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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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Theological Investigation.

"Fair Truth" for thee alone we seek!
Friend to the wise, supporter to the weak,
From thee we learn what'er is wise and just,
Urge us to reject what is false and untrue.
Forms to despise, pretensions to deride;
And, following thee, to follow naught beside."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Necessity of Christianity.

LETTERS FROM A MINISTER TO A. J. DAVIS,

ON THE DIVINE INCARNATION.

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 24, 1862.

C. J. T.—Your lines, which contain a grand truth, are in the hands of "the critic," who will report in due time.

Whispers to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

A. P. A., LaPORTE.—No index or title-page to our bound volumes 1 and 2 of HERALD OF PROGRESS has been prepared.

POEMS DECLINED.—"Guardian Angels"; "Nature's Works are Beautiful"; "A Wreath," "Lines for the Times"; "The Birth of Freedom,"

"De Vere," MICHIGAN.—Thanks for "The Sunbeam," "Why?" and "The Temple and the People."

B. B., NORRISTOWN, PA.—Your letter and poems are received. We rejoice that the consolations of Spiritualism are yours in the sadness of bereavement.

C. H. L., BUFFALO, N.Y.—Intercourse with the spirit-world is more frequent and convincing than ever before. This is the morning of that clearer day which has dawned upon the dismal night of old theology.

N. C. MC.R.—We have decided not to publish "Why my Aunt Never Married." We are not quite certain to what address you would like to have it sent. Please let us know.

C. C. M., CHICAGO, ILL.—You say that you were "as unhappy one year ago as you can be, and that now you are more miserable." This reminds us of the Irish editor, who, speaking of Ireland's miseries, said: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full."

MRS. H. A. B. GALLION.—Let the Spirit of Beauty ever whisper of the good time coming, and bid thy imaginings ever rise into the realms of immortal bloom.

Pine-trees swing their odorous chime,
Palm-trees lift their plump pine,
In the ever-Eden time,
Over there!"

MRS. FRANCES LORD BOND, writing from Sturgeon Bay, Wis., October 24, says: "Hearing that there were Spiritualists in Pensaukee, a place six miles from Oconto, I called there to 'glad my eyes' with the sight of a live, genuine Spiritualist. This circumstance brought me to Sturgeon Bay, to find in the family of Mr. Ezra Stevens, composed of his wife, a mother, and sister, Spiritualists in more than the name—a rare sight in this region of country. The sister, Miss Cahoon (Lottie) is a writing impressionistic medium. Last evening the following lines were given, through 'Lottie.' The names, Willie, Belle, and Lucy, which appear in the poetry, are the names of my spirit children. Lucy, who purports to be the author, is the eldest of them."

THE SPIRIT-CHILD'S APPEAL TO HER EARTH-MOTHER.

Listen, mother, while we tell
Where we tiny spirits dwell,
Where we live, and what we do—
What sometimes do for you,
When the shadows come and go,
As they often do, we know,

Then we come and scatter flowers
From our bright-elysian bower—
Twine them o'er thy forehead fair,
Wreath them with thy myrtle there;

Then we come and whisper near
What we wish no one to hear—
Whisper of the Better Land,

Where are all thy angel-hand;

And we tell thee of the joy

That is thine without alloy:

Try to tell in pleasing chime

What even we can do in time.

And, dear mother, can you think

What to earth our spirits link?

'Tis the golden chain of love,

Bringing to our world above

The mother we all love so well,

From Willie down to little Belle,

And we think she'll teach us how

To labor on her planet now—

Help us our earth-law fulfill,

Live up here and work there still.

Teach us, mother, what to do,

That we may progress with you,

That when our best work is done,

We shall know our home is won—

Know in Spirit Land we'll be

An unbroken family.

LUCY.

FIRST LETTER ON THE INCARNATION.

DEAR SIR: Hidden far beneath the dry incrustations of religious mimicry and formalism; deeply concealed within the tender shoots of the true but misdirected spirituality which alone redeems the devastated Church of the present day; more interior than the superficial vision of modern skepticism, which feeds upon the dry epidermis of Truth merely; more profound than the revealments of modern Spiritualism; yea, deeper far than all or any of these things, lies the essential truth of Christianity.

Mankind, mighty in the realm of science, and rapidly maturing in worldly power and wisdom, are mere children in spiritual knowledge and perception. Therefore their religion, whatever of interior life and power it may possess with a few, is to the many a grand traditional dogmatism, devoid of life, and unable to think. The interior and regenerating knowledge of God is woefully defective; so

that many, in their first moments of alarm at the discovery of this defect, have concluded that such knowledge is impossible to man.

Whatever significance this fact of spiritual ignorance may possess, as connected with the doctrine of the fall of man, the remedy and its mode of application are the same: gentle teachings, faithful leadership, the steady elucidation of the great and central spiritual truths by minds thoroughly prepared for the work.

No subject, perhaps, would better illustrate these remarks than the one upon which I have chosen to address you; none so completely covers the contested ground among all parties. It is the foundation-stone of the Christian religion, the stumbling-block of the skeptic, and the scorn of the philosopher. The Divine Incarnation is, moreover, painfully illustrative of the condition of the so-called Christian mind, since its grand significance has been reduced by the Church to the pigny dimensions of a Jewish sacrifice; and the fact, being barely received by minds interiorly dark and cold, has been tortured into meanings monstrous and absurd. Thus the external life of the Lord Jesus (for as such I shall speak of him in these letters) has been held estimable chiefly on account of his high moral qualities and his physical sufferings! The grand idea which that life was obviously designed to teach, viz., the spiritual union of humanity with the eternal Father, in bonds so close, so perfect, so harmonious, as to transform, transmute, and transfigure it into a shape of divine beauty, infused with an infinite love—this grand representation, we say, has been altogether lost. So of other features, likewise, of which we shall speak in the proper place.

The whole subject has undergone deterioration on the same stupendous scale; and in the observations herein to be offered concerning the Incarnation, we do not undertake to defend or palliate any of these dilutions of a truth in itself pure, lofty, and of universal significance.

If you have any truth, either celestial or terrestrial, which I have not, but which you think I ought to possess for my own and the world's good, I pray you delay not in presenting it. At the head of our Journal you will find this motto: "For the Discovery and Application of Truth."

If you can demonstrate the necessity of Christianity as it is generally received and understood among what are styled "evangelical Christians," you will accomplish a great work for those who need the demonstration.

Again let me assure you that your sincere reflections will be welcomed and hospitably entertained by

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 30, 1862.

A. J. DAVIS, Esq., DEAR SIR: Your very kind letter was duly received. I cannot pass the spirit of courtesy displayed in it without the deserved acknowledgment. I send herewith the first of my letters upon the "Incarnation."

... Five or six letters, I think, will be required to complete the expression of my views upon the subject under consideration. I hope they will be welcome to you.

You will at once see that it is not my intention to "demonstrate the necessity of Christianity as it is generally received and understood among what are styled 'evangelical Christians,'" that is a task that I would neither undertake myself, nor wish any other person to attempt. The dissolution of "evangelical Christianity" is what I think I see prominent, most prominent, among the signs of the times. But there is another "Christianity," toward which I look with brighter hopes. In these letters to you, I shall aim to sketch its outlines roughly. Sincerely yours,

R. NORMAN FOSTER.

CHARLES KINGSLEY pens the following fare-

well:

"My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and
gray;

Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, nor dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,

One grand, sweet song."

NEVER waste anything—not even advice.

Pulpit and Rostrum.

"Every one's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems, at the time, to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new."

For the Herald of Progress.
Contents and Career of Divine Ideas.

BY SELDEN J. FINNEY.

Our success in the elimination of the contents and career of "Divine Ideas" is dependent on our present ability to get into the "divine circuits," to blend with the tides of universal life, to harmonize with the current rivers of celestial magnetism, as oceans flow, as suns revolve, as the world sings. Once thus in harmony with the methods and rhythm of the universe, its music sings through our hearts, we float onward in the sunbeams of the Great Purpose, and read, through the eyes of Omnipotence itself, the vast significance of Nature. Nothing less is demanded of us who would fitly speak of this sublime subject so as to echo the utterances of the gods. Nor can it be concealed that this high estate is attainable only through the steady and continuous culture of our spiritual nobility, whose divine baptism alone is adequate to still the clamors of the blood and elevate the emotions of the body till they chime with the music of the spheres. Only, therefore, by the elimination of our material opacity can the divine ray shine through us destitute of shadow. May the blessed above conciliate for us, so far as in them lies, the conditions of this high estate.

It is not given to negation to move the world. Theoretical Atheism has never yet organized any substantial and beneficent movement of history. An inevitable, underived faith, in the Great Purpose of the world, lies at the basis of all the great movements of millenniums. A universal negation, as the denial of Divinity, never produced the exodus of the Jews from bondage, never built the ruined of Nineveh, of Thebes, of Karnac, of Luxor; never started science and philosophy in Greece; did not construct the empire of Rome, nor unfold the civilization of modern Europe, nor discover and people America, nor organize the sentiment of liberty into the Constitution of our country. It is only faith that can inspire the race to such deeds; a faith which is not based on objective things, but which is central in the soul of the race, which never becomes crushed under the lumber of conflicting creeds and superstitions, which never vacillates with the transformations of opinions or empires, nor drifts backward, cold and lifeless, into the dead past; but which, tethered fast to the throne of eternal principles, rises amid the experimental failures of historic effort, and proclaims a sublime conquest possible to whatever nation or person deserves it.

Every necessary deed of common life is the confession of this faith. We do not fear in walking lest the earth beneath our feet should vanish into vapor, and leave us to an eternal fall through bottomless space. Every breath we draw is an organic confession of faith in the vital and beneficent power of the air, while each effort at scientific discovery and philosophical reflection is demonstration of unavoidable faith in the unity, and significance, and purpose of Nature. Universal human life proceeds under the lead of this intuitive faith. In short, all the struggles of history are illustrations of indestructible faith (not belief merely) in the divine unity, beneficence, and reason of things.

The character of this central intuition is absolute, like the genius of the world. It asks no liberty of our will to appear in us. Indeed it is the throne of will itself; for without faith there is no will, for to will is to confess confidence in power. The absolute character of this faith is clearly seen also in the last possible effort of negativism, viz.: in the denial of one's own existence—as, I do not exist. Analyze this negation, which is the most intensely negative of all possible denials, and you get for the first term this ego, which thus insanely tries in vain to get out of and away from itself. The statement begins with the affirmation of the being of the I, which is equivalent to the affirmation of the objective world also; for we do not come to know that we are until we distinguish ourselves from what is not ourselves, and what must be, therefore, objective to ourselves. Hence I say, faith in ourselves and in the world is inevitable. We cannot escape its presence or its pressure.

But not only have we this absolute faith in the existence of ourselves and of the outward world, but by its very nature it compels ac-

knowledge of the divine or benevolent purpose of both. It is faith in the intrinsic goodness and glory of being. No one can divorce himself from this primal intuition, for it is the groundwork of his very consciousness. Man does not act till he is, and he does not know that he acts until he *knows* that he is; and all his voluntary acts take place under the impulsion of this sublime faith in the essential divinity of power. Why has not the historic effort ceased amid the ruins of ancient empire, and the career of civilization come to a period in the graves of buried nations? Because at the heart of the world sits this serene, unshaken angel of the covenant—Faith, “calmly fronting the morrow in the greatness of that trust which carries God with it, and so hath the whole future in the bottom of its heart.” This creative genius, out of the ruins of seeming failure evokes the splendid civilizations of the world. In its center there resides the conscious divine purpose, else why so calm and sublime amid the storms of centuries? Centuries must elapse, perhaps ere we can evolve the contents of this faith into philosophic statement; but when we do this we shall find it the plenipotentiary of Omnipotence, commissioned to preside over the historic career of a peopled universe. In the phrase of ancient Scripture it is thus: “For God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.” * * * And this is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.” Faith is the intuition of the divine purpose, the primal revelation of the great system of things. *It is Nature arisen into consciousness of its own trustworthiness.*

This faith is the centripetal, or centostantial tendency, as opposed to the circumstantial, or centrifugal tendency. It is pivotal, interior in its statics; primal, profound, and spontaneous in its dynamics. The so-called faults of religiondom—of factitious theology—bear no more resemblance to this than the machine which man builds and turns bears to the spontaneous mechanics of Nature, or than the unconscious quiverings of a galvanized corpse’s muscles “resemble the living and spontaneous throbs of an impassioned organism.” The former are like the mummies of Egypt, which resemble each other only in being cold and dead, and entombed beneath dust-covered altars; while the latter, like the genius of life, peoples history with the creations of progress, and, like the sun in the heavens, quickens the bosom of humanity with the central fires of the world. The former differ as climate and country differ, the latter is the same on the mountains of Caucasus and in the forests of America—in the heart of the Mohammedan and in the breast of a Christian.

These devotees of factitious beliefs, miscalculate, when acting from those beliefs, anathematize each other for a time, but at last this primal and spontaneous faith makes its power felt in the hearts of these religionists, until at length a trace to their childish struggles, even if it be only to take breath, or to facilitate commerce, is an announcement by each of reliance in the honor and trustworthiness of the other, which “being interpreted,” is faith in the God in humanity. A world half-full of liars could not destroy man’s intrinsic reliance in human nature, for while man is he must trust himself, his essential nature and organic aims. If John deceive us, we lose no particle of faith in essential nature thereby, but only in an especial form of its application to temporary affairs. Here, then, is the foundation of personal, social, commercial, national, and universal confidence. It is because man has faith in himself, that he believes in his fellow. He attempts marriage, society, government, laws, commerce, religion, science, and philosophy, because of this faith. He could essay neither were his bosom bare of its prolific power. It is the vital magnetism of this brooding presence that warms the latent germs of promise into the full fructified triumphs of genius and civilization.

And though this faith is the most constant, and operative, and utilitarian of all powers, it is at the same time the most transcendental, and spiritual, and sublime of ideas. Though it is the toiling genius of history carrying bricks, and mortar, and stone; though it organizes armies through Caesar, and Hannibal, and Napoleon; and though it found empires and republics through Charlemagne and Washington; though it builds the pyramids of Egypt and establishes the governments and societies of the world; though it develops navies and whitens the ocean with the commerce of the globe, it is yet the most occult, profound, and abstract of sentiments—the most absolute and authoritative of laws, and the most enduring substance. It is the golden girdle that spans the empire of appearances; the chain of divine logic that makes events consecutive; and the tether that holds man fast at once to his fellow and to the Heart of Eternal Love. It is absolute, asking no liberty of our volition to appear in us; central, holding us together; universal, alike in all spirits; infinite, being the law of the relations of things; eternal, being the property of such relationship, the spirit of which is Love.

Will the Spiritual skeptic tell us that this faith cannot be trusted? that it is a delusion? How then can he trust his denial of its trustworthiness? Has our Atheist no faith in his own denial of all faith? Hence it is seen that this Idea of trust is inevitable; we cannot escape from its power even in the most dogged theistical Atheism. It is taken for granted in all the affairs of the world; and as it presupposes the essential goodness or divinity of the universe, and also the trustworthiness of our own being, it constitutes in itself the primary revelation of the Divine Idea—Infinite Power, Love, Will, and Wisdom. Until this Idea can be wrench from its seat in the consciousness of man, absolute Atheism stands

no sort of chance of even temporary success in the affairs of this life. Call it a delusion, if you are insane enough; but remember that a greater and more fatal delusion is, to put faith in the delusion of its denial.

The great question which this train of reflection calls up is relative to the object of this faith. Granting its primary, intuitive, and inevitable character, has it, after all, any commensurate divine object? If it has not, then it is a lie; and if it be false, then nothing in man can be trusted, and thus farewell to the glory of being.

It is to be remembered that this faith in its essential nature is not childish confidence in specialties in this or that limited fact of sensuous observation, but is a sublime trust in the genius of Nature—is implicit reliance on the Divinity of the world.

Faith in existence is trust in the relations of existence, and therefore in the unity of all things. And this idea of the systematic unity of Nature, is not derivable from the limited observation of external things; for experimental science has only just begun the examination of the world. True, so far as it has gone, it finds the fact of existence demonstrative of the truth of this Idea; but it has gone but a very little way into the empire of immensity, while, on the other hand, this Idea of unity is an axiom of the reason, necessary and universal, which makes the scientific study of Nature possible. The power of comparison, native to the reason, presupposes this systematic unity of Nature; for whatsoever things stood in no relation to each other, could not be compared. To be comparable, they must possess some qualities in common to each other and to the comparing mind. Explanation of anything is elucidation of its connections or relations. If the planet Saturn stood in no relation to the sun, to the earth, or to the observer on the earth, it could not be known at all.

Isolation precludes science. But the very existence of the analogical power or faculty of mind, takes for granted the universal law of analogy. This law is the standard of scientific observation and induction, and cannot, therefore, be the product or result of the observation itself. It is the law of induction itself, and is furnished by the transcendental and interpretative reason. Primarily it governs—not arises from—observation. This law, it is true, is confirmed by observation, but it is the primal and direct intuition of the properties and principles of the law itself, by the reason, that makes science possible. It is, rather, the regulative law of reason itself, or shall I not say it is the essence and method of reason?

Here then we rest secure on that innate faith in the laws of reason and of the universe, whose existence makes science and philosophy possible. We cannot choose but trust in them, for they compose us. Who can distract an axiom of mathematics? And what is the science of mathematics? It is only the exponent of relations, and consequently the elucidation of analogy. Its great problem is to show the connection between unity and plurality, or in other phrase, the relations of “being and appearance,” of phenomena and substance.

As, therefore, we are by our constitution and relations to the world, incapable of universal or even of a general negativism, it follows that this faith is the demonstration of the reality of being and its laws. For this Idea is, first, necessary—we can do nothing without it; and second, it is universal—all history takes it for granted; and third, it is inevitable: we cannot escape from its presence and pressure. Therefore we are, the world is, and hence we stand in definite and sympathetic relations to the world. This dissipates the metaphysical fog which some thinkers of modern Europe have raised on the question of the origin of Ideas. Some of them have so divorced their intellect from their spiritual intuitions, as to question the existence of any objective world, trying to resolve it into an Idea. But such seem not to understand that an Idea is the only substantial and eternal substance in being.

Suns may roll out from the vortex of Nature, planets may roll off from suns, and all may, by the law of reaction, go back again to the Great Fountain of Life and Substance; but the Ideas which are the laws and principles governing their career can never change. Men talk as if continents were solid and enduring; but every continent on earth has heaved up and down, above and beneath the ocean, like the waves of the deep, while the law of analogy, sympathy, or affinity, which is an idea of impersonal reason, holds its unshaken sway throughout the boundless empire of imminency.

Ideas are primal revelations in the spirit of man, of the essential truths or principles of eternal and impersonal Reason. They are essences and laws of the universe, arisen through the process of creation into consciousness in man. Their authority is absolute and inappealable. They govern governments, furnish the law of laws, and sit in judgment on the institution and career of populous worlds. They are positively the only substantial or eternal things. They know no time or place, but make both time and place possible. They are infinite, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, all beautiful and self-evident. They are divine, supreme, sublime.

This innate faith, whose sublime function I would celebrate, springs from an idea, viz.: the trustworthiness of the genius or Spirit of Nature. [There is no *super-nature* possible in a Universe of Eternal Life.] And this is the doctrine of the Divinity of the system of Nature. The analysis of consciousness, or of history, shows us this inevitable trust, as the sign of the security, permanence, and beneficence of the powers of the world. It is

therefore based upon a principle of eternal and impersonal reason. Its authority is supreme, its function divine. It holds us fast to the center and throne of life; it binds us with cords of sympathy to the Eternal Love. It is the element of universal love itself, which in us beats responsive to the Great Public Heart.

Its existence and vast power in us, intimates its source and fountain in Infinite Spirit. For what is it we trust? Not our personality certainly; for that is subservient to its absolute beliefs. Neither is it the forms of phenomena out of us; for these are secondary and relative, and presuppose the primary and absolute. It is, then, the absolute Love, Law, Light, Wisdom, and Beauty which this faith implies and intimates, and in the consciousness of whose sublime existence, permanence and presence, the Soul of Humanity lifts itself upward from savagism toward the realm of the supernatural. For an instant withdraws the veil which hides from us the Genius of Life, and show us instead of a God, a demon full of hate and rancorous malice, driving with fiery scourge the nations to formless ruin or to endless torment, and the world of souls would go mad or be resolved into impalpable powder. So constant is this sublime trust, we scarce suspect its existence. Like the mist of the spheres, whose perpetual flow, unbroken by any interval of silence, allows us no contrast to enable us to attain to a consciousness of its harmonies, the constant pressure of this Presence almost precludes a cognition of its existence. It is because it is so common, that it is so little noticed. It is so natural, so wrought up into the web of life, and so involved in the fiber of our nature, that it presents nothing novel to us spiritual children. For the same reason the savage sees nothing grand in the processes of the plant he crushes in his tread. The mass has yet to see that the most common substance is Spirit, and the most public toller is God. So this faith is divine, being the genius of common life, and implies its goal in the “Superpersonal Heart.”

As this faith is at once primordial, spontaneous, profound, and inevitable, and as it can rest logically and securely only on the idea of the eternal existence, divine beneficence, and infinite reason of Nature, it must be taken as positive and living proof of the truth of this idea. It becomes to us now the central intuition of the human spirit, which thus directly, and not at second-hand, takes cognizance of the Great Purpose and sublime qualities of existence. As an intuition of the human subject, it presupposes its divine object. It proceeds, therefore, upon the being and qualities of divine reason. It can be justified on no other basis. It is, therefore, just as absolute a demonstration of the being and attributes of the Divine Spirit as is the proof of our own existence. He who cannot escape from himself—from faith in his own being—cannot escape the logic of this primordial revelation of the significance of life.

It is a simple (not complex) faith in the essential qualities of being. Analytically stated, it is consciousness of Infinite Love—the Divine Power; or Eternal Law—the Divine Order; of Eternal Light—the Divine Statics; of Infinite Wisdom—the Divine Method; and of Infinite Beauty—the Divine Art. We trust in these ideas as the new-born child trusts in the warmth and vital magnetism of its mother’s bosom, and we cannot but turn to them as the needful turns to the poles of the world. Love is the affinity of the spirit, and finds its synonym and symbol in the “gravitation” of matter. Out there, in solid globes, we call it attraction; but in here, in the arteries of the soul, it is the vital pulse of the Infinite Heart. Light is the outward symbol of internal intelligence, and means the transparency of Nature to the flow of eternal principles, the motion of “centrifugal” ideas.

Law in matter is the steady and orderly procedure of events as they stand in consecutive relation; but in the soul it is the authority of absolute justice, the method of divine jurisprudence. In the world of forms, wisdom is the adaptation of parts to the whole; in the reason it is the intuition or sense of divine harmony. Beauty in the objective world finds its counterpart and creator in the ideal image of supreme excellence which sits serenely on the throne of personal unattained perfection, high up, just on the verge of the immortal world. No man ever distrusted these ideas; nor ever can. It is through them that all men, whether conscious of it or not, look forth into the world, and in them that all hopes are rooted. History itself is only the record of human efforts to attain to the constant and unbroken reign of these eternal and impersonal principles; and the progress of the race—of civilization; consists in slowly learning how to hew our machinery to these eternal and inexhaustible energies of Nature, so that we can ride through the empires of immensity in the chariots of the gods. It is quite useless for a person to tell me he does not believe in God, while he continues to walk, talk, breathe, think, and love; for his life is an unintentional and inevitable confession of faith in all the essential qualities of divine existence. He may try to drive this faith out of his intellect, but every effort only involves him closer in the meshes of its power.

But the Materialist may object, that though the faith and its central idea implies the trustworthiness of Nature, it does not necessarily indicate the spirituality of Nature; that what we see and feel is only matter, and not spirit. I answer: 1st, The unity of Nature consists only in the relations of intelligence, immanent in Nature to the forms which spring from her bosom; and 2d, That we know of no such thing as you call “matter.” This wood on which I write is not matter, else it be-

something. “Ah,” but says our Materialist, “though the wood is not matter it is composed of particles of matter.” I ask, How does he know this? Did he ever see a particle of matter—a simple, absolute particle of matter? Your boasted chemical analysis has not yet will it ever reach the unparted elements of substance. Your purely physical sciences know nothing at all of the eternal simple substance of things—of that vast basis of the world of “appearance” which upholds the phenomena of Motion, Life, Sensation, and Intelligence. Though chemistry is a pioneer science, it cannot tell why an acorn should attract the elements in a proportion different from that of an apple-seed and thus produce an oak instead of an apple-tree. Your physical science does not touch the vital processes, much less the vital elements of universal life. All we know by physical science of the world is mere phenomena—appearance—transformation. Of the substratum of this appearance it says and can say nothing. We must look elsewhere for a knowledge of the primal, undivided, and essential basis of things. Still the direction of science, going as it does from the surface inward, by induction, furnishes us a hint that we do well to heed. Taking cosmogony as our guide, we find each solid globe once a fire-mist; and, pursuing the same inductive lead, we readily see there must have been a time when the worlds were totally invisible and intangible: for the process of world-making consists in unfolding the solid out of the fluid, the fluid out of the gaseous and intangible, and this, too, by a reduction of temperature, and the “precipitation” of previously imponderable elements. If induction is a true method, then who can stop short of the conclusion that these worlds are only the precipitation of elemental spirit? True, the induction would not reveal in itself the nature of spirit, but it is found in harmony with the Great Spiritual Idea. This condensing downward, or precipitating process, implies the opposite, the ascending, the attenuating, or spiritualizing process, just as the inductive implies the deductive method; and that, too, because action and reaction must be equal and correlative terms in the vast processes of formation and transformation.

Again: Pursuing the deductive method we find the outward world of appearance only symbolizing our ideas and native sentiments. We behold the geometry of the sky only because the eternal mathematics are arisen into self-conscious ideas in us—*into axioms*. Our pure reason could not interpret the world, if we, in our public and transcendental nature, were not made of the same identical stuff. The laws and essential elements of what is called matter are primarily revealed only in “interconscious” ideas of our spiritual nature. The world is only an appearance which these pure and impersonal ideas put on in the vast career of “creation,” in order that immortal principles may become conscious of their own content and career.

I said the process of world-making is attended with a reduction of celestial temperature; and also do I say the process of soul-making is attended, by an elevation of temperature up toward the original Aurora Flame, out of which their original elements came forth on their sublime career of material empire. Elemental spirit particles, far fallen from the inexpressible central vortex of life, for a moment tremble on the distant boundaries or circumference of being, and during that sublime transition moment they round out into bodies of immortal, fadless beauty, and slowly and sublimely turning Divineward, commence to remount toward their ancient seats in Nature’s Central Sun. “Being and appearance” unite in man’s immortal structure, in whose ascending career the vast cycles of celestial cosmogony shall repeat themselves in reverse order. His pure reason is the record of the eternity fed, and as it rises and warms with the vital life of the Great Heart, it shall evolve into the light of reflection, the divine order of the unfolding cosmos. There is only one stuff in the world, and that stuff is spirit; only one revelation of this elemental substance, and that revelation is constituted of the eternal, impersonal, universal, and necessary ideas of pure reason. Ideas answer perfectly to the necessary characteristics of elemental substance—unparted spirit; for such substance must be eternal, impersonal, universal, and necessary. And ideas are the only things in the range of our knowledge, or its future conceivable possibilities, that can answer the given character of original elements. No clear-sighted philosopher of this age will believe the exploded doctrine of the absolute creation of entity from *noumenon*. Shall we be told that the ideas of pure reason are abstract? I answer that they are the basis of the concrete world, and the exponents of celestial mathematics. Mathematics rests upon axioms of reason, while at the same time the solid worlds revolve under the absolute sway of its laws.

Will we be told that spirit is “immaterial substance”? I reply: The two terms of this definition are incompatible with each other, and destroy the sense of the definition. It is like the Irishman’s definition of nothing—viz.: “a footless stocking without any leg.” Absolute substantiality is necessary to being—to existence. If God is, God must be substantial. If Ideas are eternal principles, then they must be self-existent substance.

Nor will it do to remind us that there is a difference between a principle and an element, or form of “matter,” for no one knows what so-called matter is, except by the very presence and power of principles. The senses take cognizance only of the forms which appear under the laws, or, rather, in the laws or principles of existence. Human consciousness is only self-conscious principles beholding the “appearance” of the same identical

principles in the objective world. The relation of interpretative reason to the forms of objects is one of consanguinity. Likeness of essential Nature is the law of science and of philosophy interpretation of the world. It is only the cosmical nature of man interpreting the cosmic structure of the world. The law of universal analogy presupposes all this. An essential element of the Cosmos, not representatively present in the principles of reason, would disjoint for us the system of Nature, and render our knowledge thereof fragmentary and confused. The chain of causation would thus be broken into countless fragments, or if not absolutely broken, the connection of its links we could never discover.

Again: The great spiritual Idea—the Idea of universal, infinite, and eternal spirit—precludes the possibility of any other substance in the universe; for if “matter” radically different from spirit can exist contemporary with spirit, then each limits the other, and either can be infinite, either in presence or in substance. Nor will it do to say that spirit pervades this other element or sphere called matter; for if each is distinct, then, wherever the particles of matter are, there, at the same moment, cannot the elements or element of spirit be. If spirit is, it is some kind of substance. Now, if both are, and are different in principle, then there can be no affinity between them; if no affinity, then the one cannot inspire the other, nor the other be inspired by the one. Hence together they could not evolve the systems that teem through the empire of immensity, for the career of worlds is marked by the unmistakable relationship of consanguinity of living affinity between form and force, principle and phenomena.

No Spiritualist can admit the existence of “matter” as essentially different from spirit, and save himself from logical ruin; nor can the Materialist admit the existence of spirit as essentially different from matter, and save his theory from the same fate. Nor can the Materialist explain the phenomena of motion, Life, Sensation, and Intelligence, but by the use of such terms as: “Laws of Nature,” “Principles of Nature,” “System of Nature,” which are only synonyms for the supreme reason and spirit of the world. Mere dead matter is not the constructive and living genius of the world. The last chemical analysis touches not the law of vital life; nor do the last discoveries of microscopical embryology reveal the reason of the differences between the career of a tadpole-cell and that of a man. Skeptical physiologists are compelled to express their sense of the constructive genius of organic life by such words as “plastic power,” which is only a blind way of saying: The instantial intelligence of Nature.

Nor can the Christian theologian escape this inevitable dilemma by his “supernaturalism.” For, in the outset of the “divine creation,” it is seen that, ere “God” could create nonentity into entity, he must get into or originally sustain a certain relation to absolute emptiness—to nonentity. But I ask, how could even God come in contact with nothing? And even after he should get the world of matter going out of nothing, he could not inspire it, because it is assumed to be totally unlike God. If God be supernatural, then there is no affinity between the two. Again: if matter be one thing and this supernatural God quite another thing, in substance and character, then God cannot be infinite, because such an assumption supposes two radically different substances, which necessarily limit each other in the same universe. So, my Christian friend, either “God” or “matter” must be exorcised from your creed.

But no soul can part with its innate and inevitable faith in the eternal Ideas of Infinite Love, Law, Light, Justice, and Beauty; and since these Ideas are more certainly known to us than any notions of objective foreign “matter” can be, and since, also, these and other such ideas are the only things which answer to the necessary and universal character of elements, we are compelled to adopt these and other such principles as elemental, primordial, and the only substance. But as they are the basis of knowledge, as they compose the first principles of our consciousness, they are intelligence, *per se*, in and of themselves. They compose the supreme reason of things, and are the substance and spirit of “Nature.” Nature is the only divinity. Our faith contemplates its Ideas as constituents of the infinite Reason, the worship of whom is the function of universal life. These Ideas are immanent in the forms of phenomena as incarnation only—as symbols to the senses—but in the heart of the race is the consciousness of their divine nature and aim. We behold their shadows in so-called “matter,” but these shadows point inward to spirit as their highest estate. We cannot but trust, worship, adore them; for amid these flying orbs, these trembling continents, and these uneasy nations, they alone are permanent, peaceful, and sublime.

It is cheering to know that the age of shadows is to go out, and the age of Ideas, in their supernal character, is to come in. And when this transpires, has dawned the era of unity, the fruits of which are to-day realized in the noblest societies of the Summer Land, and shall be ere long on earth.

We cannot devote too much proper attention to become conscious of the presence, power, and glory of these principles. They lift us up into the light of love and fill us with the divine opulence. Their discovery enlarges the spirit and increases its attractive power, which thus takes greater drafts from the exhaustless fountain of eternal life. Their conscious presence in us remodels the form and face after the noblest styles of beauty, deepens the voice with the richest harmonies of music,

and on our awakening reason pours the auroral splendors of eternal day.

It is only the worship and application of Ideas that can ameliorate our condition. Their inspiration alone can lift us up out of the personal, the temporary, and the fleeting, into the channels of divine power, into the moods of supernal grace, into the serene estate of angelic peace. These Ideas are our only historic providence, and they superintend the genesis of souls. In their presence the petty affairs of little minds are base and mean. It is only when we sit silent and open to the great depths of this spiritual Nature that we grow to the measure of manhood, and intuit the sublime possibilities of our future career. Just in the ratio of our negligence of these primordial do we feel dark, depraved, opaque, and distrustful. It is quite plain that society will reach its sublime harmonies only in so far as it incarnates these elemental truths into its structure. The man, the nation, or the world, that shall become worthy of immortality, will do so only by the worship of Ideas.

Fellow Americans! let us plant our Republic on the throne of eternal principles; then shall it have a career worthy the plaudits of the Gods.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

The Skeptic's Test.

A man one day called at the rooms of Mrs. Hayden, as he said, to get a test of her powers. She very properly referred him to the spirits, at which suggestion he laughed with incredulity. One, two, three, sounded the raps.

"What is that knocking?" asked skeptic.

"The spirits knocking," replied the medium.

"What have the spirits to say to me?" he inquired, after a pause.

"Much?" was the response.

"Well, who are you?"

"Your victim."

"My victim! what victim?" exclaimed skeptic, agitated.

"The poor girl whom you murdered to conceal her shame and your guilt!"

The dead had arisen, but with no word of reproach, for none was needed. The skepticism of that man had gone forever, and he was left alone to himself and his own reflections. Suffice it to say, that in the presence of that injured spirit he confessed his crime, and prayed her forgiveness, which was not withheld.

I have not given the precise language, nor have I exaggerated the fact.

A gentleman living in the western part of this State called on Mrs. Hayden one day last week, and said to her, "Madam, I want a test of the immortality of the soul. I am an unbeliever in a conscious existence hereafter."

He sat down to the table, and what purported to be the spirit of his little daughter, assisted by her aunt, gave the name of "Addy," and then said: "My name was Adelaide, but you used to call me Addy;" and then said: "Dear father, I am so happy to testify to you that I live, and that you shall live after death."

The gentleman then asked her if she would give him some further test that would be conclusive to his mind. The spirit then wrote:

"Do you remember, father, my trying to call you back to kiss you just before my departure?"

The gentleman did not remember, and went away, but called again in a day or two. The spirit again addressed him, and said:

"Dear father, the test which I gave you the other day you did not remember. As you were leaving the room, I tried to call you back, but failed; and mother said to you that I wanted to kiss you, and then you came back, and I put my lips to yours and kissed you."

The mention of the mother calling him, brought the circumstance vividly back to his mind, and his tears testified to the truth of the spirit's declaration.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

The Duty of the People.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 3, 1862.

FRIEND DAVID: The nation is convulsed to its center. Grim-visaged, stern, relentless War stalks through the land. He visits every village; his foot-prints are seen in every neighborhood; he has entered our house and taken from us a beloved son and borne him to the army to stand his chance in the unknown future. He enlisted on the 23d of August. That night I retired to my bed, but I slept not. I thought of the vast armies we had sent into the field with comparably small results. I saw another large installment of the noblest and best in the land marching to take part in the fray. Tracing causes to their effects, I foresaw some of the consequences of this frantic struggle. I saw time and property wasted, houses and farms deserted and neglected, large tracts of country devastated. And, oh! the waste of precious life, and the hearts of the tender and the good made desolate by the sundering of Nature's dearest ties! My mind tried to peer into the future to see an end to this scene of desolation, but all was dark and gloomy—I could see no hope. In great agony my soul cried out: "How, oh how can this ruin be averted—this desolation stayed?" I did not address words to any particular being; it was a deep feeling, and intense yearning after a day of deliverance. And in a voice soft and musical, tender and sympathetic, yet firm and emphatic, came this response from heaven: "Say unto the people as the voice of God, Cease all sectarian wranglings; hush all party strife; go to the despised negro—weep over his wrongs, make atonement, obtain his forgiveness. Then, if fight you must, with strong hands and a willing mind he will help you fight it through. There is no other way of salvation."

Here the vision ended, and I wept. I now feel differently from before. The South is not alone guilty. The evil is in the bosom of community. Pride, avarice, and the evil passions and propensities, have been suffered to grow up and expand, and now we are reaping the natural results.

Good men and true women, here is a field for you to labor in. You are called upon to put this nation right in the sight of Heaven. O mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, must your best beloved be offered up to appease the evil spirit that is abroad in the land? When millions of lives have been spent your hearts will relent: do not wait till then.

Ye rich men! your riches will vanish. Pass not in scorn the humble poor, but greet him as a man and a Brother. There are none so degraded and vile but they can cooperate to produce a genuine national reformation. High and low, rich and poor, proud and humble, Lincoln and the North, Davis and the South, all, both black and white, are children of the same Heavenly Parent, and the voice speaks to you all alike. Repent, and then the works required will come very easily, and it will do your hearts good to do them.

Ye who preach! here is a subject appropriate to the times, and while you preach, angels will hover round and rejoice that their feelings and wishes are being instilled into the hearts of the people. Remember the revelation came in love and sympathy; and in the same spirit the electric fire should spread from heart to heart all over the land, till the weapons of death fall from the hands of foes, and they greet each other as brethren. There will then be no difficulty in settling our disagreements, and all will be arranged on the basis of Justice. Oppressive laws and unjust enactments will vanish from our statutes, and the glorious Declaration of Independence, in full life and vigor, remain the political credo of the nation. Then it will be seen that the religious institutions, which have nourished to their present rank growth those vices which have caused the evils which now afflict us, need remodeling, and it will be done. Then the good time coming will have commenced. Angels will sing: "Hallelujah! The Lord Omnipotent reigneth—let the earth rejoice!"

W. S.

Instructive Miscellany.

[From the Ladies' Repository.]

Broken Chains.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

The mistress of a beautiful southern mansion lay sleeping in her chamber. The thick curtains caused a sort of twilight there, and the faint fragrance of fair flowers filling the alabaster vases on the marble stands made the air strangely oppressive. The furniture of the lofty apartment was all in order, and every little article of daily use was put out of sight.

Madam Hayward lay upon her snowy couch in motionless repose, and at the foot of the bed knelt a young maiden whose face was hidden in her hands. Alas, too deep, too still was the lady's slumber! It was the last, long sleep of death. They had robed her for the tomb with loving, reverend touch and flooding tears.

Lina had directed all things; her taste and judgment even the haughty daughter, Mrs. Col. Gordon, did not dispute, and all had pronounced her work well done. Lastly, she laid an exquisite white japonica with myrtle leaves upon the dear sleeper's breast, and there was nothing more for love to do.

Then all her suppressed anguish arose like a mighty torrent and overwhelmed her heart. She fell upon her knees and the sound of her bitter sobbing smote the air. Utterly desolate and bereaved was the little maiden. Her beloved mistress and friend, her foster mother, was no more. And oh, the cruel parting was not all! Who would befriend her now? Who must henceforth be her mistress? What dread future lay before her?

Sixteen summers had Lina counted, and all her life long had she been a slave. But her had been a gentle bondage—the chains of slavery had been a silken flower wreathed on to her—it had never galled her sensitive spirit. She had been more like a child than a servant to the good Madam Hayward. In that house hold love had been the ruling spirit.

Madam Hayward had been a widow for many years. Her son and daughter, long since married, resided in Washington, consequently she lived alone with her devoted servants.

Mrs. Col. Gordon often remonstrated with her mother upon her indulgence to her servants; she specially objected to her treatment of Lina. Though Lina was fair and beautiful, she was still a slave, and that fact should ever be impressed upon her mind. But Madam Hayward would smile and gently waive the subject, and, if possible, be kinder still to her little maid.

Madam Hayward was so idolized by her servants that she needed seldom to command, for they wished were all anticipated. Now death had breathed upon the beloved one, and she lay ready for the last resting place. A bleak cloud enveloped that splendid home, and grieving hearts throbbed heavily in dusky boughs.

Lina was not permitted a long indulgence of her sorrow. Her name was called in a sharp, imperative whisper, and she lifted up her head like one bewildered. Mrs. Gordon stood at the door beckoning to her. She obeyed mechanically, and stepped out into the hall and closed the door. Mrs. Gordon looked searching into her tear-stained face and grew much displeased. She had been half jealous of the love her mother had lavished upon this girl, and was angry at such manifestations of sorrow.

"Lina?" she said, in a cold, stern voice,

"Let us have no more of this. Stop crying and attend to your work. If you do not behave

you will surely suffer for it. I don't make bairies of my servants, as you will soon learn.

You have been humored and praised until

you think yourself handsomer and better than

the rest of your class, but you are not. You

are no better and just as much a slave as the

blackest darkey in the house. Do you hear,

girl?"

Lina had been listening with a frightened air, and at these words she shrank and drooped as from a sudden blow.

"Meg is in the breakfast-room making crapes trimming; do you go and help her as fast

as you can; there are yards and yards to make."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Lina, humbly, and she turned away.

"What's the hurry, pretty one?" cried Mr. Allen Hayward, intercepting her on the way, and putting his hand on her shoulder. Lina trembled, blushed deeply, and turned her face away.

Mr. Hayward was a handsome man of thirty-five, with a proud, dashing air, selfish, willful, and dangerous eyes.

He smiled triumphantly as he saw the girl's trepidation, but said, in a soothing tone:

"Don't be afraid, puss; I think you are duced good-looking. I'll take you to Washington, and I'll swear there'll not be a hand-some wench in the city. Do you know you are mine now, child? You shall have fine times; no work to do and plenty of gay clothes. Eh, Lina? Look up and call me master."

But Lina could not; she started away, panting and sobbing. In the breakfast-room, Meg, Mrs. Gordon's maid, sat crying over her work.

"Come help me, Lina, she cried, crossly, 'or missus will beat me again. Work hard, as ever I can, she will call me lazy. Oh dear!"

Lina did not heed her. She stood with clenched hands, the image of despair. A slave—oh, was she a slave? She had never been called so before; she had never realized it until now. "A slave, a slave"—and she writhed as if in torture. Her face and form were reflected in the mirror, and she could have cursed her beauty then, for even in her flight and grief she was wondrously beautiful. A clear, olive complexion was hers; scarlet, pouting lips, teeth like pearls, starry eyes, and a magnificent wealth of purple black hair, which fell in wavy ringlets to her waist.

"Oh, hateful beauty!" she thought; "better be like black, stupid Meg."

"A slave, and his master!" she cried aloud; "I shall die, I shall die!"

Meg looked up in amaze. She was always bewailing her fate as the servant of so cruel a task-mistress, but had no conception of the depth of anguish expressed in Lina's voice and manner.

Lina was not ignorant of the profligate character of Allen Hayward. She had seen her dear mistress weep when she knew his conduct was the cause, and she had felt instinctively that Madam Hayward wished to keep her out of his sight. Alas, poor child, the instruction which had made her so pure and womanly seemed now but a cruel kindness!

"Allen Hayward's slave—subject to his will! O God, have pity!"

She sank down upon the floor moaning and weeping.

"Get up instantly and go to work!" It was the voice of Mrs. Gordon, trembling with passion. "Bad as Meg is, she would not dare to disobey me so. Get up, I say! If it were not for my mother lying dead in the house, I'd teach you a lesson you would not soon forget!"

Lina wiped her eyes, and in utter desperation commenced her work. Mrs. Gordon stood looking upon the two girls with lowering brow for a little time, then withdrew in dignified silence. She found her brother in the parlor. He instantly saw the cloud upon her brow.

"What now, sister, you look terribly vexed?"

"I am; Lina is such an impudent piece.

Mother has spoiled her, I fear, but I'll try to subdue her, and I never failed in such an undertaking."

"Oh, pshaw! let the girl alone; she is well enough, and besides she need not trouble you long, for I shall take her in my share of the property."

"No, indeed, Allen, mother intended to give her to me. A few months' discipline will make her humble enough. She is a beautiful sewer and the handiest maid I ever saw—worth six of those like Meg. Now don't say a word, Lina is mine."

"But I do say a word!" persisted Mr. Hayward.

"Lina is mine! I've coveted her this two years, and do you think because she is a nice waiting-maid that I shall give her up to you? No, Madam Gordon. Besides, she will be happier with me, for you would discipline her and I shall treat her like a queen. Take your pick of all the others, but I'll take Lina."

Mrs. Gordon flushed to the temples and bit her lips in anger. Though she was silent, she did not yield the point; she only waited, out of respect to her mother's memory, to press the subject further. She did not wish to quarrel with her high-tempered brother about the division of the property while the poor lady lay dead.

A long procession of carriages followed

Madam Hayward to the grave, and many tears

of sincere sorrow were shed, for her unobtrusive goodness had won loving friends. But the household servants, who gathered around the open grave with irrepressible groans and weeping, were the truest mourners. Helpless children, bereaved of parents and home, could not be more desolate than they, for the most dreadful possibilities lay in their future. Lina lingered alone by the resting-place of her beloved mistress until night, then, with the fountain of all exhausted, she returned to the house, sick with forebodings of woe.

The property was to be divided equally between the brother and sister, the mother having left the arrangement of matters to their own discretion. Allen Hayward was an honorable man in regard to business affairs, and was prepared to make a just division of the estate. But a serious quarrel arose between him and Mrs. Gordon concerning the poor slave girl, Lina. Both were determined to own her to the

"These are troublesome times," said Mr. Hayward, "and slave property is in a precarious condition. This war is stirring things up strangely. I think that our domestic institutions are likely at any moment to be destroyed, and the fewer negroes we have in our possession the better for us. I claim Lina, but the other servants falling to my share I shall dispose of immediately."

Mrs. Gordon coincided with her brother in the plan of disposing of the property, but claimed Lina as her own.

Mr. Hayward offered to allow thrice the value for Lina, even more, if his sister would give her up to him. But no. She was determined to own the beautiful girl, and argued her point as energetically as her brother.

The discussion waxed warmer and warmer,

until ungovernable, and unmanly, and unlovable words were uttered. But after all, both were obliged to yield, and concluded to give Lina up and dispose of her, with the other servants, at public auction.

"Well?"

Mrs. Gordon's voice was very cold and indifferent, but an accusing conscience seemed whispering in her ear the dying words of her mother: "Be kind to my servants, especially poor Lina."

"What do you mean, child?"

"They say out in the kitchen that we are

"To be sold to-morrow!"

"Well?"

Mrs. Gordon's voice was very cold and indifferent, but an accusing conscience seemed whispering in her ear the dying words of her mother: "Be kind to my servants, especially poor Lina."

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for her? She arose from the grave, after giving thanks to God and asking his guidance and protection, strengthened and soothed.

On reaching the grounds before the house, she encountered Allen Hayward. The news of the morning had excited in him a high degree of excitement, and at the sight of Lima, it broke forth in curses loud and deep. She was in his very path; yet she did not tremble and drop and shrink, as when she last met him. She calmly raised her wonderful dark eyes to his, and the new expression in them told him that she knew he had no more power over her. He ground his teeth, lifted up one hand with a menacing gesture, partly in defiance of her, partly of the government, and strode on his way.

Mrs. Gordon had exhausted her first indignation at the President's proclamation, in conversation with her brother, and sat pale and stern, considering upon the future, when Juno appeared before her with disturbed eyes and outspread hands. "Oh—oh—Missus!" she gasped. "Nancy has clare kilt her baby. He slept herself to death in her arms!"

Mrs. Gordon started in affright, and followed the cook to the cabin. Lima was bending over Nancy and the babe. The child was in the still, deep sleep of death, and Nancy looked on it with icy composure. She was deaf to the reproaches and lamentations of her fellow-servants. She declared that she gave it laudanum to make it die, and she was glad that it could not wake.

"O, what a wretch!" cried Mrs. Gordon, with a shiver—"some people pretend that these creatures have feelings like white folks; this looks like it!"

"Mrs. Gordon, why did she do it? because she loved it so much! 'twas easier to let it sleep its life away in her arms than to see it torn from her heart to be sold in slavery."

Was that Lima who spoke as an equal in that clear, searching tone; she who yesterday knelt and prayed that she might be her slave?

It was too much for Mrs. Gordon. The dead child, the wronged mother, the freed maiden, looking with that mournful reproach upon her. She turned and silently went away.

"O, poor Nancy!" cried Lima, with a flood of tears, "we are free now, and the baby might have been free too!"

But Nancy's dulled senses could not take in the idea. Her child was free, for death had broken the chain of slavery. The boon of liberty had come too late for him. Too late, too late, alas!

"Free, free!" murmured the poor creature. "Yes, we'll be free up there!" She threw up her hands; there was a passing gleam in her eye, then she sank back in the spasm of death.

Nancy had followed her child. The universal liberator had led her forth from all earthly bondage, and she was never more to be a slave. Poor Nancy! God take thee to himself!

For Parents to Ponder.

"I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house, and the ground around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home, as much as possible, to enjoy it; but that when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing and jewelry for their children, are they paying them a premium to spend their time away from home—that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention and make the most display?"

OVER THE RIVER.

BY MISS NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side,
The gleams of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold.
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet—
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her gentle hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom-bark;
We let it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side—
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
Lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the vail apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day—
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.



ANDEREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1862.

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All letters to be addressed to

A. J. DAVIS & CO., PUBLISHERS,

274 Canal Street, New York.

Office Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Publication Office located a few doors east of No. 416 Broadway.

We shall next week publish another sermon from the pen of Rev. O. B. Frothingham.

Our "INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY" includes this week a sketch adapted to the times. The American people are learning lessons through this war which they would have been slow to learn in any other way.

"MEDICAL WHISPERS" will appear in our next issue. "THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH" continues to meet with a great sale. A large public, wholly outside of the ranks of Reformers, are attracted to purchase it, and to profit by its teachings.

"THE INCARNATION," a subject of great interest to numerous persons, is the central question of our Wilmington correspondent. His first Letter will be found in this number. We bespeak for him and his subject the candid attention of our readers.

DIVINE IDEAS.—We trust every thinking reader will seize this opportunity to form acquaintance with the philosophy of our Brother Finney, by reading his admirable discourse in this number on "DIVINE IDEAS." There is a grand sweep of thought in this production. After showing that Faith is an element of the spirit, the writer asks if this Faith has any commensurate and divine object. "Faith in existence," he says, "is trust in the relations of existence, and therefore in the unity of all things."

Analytically stated,

it is consciousness of Infinite Love—the Divine Power; of Eternal Law—the Divine Order; of Eternal Light—the Divine Statics; of Infinite Wisdom—the Divine Method; and of Infinite Beauty—the Divine Art.¹²

The elucidation of this sublime theme is masterly, and will richly repay the attention and study of philosophic minds.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS continues in large demand. No delay now occurs in meeting orders.

Our friends in California are hereby notified that by the 1st of January next we hope to have a depot for the sale of our publications in San Francisco. After that date orders can be more promptly and safely filled from that point. Due notice will be given of the proper address.

Those of our readers who rejoiced in and contributed to the election of Seymour in this State, can, if they please, share the tax levied on us by the New York roughs to celebrate the result. Our contribution—involuntary, we must confess—was a very good and somewhat expensive bulletin-board, which stood at our street entrance.

We celebrate Burnside's appointment by the purchase of a new one.

The Way to Do It.

If every reader of the HERALD OF PROGRESS will procure one new subscriber, we can meet the heavy advance in paper without an increase of the subscription price. This is the easiest mode of imposing the tax we can devise. Try it, reader, and you will at least benefit those to whom you introduce the most independent and thoroughly progressive journal in the world.

Theodore D. Weld.

After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, this eloquent advocate of Freedom and Progress ascends the public platform, and once more consecrates his masterly powers and lofty sympathies to the advancement of eternal truth. We heard him break the long years of silence at Library Hall, in Orange, N. J., last week, just after the defeat of Wade-Worth, and while Democrats were glorifying over their late victories. He opened upon the "Conspirators" with the most searching analysis, and exposed their treachery with the strongest and grandest arguments. His noble powers of intellect were exhibited in tracing principles back to their fountains. Never before did the basis of the "Union" appear more solid; never did rebellion seem more hollow and wicked. His constitutional argument was especially adapted to minds

well versed in legal and political questions. The greater the scholar in these practical relations of the world, the greater would appear this first discourse of the glorious Theodore. After a few lectures he will open his heart to new inspirations, and his audiences will then listen in rapt delight, while they follow him gladly into the green fields of Thought and Reform.

We congratulate the world on the reappearance of this great, good, far-seeing, deep-hearted apostle of Human Progress. Let the friends of humanity everywhere welcome and sustain Theodore D. Weld.

THE ONLY NATIONAL HOPE.

In the Christian vocabulary few words are more frequently used or possess greater significance than the word "consecration." The Christian parent, at the baptismal altar, consecrates the child before it has power to sin, pledging paternal faith to the work of rearing the young immortal to fealty to that act of devotion. The first requisite of the young convert is "entire consecration to God," and at stated periods through life the renewal of this act of consecration is solemnly affirmed.

To the vitality regenerated—the truly pious of Christendom—"consecration to God" is not an empty phrase, and however frequently the act may be disregarded, it is vain to deny that its intent is elevating and sanctifying to the human character. Who that has passed through "Christian experiences" will fail to remember how earnestly and solemnly this duty was felt, and how sincere the effort to render it effectual.

In escaping from the errors and evils of Christianity, it were well if Liberals, Progressives, and Spiritualists, carried with them somewhat of the spirit of this vow of consecration. The Christian's consecrative act demanded entire subjection to the will of God—a surrendry of all personal will, wish, or volition, and a submissiveness to the Divine will as interpreted in the Holy Scriptures and the events of Providence.

We cannot fail to intelligently accept, as far higher, nobler, and more spiritual, a recognition of the Divine will reflected in and through human nature. To this God within it were a sacred pleasure as well as duty to bow, and no other "subjection" is requisite than that of inferior nature to superior, lower faculties to higher, extreme and inverted characteristics and proclivities to harmonious and healthy normal action. At the same time, by virtue of the rebounding force on escaping from false restraints, are we not inclined to overlook the virtue within self-consecration, and to forget that such is the variableness and weakness of human character that without frequently recurring periods of self-examination and self-consecration to some ideal, we become aimless and drift with the current rather than stem the tide of circumstance?

Every true Spiritualist, every Reformer or Friend of Progress, in his better moments, at least, must and does feel a divine energy in the work of human progress. His impulses are for the brotherhood. Does he, do we all, thoroughly consecrate ourselves, not like the Christian, to "God," but, like the true Philanthropist, to humanity, God's noblest work? How perfectly in harmony with the divine energies of the universe must that soul become which is thoroughly enlisted in Creation's great work of upbuilding a redeemed human race!

Vitalized by this sacred impulse, thoroughly imbued with this lofty purpose, the human being becomes a marvel of strength, beauty, and use. Diverted from this worthy endeavor, the interests of "the grand man" lost in the petty concerns of self, the individual at once drops to the level of a detached, fragmentary molecule. His alliance to the great central principle seems almost cut off, and he floats like an aimless meteor on the great sea of human effort, with scarcely a purpose above the brute.

How vitally important to our own spiritual growth and to our capabilities of usefulness is this genuine, constant, and unending consecration of ourselves to Humanity! To be thus consecrated, is to be allied to the universe, to be in harmony with the creative energies of all existence, which with tireless activity conspire to work out the progress of humanity, and to labor with good men, angels, and all Nature, as allies! To fail to do this is to tread the dreary path of life alone, with no higher purpose than individual gratification, success, or wealth.

Let us apply these considerations to ourselves and the present condition of the country. For especially is a rigid self-analysis important now, since it is a period of great national trial. The accumulated sins of years are bringing their inevitable weight of sorrow, suffering, and sadness upon the people. Nor are these sins mere abstract national transgressions, wherein we, as individuals, have no responsibility. We may have lifted our voices uninterruptedly in behalf of the oppressed; we may have sternly resisted the aggressions of the aristocratic slave power; but no nation ever sinned so deeply as has our own, without a most culpable condition of moral turpitude on the part of the people. Were you and I, reader, just what we ought to be, and had our lives heretofore exhibited all the excellencies we recognize as essential to the exalted human character—had we, in reality, in our interior selves been as pure, and as disinterested, as we know it is right, obligatory, and pleasant for us to be, these troublous times had not come. Calamity never visits an innocent soul. Nature kindly interposes a shield to protect all who walk harmoniously with her. The shafts of affliction may fall

upon the devoted heads of even her truest children, but the arrows are ever blunted, so as not to pierce the harmonious heart. In the abstract we recognize this truth. Is it not more true than we have believed? Can any circumstance or event mar the happiness of a harmonious spirit, any more than it can disturb the course of the planets in their orbits?

In view, then, of the disturbed condition of the country, of our disquiet and uneasiness, were it not well for us to seriously examine ourselves, to find the source of this unhappiness. It is easier far to read the solution in the wicked assumptions of southern aristocrats, the contemptible weakness of northern apologists, the utter corruption of politicians, the imbecility of administrators, the incompetency of Generals. All these are comfortable methods of explaining the unfortunate state of things which surrounds us.

But are we right in such a solution? Have the shortcomings of these persons ought to do with us? Do they disturb the infinite? Are their petty transgressions recorded in the pathway of the sun and stars? Do the flowers of earth register their errors and shed tears over their follies? Nay, verily, each lily and violet bloom so fragrant in times of war as of peace, and the very blood of battle-fields serves to enrich the soil and thus promote their growth and luxuriance. The seasons roll, day and night appear, and all things in harmony with Nature suffer no change. We alone are disturbed. Where exists the cause? Is it without or within? Have we not each a personal work of examination, purification, and consecration, new and renewed often and constant, till our lives harmonize with Nature's great plan, and we cease to be responsible for, and hence cease to be disturbed by political revolutions or social disturbances. C. M. P.

Spirit Photographs.

We have received no farther information respecting the photographic experiments in Boston. The following we clip from this week's *Banner of Light*:

Since our last issue we have visited on several occasions the establishment of Mrs. Stuart, 258 Washington Street, and ascertained that the photographing of spirits continues to be successful. Many of the pictures are fully recognized as those of deceased friends. The artist-medium, Mr. W. H. Mumler, informs us that he takes but from two to six pictures a day, (although he has orders for many more,) in consequence of the drain upon his vital powers by the spirits being so great as to rapidly exhaust his strength. He hopes, however, in a short time to be able to procure a larger number of pictures each day, when he more thoroughly systematizes his labors.

Some new and interesting developments have been made within a few days, which we note in brief:

Dr. H. F. Gardner had a sitting for a picture, which he considers a perfect success. Four forms besides himself appear upon the plate, three of which are quite distinct; but the other one, being in the background, is indistinct. He considers this new manifestation entirely legitimate, and authorizes us to refer any one to him personally in proof of what he asserts.

Mrs. Jenny Lord, the musical medium, sat for a picture and received the form of a friend with a guitar in his hand, which she recognized as her guardian spirit. She sat the second time, mentally requesting that the guitar might be placed in her lap. On the artist developing the picture, there was plainly visible, resting in her lap, a guitar with a spirit hand upon it.

Mrs. Dr. Ware received a form which she and her sister recognize as a former nurse to their mother.

Mr. John J. Ewell received a form which at once recognized as his sister. He showed it to his skeptical father, and asked him if he knew who it was. "Why, yes," he answered, with much emotion, "this is your sister."

A gentleman from Salem received a form which he recognized. This was the figure of a female leaning forward and clasping with its shadowy hand a vase of flowers upon the table.

Mr. Bassett, of Marblehead, had a form which he recognized.

Mr. Willard had a form which he recognized as Dr. Adams.

A lady from a neighboring town received the likeness of her deceased husband, and was highly pleased, as she previously had no picture of him.

A Universalist minister, whose name we are not at liberty to give, had the form of a dear departed friend presented, which he recognized at once and remarked, "There is only one picture of this person in existence, and that is in Connecticut."

A great many others have had pictures which they recognize, whose names we are not permitted to make public. Some have had pictures which they do not recognize; and it is not to be wondered at, as there are so many spirits who wish to return and be identified by their friends, that they do not, owing to their anxiety, get in position before the camera at the proper time to be photographed vividly.

Upon the whole—and we have scrutinized this new feature in Spiritualism closely—we must admit that we cannot perceive any deception whatever on the part of the artist. On the contrary, he is willing that any person should examine his apparatus before he takes a picture, and be present during the whole process, as stated in a descriptive article by Dr. Child, which appeared in our last issue.

Sunday Evening Lectures.

The Rev. G. T. FLANDERS, pastor of the second Universalist Society, is giving a course of Sunday Evening Lectures at the Historical Society Building, corner of Eleventh street and Second avenue, which would, we feel confident, interest our readers. The subject of the Lecture two weeks since was, "The Communion of the Dead with the Living." The next subject (Sunday evening, Nov. 16) will be "Voices of the Dead." Following this, "Emanuel Swedenborg," and "Our Relations to the Departed."

AIR LINE DISPATCHES

TO THE
Herald of Progress.

NAPOLÉON'S PLANS BLOCKADED

Western Armies and Gunboats
in Motion.

CONFUSION IN MEN'S VIEWS OF GOD'S WILL.

Doomed Cities of the South.

PROGRESSIVE GENERALS TO HAVE
COMMANDS.

THE RED HAND OVER RICHMOND.

The blood-red aerial hand, which was so visibly stretched over the Rebel Capital three weeks ago, is being more and more felt and seen in the conduct of the inhabitants. The crowdedness of the population, the profound secret hatred of the rebellion among many, the financial distresses of the government, the recently developed panic growing out of an impression that their seaports are about to be captured by the Lincoln Government, and the fear of the Proclamation of Emancipation on the part of resident rebel planters, all combined, disturbs Richmond to its very deepest cells of Evil. God's sublime thunders will long rend the Confederate temple in twain.

HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS.

"Let the sound of music Creep into our ears. Soft stillness and the night Become the touches of sweet harmony."

These words of Shakespeare will be realized after the "war is over." Stillness and the night of the Nation will be broken by "touches of sweet harmony" in all the very steep mountains and far-spreading plantations of the South. Clouds come down from heaven today, and settle on the peaks of America's temple, which is filled with mourning and utterable anguish; but the spirit of "harmony," like the harp of a thousand strings, will awake in the land of Freedom at length, at once putting money into the hands that labor, building cottages for the working population of Southern States, and giving an omnipotent momentum to the wheels of education.

GEN. PHELPS AND GEN. FREMONT.

General Butler has recommended the re-appointment of General Phelps. Butler has arrived at "arming the negroes," and also sees the wisdom of "paying them for work," which was the only ground of difference between him and Gen. Phelps. On the other hand the President has developed up to General Fremont's Missouri style of converting slaves into "free men," and has become a cordial believer that slavery is the cause of the whole national trouble; so, therefore, Fremont is once more in favor with the administration, and his assignment to an important post is now very probable. Progress is slow, but the results are sure and practical.

THE REBELS NOT RETREATING UPON RICHMOND.

The contemplated race to Richmond has not yet commenced. South side of the Rappahannock is as far as the Confederate General propose to retreat. Gordonsville is one of their strategic points. They want our army to get well on the way to Richmond before giving battle. An attack in the "rear" upon Pennsylvania and Washington and Maryland is part of the rebel programme. The removal of McClellan and the appointment of a fighting General to his place will nearly overthrow their present strategy.

IMPRESSIBILITY OF GEN. BURNside.

This finely-organized commander is not impressible through his moral sentiments. He will receive his best "impressions" through the intellectual organs—only, however, after he has been long and thoroughly aroused to think out "a plan of operations." Then a flash of mental electricity lights up his whole soul. Instantly the grandest movements pass before his perceptions, and then he becomes one of the largest-minded and most vigorous of Generals. He has a powerful influence over those in contact with him. The country need apprehend no serious defeat in the pathway of such a loyal chief as is A. E. Burnside.

REJOICINGS IN THE POTOMAC ARMY.

Soldiers do not comprehend the plan of the war, and as a general remark, they do not give themselves much anxiety on the subject. People who read the papers, from one to three thousand miles from the "seat of war," usually understand the "lay of the land" and the "movements of commanders" far quicker and better than the soldiers and officers themselves. But the removal of McClellan was in answer to thousands of loyal prayers in the Army of the Potomac. The soldiers did not like his treatment of their "oward to Richmond" symptoms, with which, under the influence of John Brown's magnetic forces, the army has been recently suffering severely. There is a general feeling of thanksgiving and gladness throughout the loyal ranks.

REBEL ENTERPRISE ON THE ATLANTIC.

Information published in your HERALD some weeks since, to the effect that the rebel navy was more active than ours, and that iron-clad vessels and steam-raiders were being built in England and France expressly for the Confederates, is confirmed by Hon. Simon Cameron, who has just returned from Europe. War-sloops are now on the Atlantic. You will hear from them in a few days, one being this moment on the line of the California steamers. The edict of Emancipation has determined the rebels in the adoption of "piracy" and increased "guerrilla warfare."

EXTINCTION OF OFFICERS OF DISTINCTION.

The penalty for disobedience of orders will henceforth be immediate "dismissal from service." Shoulder-strapped gentleman will now learn that President Lincoln has firmly and constitutionally "put down his foot." Insubordination, whether of distinguished commanders of corps or inferior officers, will unceremoniously receive "the wages of sin." Red-tape-worms have been killed recently by the bushel. Since the battle of Antietam, and especially since the November elections, Mr. Lincoln has been "straightening up." He now stands erect! A great fire is burning in his heart. It will reach his brain in a few days. The effects you will soon see in his forthcoming message.

OPERATIONS IN THE ARMY OF JOHN BROWN.

The beautiful atmospheric phenomenon over Northern Virginia on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week was not wholly disconnected from the operations of John Brown's celestial troops, who were engaged in recombining magnetic forces and electrical fires with direct reference to the army of the Potomac. The Ninth Army Corps, so recently under the guidance of General Burnside, was the recipient of invigoration from on high. The present position of this corps is exceedingly critical, but its immediate operations will effect great results on the movements of the Confederates.

SIGNS OF PEACE NOT VISIBLE.

News flashes over your Air-Line that all dreams of peace with the South are "great delusions." Military interests are too strong for Christian methods. The attitude of the Confederates is still exceedingly positive for "Independence." Europe stands in the distance looking on. France will side with the "under dog in the fight"—that is, if she can get her foot on solid ground in Mexico. Until then the North will receive cabinet smiles and ministerial compliments. Propositions or suggestions for peace (?) will come first from the other side of the Atlantic. But neither North nor South will listen for the present. England is sensitive on the operations of "Commodore Wilkes," and declares, in private, against further depredations. So the ways of war are onward.

DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Leaving sufficient force to guard Washington during the winter, and stationing corps to protect Northern Virginia from rebel raids, the balance will be withdrawn to operate along the coast. Soldiers now marching toward Richmond will soonest reach the City of Charleston. James River will float our gun-boats. Fort Darling will be captured, and Merrimac No 2. will try her powers and be defeated, before the downfall of the rebel capital. A few golden hammers will drop on Washington before a new programme is adopted by Congress. Great principles must shine forth before the "Sun of Righteousness" will rise upon the Administration.

McClellan's Removal.

The intelligence of the removal of General McClellan from command of the Army of the Potomac will inspire the nation. It promises much for the future. It is an indication of returning reason. The task of conciliating the Democratic Party will, we trust, no longer exhaust a nation's vitality. The heavy weight is removed.

With the announcement comes evidence abundantly proving its absolute military necessity. The only wonder is that he could have been tolerated so long.

In view of Gen. McClellan's brilliant military career and admirable domestic qualities, we are glad the government has delicately returned him to the bosom of his family, ordering him to report at Trenton, N. J. He will there enjoy a field for which his capacities eminently qualify him.

Interested as we are in the safety of New Jersey, we shall await with some anxiety the placing of an army of one or two hundred thousand men at his disposal for the defense of the State. With such a force at his command, we trust at least Trenton would be safe from rebel invaders!

C. M. P.

Hygeo-Therapeutic College.

This Medical College, located at No. 15 Laight Street, commences its next session on Monday, the 17th.

The opening lecture will be given by Dr. Trall at 7½ P.M. of that day.

The following Faculty will have charge of the class: R. T. Trall, M. D., Theory, Practice, &c.; O. T. Lines, M. D., Anatomy and Surgery; Hulda Allen, M. D., Physiology and Hygiene; Lydia F. Fowler, M. D., Obstetrics; F. F. Briggs, M. D., the Voice, &c.; L. N. Fowler, A. M., Mental Science; F. R. Jones, M. D., Chemistry; W. W. Wier, M. D., the Swedish Movement Cure; A. L. Wood, Physical Culture.

It will be remembered by our readers that this is the only medical college in New York that admits female students. Here they are placed on an entire equality with male students.

The hygeo-therapeutic method is one of entire independence of drugs, and simple dependence upon the curative energies and processes of Nature. We can commend this institution as one aiming to prepare men and women, not for professional humbuggery and mystification, but for practical exemplars and teachers of the laws of health. Its tendency is not to perpetuate a race of arrogant professional aristocrats, but to lift the "people above the necessity for doctors."

The Whole in a Nutshell.

John Bright, who is one of the most sagacious and earnest of English statesmen, and who has been one of the truest friends that the Union has found in England, describes our case in a very few words. He says in a letter which has just appeared, addressed to a Mr. Jewett:

"If you are for the Union, and think it can be preserved by conciliating the South, I confess I am amazed. They have made war upon you, because they suspected that you would yield nothing more to them—are you to yield more under compulsion of the war, or because you can neither conquer the South nor yet subdue it as an independent State without her? If you love slavery and wish to continue it, and if you think you can build up with honor a restored and united republic by humiliating yourself to the South, I can only express my

surprise at the dream which possesses you. You may separate—or you may fight out this contest and win—but to leave the slave still a slave will expose you to the contempt of the civilized world. I applaud the proclamation of the President, as does every man in Europe who is not a foe to freedom, or moved by base hostility to the American republic, because it is a republic, and because it is powerful."

A Generous Hackman.

We don't often meet with one of those characters in New York, but the editor of the Norwalk Gazette has been more fortunate. For the benefit of the traveling community and the compassionate Jehu, we copy the story:

A GENUINE NOBLEMAN.

"Returning home from Philadelphia last Thursday evening, we had for a fellow-passenger a poor, broken, emaciated Massachusetts soldier, too weak to sit erect, and so far gone in physical constitution as to give little hope for aught else than his possible arrival at his home in Boston with the breath of life not extinct. He was accompanied by a kind matron, who, though no relation of the sufferer, was a Massachusetts woman, and had, in the pity of her soul, volunteered to attend his passage home to die. It was a piteous sight, and but a type of many hundreds we have seen the past year. Of course an object of such interest awakened the tenderest sympathies of all beholders. We proffered such aid as we could, and on arrival at the wharf in New York attempted negotiations with various carriers for a passage for the invalid up to the New Haven cars. As the boy was destitute of money, as well as broken down in health, we tried to so far touch the pity of some of the hack-drivers to get him conveyed at an honest price. While chaffering with the crowd, up stepped a frank and honest-looking driver, who, listening to the narration, at once responded: 'I'll take the poor fellow up there for nothing. I carried just such an one up last night, but I guess I shan't lose nothing.' No, thought we, my dear fellow, such true nobility of nature shall not result in loss to you if we can help it; so we demanded his card, and here it is:

WILLIAM RYDER,

Proprietor of Carriages Nos. 23 & 46, Stable, No. 96 Laurens street, New York.

We are very much obliged to the Norwalk editor. He has discovered a genuine diamond in the rough, under the unpromising garb of a New York hackman. If any one of our readers want a ride, we think they may employ Mr. Ryder, and run no risk of being overcharged.— *Tribune.*

Non-Resistants Voting.

The Massachusetts Spy mentions a report that Adin Ballou's non-resistant community of "Practical Christians" at Hopetown, in Worcester County, who have abstained from voting for twenty years, went to the polls at the recent election and voted unanimously for the Republican candidates. The effect of this manifestation of good sense on their part is seen in the healthy change which has taken place in the vote of the town of Milford. Many of the new voters were probably surprised to find that the act of voting causes rather a pleasant sensation than otherwise, especially when it is performed in aid of a good and holy cause.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—MAJOR-GENERAL FREMONT has returned from his western trip, and is now in the city.

—GARIBOLDI has promised to write a history of recent events in Italy. It will be likely to contain important revelations concerning the policy of Napoleon.

—MISS JOSEPHINE RUFFIN, a well-educated colored lady, has recently made her debut as public reader.

—MAJOR-GENERAL BURNside succeeds GENERAL McCLELLAN in command of the Army of the Potomac.

—SENATOR SUMNER has been triumphantly sustained at the recent Massachusetts election.

—MRS. LINCOLN has given two hundred dollars for the relief of the freedmen of Washington.

—DR. JOHN S. ROCH, a very respectable colored citizen of Boston, was brutally maltreated by two ruffians a few evenings since.

—GEN. McCLELLAN being called on for a speech by the soldiers at Warrenton, said: "I wish you to stand by Burnside as you have stood by me, and all will be well." If this General's friends were half as patriotic, all would be well."

—PRESIDENT LINCOLN has expressed a determination to adhere to his Emancipation Proclamation.

—GEN. HOOVER takes command of Fitz John Porter's Army Corps, the latter going to Washington to be tried on the charges preferred by Gen. Pope.

—The President has tendered to SCHUYLER COLFAX the Secretaryship of the Interior, in the event of Secretary Smith's acceptance of the Judgeship of the United States Supreme Court.

—THE HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, his son and namesake, and his grandson, MAJOR SAMUEL M. QUINCY, went together to the polls on Tuesday, in Boston, and deposited their ballots. The senior Mr. Quincy, who was a candidate for Congress sixty-two years ago, and the Major were on crutches.

—BAYARD TAYLOR's new book, "The Poet's Journal," is an autobiography in verse, and will relate the romantic incidents attending the author's life, especially those which led to his marriage.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES will contribute a new paper to the next *Atlantic*. The subject will be the search he lately made to find his own son after the battle of Antietam, in which encounter the gallant boy was shot in the neck. The title of the Doctor's article is: "My Hunt after the Captain," and we shall look for one of the most interesting narratives that any magazine has ever printed.

—THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATS, under lead of Fernando Wood, have declared for Geo. B. McClellan for next President.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

"The accounts of Garibaldi's health are conflicting, but not generally very hopeful."

—The London Daily News thinks the Union cause has never before looked so like success in its essential features. The South is almost at the last stage of exhaustion, while the North is nearly untouched in all its resources. All the European nations have to do is to wait. The event must soon be decided by other influences than those.

—The Times takes directly the opposite view.

—The destruction of American ships by the pirate Alabama caused a general advance in the rates of insurance at Lloyd's of two to three per cent on all American ships. The advance demanded at Liverpool is even as high as five guineas per cent.

—COUNT CAVOUR, shortly before his death, wrote to his minister at Washington to the effect that he would sympathize with the triumph of the Northern States. Count Cavour thought that Christian Europe could not sympathize with the success of a party which desired the continuance of slavery.

—MR. DUNLOP, a member of the English Parliament, in a recent speech on American affairs, says: "I have the most intense repugnance to our recognizing a State the cornerstone of which is the perpetual maintenance of slavery. I trust that if we do consent to recognize the Southern Confederacy, it will only be on this condition, that they utterly abandon the slave trade, and adopt the principle of gradual emancipation and the ultimate abolition of slavery. If such a result as that could be purchased by the recognition, I would, notwithstanding all my northern predilections, gladly hail it as a blessing to mankind."

—THE COLONY OF NEW SOUTH WALES has contributed sixty-five thousand dollars for the relief of the suffering operatives in the cotton districts of England.

—THE "MIDNIGHT MEETING" movement has been revived in London. A committee, after holding twenty-six meetings since the commencement of their efforts, have arranged to hold eight meetings in various parts of London during eight successive weeks. The first of these gatherings took place three weeks ago at the Lecture Hall, Bagnigge Wells Road, King's Cross, which was attended by 120 fallen women. After tea they were addressed by several persons.

—THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS had to pay their own expenses in London. On discovering this they moderated their style of living.

—A French writer says in the *Revue des Mondes*, "The unsuccessful campaign of McClellan against Richmond, is destined to cause rivers of blood, and prolong a struggle whose fatal results are felt not in America alone."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—ALL OFFICERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC are ordered to start for their posts within twenty-four hours. Disobedience will subject them to dismissal.

—PRAIRIE-FIRES are causing much damage in various parts of Kansas, by the destruction of crops, &c. A family of six persons were burned to death or suffocated on the prairie, in Anderson County, recently.

—THE 27TH OF NOVEMBER HAS BEEN APPOINTED THANKSGIVING DAY BY THE GOVERNORS OF NEW YORK, MASSACHUSETTS, CONNECTICUT, PENNSYLVANIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE, MAINE, MARYLAND, OHIO, WISCONSIN, AND NEW JERSEY.

—THE LAYING OF THE TRACK OF THE BROADWAY RAILROAD HAS BEEN COMPLETED DOWN BROADWAY TO FOURTEENTH STREET, AND IS CONTINUING DOWN BROADWAY TO UNIVERSITY PLACE AND BY THE STREETS NEAREST TO BROADWAY TO THE ASTOR HOUSE.

—A DEACON OF ONE OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCHES IN NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS, WAS ASKED HIS OPINION OF THE NEW YORK ELECTION. HE ANSWERED, "I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY THE VOTERS IN THE FOURTH AND FIFTH DISTRICTS SHOULD ELECT BEN WOOD AND FERNANDO; BUT WHY THE LORD SHOULD PERMIT SUCH MEN TO BE ELECTED, I CAN NOT SEE."

—THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT ESTIMATES THAT THERE ARE TWO HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN THE BANKS OF NEW YORK CITY. THIS VAST SUM IS WAITING AND WATCHING THE MOVEMENTS OF OUR ARMY.

—IT IS NOW NECESSARY TO USE CHECK STAMPS ON ALL CHECKS FOR MORE THAN TWENTY DOLLARS. THE STAMPS COST TWO CENTS, AND ARE TO BE USED WHEN USED.

—AMONG THE ARTICLES SENT BY SOLDIERS THROUGH THE MAIL AS FAR AS WASHINGTON, WAS A LIVE TERAPIST, AND A DRIED HUMAN FINGER.

—A LARGE SETTLEMENT OF OCTOORS HAS BEEN DISCOVERED NEAR FAQUIER SPRINGS, IN VIRGINIA. THEY ARE ALL LOYAL TO THE UNION.

—THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO INVESTIGATE THE CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE SURRENDER OF HARPER'S FERRY, HAVE REPORTED. THEY IMPLICATE COL. FORD, COL. MILES, GEN. WOOL, AND GEN. McCLELLAN—GEN. WOOL FOR PLACING COL. MILES, AN UTTERLY INCOMPETENT OFFICER, IN COMMAND, AND GEN. McCLELLAN FOR HAVING FAILED TO RELIEVE HARPER'S FERRY, MARCHING ONLY SIX MILES PER DAY IN PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY.

—IN MORAVIA THERE IS A MAN LIVING, A PEASANT, WHO IS ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD AND STILL HAIRY AND HEARTY. HE WAS FORMERLY A SOLDIER, AND REMARRIED AT THE AGE OF NINETY. HE LIVES ON MILK AND POTATOES.

—A LETTER FROM OSAGE, MO., GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF AN ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE KANSAS NEGRO REGIMENT AND A LARGE FORCE OF REBELS, SAYS: "IT IS USELESS TO TALK ANY MORE OF NEGRO COURAGE. THE MEN FOUGHT LIKE TIGERS, EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM, AND THE MAIN DIFFICULTY WAS TO HOLD THEM WELL IN HAND."

—THE PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION TROUBLES THE ENEMY TERRIBLY. THE RICHMOND WHIG SAYS: "THESE CALAMITIES THREATENED IN THE CAPTURE OF OUR PORTS ARE GRAVE ENOUGH. ONE GRAVE, HOWEVER, AND MORE TERRIBLE THAN ALL THESE, IS TO COME IF THE ENEMY GET A HOLD IN THE COTTON STATES, FOR PUTTING INTO OPERATION THEIR EMANCIPATION SCHEME. GREAT EFFORTS WILL NATURALLY BE MADE TO KEEP THIS PET MEASURE OF THE ABOLITIONISTS FROM FAILING TO THE GROUND, AND

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.

Miscellaneous Writings.

BY J. LEANDER STARR.

NUMBER ONE.

WEALTH AND POVERTY CALMLY CONSIDERED.

CHAPTER I.

An elegant English writer, Mrs. Barbauld, has said that "the world requires less to be instructed than reminded."

There is no mind so feebly constituted as not to admit that it is the duty of all men, by honorable means, to acquire wealth; nor less the duty of all to avoid, so far as their power to avoid it, the evils of poverty. All men do not *properly* strive to become rich. Indolence or extravagance thwart those efforts which might otherwise realize wealth. Nor do all properly strive to avert poverty. Yet in many cases even a proper course will not lead to riches; nor an honorable, well-directed life, keep poverty from being the lot of some. Such are the decrees of Providence.

In all countries, men possessed of wealth are clothed with undue importance, where they are personally caressed and looked up to, solely because they are rich.

The honest man of wealth, honorably acquired, and who uses his fortune, not solely for sordid and selfish purposes, but for the good of mankind, is a man to be respected, and the homage offered to him is rendered to a proper object.

The man who is thus gifted, and who thus acts, if he be well educated, intelligent, and of gentlemanly address, becomes legitimately, the brightest ornament of society.

The popular error so general, and so painful of perception, and which rules more markedly in France and in the United States than in any other countries, is that *wealth alone*, however acquired, however dispensed, and in the absence of talent, intelligence, refined manners, and even honesty, in the possessor, entitles him to be placed on a higher pinnacle of respect and consideration than his fellow man less rich, gifted though he be with mental and intellectual qualities and those social virtues which adorn the human character.

To point out the existence and the evils of this popular error is the object of this paper.

To illustrate my views I select a case, (*Ex uno omnes dicere*): Mr. A. was a merchant in the city of New York. He had received a very liberal education at some of the principal universities in Europe, and had traveled much, mingled in the most refined society, and was an accomplished linguist. To these acquisitions he added a pleasing person, a more than ordinary intelligence, and a graceful manner. On the death of his father he succeeded to the business, and added, by his industry and fair dealing, to the wealth he inherited. No man stood higher in commercial circles and in the society of the *élite* of New York than Mr. A. He was courted by all. No dinner-party given by the fashionable circles of Fifth Avenue was complete without the presence of the agreeable, the gentlemanly, and talented Mr. A. His refined and charming conversational powers, and the incidents he related of his foreign travels, toned down by a native modesty, led captive all his auditors. He was the guest on all such occasions.

He was now rich—but hospitable, benevolent, and liberal to the poor.

At length one of those simooms which periodically sweep over the commercial world, and hurl the rich and affluent to poverty—sometimes to want—visited New York.

It was in the year 1857. Bankruptcy and ruin devastated this great commercial metropolis. Commercial houses, which were supposed to stand firm and immovable from their own resources and the prudent management of their business, were swept away as with a mighty flood. The tornado rolled onward, gathering strength in its progress; and as houses which were intrinsically rotten—bolstered up by a fictitious credit—yielded to the tempest, they, in their fall, swept down really sound and rich establishments.

The firm of which Mr. A. was the head fell amid this general devastation. From being rich he now found himself, through the failures of others, a bankrupt.

He was, however, still the high-minded, upright, honorable man. He bowed meekly to the fiat of Providence, and submitted to a ruin he could in no way avert.

His stock was sold, but at an enormous sacrifice. His house, his furniture, his plate, paintings, aye, even the books of his private library, which were dear to him almost as his offspring, for they had been his familiar friends and companions in his prosperity—they were all more or less marked with his pencilled annotations; but however much he would have liked to retain them as his companions in the dark hour of adversity, his sense of honor forbade. These were all sold at public auction for the general benefit of his creditors. There was no assignment of any part of his property to his wife to defraud his creditors. She—high-minded woman, worthy of such a husband—much as she loved him and her children, would have rejected the proposal had such been made to her. All he possessed, all was given up to swell the percentage to his creditors on the sums he owed them, and he and his family retired to a small cottage in

New Jersey, rented furnished, in the proud consciousness that although they were now poor they had retained intact the living principle of unsullied honesty.

Mr. A. then, by the aid of a few friends, when there became a lull in this fearful tempest of bankruptcy, engaged in a small business in New York with an energy not to be lost—although he will be still only *the same man* who is now snubbed in society—society will extend open arms to receive him again in its meretricious embrace. Such also is life!

What may be Mr. A.'s course when society again chooses to recall him to their privileged circle, it is not my province to anticipate. My readers will, from his character, judge for themselves of his probable course of action.

It may be said I have sketched two extreme cases—a man of great refinement, and a man of great vulgarity. It is true; but they are not "out of drawing." The principle holds good, however, in the lesser grades of either character, and the conclusion is undeniable, that wealth outweighs talent in the false code of fashionable society.

It is not at the dinner-table (that most delightful of all reunions), and which is at once the most agreeable and the most severe test of individual refinement—where conversation flows from cultivated minds in graceful ease, modest, and winning—and where high-bred manner, and not food, is the chief attraction) alone, that the ignorant rich man is preferred to the poor man of talent and address. They preside at public meetings, at suppers in honor of distinguished guests, in commercial assemblies, and even at scientific reunions.

The man who becomes reduced in circumstances, with no fault attributable to him, is placed beyond the pale of fashionable society, and even acquaintanceship—*tabooed*—and the proud host who once felt honored in having the man, when rich, a guest at his house, when reduced not only bars and bolts his door against him, but "cuts" him if perchance he meets in the public streets.

Let this *snubbing* be offered to the criminal and the fraudulent—whatever their wealth—but not to the man to whom God has given the precious gifts of intellect and honesty, and deprived him of the false idol, wealth.

I believe it will be readily admitted that many men *could* become rich were they as industrious, and as prudent in their expenditures as they ought to be. How many men we daily encounter, possessed of good health, fair prospects, and friends ready to aid and encourage them, who are really too indolent to make those efforts which, if made, would secure riches. They seem to live as though they had little more to do than to provide for the wants of to-day. They seem to be wholly unconscious that no man ever arrives at eminence without great labor and incessant application. The merchant, the lawyer, the statesman, the man of science, to be eminent and successful, *must* toil hard night and day, and repudiate personal ease while they are pursuing the desirable aim of life, success. All these *may* not succeed; but those who neglect these means, *cannot* succeed.

These indolent men who have their fortunes "to make," and neglect the means, are of the class of those whom a lady once, in advertising for a husband, characterized as "a man who must know when to come in out of the rain."

And then, if men who have energy and application do not combine therewith prudence in their expenditures, their progress to wealth—despite all their energy and toil—will be slow and uncertain. Most men begin at the wrong end. They commence to expend money as soon as they commence to earn it: not based on their present, but on their *prospective* incomes. Whereas it is the only wise policy in a young merchant for the first years of his business, and until he has *secured*, beyond the contingencies of losses and bad debts, a solid and sufficient sum, to live in the strictest economy. Every thousand dollars unnecessarily expended annually, deprives him of the accumulation of *capital*, and makes the more remote the period when he can afford to live at ease and wisely enjoy the luxury of wealth. There is no greater practical means of accumulating riches than the practice of *strict economy* in the earlier years of our business; and from the neglect of this principle, thousands of young merchants have become bankrupt in times of pressure, from having no accumulation to fall back upon as a resource, which prudence should have dictated to them. This they had foolishly expended.

But Mr. B. was the antithesis of this character. He was ignorant, uneducated, coarse, boastful, and inflated with the importance of his riches, which he had gained by both dishonest and unlawful means—and all New York knew it—for he would lie, misrepresent, and cheat—

"Doing it all in a legal way," in making a bargain, and secretly embarking in the African slave trade, his wealth increased to an enormous sum, and he proudly saw himself numbered among the *millionaires* of this great city.

"Society" sought him out and paid him homage. He was rich, and the doors of all palatial mansions flew open at his approach.

It was this gilded ignoramus—vulgar with all his gold—who now sat at dinner-parties where Mr. A. was formerly the thrice-welcome guest, and to this *impersonation of gold* was offered the incense of deference and obsequiousness by his fellow-men, and the smiles and devotion of the lovelier sex.

Now it never entered into the head of this man that all these attentions were not to him. It was not in their idea, that he sat at their table; but his wealth.

A man who was brilliant in intellectual wealth, was excluded, and this uneducated and coarse man was received.

The philosophy of this I have explained.

It was the conventional law of "society," which is absolute in fashionable life; and poor A. could not therefore be recalled. The *habeas corpus* was suspended in his case,

But what is the common sense of this substitution of an uneducated and vulgar man with no talent for conversation—except on "business"—for one who is the converse of all this? His personal presence could not add a charm to the convivial reunion; for he possessed no quality, either personal or intellectual, to make his presence desirable, and were he not a very rich man, not one of his entertainers would deign even to bow to him in the street. It was, therefore, solely his gold that was his passport to the feast.

Now would it not have answered just the same end—"the honor of Mr. B.'s company to dinner"—and avoid the disagreeableness of such an undesirable person being seated at table with the educated, the vivacious, the refined, and charming women, if they had placed his *visiting card* on one of the plates at table with the reputed amount of his fortune inscribed thereon in conspicuous characters? The philosophy would thereby be sustained, and common sense would have certainly one half its due; at least it would not be outraged.

Such is life—fashionable life—such is "so-

cietry." There is nothing new in these remarks. They are "true to nature," and my readers will exclaim "it's too true!"

But it is not less true that so soon as Mr. A. regains (which I hope he may) the full measure of the wealth he once possessed and lost—although he will be still only *the same man* who is now snubbed in society—society will extend open arms to receive him again in its meretricious embrace. Such also is life!

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Of Writers and Speakers.

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

F. L. Wadsworth speaks in Taunton, Mass., Nov. 18, 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, Laramie, 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 Settico, Conn.

Dr. H. F. Gardner may be addressed, 55 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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

John Brookie, M. D., may be addressed No. 58 Collins street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe may be addressed till further notice, care of T. J. Freeman, Esq., Milwaukee, Wis.

John McQueen, Trance and Inspirational Speaker, will speak on review, 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Philadelphia during November. Address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Broad Street, Boston, Mass., from whence letters will be forwarded.

Samuel Clark, inspirational speaker, will speak at East Delavan, Wis., Nov. 16. Address Lawrence, McElroy Co., Ill.

Miss Martha L. Beck will answer calls to lecture in Connecticut and Massachusetts this winter. Post-office address, New Haven, Conn., care of George Beckwith.

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

N. Frank White will lecture in Springfield, Mass., the five Sundays of November; Marblehead, 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. De Force Gordon will lecture in Portland, Me., during November and December. Address care of box 403. At Lowell, Mass., Jan. 4 and 11; at Providence, R. I., during February. Address 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, also the origin of the Jewish nation. Likewise on phonography and phrenology. Address Harveyburg, O.

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

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellfontaine, O., will speak at Greenleaf Park Co., O., on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 23 and 26; Thursday, 27; Morristown, Ind.; Munice, 28; Chesterfield, 29 and 30; Anderson, Dec. 1; Mechanicsburg, 2 and 3; Cadiz, 4 and 5; Greensboro, 6 and 7. Subscriptions taken for the HERALD of PROGRESS, and books sale.

Travelers' Guide.

RAILROAD LINES.

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

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

NEW JERSEY R. R.—Leave foot of Cortlandt street, Express for Philadelphia 7 and 10 A. M., 4, 6, and 11 P. M.

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

NEW JERSEY CENTRAL.—Fest of Cortlandt St., 6 A. M., 12:15, 4, 6, and 11 P. M.

NEW HAVEN R. R.—Leave corner 27th street and 4th avenue for New Haven, 7, 8 (Ex.) A. M., 12:15, 2 (Ex.) 3:30, 4:30 and 8 (Ex.) P. M., for Boston, 8 A. M., and 12:15, 3, and 8 P. M.

HARLEM R. R.—Leave corner 26th street and 4th avenue, for Albany, 10:30 A. M.

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

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

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Spiritualists and the Indians.

The following is offered as reasons why Spiritualists should, as a body, make a special effort in behalf of the Indians:

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2. The Indians being the elder brethren of Spiritualists in a common faith, and having done so much by their magnetism in healing the sick and in developing mediums, have a first claim on the sympathy of all in their ranks.

3. The Indians have been the longest sinned against by our people, and some of the tribes are now in the greatest peril of extermination by civil war and by the aggressions of lawless men. Therefore justice demands that the first national sin (wrong to the Indians) should be blotted out by immediate redress of existing grievances and full protection of the remnants of all the tribes under the control of our government.

To this end let public speakers present the claims of the Indian before every audience, and let Indians in the form, as well as their spirits through mediums, be invited to plead for themselves; and let all who can see to it that his representative in Congress and the Senate of the United States be fully informed relative to this matter.

Let the demand be for ample domains in suitable locations, for every tribe to subsist in perfect freedom from all interference by those whose presence among them they do not desire. Let everything be done to create a correct public sentiment, so as to reverse the atheistic and murderous sentiment, which affirms "the Indian's destiny to be to perish before the march of our civilization." Let all this be done, not merely to save the Indians, but as the most proper and most speedy measure for saving ourselves.

There can be no mistake in affirming that injustice has brought ruin and desolation upon our nation, and that nothing can stay its wide-spread ravages but prompt obedience to the demands of *absolute right for all mankind*.

If Spiritualists have indeed got a dispensation which is truthful and powerful to save, surely now is the time to put it forth.

JOHN BEESON.

Reform in Russia.

A letter received in Paris from St. Petersburg, dated the 13th October, gives some details respecting the reforms introduced by the Czar into the administration of Justice. Trial by jury is to be established as it exists in France. The administration of justice is to be completely independent of the government. Magistrates have been appointed for the examination of criminal matters. All judicial proceedings are to be public. The Judges hold their appointment for life, and they cannot be removed from one bench to another without their own consent. The Senate is authorized to form itself into a Court of Cassation, and it is to be divided into several sections, of which each is to have its particular attributes.

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For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: From Plainfield, Washara Co., Wis., Oct. 30th, PHILIP M. GREEN, Esq., aged 42 years, 6 months.

Brother Green was well known in this part of the State as a man of talent and principle; as one who loved freedom and hated despotism in all its forms. Endowed with reasoning faculties of a high order, with a disposition to look back of effects for their causes, he could not accept the dogmatic theories of popular theology; but when the philosophy of Spiritualism began to be unfolded, he gave the subject a thorough and candid investigation, and became a bold and earnest advocate of its truths. His sickness was long, yet he was ever patient through it all; and although he felt that he was needed longer on earth, as a support to his aged parents, and consequently felt a desire to remain, he feared not to go forth; for he knew that bright spirits were waiting to conduct him to their beautiful home.

The funeral services were performed on the following Sunday, when the spirit guides of the writer spoke through his organism the words of consolation to the aged father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and also to a large audience of friends and neighbors who had assembled on the occasion.

M. C. BENT.

(Banner of Light please copy.)

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: To the Spirit Land, Oct. 20th, 1862, W. NOSLIE, a native of Portland, Maine, aged 69 years. He was a worthy citizen, an affectionate father, and a devoted husband; and his voice was ever raised in behalf of the slave and in favor of woman's elevation. He was one of the first investigators of the beautiful faith of Spiritualism, and he passed away with confidence unshaken in its sacred realities. His noble nature, his frankness, his buoyant spirits, and his unaffected generosity, endeared him to a large circle of acquaintances, and many will deeply mourn his departure.

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