

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE. WISDOM. LIBERTY.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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[WHOLE NO. 140

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

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

Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

"GEORGE GRAY," ANN ARBOR.—The Leaves, full of "change," have arrived.

S. H., GREENSBORO.—Your papers are received, too late for this issue. Will appear next week.

S. B. P., PETERBORG.—Your contribution for the "Progressive Annual" is already in the works. We will soon report on the items of business to which you ask our attention.

J. B. L., WEST SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Your suggestion is full of kindness to the soldier. The books can be furnished without covers, whenever so ordered. Soldiers could then carry the printed matter in their knapsacks without inconvenience.

E. O. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Carbonate of iron, a very small quantity of cyanide of zinc, (cyanuret), a little Cayenne pepper; use common tar or Burgundy pitch for the basis. The proportions you can determine by a little experimenting. The plaster should feel warm, but should not much irritate the skin, in order to be "magnetic."

G. J. C., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Let not the shock of life too deeply disturb you. The days and hours are full of national revolution. The warning voices of higher minds are whispering the startling news. Everything is just now stirring and struggling upward. Institutions will tumble as mankind advance. Something must "go down" when something "goes up." You are deemed able to bear this life, and your friends will expect you to remain steadfast.

F. F. E., WAUKEGAN, ILL.—The want of permanent employment at living wages is the great source of suffering among the working classes; and the next source of suffering is the ignorance of the poor, by which they live and die at a great disadvantage. More intelligence among the poor would lead to a Reformation in Labor and its Rewards. Who will aid in extending the circulation of this Journal among the poor? We want more readers in order to carry forward useful reforms. Working men and working women! we want you to look upon the HERALD OF PROGRESS as your advocate.

R. S. L., OF OSHKOSH, says: "Not many Sabbath ago, a presiding elder, forgetting creeds, spoke of the physical, mental, and moral laws as the modes of God's operation, and that their observance by man produced his ultimate and greatest happiness. He illustrated the benefit of obedience and its opposite by saying: 'Holding my finger in the lamp, I am in pain—it is a violation of the divine law; while observing the law I have no pain—and what is true of a physical law is true of a mental or moral law.' I ask, where, with such teaching, is the vicarious atonement?"

DISCIPLINE AND EXPULSION.—"A MESSIAN," residing at CADIZ, O., says that the spirits, in '57, threw him upon the floor and caused him to exclaim, "Thus shall the people fall in battle before '66!" He says, that, being a member of the Quaker church, he was waited upon and was handed the following testimony:

"Isaac Waterman, through a high profession of spirituality, has been led into various incusso-cities entirely contrary to the good order of our religious society, among which are what is called 'spiritual rappings.' He has attended such meetings, and pretended to preach and interpret some foreign languages by revelation. He has claimed to heal diseases by laying on his hands, and to dance the Indian dance in the street, alleging it was required of him to fulfil certain parts of Scripture, &c. He has also accomplished his marriage ceremony to our discipline, and wholly neglected the commandments of our religious meeting, and, having been treated with a most abominable rebuff, and not manifesting a suitable disposition to condemn his deviation, we, therefore, disown him from being a member of our religious society. Signed by direction of Short Creek Monthly Meeting, held 9th mo., 23d, 1857, Elwood KATCLIFF, Clerk."

REMARKS.—It is all right for a sectarian institution to expel everything and everybody that does not harmonize with the aims and objects of the creed—which to "bottle up" the truths of God in a permanent form, so that all sin-sick souls may always know where to find the infallible medicine for their spiritual health and future welfare. If any one belongs to a religious organization, the penalty is "dishfellowship" and "anathema" whenever a departure from the lines of the creed is attempted. Perhaps the medium "Isaac" was a great trial to both friends and sectarians.

Correspondence.

Correspondence of the Herald of Progress.

From the Alpine Land.

SAMADEN, Switzerland, Oct. 1, 1862.

The traveling season is passed. For that very reason we linger. Sometimes we are startled by the appearance of a stray wanderer, but not often. Tourists are flocking from the Alpine region into the Swiss cities, to Belgium and Southern Germany, for what mortal reason I am unable to imagine! The weather is superb, the air pure and clear, and the view magnificent. The mists that hung round September, and the most of August, have vanished. Travellers climbed through them (unable to see their hands before their eyes) to the summits of the highest and most difficult mountains. "What would friends at home have thought if they had come to Switzerland and returned without having ascended the mountains?" It was enough to be reported having been on the top of Pitz Languard! For such individuals I think it was enough. They would have seen nothing in particular had the vail been withdrawn. I have often heard them avow that "the Alps were just as good on the maps of the guidebooks, just exactly; but then a fellow ought to be able to say that he really had seen them?" Were it not for that they "would willingly pay somebody to go up in their stead?" How many a sincere lover of Nature would joyfully be that "somebody," minus the pay—as it is always work for the aforesaid exquisites to "do up" the round of their Alpine tours, even in the most delightful weather. One meets with few ladies here; they generally prefer the greater comforts and more beautiful scenery of the Berner Oberland.

The valley of the upper Inn, or Engadine, has never till of late received the attention it so richly deserves from strangers. Its neglect has undoubtedly been owing to its difficulty of access, the coldness of its climate, and the peculiar language of its inhabitants, the Romansch, or ancient Latin, between which and modern Italian, or even Latin, there is little similarity. Its scenery is wonderfully magnificent, and the views from its lower mountain-tops are the broadest, most varied, and richest in all Switzerland—especially from the summit of the Pitz Languard, from which, in clear weather, three hundred mountain-peaks are visible. It is not from the highest mountains that the best views are to be had. There are mountains of far greater height all about in the vicinity of Pitz Languard, but not one of them commands the distant view over which the eye ranges in looking out upon the Alpine world from its snow-crowned summits. Within ten minutes' walk of its highest point stands the rude hut of the artist G.—, who lived there all one summer, employed in the study of Alpine Nature in its various lights and shadows. Many of his studies, and all of his finished pictures, taken among the majestic solitudes of the eternal mountains, surpass in truth of coloring and fidelity to Nature those of the artists who paint from a valley standpoint. I have seen the Alps glittering in the rays of the setting sun—beneath rainbow as well as auroral light. The principal hue which the snow mountains assume in the sun's reflection at sunset is that of rose. The rainbow is rare, but beautiful beyond expression. There is a charming Alp, one of the smallest of the Bernia range, upon whose lower sides the Alpine roses blossom in richest profusion in their season, and upon which the most crimson rays of the gorgeous sunsets invariably linger: it is called the Rose Alp, and the tint of its lights at twilight are watched and studied with the greatest interest by all the good shepherds far and near. They say that God speaks through the Rose Alp. One evening, during the month of September, as I was watching the *glühwien* with my guide, from the beautiful stand-point of the "Fairy Falls," near the base of the Monterasch glacier, soft rose-tint crept over the white bosom of its pearlily snow, gradually deepening in color to a bright crimson, which slowly mellowed to a shell-like pink and disappeared. The sun had gone down, and the glories of the Alpine sunset had evidently vanished for the day. The rose air had dissolved to gray on all the adjoining mountains, and "night came creeping on." Suddenly a red cloud covered the highest pinnacle of the Rose Alp; it grew rapidly and extended upward, growing fainter and fainter, as it shot upward like streams of flame into the blue heavens above.

"Something is going on wrong in Italy!" my guide exclaimed.

"How can you know that?" I questioned.

"The spirit of freedom is aggrieved," he answered.

"What has that to do with Italy?" said I. May not the sign have reference to America as well?"

"Oh no," said he; "the incense of that altar-fire went up as the flames go from Ve-suvius."

There was no question in his simple mind as to its import. He told me to wait three days, and if the mountain's prophecy was not then fulfilled, he would never believe them again. On the evening of the third day he came to me with the news of Garibaldi's wounds and imprisonment.

One cannot judge the Switzers of the Alps by those of the valley Cantons, nor by the inhabitants of the commercial cities. We only find the true Switzer in all his glory among the mountains. He is, indeed, a child of Nature here. He reads but little. In fact, there is but one newspaper that he could read—a tiny journal published in the Romansch language at Coire, the capital of the Grisons. Yet they are all intelligent, and apparently well educated. Most of the guides have learned a smattering of French and German, and in many of the lower countries, the most frequented by travelers, the German language is making large inroads, particularly among the men. The women will not discard their beloved *Romanisch* so easily. Its accent is far more musical than the common Switzerish, either French or German, with which persons of sensitive nerves are nearly crazed in traveling about Switzerland. The educated class of city people speak English very generally, and well. It is the present rage, as French formerly was. The mountaineers are considered superstitious. They believe in all manner of signs and wonders. "What the world's people learn from books," said my guide, "God teaches us in the scenes of his nature."

The most distinguished magnetizers on the Continent are two brothers from Samaden—one of whom is now settled in Berlin, Germany, as magnetic physician. His success is said to be remarkable, and patients flock in upon him from every part of Europe. He has no book-learning whatever, yet his clairvoyant powers have done him good service in the field of science and in the accumulation of general wisdom. There is but little sickness among the mountain-people, and a doctor is unknown. They heal themselves of all the little ailments their flesh is heir to by the aid of innocent herbs. In this respect they are precisely opposite to the Swiss of Northern Switzerland, who are always complaining and never out of the care of their physicians—who are all about on a par with the ancient "Dr. Calomel" of New England. The throat diseases, so common throughout the land, are unknown in the upper valleys of the Alps. The children are beautiful, the women interesting and happy-looking, and the men have an air of truth, sincerity, and manliness, untainted with any element which is "of the earth, earthly."

MAY MORNING.

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

From the Liberator.
Lectures of Henry C. Wright.

HOLLY, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1862.

This profound moral philosopher and staunch reformer opened his batteries of rifled guns on the slaveocrats of this neighborhood on the evening of the 19th Sept., in the Baptist church in this village, and continued the assault for three successive evenings, to not very large but appreciative audiences. The leading secess sympathizers, of which we have not a few, with scarce an exception kept snug in their trenches, inducing as many others as they could to stay away from the meetings.

The advent here of this fearless and powerful advocate of human rights was most opportune. Rev. R. C. Palmer, pastor of the First Baptist Church in this place, among all the public speakers, priest or layman, is the only one that stands up fearlessly for the right, and has done this from the outbreak of the war. Solitary and alone he has battaled—not exactly alone, for God is with him; nor did he go into the conflict on one leg; he stepped upon the immutable, "self-evident principle," on the one side, that "all men are created equal," and, on the other, that "one blood God created all races of men, had no respect to persons, and hated oppression."

As a matter of course, in a pro-slavery society like this, the Elder experienced all manner of opposition, confined neither to the outsiders, some of his own communicants being among his bitterest opposers.

At one time, at a crowded war meeting at his own house of worship, wherein Governor

Church and Rev. De La Matyre were chief speakers, he was denounced and abused for offering a few very modest resolutions which touched a little down toward the root of the rebellion, which were unceremoniously, if not contemptuously "laid on the table." And he was afterwards scurrilously assailed in the newspapers about it. When one of the rich Democrats of our place was asked for a donation to volunteers, on refusing he is reported to have said that he would rather furnish money to buy tar and feathers for a coat to apply to Elder Palmer. Yet the man of God stands firm in his moral integrity.

Numerous have been his public discourses on the great subject of freedom to all, and to vindicate not only the government, but God's oppressed children here among us, in this pressed Christian land. In every instance he has spoken with an inspiration far transcending his ordinary efforts.

Wright by the unequal conflict, just at this moment steps in the gifted Henry C. Wright to encourage the Elder, and strengthen in his cause and himself with it; and nobly and satisfactorily did he do it. The following headings will show the drift of his discourse:

First evening: National crisis—cause and cure of the rebellion. Slavery the cause, abolition the only cure. Who began the rebellion? Slaveholders. Proved. When was the rebellion begun? Thirty years ago. Why did they rebel? Solely to overthrow our republican government and establish one based on slavery.

Second evening: Mission and destiny of the American Republic. Its mission is to sweep slavery from the nation and the continent, and to establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty to all human kind.

Third evening: Proclamation of Fremont, now enacted by Congress, by law, which takes full effect next Saturday, 26th inst. It confiscates all the property of rebels to the United States; and as they inaugurated the war, they should pay the cost of it. It also frees all their slaves. The President ought to execute the law—he helped make it. If it be so executed, and our great military and naval preparations pressed on all hands, as they might and should be, the war will end in three months.

Now, Mr. Editor, when you can find room for this in your crowded columns, please send me a few copies; and since those Democrats alluded to would not hear our stranger speaker, see whether they will read and ponder this exposé, and answer it if they like.

C. ROBINSON.

For the Herald of Progress.

Extract from Letter IX.,
OF "LETTERS AESTHETIC, SOCIAL, AND
MORAL,"

WRITTEN FROM EUROPE, EGYPT, AND PALESTINE, BY THOS. C. UPHAM, PROFESSOR OF MENTAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE. HENRY LONGSTRETH, MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, 1857.

LA PIERRE HOUSE, Philadelphia, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose an article I thought best to copy from the original rather than refer you to the work itself, as there appears to have been only four hundred copies issued. The incidents related, though interesting and admirably presented, will not surprise Spiritualists. The occurrence of similar phenomena have become so frequent that all may witness various phases of them who really desire to do so.

Mr. Upham's book cannot fail to convince impartial readers that it is the production of a good and liberal man. It is rare to witness in any book a more pure and excellent spirit than characterizes these letters, and it really seems a great pity that its publication should have been restricted within such narrow limits.

The great point which the little incident sent herewith illustrates, is, the power of education to produce a condition of the reasoning faculties that forces the individual thus possessed to ignore plain facts of his own experience, in behalf of theories which would be equally applicable to all the experiences of human life, and to prove them not real but merely baseless imaginings. It plainly appears that Mr. Upham is convinced in his heart of facts, but having been educated in a system of superstition which assumes all such experiences to be totally impossible, he is obliged against his will to deny his own experiences, and abide by a dictation to which all may be enslaved if taken in infancy; but few adults, even those of the more stupid description, are dull enough to be deceived by such empty pretensions. Mother Church has never forgotten that only babes shut their eyes and open their mouths, and takes especial care to avail herself of the fact, though her comites savor more of brimstone than sugar.

J. L. H.

Many years since, in the earlier period of my life, news came to the village in which I resided that one of our esteemed citizens, the captain of a merchant vessel, was lost at sea.

When the sad and unexpected intelligence reached his wife, who loved him tenderly, she was entirely overcome, and died in a short time of a broken heart. Seeing in the street one day a little boy who seemed lonely and sad, I learned that he was the child of the parents who had thus been taken away, and, feeling pity for him, I took him home, gave him my own name, and adopted him as a son. I allowed my affections to twine around him, and endeavored, with God's assistance, to be not only a friend, but a father.

When he became of fourteen or fifteen years of age, that instinct of the ocean which had led his father to be a sailor began to exhibit itself, and he expressed to me a wish to follow the same course of life. My recollection of the sorrowful fate of his parents, and, I may add, my desire to do my whole duty to him and for him, led me to refuse at the time my assent to his wishes, qualified by the remark, however, that when he should reach his nineteenth year, if those views and wishes continued, I should probably feel it my duty to let him decide for himself.

In the meanwhile I taught him daily, both in human knowledge and in the principles of religion; and for some time he was a member of a college. Continually he grew in my affections, and had become, I may perhaps say, a part of my existence. When he reached the period of life which I have specified, I found that the same strong desire of a seafaring life existed, and the commander of a merchant-vessel from our own place—a man to whom he was related, and of great excellence of character—offering to take a special interest in him, I consented, not without sorrow and misgiving, to his departure.

The vessel sailed from a port in Massachusetts. It was the unfavorable month of December, and on the fourth day of its departure it was overtaken by a most violent storm. Some of the vessels that sailed about the same time returned to port dimmed or otherwise injured; but, after some weeks of suspense, the news came that the vessel was lost. When I heard the intelligence I was greatly affected, and, retiring to my private room, I remained for some time alone, without being able to communicate it to others. My imagination placed before me those sufferings and that last cry which I could neither share nor control.

But while I was thus mourning alone, that sympathetic instinct which interprets the signs of calamity almost without knowing them, spread a gloom over the family, and in a little time a knock was heard at my door, and the only sister of my shipwrecked son came in, whom I had also taken and adopted as a daughter. There were only two of them, and they loved each other with great affection. With a lip tremulous with emotion, she asked me if her brother was lost. I was obliged to answer, such was the nature of the intelligence that I had no hope of seeing him again. We sat together and wept bitterly.

Under those impulses of our nature, which those understand who have lost beloved friends, I visited the place from which the vessel sailed. It was a melancholy satisfaction to me to tread the place which was marked by his last footsteps when he left the shore. I learned the course of the winds, the direction of the vessel, the probable distance at sea; and, ascertaining afterwards that a portion of the cargo had been found in a particular latitude, my own mind at last located, with some degree of precision, the scene of this heavy calamity; and there, in that definite spot of the ocean, which had become settled in my thoughts and imagination, I buried the orphan boy whom I had adopted and loved. Always afterwards, when I thought of him, it was in that particular locality. Imagination acting upon a few facts and probabilities, had selected a burial-place and erected a tomb in the depths of the sea, and had even adorned it with flowers, and affection accepted and sanctified the memorial, and after that there was no change. So painful was this event that I seldom alluded to it in conversation. Perhaps I might say that I never told my sorrow, because language had no expression for it. And yet I nourished it in my memory. Often, very often has my heart alone gone down into the depths of the ocean and held communion with that solitary and sea-beaten tomb.

When recently I sailed from New York in the Arctic, about to trust myself to the same uncertain ocean, it is strange to me that I did not think of this poor boy. But so it was. It was perhaps owing to the many trying thoughts and feelings which then crowded upon me. We had sailed more than one thousand miles, when he first recurred to my memory; and when the ship was passing in that region, and perhaps, I may say, over the very spot where I had located his tomb. And in a moment, under these peculiar circumstances, my awakened memory placed him before me, distinct as life, not a trace in his form or features altered. There he stood like one coming up from the midst of the waves; and to my quickened imagination, and to my agitated heart, which converted a vision into a reality, he threw his arms around my neck and said: "Father, you are come."

Men may call such things an illusion, but they have a truth, a basis of reality in them, and my heart felt its power. My emotions became uncontrollable. I was obliged to go to the little room assigned me in the ship, and there I shut myself up all day, and this sad and dear image was with me all the time. It was

not an ordinary form of remembrance, but a combined action of imagination and memory, and so vivid as to make the image it presented a virtual reality. My lost boy was before me, and all his early life was recalled, our walks and our conversations, and the home which he loved so much, and our happy hours, and his sister, and the other orphans I had taken and brought up with him. I wept continually, but I had no power and no disposition to remove him from my side.

But I find I cannot go on with this subject. The very recollection overcomes me. I will only add, in relation to the topic with which I began this letter—the power of restoration which exists in the mind—I am quite certain of one thing, that my own soul has, in any proper and absolute sense of the term, lost anything which it ever knew—at least, it has lost nothing which it ever loved. There are depths and lodging-places in it which may be hidden for a while, but which decay can never reach, which time can never alter, which seem to me to be beyond the explanations of atheism and materialism, and which—I would say it with humility, but with confidence—are written over with the marks and signatures of a divine power, and are held in the keeping of immortality.

Unable, at the time to which I refer, to see or converse with any one, my feelings took the turn which they sometimes do when they are strongly moved, and embodied themselves in the following

LINES FROM THE OCEAN ON A SON LOST AT SEA.

Boy of my earlier days and hopes! once more,
Dear child of memory, of love, of tears!

I see thee as I saw in days of yore,
As in thy young and in thy lovely years;

The same in youthful look, the same in form,
The same the gentle voice I used to hear,
Though many a year hath passed, and many a storm
Hath dashed its foam around the cruel bier.

Deep in the stormy ocean's hidden cave,
Buried and lost to human care and sight,
What power hath interposed to rend thy grave?
What arm hath brought thee thus to light and life?

C. ROBINSON.
HOLLEY, N. Y., Oct. 20th, 1862.

I weep—the tears my aged cheek that stain,
The throbs once more that swell my aching breast,
Embodiment of anxious thought and pain,
That wept and watched around that place of rest.

Oh, leave me not, my child! Or if it be,
That, coming thus, thou canst not longer stay,
Yet shall this kindly visit's mystery
Give rise to hopes that never can decay.

Dear, cherished image! from thy stormy bed,
Child of my early woe and early joy,
'Tis thus at last the sea shall yield its dead,
And give again my loved, my buried boy!

For the Herald of Progress
Laborers of Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer,

THE INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKER.

This extraordinary woman is at present lecturing very successfully and acceptably, to full houses, on Sabbath days, as follows: At LeRoy, Batavia, and Byron Center, Genesee County, N. Y., and at South Barre and Holley, Orleans County, besides incidentally delivering funeral discourses and addresses on the War. Her educational advantages have been quite limited. She is always ready on any subject that may be given her, whether for a song or hymn with music, or for an address. On rising to open a meeting, she usually says, or often enough says it, so that her hearers may not be at a loss wherefrom she draws her inspiration: "The spirit-prompters are now ready to impart, through your humble speaker, instruction to the audience. We want subjects presented, the discussion of which will do you and humanity good."

The subjects for singing, before and after speaking, may be judged by these specimens: Love, Friendship, Summer Land, &c. For speaking—Universal Brotherhood, The Destiny of the Race, Future Destiny of America, Slavery, Liberty, What and where is God? &c.

She enters instantly upon the subjects given, whether for singing or speaking, and handles them as though they had been contemplated for a month. Nor are the subjects treated in a dry, clumsy manner, but with the fluency, energy, and power of a great master.

She is never for a moment at a loss for words, and her language is most lofty, pure, appropriate, and elevating. She is also remarkable for quickness and aptness in retort. At times, and they are not infrequent, her whole being seems lit up with a heavenly fire, "and, mounting on wings as eagles," she takes her hearers unconsciously along with her, while she seems standing on a "sea of glass," or, floating in supernal glory, flashing forth the splendors of the Summer Land. At intervals in these periods of upward soaring, she will strike off into a most exquisite and heavenly poem of many lines, and the hearer regrets when it comes to a close.

I have heard considerable public speaking in my day—have an ear for it. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a political speech in the court-house yard at Albion, in the fall of 1856, canvassing for Fremont. As a matter of course, he dwelt largely on the "institution" which has at length in its culmination plunged the nation into intestine war. He did the subject ample justice.

Mrs. Hyzer, in September last, delivered an address, in the court-house at Albion, to a crowded assembly, on the War which Slavery has fermented. It was a masterly effort. Probably in one respect the two speakers were on a par; both, it is supposed, had pondered their subjects; still the great American master had no advantage in the comparison. That is my judgment. But whether Mr. Beecher, on having a subject given him after arising in his pulpit, without a moment's previous reflection, or the least possible opportunity for it, could deliver a discourse upon it, perfect in all its parts—that is the question.

On the occasion referred to, Mrs. Hyzer commenced by tying all humanity in one grand bundle of Brotherhood. Next she took her stand upon the original American idea—Freedom—the self-evident truth that all men are created equal, that the government of the Fathers was based on this idea—was ordained to establish justice and to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to posterity, that the American people had departed widely from the great idea, that they must return to first

principles; that the government and the Union cannot be saved without it.

Then, as with sharp instruments, she proceeded to pulverize the "factions," as she termed them, both religious and political. First, she took to do the religious parties, wasting their strength on each other, and building up their own particular creed, circumscribing their usefulness, drying up the milk of human kindness, ignoring the golden rule—the teachings of the humble Nazarene, the professed central idea of the churches—forgetting and turning a deaf ear to the wailings of four millions of God's weaker and oppressed children, born here among us. Not a few professed Christians are negro-haters.

She has heard the cry of the oppressed, and is calling the nation and the churches to an account. Many of them have attempted to press

God's word—the Bible—into the support of human bondage. The Bible, she said, is good for what it is worth, but is but a very small pocket edition of God's great book that is spread out in a universe.

Turning to the political factions, and using them up more thoroughly, if possible, than the first, she charged upon them both the responsibility of the War. Had they never departed from first principles, we would never have had the War. Finally she exhorted the people again to return to their first love,—to "repent" and bring forth fruit meet for repentance," as their only salvation.

Not a syllable was said, pro or con, by either of the Abolition papers, concerning this meeting or the speech; and I know of no press in Western New York that has published a word on the subject of this sketch. The HERALD OF PROGRESS, some time ago, contained quite a favorable notice of her work; and Mr. Editor, I gladly avail myself of this opportunity to present this more extended notice to your useful and progressive journal. Had she been orthodox, and no Spiritualist, her name and works would, ere this, have heralded all over the land.

G. ROBINSON.

hildhood

"Thou later revelation silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow."

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Come listen awhile to me, my lad,
Come listen to me for a spell;
Let that terrible drum
For a moment be dumb,
For your uncle is going to tell
What befell
A youth who loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad,
And with beauty uncommonly blest
Ere with brandy and wine
He began to decline,
And behaved like a person possessed;

I protest,
The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad;
He went to a tavern one night,
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy, and such,
The chap got exceedingly "tight,"

And was quite
What your aunt might entitle a fright.

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad;
Tis a horrid shumber he takes:
He trembles with fear,
And acts very queer;
My eyes! how he quivers and shakes

When he wakes,
And raves about horrid great "snakes"!

Tis a warning to you and me, my lad!
Next morning he took to his bed;

And he never got up
To dine or to sup,

Though properly physicked and bled;

And I read,
Next day, the poor fellow was dead!

You've heard of the snake in the grass, my lad—
Of the viper concealed in the grass;

But now you must know
Man's deadliest foe

Is a snake of a different class:

Alas!

Tis the viper that lurks in the glass!

And if you are partial to snakes, my lad,
(A passion I think rather low.)

Don't visit to see 'em,
The Devil's Museum!

Tis very much better to go
(That's so!)

And visit a regular show.

Ashamed of her Father.

Little Sallie was the daughter of an honest blacksmith, and was a very frank, warm-hearted child. A new house had been erected on a high hill near, by a fine gentleman from the city; and Sallie was quite delighted to see in his carriage, drawn by two bay horses, a sweet little girl about her own age. Once when she was in the shop they stopped to say something to Giles about shoeing the horses, and Sallie smiled at Lucy, who, in return, threw her a great red apple. She caught it so nicely that they both laughed heartily, and became friends; for little children have none of that mean pride which we sometimes see among older people, till they are taught it.

One day, when Sallie was dressed very neatly, she asked leave to take a walk, and bent her steps toward the mansion on the hill. She did not know how to go around by the road, so she climbed over fence and wall till she reached the grounds. There, to her delight, she saw Lucy on a little gray pony, which the coachman was leading carefully by the bridle. She drove up to the wall and asked, in a kind voice, "Have you berries to sell, little girl?"

Sallie laughed, and said, "No, I'm Sallie; don't you remember me? I came to play with you a little while. May that man open the iron gate for me? It is very heavy."

"I should like to play with you, and to let you ride on my pony," replied pleasant little Lucy, "but I know mamma won't allow me to play with you."

"Why not?" asked Sallie, in wonder. "I

never say naughty words, and I'm all dressed clean this afternoon."

"Oh!" said Lucy, "it is because your father works with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and has a smutty face and hands."

"Oh, the smut washes off!" replied the innocent child. "He is always clean in the evening; and when he has his Sunday clothes on he's the handsomest man in the world! Mother is pretty all the time!"

"Oh, but—mamma would not let you in, I know, because your father shoes the horses," added Lucy.

"That is no harm, is it? Don't your father want his horses shod?" asked the wondering Sallie.

"Yes, but he won't let me play with poor people's children," answered Lucy.

"We're not poor; we're very rich," replied Sallie. "Father owns the house and the shop, and we've got a cow and a calf, and twenty chickens, and the darlings little baby boy in the world!"

"But after all this argument little Lucy shook her head sadly, and said, "I wouldn't dare to ask you in, but I'll give you some flowers."

So Sallie went back over fence and wall, wondering much at what had passed. Then for the first time in her life, she wished that her father would wear his Sunday clothes all the week, just as the minister and the doctor and Lucy's father did. She almost felt ashamed of him—noble, and kind, and good. She entered the shop to wait for him. She stood by the forge trying to enjoy the sight of the sparks as they danced and fought each other after each stroke of the hammer. But her thoughts were so troubled that she could not see them, nor the beautiful pictures which she always found before in the blazing fire—mountains, castles, churches, angels, all were gone, and there was nothing left in the black shop but a coal fire, hot sparks, and a smutty brazier.

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Laws and Systems.

"There is he armed who hath his quarrel just—
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

[From the Tribune Correspondence.]

Theocracy vs. Democracy.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND GOVERNOR HARDING.

A few days since Gov. Harding received a dispatch from Gen. Craig, at Fort Laramie, requesting him, in view of the recent Indian outbreaks, to re-enlist the company of Mormon soldiers whose three months' term of service had expired a short time before; and in order that he might do this with as little delay as possible, to consult with Brigham Young upon the subject.

Accordingly the Governor of the Territory of Utah called upon the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, at the office of that dignitary, Brigham and his two counselors were present—the "trinity," as these three persons are considered by the saints, the better to illustrate the order of their importance in their limitless power on earth.

After the customary formalities between the powers celestial and the power terrestrial, the latter, in earthly fashion, made known the contents of the dispatch, and proceeded to speak of the Indian difficulties, of the necessity of troops to quell them, and of the propriety of raising a company of soldiers to be placed at Gen. Craig's disposal.

The ruler of this people declined any participation in the matter, giving as a reason that the "boys" were busy with their harvesting, and that he did not think they would be willing to do anything more in the military line until they should see a pile of "green-backs" from Washington; and demanding to know why Col. Conner, with his command, was not ordered off on an expedition against the Indians, instead of being sent here among the Mormons, where he was not at all needed.

Gov. Harding replied that the United States government was fully able to pay all the men who should enlist in its service, and that it would most certainly do so, although there might, in this case, be some little delay.

Upon this, Brigham coolly informed the Governor of a new and startling fact, viz.: that there would be no *United States government*, that it would go to pieces, that the two armies would totally destroy each other, &c., closing the tirade with the very significant question, "Don't you think, Governor, that a government administered by one man, and that man appointed by God, would be far better than the government of the United States, or of any other country?"

"Most assuredly," replied the governor; "because the Almighty could undoubtedly make a better selection than any company of men on earth. The only question would be to know what man the Lord had chosen."

"There could be no trouble in deciding that," said Brigham; "evidently it would be the man who should receive a revelation to effect that."

"But," added the unbelieving Gentile, "sometimes more than one might claim to have had a revelation. Some of your people believe you to be the true prophet of God, and others believe in another prophet?"

"I was not aware of that fact," interposed the astonished revelator.

"Why, it is only a short time since some of your followers set up a new prophet [referring to the Moravians] thus creating schism in the church, and occasioning the death of several men. So you see that opposing factions may arise as well among this people as elsewhere."

After a pause, during which the "President" was manifestly collecting his forces, he renewed the attack by saying, "Don't you think the time must come—the millennium—when such a government divinely ruled will be established upon the earth?"

"I do not suppose," replied the Governor,

"that we are to consider the descriptions of the millennium as literally true, but simply as figures through which the inspired writer sought to convey his meaning to a highly imaginative people. For instance, when we read that the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, that the lion shall eat straw as an ox, &c., I do not imagine that those phenomena are actually to take place."

"Why not?" asked Brigham, in amazement.

"Because it would be a physiological impossibility. The lion must first be provided with a new set of teeth and a new stomach. You might chain a lion by a straw-stack, and place beside him all the water he would drink, and after a certain number of days, he would die; while an ox, with the same bill of fare before him, would thrive."

"Where do you get such ideas?" inquired the prophet, in solemn tones.

"From books—from such authors as Buffon, Humboldt, and other distinguished scholars, who doubtless know more about such subjects than you, President Young, or I, or any of us."

"They don't know half so much about it as I do. They don't know anything about it. It was sheer folly for them to write such books, and it would be better for the world if they were all burned."

"Well," said the Governor, good-naturedly, "history has furnished us with an illustrious example of your mode of thinking, in the character of the great Saracen chieftain, who ordered the splendid Alexandrian Library, enriched by the collection of ages, to be burned to ashes, giving as a reason that all books which contradicted the Koran were false, and ought to be destroyed, while all those which agreed with the Koran, it was unnecessary to preserve, as they were mere works of supererogation."

At this presumptuous speech from a mortal in the Triumphant presence, it is reported that the saintly glow which unceasingly illuminates the countenance of the Prophet-in-Chief, the Lord's anointed, was suddenly brightened to a remarkable degree—the halo of glory being changed, in a twinkling, to that more fiery halo of wrath—righteous indignation, I should say—and that the second in power and majesty, the Prophet's First Councillor, buried his face in his hands as though he would faint out from his eyes the miracle so sure to follow—the blasphemer struck dumb; that the third person in the Trinity, in whose title of Lieutenant-general there is a smacking of this world, taking it more as a mortal would, lay

back on the sofa, and surveyed the ceiling with what was intended to be an air of indifference.

The audacious sinner, evidently forgetting that his auditors were anything more than ordinary human beings, quietly drew their attention again to the business which had brought him to their sanctum.

Brigham still declining to render any assistance in the matter, and again alluding to the wreck of our Government, the heart of the Governor was stirred within him, and rising from his seat in his earnestness, he said:

"President Young, while I agree with you on many points, there is one subject upon which I disagree with you *in toto et cetera*; and that is your theory that this government is going to pieces on the principle of the Killenny-cat-fight. Mark my words, I prophesy against your prophecy. These difficulties will be settled, and there will be more cats left than ever were heard of in Killenny. I can converse coolly upon any subject, except when I am talking of my country, in the hour of her peril, and I suspect the man I am talking with to be disloyal. Then I become excited. I want you distinctly to understand, President Young," added the patriotic Governor, growing vehement, "that I stand by the saints, the better to illustrate the order of their importance in their limitless power on earth."

Whereupon, taking his hat, he politely bowed himself out of the Presence, leaving behind him such attitudes and expressions as though a new revelation had suddenly come down from on high.

Sight and Insight.

[From Blackwood's Magazine for Sept.]

Distinction Between Active Thought and Reverie.

EXTRACT FROM "CAXTONIANA."

BY SIR BULWER LYTTON.

When Kant says that "we can dream more in a minute than we can act in a day," it seems to me that he rather understates than exaggerates; for so much is suggested in so small a point of time, that were it in my power to transcribe all that passes through my mind in any given half-hour of silent reverie, it would take me years to write it down. And this leads me to an observation, which doubtless every practiced writer must often have made on himself. When, having sufficiently filled the mind with a chosen subject, and formed the clearest possible conceptions of what we intend to say on it, we sit down to the act of writing, the words are never exactly faithful to the preconceived ideas we designed them to express. We may, indeed, give the general purport of a meditated argument; the outlines of a dramatic plot, artistically planned; or of a narrative of which we have painted on the retina of the mind the elementary colors and the skeleton outlines. But where the boundless opulence of idea and fancy which had enriched the subject before we were called upon to contract its expenditure into sober bonds? How much of the fairy gold turns, as we handle it, into dry leaves! And by a tyranny that we cannot resist, while we thus leave unuttered much that we had designed to express, we are carried on mechanically to say much of which we had not even a conscious perception the moment before the hand jotted it down, as an inevitable consequence of the thought out of which another thoughts springs self-formed and full-grown. Even a writer so attentive to method as Cicero notices the irresistible vehemence with which the things that we think of ravish away the words—"res ipsa verba rapunt;" and, in return, the words, as they rise spontaneously, seem to ravish away the thoughts.

This want of exact fidelity between thought while yet in the mind, and its form when stamped on the page, has not escaped the observation of Ancillon, a writer who ought to be better known to our countrymen; for into that wide range of knowledge through which the German scholarship is compelled to range in its tendency to generalize, he carries a sense as practical as Reid's and an elegance of criticism as sober as Dugald Stewart's. "No language," says this charming philosopher, "is a complete and finished imprint of the human mind, were it only because all that is intellectual and invisible in our understanding, our soul, complete and entire, is not and cannot be expressed, except by metaphors borrowed from the world of the senses (*du Monde Sensible*). . . . Where a man feels and thinks as he does, he cannot be content with his expressions—they say always too much or too little."

In truth, I believe that no author, writing on a subject he has long cherished and intensely pondered over, at whatever length, or with whatever brevity, will not find that he has made but a loose paraphrase, not a close copy, of the work forewritten in the mind. All thoughts, and perhaps in proportion to their gravity and scope, lose something when transferred from contemplation into language, as all bodies, in proportion to their bulk, lose something of what they weighed in air when transferred to water.

Musing over these phenomena in my own mind, whereby I find that, in an art to which I have devoted more than thirty years' practice and study, I cannot in any way adequately accomplish my own conception; that the typical idea within me is always far, infinitely far beyond my power to give it on the page the exact image which it wore in space; that I catch from the visible light but a miserable daguerreotype of the form of which I desire the truthful picture—a caricature that gives indeed features, and lines, and wrinkles, but not the bloom, not the expression, not the soul of the idea which the love in my own heart renders lovely to me—musing over this wondrous copiousness of thought which escapes from me, scattering into spray as a cataract yields but drops to the hand that would seize it amidst its plashes and fall, I say to myself: "Hence I recognize that necessity for another life and other conditions of being, amid which alone thought can be freed and developed." It is in the incapacity and struggle more than in any feat or victory of my intellect, that I feel my thought itself is a problem only to be solved in a hereafter. At present, the more I labor to complete such powers as are vouchsafed to me, the more visible to myself is my own incompleteness. And it is the sense of that incompleteness which, increasing on me in proportion as I labor for completeness, assures

me, in an ulterior destination, of a wider scope and less restricted powers. "Nature never disappoints—the Author of Nature never deceives us."¹⁷ If the child yet unborn were qualified to reason of his prospects in the womb of his parent, as he may afterwards do in his range on this terrestrial globe, he might apprehend, in his separation from the womb, a total extinction of life; for how could he continue to receive it after his only supply of nourishment from the vital stock of his parent had ceased?"* Poor Unborn! what a skeptic he might be! How notably he might argue against a future state for him!

And how would that future state be prognosticated by his apprehension? Surely it would be by referring him to those attributes of his organization which had no necessary relation to his present state, but conveyed hints of use for a future state; in the structure of eyes meant to see a light not yet vouchsafed of ears meant to hearken to sounds not yet heard. As the eyes and the ears to the Unborn, are those attributes of the human mind on this earth which for this earth are not needed—on this earth have no range, no completion. And to the eyes and to the Unborn, "WAIT!" Nothing is given to you in vain. Nature is no spendthrift; she invents nothing for which no use is designed. These superfluous accessories to your being now are the essential provisions for your fidelity and development in a state of being to come.

For man, every present contains a future. I say not with Descartes, "I think, therefore I am," but rather, "I am, therefore I think; I think, and therefore I shall be." Dr. Ferguson. What follows is borrowed and expanded from his argument.

INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

Kate's Soldier.

"If I were only a man!" Kate Barclay's eyes flashed with a splendid resolve, a fine blaze of courage.

"If you were, would you not do just the same as now—sit still and wish something else?"

"Why do you judge me so unkindly, Major Ross?"

The lips began to pout now; a little temper to blend with the courage in the fine eyes.

"Because you do not do what you can, even now. If you were not my cousin, I suppose I should not speak to you so plainly. As it is, it vexes me when I hear you wishing, morning, noon, and night, to be and to do the impossible—and yet never trying to do what is ready to your hand. Do you think there is no better use for the money you are wasting so carelessly in satins and laces?" How much was Madame Ferrara's bill last quarter?

"Money won't fight, and government pays the soldiers—better, I heard you say yesterday, than any army is paid in Europe."

"Yet, by giving a little more than government gives, I think you could hire some one, who would not go otherwise, to fight for you."

"A man whom a little more money would induce!" A man who would go for money, and would not go without it! Why, such a cowardly soul would get drummed out of the ranks after the first battle!"

Major Ross smiled, a calm, meaning smile such as always provoked his cousin, for it seemed to her like an assertion of superiority.

"You just look at one side of your question, Kate, and then jump at your conclusion. I know a man who told me yesterday that he would go to war if he could afford it—a man who is neither cold nor cowardly. He has a sister, a girl of fifteen. The two are orphans, and his mother's dying breath gave her to his care. They were well born, but they had fallen into poverty, and he resolved that his sister should have the education of a lady. She is at school now. If he had the means to leave her provided for, he would enlist; but what if he should die, and the poor, pretty, undisciplined child should be left alone in the wide world, with no means of support, no protector, no friend? Could he answer it to his mother when he met her in the country which she people?"

Kate had listened with breathless interest.

"Would he fight well?" she asked, musing.

"No man better. There is not a drop of coward blood in his veins. He is the very one I would choose to stand beside me in the front of the fray!"

"If we were sure his sister would be provided for in the event of his death, you think he would go?"

"I know it. His whole heart is in the fight now. If we were sure that she could be secured from future privation or friendlessness, his name would be enroled to-morrow."

Kate's face glowed with eager resolve.

"He shall be sure. I cannot give my life to my country. I ought not to shrink from giving everything else. That girl is an orphan like me. She shall be my sister. I will undertake her expenses while her brother is away, and, if he dies, she shall share dollar for dollar with all that I possess."

Major Ross looked at his young cousin almost reverently. He was just beginning to see below the happy, careless surface of her nature. But he made no comment on her resolve.

"Wait here," he said, simply. "I will bring you your soldier."

In half an hour he returned. He brought with him a man, tall, athletic, strong, with a face brave and masterful rather than handsome.

"Miss Barclay, this is Mr. Keene—Richard Keene."

So much of introduction performed, Major Ross went out and left Kate to make her bargain.

Mr. Keene was thoroughly well bred. In the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed—soiled trying they would have been to most men—he was able to steer clear of any false pride or embarrassment.

"Miss Barclay," he said, bowing, "I am told that, by way of doing your part toward the war, you wish to hire me as a substitute, to fight your battles for you. My terms are easily stated. All I ask is a security that my sister's education shall be carried on, as I have commenced it, until she is able to support herself by teaching."

"I am ready to provide for all her expenses, and to charge myself with the care of her future, should there be need of my protection."

"So much as that is not necessary. While

I live I could not allow you to undertake all her expenses. So far as my pay as a soldier can go, it must be applied to her support. For the rest, I accept your offer in the spirit in which it is made. I will remember you when I fight, and, heaven helping me, you shall not be ashamed of your substitute."

Kate's eyes grew misty. He was so calm in his resolve to brave danger and death—seemed to consider himself so little. She longed to beg him, as a sister might have done, not to be too rash, not to court unnecessary peril, but something restrained her. She only asked:

"Will when you take me to see your sister? It is better I should be introduced to her by you. She will feel more that she belongs to me when you have confided her to my protection."

"You are right. I will take you now, if you please. I wish to march with the 28th to-morrow, and there is no time to lose. Poor Emily, it will be hard on her."

In five minutes more Miss Barclay was walking toward Gramercy Park with her soldier by her side. She stole a look now and then at his face. It was calm and firm—no marks there of weakness or irresolution. She began to be proud of him. Soon they sat in Miss Dupont's front parlor waiting for Emily. As she came through the door her brother met her, and drew her with him into the back-room. He had said to Miss Barclay that it was better that he should speak to her first alone.

Waiting there, Kate heard the sound of earnest, manly talk, then a few words in a voice full of tears, then again the low, manly tones; and then, after a while, Mr. Keene led his sister.

"Miss Barclay," he said, "here is your protege. She quite understands your position as regards her, and I hope she will exact little, and not make you much trouble."

Kate's warm heart overflowed instantly. She put her arm round the shy, trembling girl, and drew her to her side. She whispered:

"I have no mother, dear, and no sister. I shall need you as much as you need me. Let us love one another."

Mr. Keene did not hear the whisper, but he saw the quick blush of pleasure flash his sister's cheek, and the confiding gesture with which her hand stole into her new friend's, and he was satisfied.

"We need not detain Miss Barclay any longer," he said, gently. "I will walk home with her now. This afternoon I shall be busy, but I will come to you again this evening."

There were few words spoken during the short walk, but when they were parting on Miss Barclay's doorstep, she gave her hand to Richard Keene, and said, earnestly:

"Do not doubt that all I can do for your sister will be a labor of love. There has been a vacant place in my heart, a lonely longing for some one to care for, and she will fill it." Her eyes filled with tears—"if anything should happen, she shall be as near to me as she would have been to her."

Richard Keene pressed the hand he held.

"I believe you," he said. "Emily is a good child. You will not find in her coldness or ingratitude."

That evening Kate Barclay sat alone, living over in thought the parting which she knew was taking place, fancying how these two, who were all the world to each other, would say good-by—a good-bye which might, all too possibly, be forever. She almost regretted of her own doing—not quite—for she knew her soldier's heart was in his work, and she felt that if he had been her own brother she could have sent him forth as cheerfully. She was not dealing to another such measure as she would not have borne to have dealt to herself.

Richard Keene had the hand he held, but she had kept back any utterance of complaint or lamentation, whose memory might have unnerved him when the hour came to test his courage."

Then there was silence between them for a few moments, and he was the first to break it.

"I will tell you honestly why I came here to-night, Miss Barclay. I have been thinking how possible it was that I might never come back, and if that happened, I feared you might regret that you sent me away. I wanted to guard against your vexing yourself with any such needless sorrow. It was the one longing in my other heart to go, and if I could have effected it in any other way, I should have done so long ago. Come what may, I shall never be sorry,

knew the world would brand him a fortune-hunter?"

Miss Barclay blushed, but she answered bravely:

"I should think poorly of a man's courage whom the world's opinion could sway in most sacred matters of his heart and his life; and if he believed the lady would ever remember on which side the fortune was, I should wonder at him for thinking her worthy of his love."

His eyes—those honest, earnest eyes—looked at her with something in their glance which thrilled her heart with a strange, new, timid joy. He only said:

"Kate, you know I love you. When I fight again, who will pray for me at home? whose soldier shall I be?"

I think her look told him before her words did, but he bent tenderly to hear the answer:

"Mine!"

Abelard and Eloise.

Eloise was born 1101. She lived in Paris with her uncle, Fulbert, who employed Abelard to give her private instructions in rhetoric. An ardent attachment sprang up between teacher and pupil, which, when discovered by Fulbert, caused him to banish Abelard from the house. He returned, however, and carried off Eloise to Palais, in Brittany, his native country, where she gave birth to a son, who spent his life in a monastery. Abelard, to appease the anger and grief of Fulbert, promised to marry Eloise if it could be kept a secret, for he feared his religious reputation would suffer otherwise. Eloise also entertained the same feeling, and generously demurred from placing upon him the restraint of marriage, but finally returned to Paris, where the ceremony took place. As the public was, of course, soon let into the secret, Eloise repaired to the convent of Arquenouil, and soon took the veil. Sometime afterward she was transferred by Abelard to the Paraclete, which had been founded by him. Here she labored assiduously to build up a convent, in which effort she succeeded. When, in 1142, she heard of Abelard's death in the Abbey of Cluny, where he had lived as a monk, she wrote to demand his body, that it might be buried at the Paraclete, according to his desire. He was buried in a chapel built by his order, and for more than twenty years Eloise went every night to weep over his last resting-place. She died May 17, 1164, beloved and respected by all who knew her, and was buried in the same tomb with Abelard. In 1815 this tomb was taken to Père-le-Chaise, where it still remains.

PERSONS who create for themselves imaginary woes are often pitiless toward the real sorrows of others.

VIOLENT friendship sometimes generates enmity, as ice may be made by the chemical action of heat.

For the Herald of Progress.

SONG OF THE FREE SPIRIT.

BY DE VERE VINKING.

Free from all worldly care,
Free as the angels are,
Free as the wild-bird on featherless wing;
Free from all earthly pain,
Free from each sinful stain,
On to the Summer Land gladly I'll sing.

Fare through the realms of light,
Joyous I'll take my flight,
Clouds can no longer overshadow my way;
Sickness and sorrow now
Never can blight and bane—
Farewell, oh dreary earth, I cannot stay.

Longer where storms arise,
For on my longing eyes
Gleam the green shores of the spirits' bright
home;
Loved ones are waiting there,
Waving white hands in air,
Beck'ning me o'er to them—dear ones, I come!

Volumes of wisdom light
Burst on my raptured sight,
From the bright throne of the Father divine:
Joyless and dreary earth,
Thy gems are little worth—
Farewell! Heaven's treasures are richer than
thine.

For the Herald of Progress.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY P. A. S.

The Beautiful! The Beautiful!
It smiles upon the summer stream,
It twinkles in each drop of dew
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam;
It lends the blush to crimson rose
And breathes upon the lily pale,
Marks as its own each flower that blows
On mountain-top or in the vale.

The Beautiful! The Beautiful!
It paints the rosy cheek of youth,
It gives the luster to the eye,
It is the spirit-life of Truth—
The Father's face revealed in love,
In Nature's every mirrored form—
Where'er we turn, below, above,
It smiles alike 'mid calm or storm.

The Beautiful! The Beautiful!
We'll worship at its holy shrine;
It is the life of Father God,
The essence of His love divine.
Oh, may it ger our inmost life
With truth, with virtue, and with love,
Calm Discord's wave, subdue each strife,
Fit us for angel spheres above.

CELINE, Ohio.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 25, 1862.

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All letters to be addressed to

A. J. DAVIS & CO., PUBLISHERS,

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Our columns this week will be found to contain a great variety of interesting reading.

A Sermon by the Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, of this city, will appear in our next.

The description of "VISIONBURG" is continued on page six.

SCENES IN THE FAR WEST, number two, is concluded this week. The third of the series will be commenced in our next.

Orders are coming in for the new volume, "ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS." Before this paper reaches its readers, we shall be able to supply all demands for the work, which is at time of writing, in the hands of the binder.

Come! Let us all Pull Together.

"NOT GIVEN TO ONE IDEA," is a distinctive feature of this Journal. "HEALTH" of body and of mind, "PROGRESS" in all things, pledged to the discovery and application of TRUTH. Opposed to sectarianism, friendly to rational Spiritualism, a pulverizer of creeds, the defender of human rights, the opponent of all injustice and oppression.

The HERALD OF PROGRESS, with these aims and well-known characteristics, is increasing in power and usefulness day by day. We simply ask that the friends of Spiritual Progress continue to give us their moral influence and material support.

Please say a good word for this Journal to your next neighbor. Let him see your copy, or send us his name and address, and we will at once mail him a specimen, free. Now is the time to extend our list of subscribers, to multiply our readers, to lift the curtains of spiritual truth on the suffering world, and now is the time for our real friends to aid us in the work. There are at least fifty thousand persons in the Free States who would gladly take the HERALD OF PROGRESS if its real aims and characteristics were only properly brought to their attention. Come, friends! Let us all pull together.

Healing in China.

Through the kindness of a friend—T. H. Salem, Mass.—we have been furnished a copy of the Supplement to the Overland China Mail, published at Hong Kong, August 11, 1862, from which we extract the following account of the operations of a Chinese "healing medium," It will interest American readers:

"A certain dirty and dried-up looking priest of the Buddhist religion, about forty or forty-five years old, is at the present time creating a very great and singular sensation among the people of this place (Tientsin). He professes to be able to cure any kind of disease, or to be the medium by which a certain divinity sees fitting to cure diseases. It is believed that several thousands daily visit the place, where a booth or shed has been erected for his accommodation, about half a mile from the north gate of the city. He uses no medicinal means, but cures by manipulation of the parts diseased, or by the application of water, &c. A large crowd of applicants for his aid were surrounding him on their knees, each with some lighted incense. When I went thither a few days since, quantities of incense-sticks were kept burning in two or three large censors near him, adding not a little to the intensity of the heat of the day. It is currently reported that many cases of the prevailing sickness have been cured by his agency. He appeared here not long since, first begging in the public streets. I heard nothing of him till about one week ago. It is said by some that the mandarins and the rich gentry are proposing to build a temple here to his honor. Others assert that the mandarins are not taking an active part in the matter, though willing that the people should do as they please, in view of the great benefits said to be conferred by him. He has the reputation of refusing all money offered him for his services, though he does not seem to object to a kind of self-appointed committee receiving, ostensibly for the erection of a temple for him, such materials as timbers, bricks, &c., from those who imagine themselves to have been benefited by him. He preserves a devotional aspect, notwithstanding his sudden popularity. He rings his bell very frequently, and falling upon his knees, bows towards the image of the divinity or the picture which he acknowledges as his patron. When he bows down thus, those about him, expecting to receive aid from him, also fall down and bow their heads, holding lighted incense in their hands."

AIR LINE DISPATCHES

TO THE
Herald of Progress.

CHANGES IN DEPARTMENTS AT WASHINGTON.

Jeff. Davis to adopt his own Plans of Retaliation.

ANOTHER INDICATION OF THE GOLDEN HAMMERS.

Harper's Ferry still the Base of John Brown's Operations.

EPISCOPALIAN PRAYERS GIVING AID AND COMFORT TO THE ENEMY.

Napoleon's Plans working slowly toward Intervention.

THE IDEA OF AN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

A Prophecy by Andrew Jackson in 1856

DEMOCRATS AND SUBMISSIONISTS ON THE SAME PLATFORM.

Coming Trials and Revolutions at the North.

LOOK OUT FOR A STORM AROUND WASHINGTON.

Week before last I telegraphed to your HERALD the signs of celestial "lightning" which is to strike high places and eminent persons in Washington. The President is becoming dissatisfied with the countless cords of "augers that won't bore." The Army and Navy are both overloaded with useless official and "officious" gentlemen who had better resign at once, or enter the ranks as privates for their own and their country's good.

Before this paper reaches its readers several changes will be likely to occur in the operations and management of the Army and Navy. When General Banks gets ready in his own mind, you may expect him to take a responsible position, whereupon another "bow of promise" will be seen spanning the East. If there should come up the "Republic of New England," no man living is more likely to be the people's President than General Banks. Events look brighter after a season of still greater darkness.

RETALIATORY SCHEMES OF THE CONFEDERATES.

The Rebel Congress, in view of Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of Emancipation, has given the power of "retaliation" into the hands Jeff. Davis. He is authorized to adopt any measures which, in his judgment, will devastate portions of the North where the population is known to favor the proclamation of liberty to the slaves. Cavalry raids are deemed most successful and expedient. They will plunder banks, burn residences, and depart with great speed to the next town or city, where the same programme will be followed, and so on, knowing that an unarmed and undisciplined people cannot resist the force and march of such a daring, dashing, desperate, and piratical cavalry as the rebels are now organizing and disciplining for purposes of punishing the Northern supporters of the Lincoln proclamation. Secret organizations also, as was telegraphed to your HERALD before last, are almost ready to open the ball. Look out for sudden raids into Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; and also expect several large mysterious fires in Northern cities. Let the loyal be well armed and vigilant at home.

THE GOLDEN HAMMERS VISIBLE ABOUT WASHINGTON.

Financiers are steadily solving the "Golden Hammer" problem for the world's future good. It is beginning to be "surmised" that the power of a Government to issue paper money is really and practically nothing less than the power to confiscate the goods of wealth-producers. It is the incarnation of speculation, dishonesty, and social revolution. The falseness of the system consists in the people receiving Government paper with worthless pictures and engraved signatures, in exchange for real labor and real wealth. The law of "property" is not represented by the paper "promise." Business "revolutions" and social convulsions will follow in the path of such financial transactions. Paper money will one day become the world's laughing-stock, but many money-crises and panics and revolutions will first transpire. Real estate will soon be inflated by the "expansion" of Government "paper." Let those who have a temptation to "speculate," beware of the uplifted Golden Hammer. Let those who have good homes be still, and "leave well enough alone."

JOHN BROWN'S INVISIBLE ARMY IN THE VICINITY OF HARPER'S FERRY.

McClellan is drawn back to Harper's Ferry, because of a mysterious conviction of his that the next battle is to take place not far from that locality. John Brown's soul is sublime in the midst of his shining regiments. Never was Saint more fired with heavenly zeal and unflinching faith. If the Confederate Generals will but obey the "leading" of the invisible Chief of Freedom, there will soon be a great battle not

far from McClellan's assumed "base," resulting in the capture of the best portion of the rebel army and terminating the earthly existence of "Stonewall" Jackson. General Sigel favors the army fever, which is now running frightfully high in every Division, causing each to shout: "Forward to Richmond!" But the extreme cautiousness of Gen. McClellan is more than a match for the rampant spirit of offensive warfare. He won't move until he is obliged to "by Mr. Lincoln's orders."

EFFECT OF THE THIRTEEN EPISCOPAL LITURGICAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Judge Carpenter, of New Jersey, is entitled to the thanks of the nineteenth century and the rest of mankind, for the effects of his remarkable resolution, which you remember was clothed in these words:

"Resolved, That in view of the danger of the country from civil war, the House of Bishops be respectfully requested to prepare a form of prayer to be used during the session of this Convention."

Gov. Seymour was present and contributed his "mite" to keep the prayers of the Episcopal Church free from modification. It didn't hurt his feelings to have the blessings of the Almighty slip off down over his "southern brethren." Dr. Mead, of old Blue-law Connecticut, presented a prayer "fixed" by the Bishop of New York, in which occurs the following:

"O Eternal God and Heavenly Father!"

"O most powerful and glorious Lord God!"

"Lord of Hosts, who rules and commands all things!"

"Let thy Divine Protection and guidance be over ALL who serve

in council or in the field!"

These words in the Bishop's carefully-prepared prayer, unfortunately, had the effect of asking the Almighty's particular attention and interposition as much over rebels as Unionists who are "in the field"—as much over the Congress and Cabinet "who are in council" in Richmond as over corresponding deliberative bodies in Washington. Therefore another resolution was offered, and was supported by "Judges," "Bishops," and "Ministers," which resulted in the partial success of Judge Carpenter's original resolution; and it is remarkable how the "Union arms" and the great "heads" at Washington have been "blessed" since the Episcopalian left off their loyal prayers. It is suggested (of course with becoming modesty, in high quarters) that our Government should negotiate with the "House of Bishops" to plant a powerful battery of "Union prayers" around Washington, and also along the Potomac, where the next rebel raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania will be attempted. The prayers of bishops and the petitions of salaried ministers of Christ are said to be popular in the kingdom of Heaven, where none but Episcopalian are allowed to reside.

AMERICAN OPPORTUNITY IS NOW, WHILE NAPOLEON IS EMBARRASSED IN MEXICO.

Let nothing convince our Government that the French Emperor is the friend of Liberty and expanding civilization. Now is the time to work to prevent the initial steps of "intervention." If Napoleon's power is successful in Mexico, the next thing will be the inefficiency of our blockade in the Gulf of Mexico, especially in and about the City of New Orleans. If the French do not occupy that portion of Louisiana within twelve weeks, it will be because our combined and successful assault on three rebel cities will throw the rebellion into the last stages of despair. It will not be wise for our Navy to hesitate much longer in making itself felt and heard in Savannah, Mobile, and Charleston. A scheme in Europe is on foot to address our Government in a peaceful (?) style, offering important considerations and inducements for consenting to an arbitration.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF GARIBALDI.

From the impassioned pen of Garibaldi has emanated a scheme for the calling of an "International Congress" to settle national disputes wherever they may exist. He appeals to England to extend aid to the great American Republic, which is now struggling for the abolition of slavery, and against a strife waged by the traders in human flesh. But let no one suppose that England will take so much interest in her deliberations on the condition of our Republic. England is no believer in the stability of such a Government as is ours, which is subject to the will of the majority, and not less to the rebellion of the disappointed minority. Garibaldi wants his noble Italian soldiers to swell the armies of America. But no! It seems that the Government would rather "draft" and destroy its white population than accept Italian regiments or the military services of the loyal blacks. This infatuation is the most remarkable feature of the War.

THE WAR PREDICTED BY ANDREW JACKSON IN 1856.

The following prediction was given through a "medium" in Buffalo, N. Y., over six years ago, the spirit giving the name of Andrew Jackson. He was addressing an old gentleman, who, at the time, recorded the communication, in these words:

"I come to-night, my venerable friend, to bear witness before the Eternal, that this, my beloved country, is to feel the fire and sword. Let it go forth, through thy journal, to my people—mine, because I love them. Tell them, though I would fain weep in proclaiming it, that they are to pass through more than revolutionary agonies. I know this, if I know anything. The voice of the times speaks it in my ear clearly and distinctly. I would that their people knew where they stand, and that their rulers could feel the issue of a few years to come. Then would they forsake their flesh-pots, and eat of the pure meat of righteously and justice. They are, as it were, pitching pennies, whilst the nation's heart throbs convulsively under the heavy load that threatens to stop and still its motion."

"If you could see mighty minds, as I see them, engaged in the work of maturing events, then would you know to a certainty that the foundations of your States are to be shaken to their lowest depths. What while the Ship of State is irresistibly driving towards the breakers, your so-called statesmen are deeply immersed in the business of individual aggrandizement!"

</div

Lecture on Woman.

On Tuesday evening last Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham addressed the guests of Dr. Miller's Hygienic Institute at 15 Laight street, on the subject of Woman. Her remarks were quite out of the ordinary range of "Woman's Rights" discourses. The views advanced were original, and exceedingly important, while the style of address was familiar, yet forcible, eloquent, and convincing. Mrs. Farnham possesses a fertility of illustrative resource, and a command of language, eminently qualifying her for a public teacher.

We were glad to hear it announced that instruction would be afforded, if desired, to private classes, where the views she has arrived at after long and careful study can be presented in full. Those of our readers who have it in their power to avail themselves of a course of lectures by this gifted lady, should not fail to embrace the opportunity.

In the lecture on Tuesday evening, Mrs. Farnham took ground neither precisely with the accepted Woman's Rights advocates in their claim of equality of sex, nor with the conservative class, who practically, if not theoretically, assume woman's inferiority. The speaker's claim for woman was absolute *superiority*. She first demonstrated woman's organic and functional superiority, then passing the universally conceded truth respecting her spiritual nature, she proceeded to argue her superiority in the *quality* of her mental powers. Thus in the totality of her nature woman was placed at the summit of creation on this planet.

In demonstrating this claim for woman's intellect, Mrs. Farnham classified the methods of thought, or of arriving at truth, as the inductive and deductive. The inductive method, that which reasons from without—from facts to the truths which they prove, was characterized as peculiarly masculine, while the deductive method, or that which starts from the assumption of the truth working outwardly to the demonstration, was feminine. The deductive method precedes the inductive—truths being first discovered by deduction, then advanced by induction. Poets and artists are deductive in their methods. The deductive mind is nearest allied to the divine, is so near as to apprehend, feel, and know the truth without proof, while external minds, further removed, call for proof.

Woman's deductive nature fits her for the artistic work of creation—to form beings nearer allied to the divine than would be possible were man's nature implanted within woman's organism. Organ, function, and use, are coördinate. When woman is proved superior organically and functionally, there must be a superiority of use. This use of her superior powers lies in her creative work. There is little hope for the improvement of the race till the importance of this work and the potency of maternal influences are recognized. Man cannot alone transmit greatness. The world's greatest characters are traceable to their mothers. This claim of superiority carries with it a heavy weight of responsibility. It rests with mothers to say there shall be no more criminals, no more imbeciles born. The work of generation, if improperly done, can never be undone. Hence the vital need of popular illumination on this point.

The speaker claimed that man represented self-love—woman, divine love. Man was by nature an aristocrat, woman a democrat. Woman's nature and tendency was to diffuse knowledge she acquired. Hence, as she becomes informed, the people will possess the knowledge heretofore bound up in the professions; and "craft"—doctor-craft, lawyer-craft, and priest-craft—will cease to exist.

We have given but a faint and meager outline of the course of the speaker's argument.

R.R.

Deaf and Dumb Children.

The Directors of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, are desirous that all cases of deaf and dumb children without education should be brought to their notice, that they may receive the advantages for which the Institution was established. Communications on the subject addressed to ANDREW WARREN, the Secretary, No. 516 Broadway, N. Y., will receive prompt attention.

Editors of Newspapers will aid the cause of humanity, by giving the above a gratuitous insertion.

Impersonal Editorship.

The Commonwealth, of Boston, has the following card in its last issue:

"A CARD.—In the second number of *The Commonwealth*, my name appears as the editor of this paper. But it subsequently appearing that the forces and persons which would naturally communicate with the public through this medium, were in number and importance such as to make it improper to identify the paper with any single individual, my name was withdrawn at my request. I take this method of emphasizing this impersonality. Whilst there is a general sympathy and common aim amongst those who edit *The Commonwealth*, it is but just to all to say that the paper is not the representative of any one person's views."

MOSCOW D. CONWAY?

A very simple, yet convenient article, has been placed on our table, designed to be attached to the common lead-pencil, for erasing the marks. It is called the "Patent Pencil Eraser," and is manufactured by Vosburgh & Ludden, No. 12 Barclay street, N. Y. It will be found convenient for use in offices, schools, and by all who use a pencil. It is neat, durable, easily adjusted, and cheap in cost.

Kindergarten System.

This system of instruction, originally a German conception, peculiarly adapted to infant schools, but applicable also to some extent in all schools, appears to be gradually taking root among us. Several Kindergartens (literally, children's gardens) are already in successful operation in New-England, and a school on this system has recently been opened in this city, by Mrs. HALLOCK, (formerly Mrs. Dusz) whom we hear spoken of as a judicious and highly qualified teacher, at No. 79 East Fifteenth street.

This system is based on the principle of cultivating simultaneously the physical, mental, mechanical, and artistic faculties of early childhood; and, while it imparts instruction by means of object-lessons, and of exercises for the hand, and eye, and mental perceptions, it adapts itself to individual character, and supplies pleasant and profitable occupation to the exuberant activity of childhood. It has been introduced into the primary department of Mrs. Hallock's school for young ladies. Friends interested in this system are admitted to inspect the school. On Fridays, from 12 to 1 P. M., there are exhibitions of calisthenic exercises, under the superintendence of a pupil of Dr. Dio Lewis, of Boston.

[N. Y. Daily Times.]

(From the London Daily News.)
Dr. Charles Mackay.

It is supposed to be for the advantage of the public that the accredited correspondent of a newspaper should be unnamed. The New York newspapers, however, lately contained a letter, in which Dr. Charles Mackay, late of London, announced himself as the correspondent of our contemporary in that capital. Some of our readers who remember Dr. Mackay as the poet of "the good time coming," may be surprised to find him working in the interest of the slaveowner, especially as, in his own touching words, "the great cause of human progress has required at every period of the world the support of earnest and thinking men." Could it have been the rise of the slave power he was thinking of, when, sixteen years ago, he sang joyously,

"There's a fad about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow."

No, for the word was then,

"Onward, while a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right;
While an error clouds the reason,
Or a sorrow gnaws the heart,
Or a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part."

Then, too, it would have seemed—so we gather from the record—an unworthy occupation to sow the seeds of hatred and strife between the nations, and past errors of that kind were things to be repented of.

"Once we thought it right to foster
Local jealousy and pride;
Right I hate another nation,
Parted from us by a tide:
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!"

Dr. Mackay has told us that in writing such poetry as this he was much encouraged by sympathy and approval from the other side of the Atlantic. But sixteen years bring reflection and experience. These verses were the inspirations of sentiment. Since he wrote them, Dr. Mackay has been to the land of slavery, and having stood face to face with the hideous monster, having seen at New Orleans men with faces as white as his own bought and sold as slaves, he has become converted to the cause of the South.

SERV. 20th, 1862.

The Appeal of the Women to the President.

Eight thousand signatures have been appended to the following appeal from the women of the loyal States to the President, praying for the removal of incompetent army officers:

To the President of the United States:

We, the undersigned, women of the United States, who have freely given our brothers, sons, and husbands, to fight for their country in this deadly struggle, and who will seek every opportunity to aid, cheer, and uphold them to the end—seeing our army, the flower and hope of the land, exposed to needless danger and suffering—do hereby ask of you, Abraham Lincoln, that you, as chief ruler of this nation, see to it that the strength which is needed against the enemy be not wasted by a foe within—and that you cause all negligent, incompetent, drunken, or knavish men, who, in the first hurry of selection, obtained for themselves weighty charges and posts of responsibility, to be at once sought out and dismissed—and that you give our precious soldiers in keeping to the most honest, the most capable, the most faithful, trusty, and zealous officers, both civil and military, that can be found within our land.

So that we, waiting at home that issue which the God of battles alone can give, need fear for our soldiers no evils but those inseparable from war—need fear no inefficient or untrustworthy quartermasters, no careless, ignorant, or drunken officers, no unskillful, unfeeling, or drunken surgeons.

We believe that a just severity to such offenders would greatly increase the efficiency of our army, and would strengthen the hands of Government by securing the confidence of the people.

It would be welcome to all those officers and officials who are now working faithfully. It would be welcome to every one; for though men are prone to float on the frail platform of "Whatever is, is right," they rejoice when some bold hand breaks it in fragments under them.

We have intrusted to you all that we most value—we believe that you will care for it tenderly and conscientiously—remembering that of this host, when one man suffers many hearts bleed. We suffer willingly in the cause of civilization and humanity, and to maintain our national self-respect. We suffer willingly, when we look to you, our chosen ruler, that we do not suffer in vain.

All women interested in the subject of this petition, are requested to send their signatures to Box No. 2,733 Post-office, Boston Mass.

A Gospel of Liberty.

On a recent Sunday evening, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher addressed a large audience at his church on the war and the late proclamation. We extract the following noble words:

"As for me, I am determined by that same help that has been vouchsafed to me from the beginning, to preach a gospel of liberty among you, and to bear witness for liberty, as founded in religion, to all this nation. I will not be intimidated; I shall not be persuaded. I am simply calm, but inflexible. Come weal or woe, whether we are defeated and cast back again, or whether we go forward immediately to the prosperity of an ascended and settled liberty, as long as I have life, and health, and strength, and breath, I will use them first, last, chiefly, and only, for the enunciation of that gospel which brings release to the captive and liberty to man. I won't be put down; I will not be stopped by mobs; I will not be intimidated by political threats; and with me are three ten thousand men, whose hearts will grow bolder as men seek to stir up the common people to political acts out of which shall come intimidation. I say to them, (and they may as well know it first as last,) there is no power in hell, though you bring its legions and its monstrosities upon the earth, there is nothing that for one single moment will hinder or turn back this testimony, that God made man to be free. I'll preach it for the serving-woman, for the day-laborer, for the white and for the black man. I'll preach it for the oppressed of other lands—for the Irishman, the Dane, the Englishman, the struggling Italian, the Hungarian, for every man—for God hath made all nations of the earth of one blood to dwell together. I own the brotherhood. I accept every man as my brother, inheriting my right, and as long as I claim for myself liberty I'll assert it for other men—I'll live for it and die for it." (Applause in all parts of the house.)

Gen. Wadsworth and Emancipation.

Gen. James S. Wadsworth, the Union candidate for Governor of New York, in his letter of acceptance thus squarely places himself on record respecting the President's proclamation of emancipation:

"I entirely approve of that proclamation, and commend it to the support of the electors of New York, for the following reasons:

"1. It is an effectual aid to the speedy and complete suppression of the rebellion.

"2. Six or eight millions of whites, having had time to organize their government and arm their troops, fed and supported by the labor of four millions of slaves, present the most formidable rebellion recorded in history.

"3. Strike from this rebellion the support which it derives from the unrequited toil of these slaves, and its foundation will be undermined.

"4. It is the most humane method of putting down the rebellion, the history of which has clearly proved that the fears of slave insurrections and massacres are entirely unfounded. While the slaves earnestly desire freedom, they have shown no disposition to injure their masters. They will cease to work for them without wages, but they will form, throughout the Southern States, the most peaceful and docile peasantry on the face of the earth.

"5. The slave-owners once compelled to labor for their own support, the war must cease, and its appalling carnage come to an end.

"6. Emancipation once effected, the Northern States would be forever relieved, as it is right that they should be, from the fears of a great influx of African laborers, disturbing the relations of those northern industrial classes who have so freely given their lives to the support of the government.

"7. This done, and the whole African population will drift to the South, where it will find a congenial climate and vast tracts of land never yet cultivated."

Work and Wages.

The question, "What shall be done with the blacks?" is beginning to answer itself, as great questions mostly do. It is reported from New Orleans that recently a "delegation" of slaves from the plantation of a Mr. Maunsell White, one of the oldest and wealthiest planters in a river county below New Orleans, applied to Gen. Shepley for advice, in his character as Military Governor of the State. The correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

"These men informed the General that they came for freedom; they said their fellow servants in other places were all leaving their masters, and that they wished also to improve their condition, but that it was not clear to their minds how was the best way to do so. They emphatically said, however, that they did not intend to labor much, if they could help it, without remuneration; and they concluded their requests and protests by asking that, if they remained peacefully at home, they might have fair wages secured to them for their services. General Shepley treated the matter with great consideration, and after conferring with General Butler, permission was granted these men to make terms with their master, who consented to have a partner in the transaction, and these men have gone to work, not as slaves, but as hired men."

Not all Black.

An Arkansas correspondent of the *Tribune* writes from Helena:

"I was greatly surprised the other day by the declaration of a person with whom I had been conversing in the post-office of this place, when, in reply to a suggestion of mine about his loyalty, he answered, 'Why, my dear sir, I am a slave. I belong to Dr. ——.' I looked in his face, unable to believe my own eyes. His complexion was whiter than my own; his eyes a blue gray; his hair and features Caucasian; his language free from the negro dialect. I asked him again, 'Is it possible that you are a slave?' Why don't you go North and claim the privileges of a free man?' He answered, 'I have a wife and children, and I don't want to go till I can take them with me. I have been allowed by my master to follow the business of a harrier in this place, and, by giving him a stipulated sum, have been permitted to enjoy a measure of freedom and to possess a little property of my own. As soon as I can realize something of this property, I intend, while the opportunity exists, to secure the freedom of myself and family.'

We have intrusted to you all that we most value—we believe that you will care for it tenderly and conscientiously—remembering that of this host, when one man suffers many hearts bleed. We suffer willingly in the cause of civilization and humanity, and to maintain our national self-respect. We suffer willingly, when we look to you, our chosen ruler, that we do not suffer in vain.

All women interested in the subject of this petition, are requested to send their signatures to Box No. 2,733 Post-office, Boston Mass.

An English Estimate of Wendell Phillips.

"An English Traveler" writes from Boston to the London *Spectator*:

"The real pillar of the abolitionist party is Wendell Phillips. Gifted with great talents, with untiring energy, and, above all, with an eloquence which in my experience I have never heard equalled, he might have risen to any height in public life; and the career open to an ordinary American of talent is higher than we at home can well realize. But, for conscience' sake, Mr. Phillips refused to enter on a career which necessitated, to say the least, an outward acquiescence in the sin of slavery. He has labored for years past, amidst ridicule, and abuse, and obloquy, to awaken the nation to a sense of their duty. It is difficult for an Englishman to conceive the amount of moral courage required by an American who preaches the doctrine that the cherished constitution of Washington and Hamilton was in itself a compact with sin—an evil to be abolished. Right or wrong, you cannot deny Wendell Phillips' courage. Pro-slavery or anti-slavery, you cannot dispute the power of his eloquence. And his labor has not been in vain."

Victor Hugo on Education.

Victor Hugo has written a letter to the Social Science Congress at Brussels, in which he speaks as follows of education:

"The child—is this the supreme question—the child has in his cradle the peace or war of the future. It is from that cradle we must chase away darkness. Let us cause light to arise in the soul of infancy. Twenty-five years of gratuitous and obligatory instruction would change the face of the world. The child, I repeat, it is the future. The soil there is generous; it gives more than an ear for the grain of wheat. Apply a spark there, it will become a blaze of light. To make a citizen, let us begin by making a man. Let us open schools everywhere. Where there is not an individual the interior light which instruction gives, then he is no man. He is no better than the head of a beast as compared with the multitude—one which exists in idleness, and which the master will take by-and-by to the pasture, and afterwards to the abattoir. In the human creature, that which resists slavery is not matter—it is intelligence. Freedom commences when ignorance is dispersed."

Laying on of Hands.

An intelligent and reliable correspondent has written us respecting the healing power of Mr. J. W. Stewart, of Rochester, N. Y., who has been recently developed as a Healing Medium. Those of our readers in Western New York, in need of magnetic treatment, would do well to try Mr. Stewart, as we are told he is not only a reliable person, but peculiarly gifted with healing power. He has met with marked success in the treatment of acute and chronic cases. He uses no medicine, but performs his cures by the "laying on of hands." His present address is No. 50 Delevan Street, Rochester, N. Y.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Industrial University.

FRIEND DAVID: Numerous correspondents still give encouragement to the project for a self-sustaining liberal University, that Liberals may have at least one place in this country where their children may be thoroughly educated, without losing so much time in waiting on the heathenish ceremonies of a false religion. Business may compel me to wait here a month or two longer before making a contemplated tour east among the friends of the measure. We would like in the meantime to receive suggestions from any individuals in reference to plans, locations, numbers, professors, &c. &c. I lately received a very interesting communication from a postmaster in Illinois, pledging pecuniary aid, &c. I lost the letter and forgot his address, so that I could not answer him, and trust he will write again, if this should meet his eye.

I hope to get time before long to pay my respects to one of your contemporaries, who has placed himself on record against our cause. It is true that not much of value can be gained by winning back any who could be influenced by objections so flippant and shallow as were those in the article alluded to; but, as the writer has a prominent position on the watch-towers of our Zion, some good may result from a ventilation of his theory, as it has influence upon other important collateral matters. Fraternally yours.

O. S. LEAVITT.

DETROIT, Oct. 12, 1862.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

GERRIT SMITH, who has never supported a Republican for office, has come out in a long and characteristic letter, announcing his intention to support Mr. Wadsworth for Governor.

GARIBOLDI in a letter to his friends in England says: "America is struggling to-day for the abolition of slavery so generously proclaimed by you. Aid her to come safe out of the terrible struggle in which she is involved by the traffickers in human flesh."

PARSON BROWNLAW proposed to the government to take and occupy East Tennessee before Christmas, if he is given a command of fifteen thousand men.

MR. CHARLES STRATTON, alias General Tom Thumb, has been initiated, passed, and raised to the sublime degree of a master-mason in St. John's Lodge, No. 1, of Bridgeport.

THE REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, formerly pastor of New Chapel, Brooklyn, which he left two or three years since, on account of ill-health, to travel in Europe, returned within the past fortnight, and on Sunday preached an eloquent sermon to his former congregation. Among the congregation was Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, near 78 years of age.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The Sanitary Commission call for dried apples and other fruits and canned fruits for wounded soldiers. Large quantities of dried apples can be sent without risk.

A subterranean railway three and a half miles in length is in successful operation in London.

General Butler takes a just view of neutrality in the present contest. He says: "In my judgment, there can be no such thing as neutrality by a citizen of the United States in this contest for the life of the government. As an officer, I certainly cannot recognize such neutrality. 'He that is not for us, is against us.'

Progressive Literature.

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

For the Herald of Progress.
Scenes in the Far West.

BY J. LEANDER STARR.

NUMBER TWO.

IBO-MAZA-SKA;
OR,
THE RESCUE.

CHAPTER II.

Here it was decided to remain for two days for repose.

On the evening of the second day two Indians were seen stealthily to leave the rude hut which had been erected by the Pawnees, while Wicicta resumed the place of the Pawnee woman, and in an hour and a half after the flight of the conspirators these two men were in pursuit of them.

Ibo and his young bride now knew that no time was to be lost, and hurriedly they saddled the only remaining horses, and with all the speed they could attain went off in a direction opposite to that which had been taken by the Pawnees.

It was now the dawn of morning. It was a lovely day in August, and the weather charming. The morning breeze was pure and refreshing, and the escape Wicicta-pah had made from being separated from her beloved brave had given him clings with more fondness than ever, and so they sped cheerily on their journey. They knew that no harm could happen to the "Red Sky of the Morning" for the deceit she had practiced in favoring the old chief's daughter, and from the message Wicicta had sent to him by her, and which she now knew would be sure to be faithfully conveyed to him, she was well convinced he would harbor no feeling of hatred to her, and become reconciled to her absence. She knew he was too brave a chief not to admire the courage of the Mandan brave in rescuing his daughter from certain death.

"It will never do," said the former, "to allow Wicicta-pah to escape from us with this dog of a Mandan, and we must make some plan to prevent it."

"The girl," replied Waus-so, "seems attached to him, and is his wife; and if any harm comes to her, vengeance will be inflicted on us by the old chief, Latahsabou, for she is his only daughter."

"The chief," replied Net-no-kwa, "will rather thank us for delivering her up to him, for he will never sanction her remaining with a brave of the Sioux's; and, besides, I am determined to mortify and punish her, for she has treated my addresses always with scorn and refused many times to be my wife, and she shall not enjoy happiness at my expense. I have a plan, and expect you to aid me, for it must be accomplished. To-night, at midnight, you and I will select two of the fleetest horses, (and the Mandan's horse shall be one of them,) and while they sleep we will take her, and ere she is missed we will be far beyond pursuit. To make all secure we will prepare a drink steeped with a poison, which will stupefy them for hours, and while smoking the calumet we will offer it to them as an evidence of our hospitality, and they will suspect nothing."

During this speech Waus-so continued to smoke in dogged silence, and, when it was finished, his only reply was the Indian grunt, which denotes approval, and these wicked conspirators then arose and returned to the hut.

But their words had been listened to. Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, with a woman's tact, and deeply loving Wicicta, had her suspicions aroused, and while others slept she kept awake and watched every movement; and when Net-no-kwa and Waus-so left the hut, she followed them, without being perceived, and placed herself so near to them that she heard every word of their conversation.

Ere these two men had left the wood, the "Red Sky of the Morning" set off for the hut at her fullest speed. She instantly awoke Wicicta and her young brave, and rapidly warned them of their danger and received their thanks. It was agreed at this hurried council that the conspiracy could be best thwarted by stratagem, and with the astuteness of the Indian mind, and their readiness, from constant practice, at expedients, their plans were well laid.

In an incredibly short time she and Wicicta-pah had exchanged dresses, and she took Wicicta's place at the side of Ibo-maza-ska, while Wicicta took the place of the "Red Sky of the Morning," and when the two conspirators reached the hut all seemed to be asleep, and in the same state in which they had been left two hours previously.

Pipes and tobacco were produced, and Pe-shaw-ha and Wa-me-gou-a-bie-wa awoke, and they sat smoking for an hour, when Net-no-kwa proposed to treat their visitors to a delicious beverage, called ma-chu-nam-ki, which is made of the juice of a tree called nut-ka, mixed with some perfumed herbs and some whiskey. Net-no-kwa volunteered to prepare it, and when ready he offered it first to the person whom he mistook for Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, whose pretended sleep, however, was so profound that they could not awake her.

They next offered it to Ibo-maza-ska, who willingly took the cup, and while pretending to drink, split it on the ground, and then handed it to his supposed wife, who did the same, and they then withdrew, satisfied with the progress of their plans.

Upwards of two hours had passed since this scene was enacted, when the two conspirators softly crept from the hut, and, having saddled the horse of the Mandan brave, and another, which were held by Waus-so, Net-no-kwa cautiously entered the tent of Ibo-maza-ska, and, lifting up in his arms the person of Wicicta, (as he supposed,) hastily handed her to his comrade, while he mounted the more powerful of the two horses; and having received the sleeping Wicicta in his arms, he gently placed her before him, and both then commenced their flight. Their movements at first were slow and cautious, lest the noise of the horses' feet should awake the sleepers, and their flight be discovered. But all slept soundly, or seemed to sleep.

So soon as they were fairly off, Wicicta returned to the side of her husband, and embraced him with joy, and resolved to continue the feint, so as to set the other two Pawnees

in pursuit of the fugitives, and then secure their own safety by flight in an opposite direction.

To accomplish this, Ibo-maza-ska arose, and gave the alarm to the two Pawnees, while Wicicta resumed the place of the Pawnee woman, and in an hour and a half after the flight of the conspirators these two men were in pursuit of them.

Ibo and his young bride now knew that no time was to be lost, and hurriedly they saddled the only remaining horses, and with all the speed they could attain went off in a direction opposite to that which had been taken by the Pawnees.

It was now the dawn of morning. It was a lovely day in August, and the weather charming. The morning breeze was pure and refreshing, and the escape Wicicta-pah had made from being separated from her beloved brave had given him clings with more fondness than ever, and so they sped cheerily on their journey. They knew that no harm could happen to the "Red Sky of the Morning" for the deceit she had practiced in favoring the old chief's daughter, and from the message Wicicta had sent to him by her, and which she now knew would be sure to be faithfully conveyed to him, she was well convinced he would harbor no feeling of hatred to her, and become reconciled to her absence. She knew he was too brave a chief not to admire the courage of the Mandan brave in rescuing his daughter from certain death.

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They were wed and they were happy—for in each other's eyes each seemed an angel, And earth Paradise."

From St. Louis they descended the Mississippi to New Orleans. There they also remained some days, and obtained further and clearer information as to their route to Mexico.

They then embarked in a steamer and crossed the Gulf of Mexico, a voyage of three days, to Vera Cruz. Thence they proceeded by diligence to the city of Mexico.

A few miles from the City of Mexico, in the lovely "Valley of Mexico," is the beautiful and romantic Lake Texcoco, about one hundred miles long, and nearly that extent in breadth. Thither our young wanderers went to spend a few months before proceeding further into the interior of Mexico.

The scenery about this lake is the most picturesque in the world. The canoes plying on it, for richness and style, are equal to the most gorgeous gondolas of Venice.

Ibo-maza-ska and his young bride selected a spot on the margin of the lake and erected a temporary hut for their residence. He occupied himself with fishing and shooting, which not only gave them food for their own subsistence, but a large excess, which he sold, and thus realized considerable money for his future expenses in proceeding to the interior.

The most lucrative part of his daily employment was duck shooting. There are two modes resorted to here of taking these birds, both of which are equally unusual, and deserve description.

One mode is (and it requires a number of men to combine, to achieve it) to arrange a battery of fire-arms in successive tiers; and when they wish to secure ducks, the lowest tier is fired off, when, at the report of the guns, the ducks rise, and as they mount, the higher tiers are successively fired, and they are thus shot in great numbers.

Another mode (and that which Ibo-maza-ska employed himself in, and was sometimes assisted by his wife, who was very adroit,) was this: the surface of that part of the lake was studded with gourds which floated on the water, and thus became familiar to the ducks, who had no fear of them, and always confidently approached near them. Ibo-maza-ska, as he had seen the Spanish fishermen do, placed a large gourd on the top of his head, which he held on by his left hand, and wading into the lake until the water was up to his chin, watched the approach of a duck, and when near enough, he gently raised his right hand and grasped the legs of the duck, and wrung his neck until he was dead. He thus secured many.

Shortly after their arrival here, on a bright moonlight night, Ibo-maza-ska and Wicicta-pah were seated beside the lake, and conversing on the subject of their home in the far west, which they were destined never again to see, when from a short distance off was heard the sound of a female voice singing in a mournful strain. They listened, and looked about with eager curiosity, and were filled with superstitious awe at seeing a light canoe rounding the point of land near them, and passing in front of where they were seated.

In this canoe there was but one person—a woman—who was not seated, but standing

erect in the canoe, with a paddle which she swept alternately on each side, gracefully propelling it. She sang the following plaintive strain in a rich, clear voice:

"Ay! es mi padre quien aquí se esconde!
El cuya sombra en mi memoria vaga!
El que a mi soy, inmóvil, no responde,
Y en cuya a tumba el sol su luz apaga!"

"Padre! muemaro en lugubre lamento,
Y el eco triste me responde—"nada."
Y vuela mi suspiro con el viento
Por la desierta soledad callada.

"Su soy me llama con amante acento,
Su mano estrecha mi temblante mano;
Y sienta renacer el pensamiento
Do un tiempo halle mi inspiración en vano."

Her voice was both mournful and sweet, as it was echoed on the lake in the stillness of a bright October night; and as the echo repeated the word "padre," she looked about her with an agitated air.

She seemed to be about twenty years of age, of a graceful form, and lithe; and she was dressed in pure white, with her long, rich black hair flowing negligently over her shoulders. The young Indian gazed on her as she glided her canoe past them, but seemed to regard them not, and no word was spoken. Ibo-maza-ska seemed to be spell-bound at the sight, and when she had passed out of view, they exclaimed that it was

"The Spirit of the Lake."

I must here attempt a description of her, and a brief relation of all that was known of her history. She was known at, and near the lake as "Adèle the beautiful." Her form was symmetrical as the statue of Venus—faultlessly proportioned in all respects. Her movements graceful as those of a fawn. Her voice was rich in melody, and clear. Her face was small, but every individual feature was, in itself, perfect. Her complexion was a light olive—the hue of the sunny climate of Spain, or rather of Brazil; but the most remarkable feature was her uncommon eyes. They were large, and black as night, but of a liquid lustre, in which, with all their fullness, there was no glare, (so usual in very large black eyes,) but a subdued brilliancy; and beneath the lashes was a tinge of almost blackness, which, contrasting with her olive skin, wonderfully set off the indescribable beauty of those extraordinary eyes.

She resided at a little town on the borders of the lake, called Pachuca, and boarded in a small hotel or tavern. (*Posada.*) Little of her history was known to the inhabitants, beyond the fact that she came from Madrid, in Spain, two years before, and resided here with an aged father, who was soon after drowned in the lake; and, since then, her mind has been partially deranged, and when the moon is full, she goes out on the lake in a light canoe, unattended, to look for her absent father.

Her father called her Adèle, and seemed very fond and very proud of her, and once related, in a playful mood, that in Spain she was known by the soubriquet of "the Brazilian Princess."

Our young Indian warriors ever afterwards believed that they had seen the "Spirit of the Lake," and were rejoiced and encouraged thereby, as they, according to their superstition, believed that it was a good omen, and promised them success in all their future travels and happiness.

Several months thus passed on, and as the winter had now set in, the young Indian wanderers commenced their journey into the interior. They returned to the city of Mexico, where they procured some necessary clothing, and soon after took the *diligence* for San Luis Potosí, and from thence proceeded to Michoacán, where were residing several Indian tribes, viz. the *Camanches* and *Apaches*, &c., intending to join themselves to the former of these tribes.

They reached their destination, and were well received by the *Camanches*, and continued to dwell among them, joining in the occupations of the tribe, which are chiefly hunting the buffalo, deer, &c., which so plentifully abounded in that country.

As my object is not to write a history, but rather a sketch, within the narrow limits I am allowed for its publication, I may but add, in concluding this number of my Indian series, that Ibo-maza-ska and Wicicta-pah lived happily, and were contented. Three years after their arrival, in making a tour through Mexico, they were pointed out to me, and I found them both very intelligent, and learned from them the history of their lives, which I have endeavored to pourtray in this rapid and imperfect sketch of

THE RESCUE."

[The following is a translation, by the author of this sketch, of the Spanish song of the "Spirit of the Lake":]

"Alas! my father, who is here concealed,

Whose shadows on my mem'ry are revealed;

He whom I seek no kind response will deign,

And on the lake the moon but shines in vain!

"Father! attend thy mournful daughter's cries;

When echo all intelligence denies;

"My voice is borne along the night so still,

And rests in solitude upon the hill.

"I'm going—called with sweet accents of love—I feel my heart by thine grasped from above: What new-born thought now flashes through my brain.

When now I find my inspiration vain!"

ANGER, like the desolating blast of Sahara, sweeps ruthlessly over the soul, blighting the beautiful flowers of love and hope that blossom in celestial loveliness there—destroying the moral nature, unmanning the man, and transforming the "image of his God" into a terrible demon.—DE VERA VINING.

For the Herald of Progress.

A Visit to Visionburg;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF A BETTER SOCIAL LIFE

BY LOUIS.

CHAPTER X.

The city was divided, as seen, into so many squares, or blocks of buildings, which had sprung up by the direction of one mind into an orderly existence, designed for the comfort, convenience, and better municipal government of the inhabitants. Every square was one thousand feet long each way, and between every square and the next inhabited square was a park or garden, a portion of which was occupied for various business purposes, as will be stated. By this arrangement, no buildings were faced by buildings over the way, as in ordinary streets, and thus, though living "in town," the evidences of country were so thick around, that the city, as so understood, did not exist. But what added greatly to the comfort and pleasure of the inhabitants, within these squares or blocks of buildings, were inclosed beautiful gardens entirely covered with glass. These gardens varied in form and character. Some, raised on terraces, which covered vaults and spacious cellars for the storing of goods, &c., according to the wants of the inhabitants, were covered with the flowers and products of every clime, ornamented with fountains and statuary, while climbing vines covered the columns which supported the glassy roof. Here the botanist with his classes of pupils found ample means of study and enjoyment; to him and his chosen band were left the care and direction of the gigantic green-house. Here in winter walked the inhabitants, screened from cold and weather inclemencies; and here fêtes and festivals were celebrated. On the street and through the building to the garden, all around on the ground-floor, were the stores, which displayed their goods to the citizens and strangers, whether without or within the square. A fine walk, sometimes under archways or arcades, conducted all round the inner portion of the square, and formed the favorite promenade of purchasers.

Before proceeding to examine other parts of the city, I resolved to give my attention to the one in which my hotel was situated, and, therefore, with Dion, continued my perambulations in and around it. Passing from under the arcade, with its elegant stores, into the garden, we ascended a flight of marble steps of so easy a grade that a carriage might have been driven up them, until we arrived at a terrace garden abounding in rich flowers and curious plants. Here were seats for the fatigued, retreats for the studious, cool shades and fountains for refreshment; and, ascending yet another flight of steps, we reached a platform on which was a magnificent rotunda, of many columns and plasters of the Ionic order, united by arches supporting a cornice. All this was built of various colored marbles, and decorated with vases. Between every arch was a fountain, and the center formed a circular room for the purposes of dancing. From this elevated position we could view the whole quadrangle. It presented a combination of the Grecian and Roman orders, modified to suit the requirements of social life, which were brought out by the judicious use of color, with a brilliancy, clearness, and lightness, difficult to imagine without the object before one. It was not so plain as to be ugly, neither was it so profusely covered with ornament as to be too rich. Lightness and elegance of form everywhere prevailed, combined with strength and solidity. There were six stories, and one in the roof, the finish and taste of which added to, rather, as in most cases, detracted from, the general aspect of the building. Each story in character and ornament differed from the other—the heavier styles prevailing in the lower ones. Below, on the first or ground-floor, were arcades, along which walked or sauntered many persons on business or pleasure; and here were to be found some of the handsomest stores, running through to the street in many instances. From these arcades, at the different corners of the building, you could pass out to the various streets or avenues, while at each corner of the four sides were three spacious archways, which could be closed by gates. Through the center of these, vehicles could pass into the vaults under the gardens, for the purpose of loading or unloading goods.

To reach the various stories were numerous flights of marble stairs of easy grade, the ascent of which scarcely produced fatigue; and alongside each one of them was a lift, upon which both persons and goods could be raised, to the highest story. Over these and the stairways were turrets, by which they were lighted, and which, rising above the roof, broke the monotony of a perfectly even line. Each stairway appeared to lead right and left on each story to suites of rooms for the accommodation of families of every size and means—forming thus, as it were, a distinct hotel in itself—and yet every suite possessed all the requisites of a self-contained house, from entrance-hall to kitchen, with the difference that here all was compact, roomy, and at hand, without climbing a hundred times a day up and down narrow and steep staircases. On the upper stories these divisions into suites were more minute, until, arriving at the sixth story and the roof, were chambers, to be reached by distinct stairways, for men and for women. There were also small suites of apartments for old people, who, having no means of support of their own or from their connections, were supplied with shelter, and warmth, and food, gratis. The whole building was heated

from below on the most approved system, and ventilated from above—that is to say, the air was drawn from above and made to circulate freely, even into the cellars and vaults. In the mode of living, families had their choice—either to supply themselves or be supplied with all the other families of the same hotel or division of the building, at tables furnished according to the means of each. By this arrangement not only was much trouble and fuel saved, and waste of meats and other supplies avoided, but in every way economy, time, and cleanliness gained—one large fire over many fires; one oven over many ovens, &c., will cause in one hundred families a vast amount to be saved of petty waste and endless trouble. A writer says:

"As the problem is solved, and association is discovered, we must not be stopped by apparent obstacles, but investigate the immensity of the economies of association in the smallest details.

"Instead of a hundred milkmen, who lose a hundred days in the city, one or two would be substituted, with properly-constructed vehicles for performing their work. Instead of a hundred farmers, who go to market and lose in the taverns and groceries of the city a hundred days, three or four to manage and oversee, with as many wagons, would take their place. Instead of three hundred kitchens, requiring three hundred fires for preparing food for three different tables, at different prices, for the various classes of fortune, would be sufficient; ten women would perform the same function which now requires three hundred.

"We are astonished when we reflect upon the colossal profits which would result from these large associations. Take fuel alone, which has become so expensive—is it not evident that, for cooking and the warming of rooms, association

Of Writers and Speakers.

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

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

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

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

Mrs. M. J. Kutz may be addressed, Lapham, 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 Seville, Conn.

Dr. H. F. Gardner may be addressed, 55 Tremont 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 Brookie, M. D., may be addressed No. 58 Collins street, St. Louis, Mo.

John McQueen, Trance and Inspirational Speaker, will speak on reform, attend funerals, &c. Address, R. L., during December.

Hermon 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 U. S. Hoag, Medina, N. Y.

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

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.

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

F. L. Wadsworth is speaking in Chicago, Mass., during October; Boston, Nov. 2 and 9; Taunton, Nov. 16, 23, and 30.

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

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Philadelphia during November. Address care of Hela March, 14 Broadfield 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.

K. Graves will answer calls to lecture on the origin of religious ideas, the analogy of all religions, the true religion as contrasted with the false, the origin of the Jewish and Christian religions, also the origin of the Jewish and Christian alike on phonography and phrenology. Address Harveyburg, U. S.

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

Mrs. L. E. A. DeForce Gordon will lecture in Boston, 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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Travelers' Guide.

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ERIE RAILWAY.—Leave Pavonia Ferry, foot of Chambers street, 6 A. M.; Mail for Elmira, 7 A. M., Express to Boston, 12:15 P. M.; Accommodation, 5 P. M., express for Dunkirk and Buffalo, 7 P. M., express for Dunkirk.

HUDSON RIVER R.—Leave Chambers street Pier, Express Trains 7 and 9 A. M., 3:15, 5 and 10:15 P. M.

NEW JERSEY R. R.—Leave foot of Cortlandt street for Philadelphia and the West, 7 A. M. and 6 P. M., via Allentown, 8 P. M.

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

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

HARLEM R. R.—Leave corner 25th street and 4th avenue for Albany, 10 A. M.

LONG ISLAND R. R.—Leave James Slip and foot of 34th street, East River, 8 A. M., 12 M., 3:30, 4:30 and 6 P. M.; for Flushing, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10½ A. M.; 1, 4, 5, 6, and 7 P. M.

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FOR ALBANY AND TROY—

OCT. 23, 1862.

Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: From Kentucky, Sept. 22. CHARLIE FOX, of Lyons, Mich., in consequence of a wound received in battle Sept. 11th, a ball passing through the lung and shattering the collar-bone. He was a young man of much merit, a member of the 9th Michigan Volunteers—his father, D. M. Fox, being Major of the same. Those who have lectured in Lyons, and shared the home of Mr. Fox, remember Charlie to love him, and can sympathize fully with members of the family, who were and are so devoted one to another. A young wife, too, is left to mourn his early departure. May angels bless them all. F. L. W.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC for November is out with an attractive variety of authors and articles. Posthumous papers of Thoreau and Winthrop, respectively entitled, "Wild Apples," and "Life in the Open Air," lead the list. "Louis Lebeau's Conversion," by Wm. D. Howells; "The Russian Serv System," by Professor A. D. White; "Blind Tom," by the author of "Margaret Howth"; "Kindergarten," by Miss E. P. Peabody; "The New Atlantic Cable," by George B. Prescott; "The Cabalistic Words," by Epes Sargent; "The Hour and the Man," by Charles C. Hazewell; "How to Choose a Rifle," by H. W. S. Cleveland; and "Two and One," by Miss Hale, are among the other contributions. Ralph Waldo Emerson reviews the Emancipation Proclamation; Professor Agassiz gives another essay on "Methods of Study in Natural History"; Henry T. Tuckerman has a poem entitled, "At Syracuse," and "Mr. Astell?" is continued. To the December number Oliver Wendell Holmes, Nathaniel Hawthorne and T. W. Higginson will contribute.

Victor Hugo's Last Work.

"Les Misérables" is not a protest against Civilization—it is a call for nobler and wiser Civilization—one which shall at heart be thoroughly Christian—that is full of Truth and Mercy. It is a hero's plea for the outcast, the criminal, the spurned, the scorned, the reviled—it is Human Justice arraigned at the bar of Divine Benignity.

Never before have the odious been vindicated with less cause of offense to the respectable. No weak philanthropy impels Hugo to paint the depraved and criminal as all martyrs to social injustice who do wrong purely because they cannot help it, though he traces with a pencil of light the steep declivity down which Ignorance, Want, Misery, are constantly gliding into moral debasement and felony. The great lesson, "Judge not," has seldom been more discriminately, more thoughtfully, more wholesomely, inculcated.

There is no danger that such a work will fail to be read. There are very few who read at all who can resist its fascinations. Let the giddy and the shallow understand that the author is more intent on instructing than on entertaining them, and they will realize that chapters which they are tempted to yawn over may be those for which the book was written—that the story is subordinate to the lesson, the incident to the moral—and they can hardly fail to rise from its perusal at once wiser and better than they sat down. It were a pity that any should finish such a work content that they had been interested, and not thankful moreover that they had been enlightened and purified.—*Tribune*.

For the Herald of Progress.

Woman in the Harvest Field.

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FRIEND DAVIS: In stating that woman's work was needed here, I intended to convey the idea that it was of a kind now generally performed by men. Woman's fashionable or customary work is not in demand with us. The truth is, many of our women are complaining of "nothing to do," and it may be even so in their "appropriate sphere." (?)

But this has been one of the most fruitful seasons I have ever seen, and unless woman does take hold and help her brother man gather in this bountiful harvest, much of it will go to waste; and with all the help we can get, I do not think one half of the corn crop will be gathered this fall.

Our place is but a small town, though we do swing a city charter, and make some lively pretensions.

We are central, and easily accessible to a vast agricultural country, with river and prairie scenery "hard to beat." Our citizens are from all parts of our own country, "smartly powdered" with foreigners.

Churches with various denominations, with here and there Skeptics, Infidels, or Free-thinkers, Spiritualists and Naturalists, Doctors and lawyers scarce—mostly gone to the war; and some of us think we could easily spare the clergymen, but don't know; they are our brothers, and may be just as necessary in the GREAT ECONOMY, as any of us.

Yours truly, HOMER BROWN.

Faith and Reason.

Rev. F. H. Newhill, of Boston, in the *Methodist Quarterly*, thus illustrates his view of the relative value of Faith and Reason. The figure is at least forcible:

"Faith is the right and reason the left wing of the soul, as she goes flying through the universe to find her Father. Let the right wing be crippled, and she veers around and falls upon the frozen waste of rationalism; let the left be broken, and she plunges into the fiery floods of superstition; but let each pinion be strong and fleet, and she lifts herself sublimely from earth, shuns the realms of ice and fire on either hand, and soars home to her Father's bosom."

Evidences of Modern Spiritualism.

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ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Several years ago the author of this volume wrote as follows:

"Each man is capable of rendering high service to humanity; but whether humanity gets it from him, or the reverse, will ever remain for the world to decide. . . . Now here am I, acting faithfully in accordance with my personality and its boundaries. If you know how to use me, as my nature prescribes, I shall yield you a high service. But if you do not use me for yourself, (and therefore of me) you do not put me to the best service, you will soon feel the penalty."

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

From this list of several hundred interrogatories, those of the most permanent interest and highest value have been carefully selected, and the result is the present volume, comprising well-considered and intelligent Replies to more than

200 IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

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It is believed by the Publishers that the friends of Progressive Ideas will find this work one of the most comprehensive and useful volumes they have issued. It invites the perusal not only of those vitally interested in the topics discussed, but of all persons capable of putting a question. That it will largely serve to awaken inquiry and develop thought on the part of the general reader, is their sincere conviction.

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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Animals in the Spirit World, Accidental Death and Suicide, Apparition, What is an? Atheism, Is the Bible the Antidote of? Age of the Human Race, Adam and Eve in the Garden, Architecture of Reform Meeting Houses, Annihilation, Dread of, Amalgamation and Human Hybrids, American Loyalty, Spirit of, American War, Consistency of advocating, American War: Love and Force, After Effects of the Present War, A Nation in Outer Darkness, A Clairvoyant Morning Excursion, Asceticism, Definition of, Body, Soul, and Spirit, Questions Concerning Bible, Origin of the, Biblical Contradictions, Authors of Book of Life, The, Body and Mind, Training of, Books in the Dark Ages, Best Writers use Few Words, Bible versus The Rights of Woman, Consciousness, The Indubitable Certainty of, Comets, Nature and Motion of, Conflicting Testimony on Important Facts, Can Spirits see Material Objects? Concerning the Spiritual Vocabulary Circle-holding, An Excess of, Cock-lane Ghost, The, Central Sun of the Spirit, Council of Nice, Christianity, Is it a Religion? Change of Heart, Explanation of the, Christ's Kingdom, The Advent of, Correspondences, The Doctrine of, Compensation, The Law of, Compensation, Is Suffering Rewarded by, Can Mind act without Motives? Central and Integral Principles, Coming of a Personal Savior, Concerning the Six Human Loves, Childhood—What is a True Child? Childhood—Attributes of a Child-spirit, Childhood—True Education and Teachers, Dying Sensations on the Battle-Field, Do Spirits wear Clothing? Dream, What is a? Dream, Why the Mind May Not, Deity, Personality of, Divine Spirit in all Things, Death of an Unbaptized Child, Doctrines of Jesus, The, Divine Laws of Nature, Duty of Naturalization, Eternal Things, The Order of, Existence, The System of, Earth a Magnetic Machine, Evergreens, The Perpetual Verdure of, Eternity of an Idea, Explanation of Swedenborg's Guardianship, Evil, The Use and Abuse of, Evil, What and Where is? Evil and Sin Beyond the Grave, Evil Spirits, The Reflex Action of, Evil, Transient Nature of,

Errors and Evils, Scares of, Effects of Promiscuous Conjugal Relations, Extinction of Red and Black Men, Frances Wright, The Spirit of, Flowers in Wisdom's Garden, Faith and Knowledge, Relation of, Family Worship, The Uses of, Fast Days and Acts of Humiliation, Funeral Occasions, Ceremony for, Freedom of Truth, What is the? Free Convention, How to secure a, Friendship and Love, Difference between, Freeedom and Spiritualism, Free Speech in Times of War, Geologic Developments, Explanation of, Guardian Angels Universal, God-Life in Scientific Laws, Hand-Writing, Character in the, Haunted Houses, The Cause of, Hand-Communications from Spirit World, History versus the Mosaic Account, Heart, What is the? Hell, The Probable Extinction of, How to Live in this World, How to become an Author, How to Get Practical Knowledge, Is the Universe Overflowing? Inspiration, The Light of, Interior Light of Shakespeare, Inspiration and Revelation, Individuality of Character, Illustrations of Spirit-Attraction, Intervention of a Celestial Personage, Kind and Gentle Manners, Knowledge of Faith, Which is Highest? Looking to God for Everything, Love to Man, Origin of the Idea of, Law of Spirit-Gravitation, Law of True Mating, Liberty, Humanity, Hypocrisy, and Hate, Light from the World of Causes, Labor a Savior of the World, Mind, Reason, Spirit, Soul, Materialism of Chemical Science, Mysteries of Memory, Mathematical Problems, Solution of, Moral, but not Religious, Man's Progress toward Deity, Manuscripts, Sacred, The New, Motive-Power of the Sects, Man and the Earth, Progress of, Man's Three-fold Character, Major and Minor Principles in Man's Spirit, Method of Spirit Culture, Marriage, A Child's Question on, Marriage, An Uncongenial, Married, Truly and Eternally, Marriage Ceremonies, Value of the, Monogamic Marriage, Divine Law of, Missionaries in the Summer-Land, Natural Principles and Deductions, Nature, No Accidents in, Nature and Nature's God, Nature of True Repentance, The, National Thunder and Lightning, Objectivity and Subjectivity, Optimism, Organized and Associative Effort, Origin of the Male and Female, Origin and Causes of Civilization, Plants and Trees, Growth of, Physical Organs and Spirit Life, Providential Interpositions, Pantheism, Is it Natural Belief? Prophecies in the Book of Daniel, Passion and Individuality After Death, Punishment, The Nature and Purpose of, Parental Obligations and Duties, Pride of Intellect, Polygamy, A Divine Law Against, Psychometrical Sketch of Abraham Lincoln, Reproduction in the Spirit-Land, Religious Councils Uncertain, Religion of Nature, The, Religious Temples, Why the Universality of, Religion and Reason, Right Eye and Right Hand, Rights of Races, Rules for a Free Convention, Rebellions Spirit of Conservatism, Spiritualist, Mission of the True, Sun Rays and the Earth, Stones and Minerals, Development of, Storms, The Philosophy of, Superior Condition, The, Soul as Distinguished from Spirit, Spirit-Land, Nearness of the, Spirit World, Definition of, Summer Land, The, Spiritual Habitations After Death, Spiritual Body, Weight of the, Spiritual Substance, The, Striking the Spirit Body, Speech of the Soul, The, Spirit Facts versus Philosophy, Spirit's Recuperation, The, Spring of Human Conduct, The, Seeing and Doing Right, Swedenborg's Dietetic Habits, Secret Spiritual Societies, Spiritualists in the Army and Navy, Thought, Origin and Mission of, Thought, Control of, Theology, Religion, Morality, Truth, The Final Triumph of, True Glory of Man, The, Training and Riding Horses, Theocratic and Religious Associations, Temperaments and Human Offspring, Tale of the Betrayed and Broken-Hearted, Universe Center of the, Unsought and Unlocked for Phenomena, Urim and Thummim, Uses of the, Vocal converse After Death, Veneration, Sincere Expressions of, Value of Just Criticism, Wind, Cause of the, Why do Spirits appear in Earthly Dress? Writing, The History of, Word about the Devil, Which—Revenge or Forgiveness? Young Writers of Poetry.

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GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.
138-40.

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