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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

B The Editor will be accessible to his friends and the public only on each Saturday, at the publication office, few doors of Broad Street.

C The real name of each contributor must be imparted to the Editor; though, of course, it will be withheld from the public, if desired.

D Non-official letters and unbusiness correspondence (which the writers design for only the editor's personal use) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."

E We are earnestly laboring to pulverize all sectional creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

Instructive Miscellany.

For the Herald of Progress.

Scenes in the Far West.

BY J. LEANDER STARR.

NUMBER ONE.

PTESKA MECKCHUNSHI:

OR,

THE LONE COTTAGE NEAR THE BEACH.

About the middle of July, the heat of New York being intolerable, I went to pass a few weeks (for the sake of calm seclusion and sea-bathing) at Squan, in New Jersey, whose magnificent beach I had heard so much praised. A few mornings after my arrival there, I was returning from my usual swim in the sea, and, much refreshed, was enjoying my walk back to the village—a distance of about a mile and a half—when, in passing a neat, modest little cottage on the front balcony of which was seated an elderly man, whose appearance indicated the gentleman and man of respectable social status, my attention was immediately attracted. He was employed reading a newspaper, and enjoying his Havana at the same time. I had made several ineffectual attempts to light one of my cigars, when I seemed to have attracted his attention; for he arose and advanced to the front of the balcony, and politely offered me a light from his cigar. As I approached, he graciously motioned me to a seat near him, and we soon fell into conversation on the ordinary topics of the day, so easy to men who have traveled much and seen the world. I soon discovered that we were both Englishmen.

Unconsciously an hour passed, so mutually interested were we in each other's conversation; and as I rose to depart, he told me he was living quite alone, with only two servants, and begged me to dine with him on the following day at five o'clock, if I could be satisfied with his simple mode of living. I promised to be his guest on the morrow and we shook hands, and I departed.

My new friend, Mr. Wilmot, appeared to be a man of about sixty years of age. His hair was white, but his eyes were clear, and shone with even youthful lustre. His complexion was clear, and gave no indication of an age beyond forty-five. His form was perfectly erect, his movements supple, and his height about five feet eleven inches. His conversation displayed a highly cultivated mind; but there was an indescribable sadness in his tone, which seemed to indicate deep sorrow from some potent cause; and I may confess that, when I parted from him, in wending my way to my humble boarding-house, I felt so deep an interest in the history of this man, and so great a curiosity to know what could lead one so cultivated and every way fitted to adorn society to live thus secluded and unsocial, that I ardently hoped that, during my visit to him on the morrow, he would unbend and favor me with his history. Thoughts of this stranger fully occupied my mind all the day and during the evening, until I lost consciousness in sleep.

Punctually at five o'clock the next day I was at the cottage of my new acquaintance. He received me in his little library, which was fitted up with great taste, and contained about six hundred volumes. I found his selection of books but confirmed my opinion of his intellect. It was a library worthy a man of sound learning and intelligence.

Our dinner was simple, but well cooked and well served. It was a *mélée* of the French and American cuisines, and all that could tempt the appetite and satisfy hunger. His wines were excellent, and consisted of some sound light Bordeaux and some *pomard*—and a better Burgundy I never drank. Our dessert consisted of the fruits of the season and some olives; and, true to his nationality, he set before me a bottle of as good *port wine* as the first citizen of London could produce on his table.

It was quite seven o'clock when we adjourned to the balcony and lighted our cigars. The sun was just setting, and the air was fresh and balmy; a gentle breeze from the west rendered the air very refreshing at this warm season. The fleecy clouds, tinged with the sun's parting rays, sported themselves in grotesque forms; and the murmur of the waves of the Atlantic, rolling in their mighty volume on the beach, lent its music to diversify the scene around us. From some incidental remarks dropped by Mr. Wilmot in al-

lusion to his past life, I ventured to ask him to favor me by relating his history.

He faintly smiled and said: "At another time, but not here."

It was about a week after the day on which I had dined with Mr. Wilmot, when, passing his cottage one morning, returning from my bath, he beckoned to me, and when I had shaken hands with him, he said to me—a deep mental struggle was visible in his features—"You expressed an interest in learning my history: I would not seem unkind in refusing you; but since she died my lips have never breathed her hallowed name to mortal ear. I feel that you have a sympathetic heart, and that your desire is not prompted by an idle curiosity. To-night the moon will be full, and the heaven clear and bright; meet me, then, at nine o'clock, in the little rustic arbor you will find about a hundred yards in the rear of this cottage. She lies buried there. Beside her sacred ashes I will then, unrevered, give you a faithful history of my past life, and why I continue to reside here, retired and alone, and where I shall continue to reside until the javelin of Death opens my grave to receive me in beside her, to whom my soul is knit through all eternity."

It was as bright an evening as ever shone out of the heavens. A breeze so gentle that it just fanned the leaves of the trees which thickly studded the grounds around this cottage, and wafted itself over the beds of flowers and low shrubbery, in the midst of which was situated a rustic arbor, quite hidden from the view of those who traveled the public highway. I found Mr. Wilmot seated therein; and placing me at his side, he commenced:

"My father was an affluent merchant in Liverpool. I was his only child. He devoted the greatest possible attention to the culture of my mind, and an *enormous* expense for my education. After passing through the usual course of study at Harrow, I entered the University of Oxford; and after taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and being considered a good Latin and Greek scholar, I was sent to Paris, where I remained two years under the best masters in languages, drawing, and music. I then remained a year at Rome, and mastered the Italian language; and from thence went to Berlin, where, after a residence of two years, I found myself a fair German scholar, and conversant with the writings of Goethe, Schiller, and other men eminent in the *belles lettres* of that country. I now returned to England. Strange and adverse scenes had passed over my paternal household during the past few months. Owing to the derangement of business, and especially that connected with our North American possessions, losses followed on losses, and my poor father found himself utterly bankrupt—not of all his large wealth left to him, but that greatest of all wealth, an honorable character and unsullied reputation. During his prosperity his society had been courted by everybody, and his smile was regarded as a boon. And he well deserved all the plaudits he received, for he was noble in nature, and a good and steadfast friend to all who were in distress.

"But now, for the sole cause that he was poor, with his nature and attributes entirely unchanged, his 'friends' cut him in the street, and although the finger of malevolence could not point to one single transaction that was not in accordance with the strictest integrity, he was neglected and avoided. My young spirit was goaded to the quick, and I offered to my honored parent all the consolation which the deep and sincere affection I felt for him prompted.

"But his sensitive nature could not withstand this pressure of unmerited malignity, and both his body and mind soon gave way under its cruel infliction; and three months after my return home from Germany I followed the remains of my beloved father to their last resting-place on earth.

"I found myself wholly without means, overwhelmed with the deepest grief, and, feeling the utmost disgust for the false laws of society, which dare to punish a virtuous and faultless man for an inevitable result caused wholly by circumstances he could not control, as for a crime. This disgust entered into my very soul.

"To maintain myself in the humblest way (for my life was now necessarily a solitude,) I gave lessons in languages and music, and thus the tedious months of an endless seeming year passed away.

"At the end of that year I received news of the death of an uncle in India—the only brother of my mother, who had died while I was studying in Paris—whom I had never seen, and with whom my father had not kept up

any correspondence. This announcement was accompanied by a letter from his London solicitors informing me that my uncle had left me his sole heir to an estate valued at £120,000.

"I hastened to London, waited on the solicitors, and after the delay of two weeks, I was put in formal possession of this unlooked-for fortune. I had now attained the age of thirty years; I am at present but forty; but grief has whitened my locks, and I have no doubt you take me for fifty, or perhaps sixty.

"I returned to Liverpool with as yet no determined plan for the future. The news of my now being a man of fortune had preceded my return and spread through the city: and the morning after my arrival I found my table covered with visiting-cards and invitations to dine. How my soul loathed this hypocrisy! I gathered them all up in my hands and cast the mass into the fire—the only reply I designed to make to these hypocritical missives.

"Saddened and disgruntled with the conventionalities of *civilized society*, I formed the plan of secluding myself from the 'world'; and so soon as I could transfer my funds to New York, there to be safely invested and produce me seven per cent interest, I took my departure for the United States, bidding adieu to refined Europe—forever.

"I remained but a few days in New York, and then, in pursuance of the plan I had formed, traveled leisurely to St. Louis, and thence on the Upper Missouri River to Fort Randall, in Nebraska Territory, 1,500 miles from St. Louis, and remained there several days the guest of the United States military garrison stationed there, of whose courteous hospitality I shall ever retain a pleasing recollection. After several days' travel through a vast prairie with an Indian guide, I found myself in the Dakota Country, inhabited by the various tribes of the Sioux Nation. Here I was the guest of the United States military garrison stationed there, of whose courteous hospitality I shall ever retain a pleasing recollection. After several days' travel through a vast prairie with an Indian guide, I found myself in the Dakota Country, inhabited by the various tribes of the Sioux Nation. 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cere and holy love. But I now find that I love you with as pure and ardent a passion as man ever felt, and I think that you love me. Is it not so, dear Pteska? and will you at once become my wife, and when I may leave this spot go with me and share my future lot, which, as far as fortune goes, will be what the world calls prosperous?

"How sweet and artless was her reply! My heart has long been yours; I will be your wife; but you must promise me, Mita, that while the old Chief, my father, lives, you will remain with us, that I may be his child to the last, and when he goes to the happy hunting-ground above, then I will follow you to the end of the earth, if you desire it."

"Just at this moment the old Chief approached us, and was about to enter his wigwam, when Pteska ran up to him and announced our betrothal. True to the characteristics of the Indian, he showed no emotion or surprise, but simply taking the right hand of Pteska and placing it in mine, and resting one of his hands on the head of each of us, he said simply: 'Meekshush! Meekchanshe!' (Son! daughter!) and entered the wigwam.

"The following week we were married, according to the Indian ritual, and with all the ceremonies due to so grand an event as the marriage of the only child of the oldest and bravest Chief of the Sioux nation. We had a wigwam set apart for our own use, adjoining that of Pte-kla.

"Two years elapsed, during which time our happiness was complete. Not a cloud arose on the horizon of our perfect bliss. Our time, too, passed very pleasantly, and I employed several hours each day in instructing Pteska in the English and French languages; and now she spoke both with fluency and correctness. I would have also taught her music, of which she was passionately fond, but there was, of course, no piano there, and I deferred this branch of her education, as I explained to her, until a future day. I read to her daily from the very few English books I had brought with me. She seemed charmed most with sketches of character, and with the choice gems of poetry I read to her, and her appreciative powers were wonderful. She committed to memory and often recited the following beautiful lines, by Miss Landon, which she said were so suited to her own feelings towards me:

"It is a fearful thing
To love as she loves thee; to feel the world—
The bright, the beautiful, the joy-giving world—
A blank without thee. Never more to her
Can hope, joy, fear, wear differing seeming. Now
She has no hope that does not dream of thee;
She has no joy that is not shared by thee;
She has no fear that does not dread for thee;
Her flowers she only gathers for thy sake.
The hook drops down, the door cannot read
Unless it is to thee; her lonely hours
Are spent in shaping forth your future lives
After her own romantic fantasies;
Thou art the star round which her thoughts revolve
Like satellites.'

"We often took long walks together, and frequently rode out on horseback. Pte-kla, the venerable Chief, was now borne down with the weight of years, and had received the summons which must sooner or later come to us all, and he died in all that calm repose which so characterized him through life. A few weeks after this event we decided to quit the Dakotah country, first visit New York, and then decide on our future plans. Pteska, although not adverse to quitting her past mode of life, because she knew I wished to remove, yet from our oft conversations on the vices and falsehoods and hypocrisies of civilized life, especially in Europe, she felt no wish to mingle in such an artificial state of society, and where she would necessarily so much of each day be separated from me; and it was for these reasons that on quitting the prairies we had formed no settled plans for the future.

"We took leave of all the tribes by which we had been so long surrounded—she, from her infancy—and striking a course which brought us to the Yellow River, which runs into the Missouri, we took passage in the fur trader's steamboat, and, after a voyage of three thousand miles, we at last safely reached St. Louis. Here we remained a week to rest; and it was curious to see with what surprise Pteska looked upon hotel life and the busy employments of this large city; but she would never remain one moment from my side. She was struck with curiosity at the sight of an Akitehita (U. S. soldier) whom she called Banarre, (a young brave.) From St. Louis we traveled by easy stages to New York, stopping several days at Washington, and at Baltimore and Philadelphia. At St. Louis she procured, at my request, to avoid attracting too much notice, and as more becoming the wife of an English gentleman, an outfit suitable to a lady, but all in modest and unassuming style; and it was funny to see her merriment, and hear her heartily laugh, the first time she donned her new clothing, and saw herself reflected in a large mirror; but by the time we reached New York she had become quite accustomed to her civilized dress, and wore it with ease and grace.

"We remained in New York until July, when, on account of the heat, we were induced to come to Squan, intending to remain only during the hot months. She much enjoyed the drives about here, and the sea bathing, and indeed we both soon became attached to this place. It seemed to us both that here we could avoid equally the objectionable features of life in large cities, so utterly distasteful to us, and the loneliness of such a wilderness as we had inhabited during the past two years. We talked it over, and were mutually of the opinion that here we should fix our future abode. I found that this cottage and grounds were for sale, and purchased them; and making some alterations in the interior of the

cottage, and furnishing it according to my own very simple taste, and selecting in New York a small library, we removed into it in the following October. I also obtained a pianoforte, and some music, and gave Pteska lessons in music two hours each day. In a year she played well and sang with great taste, for she possessed, naturally, a rich and flexible voice. She became very fond of music; and during the long winter evenings this amusement, with my reading to her, and our varied conversations, prevented either of us from ever feeling lonely. As her mind expanded under culture, wondrous mines of pure thought, and ardent love and devotion were displayed! Our love was mutual and ardent; mine for her was little short of adoration; for I could never discover in her a single fault.

"She became acquainted with the Scriptures, which she delighted to study, and was deeply imbued with true Christianity in all the wealth of its devotion and its charity; and she uniformly practiced all those lofty virtues which Christianity enjoins. The life, suffering, and death of Christ as a ransom for poor sinners, deeply penetrated her pure mind and artless character; and she never read of these without deep emotion and tears.

"Thus, in one continual sunshine of domestic happiness, three years flew on, when, from a cold she took one evening late in autumn, she was laid up with a severe illness which no medical skill; no fond, devoted affection could arrest, and she, my adored, my angel wife, bade me a last, solemn, affectionate adieu, and was claimed by that jealous tyrant, Death, as his victim.

"Within this little arbor she now sleeps, and when I die my remains will repose beside that form, dear to me now as in life. I have had engraved on her tomb-stone these beautiful lines of Proctor:

"There's not an hour
Of day, or dreaming night, but I am with thee;
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name;
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,
But in its hue or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee."

For months after her death I was inconsolable. I refused food, I locked myself up in my library for whole days; spent whole nights without sleep in this arbor communing with the dead. But time brought with it its usual healing potion; and although I will never quit this spot until death removes me, or cease, while living, to love the dead Pteska with all the force, all the ardor, I ever loved the living; yet calm reason demands that I perform my limited duties. I have never had, for one moment, a wish to return to Europe. I like the United States; and when I die, my fortune is bequeathed to aid poor and needy emigrants arriving in this country to settle."

The village clock now struck the hour of midnight, and I arose, and without saying a word—my emotion was too great for speech—I pressed the hand of my friend and departed.

The next day a telegraphic dispatch summoned me to New York; and I embarked in the next steamer on my return to Europe; and now, although years have glided by, I often, in moments of retirement, think of

"THE LONE COTTAGE NEAR THE BEACH."

A Practical Advocate of Dress Reform

The advocates of "dress reform" have a powerful ally in Miss Helene Weber, a native of the Old World, now residing on her farm near Brussels. Miss Weber quite early in life adopted male attire, though not until she had written in favor of it, as well as of almost every branch of the Woman's Rights question. These writings she published in pamphlet form; and as she was highly educated, and her style was vigorous and humorous, her essays were soon very widely circulated, and produced no small impression on the public mind. Personally, as we are informed by "Woman's Record," Miss Weber has a fine but rather masculine form, is tall and well-proportioned, and in male attire, her favorite dress, she appears like an elegant young gentleman. Her hair is cut short; she generally wears a black dress-coat and pantaloons; sometimes a stylish blue dress-coat, with superb plain gilt buttons, and drab tights. She always wears a buff cassimere vest, trimmed with plain but highly-polished gold buttons, and she uses very little jewelry. Her face is womanly and beautiful; her manners are gentle and easy, and no one would suppose that she was conscious of appearing in a dress differing from most of her sex. Her conversation is full of vigor, animation, and sincerity, enlivened by a natural turn for wit and humor, but marked by the most refined womanly delicacy, and a true consideration for the feelings of others. There numbers among her friends the great and good of both sexes. Miss Weber was born in Paris in 1825, and received her education alternately in England and Germany. Her father was a native of Berlin, her mother was an English woman of great beauty and fortune.

This little vexations and minor miseries of life can only be met with patience and philosophy. They can't be "put down" like an insurrection, nor expelled like a bad church-member. The best that can be done with them is to pay as little attention to them as possible, and not to double their power by fretting over them. As the immortal Shakespeare says, we don't remember exactly where,

"For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there's none;
If there is a remedy, try and find it;
If there isn't—never mind it."

HORACE MANN, on being asked if he believed in the fall of Adam, replied: "Yes, and not only in the fall of Adam, but in a perfect succession of cataracts from Adam all the way down."

* Buffalo Heart.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.
TO A MOTHER.

FROM HER DAUGHTER IN SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH MILTON H. MARBLE.

[DECATUR, GREEN CO., WIS., Aug. 26, 1862.]

EDITOR OF HERALD OF PROGRESS, Dear Sir:

The inclosed lines were given by impression, through Milton H. Marble, on the occasion of the Grove Meeting of the Friends of Progression at this place (a report of which was published in the HERALD) and purport to be from a daughter of the undersigned, some seventeen years in spirit life, to her mother.

Yours for freedom and truth,

J. W. STUART.]

Mother, from my home of glory

I have come with rapturous story;

Come to whisper of the beauties of this bright

and golden land,

Where I dwell in home elysian;

And an angel's magic vision

Unto me is ever given, with sweet peace on every

hand.

I have passed beyond the portal

Leading to the blest Immortal,

With all earthly trials ended, and am happy here

above;

With the richest of bequeathings,

And my spirit's silent breathings

Are overflowings from a bosom that is wedded

aye to love.

And I come to you, in prison,

On a high and noble mission;

Come to whisper that your daughter is upon a

bilious shore,

Just across the magic river,

With sweet love for hers forever,

Where the angels' songs are ringing, sweetly

ringing evermore.

Once your eyes were very tearful,

Once your heart was very fearful.

Ere you knew of soul communion, while the fiend

of Doubt was near;

Now, with more expanded vision,

Can you gaze beyond earth's prison,

And can you see your "Loveretta" in the world of

gladness here.

Oh, the golden love and wisdom

In the blessed angel kingdom;

Oh, the heavenly bliss and rapture that are mine

upon this shore!

I am blest beyond all knowing,

And the lamp of love is glowing

Brightly on my bosom's altar, and shall burn for

evermore.

Would you drink of inspiration,

And forget each dark vexation

Of the earth-life? Aspiration be thy watchword

evermore.

Be in love to all united,

See no path unlighted,

Then thy spirit may drink deeply from the fount

of heavenly love.

Now I know no grief or sadness,

All my hours are love and gladness,

In my home above the azure and the cloud-

besprinkled skies;

So I praise the bounteous Giver

That I am across the river,

In the "house of many mansions," in the angel-

paradise.

As thou glidest o'er life's ocean,

'Mid its storm and mad commotion,

Have Hope for thy spirit's anchor, bid it leave

thee nevermore;

Then the angels shall come to thee,

And with tears of love bedew thee,

Whisper of the golden pleasures that are ours

upon this shore.

Mother, here a star is shining,

Far beyond thy heart's divining,

Shining but to guide thy footsteps to the angel-

blessed shore;

And we send a prayer downward

But to lead thy footsteps onward

To the star-gemmed angel-region, to the bound-

less evermore.

For thee dawns a brighter morrow,

All redeemed from chilling sorrow,

And a hand now beckons to thee from the fair in-

iting shore;

It is "Loveretta," telling

Of the beauties of the dwelling

In the clime of fableless azure, in the land of ever-

more.

I have felt the resurrection,

And have seen the blest perfection

Of the land of joy and gladness; I have searched

Its hidden lore,

And am blest beyond all telling,

And a song of joy is swelling

From my bosom to the Father who has brought

me to this shore.

Take these whispers as a token

That my love is all unbroken,

But is dearer and deeper than it was on the

earth-shore;

Death was but my soul's fruition

Leading to a blest elysian,

Where dark pain and chilling sadness shall be

vanished evermore.

On this shore I wait to meet thee,

With a kiss of love to greet thee;

I will meet thee first, dear mother, at the ever-

opening door,

Where we dwell in love forever,

Ne'er are called again to

structions will be removed and all difficulty will vanish away. The Bible is full on the mode of preparation for this state, such as: "Be still," "Watch and pray," "Set not your affections on earth," "Love God and love one another," &c., &c.

These rules, with others contained therein, will enable the spirit to dictate the right in all things, and the way in doubtful cases.

In addition, however, to this, we have furnished us an invariable rule that addresses our outward and material senses as proof of its possession. This consists, as the Bible and Christ assures us, of "signs," "witnesses," "evidences," "gifts," "healings," &c. These in early times were necessary to establish and prove the truth, and are equally necessary in every successive generation; for mankind remains the same, and so does God's universal laws. These were withheld in consequence of straying from the faith and listening to the admonitions of worldly things.

Having shown how truth can accurately be determined, and the evidence of its possession, it yet remains to account for the errors with which it is associated. As complete withdrawal from the external always elicits truth, it will be readily perceived when the withdrawal is *incomplete*, the seer, prophet, or medium, speaks of himself, and not from the influences of the spirit-world, of inspiration, and is, therefore, liable to err.

But the conditions are sometimes fully complied with for a short period, and while the truth is then declared, it is found by experience that the least outside influence may distract them and produce untruth without the knowledge of the individual.

In this there is no design but to speak the truth, and no purpose but that of attempting to be inspired. Paul states he may speak, and does speak, as a man or as of God. The history of others confirms this. To determine the truth of prophetic statements, it is said in the Bible that when the thing spoken of comes to pass, it is of God, and when it does not come to pass, it is of man.

This method by some may be considered objectionable on account of the uncertainty of the state of inspiration. But it is considered by Christians to be, as it really is, a state in which God reveals himself to men.

Now, aside of this state, and without any pretensions to it, it is found man does decide truth and error for himself, however liable to err in his judgment. But this is not objected to.

There are some organisms whose natural powers peculiarly fit them for this attainment, and to these much previous preparation is unnecessary.

However much man may object to this theory, it is evident that all truth and error, in every department of being, has been through the channel of man. I am aware that the teachings of Christ on earth may be attributed to God directly, but it is in evidence he took man's form, became subject to his laws, and dwelt among mankind.

It yet remains to treat of the vices and crimes of those we read of in the Bible that have been employed as the channels of truth, and are known as the chosen of God.

They are termed "the chosen" because of the natural fitness of their powers to receive the impressions conveyed them. We discover in the world individuals whose combinations of powers of mind are such, in one direction, that they intuitively excel all others, even with the most studious efforts and laborious culture. The vices and excesses of these have little or no influence upon their minds, for both are the result of their natural endowments.

So in spiritual affairs. It is found at the present time, as well as in the past, some so constituted as to receive impressions of events and things taking place, of which the common mind has not the least conception. They proceed even further and foretell the future. Now if the vices of the most scientific minds do not impair their ability, it is safe to say, neither can the vices of the spiritually-minded affect them.

Again, in some of the readings of the Old Testament we find that it is written of God, the pure and holy, that he committed, and caused to be committed, acts at which humanity now shudders; and of Christ, the Son of God, many things are written in which society, at this time, would not hold him blameless. It is well known that, in order, as he declares, to carry out his Father's purpose, he taught a theory of morality, religion, and conduct, so opposed to the morals, religion, and acts of the Jews, which so exasperated the authorities that they finally inflicted upon him the penalty of such offense—the death upon the cross. And where can be found the human form to-day that dares array himself against the laws of the community to such extent that Christ did, that would not incur the penalty due the magnitude of the offense, however pure and true? Who would not receive the popular execrations of society, and whose life every hour would be placed in jeopardy because of the magnitude of the offense, and if brought before the rulers would probably be condemned unheard? Here is transgression against human and divine law, as understood and practiced; here is punishment inflicted according to law, yet this transgressor is before the Christian world worshipped as a God! In view of this, may not the transgressions of the chosen of God and the frailties of mediums of the present day be excused on the same basis that we excuse the acts of Christ? Most certainly.

As Christ proclaimed the truth and practiced it as far as he was able, is it not clear that all he condemned and opposed was opposed to the truth? And notwithstanding nations may have standards of morals, reli-

gion, and acts, may not these of to-day be more or less objectionable to divine truth, though some progress may have been made since the Jewish dispensation?

From this it appears that God does not see as man sees, and oft, in cases in which man condemns, he may be just before his God. The impure thoughts are sinful against God, but impure overt acts are only sinful in man's sight.

The Teachings of Nature.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Changes in the Sidereal Heavens.

FRIEND DAVIS: The following letter from a very eminent astronomer of England, and the discoverer of a large number of the asteroids, contains the announcement of so strange and interesting a fact—as it seems to be—that I have concluded to copy it for your paper from *The Friend*, and add some remarks of my own.

LETTER FROM MR. JOHN RUSSELL HIND, OF LONDON, CONCERNING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A NEBULA.

Towards the close of the past year it was announced by Prof. d'Arrest, of Copenhagen, that a nebula in the constellation Taurus, which was discovered at this observatory on the 11th of October, 1852, had totally vanished from its place in the heavens; that one of these objects which the giant telescopes of the present day had taught us to regard as assemblages of stars in myriads at immense distances from the earth, should suddenly fade away so as to be quite imperceptible in powerful instruments, must, I think, have been deemed a very improbable occurrence, even by many who are well acquainted with the care and experience of the observer by whom the statement was made. Within the last few days, however, M. de Verrier has obtained so strong a confirmation of its accuracy that there is no longer room for supposing it to have originated in one of those errors of observation which every practical astronomer knows will creep into his work in spite of all his precautions.

The nebula in question was situated in right ascension 4h. 13m. 54.6s., and north declination 19 deg. 11 min. 37 sec. for the beginning of 1862.

It was, therefore, about a degree and a half from the star Epsilon in Taurus, in the group commonly known as "the Hyades."

Its diameter was about one minute of arc, with a condensation of light in the center—or its appearance was that of a distant globular cluster, when viewed in telescopes of insufficient power to resolve it into stars.

At 1852 to 1856 a star of the tenth magnitude almost touched the edge of the nebula at its north following edge; it was first remarked on the night the nebula was detected, having escaped notice on many occasions when its position had been under examination with the same telescope and powers. Hence I was induced to hint at its probable variability, in a note upon the nebula published in No. 83 of the *Astronomisch-Nachrichten*. The suspicion is fully confirmed; the star has diminished to the twelfth magnitude, either simultaneously with or soon after the apparent extinction of the nebula.

The history of this object and the results of his observations on the night of January 26th, are appended by M. LeVerrier to his Meteorological Bulletin of the 29th.

The sky being very clear at intervals, the Paris equatorial, which has an object-glass twelve French inches in diameter, was directed to the place of the nebula; but, notwithstanding stars of an extremely faint class were visible in its immediate neighborhood, not the slightest trace of it could be perceived either by M. LeVerrier or M. Chacma. Prof. d'Arrest and Mr. Hind thus fully confirmed; the star has diminished to the twelfth magnitude, either simultaneously with or soon after the apparent extinction of the nebula.

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The history of this object and the results of his observations on the night of January 26th, are appended by M. LeVerrier to his Meteorological Bulletin of the 29th.

The sky being very clear at intervals, the Paris equatorial,

which has an object-glass twelve French inches in diameter, was directed to the place of the nebula; but, notwithstanding stars of an extremely faint class were visible in its immediate neighborhood, not

there have been fatal results, and the health of many, very many, has been irretrievably injured.

A medical gentleman, who seems to have had more penetration than some others who were consulted by the unhappy sufferers, and from whose method of treatment, according to their account, they could alone find relief, had at length a fatal case. The girl complained of the usual pain in the side and intense thirst. She was seized with vomiting, and the refuse of the stomach was of a greenish color. Finding herself very ill, she went to a doctor, who told her she was again suffering from the effects of poison. She had been ill several times before, and had always complained of pains in the stomach, and sickness. She continued in the greatest pain, till in four or five days death ended her sufferings.

A post-mortem examination was made, and the body was found of a greenish-yellow color, the eyes were also of the same hue, the nails were very green, and the countenance of a particularly anxious character. The lungs gave evidence of arsenite of copper, the liver being highly impregnated, as also the mesenteric glands. The stomach was much inflamed with bunches of gangrenous ulcers. There was also inflammation of the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes, no doubt caused by the arsenite of copper. The cause of death was acute inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, produced by the inhalation of the arsenite of copper.¹

A companion of this poor girl had died under similar circumstances, some weeks previously. She was taken to the hospital, where she was treated for fever. This poison-madness has been frequently mistaken for fever, owing to the intense, insatiable thirst, which always accompanies it; it is said also to mislead by other symptoms; indeed, it is quite clear that the whole matter, cause and effect, has been among the hidden things which remain to be unfolded.

The child referred to was married, (I call her a child, for she had seem but sixteen summers) and left an infant of the age of four months. A third victim was also married, and left three children, one an infant, and it appeared that in nursing this babe the poison had been transmitted. It sickened and wore away, and at length presented a dreadful spectacle, being covered with an eruption precisely like that which appears on the face and neck of the worker, and which is among the earlier symptoms of the malady. The mother attributed the eruption to the contact of the child's cheek with her bosom, her dress being most likely impregnated with the insidious powder. Was the death of the mother the salvation of the child? At any rate, it survives, like many others to whom life is one continual sense of pain, and who seem strangely out of place in this weary world. Well, death is very active among such. "Not in cruelty, not in wrath," does he gather the intended, uncared-for among "these little ones," for "of such is the kingdom of heaven."²

I believe that infants are injured to a degree altogether unsuspected, from having the poison communicated to them by the mother and others connected with the green work. On mentioning one or two cases to a leant-maker a little time ago, she seemed perfectly to understand, and stated that she herself had a child whose face was scarred as if from the scald, from contact with her dress.

Many sad incidents might be related were we to accept the statements of the working people on credit. One girl is said to have gone blind; another, who died sometime since, had one arm rigid, from a wound said to have resulted from the accumulation of the green powder in the upper part, which had accidentally been scratched. This person was entirely bald; the eyebrows were gone, the eyes fearfully inflamed, and in the sickening language of my informant, her ears "bare to the gristle." Whether the poison may affect the brain or no, I know not; but one young woman who had been ill a long time became mad.

I might multiply instances, but it is unnecessary. I have seen them working, suffering, dying, dead; and regard the whole thing with a horror which can hardly be increased.

(To be Continued.)

For the Herald of Progress.
THE WIND-HARP.

BY VINE W. OSGOOD.

A gentle hand had wrought for me a wind harp with rude skill,
And laid it with the morn's first tints across my window-sill;
"When falls the shadow of the day, the lonely, darksome even,
Then let its sweet tones breathe," he said, "of morning, hope, and heaven."

But when the gateways of the west opened with night and rain,
The wind-harp through the lonely hours uttered low sobs of pain;
And ever if from place to place I changed it for relief,
Some rude and wandering wind would stir its strings to wail of grief.

I brought sweet gifts of blooming flowers, violets and lilies rare,
Culled from the banks which in the waves shadored their shining hair;
But offerings sweet and gentle its wallings could not still—
At morn, at noon, in the silent hours, it prophesied of ill.

It came at last. The long, wild storm, broke darkly o'er my head,
And in its scathed and blackened track lies my unburied dead;
But yester eve the wind-harp sang like all the summer bands,
Melodious breezes swept the strings, blown from the angel lands.

Low harpings fell upon my ear with the melody of rest,
And voices whispered to my soul: "All things are for the best;
Though wild winds ring upon thy harp full many a wail again,
Remember that the sweetest notes are ever born of pain."

PRAISE.

There's naught in these degenerate days
So grateful to the mind of man,
So much the goal of life's great plan,
As is the transient bauble—Praise.

DE VERE VINING.]



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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Annual for 1863 should apply at once, as only a limited number of advertisements can be received.

All friends interested in perfecting the

details of our list of Public Writers and

Speakers for the next Progressive Annual,

will please send in names and full address

immediately, with the desired or appropriate

classification.

SENATOR SUMNER addressed a crowded

War Meeting at Faneuil Hall on Monday, Oc-

tober 6. His address is one of the most elo-

quent productions called out by the war. We

shall extract from it in our next.

A Plea for Children.

DUTY OF REFORMERS.

The most helpless deserve the ablest sup-
porters. Sympathy for the defenseless in-
spires the noblest championship. Yet who
are there to-day to espouse the cause of innocent,
helpless childhood—to declare for "Chil-
dren's Rights"?

A nation with its million soldiers strikes
heavy blows for "human rights." Money is
poured out without stint, lives freely offered
up, to secure the blessings of liberty to a nation.
In behalf of a down-trodden race, how
strong an array of talent, devotion, eloquence,
and energy! For woman, too, deprived of man-
kind's blessings and privileges vouchsafed to
man, there has arisen a powerful reforming
influence, and with our hopes for the future
are bright gleams of better days for woman.
But who is there to speak for the child—to
claim in behalf of humanity the *rights* which
belong to existence, yet which the world, so-
ciety, and parents, daily trample upon?

Human rights, broadly stated, include all
special claims of race, sex, age, and class.
Still we learn from Nature—ever mindful of
detail, ever exact in the smallest particulars—
that there is occasion for specific effort to
achieve desired results. Vague generalities
will never serve to secure redress for special
grievances. Is there, then, not occasion for
deliberate and careful scrutiny of the various
branches of reform, to see if among the many
great wrongs sought to be righted, one im-
portant work is not overlooked? We can at
least accord to children the simple need of
careful thought and considerate attention, in
the light of their nature, capacities, and rela-
tions.

We have neither space nor time to attempt
an enumeration of the several "rights" be-
longing peculiarly to childhood, nor for a full
discussion of any one of them. We propose
only a few suggestions under the head of chil-
dren's right to a true education, and to be still
more definite, will assert at once that this in-
cludes the right to freedom from arbitrary au-
thority. To glance for a moment at present
methods of instruction:

The earliest glimmerings of reason in the
child are exercised not for the normal develop-
ment of its own powers, but in the acceptance
of the definite and arbitrary "say-so" of par-
ent, teacher, book, or priest. The earliest
popular lesson to the child is blind obedience.
It must be "made to mind." If in this first
lesson any difficulty is experienced, as there
always should be, the next is, "to break the
child's will," or to crush its spirit. If the par-
ent or guardian fails in this, the priest hurls
threats of damnation, till the weak and de-
fenseless victim assents to "submission to
God," or to the psychological influence of the
priest or teacher.

Obedience, submission, and surrendry of in-
dividuality, thus occur as the universal and
approved methods by which the natural with-
in the child is made unnatural—by which its
instinctive promptings are disregarded, thwarted,
and misdirected. The latent energies
which would freely flow in to the support of
normal healthy impulses, thus early broken
and impaired, the spirit crushed, individuality
perverted or destroyed—the schools and the
churches proceed to "make up" an article
adapted to the popular market. The result is
seen in the world—artificiality abounds, "ma-
chine-made" men and women could not be
worse; Fashion rules where love should in-
spire. Constraint sits upon the throne built for

healthful impulse. Fresh spontaneity is for-
eign even to child-life in America, and good
sense and sound principles are forced to abdi-
cate to Mrs. Grundy!

These results belong not alone to the house-
holds of men of the world, or of sectarians.
They are common to the abodes of Reformers,
Spiritualists, and Progressives. Our children,
instead of developing under the fostering in-
fluence of the harmonizing, inspiring truths of
a free, progressive, Spiritual philosophy, are
subjected to imbibe popular errors, to foster
fashionable prejudices, and to become popular
hypocrites. Within the reach of influences the
most ennobling, they are driven into a world
of authority-worshiping men and women, there
to become tainted with a contempt for the
beautiful truths and genuine excellencies of an
unpopular faith, and to become infatuated with
orthodox errors and fashionable vices.

For these results progressive parents are at
fault. It is because of their primary neglect
that their children become either dissipated and
reckless, thoughtless and inconsiderate, or
bigoted and sectarian, with contempt for the
opinions of their parents, and respect and ven-
eration for what those parents know to be
better.

What excuse can there be for a parent who
knows the accepted theology to be false, the
popular philosophy erroneous, and current
methods of education pernicious, to permit his
own children, to whom his highest duty is
protection from these very baneful influences,
to come not only directly under the influence
of one, but of all of these! The accessions to
liberal thinkers in this country are from among
those of mature years, while the churches are
being built up by converts from children and
youth. With all the appliances of Sunday-school
and Bible-class agencies, fostered and supported
by public schools, academies, and colleges,
and nearly nine-one-hundredths of which are in
the interest and in the pay of orthodox churches,
what marvel is it that even the children of re-
formers are drawn into the popular current, and
become infatuated with the pernicious errors
so freely inculcated. Especially since opposed
to these agencies we have hardly a dozen
well-directed Sunday-schools, no Sunday-
school library or tract-society whatever, and
scarcely a single well-supported day-school
free from false and arbitrary methods of training.
Beyond the family-circle, few influences—
social, educational, or religious—but partake
of the authoritarian character incorporated by
a false religious system. Parents engrossed
in business or labor give slight personal at-
tention to their children at home, and have
little to do with shaping the educational bias
of their minds. Sent to the public schools,
they imbibe, if not actual lessons in vice, at
least false impressions of human life and desti-
ny, incorrect views of human accountability
and pernicious notions of death and a future
state. As a result, the children of Spiritualists,
Radicals, and Reformers, become members of
Protestant or Catholic churches, or what is perhaps,
all things considered, worse, members of that outside and larger organiza-
tion, (a sort of sectarian third house, or lobby,) comprising those who accept all the supersti-
tions of Christianity, rejecting only its vital
living spirit—who believe its dogmas, but fail to
practice its virtues.

Brought seriously to consider these things,
parents feel that they cannot sacrifice too much
to prevent such tendencies on the part of their
children. Yet Spiritualists, and other advo-
cates of "the better way," float with the current,
and make no attempt to secure better means of
education. Their children are thrown into
the world's maelstrom, and too late the parent
awaits to find them either physically em-
feebled, morally misdirected, intellectually
dwarfed, religiously psychologized, or spiritually
blinded. None of these results are at all
necessary. Reformers can have schools for
their children where they will be educated
without injury to health, danger to morals,
loss of individuality, or surrendry of personal
freedom.

It is impossible to over-estimate the inju-
ries resulting from false methods of training in
early youth. The first impressions are deep
and permanent. Under our social system
children are intrusted first to heartless hired
nurses, next to misdirected hired teachers,
and last to bigoted hired priests. If they escape
the hands of all these with a spark of
natural goodness, freshness, and spontaneity,
the thanks will be to the strength of those
primary influences imparted by the parents,
and of the original purity of the indwelling
spirit, which false teachers and priests can
never entirely corrupt or destroy.

We never shall forget the impression made
upon us by the effect of a Sunday-school les-
son upon an innocent child of four or five
years, whom we met some years since at a
western hotel. She was a girl of uncommon
frankness, with a countenance in which deceit
never lurked, and possessed all those sweet and
winning characteristics peculiar to natural
children. Her parents thoughtlessly suffered
her to go to Sunday-school to receive lessons
in morals. (As well send a fish to school to be
taught to swim!) The lesson of the day was
the sin of falsehood; and the terrors of hell it-
self—since "no liar shall inherit eternal life;"
were employed to give force to the lesson.

Our little pet came home, her ever-thought-
ful face bearing an expression of shrinking
sensitivity and fear. We took her upon our
knee as usual, and asked her if she loved her
mother. She looked up at first with the old glad,
happy look, over which quickly chased a new
expression of timidity or fear, and replied,
"Yes—mebbie." (Yes, may be.) Surprised at
this unlooked-for qualification, we drew a fine
apple from our pocket, and asked if she liked
apples. Still the same change in her coun-
tenance, and the same answer—"Yes, mebbie."

During the remainder of our stay we were
unable to get any other reply to a direct
question than this. The mother drew from
the child the reason for this timidity, and
found it to come from her fear lest she should
tell a lie and go to hell! It was poor con-
solation to us, knowing as we did how per-
manent and sad that impression would be—to
hear the mother affirm that never again should
her daughter see the inside of Sunday-
school.

Sectarians carefully guard their children
from contamination with what they deem evil.
Why should we be less watchful and tender
of those in our charge than they? It is not
alone at the Sunday-school that false lessons
are imparted. Our public schools, though
admirable in many respects, are open to the
objection of giving a false religious bias, and
begetting an unhealthy dependence upon au-
thority. There are but few schools where
children are not driven to their tasks instead
of drawn to a pleasing employment, where
physical needs are properly considered, or
variety of disposition, temperament, capacity,
and character, not utterly disregarded, while
arbitrary standards are erected, prescribed
methods adopted, and the spirit cramped and
fettered or torn and wounded by the worse
than Procrustean bedstead system adopted.

We are happy to know that juster views of
the mission of educators begin to prevail, and
that schools are being established, safe and
desirable for children of progressive families,
wherein true physical development is secured,
and no excessive tasks imposed, no arbitrary
standards erected, no healthful, natural ten-
dency repressed, no false theology inculcated.
Such schools, wherever existing, merit and
should receive the patronage and support,
even at a sacrifice of expense, of liberal
parents; for thereby will the coming genera-
tion prove a delight and honor to their ances-
try, and of value to the world. C. M. P.

Labor in Demand.

Secretary Seward has recently sent to all
the agents and consuls of the United States a
circular, setting forth the following facts.
That our agricultural and mining interests
were never more prosperous, that labor com-
mands a high price, and that therefore pecu-
liar inducements are offered to laboring men
and artisans to migrate to this country.

It is a little singular that while the Secre-
tary of State is thus seeking to attract immi-
grants, to add to our laboring population, the
President is equally active in his efforts to
colonize a large laboring class out of the
country!

We are not informed whether the Secre-
tary's letter was sent to Liberia and Hayti,
but presume it was directed exclusively to
representatives in regions populated by whites.

Mr. Seward would do well, however, to
appoint recruiting agents wherever his letter
goes, to determine whether the proposed im-
migrants are white enough to escape the
President's plan of immediate exportation!

Relief Looked For.

Secretary Chase promises immediate relief
from the want of postage currency. The issues
will be quadrupled within a few days, and it
is promised that the supply will soon be ample.
The annoyance of sticky and soiled stamps,
that the post-office department repudiates,
will, we trust, soon be at an end.

The Governors.

The address of the loyal Governors to the
President assures Mr. Lincoln of unqualified
support in all lawful measures for the suppression
of the rebellion; of hearty acquiescence in
all laws passed or that may be passed to
preserve the life of the nation; most heartily
endorses the emancipation proclamation, and
demands the extinction of slavery as a war
necessity; advises the raising of 100,000 re-
serves after the requisitions already made are
filled; and thanks our brave officers and sol-
diers for their heroic sacrifices in the cause of
the republic.

ever, the whole plan is an insult to the "least of these," with whom Jesus classed himself under the Father's love and providence.

THE DIFFICULTY WITH THE BRAVE GENERAL SIGEL.

The friends of General Sigel, who urge upon the Government the importance and *justice* of supplying him with whatever he orders, do not know the chief *defect* in the mental organization of the brave German commander. He is not naturally adapted to looking after his own wants nor those of his troops. He understands the art and science of war, in which he has scarcely an equal in the field, but Government cannot rely that what is sent to him will receive the proper amount of care. If General Sigel had McClellan's system and economy in these particulars, he would be the most successful commander in this country. Let the Government give him a "man" to look constantly after the rights of his troops, and to keep supplied his own absolute wants, and the result will be immensely advantageous to the cause of Freedom.

REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT AND THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT.

It is beginning to be preached in pulpits that God is putting on the people's necks the yoke of responsibility for all national sins. This sentiment, divested of its superstition, is true and important. It is a recognition of justice as a principle. It is an acknowledgment that "righteousness," not war nor money, "exalteth a nation."

A JUMBLE OF REPUBLICS ON THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA.

Notwithstanding the geographical reasons and the hydrographical impediments held up as evidences that the land of America is adapted to only one people, with one government, with identical interests, yet it is manifested on the map of the future, that, in case the rebels are permitted to conquer their independence, there will forthwith start up a "Pacific Republic," upon the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, protected from the East by vast plains and great mountains, and aided in its organization by him who would now gladly fight for Union. Gen. John C. Fremont. Succeeding the formation of the Pacific Republic would be the "Republic of the Northwest." The Mississippi valley would be the great source of wealth, and the Mississippi river would be the chief river of blood. "The Republic of New England," which would be joined by a portion of the Canadas, would rise majestically and systematically about the same time. Then you would behold also a "Central Republic," to which even the city of New York would not be a stranger. Oh, what a sad map is possible to the future of America! "Men of thought and men of action," forbid it! Fight for Unity and Progress.

REBEL PLANS TO KINDE LARGE FIRES AT THE NORTH.

A resolution has been adopted, as the basis of a secret southern organization to operate in the North, which reads as follows: "The barbarous ferocity of the Lincoln Government, recently exhibited in revengeful proclamations and the atrocious design of inciting a servile insurrection, thus adding the wholesale slaughtering of Confederate families to the terrible calamities of war, demands from us the utmost exertion to inflict upon the enemy the full measure of retribution. Civilized warfare should be from this day discarded," &c.

The plan contemplates nothing less than the free use of the *torch* in towns, villages, and cities, at the North. It is more than probable that certain southern sympathizers in the North will find *incendiary* agents to set fire to valuable property as a retaliation and retribution for the dreaded effects of Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of Emancipation. "Large fires" will be numerous and destructive during the ensuing three months, unless the people are more than usually watchful. It is but justice to the Rebels to say that the *incendiary organization* did not originate in Richmond, nor with any members of the Confederate Congress. "The Knights of the Golden Circle" are just now more than usually active in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and New York.

CHANGES IN THE WEST WILL BE RAPID.

Government is about to be more *tried* and more *gratified* with our armies in the West than in the East. Kentucky is trembling on the verge of secession. She is wroth with the President's proclamation. The citizens of Eastern Tennessee are greatly delighted with Emancipation, but they are not in position to declare for the Union. Councils of War, recommending a black-flag war of extermination against Unionists, are held in every important town and city. There is every sign that the rebels will hold out until after the 1st of January, 1863, at which time they will hear news from the 22d of September, 1862, a remarkable day in the life of the United States. The star of Empire will then arise in the great West.

A SUN IS RISING IN THE DEPARTMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

It is foreseen that the work of colonization is reserved for the Queen State of Secessionism—on the broad plantations of old South Carolina. Mark the finger of God in what will happen! Behold rich South Carolina slaveholding ladies reduced to the lowest condition of poverty and helplessness, applying for remunerative situations in Free Colored Schools in the proud city of Charleston! Gen. Mitchell, a conservative two years ago, is now the Columbus of a new world in the Department of the South. He believes in Freedom with a burning earnestness. Naturally fond of aristocracy himself, he two years ago did not see the dangers threatening the Union from the strongholds of Slavery. Now, having made progress in ideas, he burns with a consuming

fire—an irrepressible flame of Freedom; and the Government has but to supply him with men and means, to witness the commencement of Colonization and Emancipation within three miles of Fort Sumter!

WHAT THE OWNERS OF SLAVES FORESEE.

The owners of slaves begin to foresee examples of free labor in the vicinity of involuntary toil. They begin to picture the deplorable consequences of the freedom of four millions of innocent human beings. They pretend to say that the results will be revolting to the whole civilized world—an outrage against every instinct of justice and humanity; yet it is hard for intelligent people to comprehend what they seem to see with such "fear and trembling." The slaveholders really see that they will be compelled to *labor* for their bread.

HOW THE REBELS PAY FRANCE AND ENGLAND FOR BUILDING THEIR IRON-CLAD NAVY.

Confederate sympathizers in France and England are not numerous, but they are wealthy and influential. These foreign friends of "southern institutions" promise ship-builders large rewards in sugar and cotton. Already it is known that immense supplies of both staples are shipped to Europe from Mexican vessels on the Rio Grande. Cotton is not "King" at present, because Southern soldiers can neither eat nor drink it; but cotton is food to European millions, and every day the necessity of procuring it is increasing with an irrepressible energy.

A YOUNG SOLDIER DRAWN BY HIS MOTHER'S ANXIETY.

The following thrilling dispatch was this moment received from a young soldier (name not given) who was killed at the battle of Sharpsburg: "O mother, 'twas a bitter time—for you. To me it was all a terrible and glorious excitement—no fear, no death. Mother, you know when I left you how I felt about a soldier's duty; I told you the morning I left that I didn't care whether I lived or died, so that the great cause of human liberty came off best in the contest. O mother, I wish you were here with me. But you must not think of it. Your interests shall be in my thoughts day and night. The wound laid my heart bare, mother, but my life is eternal—and I'm now stronger for freedom than ever."

PESTILENCE AND FAMINE TO AFFLICT THE SOUTH.

Remarkable signs are given to the effect that great distress and sickness will visit the cities, towns, camps, and populous places in the Southern States during the summer and autumn of 1863. Let your HERALD give the warning voice! There should be military and political action with reference to the visitation of these dire calamities. Northern harvests this year are more abundant than they will be for two years to come. Parts of the South will be threatened with a terrible famine, and Northern fields and Northern industry and benevolence will be greatly overtaxed. Thousands of sufferers by disease and hunger may be saved from victimization by timely political and military precautions.

OPENING OF THE SEVENTH SEAL IN 1862-'63.

It is ascertained that the medium who wrote the Book of Revelations was not destitute of the prophetic faculty, although it is possible that his organ of *time* was not under the full torrent of heavenly inspiration. He wrote with the fearless eloquence of an impulsive prompting from the upper world. His language has electrified millions with joyful news and prophecies of terrible import. The battle of Michael, with the Dragon and his Angels, was begun about five years ago, and the conclusion of the national changes described will be visible in one year more. In 1863 the full import of divine retributive dispensations will be openly manifested. Those who welcome Justice as a bride and Freedom as a bridegroom will remember 1863 as the greatest, grandest, happiest, and most terrible year in the political history of America.

EUROPEAN INTERVENTION NOT KNOWN AT WASHINGTON.

The thick walls of our Government have not yet felt the first shock from the French scheme of intervention. So long as nothing is "officially known," so long it is deemed "good manners" to remain officially ignorant of the enemy's operations. Last week's telegram to your HERALD has awakened more attention to Napoleon's invasion of Mexico. When the French Minister here was informed of suspicious entertainments with reference to the machinations of his government, he smiled with extreme nonchalance, and replied, "*nous serons*," and then walked away. Yes, truly, "we shall see"—if our Government does not hasten the completion of its iron-clad navy.

France, as a people, is for universal democratic freedom; as a Government, she is more dangerous to us than old England. She is working to break the blockade in order to "liberate"—the cotton crop.

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION REPAIRING ITS BOOK OF PRAYERS.

A number of respectable Bishops have "sat" on the subject of proper prayers. As their prayers now are, stereotyped in the book, it is next to impossible to get at the Almighty without saying something to him in favor of rebels. One Doctor thought the expression in the special prayer, "Let thy divine protection and guidance be over all who serve in council or in field," would cover with God's blessings the Richmond Congress and rebel army as much as the Federal Government and the Union armies. It is a matter of utmost importance that the prayers of the Episcopalians be remodeled and expressed, so that the Almighty may not be misled in the bestowal of his protection and guidance. There is reason to believe that heavenly judgments have been scattered around indiscriminately during

the past two years. But there is hope of more justice, since the Episcopalians have taken to improving their "canon." The friends of McClellan may now "take heart" and strengthen those who strengthen him for the improved prayers, as soon as they take effect above, will make Union victories both splendid and abundant.

LIGHTNING TO STRIKE THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

The age of jealousies and calumnies is departing. The day of political explosions is dawning. The President has found in General Banks an "anger that will bore." He has found similar effectiveness in Gen. Butler. There is henceforth to be more lightning in Washington, and less thunder. The mild, steady, pure light of truth and justice is to shine over the Government. Vehement in the last Congress will give way to the lightning of inspiration in the next. Patriotism will mean very much in three months more. Wisdom, instead of mere expediency, is to have a voice next winter. But one thing is certain—they will be a great revolution in our Government before the present struggle is terminated.

SUCCESS OF THE PROGRAMME IN THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

It is remarked in high places that the "Programme for the Nation," published long ago in your HERALD, is about the course pursued by the last Congress. Its principal provisions are embodied in the Confiscation-Emancipation Acts, and the unavoidable events of the next year will fulfill the other propositions.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—COL. HENRY G. STEPHENS, for some years a Commissioner of Central Park, has been chosen President of the Board.

—SENATOR POMEROY has, it is said, received over seven thousand applications from colored people asking permission to join his colony. He has purchased a steamer, to be called "Adam and Eve," and proposes to start with five hundred colonists about the 20th inst.

—COL. DEWITT C. LITTLEJOHN, formerly speaker of the New York Assembly, has accepted the nomination for Congress of the Republican Union Convention of the Oswego District.

—KOSUTH (says a Scottish newspaper) is in the final stages of consumption, and before many weeks, probably, the poor Hungarian will pass away, and a noble country mourn the loss of one of her most gifted sons.

—JAMES R. COCHRANE, of New Boston, N. H., was murdered at Geneva, Mo., recently, where he had been teaching, for refusing to swear allegiance to the Confederate government.

—REV. MR. MANNING, colleague pastor of the Old South Church (Congregational) of Boston, is reported to have said, publicly, that "when the curtain rises in heaven to reveal the purest saints, we shall see Fremont, Hunter, Beecher, Garrison, and Phillips."

—MRS. M. A. LIVERMORE, the gifted associate editor of the *New Covenant*, (Chicago,) has a new book, entitled "Pen-Pictures; or, Sketches of Domestic Life," published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

—THE REV. J. H. CLEVELAND, pastor of the Universalist Society in Milan, Ind., who has entered a regiment of volunteers from his State, writes to paper of his denomination that the ladies of his congregation have volunteered to fill the pupil during his absence.

—GOV. KIRKWOOD, of Iowa, said at the gubernatorial meeting at Altoona, of Gen. McClellan: "He had done wrong in allowing bad men and bad newspapers, who were sympathizers with the rebels, and were doing all in their power to help the rebellion to success, to be his peculiar champions, although he knew that ten words from his lips would send them to hell, where they belong."

—GEN. McCLELLAN travels at present in a vehicle with four horses, precisely as Fremont did in Missouri. It is for the sake of convenient consultation with his staff, more of whom can ride in the same carriage. No such necessity could have existed with Fremont!

—GEN. COCHRANE says that he has observed no signs in the army of dissatisfaction with the President's proclamation of freedom. It is welcomed as the announcement that the government has at last a policy, and even West Pointers, whose traditions are against emancipation, may well feel glad that the responsibility of deciding questions connected with slavery is thrown from their shoulders.

—THE HON. ELI THAYER has received applications from upward of a thousand persons desiring to join his Florida colony of armed occupants and laborers. It is understood that the delay of the government in preparing the necessary papers is in consequence of its unwillingness to have the call for armed emigrants issued until all the States have filled their quotas of troops.

—HON. JOSE HOLT has heartily indorsed the President's emancipation proclamation. He is said to go so far as to style the Border State influence the bane of the republic.

—THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER calls Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "a book that I think I shall read once or twice after I get to heaven!"

—S. D. HILL, a Vermont youth, had a stiff finger amputated to secure his acceptance as a volunteer.

—HON. ELI THAYER proposed a plan of armed colonization of the Rebel States, by which he promised to bring Florida in as a Free State by Feb. 1st, 1863. The project contemplates an expedition by 10,000 colonists, enlisted for six months, and supplied with transportation, subsistence, arms, and a general, by the government, whose business it shall be to "hold, occupy, and possess the public lands of Florida, and other lands belonging to rebels, and seized under the law of the last session of Congress for the non-payment of the direct tax."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Gen. Rosencrans has achieved a splendid victory over Gens. Price, Van Dorn, and Lovell, near Corinth. The particulars have not yet reached us.

—It is stated by persons recently from Minnesota that from 600 to 800 men, women, and children, have been massacred by the Sioux in Minnesota, and that at least one-third the area of the State has been deserted by its terror-stricken population.

—At a recent war meeting in Portland, Hon. F. O. Smith said he had "yet to learn that the first traitor heart was found in any female bosom in New England; but such hearts might be found in some men, and when so found, there were quarrels in the families of those men."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—Garibaldi's condition continues to improve, but it is expected it will be many months before he can be removed. An amnesty to him and his followers is again rumored.

—The American Consul at Vienna wrote to Garibaldi, asking, as he had failed in his patriotic efforts in Italy, if he would offer his valiant arm in the American struggle for Liberty and Unity, promising him an enthusiastic reception. Garibaldi, under date of Sept. 14, replied: "I am a prisoner and dangerously wounded. It is consequently impossible for me to dispose of myself. However, as soon as I am restored to liberty and my wounds are healed, I shall take the first favorable opportunity to satisfy my desire to serve the great American Republic, of which I am a citizen, and which is now fighting for universal liberty!"

—The London *Times* of the 25th ult., in an editorial, says, after recent events, it is not impossible we may yet see Garibaldi crossing the Atlantic in the assumed character of an American citizen, and fighting for the subjugation of a nation struggling to be free.

—The London *Post* remarks that, to be consistent, Garibaldi should go to the other side, where 9,000,000 are fighting for the right of governing themselves.

—A large Garibaldian meeting had been held at the Stockholm Exchange, at which an address was enthusiastically adopted, expressing sympathy for Garibaldi, and urging the speedy evacuation of Rome by the French.

For the Herald of Progress.

The "Golden Gate."

A SPIRITUAL WARNING.

EDITOR OF HERALD OF PROGRESS, DEAR SIR: The following fact in my experience will interest some of your readers:

Being in Santa Cruz, Cal., in the early part of June last, and intending to come East during the summer, I one morning stated to my friend, Mrs. K.—, in whose house I was visiting, that I had concluded to sail on the 21st of July. While we were talking on the subject, Mrs. Glover, a medium, resident in the town, came in, and was presently influenced by a spirit whom I had known when a child of about ten years, who said:

"We do not wish you to go on the vessel you talk of."

I did not know what steamer would sail from San Francisco on the 21st of July, and had not even thought about it at all; but I asked:

"Why not? Isn't she safe?"

"They have been overhauling her, but she is wrong about her fire-works."

"Won't she get to Panama?"

"No, she will never get to Panama again."

"Will she be lost at sea?"

"No, she will get to the land somewhere down there, but half her people will be lost."

"If you are sure of this you ought to warn the public; other people's lives are as dear to them as mine to me."

"They wouldn't believe us if we did."

This was said in a tone of indifference, as if the spirit repaid their skepticism with a feeling of equal unconcern for them.

"That is true," I replied; "but it seems to be lost, when they might be saved."

"Oh, you needn't trouble yourself about them; they may as well come here that way as another."

Some other questions were asked and answered, which I do not distinctly recollect now, and then the charge not to go at that time was very earnestly repeated, and I was assured that "they had been and seen the condition of the vessel," I need not add that this was the ill-fated Golden Gate.

Before leaving San Francisco I learned that a merchant of that city, who lost his life in the endeavor to reach the shore, had two written warnings, through a medium there, not to go to her; that if he did he would never reach New York.

The last remark of my spirit friend may seem heartless. I do not hold myself responsible for it. He was a man of strange ways and speech on the earth, which he has evidently not yet outgrown. I remember him well, though at a distance of thirty-six years, and he proved himself to me, through Mrs. Glover, by certain peculiarities of manner which were all his own. Any one who has read a book entitled "My Early Days," will find the man in the owner of a pair of hornless eyes, and, looking at his portrait there, will at once understand how little ill-nature there really was in his apparently ungracious reply to my concern for the unbelieving public.

I will take occasion to add that among mediums East or West I have found none more uniformly reliable than the lady who was thus employed to save me the horrors of that fearful tragedy on the Mexican coast. I saw and proved her mediumship in many ways, and am indebted to it for much clear and noble proof of the power of spirits to communicate with us, as well as for some of the sweetest consolations that have ever reached me from the Summer Land.

Yours, truly, E. W. FARNSHAM.
New York, Sept. 25, 1862.

Progressive Literature.

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

A new proprietor had now come in. He was of a different cast of mind from his predecessors. He was educated well, according to our common notions; had passed creditably through college, and then set out on a voyage to other countries. Satisfied with the everything new of the New World, he wanted to see and feel the almost everything that was old of the Old World. From the bright skies and sunny landscape of his own dear land, he dropped down, as it were, upon the cloudy skies and gloomy scenes of England. These were only first impressions, for there are bright days and cheerful landscapes there, too—scenery unsurpassed in richness, beauty, and intelligent cultivation. But the impressions of the past, as depicted on every hand in ancient castle, cathedral, and ruin, were not such as were agreeable to his mind. The new, the progressive, was after all the object of his research, and thus the wonders of modern engineering, architectural skill, and artistic talent, occupied three-fourths of his time and thoughts.

Of philanthropic turn of mind, our new Ernest became interested in the ameliorations going on in the condition of the working classes abroad. He examined their new homes, visited their new villages, studied the construction of rural cottages, and city dwellings, and lodging houses—their libraries, schools, and wash-houses. These afforded new lights to him. How many splendid institutions of benevolence scattered over every part of Europe! and here and there how many ingenious devices attempted for relieving the necessities of the workmen from the extortions of hucksters and sharks, in the form of tradesmen! What an honorable rivalry occasionally between the benevolent nobleman, gentleman, and mill-owner, in the care and comfort of their dependents! making a return thus in some form for the luxuries they enjoy through their labors.

CHAPTER XII.

Ernest returned to Rosenville after four years absence. He was recalled to take possession of his property. It was a bright day, too, when he sailed up the Hudson and was landed at the old pier at the foot of the village. The air was fragrant with the odor of a thousand sweet flowers, and the very freshness of the morning seemed to exhale a perfume. The place was quiet. The houses, bright with whitewash and gay with green shutters, seemed the very embodiment of comfort and tranquillity. The pier was scarcely touched ere the odors of a sewer became apparent to the senses, and a stream of soap-suds defiled the clear waters of the river. Jumping ashore, Ernest hastened up the principal street. Trees, intended to form an avenue, stood here and there at distant intervals—some were dead, others injured, scrubby, and broken. Through each block or square ran a lane or alley, in which lay heaps of ashes and filth; while streamlets of soapy water sought the main sewer of the street. Hogs roamed in luxury in these heaps, or lay in the gutters, basking in the sun. Cows wandered here and there, and geese and fowls, so interesting within their own limits, seemed here out of place. The brightness of the day was forgotten, and the sweetness of the air, and Ernest hurried past, neither pleased by the sights nor the smells.

A year passed by. A thorough examination had been made of the property and its capabilities, and upon that knowledge our hero resolved to make some changes. He procured an exact return of the value of every lot in the village, and the amount expended in buildings and improvements; the cost of roads, streets, sewers, churches, school-houses, &c.; the rent paid for many years; the capital represented, and taxes imposed. Nothing was omitted. He then asked himself how much return in comforts, conveniences, and prosperity the inhabitants had realized. The amount appeared to him very small. There was not a fence that had not been repaired or rebuilt a hundred times; not a stable or out-house and cottage but had undergone several times the same metamorphosis. What was begun cheaply was everywhere a constant expense to keep up; and the lots, yards, and gardens seemed to afford less pleasure and interest to the occupiers or owners than to the pigs, geese, and fowls. It struck Ernest that there was something wrong in this Denmark; that there was here a very decided miscalculation. The village, too, which contained barely two thousand inhabitants, covered space enough to lodge twenty thousand, even adopting the areas allowed to several healthy European cities. And the greater part of this space wasted in streets and avenues, and vacant lots, and neglected yards, would have formed fine gardens for raising vegetables, herbs, and flowers, for the village and for New York. He asked himself another question: What were the villagers doing? what did they raise? how did they live? It appeared to him that less than a quarter raised some field and garden stuffs. They could have done more and better, had they more arms to help them. Another quarter traded, and commerced, and speculated. The men who might have aided in the fields, measured tape, sold candles, &c. Another quarter worked as they could find work to do. They raised nothing themselves, but trusted to transient jobs. Their wives sold candies and apples, and pigeons roamed in and out of their lots. And the last quarter did not seem to have anything to do. Some frequented the taverns, others watched the operations of their neighbors, and a few lounged about with no definite object beyond seeking to cheat time of her imperative demands. In addition to all this manly "occupation," the women were about universally unemployed. A few hard-working, anxious mothers did too much of

house-work, but the majority joined their manly friends of the last quarter in their desire to cheat time of his rights.

Ernest certainly thought a fairer division of labor was necessary. While a few worked, and schemed, and planned, and plotted their very brains out to make a few more dollars, scarcely sleeping enough to recuperate their wasted energies, the great majority had not enough wherewith to scheme and plan, or even build a hope of increased fortune. They had dropped down, as it were, upon the indifferent, the careless, the reckless view of life. The beginning of idleness is the loss of hope in the existence-struggle. The long-dreamed-of fortune had flown with the fairies of youth; the hard efforts, vain and useless to the many under present circumstances, were before them. What could they do more? There was no substantial prospect, no interest in life for the exertion of energy.

Two years had passed. A beautiful hotel had been reared away from the river about a quarter of a mile, not far from the springs before named. These had now become famous, and the accommodation at the hotel insufficient. Exquisite gardens had been formed around, and these added unquestionably to the attractions of the place. Over the principal entrance a small temple had been constructed, of various colored marbles. A dull monotony of color did not suit the taste of Ernest. To bring out the beauties of architecture he conceived that color was essential. In the place, therefore, of one tone, however beautiful, he added other tones to suit the various parts. The shafts of the columns were white, the capitals and bases yellow, the cornices of darker hues, and the basement black. This treatment he carried into his hotel, without ever making the contrasts too violent. And the effect was light and artistic beyond measure, and ever pleasing to the eye. Fountains gladdened the gardens, and statuary peopled the bosquets—interesting without offending.

As years passed by, the hotel still increased, until it had attained the proportions of a miniature city. The center completed, wings stretched out toward the river, and then a river-front was built which united the two. Other buildings arose at a distance to the right, varying only in architecture each one from the other. In the meantime, the village with its savory smells gradually disappeared. As house after house became tenanted they were removed, no new tenant being allowed to enter. The new city far surpassed the village in comfort and accommodations, and the moderation of the rents and other attractions contributed to depopulate the latter. The streets and avenues have also disappeared, and the site is more profitably occupied by fields, gardens, and public grounds.

(To be Continued.)

Mrs. Stirling's Reception.

"When thou makest a dinner, or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors."

"And so we are really settled in our own house! It seems too good to be true, doesn't it?"

As John Stirling's pretty wife was speaking, she let down the soft, heavy-falling brocaded curtains of the handsome room, half parlor, half library, where she sat with her husband; turned on a little more gas, so that the Italian peasant girl, and the dark, bright Spanish woman, on the alabaster shade of the drop-light might display their beauties yet more glowingly; and then seated herself in a cozy little easy-chair, beside the lounge, where her husband lay stretched out in the enjoyment of the masculine comforts of evening ease and household sovereignty. Taking up a dainty bit of bright-colored knitting, she went on:

"It was very nice, to be sure, boarding at mother's but it was a sort of vacant life after all. This is so much better. I have something to do now."

John Stirling smiled.

"And something to govern. After all, I believe it is the love of power that makes you women so delight in homes of your own. I don't doubt, gentle as you seem, that your servants find you as austere as the Great Mogul!"

"I declare, John, you are too bad. I never scold, and I'm sure everything has gone on so nicely since we have been here."

"A whole week, Nellie, and all the brooms new. But don't look sober. I have every confidence in your ability to keep the wheels moving."

She sat silent a while, until her husband began to want to hear her voice again, and rallied her for her abstraction.

"What is it, little one? You seem in a brown study about something. Remember I'm your prime minister, and must know all the state secrets and cares of government."

"I was only wondering, John, whether you would see a certain master as I do. Do you realize how many parties we went to while we were at mother's? There were the Harbuts' asked us three times, and the Graysons' twice, and you know we went everywhere."

John Stirling knew that very well. Something reserved of nature save to those of his own household, and not fond of general society, going to a continual round of parties had been one of the sacrifices he had made, during the first winter of his marriage, to please his gay little wife. The idea crossed his mind, as she spoke, that she too had wearied of so much excitement, and was going to propose, for the future, a quieter life.

"Yes," he answered, "I know we went out a great deal, but I thought you liked it."

"Yes, I liked it," she said, with a little embarrassment, for her woman's intuition divined the course his thoughts had taken. "I was only thinking, John, that, having accepted so many invitations, every one would say we were very mean if we did not give at least one large party in return. It would be just the best time now, don't you see? Everything we have is so fresh and new—our drawing-rooms are really elegant! I should like so much to gather our friends around us, and give a sort of house-warming."

"That's a primitive, comfortable-sounding term, Nellie. How much would this little affair cost us?"

"Oh, I've thought that all over. We should have to ask every one we knew. It wouldn't do to slight any. Besides, the more the merrier, you know. We could have Smith get up the supper and furnish the decorations. His bill would be about three hundred and fifty—say fifty more for music; and a new dress for me."

"Five hundred dollars, eh, Nellie?"

"Yes, I am sure I could make five hundred do it handsomely. I could send out the invitations for week after next."

"Well, dear, you must let me dream over it. I really didn't know receptions were such expensive affairs. Five hundred dollars for one evening's entertainment; and the prospect of a hard winter, and so much suffering among the poor! Well, I'll tell you in the morning. If I can make up my mind that it is right, you shall have the party."

The rest of the evening was a little constrained. The young wife, seeing that her husband did not care to talk about the reception any more just then, struggled bravely to avoid the subject, and inasmuch as it held possession of all her thoughts, was rather an absent-minded companion.

That night, after his wife was quietly asleep beside him, John Stirling spent an hour of not untroubled thought. Unlike Nellie, he had been brought up in a quiet country home, where five hundred dollars would have been thought by no means inadequate provision for the support of the whole family during an entire year. Was it right—could it be right to spend it all upon one evening's entertainment? for the sake, too, of people who would be in noise benefited thereby—whose choicest pleasures were so common that they had already palled upon their senses? But then, as his wife had suggested, they had been out so much, would not this drawing back from a return of civilities look very mean? and John Stirling shrank with all the pride of a sensitive man, from the least imputation of meanness. They were not rich. True, his capital was his own, and his business was good, but he had not felt that he could afford to spend more than three thousand a year on home expenses, and here was five hundred extra, upon which he had not counted, coming at once. Surely he could not dare, for such a cause, to stint his contributions for the relief of the suffering? Could he afford it without? Nellie, the indulged child of wealthy parents, knew nothing of such anxious thoughts; she only heard their result in the morning. Before he gave her his good-by kiss, he said in a tone a little more sober than he meant it should be:

"Well, dear, you shall have your party. You can begin making your arrangements at once. Here is a hundred dollars for the feminine adornments; I will pay Smith and the music afterward."

That was all. John Stirling had a sunny, unselfish temper, and when he had made up his mind to grant his wife the indulgence she craved, it would not have been like him to spoil her pleasure by any indications of dissatisfaction.

Still, as I have hinted, her intuitions were strong, and her nature sensitive and impressible, and she had a certain sense of having persuaded her husband somewhat against his own wishes that rather disinclined her to commence her preparations. It was nearly eleven o'clock before she dressed herself for her shopping expedition. She was just tying the strings of her elegant fall hat when she heard a ring at the door, and presently a servant came in with the information that a little child who had brought home some sewing, wanted to see her.

Mrs. Stirling was motherly by instinct, and her heart warmed at once to the shy little creature who came timidly in. It was a girl not more than seven years old—quite too young. Mrs. Stirling thought, to be trusted alone in the streets; but then she herself had been brought up under the successive rule of nursery-maid and governess.

She took the bundle from the child's hand, and said, with the same bright, kind smile which had wiled John Stirling's bachelor heart away:

"Where did you come from, and how did you find the way here alone, you poor little thing?"

Sister Anne sent me, ma'am. She had done your embroidery, and she thought if she could get the money for it, to pay Mr. Jenkins, maybe he would let us stay in the room till she got a little better."

"She is sick, then?"

"Yes'm. She didn't feel well enough to come. It has been hard getting along all summer, for the ladies she works for were most all out of town, and some of them owing her; and I suppose the worry and the not having much to eat did it, ma'am."

Mrs. Stirling leaned toward the little creature and looked at her more closely. Could it be hunger, she thought, that made those blue eyes look so large, and the skin so transparent? Was this little thing actually suffering for bread, and she going to spend five hundred dollars in one evening, feasting those who never felt a want even of dainties? She knew now what thoughts had been in her husband's mind when he spoke of the suffering among the poor. She said, pleasantly:

"Well, child, you must have some luncheon, and then I will go with you to see your sister. I had better speak to her about the work."

"Isn't it right? Can't you pay her?" The child gave a start of alarm, and spoke with the premature womanliness and the natural apprehension of misfortune which are among the saddest fruits of poverty.

Mrs. Stirling relieved her with ready sympathy.

"Yes, indeed, the work is all right. It's done beautifully; but I want to see your sister about some more, and perhaps I can do her good!"

It would have made the kind lady's heart ache she could have seen the eagerness with which the half-famished child devoured the lunch which was set before her in the kitchen. In a few moments they were ready to start. Mrs. Stirling had replaced her velvet mantle by a Scotch shawl, her French hat by a simple straw; and with a basket in her hand, containing a few dainties with which she hoped to tempt the sick girl's palate, she followed the child across the city toward C—Street—a locality hitherto terra incognita to her.

In a half-dilapidated wooden house, in a narrow court, she found the object of her search. She went up two flights of stairs, and entered a back room lighted by one window. The atmosphere struck her, in spite of her warm attire, with a sudden chill. Evidently the sun never came there. The dampness on the walls,

the general aspect of gloom and cheerlessness, was only relieved by an air of scrupulous neatness, which pervaded everything. Mrs. Stirling had already noticed this quality in the attire of the child, which, though cheap and poor and patched, was as immaculate in its cleanliness as her own.

At the window, attempting to sew, the older sister sat, but she was evidently very ill. Every now and then a spasm of coughing seized her, which compelled her to lay down her work, and clasp both hands on her side, while the paleness of her thin cheek flushed into hectic. Mrs. Stirling had not seen her before since spring—the work returned that morning having been sent to her by a servant. She went up to her and sat down in a chair which stood near.

"Your sister said you were sick, and so I came to see if I could be of use to you," she said, in gentle tones, which of themselves carried a certain comfort with them. "You have changed terribly since spring. I must bear all about it; but I want you should eat what I have brought you—here are some wine-jelly, and a bit of cold chicken—they will do you good."

The poor girl looked at the viands with the involuntary greediness of hunger. Then she blushed deeply, and said, in a low voice:

"I am very grateful, madame, but if you please, I will wait until you leave me. Allow me at present to attend to you?"

"No indeed!" Mrs. Stirling spoke in her pretty, absolute fashion. "I am not going yet. I want to talk with you a while, and I shall not do so until you have taken something to strengthen you. Little Jane has lunched already."

So the gay, bright lady sat and waited, feeling in the new prospect of being actively useful, a genuine glow of delight. When the girl had finished her generous meal, and taken up her work again, Mrs. Stirling began to talk to her.

"Is this consumption, Anne?" she asked, gently. "Your cough alarms me."

"No, ma'am, I am very sure it is nothing of the kind yet. There is no consumption in our family. My father was a country minister, and had a strong and healthy constitution. He died young, but it was from a violent fever, caught in attendance on a sick stranger. I think it was grief which made my mother follow him in three months. She had always been delicate, though not sickly, and she lacked the strength it requires to live and suffer. It is seven years since she died, on the very day Little Jane was born."

"How old were you then?"

"Fifteen, and there were no living children between us two."

"And have you supported yourself and her ever since?"

"Oh no! My father's books and furniture sold for enough to keep us for some time; and my aunt, who lived here, brought us to Boston. We both lived with her. She took care of Jane, and I worked in a shop, and earned enough to buy our clothes and help Aunt Marry with the living. It is only since she died, three years ago, that I have been alone with Jenny."

"You came out of the shop, then?"

"Yes, because I could not have Jenny there with me, and she had no one else to see to her; and, indeed, I have made more money since I have embroidered so much."

"But, surely, you have suffered more than usual this summer?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. The ladies I work for are mostly out of town in the summer always, and so, winters I try to save something to help us through. But last winter was so hard that I had not as much work as usual, and this summer we have not been very well off. I had to give up the comfortable room I used to have, because I could not earn enough to pay for it, and I suppose the dampness here has not just agreed with me."

She tried to smile, but the tears came instead. Mrs. Stirling held her hand with a comforting pressure.

"Don't cry. Better times are coming to you now. I am sure I can influence a good deal more work. You shall have enough to do, and we must see that you move out of this damp, unhealthy place."

Sister Anne smiled sadly.

"The landlord has seen to that, madame. I can only stay here three days longer. He wants to let the room to a tenant who will pay more; and I have been troubled for fear I should not be able to go out and find another place."

"Well, you must not feel anxious. Just leave that till to-morrow. Then, if you are not able to go, I will find a place for you. It cannot be a difficult matter to find one as good as this. At any rate, to-morrow you shall see me again; and in the meantime the pay for the work little Jane brought home will make you comfortable."

So saying, she put into the girl's hand twice the customary price for the embroidery she had done, and without waiting for the thanks which trembled on Anne Hadly's pale lips, she went out of the room, down the stairs, and returned home after this, her first charity.

On the way she stopped but once, and that was not to look into any of the windows gay with autumn goods, or to exchange her hundred-dollar note on the Suffolk Bank for silks or satins. She only went in for a moment to a neat, respectable-looking house on Myrtle street, and then hurried home.

She met her husband, when he came to his five o'clock dinner, with a beaming smile. The meal was well cooked and neatly served; the wife opposite him was young and fair, and when John Stirling rose from the table and went with her into their cozy evening-room, it is no wonder he said to himself that this being in one's own home wasn't so bad a thing after all.

"What is it, Nellie?" he asked, after a while, in answer to a questioning, hesitating look in his wife's eyes.

She drew nearer.

"You are sure, John, you can spare me that five hundred dollars without doing any injustice to yourself or your business—without putting aside any rightful claims?"

"I hope, Nellie, if I had not thought so, I should not have given it to you, much as I love to please you."

"Then, what?" she spoke hesitatingly.

"what if I wanted very much indeed to use it for something else?"

"I don't understand what you can possibly mean."

For answer she detailed to him the events of the day. When she was through, she said:

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H. B. Storer may be addressed Boston, Mass.

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

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

J. M. Peebles is located at Battle Creek, Mich., speaking there the last two Sundays in each month.

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

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

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

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown may be addressed, Waukegan, Ill.

John McQueen, Trance and Inspirational Speaker, will speak on reform, attend funerals, &c. Address Hilldale, Mich.

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

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, Mo., and for other engagements may be addressed at Stockton or Bradford, Mo.

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

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

E. Whipple is lecturing on Geology and general Reform. Address for fall and winter, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Ansten E. Simmons will speak at Windsor, Ct., on the second Sunday of October, afternoon and evening.

F. L. Wadsworth speaks in Chicago, Mass., during October; Boston, Nov. 2 and 9; Taunton, Nov. 16, 23, and 30. Address as above.

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

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will lecture in Boston the 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.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, of Ohio, will answer calls to lecture on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsylvania and New York. Also, to attend funerals, and make clairvoyant examinations of and prescriptions for the sick.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, O., will start for Kansas about the 20th of October, by way of the Denver & St. Joseph's Railroad, and Leavenworth. Will answer calls to lecture on his return. Letters should be addressed, before the 20th, Bellefontaine, O.; after, Redes, Anderson Co., Kan. as.

K. Genyes 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 Harveyburg, O.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will labor in Central and Southern New Jersey and Pennsylvania during the fall and winter. Friends in Monmouth, Burlington, and Camden Counties, N. J., please address till further notice in care of Dr. A. C. Stiles, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

Mr. L. E. A. DeForce Gordon will lecture in Taunton, Mass., the last two Sundays in October; at Portland, Me., during November; and will receive invitations to lecture in New England till February. Those wishing to make engagements will please to address her immediately as above.

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OCT. 11, 1862.

Spiritualist Teachers.

DEAR HERALD: The "Association of Spiritualist Teachers" held their "first quarterly meeting," according to notice. H. B. Storer, F. L. Wadsworth, Lizzie Doten, N. Frank White, and Bertha B. Chase, members thereof, were present. Other members were kept from the meeting by duties which they were justly performing. N. S. and Isaac P. Greenleaf, of Lowell; M. S. Townsend and Jennie Rudd, of Taunton; B. J. Butts and H. N. Green, of Hopedale; Emma Houston, of Stoughton; Sarah A. Byrnes, of East Cambridge; Abraham P. Pierce, from Newburyport; Drs. A. B. Child and O. H. Wellington, of Boston; Abba H. Lowe, of Essex; C. C. Coolidge, of Charlestown; James M. Allen, of North-west Bridgewater; Amos Hunt, of New Haven, Conn.; J. Noble, of Paterson, N. J.; Miss E. K. Ladd, Mrs. Z. Kendall, Sarah P. Ellis, Dr. C. C. York, Mr. Benj. and Mrs. E. B. Danforth, of Boston, were with us during the meetings, and took part in the exercises thereof. Mrs. B. J. Butts and Mrs. Jennie Rudd became members of the Association. Our meetings throughout, except for the transaction of business, were informal. We met to learn of and strengthen one another, to realize as far as possible in our own minds our duties to one another and to the world. We believe the time was profitably spent. Certainly it was pleasant to meet so many of those working with us for the same great object, compare notes, experiences, &c. The next quarterly meeting will be held either the last week of December, 1862, or the first week in January, 1863—probably in Boston. We are thus indefinite at present that we may use the time finally to our best accommodation. Due notice will be given of the precise time and place. We still feel assured of the usefulness and good practical effect of the Association and its meetings. Thursday evening we held our public meeting at Lyceum Hall. The evening was unfavorable, being stormy; the audience small; yet very pleasantly passed the time. To the choir of the "Lyceum Church," to John Weatherbee, Jr., to Dr. F. H. Gardiner, and Daniel Farrar, Esq., the members of the Association tender their sincere thanks for their kindness and assistance. The laborers who have met with us hope to meet as pleasantly again. Those who have not attended our meetings we trust may feel to do so when opportunity offers. We are with you. Our objects are the same. Can we not accomplish more by understanding one another and systematizing our movements? F. L. WADSWORTH,
Cor. Sec. A. of S. T.

Miss Hardinge.

This celebrated lady gave her first lecture on Spiritualism in the City Hall, on Tuesday evening, to a thinner assembly than we had anticipated. Being prepared for a masterpiece of eloquence from the chief mistress of the "Harmonia Association," we went to hear, and were not disappointed. The lecture, on "The Evidences of Spiritualism, or an Evening with the World of Spirits," was of the highest with the world of spirits, of the highest order of beautiful and sublime oratory, calculated to enchain and entrance an audience. We, however, feel that, regarding the lady being under "inspirational influences," with many others present, we must be more deeply impressed before we give up our skepticism. To those who really wish to sit an evening under the thrilling and burning eloquence of a mind fraught with learning, trained in chemistry, astronomy, the scholastic book-store of the schools, and generally well read, let them hear Miss Hardinge by all means. Her lecture last evening was fully equal if not superior to her first, and held the audience in breathless attention, being of a nature to give more light on a subject that is now engaging the attention of many inquiring minds. The lady will appear this evening for the last time. Subject to be chosen by the audience.

[*Prototype, London, C. W.*]

Conjugium.

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

MARRIED: On the 16th inst., in Chester Co., Pa., ORSON S. MURRAY, of Warren Co., O., and Lydia P. Jacobs, of the former place. The ceremony consisted principally of the following announcement, made by the parties concerned, in the presence of congratulating friends collected on the occasion:

"We make known to these our friends, that we, Orson S. Murray and Lydia P. Jacobs, have chosen each other for conjugal companionship—in prosperity and adversity, in life and till death. We ask no license. We submit to no dictation. We bow to no authority. We recognize no God nor Almighty power to guide or to guard us. Our promises are to ourselves and each other, and not to others. Our trust is not in others, but in ourselves and each other.—*New Republic*.

Apotheosis.

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

Departed: Our little CHARLEY, infant son of James F. and Rachael A. Latimore, in Paulding county, Ohio, on the 23d day of September, A. D. 1862, aged eight months and twenty-one days.

"I watched beside him with a breaking heart, And saw him slowly fading day by day; I felt, O heaven! that we must quickly part, And he, my more than life, return to clay,

"O Death! how cursed I then your blighting hand,

That stole my darling from his mother's arms, But now I see him 'mid the white-robed hand, And dread no more thy fabulous alarms."

Departed: From Olmsted, Cuyahoga County, O., August 11th, 1862, of typhoid fever, I. R. HENRY, aged 52 years.

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During the period which has since elapsed, a multitude of questions have been propounded to him embracing points of peculiar interest and value connected with the Spiritual Philosophy and Practical Reform.

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The wide range of subjects embraced can be inferred from the following table of Contents. An examination of the book itself will reveal the clearness of style and vigor of method characterizing the Replies.

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