out of his voice, which had in it a shade of depression.

"'Like father, like son.' The adage is as much founded upon immutable law as upon observation. In homelier phrase, you have a chip of the old block. John's disposition is very much like your own, my friend. He is quick-tempered, strong-willed, independent, and instinctively opposed to coercion—easily led—hard to be driven. Have you never thought of this? Never looked down into the clear mirror of his unsullied character, and seen a perfect image of yourself?"

My friend dropped his head upon his bosom, and sat a long time silent.

"The father," I said, as he sat musing, "reproduces himself in his children, with such modifications as the mother's life may give. I need not offer arguments to prove the fact; every man of rational perception sees that it must be so under the unvarying law of like producing like."

"I have no doubt of its being so," he replied.

"Does not the fact instruct us?" I went on. "Does it not throw light upon that most difficult, yet most important of all our duties, the government of our children? First, we must know the quality, condition, and capability of any material upon which we are to work. The plumber would fail in his efforts to produce a useful result if he wrought with wood instead of lead; and so with the gold-beater, if, instead of the most ductile of all metals, he subjected iron to his hammer-strokes. As in the lower world of Nature, different forms require different modes of treatment in order to eliminate their proper use, so in the higher world of mind. All objective differences are but images of mental differences. Mind is the true world, Nature the representative and effect, and, as such, our instructor, if we will open our hearts to her teachings."

"I do not gainsay this," returned my friend. "I believe that it is so. I comprehend the important truth you have stated, that my child bears a likeness to his father. But what I do not see clearly is the way in which I am to deal with him. How am I to correct in my boy the perversities which he has by inheritance from his father?"

"The first thing," I answered, "is for you to pity him. To think compassionately of him, burdened as he is for life, with a hasty temper and a stubborn will."

I saw moisture come into my friend's eyes; the firm mouth gave way a little.

"May I refer to the scene that passed here a little while ago?" I asked.

"Speak freely," returned my friend.

"John committed no fault."

There was a slight motion of surprise in my friend's face.

"Accidentally he touched a book, and it fell upon the floor—this, and only this."

"He was careless," said my friend, with a slight effort at self-justification.

"You, or I, or any one, might have done the same thing. Nay, every day of our lives we do just as careless things. When the mind is absorbed, we cannot always guard our movements. Now put yourself in John's place. Imagine the book touched without intention, and it falls upon the floor; and imagine as sharp a word spoken to you as you spoke to him—what state of mind would have resulted?"

I paused for his answer, but he did not reply.

"Could you have helped the rush of angry waves? Hurt pride—a sense of wrong, blind impulse—would have made you as stubborn as you saw him."

"Perhaps it would."

My friend's eyes were on the floor. He spoke in a subdued voice.

"You cannot overcome the mind's defects by external force," I added. "There must be a wise appliance of moral means. Deal by him as you would yourself be dealt by, in like circumstances. Cure his disease by the remedies that reason tells you would heal your own. Weaken his angry willfulness by removing excitements. Control yourself in his presence. Hold back your quick-springing impulses. Never let him see you angry, nor find you unjust or unreasonable. Always speak mildly and kindly, except when in grave rebuke or remonstrance for unmistakable faults, self-acknowledged. Help him with his load of hereditary evil tendencies, instead of adding a part of your own burden to the weak shoulders of a child. If you cannot control yourself, with reason, judgment, years, and experience on your side, what can you expect from him?"

I stopped, lest I were pressing home on him too closely.

Just at this moment the door opened, and the child came in. The book still lay where it had fallen from the table. I turned and saw the little fellow's questioning eyes upon his father's face. There was a look of grief about his lips. Nothing was said to him; in fact, no notice, apparently, taken of him. My friend changed the conversation to a new theme. John stole softly across the room, and sat down noiselessly, taking, as he did so, a long, sighing breath. Presently he slipped from the chair, and moving quietly to where the book lay on the floor, lifted it and placed it on the table, pushing it to some distance from the edge; in this very act, showing his recognition of the fault for which he had been harshly blamed as only an accident, against the recurrence of which he would guard, by placing the book where it would be in no danger of falling. I noticed another deep breath as the child's burdened heart sought to relieve the pressure that still lay heavily upon it. Then he began, by slow approaches, to draw near his father, and at last stood by his knee. My friend placed his arm around him as he still talked with me, and tightened it with a loving pressure, made stronger by pity and repentance. John looked up into his face, and then his father stooped down and kissed him. Reconciled: yet, as there had been wrong and suffering, and the graver of memory cuts deepest when feeling is most intense, was not something lost in that brief struggle between father and child, which could never be restored?—something hurt, the pain of which would endure through natural life?

These are questions for sober thought.

My friend, with all his infirmities of temper, had a strong love for children; a quick moral sense; a love of right and justice. These were all on the side of a truer self-discipline as affecting the little ones given to him of God, that they might be trained for heaven. I saw him afterwards under strong provocation, and he did not forget himself. My presence may have revived in his memory the scene just described, and so put him on his guard. Even if that were so, much was gained, for all right efforts give a measure of strength, and erect barriers against evil. We overcome what is wrong in our natural tempers by resisting the impulse to act in a moment of provocation, not by repenting and resolving only. The repentance and the resolution are all well enough, and give strength for resistance against the hour of temptation; but only in the degree that we resist and refrain in the hour of trial, do we overcome and rise superior to our enemies.

Woman and Literature.

No genius that deals with human life is complete without including both the masculine and feminine elements. One away from the other issues into no living product, but is doomed to die. Not merely this; one away from the other does not unfold its own fullest nature; each, by itself, is not only barren, but stunted. The genius which includes them both, and develops both, is like those plants that have the two sexes in the same flower, in which the blossom that gives delight by its beauty, gives, at the same time, the promise of coming fruit and of deathless seed. It may be said that this will hold as well for genius in woman as in man; and that if genius in man must include the feminine element, genius in woman must include the masculine element. We grant the position; but we grant it with a certain modification, it is this—that as the masculine element should predominate in the genius of man, the feminine element should predominate in the genius of woman; a contrary order is not excellent, but unnatural—is not delightful, but disagreeable. Mere emotion and sympathy in woman, separate from sound thinking, leaves her a simpleton or a sentimentalist; mere intellect in man, separate from sensibility and intuition, leaves him a surly cynic or a reasoning machine; but we can hardly tell which is the more intolerable, a lachrymose man or a logical woman. The feminine element is not only important in literature for the completeness of genius, it is also important because it is by that element that genius obtains the sympathy of woman; and without the sympathy of woman no literature that deals with humanity can be said to live. The literature that can last must have common interest for man and woman; but if it lean to either side, it should be that of woman; for the life of woman is always nearer to nature than that of man; her instincts and sentiments are more primitive; her sense of sex is more vigilant and tenacious; her thoughts are more spontaneous, rapid, and direct; and the whole constitutes an inward character that maintains a wonderful unity amid the numberless varieties of her sex, and a continued identity, which is neither lost nor obscured throughout the manifold changes of history or the world. The literature which not only has no feminine element, but, still worse, which has no feminine interest, wants the most vital element of humanity. If so it be with simple exclusion, what must it be with the literature which depreciates woman—scorns her, mocks her, ridicules her, and satirizes her? The one she will neglect; the other she will detest.

Good Taste.

Good taste is the "luminous shadow" of all the virtues. It is social discretion, it is intellectual kindness, it is external modesty and propriety, it is apparent unselfishness. It wounds no feelings, it infringes on no decorums, it respects all scruples. A man thus gifted, even though he be not a wit, spreads a genial influence about him from the trust he inspires. The stiff man can unbend, the cold can thaw, the fastidious can repose on him. No one is committed to more than he chooses—no ungenerous use is made of an unusual or transient impulse. Good taste is practical, though not deep, knowledge of character; it is perception of the distinctive points of every occasion; and thus it reconciles and harmonizes where bad taste perpetuates differences and necessitates separations. And yet we by no means wish to make good taste a synonym either for virtue or intellect—it is rather that quality which sets off both at their best. It is an affair, in some degree, of social training—it is one aspect of knowledge of the world. Those who are little in general society—who confine themselves to family intercourse or to that of a set or clique, whatever the intellectual or moral pretensions of that clique—are almost sure to fail in it in new scenes. All persons of a single idea, engrossed by one object, are perpetually infringing on the rules of good taste. If they are religious, they are pragmatical and intolerant, regardless of sensibilities. If they are useful, they do their work with unnecessary fuss. If they are learned, or deep, or clever, they make these good gifts unpopular. If they are merry, we are kept on thorns—if they are grave, they are a check and restraint. They fail in every social crisis. In every difficulty they take the wrong way. They are forward when they ought to be retiring—their diffidence is constantly misplaced. There is no knowing where such people are—to what lengths an emergency or excited spirits will drive them. It is the cause of half the seeming injustice of society. The man of bad taste cannot comprehend why things are not tolerated in him which are allowed in others. He is the last to see that the presence or absence of a correct taste makes the same practice or amusement agreeable or repugnant—that nothing can be judged fairly without taking the manner of doing it into consideration. He is, therefore, forever grumbling at the inconsistencies and partialities of mankind. The fact is, every hinge with some people grates and creaks, at each turn jarring on sensitive nerves; while good taste is the oil which keeps the machinery of society, with the least wear and tear, noiselessly and profitably at work.—*London Saturday Review.*

Mrs. Browning's Spiritual Belief.

In the "Memorial" prefixed to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Last Poems" by Theodore Tilton, he quoted some sentences of a private letter written by her to a bereaved mother in Brooklyn, from which we make the following extract:

"Also it seems to me that a nearer insight into the spiritual world has been granted to this generation, so that (by whatever process we have got our conviction,) we no longer deal with vague abstractions, half closed, half shadowy, in thinking of departed souls. There is now something warm and still familiar in those beloveds of ours, to whom we yearn out past the grave—not cold and ghostly as they seemed once—but human, sympathetic, with well-known faces. They are not lost utterly to us even on earth; a little farther off, and that is all; farther off, too, in a very low sense. . . . Quite apart from all foolish 'spiritual' (so-called) literature, we find these impressions very generally diffused among the theological thinkers of the most calmly reasoning order. The unconscious influence of Swedenborg is certainly to be taken into account. Perhaps something else."

Miscellany.

Cards Spiritualized,

[Giving an account of Richard Lee, a private soldier, who had been taken before the magistrate of the town of Glasgow for playing cards during divine service.]

The sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers, he took the text. Those who had a Bible took it out; but this soldier had neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book; but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them out before him. He first looked at one card and then another. The sergeant of the company saw him and said:

"Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard.

When the service was over, the constable took Richard a prisoner, and brought him before the Mayor.

"Well," says the Mayor, "what have you brought the soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself."

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you more than ever man was punished."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book. I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to be able to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

Then spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the ace:

"When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God.

"When I see the deuce it reminds me of Father and Son.

"When I see the tray it reminds me of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"When I see the four it reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

"When I see the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were wise, and five were foolish and were shut out.

"When I see the six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth.

"When I see the seven, it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work he had made, and hallowed it.

"When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world, viz: Noah and his wife, his three sons, and their wives.

"When I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Savior. There were nine out of ten who never returned thanks.

"When I see the ten it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tablets of stone.

"When I see the king it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty.

"When I see the queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty girls and fifty boys all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash; the girls washed to the elbows, and the boys to the wrists, so King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the mayor, "you have given a description of all the cards in the pack except one."

"What is that?"

"The knave," said the mayor.

"I will give your honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the mayor, "if you do not term me to be the knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave that I know of is the constable who brought me here."

"I do not know," said the mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots in a pack of cards I find 365—as many days as there are in a year."

"When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find there are 52—the number of weeks in a year; and I find four suits—the number of weeks in a month.

"I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in the year; and on counting the tricks I find thirteen—the number of weeks in a quarter.

"So you see, sir, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, Almanac, and Common Prayer Book."

The Knave Outwitted.

A country gentleman came up to town on business, and confided a considerable sum of money to the care of a particular friend. Having settled his affairs, he went to his friend for the money confided to his keeping; the latter was so base as to express surprise, and to deny having received any money.

Our poor friend from the country, whom we will call Mr. Frankheart, was almost in despair, but he went and told his case to a magistrate of great ability.

The magistrate asked Frankheart if he had taken any receipt, or if there had been any witness to the transaction.

Frankheart answered that as he had no suspicion of the man he believed to be his friend, he had not taken any receipt, and that the only witness was the knave's own wife.

After a little reflection, the magistrate told Frankheart to step into an inner room, and he then sent for the man who had played so treacherous a part.

On his arrival the magistrate thus addressed him:

"I understand that you have received as a deposit a large sum of money, and that you refuse to restore it to its right owner."

The man's only answer was a denial of the accusation.

"Well," replied the magistrate, "let us suppose you innocent; but, in order to convince me of it, write to your wife (who is said to have been a witness to the transaction) the letter I am about to dictate to you:

"My beloved wife—I beg of you to give the bearer of this letter the sum, which, about a fortnight ago, you saw Mr. Frankheart confide to my care. I am about to restore it to him."

All resistance was in vain. The letter was written and was closely examined by the magistrate, to see that it contained the preceding words, and no others.

In a very short space of time the messenger returned with the sum of money which Mr. Frankheart had confided to his faithless friend.

The latter, convicted of dishonesty, threw himself on his knees before the magistrate, who reprimanded him most severely, and, to increase his shame and confusion, called in Mr. Frankheart, the friend he had treated so basely.

Of course the culprit could offer no excuse. The money was restored to its owner, who was advised by the magistrate to be more cautious in future.

—Earl Russell, in a recent speech on educational matters, made this facetious allusion to the reviewers: "Very often you see a book that has been very popular, and approved by all the world, and has amused or instructed the world very much, and you see a very acute critic who writes an article in a review, showing that the book is entirely without sense or knowledge, that what is intended for wit affords no amusement, and that what is intended for argument is wanting in the first principles of logic."

Of Writers and Speakers.

"Our Philosphy is affirmative, and readily accepts of testimony of negative facts, as every shadow points to the sun. . . . . No man need be deceived. . . . . When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens."

H. B. Storer may be addressed New Haven, Ct.

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

W. F. Jamieson, Trance Speaker, Paw Paw, Mich.

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond may be addressed, during the summer, Fond du Lac, Wis.

Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, Logan Co., O., will answer calls to speak inspirationally.

J. H. Randall will speak on Sundays. Address Seltico, Conn.

Dr. H. F. Gardner may be addressed, 46 Essex Street, Boston, Mass.

E. Whipple may be addressed for the summer and fall, Vandalia, Cass Co., Mich.

Rev. H. S. Marble will answer invitations to lecture, Addressed Iowa City, Iowa.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will lecture during July, August, and September, in Lowell, Portland, Bangor, and vicinity. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Frank Chase, Impressional Medium, may be addressed, South Sutton, N. H.

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

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury is at present lecturing in Western New York. Until further notice she may be addressed at Cazenovia, N. Y.

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

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

M. Taylor speaks every other Sunday at Stockton, Me., and for other engagements may be addressed at Stockton or Bradford, Me.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe will spend the summer and autumn in Iowa and Minnesota. Address, till farther notice, Independence, Iowa, care of "Rising Tide."

Mrs. S. E. Warner is engaged to lecture two Sundays in each month in Berlin, and Omro, Wis. Will answer calls to go elsewhere the remainder of the time. Post Office address, box 14, Berlin, Wis.

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

Miss Emma Houston will lecture during July in Bangor, Me.; Aug. 24th, 31st, and Sept. 7th and 14th in Sutton, N. H.; 21st and 28th in New Bedford, Mass.

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 2367.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Scott Hatch may be addressed during the month of August at Lake Mills, Wis., for lectures at the principal places along the line of Northern Indiana, Cleveland and Toledo, Lake Shore, N. Y. Central, and Boston and Worcester Railroad.

K. Graves will answer calls to lecture on the origin of religious ideas, the analogy of all religions, the true religion as contrasted with the false, the origin of the Jewish and Christian religions, as also the origin of the Jewish nation. Likewise on phonography and phrenology. Address Harveysburg, O.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller will receive calls to lecture on the Principles of General Reform, through Central and Eastern New York. Will attend funerals, if desired. Mrs. M. is an inspirational speaker. Address Afton, N. Y., care W. H. Johnston.

F. L. Wadsworth speaks in New Bedford, Mass., four Sundays of July: Marlboro, Mass., Aug 3, 10, and 17; Plymouth, 24 and 31; Quincy, during September; Chicopee, during October; Boston, Nov. 2 and 9; Taunton, Nov. 16, 23, and 30. Address as above.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., during August; address care of F. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. In Boston, two first Sundays of October; and in Philadelphia, during November. Address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., from whence letters will be forwarded.

N. Frank White may be addressed through August, Quincy, Mass.; Sept 7th to 14th, New Bedford, Mass.; Sept. 21st to 28th, Taunton, Mass. Applications for the coming winter should de made immediately. Address as above.

Travelers' Guide.

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HUDSON RIVER R. R.—Leave Chambers street Depot. Express Trains 7 and 11 A. M., 3:15, 5 and 10:15 P. M.

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PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.—Foot of Cortlandt St. for Philadelphia and the West, 7 A. M. and 6 P. M.; via Allentown, 8 P. M.

NEW JERSEY CENTRAL.—Foot of Cortlandt st., 6 A. M., 12 M., and 8 P. M.

NEW HAVEN R. R.—Leave corner 27th street and 4th avenue for New Haven, 7, 8 (Ex.) A. M., 12:15, 3 (Ex.) 3:30, 4:30 and 8 (Ex.) P. M.; for Boston, 8 A. M., and 3 and 8 P. M.

HARLEM R. R.—Leave corner 26th street and 4th avenue, for Albany, 10 A. M.

LONG ISLAND R. R.—Leave James slip and foot of 24th street, East River, 8 A. M., 12 M., 3:30, 4:30 and 6 P. M.; for Flushing, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10½ A. M.; 1, 4, 5, 6, and 7 P. M.

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Last Request of a True Man,
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Churches and Reformers,
Important Testimony,
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How to be Unhappy,
The Gift of Clairvoyance,
The Law of Conditions,
Spiritual Superstitions,
Veil Over the Face,
The Way to Live,
Sacred Hours and Consecrated Rooms,
Sources of Inspiration,
How to Approach the Spiritual,
The Boundary of Another World,
Marriages of Blood Relations,
Our Confession of Faith,
The Eternal Marriage,
Natural Honesty Better than Conversion,
Good Alone is Endless,
The Fraternity of Reforms,
The Soul's Birthright,
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Notices of New Books

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

For the Herald of Progress.

LES MISERABLES. A Novel. By VICTOR HUGO. Translated by Chas. E. Wilbour. New York: Published by Carleton, 413 Broadway.

PART I: FANTINE.—The tone of this last work of Victor Hugo can but be sad, as the title leads one to expect. The author has spent twenty-five years on the history of these Miserables, and it is to be hoped that some of the social evils, which he has depicted with such vividness of outline and coloring, may be abated now that they are so fully placed before a public more or less to blame for their existence.

The most remarkable characters in this first part are three: the good Bishop, Fantine, and Jean Val-jean. These last two seem never to cease reaping the fruits of early delinquencies, whose consequences track them out like bloodhounds, till one lies cold in death on the bed of Charity, and the other becomes a fugitive from the place that he has blessed with his industry and beneficence.

Poor Fantine's career was short, but far from sweet, and one is glad when her tortures are ended, though the thought that her daughter will probably inherit and continue her mother's life of infamy and suffering opens up a new source of bitterness and regret. Fantine's life was to mortal eyes an unqualified failure, as there is no evidence of an awakening of thought, even, in her, in consequence of her tragic circumstances — she seems never to have said, "Why is this?" But Jean Val-jean, who of course turns up again, does nothing but reflect on the why and wherefore of his situation as a convict and outcast from society, whose bountifulness of punishment is very great, until on being brought in contact with the extraordinary goodness of the old Bishop, his mind reels on the verge of insanity during its reaction.

The delineation of this man's character, actions, and above all, his struggles with his better nature previous to giving himself up to justice in order to save an innocent person, is the most powerful portion of the book, and that which the author must have felt sympathetically at least, or he could not have thus written.

Bienvenu, (Welcome,) the good Bishop, is one whose uncommon traits are not likely to find many imitators in this era of Christianity, though one rejoices that such virtue is possible. The idea of shielding the robber from justice who has been caught with our property in his possession, by saying we gave it to him, and adding "our cloak also" to what he has already taken, is a degree of disinterestedness that we only read or dream of at present. And yet the good Bishop's investment was as productive in a worldly sense, as a spiritual one, for it was the means of converting a man whose energies properly directed served to bless an entire township.

I had written thus far, Mr. Editor, when my eye chanced to fall on the criticism of "Les Miserables" in the *Atlantic* for July. "Who," I ejaculated, "is good enough to cast that stone—that uncommonly hard stone—'The bigotries of virtue are better than the charities of vice'?" HERALD OF PROGRESS, remember *that* henceforth and forever. And this too: "Its tendency [the book's] is to weaken that abhorrence of crime which is the great shield of most of the virtue which society possesses, and it does this by attempting to prove that society itself is responsible for crimes it cannot prevent, but can only punish." "Internally, Fantine comes before us as an attempt both to include and supersede the Christian religion." "To legislators, to Magdalen Societies, to prison-reformers, it may suggest many useful hints; but considered as a passionate romance, appealing to the sympathies of the ordinary readers of novels, it will do infinitely more harm than good."

With the accusation against Victor Hugo's mercenariness I have nothing to do, not considering it my affair. Nor do I so much object to the unjust criticism of the *Atlantic* as I do to the pernicious immorality of the sentiments expressed there. If the writer of that article considers Victor Hugo "morbid," I consider *him* morally insane. Moreover, if he does not think society responsible for evils it can and ought to prevent, he is a fool. Besides, if instead of saying to the unfortunate outcast as Christ did, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more!" our critic cries, "Punish, punish!" is not he the superseder of Christianity rather than Victor Hugo?

I would recommend our Pharisaical brother to the perusal of the life of Oberlin, who, if he was not the original of Bishop Myriel, was fully as good, and I believe was generally considered something more than "abstractly Christian."

A little occurrence that came under my own observation a few years since may not be out of place in this connection. A poor orphan girl came from the country to this great city to seek her fortune. She went to an intelligence office, where a seeming lady, elegantly dressed, engaged her at once. The girl went to her new home unsuspectingly, but was not there long before she perceived her fatal mistake. Cries and entreaties to be let go availed nothing. She was locked up and coerced in various ways, until she found her only course to be pretended submission. After some days' abode in this hell, one of the visitors, to whom she appealed, agreed, if she would promise secrecy, to try and find means to rescue her from a life so distasteful and infamous. This gentleman (one of our wealthy merchants) applied indirectly to Mr. Pease, of the Five Points Mission, who, with great difficulty and some personal risk from the landlady's venom, finally succeeded in removing the girl. It took weeks of kindness and encouragement on the part of Mr. P. and a lady, whose spotless character and exalted ideas of virtue never hindered her from calling the worst of sinners Brother and Sister, to restore the poor victim to anything like confidence and self-respect, for she was a rigid and uneducated Calvinist, unable to believe in forgiveness of such sin. Thanks to her more enlightened tutors, she was at last able to look the world in the face with tolerable confidence.

A place was secured for her in Brooklyn, in which she lived for months, to her own and her employer's satisfaction, until one evil day a man (?) espied her, and informed the lady of the house that she had a prostitute in her employ. Query: How did he know it? The lady felt that "abhorrence of crime which is the great shield that society possesses," &c., and forthwith sent the girl into the street, a stranger, who knew not which way to turn. By some strange fatality she did not apply to Mr. Pease at all, but wrote to her kind lady friend, at that time (August) absent in the country for her own health, and, as her physician had prescribed perfect quiet, no letters were forwarded to her. On her return, those heart-piercing letters were read, (the girl had written two or three,) and although immediate steps were taken, both in this city and Brooklyn, through the police and in other ways, not one word of tidings has ever been obtained from that poor orphan. I have purposely abstained from the recital of the horrible details of this true tale, considering its very best aspects bad enough for a public print, but I could freeze the very blood in your veins, my readers, if it were wise to do so, with this and parallel cases. Again I ask, in God's name, where does the responsibility lie if not with society? F. V. H.

Conjugium.

"True marriages are natural, inevitable, harmonious, and eternal."

Married: At the Methodist Episcopal Church, Tremont Street, Boston, by the pastor, Rev. L. D. Barrows, D. D., on Sunday, July 6, 1862, EARL MARBLE, of Boston, to MISS JOSEPHINE J., daughter of S. W. Sloan, Esq., of South Boston.

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."

[From the Banner of Light.]

Obituary Notice.—A more painful duty seldom devolves upon me than the one now at hand, to communicate through the *Banner* the sad intelligence that our noble Sister, MISS A. W. SPRAGUE, is no more in this life.

She came from Oswego a few weeks ago with the prospect of improving health, and you have heard from her since her return, as I have noticed in the *Banner*. About three weeks since she had another attack of brain fever, which, alas! for us who have loved her mortal presence so much, resulted in her release from earthly sorrows and trials.

On Sunday, July 6th, she passed quietly and easily away from her mortal body, in which she had dwelt thirty-four years and eight months, enduring much of the time a great deal of physical suffering.

Her widowed mother, with martyr-patience and calmness, clasped her dying hands in her own, and only breathed forth, "Oh, that this cup could have passed me by."

By request of the mother, the undersigned officiated at the funeral, aided by the Rev. Mr. Osgood with prayer, and A. E. Simonds with appropriate remarks.

I will not do our Angel Sister the injustice to attempt a *resumé* of her many virtues, her noble self-sacrifice, her undying efforts to bless humanity, and her true womanhood—all are written indelibly in the hearts of those who knew her, and better *felt* than described. Let us all endeavor to be as good and true as we know she has been.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

BRIDGEWATER, Vt., July 9, 1862.

[From the Suabian Mercury—a German Paper.]

The Funeral of Dr. Justinus Kerner.

WEINSBERG, WURTEMBERG, Feb. 24, 1862.

The funeral of the poet, Justinus Kerner, took place to-day at 9 A. M. The deceased, an enemy to all display on such occasions, and particularly to all funeral discourses, had left behind him a written charge to the effect that "at his funeral but one clergyman, his son, his son-in-law, and an intimate friend should follow the body, that there should be no singing, and no discourse at his grave, where the Lord's Prayer only should be silently offered." Accordingly, the coffin, crowned with flowers, was to-day borne by hand by persons of the town, from the late residence of the deceased, to the grave, no vehicle following the body, the numerous company proceeding on foot. The Suabian "Saengerbund" (Musical Association,) and the Stuttgart "Liederkranz" (Garland of Song,) of which societies he was an honored member, had sent to the bereaved friends a communication expressing their cordial and respectful sympathy, which, with a letter from the Lady's Union of this place, were laid upon the coffin. UHLAND and MAYER, the old friends and youthful associates of the deceased, came from Tuebingen as representatives of the Suabian school of poets; President Koestlin, from Stuttgart, was there; the two sons of the deceased Count Alexander, of Wuertemberg, also paid the last honor to the friend of their father, and a great number of friends and admirers from Heilbronn and this place joined in the ceremonies.

When the funeral train reached the grave, a clergyman of the place, Mr. Bauer Loewenstein, husband of a grand-daughter of Kerner, (and the son of another Suabian poet, Prof. Ludwig Bauer, of Stuttgart, who died prematurely,) took his stand at the head. The intimate associates of the deceased, his son with his two children, the bereaved daughter with her three children, and Gen. L. Von Bauer, stood around it. After the benediction the will of the deceased in respect to the ceremony was made known by the Bauer first mentioned, who called for a silent utterance of the Lord's Prayer, and gave a parting blessing. A citizen of the place, long an intimate friend of Kerner, then stepped forward and pronounced a last farewell; a member of the Common Council briefly expressed in their name the thanks of the town for the meritorious deeds of the deceased to Weinsberg, and a member of the "Liederkranz" of this place, with a few remarks, waved and lowered the draped banner of the Society over the grave. The solemnity was at an end.

The old poet (aged 75 years, 5 months, and 3 days,) rests now by the side of his wife, (who died in 1854,) of that "dear, faithful hand" which he has so touchingly sung in his "Winter Blossoms." Germany is the poorer by one poet, and Weinsberg is deprived of its chief attraction.

[No reader of the HERALD OF PROGRESS who is familiar with the "Seeress of Prevorst," or Mrs. Crowe's "Night-side of Nature," will need to be told who Dr. Justinus Kerner is. The above extract from a correspondent of the "Suabian Mercury" is given here in English at the request of several of our German friends. We think it cannot fail to interest all American Spiritualists.]

New Publications.

THE RISING TIDE.—This liberal monthly, published at Independence, Iowa, (for only 75 cents a year,) finds its way regularly to our table. From the last number we observe that Bro. D. P. Daniel is to be absent some months on an eastern tour, Mrs. Daniel taking entire charge during his absence. The *Rising Tide* merits success.

THE NEW REPUBLIC announces a new arrangement by which Francis Barry, Editor, will be assisted by Zerah Masters, C. M. Overton, and Orson S. Murray. Published weekly at Cleveland, O., for one dollar a year.

The Atlantic.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for August presents the following table of contents:—"The New Gymnasium," by Dio Lewis, M. D.; "Mr. Axtell;" "My Daphne," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; "Concerning Disagreeable People," by the "Country Parson" "The Sam Adams Regiments in the Town of Boston," by Richard Frothingham; "Life in the Open Air," by the late Theodore Winthrop; "To William Lowell Putnam;" "The Horrors of San Domingo," by John Weiss; "My Lost Art," by M. D. Conway; "In War-time," by John G. Whittier; "Thoreau," by Ralph Waldo Emerson; "A Summer Day;" "Reviews and Literary Notices."

We have had time for only the opening article, which invites attention to and challenges popular interest in the new system of Light Gymnastics of Dr. Lewis. Superiority is claimed for this system on the following grounds: It is adapted to both sexes. "I can but regard the common gymnasium," says Dr. Lewis, "as an institution of organized selfishness. In its very structure, it practically ignores woman." Here alone is a sufficient argument.

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The remaining contents of the *Atlantic* invite perusal. The opening chapters of "Life in the Open Air," the journal of the late Theodore Winthrop, the contributions of Emerson, Conway, and the "Country Parson," will each, we doubt not, justify our expectations.

We miss in the *Atlantic* the usual political article; though silence upon a theme now so unpleasant and perplexing is not to be wondered at. The lighter departments of literature are vastly more inviting.

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Vale's Life of Thomas Paine. 75 cents; postage, 16.

Rights of Man. By Thomas Paine. 50 cents; po. 16.

Kneeland's Review of the Evidences of Christianity. 50 cents; postage, 10.

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