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[WHOLE NO. 141]

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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Sight and Insight.

For the Herald of Progress.  
"LIEAVES."

BY GEORGE GRAY.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

CHANGE.

We love to cling, and cling to Love, but Change roughly tears us away. The essence distilled from the Creations—the soul of the soul—the verity which God is—even Love passes under the magician's rod.

It is sad, indeed, when the hands that long have borne us up, the heart that has beat synchronously against our own, the lips that have pressed upon ours the holy seal, seem to molder into the dust of the grave. But oh! when the hands, still strong, are drawn away; when the heart, unresponsive, turns aside; when the lips—but utter the formal welcome; when the very soul does seem to petrify in our grasp—it is more than sadness. God! Oh Truth, can there be a God? Or do we worship a stone which was once our dear God? Among the shifting sands is there any firm hold for anchorage? Is life a dream of mid-summer night, the sport of Shaksperian fairies, who spill charms upon us and find their pastime in human metamorphoses? Am I liable to lose to-morrow that which fills my heart to-day? Does the soul—the conscious I—fade as the flowers and die away like the summers? Let us see, oh Change, if thou art God!

Mother Earth, from the chilly vapor, from the bald granite, from the desolate fern-swamp, was made by Change. Her noble forests, her lovely streams and sweet flowers, with the dear old homestead where I was born, will be destroyed by Change. My body is built by cells, vitally endowed with power to preserve each organ fresh and sensitive. These cells merely "make change" between me and the dust upon which I tread; they are importers and exporters, they unite parties and separate them; they produce nothing and save nothing. Each cell is born of inconstant parents, experiences tender infancy, ripening youth, firm manhood, battered age, and dies. What care I for the death of this servant? I rejoice in my morning ramble, I breast the storm with vigor, because all my aged servants are replaced by youthful ones: I have no time to mourn the death of single cells. But anon my arm becomes feeble and my step faltering; I take my bed, die, and my place is filled by one younger. The human race is leaping on in the strife for advancement, and cannot stay to mourn the loss of single men. If I have "made change" among the members of the race, from earth to heaven, I am at liberty to retire.

Death of the old and birth of the new is imperatively and constantly essential to life. Nutrition cannot proceed without depuration, and there needs a great deal of change for a little growth; but the change is the means not the end. Change is not God, but his faithful and efficient servant. Our planet ripens and enriches through the tempests and earthquakes, and summer comes after each winter, with fairer flowers and plumper grains, while man's body fattens amid the wreck of its cells. Everywhere the significant life, the paramount individual, is personally preserved; while even the most subordinate parts are embalmed in immortality. Honor to Change, the preserver!

How tenderly old Earth retains in her bosom all the tokens of the corals that built the first islands, and with what true mother pride she shows us the footprints of her first-born birds, that walked along the shores in early morning before man had arisen! Shall the insensate globe remember and the thinking soul forget? Not a pound of rock could be annihilated without such discord in the solar balance as would be felt by the remotest satellite, and, can great mental experiences be buried away in oblivion? If it be difficult to hush the trill of a hammer, vibrating into space, will it be easy to cover the emotion of a soul echoing among the angels? If the drowning sailor remembers the stolen pears of his childhood, will the freed spirit forget the good friend that nursed him in earth-illness? Napoleon died friendship, does he not now think of Josephine?

Change is normal and conservative to the body, to the soul, and to the soul of the soul, which is Love. "Oh Logic! how can it be?" Poor mortal! If you had no experience of sleep, you would despair of the life of your darling child as it sinks into slumber. If you had no experience of night, you would despair of again seeing the setting sun. If you had no

experience of winter, you would bid adieu to vegetation in the autumn. You need experience. The soul requires its seasons for recuperation. Love has its resting hours, its restoring nights, its renovating winters. As your child kisses more sweetly with "good morning" than with "good night," as the sun rises brighter than it sets, so vegetation is fresh with intenser vigor after winter accumulation, so shall love open sweeter and brighter, and grow deeper at the root, after gathering power in rest. Doubt not the constancy of the soul—the immortality of love. That which emanates from the body may well die; thia, which springs from the soul, must be individualized with it. Wisdom and Love are the Divine Father and Mother, and surely we may be pardoned for loving the Mother best.

Oh, then tenderly cherish and bravely protect this heavenly visitor among the rough contacts, cold policies, and dark jealousies of earth life, and she will reward thee in the heaven of thy eternal existence. Scrupulously observe her reposing hours, lest, worn with unrest and grieved by suspicion, she take her final departure. Be calmly and cheerfully assured that every psychial affection is an everlasting treasure, not to be bought, but to be accepted with thanks, and yielded with humility to the kind Father, who will save it for thee. The world may cover thy gems with rubish, but they will be lifted up and set in the chambers of thy soul, and from its upper windows reflect the light of the divine.

**CHANGE!** The startling word rings out on the tempestuous air of this time like the fabled trump of resurrection! What new birth may not follow the destroying battle? what cruel chains and stagnant prisons may not crumble? what gardens of use and fields of freedom may not open? the curtain falls before the stage of present events? We can but watch and wait, for human effort seems like trifling with the avalanche.

For the Herald of Progress.

Avenues of the Soul.

BY LORENZO N.

The abode of the soul is truly wonderful. The avenues through which truth, knowledge, and happiness, are conducted to it, numberless. How its connection with the material world either thrills it with exquisite pleasure or cuts it with the keenest pain. With the avenues through the senses unobstructed, how the beautiful things of earth, the glad choruses of Nature, waken music in the healthy mind—the highest, noblest, and purest strains—and the individual listens enraptured to the music within himself! Earth, air, and sky, pour their full measure of joy through the soul of man.

The mind is an infinite source of delight to the owner. Our intellectual, moral, and social feelings, send their electrifying influence throughout our whole being. We feel them to our finger's end, and even the very flesh is glad. But what do we sometimes render in return? Why is the mind at times dull and clouded, unable either to generate many thoughts, to devise schemes for good, or to feel social? Sometimes it is because the house that it lives in has been sadly abused, and the physical avenues of the soul greatly obstructed: because air, exercise, and dietetic regimen have been denied the body, and, by reason of it, the soul that abides there is unable to see anything clearly. A drop too much of bile has defeated many a good undertaking. The ancients were nearer the truth when they spoke of the liver as being the seat of the affections than we are when we speak of the heart. Almost daily we witness the sad effects upon the mind, arising from the obstruction of its physical avenues.

We censure the drunkard for the cause of his wrong actions; but do we censure ourselves for unperformed work by reason of our physical inability? It is not disreputable—nay, it is even considered somewhat praiseworthy—for one to injure himself by close medical application. It is but a little higher form of self-murder than that pursued by the drunkard. It is a noble thing to cultivate the mind in a proper manner, but it cannot be treated as an abstract subject. You might as well attempt to raise flowers on perfume, independent of the earth, as the mind upon thoughts, independent of the body. Then do not let us mar the beauty of the soul by marring its abode. Love truth as manifested in Nature. Love to be true to her laws. Love the laws, not merely for their effects, but because they are true.

Deep seated in human nature is the love of truth, asserting its supremacy over everything else. We see it manifested in various ways.

No matter how pleasing the ideas may have been to the mind, let the man but once feel that they are false, and he casts them from him immediately. Check it not; but let the soul feel the pure atmosphere of thought, which will rush along this avenue when unobstructed. Teachers, you may have had pupils who cared but little for the answer to a problem. There was but one manifestation of a love for truth. There are theories in which

to have an intellectual beauty would not apparently injure the moral character of the individual; but he refuses to accept them, to the amazement of many, even to the confusion of himself at times. What is the cause of this? It is the innate love of truth in man. Then, when your brother refuses to accept some dearly loved theory of yours, reproach him not by telling him that it cannot harm him if it does him no good. Do not, in such a manner, stifle in the least degree that love of truth regardless of consequences, for what mighty results are pending upon the observance of that inclination no one can tell. There are some pure souls who not only love to know the truth, but love to live upon it, as it were—whose reason reaches forth to grasp the true, and, when found, affection, bursting from its well-springs, bathes it in love. This is the life of the soul. The spirit permeated with this love can never die. Of such were the martyrs of bygone times—who, as we often hear it said, have died for their opinions. But what the world calls death is vital life, for the love of truth is the life of such minds.

Reported for the Herald of Progress.

The Church and the World.

A SERMON,

DELIVERED IN NEW YORK, OCT. 19, BY REV. O.

B. FROTHINGHAM.

MATTHEW vi: 10—Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

JOHN xvii: 36—My kingdom is not of this world.

My kingdom is of this world; my kingdom is not of this world. Thy kingdom come to men; may men come into thy kingdom. We perceive that there are here two wholly distinct ideas of the kingdom. The first sentence looks to a new social state on the present stage of existence—a state in which all the connections of men with each other shall be regulated according to divine law; a state in which politics shall be noble, laws equitable, judgments just, morals pure, habits clean, personal relations honorable, domestic relations loving, civil relations humane; a state, in short, wherein the dictates of the conscience, the sentiments of the heart, and even the loftiest intuitions of the soul shall find expression, shall rule in all the arrangements of practical life. The second sentence contemplates a state of being removed entirely from this world and its affairs—withdrew completely from the earth, unaffected by mundane interests large and small, unallied to politics, morals, social customs, science, literature, art; a state of being up in the skies, above the clouds, where the atmosphere is always serene, the light always pleasant, the temperature always mild, the calm always profound.

There were and are these two ideas of the kingdom of heaven. There were and are these two ideas of the church's relation to the kingdom:

On one hand it is the idea that it is the business of religion, of Christianity, of the church, to make men better where they are; to make society better, government better, laws better; to improve the actual condition of mankind; to quicken the conscience, fire the heart, warm the soul, diffuse noble sentiments, confirm noble principles; to beget a spirit of justice and charity, by which the world's evil shall be diminished, its burden lightened, its want relieved, its energies recuperated, its sorrows comforted.

On the other hand is the idea that it is the business of religion, of Christianity, of the church, to make men better where they are; to make society better, government better, laws better; to improve the actual condition of mankind; to quicken the conscience, fire the heart, warm the soul, diffuse noble sentiments, confirm noble principles; to beget a spirit of justice and charity, by which the world's evil shall be diminished, its burden lightened, its want relieved, its energies recuperated, its sorrows comforted.

Of course it was impossible that either of these churches should live and work quite alone. The church whose business was to save souls from hell, was planted here on the earth; its members were men and women, fathers and mothers, workers, thinkers, citizens, living under governments, exposed to physical needs, hungry, thirsty, naked, outcast, suffering, sorrowing, struggling for a foothold on the shoal of time; and with all its devotion to their immortal souls, it could not forget that those souls were placed in mortal bodies; with all its anxiety to save men from the hell on the other side of the grave, it could not avoid doing something to save them from the hell on this side; it must feed mouths, and clothe backs, and dry tears; it must guard weakness and shelter defenseless innocence, and strike a blow occasionally at the adversary, who was setting his heel on the little ones. And again: The church which made it a business to reform society, could not forget that the men and women it dealt with had souls requiring heavenly food. While it labored to improve their earthly condition, it was forced to remember that that earthly condition was of little worth in itself; that the spiritual nature of man was of prime importance after all; that bread and blankets, lint and bandages, dispensary physicians, and nurses, model tenement-houses and public parks, popular libraries and cheap reading-rooms, would not create a model social state; that the kingdom of heaven on the earth must be an eternal kingdom—a kingdom of justice, and truth, and humanity—a kingdom of the

Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

H. D. MINNEAPOLIS CITY.—We do not find your wife's letter on file. Nor do we recall any such letter.

C. A. S., KEOKUK, IOWA.—There is no better way just now for you than that of inducing your associates to read and investigate. Agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom."

P. W. W., TROY, N. Y.—Let no one swindle you out of what you know to be truth. Better be admitted to the Court of Truth than smiled upon by the millions of earth.

MARY E. B., CHESTER CO., PA.—When we obtain a satisfactory picture, then you will not be forgotten. Perhaps you will receive it when next you call at 274 Canal street. The new book, "Answers," was mailed to you on Saturday.

D. B. D., EAST HADDAM, CT.—We have your brief statement of facts in Spiritual truth. You have reached a blessed faith through the diligence of cautious investigations. If others would search the Spiritual Phenomena, as you have, they would be rewarded with that "peace which passeth understanding."

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT.—DR. T. S., OF WILLIAMSBURG, wants our explanation of the words, "The children of the world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

ANSWER: The children of this world are wiser than folks who are "born again," because people very generally exercise their common sense on everything but religious matters. Men who are intelligent on matters pertaining to "the world," are often exceedingly stupid and bigoted on everything connected with soul and eternity. People seem to imagine that spirit, soul, and religion, are too sacred and mysterious to be approached by the laws of science and common sense. This explains why there are so many religious blockheads and bigots among those who, in worldly matters and in business, are as "wise" and as "shrewd" as the most irreligious and hardened. We think, however, that the day is at hand when "children of light" will have as much common sense as the rest of mankind.

LUTHER HOLDEN, OF WOBURN, MASS., is exercised on the causes which have influenced non-resistants and peaceful minds to "go in" for this terrible war. He whispers quite philosophically as follows:

"I believe Spiritualists generally have been opposed to the taking of human life. For more than twenty-five years I have felt decidedly opposed to capital punishment, and have labored for a reform in our criminal code of laws upon that point. But what a change has come over us all. I now find, almost without an exception, the whole body of Spiritualists consenting to the taking of human life, myself among the number. What has produced this change of thought and feeling? Certain acts cannot change principles; but principles ought to change acts. I think I can perceive the cause. Is it not the intense concentration of millions of minds upon the subject of this wicked civil war, waged as it is against our government by the traitorous slaves of Satan?"

THOUGHTS flow from the extensive coasts of Memory, embark on the sea of imagination, arrive at the port of Genius, to be registered at the custom-house of the Understanding.

soul. Either Church must therefore do something of the other's work. But for all this neither Church lost sight of its own great and exclusive purpose. The Church which was *not* of this world, interested itself in *worldly* affairs—simply that through such interest it might win men to its communion, and redeem them from perdition. The Church which was of this world interested itself in spiritual affairs, because otherwise it could not complete its human society. The one seized the earth with compassionate hands, in order to bear it away to the skies. The other, with hands of faith, laid hold on the skies in order to drag them down in benediction to the earth.

"My kingdom is not of this world"—that has been the prevailing opinion of the Christian Church. Let the Church stand aloof from worldly affairs. Let it leave politics, legislation, social improvement and reform, science and art, to those whose interest and duty it is to arrange those things; and let it dedicate itself wholly to the work of saving souls from perdition. That was the old cry; it is still the popular cry, perhaps. The Church of Rome in America, and in our own day, distinctly and firmly commits herself to this position. In government and politics, she, as a Church, is *neutral*. She accepts the government as it is, the law as it is, society as it is. She is neither monarchical nor republican; neither aristocratic nor democratic. She is equally at home in Austria and America. She is Confederate at the South, Federal at the North. In South Carolina, her members are in arms against the Union; in New York, they are in arms in its defense. Her priests bless the banners of the nation and the banners of the rebellion with equal fervor and equal faith. She has no curse for Davis, no blessing for Lincoln. She has nothing to say about the principles involved in our civil war. She has no word of cheer or of discouragement for either side. She has no opinion as to the right or the wrong of the struggle. She recognizes slavery as a social condition for which she is not responsible, with which she has nothing to do, under which she can live patiently and peacefully, and against which she will not protest so long as it allows her to administer her holy offices, to bring people into her communion, and to fit them for heaven. She accepts war as a social experience as natural as peace. She can save souls from hell under all governments, under all forms of society, under all kinds of institutions, and saving souls, she says, is all her business. Her members are not answerable to her for their political arrangements or social customs. Her kingdom is not of this world, but of the next.

We have seen within these few days the Episcopal Church in America struggling to hold this same position against the encroachments of what it called the world-spirit. We have seen the horror that was depicted on its face when the world—it's countenance all glowing with earnest patriotism, with devoted loyalty, with moral indignation against outrage and wrong, and fervent zeal for the cause of justice, law, order, honor, and peace—thrust its head in at the door and prayed the bishops and clergy to express an opinion on the side of loyalty. We have witnessed the agonizing efforts which were made to get the ghost exorcised. We heard the hot protest against touching with holy hands the "dirty questions of the day"—questions which concerned only the existence of the nation, the personal freedom of 4,000,000 human beings, and the political freedom of 20,000,000. We heard the cunning sophistry by which able men, for the sake of Church unity, tried to prove that southern bishops were not in a state of schism; that breaches of political contract were not immoralities. We heard the entreaties of those who implored their brethren to remember that the work of the Church was to bring souls into the kingdom; that this work might be perfectly done—indeed, could only be perfectly done while it kept clear of the exciting issues of the day—that long after these issues had passed by and been forgotten, the Church would remain and do its blessed work. And from the other side came voices to our ears urging the impossibility of remaining neutral in times like these; pressing the fact that the world was looking on, criticising, judging, condemning; submitting that these questions of government were questions of the kingdom; that the Word of God had something to say about them, and that the Church which paid no heed to them neglected its duty. This broad fact of rebellion the Church was compelled to recognize. It recognized no other facts; not a word of slavery; not a word of the enormity of war; not a word of any of the social elements involved in the strife—the Church kept clear of that; its kingdom was not of this world to any such extent as that; but the ghastly chasm of civil war it could not overlook; out of that chasm rose the world's awful head in the midst of that conclave of devines, and shook disension from its tangled hair.

The week passed saw the sitting of another Convention in Brooklyn—how different in spirit and purpose from the one of which I have just spoken! There nothing was said about saving souls from perdition, or saving souls at all, in any technical sense. It was silently admitted that the kingdom of God was of this world; the prayer, unspoken by lips, because so simply, devoutly, and universally breathed by all hearts, was: "May thy kingdom come on the earth."<sup>27</sup> While there was no lack of aspiration, no lack of reverence, no lack of worship; while spiritual truths were pondered and spiritual principles were earnestly dwelt on, and the souls of the multitude floated in an atmosphere of light, and joy, and hope; while it was not forgotten that the interests of the soul were the supreme interests; while the Christ was as gratefully re-

membered, and the communion of all pure-believing and saintly minds was as ardently sought, the dealings of the Convention at its session were altogether with earthly affairs; the state of the country was not so much admitted into discussion as invited, and not so much invited as irresistibly brought in. The war was the theme; slavery was the theme; how to meet the pressing claims which humanity made on us was the question. Nobody thought of the state of man after death, all thought of the state of man before death; nobody thought of God's future judgments, all thoughts of God's present Providence; nobody thought of doom in the next world, all thought of duty in this; nobody thought of keeping the Church apart from the world, all thought of bringing the Church closer down to the bosom of the world; nobody thought of calling people *out* of the world *into* the Church, all thought of letting the Church out among the people. The Convention was simply a meeting of Christian men and women who never took count whether they were members of any Church whatever; whether as members of a Church they had any special responsibilities and duties, but who were deeply sensible that they were Christian patriots in a time when the life of the nation was menaced, Christian citizens in a time when the State demanded all they had and all they could do, Christian freemen in a time when Freedom was having a death-grapple with Slavery; people who said nothing about the salvation of their souls, and apparently did not think of their souls at all, but who knew that they were fathers and mothers, and all that God asked of them was a faithful discharge of their duty towards their fellow-beings—good works on field, in hospital, in home. The Church, in a word, flung itself unreservedly into the world; not as a strange or unusual thing, but as the *thing—the only thing* it had to do—the thing it always had done, and always meant to do, because this was its fundamental principle—that the kingdom was to come on the earth.

To that principle the Liberal Church in this country is fairly committed. It has let the world in at every door and window. It has abolished the distinction between the Church and the congregation. It has opened the communion-table to all comers. It has taken down the barriers of creed and confession. It has secularized its clergy. It has divested its ministers of their priestly character. It has exalted preaching above ceremonial. It has ceased to care about its formal unity of doctrine, profession, or observance. It has signed to the people the right and the duty of choosing their own ministers with or without ecclesiastical ordination. It has taken off the kid gloves of its dignity, and set about mending in good earnest the world it dwells in. You can hardly call it a Church any more. It says the world is the Church; all right-minded, humane, and earnest men, are members of the Church; the Church is the *humane portion of the State*; the Church is the better heart and conscience of the community. Such living Christianity as there is, is in Christendom, makes the Church. So much of the spirit of Christ as is consciously developed and actively employed constitutes the Church. The distinction between the Church and the world is broken down.

Is this, my friends, a good or a bad sign? Is it gladdening or otherwise for the present? Is it hopeful or otherwise for the future? More and more we are coming to this. Faster and faster the "world" encroaches on the Church. Clearer each day become the indications that it will leave high and dry the Church that does not freely commit itself to its tide. Are we to grieve over this, or to rejoice over it? Why, my friends, how can we ask the question? Of course we are to rejoice over it. Let me tell you why.

1. The world no longer needs the Church, as much or in the same way as it once did. There was a time when the Church was a small organization in a heathen world; a solitary house in a land of robbers; a little oasis in a desert. All around, man was animal, sensual, devilish. The worship was abominable; the laws were cruel; the social relations were inhuman; the habits were coarse. The Church was in possession of a higher principle, a purer truth, a holier and more loving law. Alone, feeble, beset by temptation on all sides, it must keep this jealously; it must, to guard its purity, be exclusive; it must be very careful in regard to the people it admitted to its membership; it must make the terms absolute and hard; it made its walls high, its doors narrow, and those who came in must pass through long, dark, crooked passages; they must be catechised and cross-questioned, put under solemn oath, and submitted to severe probation. The Church must stand aloof from the world, for the world was heathen. The Church must snare souls away from the world because there was no safety for them in it; to touch it was to be deluded.

Is the world heathen now? Of course it is not. It professes allegiance to Christ. Why, then, pretend that it is? We do not dwell in Feudal castles, but in lights, open houses; there is no moat, no drawbridge, no portcullis; no battlements to screen the archer from the foeman's shot, no loopholes for the convenience of the shooters within; our residences stand on the public streets, and our doors are made of glass. Why should not our souls dwell as confidently and securely in the world as our bodies do? Why should they live in castles, while our bodies live in homes? Why should they look out on God's universe from grated windows while our bodies bathe in the great ocean of the air? Why should they keep about them a vast apparatus of defense against an imaginary foe, and live as in a hos-

tile country on an earth which is their native home?

The Church has no longer a monopoly of Christian truths. The world has all the truths which the Church has; pity of the Church if it had not after eighteen hundred years of teaching. People are everywhere familiar with the New Testament; the life of Jesus is known to every man, woman, and child; Christian ideas respecting God, immortality, human life and duty, are spread broadcast over the land. Indeed, in some respects the Church has stood still while the world has advanced; the people in many places have more truth than the preachers, and the Church stands in an attitude of *resistance* to ideas, simply and purely Christian, which the world has learned by the long education of experience.

The Church has no monopoly of goodness. It is not probable that the Church is better than the world; being but a part of the world, how should it be much better? Is there pride in the world?—there is certainly pride in the Church, and pride of the most offensive kind. Is there avarice in the world?—the avarice of the Church is proverbial. Is there hypocrisy in the world?—the priest is the synonym of hypocrisy. Is there in the world a spirit of exclusiveness, a narrow-caste spirit?—it is a spirit which the Church has always fostered among men by its dogma of election, by its distinction between clergy and laity, by the conservatism which keeps up the institutions of a Feudal period. There is probably as much virtue outside the Church as inside; as much self-denial; as much heroism; as much sacrifice; as much tender, and sweet, and devoted humanity.

The Church has no monopoly of the powers of influence; it is not the only channel through which the Christian life is brought to mankind. Alas for mankind if it was! Alas for mankind, if the Divine Word found utterance only from the stammering, stiff, and too often padlocked lips of her preachers! If the celestial grace was dispensed only through the exceedingly imperfect medium of her Sacraments; if the longing of humanity's burdened heart could rise to the mercy-seat only on the weary wings of her stereotyped prayers! The Croton reservoir is well, but what would the Croton reservoir be without the copious rains that sweep over the hills and valleys, and spread their beneficent mist over all the uplands, and fill every little pool and fountain, every little rivulet and creek, as well as the mighty rivers that supply the city. A spirit like that which manifested itself in Jesus is too great, too diffusive, too subtle, too swift in its motions, too abounding and exuberant in its flow, to be contained in any Church—in all Churches. It reaches mankind from a thousand directions; it penetrates the heart of the race at a thousand pores. It leaps from heart to heart, from family to family, from community to community, from shore to shore, as the prairie-fire darts over the expanse of grass. One knows not whence it comes nor whither it goes, but right under your feet it waves its tongue of flame and covers the field of human life with its blessed sparks. The Divine Spirit permeates the whole earth, runs with inconceivable rapidity, and with a simultaneous movement lifts the entire race. The Church, if it is lifted, is lifted with the world. The spirit of the purest religion is light—is air. Men catch it on their eyelids in the morning, and breathe it as unconsciously as their lungs inhale the atmosphere. To go from the living Christianity out of doors into the dead Christianity of the Church, is like going from the glory of a summer morning and the life of the great street into the gloom of Trinity.

2. More than this. Not only does the world need the Church less than it did in a former age; it is in a condition to give the Church, in some respects, even more than it receives. The "world," as the recognized Church will call it, is flooding the Church with light upon those very truths which it has claimed to hold in exclusive possession. Natural science has always been classed among the elements of the world; but natural science, in each of its branches, teaches now with a power all its own, with a many-voiced music never heard yet, the omnipresence of force, the inviolability of law, the harmony of related being, the unity of the Creative Cause—in a word, the mystery, the power, the wisdom, the tenderness of God.

Political economy has been placed among the elements of the "world"; but political economy preaches sermons about Divine Providence which put the noblest pulpit orators to shame.

Social science has been ranked among the elements of the "world"; but social science is showing the way in which the Church's dream of the kingdom may be realized.

Industrial combinations have been reckoned among the foolish devices of the "world"; but Price's candle-factory gives nobler proof of the working of the principle of human brotherhood than any ecclesiastical combination has furnished. It is proving that honesty is the best policy; that whatever advances man's temporal well-being advances his spiritual welfare; that self-interest is one with virtue; that material and moral good are closely interwoven; that the upper and lower worlds open into each other; and that the best yard-stick is the golden rule.

Out from the "world," from its overcharged heart of weariness and sorrow, from its need of something more vital than traditions of past faith, from the bosom of its affection and hope, came that wonderful upspringing of belief in the spiritual nature of man, in spiritual sympathies and destinies, which, under the name of Spiritualism, swept through the country, lifting hundreds and thousands out of an abyss of sensuality, everywhere transforming

clods into angels, opening the doors between this world and the next, helping mortals to live as in the immediate presence of the unseen, and working a revolution not only in the popular ideas of immortality (which it is no figure of speech to call a revelation) but in the popular ideas of God—man—Providence—life—destiny. The Church had nothing to do with it; the Church opposed it; the Church insisted that men should believe in immortality only in its own way and on its own conditions. It swept over the Church, and through it, and made a Church for itself out of the starved instincts of human nature.

We speak of the power the Church has imparted to the world: should we not also speak of the power it has withdrawn from the world? Should we not remember that the Church has striven ages long to lead the thoughts of men away from the practical life and to direct them towards the life to come? Should we not remember that the Church has laid hold on the great elemental forces of human nature, and diverted them from their obvious uses in this life? That instead of setting conscience diligently to the task of establishing justice in society, it has racked and crazed it with fantastical terrors of hell? that instead of allowing hope to lighten the pathway of humanity in its weary march from worse to better, it has fixed its eyes with an undeviating gaze on a selfish heaven for the individual soul? that instead of consecrating virtue to the daily offices of existence, it has discouraged it by saying it was worthless as a means of obtaining the higher life? that instead of employing the yearning for sympathy and brotherhood in the purely human service of equalizing the temporal condition of men, it appropriated them to the uses of its own narrow communion, and held out to them no prospect but that of a fellowship in the skies? Shall we forget that the Church has thus to an immeasurable extent impoverished the world it should have enriched, and for the sake of the kingdom that is not of this world has stood in the way of answering to the prayer that God's will might be done on earth as it was in heaven? The "world" furnishes the only natural field for the exercise of human qualities. It is the place given us to work in with all our might. It demands all we have. "It is not only the home of each man's personal affections, but the native country of his very soul. It is the abode of every ennobling relation, the scene of every worthy toil, the altar of his vows, the observatory of his knowledge, the temple of his worship. He is set here to live; not as an alien passing in disguise through an enemy's camp—where no alliance is due, and no worthy love is possible, but as a citizen fixed on a historic soil, pledged by honorable memories to serve yet nobler hopes. Here is the spot, now is the time, for the most devoted service of God. No strains from heaven will wake him into prayer, if the common music of humanity stir him not."<sup>28</sup>

In the terrible passage of history through which we are passing, which, Church or World, is helping the other most? Which breathes inspiration into the other? Alas! that we must answer such a question as we must. But without forgetting the many noble men in the Church, who have devoted themselves to the task of educating the popular mind, illuminating the popular conscience, firing the popular heart, in this struggle for all that is dear to Christian citizens and Christian men, is it not the palpable truth that the great enthusiasm was generated outside of the establishment, among those who were most interested in the preservation of order and law, in securing domestic peace, happiness, and tranquillity, in adjusting righteously the industrial, financial, social arrangements of mankind? The army of the State has been the real army of martyrs. The Church militant has given to the people militant the emblem of the cross. The Godlike patience, the long suffering, as of the Crucified, the devotion to noble principles, the sacrifice for the sake of humanity, the reliance on the everlasting Justice, the confidence in the providential care, the spirit of kindness and pity—all these have been illustrated most beautifully where we should least have looked for them.

When this struggle ends, if end it does as we hope, the Christian Church will, I believe, be found to have gained by it more than any other portion of American society. Its pride will be humbled, its exclusiveness will be broken down, its division-walls will be removed. The liberal doctrine of human nature will find larger acceptance. More emphasis will be laid, I think, on good laws, good government, good morals; less emphasis will be laid on ordinances and creeds; human depravity will be associated, and not human dignity, with the barbaric pomp of slavery and the pride of aristocratic power; virtue will be associated with liberty and the unadulterated elements of the heart. It will be felt that the spirit of God is in the people; it will be recognized that out of the people come heroes and prophets, martyrs and saints. The old declamation against the world will cease; and it will be confessed that the temporal interests the Church has frowned upon, the industries it has looked on with indifference, the political aims and endeavors it has spoken of as work unfit for holy minds, the social agitations it has deplored, the restless movements of the popular will it has regarded with alarm, the longings for greater material good which it has sighed over as the mark of depravity—that all these cravings, impulses, resolves of the carnal mind, have been instrumental in laying foundations for the kingdom of God.

And now, my friends, what is the upshot of this rambling discourse on the Church and the World? The upshot is this: that the stain of opprobrium which has been allowed to rest on

the world so long must be removed, and the Church, instead of trying to drag the world into itself through the narrow door of baptism, must grant that it is itself but a part of the world, and from the world must replenish its fountains of life. The upshot is this: that God is in *humanity*, and that only the Church which identifies itself with humanity can promote the kingdom of God; that Christ is in humanity, and only the Church which consecrates itself to humanity, and "deliberately adopts into heavenly places this world's faculties and affairs just as God has made them,"<sup>29</sup> has a claim to call itself the Church of Christ. The upshot is this: that the Church, at its best and truest, is but the nobler conscience and the purer heart of the world, working to make the whole world nobler and purer. Alas for us now, if our help came from the Church temporal and visible! It comes from that which is greater than the Church, even from that mighty spirit, the sound of which we hear, the breath of which we feel, the movement of which lifts the Church as the Atlantic lifts a fishing-boat, and bears it irresistibly on to lands unknown. It matters little what becomes of the Church, so-called: humanity will still produce its prophets and its heroes; will still send out wisdom through lips of the teachers it inspires, and shed its aroma from the lives of the saints it rears; will still, as ever, renew its wasted heart with fresh beliefs in God and immortality; will heal over its wounds; will recover from its sorrows and despair; and, by the aid of the indwelling God, will make progress towards the better life.

The question is not any longer, What shall the Church do with the world? The question is: What shall the world do with the Church? Poor, dear, grand old Church! In the time of the deluge, when the windows of the clouds were opened, and the fountains of the deep were broken up, and the huge, billowy nations, rushing, roaring, tumbling, broke in torrents and inundated the fields of Europe, drowning the old empires under fathoms of bitter salt waters, she was the ark that carried the seeds of the new kingdom over the "wide and melancholy waste." She held the world then, the new heavens, and the new earth. But those bitter waves went down; the green hills appeared—the lovely fields, the smiling valleys; the waters gathered themselves in pools, flowed in rivers, rippled in brooks; the farmer sowed his grain; the reaper sang at the harvesting; the cattle grazed in the pasture; the manifold arts of life went busily and gaily on. Noah and his family left the ark.

The apostolic fishermen on the lake of Gennesaret, buffeted by the billows, wet with the spray, blackened by the sun, sat straining at their oars, their backs toward the shore to which they were going. With all their sweating and agonizing they had much work to keep their little craft from sinking with the fish that were in it. They looked up, and lo! the Christ walking over the waters as if they were a beach of sand. He went most safely who had no boat.

### The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

(From the Spiritual Magazine.)

### Spiritualism in Biography.

JACOB BOHME.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, in speaking of the "illumination, intuition, or direct vision" claimed by Tauler and other "mystics" of various denominations, thinks "it would be in accordance with Baconian induction, as well as St. Paul's direct assertion in his Epistle to the Corinthians," to say, "The testimony of so many isolated persons to this fact is on the whole a fair probability for its truth; and we are inclined to believe it, though it transcends our experience, on the same ground that we believe the united testimony of travelers to a hundred natural wonders, which differ as utterly from anything which we ever saw as do these spiritual wonders from anything which we have ever felt."

Mr. Kingsley's reflection is equally applicable, not only to somewhat analogous experiences of a more recent time, but (and even with greater force) to those outward spiritual manifestations which are now comparatively so common. Both classes of facts are generally held by us in but slight account, and are almost equally foreign to our habits of thought and ordinary experience. Neither class, we think, can be adequately understood, so far even as it is in our power to comprehend it, without some knowledge of the other, especially by those who regard it *ab extra*. They will look upon the mystic as an unintelligible dreamer, and his revelations and experiences as the result of morbid conditions tending to insanity; or as an enigma, not easily to be solved, and perhaps not worth the labor of the attempt, and so to be passed by on the other side by kindly-disposed people of common sense with a smile of superior sagacity and contemptuous toleration. The phenomenal class of evidences of spiritual action give to these interior experiences a continent and basis of support. They demonstrate the action of spiritual powers in a way that appeals direct to the senses and the intellect, and so these outermost manifestations, which, considered alone, would seem low and limited, adapted only to meet a gross materialism on its own ground, have this farther effect, that they excite a more general attention to and prepare the mind for higher spiritual truths, and present in graduated series phases of spiritual operation of more interior and complex characte

One of the most profound, and, in some respects, extraordinary of the so-called mystics, is Jacob Bohme—a man possessing none of those advantages of education, learning, or social position, which ordinarily attract attention. He was, on the contrary, illiterate, poor, of unprepossessing appearance; yet we find him producing books that have deeply interested such men as Schelling, Hegel, Oken, and Sir Isaac Newton. The papers of the latter contained many autograph extracts from the works of Bohme, and the Rev. Wm. Law, a learned and enthusiastic disciple of Bohme, conjectures that Newton derived from him his system of fundamental powers, but he avoided mentioning him as the originator of his system lest it should be brought into disrepute.

Bohme was born in 1575, at Alt-Seidenberg, a small market-town near Gorlitz, in Upper Lusatia. His parents, in popular phrase, were "poor but honest people." (By the way, why do we never say "rich but honest"? is it that nobody would believe us?) His first employment was the care of cattle, but when grown older he was placed in a school where he learned to read and write, and was afterwards apprenticed to a shoemaker in Gorlitz. He married when nineteen years of age, and had four sons whom he placed in various trades. He became master shoemaker in 1595. He is described as being lean, of small stature, with a low forehead, prominent temples, and somewhat hawk-nosed; eyes gray and glistening, and beard thin and short; he had a low, but pleasing voice, and was modest and humble in his conversation. He wrote very slowly, but legibly, and seldom or never struck out or corrected what he had written.

He relates that when a herds-boy he had a remarkable trial. In the heat of mid-day, retiring from his playfellow, he went to a stony crag called the Landskron, and, finding an entrance or aperture overgrown with bushes, he went in, and saw there a large wooden vessel full of money, at which sight, being in a sudden astonishment, he retired in haste without touching it, and related his fortune to the rest of the boys, who, coming with him, sought often an entrance, but could never find any. Some years after, a foreign artist, as Bohme relates, skilled in finding out magical treasures, took it away, and thereby much enriched himself; yet he perished by an infamous death, that treasure being lodged there and covered with a curse to him that should find and take it away.

He also relates that when he was an apprentice, his master and mistress being abroad, there came to the shop a stranger, of a reverend and grave countenance, yet in mean apparel, and taking up a pair of shoes desired to buy them. Knowing as yet little of the business, Jacob would not presume to set a price on them; but the stranger being very unfortunate, he at last named a price which he was certain would keep him harmless in parting with them. The old man paid the money, took the shoes, and went from the shop a little way, when, standing still, with a loud and earnest voice he called:

"Jacob, Jacob, come forth!"

The boy came out in a great fright, amazed that the stranger should call him by his Christian name. The man, with a severe but friendly countenance, fixing his eyes upon him, which were bright and sparkling, took him by the right hand and said to him:

"Jacob, thou art little, but shalt be great, and become another man, such a one as the world shall wonder at; therefore be plough, fear God, and reverence his word. Read diligently the Holy Scriptures, wherein thou hast comfort and instruction. For thou must endure much misery and poverty, and suffer persecution; but be courageous and persevere, for God loves and is gracious unto thee," and therewith pressing his hand, with a bright sparkling eye fixed on his face, he departed.

This prediction made a deep impression on his mind. He grew serious and thoughtful, went more frequently to church, and profited well therein in the outward reformation of his life,<sup>1</sup> and read and meditated the Scriptures. Seriously considering the promise (Luke xi: 13) that the Holy Spirit would be given by our Heavenly Father to them that ask him, he, with much earnestness, prayed for the promised Comforter; and at length, as he relates, he was "surrounded with a divine light for seven days, and stood in the highest contemplation and in the kingdom of joys whilst he was with his master in the country about the affairs of his vocation." In the twenty-fifth year of his age he was again surrounded by this "divine light," and so quickened were his perceptive faculties, that in going into the fields and viewing the herbs and grass, he "saw into their essences, use, and properties," which were discovered to him by their lineaments, figures, and signatures. In like manner he beheld the whole creation, and from that fountain of revelation he afterwards wrote his book, *De Signature Rerum*. In the unfolding of these mysteries he took great delight, yet scarcely spoke of them to any till the year 1618, when, "being again taken into this light," lest the mysteries revealed to him should pass through him as a stream, and rather for a memorial than intending it for publication, he wrote his first book, called *Aurora; or, The Morning Redness*.

This manuscript being seen by a gentleman of rank, who sometimes conversed with him, he requested Bohme to indulge him with his perusal of it, and so greatly was he interested in it that he got it copied, and being circulated it soon fell into the hands of the pastor primarius of Gorlitz, Gregory Richter, who denounced both the book and its author from the pulpit, and stirred up the senate against him, so that they summoned Bohme before them and admonished him to stick to his business and leave off writing books which were calculated to give offense. In obedience to this injunction he abstained from writing for seven years, when he felt to be a higher than earthly power again impelled him to write. His second book is entitled *The Three Principles*. Of the manner of its production he says: "Art hath not wrote here, neither was there any time to consider how to set it punctually down, according to the right understanding of the letters, but all was ordered according to the direction of the spirit, which often went in haste; so that in many words letters may be wanting, and in some places a capital letter for a word; so that the penman's hand, by reason he was not accustomed to it, did often shake. And though I could have written in a more accurate, fair, and plain manner, yet the reason was this, that the burning fire did often force forward with speed, and the hand and pen must hasten directly after it, for it comes and goes as a sudden

shower. I can write nothing of myself but as a child, which neither knows nor understands anything, which neither has ever been learnt, but only that which the Lord vouchsafes to know in me, according to the measure as himself manifests in me. For I never desired to know anything of the divine mystery, much less understood I the way to seek and find it. I knew nothing of it, as it is the condition of poor laymen in their simplicity. I sought only after the heart of Jesus Christ, that I might hide myself therein from the wrathful anger of God, and the violent assaults of the devil; and I besought the Lord earnestly for his holy spirit and his grace, that he would please to bless and guide me in him, and take that away from me which did turn me from him, that I might not live to my own will, but his; and that he only might lead and direct me, to the end I might be his child in his son Jesus. In this, my earnest and Christian seeking and desire, the gate was opened unto me, that I one quarter of an hour I saw and knew more than I had been many years together at an University, at which I did exceedingly wonder, and thereupon turned my praise to God for it. For I saw and knew the Being of all beings, the abyss and abyss, and the eternal generation of the holy Trinity, the descent and origination of the world, and of all creatures through the divine wisdom; I knew and saw in myself all the three worlds—namely, the *divine*, (the angelical and the paradisaical) and the *dark world*, (the original of the nature to the fire) and then, thirdly, the *external* and visible world, being of a procreation or outward birth from both the internal and spiritual worlds. I saw and knew the whole working essence, in the evil and the good, and the mutual original and the existence of each of them, and likewise how the fruitful-bearing womb of eternity brought forth; so that I did not only greatly wonder at it, but did also exceedingly rejoice, and presently it came powerfully into my mind to set the same down in writing for a memorial to myself, though I could very hardly apprehend the same in my external man and express it with the pen. Yet, however, I must begin to labor in these great mysteries, as a child that goes to school. I saw them as in a great deep in the internal. For I had a thorough view of the universe, as in a chaos, wherein all things are couched and wrapped up, but it was impossible for me to explain the same. Yet it opened itself in me, from time to time, as in a young plant; though the same was with me for the space of twelve years, and it was, as it were, breeding, and I found a powerful instigation within me, before I could bring it forth into external form of writing. And whatever I could apprehend with the external principle of my mind, that I wrote down. But, however, afterward the sun shone upon me a good while, but not constantly, for the sun bid itself, and then I knew not nor well understood my own labor. So that man must acknowledge that his knowledge is not his own, but from God, who manifests the ideas of wisdom to the soul of man in what measure he pleases."

The primate Richter appears to have become still farther embittered against Bohme by his second book, and procured from the Senate his banishment from the city, but, upon more sober thought, they next morning repealed this absurd and unjust sentence. "Yet," says Dr. Weisner, "still tired with the prelate's incessant clamor, they at length sent for him again, and entreated him that in love to the city's quiet, he would seek himself a habitation elsewhere, which, if he would do, they should hold themselves obliged to him for it as an acceptable service. In compliance with this friendly request of theirs he removed from thence. After this, upon a citation, Jacob Bohme came to Dresden before his highness the Prince Elector of Saxony, where were assembled six doctors of divinity, Dr. Hoe, Dr. Weisner, Dr. Baldwin, Dr. Gerhard, Dr. Leyser, and another doctor, and two professors of mathematics. And these, in the presence of his highness the Prince Elector, began to examine him concerning his writings, and the high mysteries therein, and many profound queries in divinity, philosophy, and the mathematics, they proposed to him. To all which he replied with such meekness of spirit, such depth of knowledge and fullness of matter, that none of those doctors and professors returned one word of dislike or contradiction. The prince, his highness, much admired him, and required to know the result of their judgments in what they had heard. But the doctors and examiners desired to be excused, and entreated his highness that he would have patience till the spirit of the man had more plainly declared itself, for in many particulars, they could not understand him. To Jacob Bohme's questions they returned answers with much modesty, being amazed to hear from a man of that mean quality and such mysterious depths. There were two astrologers present, to whom, having discoursed of their science, he said: "Thus far is the knowledge of your art right and good, grounded in the mystery of nature; but what is over and above are heathenish additions." The elector, being satisfied with his answers, took him apart, and discoursed with him concerning difficult points, and courteously dismissed him.

Dr. Weisner is reported to have afterwards said: "Who knows but God may have designed him for some extraordinary work, and can we with justice pass judgment against that we understand not, for sure he seems to be a man of wonderful high gifts of the spirit, though we cannot at present, from any ground of certainty, approve or disapprove of many things he holds forth."

The favorable opinion of the Elector and the Doctors of the Council induced many preachers and learned men to examine his writings, the effect of which was, in the words of one of his biographers, that they began to cease from preaching up disputes and controversies in religion, many of these being no ways determinable but by the intervention of a divine light above that of reason . . . whence they judged all contest about these difficulties (being most pregnant mothers of pride and contention), as baseless to divine charity, and the common peace of mankind. But for resolution of all doubts referred them to an earnest endeavor after the recovery of the life of Christ, the only fountain of all true light and right understanding in divine things."

From the publication of his first book he began to be much visited by many learned men, and it was from his frequent conversations with them that he got the use of those Greek and Latin words that are frequent in his works. One of these learned men was a physician named Balthasar Walter, a man who had traveled in search of ancient magi-

cal learning throughout the East, particularly Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, where he found such small remnants of it, that he returned unsatisfied to his own country, where he became inspector of the chemical laboratory at Dresden. Having become acquainted with Bohme, he rejoiced that at last he had found at home, in a poor cottage, that for which he had traveled so far in vain. He introduced the appellation of *Philosophus Teutonicus*, sometimes applied to Bohme. Dr. Walter gave him the German universities, and collected such questions concerning the soul as were accounted impossible to be resolved fundamentally, of which he made a catalogue, being forty in number, and sent them to Bohme, from whom he received answers public in many languages. (which answers are public in many languages.) Dr. Walter came to Bohme and professed that he had received from him more solid answers than from the most clever and learned men with whom he had anywhere conversed. The translator of these answers into English presented a copy to King Charles I, who a month after said, that if Bohme were not scholar, the Holy Ghost was now in men; but if he were a scholar, he was one of the best.

It may be mentioned as characteristic of the man, that he usually prefixed to his letters the motto, "Our salvation in the life of Jesus Christ in us," and sealed with a seal on which was engraved a hand outstretched from heaven, holding three blown lilies.

Bohme died in Silesia, in November, 1624. Early in the morning he asked his son if he heard the excellent music? the son replied, "No." "Open," said he, "the door, that it may hear better." Afterwards he asked what the clock had struck, and, on being told, said, "Three hours hence is my time." When the three hours had nearly passed, he took leave of his wife and son, and blessed them, and said, "Now go I hence to Paradise," and immediately, with this joyful assurance, departed.

Notwithstanding his peaceable and blameless life, and his always having been in strict communion with the Lutheran Church, so inveterate was the hatred borne to him by the clergy that they refused to bury his corpse till compelled to do so by the magistracy, and though Richter had died three months previously, a double portion of his spirit seemed to have fallen on his successor, who refused to preach at his funeral, feigning illness; and his colleague, when compelled to do so, began by declaring he would rather have walked a hundred miles than preach the funeral sermon.

After Bohme's death, his opinions spread over Germany, Holland, and England. A son of his persecutor, Richter, commenced a refutation of them, but in reading his works for this purpose, his views underwent an entire change, and so highly did he come to esteem them, that he edited, and printed at his own expense, an edition of a hundred copies of an epitome of them in eight volumes, and arranged their contents in a sort of index. His works have gone through several editions, and have been translated into Dutch, French, and English. He has written upwards of thirty treatises. I give below the full titles of some of the more important, with the respective dates of their publication.\*

It is greatly to be wished that some competent person, well versed in the writings of Bohme, and who has entered into the spirit of their philosophy, would present us with a clear digest of his teachings in good modern English. Many of his deep truths are veiled in an obscurity in part arising from his imperfect knowledge and command of language, as well as from the inadequacy of language itself to convey many of the ideas and images that flowed into his mind. It must always be difficult to find suitable terms in which to convey to the mind of another a knowledge of spiritual things. It would be vain to attempt to convey to the reader an idea even in outline of the theosophy of Bohme. The best I have seen in a short compass, is by the Rev. William Law, which is here subjoined. Speaking of "the poor illiterate Behmen," and the "mystery" revealed in his works, Law says "he was so merely an instrument of Divine direction, as to have no ability to think, speak, or write anything, but what sprung up in him, or came upon him, as independently of himself as a shower of rain falls here or there independently of the place where it falls."

"His works being an opening of the Spirit of God working in him, are quite out of the path of man's reasoning wisdom, and proceed no more according to it, than the living plant breathes forth its virtue according to such rules of skill as an artist must use to set up a painted dead figure of it. But as the Spirit of God worked in the creation of all things, so the same Spirit worked and opened in the ground and depth of his created soul, an inward sensibility of it."

"His writings begin where the Spirit of God began, in the first rise of Nature and creature. They are led on by the Spirit of God, as it went on in the creation of angels and men, and all the Spirit of God, which did, and still does all in every birth and growth of life, opened its procedure in this chosen instrument, showing how all things came from a working will of the holy triune incomprehensible God, manifesting himself as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, through an outward perceptible working triune power of fire, light, and spirit, both in the eternal heaven and in this temporal transitory state of material Nature; showing from this eternal manifestation of God in the unity and trinity of heavenly fire,

\* The Aurora, or the Dawning of the Day; or Morning Redness in the Rising of the Sun. Containing the Root of Theology, Philosophy, and Asocial Science, from the true point, 1611.

The Three Principles of the Divine Essence of the Eternal Dark Light, and Temporary World. With an Appendix of the Threecold Life of Man. 1612.

Signatura Rerum; or the Signature of All Things: shewing the Sign and Signification of the Several Forms, Figures, and Shape of Things in the Creation; and what the Beginning, Ruin, and Cure of everything is, comprising all Mysteries. 1621.

The Mysterium Magnum: an Explanation of Genesis; treating of the Manifestation and Bevelation of the Divine Word, through the Three Principles of the Divine Essence. Also of the Origin of the World, and the Creation, wherein the Kingdoms of Nature and Grace are explained, for the better understanding of the Old and New Testament and what Adam and Christ are. 1623.

A Table of the Divine Manifestation; or, an Explanation of the Threecold World. 1623.

Of the Supersensual Life. 1624.

Of Divine Contemplation, or Vision. 1624. (imperfect).

The Mystery Magnum: an Explanation of Genesis; treating of the Manifestation and Bevelation of the Divine Word, through the Three Principles of the Divine Essence. Also of the Origin of the World, and the Creation, wherein the Kingdoms of Nature and Grace are explained, for the better understanding of the Old and New Testament and what Adam and Christ are. 1623.

A Table of the Divine Manifestation; or, an Explanation of the Threecold World. 1623.

Of the Supersensual Life. 1624.

Of Divine Contemplation, or Vision. 1624.

light, and spirit, how and what angels and men were in their creation; how they are in and from God, his real offspring, and born partakers of the Divine Nature; how their life begun is and from this divine fire, which is the Father of Light, generating a birth of light in their souls, from both which proceeds the Holy Spirit, or breath of divine love, in the triune creature, as it does in the triune Creator: showing how some angels and all men are fallen from God, and their first state of a divine triune life in them; what they are in their fallen state, and the difference between the fall of angels and that of men: showing also how and whence there is good and evil in all this temporal world, in all its creatures, animate and inanimate, spiritual and material, and what is meant by the curse that dwells everywhere in it; showing what are the natures, powers, and qualities of all creatures; whence and why their numberless variety; what they have of good in them, and how they have it; what is the evil in them, and why there is such strife and enmity between creatures and creatures, elements and elements, what is meant by it, to what end it works, and when it shall cease; how and why sin and misery, wrath and death, shall only reign for a time, till the love, the wisdom, and the power of God shall in a supernatural way triumph over sin, misery, and death, make fallen man rise to the glory of angels, and this material system shake off its curse, and enter into an everlasting union with that heaven whence it fell."

I believe that Bohme is the first writer who has evolved from the letter of Scripture a consecutive spiritual sense, though this is carried by him no farther than the Book of Genesis. It is not so clear nor so methodical as the similar exposition by Swedenborg; but it is probable that, though less formally methodical, this does not, at least in the same degree, extend to its substance—to the ideas themselves. Nor is this the only point of junction between these two eminent seers (though, on the other hand, there are some in which there is a marked divergence). Bohme seems to have anticipated the Swedish seer in tracing the parallelism between the physical and the spiritual worlds and their correspondences. Both taught that in all things natural forms take their shape from, and are the sign or expression of, their interior spiritual forms, their qualities inhering not in the natural but in the spiritual. These views, however, cannot be said to have originated with either Bohme or Swedenborg; they (or at least views very similar to them) may be traced to Plato, and, perhaps, beyond. The doctrine of discrete degrees, however, is one drawn more clearly and sharply by Swedenborg than, I believe, by the similar exposition of the Swede.

Myself and family were afflicted with considerable uneasiness in passing through Missouri, but fortunately were not molested. We were fortunate in getting through just before the renewal of late troubles in that distracted State.

I have most assuredly learned something of western life on the frontier, which will be of great use to me should I be able to gratify the desire I have of returning to the prairies of the South-west. South-west Missouri and Southern Kansas I regard as the most eligible locality for making settlements in the West, unless, indeed, one should go beyond there, of which I am not able to speak. In point of climate and many other natural advantages I trust it not surpassed.

Upon the final settlement of the estate of my beloved mother, whose spirit has passed on to a higher sphere during my short sojourn in the West, I am anxious to form an Association, or to be one of an Association, for wool-growing and sheep-raising, and to make a settlement upon a mutual and harmonious plan. I have no special plan to urge, yet I propose that we settle upon land bought in common and then a portion to be divided into lots for private residences, &c., the remainder to be held as common property, as well as the sheep. Such an Association could soon become wealthy. While I would not object to the wealth, I would rather unite with those who had a much higher and holier object in view. I believe that if this world is to be reformed, we must act as well as preach; and since I am not called to the lecture, I propose to be one who will act.

The success of a community upon the mutual aid and harmonious plan cannot fail to be a powerful means of Reform in the district and town, and eventually in the State in which it is located. I would propose that the Association consist of not less than six—as you have suggested in the "Revelations";<sup>2</sup> that each co-partner put in at least 200 head of sheep; that the sheep be purchased in Ohio, Indiana, or perhaps (as it would be more convenient) in Illinois; and that we drive our entire stock along with us to the place of destination.

The benefit of this procedure can be seen at once. The wool-crop each spring would furnish each family with all the necessities of life, even though they had all to buy. And in the South-west the wintering would be no serious affair. For instance, two hundred sheep, averaging four pounds per fleece, at present prices, would bring four hundred dollars; and yet the care and feeding of that number could not exceed one hundred dollars during a whole year in the South-west.

Sheep-raising and wool-growing is found to be exceeding profitable on the western prairies, and would justify an Association of individuals to engage in it solely out of pecuniary motives. Then, I ask, why cannot those minds who long to unite in communities, in order to practice the Harmonial Philosophy and reap its benefits, make that their principal occupation while founding a "Home" on that heavenly plan of living and doing?

One friend in Kansas, now in the army, is anxious to be one of an Association, and should you, Mr. Editor, see fit to call attention to this proposition, I have no doubt that four more, and perhaps a hundred, will be ready to join us.

It is not proposed to go in a hurry. But those who are to compose the Association should make a beginning; and even if they should be years in getting settled, there will be nothing lost. National troubles will, for a time, deter many from going; besides there are many in the army who will doubtless be glad to join us on the return of peace. But the first step may be made for such an Association immediately. The disinterested aid of all Harmonialists, it strikes me, should be freely given to encourage unitary homes in the West.

But I have said enough for the present. My article is at your service: make such use of it as you shall deem best. Inclosed is my subscription fee for six months. I must have the Herald; I am lost without it. My in-

### Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.  
Co-operative Farming and Wool-Growing.

HUNTSVILLE, Ind., Oct., 1862.

BROTHER DAVIS, DEAR SIR: My last letter you was from Kansas. Since then I have come by team through Missouri and Illinois. Much of that time I was deprived of the pleasure and profit of reading your Journal. But upon arriving at Springfield, Ill., I sought out a news-depot, and was gratified in being able to find some half-dozen back-numbers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, which I readily purchased. To me this seemingly trifling occurrence was the most interesting incident of my journey.

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than retract one word or prove for one moment recreant to his loyal convictions. The scathing maledictions which he pronounced in the ears of Western secessionists, the "fighting" qualities shown in his every movement, and the admiration which his thunder-tones awaken in those who listen, serve to indicate the coming position of the "Parson." His power is soon to be felt in the great West. The old traitors of Tennessee dread him more than both Gen. Schofield and Gen. Rosecrans, and it now appears that they will soon have particular occasion to escape from his scathing and destructive power. He is a "fighting" minister, and believes in the "vengeance" of the Almighty. "As a man thinketh, so is he."

## ROOM ENOUGH FOR THE FIVE NEW REPUBLICS.

Those who look with dismay on the dissolution of the Union, and who deem this boundless continent too small for the peaceful existence of more than one Government, may obtain quietness and expansion of mind by consulting the map of the world. Europe, with its fifty-nine States and fifty-nine Governments, is not larger than America. We have a continent containing 3,250,000 square miles—equal to all Europe—and our land and climate are richer and incomparably more productive. One Government cannot long defend itself with a country so exceedingly vast. Concentration is better than an immense territory stretching from ocean to ocean, and from the great Lakes North to the open Gulfs South. States, sovereign and independent of all other States, each having exclusive right to regulate its own internal affairs, would flourish for a time, and then resolve into a new Union as it ought to be, not as it was."

## HOW TO SEPARATE THE NATIONAL FATE FROM THE CORPSE OF SLAVERY.

It is written on the iron leaf that Slavery and Union, having lived together so intimately since their birth, will die together unless the Administration rises to a new moral position. Millions in Europe and millions in America are equally polluted by the inhumanities of aristocracy. And those in bondage, because of their low estate and national disunity, instead of generally rising in "insurrection" and demanding freedom, will "hug their chains" and cling to those who have whipped them into submission. Let no one be deceived. The slaves, as a people, will never leave their plantations. Hence the Administration is called upon in Heaven's name to conquer the Gulf States and continue the plantation system under the organization of humane Overseership and Free Labor. If our Government wishes to survive its "intestine" troubles, let it say to the world: "This war is to be henceforth conducted upon principles of Freedom to the slaves and Justice to all men who are loyal to the Constitution." Let the Southern States be reduced to the condition of Free Territories.

## Tennyson and Browning.

C. H. Conant, in a recent review of Mrs. Browning's poems, utters the following: "Tennyson's 'Princess' and Elizabeth Browning's 'Aurora Leigh' ought to be bound together. They complete the circle and leave nothing to be said on the subject of a woman's proper sphere. The man-poet gives us the objective, the woman-poet the subjective standpoint. It would be an interesting, and by no means a wasted task, to compare the books, and trace the lines of apparent contrast, but of conclusive convergence. In them is shown, from opposite points of view, the woman's heart, triumphant over every fiction and fallacy. In the 'Princess' the masculine mind directs the subject like an argument, and, bringing all the proofs to bear, gathers them into a final knot that cannot be untied. In 'Aurora Leigh' the writer disperses her unconscious nature on every page; and though she comes out inevitably a won woman and a happy wife, ties a thousand knots in her skein as she goes, every one of which was enough for the purpose and the proof."

## Noble Words from Garibaldi.

In a brief address to the people of Stockholm, Garibaldi writes the following. It is a manly plea for peace, from a conscientious warrior:

"Let us all unite to extend and impose the lofty voice of affection and concord. The sword is a misdeed as the penalty of death is an abuse, conquest an insult. Let us acquire the fruits of the earth in which we live in order to exchange them freely with others. Let us make war an anachronism and labor a hymn to the Eternal. When church-bells and cannon shall have been converted into productive machines, force, disarmed, will return to the den from which it issued to the despair of men, and the dawn of happiness will whiten the horizon and spread its rays till it encircles the whole world."

## The Reason for Delay.

Orpheus C. Kerr, in his letter to the *Sunday Mercury*, thus explains the cause of the slow movements by the army of the Potomac:

"The fact is, my boy, many respectable though married Mackeralts entered the army of the Accoumac when they were in the prime of life; and as old age steals softly upon them, as the seasons and the bases of operations run through their changes, and year succeeds year, the eye-sight of many of them waxes dim, and fails in the process of Nature. I know some thousands of Mackeralts, my boy, who are already so blind that they have not seen a rebel for six months; and hence no advance movement can be judiciously made until the brigade is supplied with spectacles. Without these, the idolized General of the Mackeral Brigade will not do anything until he gets ready. It was the want of these, as I now discover, that prevented our troops seeing the Southern Confederacy when he made his late raid across Arikwet River. Let the spectators be at once procured, my boy, or an indignant and bleeding nation will at once demand a change in the Cabinet."

*A Disbanded Volunteer contributes his solution to the same paper.*

"The main difficulty on our side peers to be want of troops. We haven't got much over three hundred thousand men in Virginiy and Merrylond, and reinforcements only arrives at the rate of three thousand a day; consequently it is necessary for our generals to stand strickly on the defensive, and use the utmost precautions to prevent a surprise, and guard agan in invasion of the North."

## Fight or Die.

The commercial editor of the *Independent* utters bold and emphatic words in favor of national action. We make a few extracts:

We are endangering more than liberty, by longer halting between two opinions. We are imperiling our very existence—our national life. We shall soon be bound with chains which never can be broken. We are blindly and rapidly floating into the depths of bankruptcy. We must now fight, or we must die. The voice from our national treasury is, Fight, or we die.

The voice from the tribune of our political power is, Fight, or we die.

The voice from every workshop and every manufacturing village in the Union is, Fight, or we die.

The voice of a burdened nation of taxpayers is, Fight, or we die.

The voice of merchant, banker, and of all business men is, Fight, or we die.

The voice, trumpet-tongued, from our currency troubles is, Fight, or we die.

The voice of widows and the fatherless, and of thousands who are now mourning the loss of income is, Fight, or we die.

The voice of soldiers, sick, wounded, and dying by thousands in hospitals and Southern prisons, is, Fight, or we die.

The voice of every true general, either from West Point or West—anywhere, is, Fight, or we die.

The voice of every despairing, homeless, tyrant-hating exile, the world over, is, Fight, or we die.

The voice of the millions of slaves, bleeding and manacled, is, Fight, or we die.

The voice of Liberty, from the poles to the equator; the voice of the round world, groaning in sin and hoping in God; the voice of high heaven, as plainly as ever thundered from Mt. Sinai, is urging us now to duty.

Will you hear that voice, President Lincoln, for whom thousands are now praying on every shore, in every land of every Christian nation?

Will you hear it, Secretary Seward—warhorse of liberty—whose ear has never yet failed to hear the cry of the poor and the oppressed?

Will you hear it, Secretary Chase, overwhelmed and almost bowed down with unparalleled burdens and cares; nobly, heroically, and successfully battling with a nation's financial troubles?

Will you hear it, Secretary Stanton, while a million loyal men stand ready to pour out their heart's blood to save us?

Will you hear it, Secretary Welles, and spread every canvas, man every gun, and use every effort to gain for yourself and our matchless navy fresh glory and honor?

Will you hear it, Secretary Bates, and boldly and speedily act in behalf of thousands of Union men in peril of life and property all through the South, and especially in your own liberty-seeking, rebel-hating State?

Will you hear it, Secretary Blair, from whom we have a right to expect an open ear, when so much is threatened and may be lost forever?

Will you hear it, Secretary Smith, from whose home on the prairie thrice ten thousand mourning hearts are now crying for a nation's salvation?

Will you hear it, Generals-in-Chief, hear it, and stop fault-finding? Will you admit—as an experiment—that there are several other places in the country beside West Point? Will you go anywhere as directed? Will you fight in front, and not ten miles in the rear of your army? Don't, for once, be afraid of hurting the rebels, who have already cost us a quarter of a million of precious lives. Leave your dignity and your importance for some more appropriate place than the battle-field, and be quite willing, we pray you, that one or two other Generals should do a little something for our country as well as yourselves.

Will the Army hear it? Yes, we know they will, for they are already ahead of the Government, ahead of their Generals, and would be ahead of the rebels, if they were permitted the opportunity.

The great heart of the nation cries out: Put down the rebellion. Crush the enemy. Stop the wasting of lives. Save us from bankruptcy.

## Removal.

Mrs. H. S. DENHAM has removed her Home for Reformers in Boston from No. 75 Beach St. to No. 49 Hudson street. She now occupies a large and commodious house, only a few doors distant from her former location, and enjoys facilities for entertaining a larger number of permanent and transient boarders. Those of our readers visiting Boston, who love a good home and pleasant society, will not fail to remember Mrs. Denham's new location, No. 49 Hudson street.

## American Pens.

We like the American Steel Pens, and like the sentiments of the "Washington Medallion Pen Company," who, in their circular to the trade, say:

"The motto of every American citizen now should be—American goods, American manufacturers, to the total exclusion of everything English or French. If there is not patriotism enough in American merchants for that—in view of the fact that our civil war is prolonged, our taxes increased, and thousands more of our citizens slaughtered than would have been, but for English and French sympathy with, and aid rendered to, the rebels in arms, by supplying them with arms and munitions of war—then patriotism has fled the land."

The prisoners in Fort Lafayette are said to be exceedingly curious about the progress of the elections, and value newspapers very highly. Pierre Soule is reported to be very anxious on this point.

## PERSONS AND EVENTS.

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

## PERSONAL ITEMS.

Wm. Wells Brown, a colored gentleman of talent, has prepared a work, soon to be published, entitled: "The Black Man, his Antecedents, his Genius, and his Achievements."

HENRY GILES is delivering a course of twelve lectures in Boston on the Historic Types of Civilized Man.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, "the Quaker Poet," has been nominated by the Republicans of the 14th Senatorial District in Massachusetts for State Senator.

P. T. BARNUM addressed the Seventeenth Connecticut Regiment, in camp near George town, on Temperance, on a recent Sunday. He also addressed 3,000 persons on the same day in front of the Capitol, on the invitation of the Washington Teetotal Society.

GARIBALDI received the news of his amnesty very quietly. When the messenger reached Varignana the General was sleeping. "What is it?" said he, as he awoke about midnight, and heard an unusual noise of talking around him: "What is it?" "The amnesty has come?" "Oh!" said he, drowsily; and turning round on his side he fell off to sleep again.

KOSSUTH, who is now in Turin, is suffering the deepest anxiety on account of his wife, who is so seriously ill that she is hardly expected to recover. Within thirteen years (says a correspondent,) Kossuth has lost several near relatives, and among them his only daughter; and while now anticipating this crowning calamity, he is extremely straitened in pecuniary matters. His two sons have some employment in a public office in Turin, but the remuneration they receive is too scanty to enable them to render much assistance to the distinguished patriot and their dying mother.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A sale of two thousand dollars in gold was made on "Change" in Buffalo on the 23d of October, deliverable in six months, at 45 per cent. premium.

The crowd in attendance upon a recent "Democratic" meeting in Brooklyn dispersed with mingled cheers for Seymour and Jeff Davis!

The Navy Department impliedly offered half a million dollars for the capture of the new rebel pirate Alabama.

It is ascertained from a New-Granadian official source that the Government has imposed no objection to free black emigration to that Republic, the policy being to encourage the settlement of the country.

It is a significant fact that all the Union men who have just returned from the South, oppose the election of Horatio Seymour. They know by bitter experience what it is to fall into the hands of rebels.

When Col. Daniel Ullman was sick with typhoid fever in Little Washington, Va., he repeatedly heard slaves at their work singing the John Brown chorus. Col. Ullman asked the owner of the slaves if he permitted them to sing that song, and the slave-master replied that he could not help it.

In early days the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field. In our times every regiment has a suttler.—Ex.

Within a few weeks past four churches in Boston belonging to other denominations have been bought by the Catholics. The last one sold was on the corner of Washington and Castle Streets, formerly occupied by Rev. Dr. Huntington, and belonging to the Harvard College Corporation. The price paid for it was \$35,000.

## New Publications.

CAUSES AND CURE OF DISEASES OF THE FEET. By C. H. CLEVELAND, M.D. Cincinnati, O., 1862.

There can be no question about the universal importance of such a work as this. The feet are necessary to physical progress, and their health is necessary to human happiness. Dr. Cleveland has unquestionably gone to the "root of the matter." He has grasped the subject with both hands "without gloves."

The causes of feet-diseases, the shortest way to remedy all their sore infirmities, and the proper construction of their covering in all seasons, with plain diagrams and figurative illustrations, can all be found within these one hundred and eleven pages. It is a book for every parent, for every soldier, for every shoemaker, for everybody who has or expects to have "feet." What a blessing would be such a book to the sore-footed sufferers in the army!

We do not see that Dr. Cleveland has left a single word for any one else to write on the subject. Every imaginable disease of the feet is described and prescribed for, and every possible method of promoting foot-happiness is plainly set forth and convincingly advocated. For sale at the office of the HERALD OF PROGRESS. Price 50 cents. Postage 10 cents.

THE ECLECTIC for November has a portrait of the Empress of Austria, a young and fair lady, and the usual variety of reading matter. Among the most interesting articles, we observe "The Poverty of Wealth," from the Temple Bar Magazine; "Henry Thomas Buckle," from Frazer's; "Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Norman Christianity," from the North British; and "Hawaiian Islands," from the London Quarterly.

W. H. Bidwell, 5 Beekman street. \$5 per year; 42 cents per number.

REVUE SPIRIT. Journal d'Etudes Psychologiques. September, 1862.

Contents: 1. Inauguration of a Spirit Circle at Bordeaux. 2. Letter to a Preacher, by M. Dombre. 3. Spiritualism at a Prize Distribution. 4. Persecutions. 5. A Reconciliation through Spiritualism. 6. Responses to

the invitation of the Spiritualists of Lyons and Bordeaux. 7. Spirit Poems. 8. Spirit Discourses. Paris.

REVUE SPIRIT. Journal d'Etudes Psychologiques. October, 1862.

Contents: 1. Apollonius of Tyana. 2. Reply to the *Abbe Agenais* (the "Agen Bee,"?) by M. Dombre. 3. Honorary Members of the Society of Paris. 4. What the History of Spiritualism is to be. 5. Arsène Gautier. 6. Can a Spirit draw back in presence of its life of Probation? 7. Answer to a Mental Question. 8. Spirit Poems. 9. Spirit Discourses.

This Monthly is the organ of those French Spiritualists who believe in the Pre-existence of souls, and that this life is a probation. They style their Spiritualism "Spiritism?" and themselves "Spiritists." In the possibility of communicating with spirits, they believe with other Spiritualists. These facts borne in mind, their organ, edited by Allan Kardec, will always be found entertaining, and often highly instructive, as, for example, in the article entitled, "Apollonius of Tyana," in the October number.

For the Herald of Progress.

## The Sphinx.

According to the Greek Mythology, on the Phician Hill near the City of Thebes, in ancient Boeotia, there crouched a monster having the face of a woman and the body of a lion. She had a riddle for the Theban to expound. Those who failed, she devoured.

The stone embodiments of this monster still to be seen, indicate that some useful lesson was intended. The riddle of the Greco-Sphinx, which the story relates was solved by Oedipus, was man. The conjecture seems therefore plausible that the Sphinx and her riddle signified the mystery of life and the catastrophe consequent upon a failure of its solution.

In this sense, the lesson is as important now as it ever was. Man is still the riddle; and the Sphinx, having devoured the ancient nationalities, because of their failure to answer her question, sits to-day with open mouth before our Church and State ready to swallow both unless some Oedipus shall avert the doom.

Human life is real, its facts and experiences are real. What does it all mean? That is the Sphinx-question. All the mischief possible to the race comes from its unsolved problems. We are eaten up by what we don't know. Fear is ever for the unknown. Construe any fact in Nature aright, success. Mistake the interpretation, utter failure. Necessity, holding in her paws these two results, is the Sphinx.

For example: The Jewish religion and nationality, like the Mohammedan, crystallized around the hypothesis of its founder concerning his facts. Did it explain them? Was it a natural reflex of their import? The Sphinx said Nay; for both Judaism and Mohammedanism remain only as ghastly skeletons. The Sphinx has sucked the very marrow from their bones. By right of his facts, Moses claimed to utter the mandates of Jehovah-Mohammed, by virtue of his, said, God is God, and I am his Prophet. The facts of these men remain, but the religions they founded upon their theories concerning them have passed into history.

Between these two, was Jesus, richer, doubtless, in spiritual facts than either. And to him also the persistent Sphinx put her question: "My beautiful young Jew, how do you construe the riddle of your experience?" And Jesus made answer: "God and I are one; He who hath seen me hath seen the Father." Was that the answer? Again the Sphinx said: "Nay, that is not the answer!" And again her devouring jaws had exercise. By reason of that mistaken answer, the Sphinx is dining sumptuously to-day. She has nearly eaten out the Church, and with it must go the State also.

The nation gathers around its religion. It lives only whilst that has life. As is the religion, so is the civilization—the national life and character.

Crouched beneath the foliage of St. John's Park, visible to all eyes save those who most need to see, is the Sphinx in this present hour. With her eye upon the steeple of the venerable pile where sits the Triennial Church Convention, she says (licking her lips): "My learned doctors, what do you make of man? What, on the whole, is your opinion of the universe?"

Have you duly considered the possibility of its not being governed, after all, by your Thirty-nine Articles? And one divine answers by pronouncing these "a set of little dirty questions wholly beneath the dignity of the occasion, and destructive of the well-being of the Church." Another makes answer that "these are not questions of conscience with us, they are from the force of outside pressure."

They have already broken down and disrupted the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Methodists, etc., and now they have come to set us on the road to ruin."

So the Church, by admission of its own high dignitaries is being devoured; and still the Sphinx presses her question. Throughout our history, she has annually sat upon the Capital Hill and propounded her riddle to the assembled wisdom of the nation. And there, as to the wise men of ancient Thebes, her question is—Man. "How do you construe man as an integral part of the universe?" And the assembled wisdom made answer that the Sacred Books of their most holy religion, together with the interests of politics and commerce, required that so much of him as had descended from one Ham should be by us

worked up into sugar and cotton. That save and except the privilege of being thus disposed of, he is worthy of no thought, has no rights that we are bound to respect?" "Perhaps not," said the Sphinx; "but suppose he has rights which *Nature* determines shall be respected, what then?" And the wise ones replied: "We are not to be impeached of infidelity by considering what *Nature* has to say. The first duty of our religion requires that we shall renounce and denounce *Nature* in all her works and ways?"

## 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.

## A Visit to Visionburg;

OR,  
GLIMPSES OF A BETTER SOCIAL LIFE

BY LOUIS.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Quitting the building by the west gate, we now proceeded north, along Concord Avenue, to the garden, or park, which separated the two palaces. The name of Washington had been given to the first, that of Jefferson to the second, Franklin to the third. These three palaces faced the river. Arrived at the garden, we found the interior occupied by warehouses for storing goods, wash-houses, &c. These formed a square of about four hundred feet every way, and in the center, reached by a vaulted way, was the receptacle for rapid deodorizing and removal of the sewerage of the adjacent palace. These buildings were mostly hid by the trees. Here, too, standing out on the avenue, were a few public edifices, such as theaters, places of meeting for religious and benevolent purposes, &c. On reaching Jefferson Palace, we were as much struck with the beauty of the architecture as in the first case. A different style prevailed, reminding one somewhat, though on a grander and more useful scale, of Hampton Palace, in England. Red brick formed now the body of the fagades, or fronts, while all the ornamental parts—cornices, copings, sills, &c., &c.—were worked in stone. There was no lack here of attraction in stores or garden; and thus was it with the third, or Franklin Palace. Diversity of construction and ornament prevailed in every part of the building and gardens. In no particular, beyond the convenience of the interior arrangements, was there any similarity. They were equal in solidity of construction. The hardest woods alone were used, where wood was used; and generally the upper floors were laid with ornamental tiles, which were kept (by the flues for heating) always at an agreeable temperature.

Thence we proceeded across Reform into Pleasant Avenue, to visit the two palaces—Lafayette and Madison—lying between them. These were of the same form and extent, having the same conveniences, but differing only in architectural features and ornamentation. It seems as if the designer of these buildings had sought to find such styles as would suit the wants of the age, while showing the beauties and varieties of different systems. This for many reasons was difficult to accomplish, and had necessarily to be limited so as to answer our special modern purposes and requirements. The last of these palaces was not entirely finished, and possessed not half the population of any of the others. Time might or might not require its completion; but it was evident from the steady increase of new citizens, and their willingness to submit to our simple municipal regulations and modes of living, that the population of 36,000 would soon be 40,000.

It was interesting on reaching the temple and adjacent buildings about the springs, to look down upon this new city, which covered so small a space and yet contained so large a population. Mapping it out into ten squares of one thousand feet every way, five of these only were built upon for habitation, while the other five formed beautiful gardens, or parks, surrounding buildings devoted to business purposes and hid from view. Looking into the quadrangles of the palaces, we could see, through the glass, as it were, immense conservatories, filled with the most beautiful and rare plants, and ornamented with fountains, which cooled the atmosphere in summer, and with statuary by our most skillful artists. Here every one was allowed to place his productions of art or invention for public examination and criticism.

From the city we proceeded to an excursion through the environs. These were made up of a number of villages, each of which was composed of country-houses of various styles of architecture—some single, some double, some for several families. Each village was inclosed in a given boundary of its own, and each house or family had a garden or a part of one for its own use and enjoyment. On entering the winding road leading to each cluster of houses, we found them so skillfully disposed as to be scarcely visible to each other, and yet near together. Hedges of flowering plants divided the gardens.

Having passed through several of these villages, bearing the names of Harmony, Retreat, &c., we ascended the hill to the great reservoir, or lake, by which the palaces and fountains were supplied with water. Thence we passed to the right to the agricultural village. This place was quite a novelty to me. Like the city, economy of space, and beauty and appropriateness of construction, characterize it. The country people were as proud and contented with it as the citizens of their city; and not without reason, as although for the first time in country life their village was made attractive by the intellectual advantages usually accorded to cities, still the peculiar enjoyments of country life were heightened by the skill, economy, cleanliness, and completeness of their farm and garden operations. These intellectual blessings were increased in addition to practical science, by the recreation of the lecture-room and the theater, together with, at reasonable intervals, that most necessary of recreations, dancing, and other healthful amusements in moderation, at which

the young of both sexes learn those social habits of polite intercourse which improve and harmonize the human being.

I would willingly minutely describe the agricultural village, but I have not time.

Dion pointed out to me some villagers who used to live isolated in the woods far from society and intellectual intercourse. Their children were rude, heavy-looking, even sulky. They were now bright, pleasing, and happy. Their knowledge of their business was scientific, whether relating to the soil, the fruits, or cattle. And they were always learning—for science is inexhaustible; and instead of all monotonous labor or all reckless pleasure, labor had become pleasure, and amusement, like sleep, a necessary part of the recreation of body and mind, to fit them for the next day's toil. Another time, perhaps, I may look into their dairies, their stables, their barns, their orchards, their manure-heaps—each and all were worthy of study. One beautiful garden surrounded their buildings; but their farms were otherwise distributed, each one possessing his own under arrangements which enabled him to engage the assistance of his neighbors; for on the farm, above all things, as much or even more than in commerce, an association of many hands is required to its proper cultivation—one man, or one man and his family, are insufficient. Labor and capital must always be united. Hence on these village farms the cultivation seemed perfection; no want of manure, no slovenly work, no weeds, no bad roads, no wretched barns, and stables, and miserable make-shifts. The implements were taken care of, and everything was applied just as it should be to produce the best results.

We returned by the cars to the city, well fatigued, and stepping, as night came on, upon the steamer, to return home, we sought a little rest. It was not possible. As we sat on deck, we admired the lighting of the avenues and palaces. It was a fairy scene. From the second and third stories were elegant balconies of marble or stone, along which were artistic yet massive lamps, which shed a brilliant light around and below them. These, it was understood, were thus placed high up to diffuse the light more equally. The windows of the stores shone out, too, in all their glory. And as we quitted the piers, illuminated as in the day, every feature of the scene seemed as clear and distinct as when we arrived in the morning. Thus the evening of our visit had its attractions, too, and seemed but a part of a prolonged festival.

For the Herald of Progress.

## Scenes in the Far West.

BY J. LEANDER STARR.

NUMBER THREE.

## WABOJEEG;

OR,

## THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

This celebrated chief was born, as nearly as can be ascertained, about the year 1747. His father, Ma-mongazida, was, by a singular and romantic incident, a half brother of the father of Wabashaw, a celebrated Sioux chief. Ma-mongazida was the ruling chief during the war of the conquest of the Canadas by the British, the fast friend of the French government, and was present with his warriors, under Montcalm, at the capture of Quebec, in 1759. The true secret of the efforts of the northern and western Indians to sustain the French forces menaced in 1744 by the fleets and armies of England, was that the *Habitants*, or native Canadians, had in numerous cases taken the daughters of the red men for wives, and reared large families, thus constituting a strong bond of union between the two races. Indian traditions are filled with the name of Wabojeeq and his wars. He was emphatically the defender of the Chippewas, domain against the efforts of other branches of the red race.

Wabojeeq first distinguished himself, and vindicated by his personal bravery the ancient reputation of his family, in his war with the Menomones, aided by the French; and to maintain his position he formed an alliance with the Sioux and fought by their side. The history of Wabojeeq's relationship to the father of Wabashaw is this: While the Sioux and Chippewas were living in amity with each other, feasting each other, and mutually occupying the same hunting-ground in common, a distinguished Sioux chief adored and was married to a Chippewa girl, by whom he had two sons. When war broke out between these nations, those of the Sioux who had married Chippewa women withdrew, some taking their wives with them—others separating from them. Among the latter was the Sioux chief. As the blood of the Sioux flowed in the veins of her two sons, it was not safe for her to have them remain with the Chippewas, and they accompanied their father. The eldest of these sons became the father of Wabashaw. The divorced wife of the Sioux chief—at first sad and inconsolable—while she was young and handsome, became the wife of a Chippewa chief. Her first child by this second marriage was Ma-mongazida, the father of Wabojeeq, the former of these being present in the great action in which Montcalm and Wolfe both fell. Ma-mongazida generally went to make his fall hunts on the grounds towards the Sioux territory, taking with him all his near relatives, who, with children, amounted to about twenty persons. Early one morning, while the young men were preparing for the chase, they were startled by the report of several shots directed towards the lodge. In the first emotion of surprise,

and with scarce time to fly to their arms, another volley was fired, wounding one man.

Ma-mongazida immediately saluted out with his young men and pronouncing his name aloud in the Sioux language, demanded if Wabasha or his brother were among the assailants? The firing instantly ceased—a pause ensued—when a tall figure, in a war-dress, with a profusion of feathers upon his head, stepped forward and presented his hand. It was the elder Wabasha, his half brother. The Sioux followed their leader into the lodge upon which they had the moment before directed their shots. At the instant the Sioux chief entered, it was necessary to stoop a little in passing the door. In the act of stooping, he received a blow from a war-club wielded by a small boy, who had posted himself there for the purpose. It was the young Wabojeeq. Wabasha, pleased with this early indication of courage took the child in his arms, caressed him, pronounced that he would become a brave man, and prove a powerful enemy of the Sioux.

He accompanied his father in his border warfare, and thus became early initiated in the arts of war. In these pursuits he took the ordinary lessons of Indian young men, in abstinence, suffering, danger, and endurance of fatigue. He possessed a tall and commanding person, with a full black piercing eye and the usual features of his countrymen. At the age of twenty-two he was already a war-leader.

For several facts embodied in the preceding remarks, I am indebted to an excellent work on Indians, chiefly on the language of the tribes, published in 1848.

Wabojeeq's character was bold and daring, but false and heartless. He married a young girl named Hanpa-meetob, (green moccasins) and by her had two children. They had plenty, and wanted nothing, and the first years of their marriage passed happily away. The first thing that broke in upon that happiness was the rumor that her husband was about to take a new wife. She was much attached to him, and it was madness to her, the thought of sharing his affections with another. Her remonstrances, however, were all in vain. Like Napoleon I, in repudiating Josephine, he pleaded *state reasons*. He was now become a great chief, and he argued that he would have greater influence with his tribe if he took the daughter of a chief. She then fled to her father's lodge, taking her two children with her. The whole band soon moved up the Mississippi to their hunting-ground, and then she and her children accompanied Wabojeeq, with some other chiefs, and some of the tribes under his rule remained.

Here they wintered, and when spring came, they returned to the banks of the river. They mended and fitted up their canoes, and embarking their stock of furs, descended to the Falls of St. Anthony. On the morning of their embarkation, Hanpa-meetob lingered behind. She then put her canoe in the water, and embarked with her two children. As she approached the Falls, the increasing velocity of the current rendered the paddle useless. She held hers suspended in her hands while she arose and uttered her deep and plaintive lament.

"My heart was bound up in him, and he was all the world to me. But he has left me for another, and life is now a burden which I cannot bear. Even my children add to my grief—they look so much like him. How can I support life, when all its moments are bitter? I have lifted up my voice to the Master of Life. I have asked him to take back that life which he gave, and I no longer wish. I am on the current that hastens to fulfill my prayer. I see the white foam of the water. It is my shroud. I hear the deep murmur from below. It is my funeral song. Farewell!"

It was too late to arrest her course. She had approached too near the abyss before discovered. They beheld her enter the foam—they saw the canoe for an instant on the verge, and then disappear forever! Such was the end of Wabojeeq's first wife, Hanpa-meetob. It is no way touched his cruel nature.

It was on a beautiful and bright morning in the month of October, when were assembled at Makoco-ska-walpa, one of the camping-grounds of the Sioux nation, a large gathering of the Ogalalas, a tribe of this nation. Their chief, Tota-chou, (red-eagle,) was a young man of twenty-eight—tall and erect—with a piercing eye, which well entitled him to the name of eagle, and a countenance of unusual intelligence. They were all ornamented with their war-paint, and were fully armed for a foray. They were seated around a large fire, and as the dawn of morning revealed their savage and war-like countenances, the tableau was terrific and interesting. Strict silence prevailed among this gathering of some four hundred warriors. It is remarkable, that in these savage hordes there is more real discipline, a more decided and prompt obedience to the mandate of the chief—more deference to his absolute authority—than can be found in the best regulated armies of civilized European nations. They were free from all restlessness and impatience, awaiting the return of some scouts who had been sent out the previous evening.

Soon two of these scouts returned, and, in the most calm and unimpassioned manner, seated themselves among the warriors. Several moments passed, and then Tota-chou raised erect his tall and commanding person, and said, "What have our brothers discovered? What have they to tell us? Speak!" One of the scouts then related that they had discovered, about ten miles distant, a large body of the Chippewas, and had recognized Wabojeeq as their leader. Fierce yell then rent the air, and the warriors rose and waved their war-clubs. The order for an advance was

soon given by their young chief, and they progressed in small squads of about fifty each, a distance of about one hundred feet being preserved between each squad. In about two hours an order was given to halt, and the camp-fires were lighted, some buffalo meat and deer were dressed, and the repast proceeded with. Then were detailed a party of twenty well chosen warriors as a reconnaissance, and on their departure the main body were lying about in all directions, most of them enjoying the luxury of smoking, which seems to be equally enjoyed in our day by the most aristocratic cavalier and the rudest savage.

This advance guard soon came within sight of the forested lodge of the Chippewas, and as their approach was noticed by the scouts of that tribe, a hand-to-hand engagement soon took place, and as the numbers were about equal on each side, the battle was fierce and bloody. A number were killed on either side, but the Ogalalas were forced to retreat, and mad with victory, the Chippewas pursued them some distance. At last the Ogalalas raised the war whoop of their tribe, and the reserve sprang out and rushed to the rescue, and drove back the advance of the enemy. Soon the din of battle was heard on all sides, and the main bodies of both hostile tribes were engaged in a fearful conflict. After the battle had lasted for five hours, Wabojeeq, the chief, and leader of the Chippewas, who was not known to be in command until now, found himself face to face with Tota-chou, the chief of the Ogalalas.

It was a sight to behold! these two brave and distinguished warriors in a hand-to-hand fight! Their war clubs were wielded with a fierce dexterity, but in all that calmness and self-possession which men who feel and know their power, are always sustained by. For half an hour the skill was equal on both sides, and the issue of the combat uncertain. Hundreds of both tribes who got a sight of this duel by an almost involuntary motion ceased to fight, and gazed on the spectacle with rapt attention. In fact near the spot were spectators, and seemed as if bound by a spell. It was only those at a distance who kept up the battle. At last Wabojeeq was felled to the ground by the club of Tota-chou, and as the victor retired a few paces to repose from his great efforts, a rush was made by the remainder of the Chippewas near the spot, and they raised the body of their chief who kept up the battle. At last Wabojeeq was felled to the ground by the club of Tota-chou, and as the victor retired a few paces to repose from his great efforts, a rush was made by the remainder of the Chippewas near the spot, and they raised the body of their chief who kept up the battle. At last Wabojeeq was felled to the ground by the club of Tota-chou, and as the victor retired a few paces to repose from his great efforts, a rush was made by the remainder of the Chippewas near the spot, and they raised the body of their chief who kept up the battle.

The second night after they had commenced their retreat, he had considerable fever, and was greatly irritated, and when placed in his wigwam for the night, ordered that he be left alone, and that no one should enter during the night—an order which he knew, *coming from him*, would be obeyed.

His anger, his deep mortification at being foiled, as he said, by a boy of twenty-eight, his pain, all kept sleep from his eyes.

It was about ten o'clock when he saw a female form enter his wigwam. His indignation at this violation of his strict orders was at first furious; but ere he could give expression to it, he recognized in the intruder, Hanpa-Meetob, his first wife.

She approached near him, and he fully recognized her dress, her face, her movements. But when she spoke to him, he trembled, and all his past guilt and cruelty flashed across his agitated mind. The word—the single word—she spoke, was, beware! but her solemn manner in speaking this word, struck him with awe. She was not three feet from him—she gazed directly in his face—her arm was uplifted, and she pointed to him in a firm and retributive manner. Ere he could reply, she had vanished.

The following day the disabled and now disconcerted chief was sullen and thoughtful, and his irritability increased as night drew near.

On this evening he gave no orders to be left alone, but on the contrary, commanded that two of the young braves of his tribe, whom he designated, should remain in his wigwam and keep him company all night, and amuse him.

He even ordered in some refreshments and some whiskey. None knew of the visit of Hanpa-Meetob from the spirit-land to her cruel and perfidious husband, but all were surprised at his changed manner.

On this night, finding he could not sleep, and fearing that he might again be visited by the apparition of his wife, he said to Mina-haska, (one of the young men who sat up with him) "Come! do not be stupid. If I cannot sleep, at least amuse me while I am awake. Recite to me something to occupy my thoughts." Mina-haska, thus commanded, related the following Legend:

"There was once a very beautiful young girl who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was brave also, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she died, there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the woman had buried her, and sat musing there, instead of trying to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts to the war-path. But war and hunting had both lost their charms for him. His heart was dead within him. He laid aside both his war-

club and his bow and arrows. He had heard the old people say that there was a path that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests and hills, and valleys and streams had the same look which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance; the leaves put forth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found himself surrounded by spring. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild; the dark clouds of winter had rolled away; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the songs of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders and a staff in his hands.

"The young Chippewayan began to tell his story, but the old man stopped him before he had proceeded to speak ten words. 'I have expected you,' he replied, and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She whom you seek passed here but a few days since, and being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will satisfy your enquiries, and give you directions for your journey from this point.' Having done this, they both issued forth to the lodge-door. 'You see yonder gulph?' said he, 'and the wide-stretching blue plain beyond? It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle and your dog. You will find them safe on your return.' So saying, he reentered the lodge, and the freed traveller bounded forward as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path with a freedom and a confidence which seemed to tell him there was no blood shed here. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves and sported on the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were in fact but the souls or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows. When he had travelled half a day's journey through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the centre of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone, fastened to the shore. He was now sure that he had come the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe and took the paddles in his hands, when to his joy and surprise, on turning round, he beheld the object of his search in another canoe exactly its counterpart in everything. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from shore and began to cross the lake.

"Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallow them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them, they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed, than another more threatening still rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear, and what added to it, was the *clearness of the water* through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones laid strewn on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females of all ages and ranks were there; some passed and some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves. At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leapt out on the happy island. They felt that the very air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests—there was no ice, no chilly winds—no one shivered for the want of warm clothes; no one suffered from hunger—no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals, for the air itself was their food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice in a soft breeze. 'Go back,' said this voice, 'to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you must observe will be told you by my messenger.'

## THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ger who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body he will tell you what to do. Listen to him and you shall afterwards rejoin the spirit which you must now leave behind. She is accepted, and will be forever here, as young and happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows.<sup>2</sup>

During the recital of this Indian legend, Wabojeg fell asleep, and when it was concluded, both the young braves retired to a remote corner, but dared not sleep, lest their dreaded chief should suddenly awake and need them.

(To be Continued.)

## Of Writers and Speakers.

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

F. L. Wadsworth speaks in Boston, Nov. 2 and 9; Taunton, Nov. 16, 23, and 30.

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 Seaside, Conn.

Dr. H. P. 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. 38 Collins street, St. Louis, Mo.

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

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will speak in Somers, Conn., the first four Sundays in November; in Providence, R. I., during December.

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Philadelphia during November. Address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., 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 persons and prescriptions for the sick.

N. Frank White will lecture in Springfield, Mass., the five Sundays at Marblehead, Mass., Dec. 7 and 14; Quincy, Mass., Dec. 21 and 28; Taunton, Mass., Jan. 4 and 11; Putnam, Conn., through February; Philadelphia, Pa., through March.

Mrs. L. E. A. DeForce Gordon will lecture in 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.

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

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

## Travelers' Guide.

## RAILROAD LINES.

ERIE RAILWAY.—Leave Pavonia Ferry, foot of Chambers street, 6 A. M.; Mail for Elmira, 7 A. M.; Express for Buffalo, 12:15 P. M.; Accommodation, 3 P. M.; Express for Dunkirk and Buffalo; 7 P. M.; Elmira for Dunkirk.

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

NEW JERSEY 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—Leave foot of Cortlandt st., 6 A. M., 12 M., and 6 P. M.

NEW HAVEN R.—Leave corner 27th street and 4th avenue for New Haven, 7, 8 (Ex.) A. M., 12:15 P. M., 4:30 and 6 (Ex.) P. M., for Boston, 8 A. M. and 2:30 P. M.

HARLEM R.—Leave corner 26th street and 4th avenue, for Albany, 8 A. M.

LONG ISLAND R.—Leave Jamesport and foot of 6th street, East River, 5 A. M., 3:30, 4:30 and 6 P. M.; for Flushing, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10:45 A. M.; 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7 P. M.

## STEAMBOAT LINES.

FOR BOSTON VIA

NEWPORT AND FALL RIVER—Steamer Empire State—Monday, Wednesday and Friday; Metropolis Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; 3 P. M., Pier 3 North River.

STONINGTON LINE—Steamers Commonwealth and Plymouth Rock—4 P. M., Pier No. 18 North River, foot of Cortlandt street.

NORWICH LINE—City of Boston and City of New York—5 P. M., Pier No. 39 North River, foot of Vesey street.

FOR ALBANY,

Steamer New World—Leave Isaac Newton, foot of Cortlandt street, daily at 6 P. M.

Merchants Line—By Van Winkle—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, foot of Robinson street, 6 P. M.

Day Boat—Armenia—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, foot of Harris street, 7 A. M.

Day Boat—Daniel Drew—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, Jay street pier and 30th street, 7 A. M.

FOR ALBANY AND TROY,

Steamer Francis Shidley—Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday, Hendrik Hudson—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6 P. M., Pier No. 15 North River, foot of Liberty street, below Cortlandt.

FOR NEW HAVEN—Steamer Continental leaves daily at 3:15 P. M., from Peck slip, Esac River.

FOR HARTFORD—City of Hartford and Granite State—Peek slip daily at 4 P. M.

FOR BRIDGEPORT—Steamer Bridgeport—Pier No. 26 East River, 12 M.

## STRANGERS,

## N. Y. CITY DIRECTORY

## SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

LAMARTINE HALL, cor. 29th St. and 8th av. Sunday, 10:30 A. M. Conference every Wednesday 7:30 P. M.

## SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS.

Mrs. W. R. Hayden, 66 West 14th St., west corner 6th avenue.

J. B. Conklin, 599 Broadway, 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

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Mrs. E. Morris, 599 Broadway. Office hours 9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7 to 9.

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Dr. John Scott, 407 4th St.

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J. E. Clark (Electro) 54 West 26th St.

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Dr. I. Wheeler, 175 W. Beecker St., 8½ to 11 A. M. I to 3 and 7 to 9, P. M.

Mrs. Forest Whiting, No. 69 3d av. 9 to 12, A. M. I to 3, P. M.

Mrs. Alma D. Giddings, 238 Greene St.

Dr. A. C. Cornell, Medical Clairvoyant and Electro-Magnetic Physician, 21 West Thirteenth St.

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