

with such a breaking heart? As a bride, deed, with the blessed consciousness that, but for my presence and watchful care, Arthur would have been at that moment lying among the crowded unknown dead of a soldiers' burial-ground. There had been no trace of his name or home, for the fever had been on him when he went out to the battle-field, and he was carried away from it to a prison shelter, wounded and raving in delirium.

Think of the change in my heart and life when I entered the room in which I had suffered those long, slow weeks of torture; when I knelt by the white-robed bed, too speechlessly thankful for words or tears, with Arthur's arm clasping me, and his dear voice thanking God for both of us, and for the strange deliverance which he had wrought.

Theological Investigation.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

The Cradle of the Human Race.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ADELUNG.

Asia has always been considered that region of the world in which the human race took its origin, where it enjoyed its first training, and from the midst of which it has diffused its fullness over all the rest of the world. Whether there were several such original nations or races, which arose independently of one another, or whether we must fall back on one single human pair whence to derive all the races of men found on the earth's surface—whatever may be their color or conformation—this question depends for its solution on the history of the development of language. According to the natural disposition of man, there is only one way to form a language, and this so natural, that every society of men, in every climate, could and must be led to its discovery. Meanwhile, if we trace back races to their tribes, and tribes to their families, we shall at last arrive at a point where the history or traditions of all ancient peoples refer to a single pair, from which gradually families, then tribes, and finally nations, have arisen. But the question has been, and often is asked: Who constituted this original family and the race derived from it? Where was its first seat? How came it so to spread, and, from so vast a circuit, fill the four quarters of the globe? This question bears upon a matter of fact, and must be answered by history. But history on this point is silent; for Time has destroyed its original books, and the few lines which Moses has preserved for us may amuse our curiosity, but cannot satisfy our desire of knowledge.

Two thousand years before our era, in the first faint glow of the morning just then beginning to dawn from the darkness that had preceded, we find the whole of Asia and a portion of Africa filled with a multitude of nations; great and small, having dissimilar customs, religions, and languages; their mutual wars were already in full progress, and no one knows how long they had continued. Here and there at this early day we also find cultivated States, and these, too, possessed of useful inventions, which must have required a long space of time for their development and perfection. Apart from these States, the residue of the human race was divided into innumerable savage hordes, whose chief employment was the rearing and care of cattle, hunting, and robbery; hence, even in Abraham's time, the slave-trade was carried on. Soon after this period, a few faint gleams from Europe show that that continent, from the Don to the Pillars of Hercules, was in similar condition as regards its population; though here and there traces are discernible of culture, art, and commerce; for example, the trade in amber from the Baltic, and in tin from the British Isles, existed in the time of Homer. All this we see, as it were, in the dim distance, a few sparks of light gleaming forth to give us the first germs of future history, which is still silent upon the time and character of those early displays of human activity and intercourse. Of course, our only resource is to examine the great archives of Nature, to see whether documents may not there be found at least to guide our conjectures; fortunately such there are.

The whole present structure of the surface of the globe teaches us—and Moses confirms the fact—that, at a former epoch, the earth was enveloped to a certain depth in water, which at length, by causes unknown to us, subsided, and suffered the habitable parts of the globe to rise to view. The highest dry land on our globe, therefore, became earliest inhabited; and here Nature must have brought into existence the first little people, whose increase and diffusion would naturally follow the constant withdrawal of the waters. We must consider this people gifted with all the human capacities and faculties, though destitute of knowledge and experience, the acquirement of which would be its future task, as time and circumstances should afford occasion.

As Nature could not cast her first-born and wholly inexperienced son at random into the boundless universe, it was necessary that the place of his abode should be so selected that the means of subsistence might be easily obtained, and that everything tending to render his existence agreeable and blessed might be ready to his hand; it must be a place where all the charms of the animate and inanimate realms, as well as the treasures of Nature, should be concentrated within narrow limits; in short, it must be a Garden, a Paradise.

Such a region is even now to be found in

Central Asia, between the 30th and 50th parallels of latitude and the 90th and 110th degrees of longitude, which, as regards height, can be compared only with the elevated plains of Quito, in South America. From this elevation, of which the well-known desert of Cobi, or Shamo, is the highest summit, Asia gradually declines toward the four quarters of the globe. From this elevation proceed the great mountain-chains that intersect the continent in all directions. From the slopes of this elevation, and from its mountains, spring all the great rivers which flow in all directions through this quarter of the globe; namely: the Selinga, the Obi, the Irtysh, the Lena, and the Yenesei, in the north; the Jaik, the Jihon, the Jemba, towards the west; the Amoor and the Hoang-ho towards the east; and the Indus, the Ganges, and the Brahmapootra, towards the south.

If the globe was once covered with water, this elevation must first have emerged to view, and must have stood forth like a vast island in its midst. Indeed, the cold and desolate lofty plain of Cobi would be no fit dwelling-place for the first little tribe of men; but on its south side, and directly bordering on it, lies the remarkable country of Thibet, which is separated from all the rest of the world by high mountains, and unites within itself all varieties of climate. If the most inhospitable cold prevails upon these snowy and ice-clad mountains, in the valleys and well-watered plains there blooms an ever-during summer. Here are found, indigenous, rice, the vine, the leguminous plants, and all the fruits and vegetables which man needs for his nourishment, and which he has used so many thousand years. But here also are found all the species of wild animals which he has tamed for his convenience, and which have traveled with him over the globe; such as the ox, the horse, the ass, the sheep, the goat, the camel, the hog, the dog, and cat—even the useful reindeer, his sole friend and attendant in the icy deserts of the Polar regions. Closely bordering on Thibet, but still on the next descending slope of this elevated region, lies that charming Cashmere, the high locality of which transforms the southern heats into a perpetual spring, and where Nature exerts all her powers to produce plants, animals, and men, in their highest perfection. There is no region in the whole earth which unites within itself all these advantages in such a measure, and where the human species, without any fostering care, could have flourished so gloriously, as in Cashmere.

And surely, if any section of modern Asia may justly claim to be the Paradise of which Moses speaks, that country is Cashmere. This district, situated in a peculiar manner between Persia, Thibet, and Hindostan, or rather, this fine valley, inclosed by inaccessible mountains (which is about sixty miles in length and twenty miles wide) combines within itself all that the most voluptuous fancy can imagine as the highest ideal of all sensual enjoyment. It abounds in fruitful hills and innumerable mountains and rivulets, which, besides others, form also the river Behut, which, like the *Pison* of Moses, flows in a slow current around the whole kingdom, and at length becomes one of the principal arms of the Indus. This district, inhabited in its whole extent, resembles a continued series of gardens contiguous to each other, which are broken only by towns and villages. Bernier found here all the fruits of Europe and Asia produced in the greatest perfection. The *Pisang*, the *Fig-tree* of Moses, doubtless, nowhere else grows so large and beautiful as here. But the crown of all the vegetable realm in this district is the *Rose*, which, on account of the splendor of its colors and its fragrance, is celebrated through all Asia—and luxury pays tribute to its excellent oil of roses. The commencement of the rose-blooming season is, therefore, one of the most joyful festivals of this country. All kinds of tame and wild animals, also, are here found in great numbers, except serpents, tigers, lions, bears (though those are numerous in other parts of India) as if Nature had purposely designed to keep far from this land, or this Paradise, all that can embitter or mar human enjoyment!

Nevertheless, if we must assign a serpent to Paradise, it would be easy to discover one there. The source of the river Behut, already mentioned, is called *Firnaz*; that is, *Serpent*, a proof that this reptile, at least by name, is known here.

Even the men of this region are distinguished above all other Asiatics. They have nothing of the Mongolian or Tartar structure which is peculiar to the Thibetians and Chinese, but they possess the finest forms on the European model, and excel all other Asiatics in intellectual capacity. No wonder, then, that the people located in so delightful a climate are so susceptible to all kinds of pleasure, and that, by the seductions of sensuality, might be even now tempted to trifle away their Paradise, if their great progenitor had not in this already anticipated them. This region once possessed its own kings, and was subsequently conquered by the Mongols of Hindostan, who, by reason of its charms, held it by a gentle sway. But since the fall of these rulers, it has been smarted under the iron scepter of the rude Afghans, who rob the native inhabitants of all the blessings Nature spontaneously yields.

Even Moses locates the mild region in which his original human pair lived upon the spontaneous productions of the soil, and made their first acquaintance with the animal kingdom, in the east of the Asia known in his time—that is, upon the Indus, which receives the larger portion of its waters from Cashmere and Thibet. The names of his rivers do

not, indeed, occur in this region, but probably they bear a later interpretation; for, according to the course of the rivers specified by Moses, his Eden must have embraced all South-western Asia, and even Western Tartary. Moreover, the circumstance that, if we follow the common translation, his four rivers of Paradise flow from one and the same fountain, shows us that we must not take his account literally—for there is no such fountain in the whole world. Very probably this entire story is an interpreted hieroglyphic, which on minor points allows more than one sense. Perhaps the interpreter confounded the mouth of the river with its source, whether that river be the Ganges or the Indus. Michaelis translates the passage thus: "Out of Eden there gush forth rivers to water the garden, and these flow ever farther and farther from one another, and they have four sources, or fountains, etc."

This objection, then, is not tenable; but the account of Moses would be more consistent with Nature if we were to regard his four rivers as the *Indus*, the *Ganges*, the *Brahmapootra*, and a river well known in Thibet, which all take their rise not far from one another, but in their course flow constantly more and more distant from each other. It deserves mention that the Hindoo Mythology, which in age does not perhaps fall short of the history by Moses, which at least can hardly have been derived from their Genesis, exhibits the condition of primeval man and his fall under a similar figure. Their Paradise is located upon Mount *Mera*, on the borders of Cashmere and Thibet. From the same mountain rise the four rivers, namely, the Ganges, the Brahmapootra, the *Sindhu*, (Indus), and a fourth that runs towards Thibet. In this Paradise is found not "the Tree of Life and Death" only, (which in India is the tree so well known by the name of *Techiampa*—the Portuguese *Janba*—the fruit of which resembles an apple, the tree bearing both good and bad fruit), but also the Tree of Immortality, and the Serpent that poisons the water as the source of all propagation. Who can avoid the thought that this, too, is an interpreted hieroglyphic, distinguished from the Mosaic only in unimportant details? Cashmere is also for the Hindoos a "Holy Land," and many fountains in it are sacred to them; a proof that they have a conscious regard for it as the cradle of their race, their culture, and their religion.

Be this as it may, Moses assigns the seat of the original people to Eastern Asia. His primal human pair, after leaving Paradise, directed their course still farther toward the East. Cain's descendants lived in the East of the land of Eden—that is, in Thibet. Here they invented the first arts—among others, the working of metals, to which, perhaps, in all the world there is nowhere so great incentives as in Thibet, where the hills richly abound in iron ore, silver, and copper, and of whose treasures of gold (in the northern part) the myths of the ancients largely treat. Noah's ancestors dwelt on the east side of the Indus; here also arose the great Deluge, after which his descendants long continued in India, and, perhaps compelled by an increase of population, from here first began to withdraw into Western Asia. The historian (Moses) reaching this point in his narration, thenceforward treats of only one of these races, and omits all mention of India, which has no more interest for him.

Baillly in several of his writings went a step further, and concluded from several observations, that, antecedent to the period of our authentic history, there must have been in elevated Central Asia a highly civilized state, in which all the arts and sciences, especially Philosophy, Physics, Astronomy, Chemistry, and Medicine, were cultivated; but that a general convulsion had ruined this state, and dispersed its inhabitants, who carried away with them special branches of knowledge, and transplanted them, without preserving all. Thus at the very dawn of history, we find generally diffused, in all Western Asia, the knowledge of the *moon's motions*, of the *solar year*—points so difficult to be determined—the knowledge of the *zodiac*, the *theory of planetary movements*, and the *precession of the fixed stars*, on which rests the doctrine so ancient of the six thousand year period of the world's age, of the "Millennial Reign," and of the "Restoration of all things," which presuppose [astronomical] observations made for long ages before, and which could not have been made by the Egyptians, Babylonians, and Persians, among whom the doctrines are found. The beautiful astronomical period of the Chaldeans—the cycle of six hundred years—[the period nearly of the recurring conjunction of sun and moon at the same star, or fixed point in the heavens, styled by Higgins the *Neros*], must have been several times observed, before it could have been confidently accepted [as a law of Nature].

The modern Hindoos may have calculated eclipses with considerable precision for thousands of years, and consequently have determined the movements of sun and moon, without ever having had the least notion of the principles on which their practice rests, and therefore they have never advanced a single step in their astronomical knowledge. From this fact, Baillly concludes that their routine skill is nothing more than the remains of a former scientific system, which has been overthrown by a great convulsion or revolution of Nature. This, in his opinion, was the Noachian Deluge, which all the Southern and Western Asiatics have learned from tradition, and as to the time of which they all accord with Moses. Southern Asia, indeed, seems to bear even now in its rude outlines, its innumerable groups of islands, and its volcanic mountains, the evidences of such a change.

Hudson, Ohio.

Voices from the People.

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

SKETCH OF A WELL-KNOWN EMPRESS.

Empress Eugenie's tastes were twain—
Tastes she brought from her sunny Spain.
Poised was Her Majesty's heart between
Ecclesiastics and crinolines:
Mumblor or milliner, folks confessed
'Twas hard to say which she loved the best.
Dear to her the frock of the priest,
Near was the robe of the *dear modiste*;
Now the church had the foremost place,
Now she was all for ribbons and lace;
Now she wept for the barbarous Latin,
Now o'er the sweetest thing in satin,
And of all the kings of the southern land
Her "bean ideal" was Ferdinand.
Who combined in one the duties three,
Of milliner, king, and devotee.
And, crowned and throned, (as historians quote)
Embroidered the Virgin's petticoat. [Punch.]

For the Herald of Progress.

The Phrenological Organs.

The Phrenological organs are usually divided by phrenologists into the Domestic Propensities, the Selfish Propensities, the Religious Sentiments, the Moral Sentiments, the Religious Sentiments, the Semi-Intellectual, and the Intellectual organs. The Religious sentiments are usually classed with the Moral sentiments. It seems to me that they are as much a distinct class as any other. It seems to me that every organ, so called, is itself a combination of organs, acting similarly. To illustrate: the organ of Amativeness serves not only for the propagation of the species, but it binds the sexes together, and enables us to distinguish in feeling the difference between a male and female. These last may be regarded as its higher uses, and which will make it necessary in the spirit spheres. Again: The organ of Destructiveness serves for killing and destroying purposes, and it also serves as a force to urge us on. One portion of it seems to act with the Propensities, one with the Sentiments, and another with the Intellect.

It seems probable that it may be so divided as to act with each class that we enumerated in the first part of this article, and perhaps with each organ. Here, in determining a person's character from his phrenological developments, it should be noticed what parts of this organ are developed. It is known that the Reasoning organs are divided into two classes, the lower parts being used on grosser things, and the upper on metaphysical subjects. We also know that while individuality, so called, is employed to direct the attention to physical objects, there is the organ of Clairvoyance employed to see Spiritual things.

In short, it seems highly probable that each organ, as marked by phrenologists, is a combination of organs, as stated above. If this is the case, we must look to Clairvoyance for a complete solution of the problem that will determine the whole matter. Friend Davis, have you any information to give on this subject?

I think we may conclude, also, that the position an organ occupies on the brain, determines the qualities of its uses. For instance, the *blindest* organ, if I may so express myself, is Amativeness, lying the lowest in the brain of any, and completely in the back-head. The same is true in a degree of the other organs occupying the back-head. The higher and farther towards the front-head an organ lies, the higher is the order of its natural language. The Perceptive, or seeing faculties, lie far front, but around the base of the brain, and accordingly they are very useful for gathering facts; but are not so good to guide us. But the Reasoning organs lie far front, and high up, being, very probably, in connection with the others, the most useful organs of the mind. Benevolence and Human Nature lie high up and in front, and hence they are of much, yes high use, in guiding us through life in our dealings with mankind. The organs of Refinement, Ideality, Sublimity, &c., lie high up, and in the front head, and hence their uses are of a high order. Veneration, lying upon the top-head, indicates that it is the highest sentiment of the mind; but being not so far front as Benevolence, we are warned that its use in guiding us through life is not of so much value as the latter organ.

Such are some things that I occasionally speculate on. Whatever of truth there may be in them, remains in a measure to be determined. I am aware that all these views are not new at present; but they are original with me. Let us observe and learn.

DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

Rev. Mr. Foster and K. Graves, D. D.

[We find the following in the cheerful columns of Brother Weller's "Crisis," published in Laporte, Ind., in the issue for Dec. 15, 1862. Brother Weller thinks that Rev. Mr. Foster has fallen among some pretty hard heads in our columns. We think friend Foster would find an opposite quality of heads in the columns of the "Crisis."]

We notice that the Rev. Mr. Foster, N. C. minister of Wilmington, Del., is writing a series of letters for the HERALD OF PROGRESS—a paper devoted to the "Harmonial Philosophy," edited by A. J. Davis—on "The Incarnation," which we hope will be useful to that numerous class of minds floating about, without chart or compass, in search of truth. He will find, however, that he has fallen upon pretty hard cases, calling themselves Spiritualists without the first gleam of a Spiritual idea. In the number of Dec. 13th, we find two communications addressed to him, in the first of which the writer thinks he has demolished his conclusions by taking away some of his premises—first, that "it is the universal law of life to become incarnate," which he supposes cannot be true, because organizations below man and animals are not incarnated—that is, clothed with flesh; and also that the human spirit, when it goes into its full, real life, *disincarnates* itself. He cannot look far enough to see that minerals and vegetables are in effort constantly towards the animal, and find their full culmination in man, nor has he any conception of spiritual flesh and blood as constituting the physical body of man. Second, he demurs to

the proposition that "the human form is the masterpiece of creation," merely upon the supposition that there may be higher forms yet unknown to us—a wondrous inconsistency with those who think the human capable of endless progression. The latter writer puts questions which only show the utter want of a knowledge of that very first stepping-stone in true philosophy—that of *discrete* degrees, and also that his ideas are altogether of time and space; thus he asks the very naturalistic question: "If God should descend to the earth to become incarnate, what would become of the 'house of many mansions' in his absence?" This same writer (K. Graves) luxuriates through a long article on *Christianity before Christ*, especially in reference to demigods said to be virgin-born, without even a suspicion crossing his mind that all these fragmentary traditions must have had a base of truth in early revelations, and, like all of the inferior creation, pointing to man, had reference to that crowning point in human history, the Divine Incarnation itself. Men of large minds can read the parable of Christ through all the mythologies and theologies of the world, knowing that the promise—the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head—ran current through the last generations of the golden age.

Childhood.

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

THE HONEY-BEE'S SONG.

WHAT THE BEE SINGS TO THE CHILDREN.

I am a honey-bee,
Buzzing away
Over the blossoms
The long summer day;
Now in the lily's cup
Drinking my fill,
Now where the roses bloom
Under the hill.
Gayly we fly,
My fellows and I,
Seeking the honey our hives to supply.
Up in the morning—
No laggards are we—
Skimming the clover-tops
Ripe for the bee,
Waking the flowers
At dawning of day,
Ere the bright sun
Kiss the dew-drops away.
Merrily singing,
Busily winging
Back to the hive with the store we are bringing.

No idle moments
Have we through the day,
No time to squander
In sleep or in play.
Summer is flying,
And we must be sure
Food for the winter
At once to secure.
Bees in a hive
Are up and alive—
Lazy folks never can prosper or thrive.

Awake, little mortals,
No harvest for those
Who waste their best hours
In slothful repose.
Come out—to the morning
All bright things belong—
And listen awhile
To the honey-bee's song.
Merrily singing,
Busily winging,
Industry ever its own reward bringing.

Cæsar Ducornet.

Fifty-one years ago there was born at Lisle, in France, at the dwelling of a poor shoemaker, a child which scarcely seemed a child. It had no arms. Its legs were little more than bony stalks, while it had but four toes on each tiny foot. Yet the good shoemaker and his wife loved this poor infant, and named it Cæsar. Why they gave him no help as a child this high-sounding name, I cannot tell; they certainly could not have done it from any hope that he would ever become a soldier, like the mighty Roman who made it immortal. Yet Cæsar they called him; and he proved himself more than worthy of his name.

Little Cæsar finding he had no arms, began very early to make good use of his feet. When he became old enough to think, he did not lie down and cry, "I can't do anything; I've got no arms!" Not he. He had too noble a spirit for that. But he began to do with his feet and toes what other boys did with their hands and fingers.

Thus, with his feet, Cæsar threw the ball, cut with a knife, drew lines on the floor with chalk, and even clipped figures from paper with his mother's scissors! And he did these things well, too—better than most boys of his age. Bravo, little Cæsar!

One day Cæsar was found with a pen between his toes, trying to write the alphabet on paper. This fact was named to an old writing-master, who was so pleased with the boy's efforts that he offered to teach him to write without pay. The offer was accepted, and in one year the armless Cæsar wrote better than any boy in the old writing-master's school! Again I say, "Bravo, little Cæsar!"

Having thus reached the head of the writing-class, Cæsar tried, not his hand, but his foot at drawing. Yes, at drawing! He covered his copy-books with sketches and designs, which were so striking as to attract the notice of an artist. The good artist was astonished. He got Cæsar admitted into the Academy of Design. Will you believe it! In a few years Cæsar won the highest prizes in all the classes through which he passed. Then the people of Lisle cried, "Bravo, Cæsar Ducornet!" They were proud of the boy who painted without arms!

Cæsar now adopted painting as his profession. He went to Paris, joined the Royal Academy, and won the second and third medals. His pictures and portraits were in great demand. Princes and noblemen became his patrons. His works were placed in churches and picture-galleries. Some of them were of great merit as well as of great size, and are still carefully preserved.

But how could he paint large pictures? I

will permit a gentleman, who once visited him while he was at work, to tell you what he saw. He says:

"We shall never forget the impression we received upon entering his painting-room. There, extended upon an easel, stood a huge canvas, on which the image of the General was beginning to assume the semblance of life; and across the whole extent of the canvas ran, with incredible agility, like a fly upon the wall, the stunted trunk of a man, surmounted by a noble head, with expansive brow and eye of fire; and wherever this apparition passed along the canvas he left the traces of color behind him. On approaching a few paces nearer, we were aware of a lofty but slender scaffolding in front of the canvas, up and down and across the steps and stages of which climbed, and crouched, and twisted—it is impossible to describe how—the shapeless being we had come to see. We saw then that he was deprived of arms, that he had no thighs, that his short legs were closely united to the trunk, and that his feet were wanting of a toe each. By one of his feet he held a palette, by the other a pencil; in his mouth, also, he carried a large brush and a second pencil. And in all this harness he moved, and rolled, and writhed, and painted, in a manner more than marvelous! For some minutes we had remained standing in the middle of the room, forgetful of ceremony, and stupefied and mute, when there proceeded from this shapeless being a voice, musical, grave, and sonorous, saluting us by name, and inviting us to be seated. Then the apparition, gliding down the whole length of the scaffolding to the ground, advanced, or rather rolled toward us, and, with a bound, established itself on the sofa at our side. It was thus that we found ourselves for the first time in the company of Cesar Ducornet, the historical painter."

"In the course of the conversation that followed, this singular phenomenon exhibited much joyous humor, so much frank cordiality, as won our affections completely. Forgetting everything else, we saw in him only a distinguished man, whose friendship we coveted, and, with unreflecting instinct, we held out our hand. Ducornet smiled sadly, with a look toward his armless shoulders."

Thus did this wonderful man conquer his difficulties. For thirty years he toiled on in this way, until his feet were struck with paralysis. Then his great heart broke, and on the 26th of April, 1836, Cesar Ducornet died in the arms of his father and of a friend who had loved and served him with a father's affection.

See, my children, from this sketch, what wonders may be done, what hindrances overcome, what victories won, by industry, patience, cheerfulness, and perseverance. If any of you ever think you lot a hard one, remember Cesar Ducornet and take courage.—*Christian Register.*

Hassan the Wise.

Hassan Ben Omar threw himself prostrate upon the ground outside of the walls of Bassora, and tore his hair with rage. In three years of riot and luxury he had dissipated the wealth which he had inherited from Good Omar, his father. His house, his vineyards, his olive-yards, were all gone, and now he would be compelled to seek employment as a camel-driver, or beg of those who had feasted sumptuously on his extravagance. He cursed his unhappy fate, reproached Allah, blasphemed the Prophet, charged his friends with ingratitude, and called loudly upon death to release him from his misery. His old servants approached and tried to comfort him, but he drove them away with abuse and blows, and dashed himself again upon the earth. For a long time he lay moaning and weeping; at length a voice sounded in his ears:

"Listen, Hassan Ben Omar! Allah intends thee good!"

Hassan raised his head, and his eyes rested upon a venerable dervish, who was calmly contemplating his grief.

"Begone, old man," he cried, "if thou canst not work a miracle for my relief."

"Listen," replied the dervish, "the Prophet has sent me to serve thee. What wouldst thou have?"

"Give me my possessions again—my vineyards, my fields, and my gold."

"And what would it avail thee?" said the old man, "if I were to do this? When they were thine, thou hadst not the wisdom to keep them; in three years thou wouldst be as wretched as now. But attend, Hassan Ben Omar! Reform thy life, govern thy passions, moderate thy desires, hate thy wine-cup, labor for thy bread, eat only when thou art hungry, and sleep when thou art weary. Do these things for one year, and thou shalt be monarch of a mighty kingdom."

A mist darkened the eyes of Hassan. When it was gone, behold the dervish was nowhere to be seen. Hassan invoked the aid of Allah, and rose from the ground with a light heart. He joined a caravan, which set forth for the desert the next day. He began to rise early and to labor with diligence. A cup of water and a few dates formed his simple meal; and at night he lay down by the side of his camels and enjoyed sweeter repose than he had ever known before. If his anger was excited, or if he was tempted to give the rein to any passion, the form of the dervish seemed to rise before him with a mild rebuke upon his lips, and his heart was calmed. Thus for a year he lived a frugal and patient life—following to the letter the exhortations of the dervish. At the end of the time he was again at the same place, before the walls of Bassora. He prostrated himself upon the earth and cried:

"Now, Allah, fulfill the promise!"

"Suddenly he heard the same voice as before."

"Hassan Ben Omar, thou hast done well, and thy reward is with thee. Behold, thy kingdom is thine! I have taught thee to rule it. Be wise and happy!"

Hassan looked in vain for the speaker—no one was near. He pondered deeply upon these things, and finally resolved to continue as he had begun.

Thus he lived many years, gradually becoming more prosperous, but firmly retaining his frugal and industrious habits, until he became richer than the Good Omar, his father, and all men called him Hassan the Wise.

MANY a man, by throwing himself to the ground in despair, crushes the flowers of hope that were ready to spring up and gladden his pathway.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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READERS OF THIS JOURNAL will be pleased to learn that new names are being constantly added to our list. Meanwhile our old friends and subscribers—"the tried and true"—continue to strengthen our hands in the good work.

MUSIC AT THE SUNDAY MEETINGS IN DODWORTH'S HALL, (No. 806 Broadway).—We congratulate the congregation attendant upon the Editor's lectures, on the formation of a choir of "sweet singers" who favored the audience for the first time on Sunday evening last, with the refreshing, elevating music of progressive hymns. Hereafter every meeting will be enlivened by their welcome melodies.

"THE CRADLE OF THE RACE."—This essay, from the German of Adelung, given this week, is well worth perusal. Ethnology and philology are tending to show, that if Central Asia was not the original home of the whole race, it was the home of the Caucasian stock. The first pair of which Adelung speaks, we are inclined to think is a pure fiction of the Oriental imagination. Tradition brings down to us from antiquity speculations as well as facts.

False and True Education.

A LECTURE BY A. J. DAVIS.

[The imperfect sketch we are able to give of the Editor's lectures at Dodworth's Hall, on Sunday last but faintly conveys an outline of the thoughts presented to most appreciative audiences.—*REP.*]

Education means education—drawing out from within—extracting that which is deposited. It is the work of quickening and bringing into active life dormant genius. True education is a process of incubation—the internal is roused and evoked to a natural revelation.

It is worthy of remark that friends of Progress and Spiritualists of this country, those who accept the fact of immortality, are among the most conspicuous and emphatic friends of Education. In the West many who are publicly committed to Harmonical truths occupy prominent positions in educational institutions. They are known to be Spiritualists, and with the independence peculiar to the West they publicly avow themselves such; yet they enjoy the confidence and support of the community as active educators of the young. In New England, also, there are many holding commanding educational positions who are not ostracized because of their opinions.

I sometimes fear that Spiritualism is on the road to popularity, and tremble lest we become sufficiently worldly to begin to recognize the rules of respectability. From such a fate, "good Lord, deliver us!" Education is the pet of progressive friends. Children's conventions, under the management of that genial-souled friend of youth, Joseph A. Dugdale, have become well known in different portions of the country, and similar gatherings of beautiful, happy children, are destined to become more and more general East and West.

Long ago Dr. Channing asserted that culture was the guardian angel of civilization, and the Unitarian organization has ever since been largely pervaded by the beautiful spirit of his teachings, through which a refining influence has gone out upon the whole world. Universalists have proved useful educators in doing battle against the dismal error of eternal punishment. Orthodox has never recovered from the effects of their blows.

We now stand upon the threshold of a new dispensation—the most golden that ever rolled in from the gestation of the centuries. We recognize the truth that the human mind is a soil, and Education a cultivation of that soil. Education brings out that which is hidden, straightens the crooked, embellishes the unsightly, and equalizes the vigor and action of the faculties.

Mark how educational processes inaugurate a new dispensation in the garden, on the prairie, in the Central Park! See how the uninviting waste has been converted into beautifully-carpeted lawns and walks, the dirty frog-ponds and cess-pools cleansed and dimpled all over with Heaven's smiles—because they have been educated. Accidents have been built up into beautiful caves, and craggy cliffs subdued and embellished. How we admire the beauty, purity, and attractive-

ness of what before was filthy and repulsive! Such is education in the physical world. And see how the inhabitants of this planet are growing out of their sectarian bonds by cultivating a higher knowledge of rocks, and shrubs, and trees. All days are sacred in the universal temple. It is open, like the atmosphere, every day of the week. How beautiful to dwell with Nature and thus learn to love Nature's God!

Education is the same when applied to the human mind. Look at the boy not truly educated, and you see what the Central Park was before it felt the magic hand of its originator. Imagine what the Central Park will be one hundred years hence, and you will obtain an illustration of what true Education is destined to accomplish for the human mind.

By Education is not meant a knowledge of Latin and Greek, nor familiarity with the routine of popular fashionable accomplishments. The truly educated are those who have come out from within, who have grown up from the mental quadruped state to the full-blown development of the immortal faculties and attributes.

Imitation is not the basis of true Education. Many children are but learned pigs! Many talented men are but trained animals. They walk and talk after the manner of their masters. Medical colleges and theological seminaries inculcate simply the lesson of consulting and following rigidly in the footsteps of certain authorities. Their students are taught to diagnose and minister to diseases, and to pound and expound the Scripture, in strict accordance with an established rule. Their ministrations are simply a routine, a trained performance. Depart from the prescribed methods, and a withdrawal of the good opinion of teachers and patrons is sure to follow. And the excellence and importance of these established codes are profoundly felt by fathers who give their money and mothers who offer their prayers that their sons may become ministers. Take, for example, a family of boys. The strongest and most vigorous goes out upon the soil, or he wields the energy of his existence in the machine-shop. Another, with sympathetic nature, chooses the practice of medicine; another the law; while the last, who is fond of graveyards and poetry, and is likely to have the dyspepsia, if he has it not already by inheritance, and who is not fond of manual labor, studies for the ministry. Like a young ghost he goes to the theological school, and in due course of study comes out a fashionable goblin of old orthodoxy. But no such person is truly educated.

True education, instead of cramping and incarcerating, liberates the mind. It has no programme beyond the discipline whose object is freedom—emancipation from the Teacher, and perhaps from the doctrines taught. Spiritualists, as well as all religionists who labor for the diffusion of this true education, are incubators and social agitators. How powerfully have the recent efforts of such educators moved the thinking world! Yet how liable are even teachers to become consolidated, established, and finally false to the progressive principles which underlie true education. Thus, the time was when one Quaker would shake the country for ten miles in every direction. Now it takes a section of country twenty miles every way to shake one Quaker! Whitefield and Wesley each brought a new magnetic light and a higher spiritual influence to the world. They spread democratic religious convictions, and broke down the church barriers as a locomotive would demolish a temple of glass. Methodism was a great Protestant movement. It was a religious democratic innovation. We welcome the general liberating influence of the lessons they taught. Now, however, the Methodist Episcopal Church has become fashionable, proud, respectable, consolidated, immovable, and a stumbling-block.

True educational influences visit the human mind, somewhat as the true horticulturist goes to plants, the pomologist to trees, the agriculturist to the field, the astronomer to the heavens, the musician to harmony, and as all true minds labor in the departments of science and art. All such influences are exerted not to embarrass and imprison, but to open, to extract, to call out, to unfold and perfect from properties and essences that exist within. Pythagoras listened, as he passed a blacksmith's shop, and heard different musical sounds from the blows of different sized hammers upon the anvil. By those sounds he was educated. He went to his room, suspended four hammers of different weight and form, and striking them, he elicited different notes, and so began his education in the science of music. Aristotle worked differently. To him the different sounds were different facts, to be used to put his pupils in bondage. His lessons were heavily freighted with the despotic and absolute. All who differed from his propositions were pronounced to be in error. Those who went out from his school were simply his disciples. They lived and died as such. The students of Pythagoras, on the other hand, went out feeling that philosophic truths, and not the teacher of them, were of eternal importance. But they were not strong enough to withstand the influences and temptations of the times, and they fell from power. So will fall all Spiritualists who commit themselves too largely to popular influences and aristocratic institutions. Let all reformers learn by the example of the disciples of Pythagoras, to avoid every attempt to accomplish great social and political changes by means of popular institutions. The lesson is, that new social, religious, and governmental developments require new means and new men. Old forms and institutions subserve the ends for which they were established. Such organi-

zations usually die when their purposes are fulfilled and their objects attained.

Nutrition, not education, is the first natural want of the little child. The first things that interests the babe are its fingers, its toes, and its stomach. These constitute the conscious needs and amusements of the babe. In these it finds delight, wonder, and satisfaction. It soon, however, discovers that fingers, toes, and stomach, have limits. New sources of diversion are sought. New toys must be brought in. The desire for nutrition being quickly gratified, other and higher wants are unfolded, and so on until you begin to hear from the spirit. The body's dispensation slowly passes, and almost imperceptibly the spirit begins to unfold its nature and needs. The young spirit takes the shape of its physical home. Impressions are thus made upon the young mind that cannot easily be eradicated. Still more important is it to know that the child will, ever and anon, manifest traits and characteristics in accordance with what acted upon it before birth.

Young Safford, the remarkable mathematical genius, received his powers from his mother, who, before his birth, became almost infatuated by her love of figures. Another mother was so circumstanced with a penurious, niggardly, and oppressive husband, that she was compelled to steal her pin-money from her legal master, habitually resorting to evasions and deceit to conceal her practices. Petty lying and theft became a settled habit with her, and as a result, her next-born child was as great a prodigy in lying and stealing as young Safford was in mathematics. The ante-natal law in both cases is precisely the same.

According to this ante-natal psychologic law, some persons are born prodigies in music, and others in murder. This is the law of ante-natal true Education or mis-education. Spiritualists do not fear to speak in public on this subject—to mothers and to youth in each other's presence. Thus Reformers are outgrowing the restraints of vulgar gentility or genteel vulgarity, and do not hesitate to proclaim redeeming truths that shall make mankind truly glorious, beautiful, and righteous in all things.

Spiritualists, more than any other class of Reformers, have dared to investigate Education back of birth, back of the marriage relation. In the line of these investigations and of the newly-felt mission and duty of woman, what a noble and beautiful work is being accomplished by our Sister, Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham. I hope that she may be invited ere long to spread out a holy eucharist before this audience.

Science and Philosophy truly educate and liberate the mind. They open up a broad field, and lead the soul far out into the spheres of infinitude. They bring facts, principles, and laws, to the understanding. Music and Art also tend to liberate. Not always are artists and musicians thus liberated, because of the false constraints and circumstances of social life which hamper them; but the influences they involuntarily exert are emancipatory and exalting to all human kind.

But for one moment look at American theology! That assumes to settle all doubtful questions. Ecclesiasticism is the great Apollyon under the shadow of whose wings are all the educational institutions of the country. Children and young men usually come out of them very sickly—if possible, more sickly in mind than in body. The established system of Education under the wings of the Church is a system of monotony. All must appear, think, and act alike. Members and supporters must not differ. No controversy is allowed. By this system Science is regarded as dangerous, and Philosophy as the handmaid of the devil. Art and Music are good, and the Church approves and appropriates them. Poetry, too, it needs and uses. But touch upon philosophic truths that tend to liberate, to break up authority, and knock the bottom out of perdition—destroy the devil, extinguish the fires of hell—and at once the Church says: "You go too far;" and forthwith the occupants of thirty thousand pulpits rise and unitedly oppose and resist your efforts, and they will zealously pray for the Almighty to restrain such infidel tendencies.

Education, as well as the State, should be divorced from the Church.

The human mind contains within itself all the elements for the development of a perfect character. The child is an ovarium. The inmost mental germs must be quickened, brought out, and then harmony and balance of the faculties will result. It is well to teach Science, but we should be cautious and not overload one side of the mind. The world longs for balanced minds.

Parents should not be obeyed because they are parents, but rather, because they are worthy of obedience. No wonder children so soon set up for themselves, because they have no real parents. Parentage means more than physiology. The temple of Childhood is built without the sound of a hammer, and obedience (in the true family relation) is as natural as the revolution of the planets. The sun does not compel obedience, but is simply in harmony with the immutable laws by which obedience is natural and inevitable.

The Church teaches benevolence and charity for the reason that Christ was charitable and benevolent, which is no reason at all. Yet I accept the record, and I there read that Jesus, when a child, went with his parents to Jerusalem, and after the feast of the Passover he remained in conversation with the doctors.

His parents returned for him, and his reply to their questions and invitation to accompany them home, was: "I am about my Father's business." Jesus thus gives an example of dis-

obedience to physiological parents. (He felt that he had a spiritual Father, and so feeling, he went about his work. He was faithful to his spiritual Father, and hesitated not to transcend the prerogatives of his physiological parents, under the pressure of the higher obligations.)

The record informs us that Mary "laid the words to her heart." Let all mothers do likewise. If the child disobeys, let the parent lay the lesson to heart, and learn who was in fault. Who knows but a child is "about his father's business" when he seeks the fresh, wholesome air, in defiance of the parental command to stay put up in the house? His spiritual Father tells him that he needs air, exercise, and sunshine, and if denied by the physiological parent opportunity, he steals away out of the house, and thus learns burglary and deceit.

Apply the lesson and introduce a new law—the God-code—in your families. Woe be to the fashionable code, conflicting with the divine, for thus come discord and evil!

[The speaker here remarked that he had exceeded his time, and still found himself in the middle of his discourse. He would, therefore, resume the train of thought in the evening, when he might, perhaps, address some spirits on the inside of the walls of a prison.]

Spirits in Prison.

EVENING LECTURE AT DODWORTH'S HALL, BY THE EDITOR.

We read that spirits were preached to in prison. Shut out from the light of heaven, those who were free, as the truth alone makes free, went to them who were in darkness and proclaimed glad tidings of great joy. Tonight it seems necessary to preach to minds in like condition.

The constant reproduction of human experience, which occurs in the spiral progress of the race, leads many to disbelieve in human progress. It is true that there are a few lost arts; a few fragments of human experience have been jostled out. Still, when we examine the national tumults of the past, the wonder is not that we have lost a few arts, but that we have not lost incalculably more. They have been lost because of the excess of business consequent upon the immense accumulations of other arts and sciences. The universal current drift, the unbroken tide of material and spiritual progress of the centuries, has gathered up and floated onward the fruits of all nations and the inventions of all peoples. In our physical garments, in our furniture and adornments, in our arts, sciences, mechanics, &c., are seen the wealth, experience, and discoveries of Egypt, Europe, and Asia.

Holding complete and perpetual communion with the supernal world, is regarded as one of the "lost arts." Yet justly regarded, the experiences of peculiarly qualified persons, here and there in the past, give golden promise to the individuals of all nations, that, in the full-orbed future, every truly unfolded man, woman, and child, shall have a distinct consciousness of an enveloping spiritual sphere. This fine art of holding communion with the Spirit-World is not "lost," but is reaffirmed in modern experiences, as thousands can testify.

While speaking, I can realize the fact that thousands of American homes are receiving beautiful evidences of the near presence of the spiritual world. Time never was when man, as to his internal nature and career, appeared in such regal splendor. Mankind are just learning of man.

Men's minds are imprisoned by whatsoever is false, evil, erroneous, authoritative, and respectable. We are here on earth expressly to grow. The gospel of illumination which we announce is nothing different from the testimony of the spiritual past, which commenced in Egyptian darkness. We do not ignore the past, though we are Protestants on a boundless scale. We would address all spirits who live in mental prisons, just as the teachers of another world frequently speak to us—that is, whenever we have a golden opportunity, and always in as plain language as the truth will bear.

The good people of the churches are "in prison." Their very beautiful compartments are numbered as are the cells of criminals on Blackwell's Island. The prison-keepers would fear to have me speak to them, lest our spiritual truths might make their prisoners too free! Not a pulpit minister in this city would exchange with me, through fear that the lessons of spiritual freedom we teach might overthrow authority and liberate imprisoned congregations.

Now, think of the wealth and beauty of the immortal human spirit! Artists and poets almost exhaust their powers in portraying the beauty and glory of Niagara Falls. But this great natural Wonder, in all its sublimity, is nothing when compared with the essential properties and immortal capacities of man's spirit. A man who can conceive of an eternal Truth, gives evidence that he is, like the truth, eternal. His career is coextensive with his conception.

A man who can conceive of Beauty shows that he possesses it within himself, and that he is destined to become that which he conceives. The power to conceive of an immortal spirit, strip of perishable flesh, deprived of its material avoirdupois, guarantees to the conceiving spirit a future and immortal existence.

All of Truth, all Beauty, all Philosophy, all Science, that crop out from man's mental tree, are prophecies that mankind are to be what they thus have the power to apprehend or conceive. In the depths of the past, spiritual men dreamed of a great political and social Republic. Americans have come exceed-

ingly near realizing the dream. Plato's *Atlantis* is more than realized in America. The wonders of Arabian Nights' Entertainments, however surprising, do not begin to portray the real scientific developments of the nineteenth century. Man's mind is superior to Art, Science, Philosophy, and Theology. All these forms of Truth have come through him in the course of the centuries.

We have, I repeat, no hostility to whatever in the past is good, true, beautiful, or great. The good of the olden time is living still. But those who are shut up in prisons by the foolish education of the past do not dare to open themselves to the education of the present. They are in a mental prison. To bring such spirits out of religious darkness we are first to teach that most men are yet in slavish bondage to their various habits, passions, and popular opinions.

We live in the midst of a great city. We are thrown into prison by the restrictions of custom. Our children are educated to resemble each other in dress, in public movements, and private deportment. Our children must not differ from the neighbors' children. Ladies' bonnets all of one absurd pattern. "Better be out of the world than out of fashion."

Any principle of Truth that will emancipate you is a Moses or Jesus to you; no matter whether it comes to you in the form of a book, a tract, a piece of music, or a fragment of a poem. Anything—influence or principle—that lifts you out of your mental prison and emancipates you, is worthy to be accepted and worshipped with your truest devotion until another and a newer teacher comes in answer to your newer necessities.

It was remarked by a lady in my hearing that she had taken into serious consideration which should take the precedence, Reason or Rags. After due deliberation, with prayer superadded, she concluded that Rags had it, and her Reason, with its protests, was forced to allow the trial to go by default. So she wears dresses as long and as graceful as others, and yields her judgment and experience to the tyrannical bondage of a contemptible Fashion. Rags triumphed, because Reason had not yet risen to permanently preside over the conduct of her spirit.

Not only do women need emancipation, but men also, for they are in prison to Custom with reference to the dress of women. The leaders of Fashion for ladies cannot take a step forward without the approval of fathers, husbands, and brothers. It is almost in vain for women to seek to emancipate themselves from this despotic rule without the aid and support of their associates and masculine acquaintances. Thus men imprison women, and women turn the keys of Custom on the young spirits of the household. Prison is built upon prison, and the Spiritual Reformer should work to destroy them and give freedom to the captives.

Many intelligent persons are in prison to "the fear of death." Spiritualism comes as a savior to open the dungeon-door to all in this gloomy prison. It comes, also, to teach the lesson of charity for those who entertain conflicting opinions. The Christian and Jew are to be regarded as equally honest. If you have not equal charity for both, you are in the prison of prejudice. Accept the idea of human progress, and you inevitably rise out of the "slough of despond," and forthwith begin to enjoy the glorious liberty of the Sons of God.

Some Spiritualists have been inclined to move off from the world like Shakers, and combine themselves for the establishment of industrial and economical communities. They will not be successful, because they do not entertain sectional opinions, but believe in the private efficacy of universal principles, and repudiate individual authority. For this reason practical Spiritualists will remain in the world and will wield a wide influence directly on the institutions of society. They have the true idea that the way to reform New York city is not to remove from it, but to make it what it should be where it is. The spirit of isolation is to be overthrown by growth from within.

The Shakers think the whole world astray; but they are precisely the same people they were when they started. They are thrifty and industrious, have good motives and large capital. They wear a uniform dress, are monotonous in mind, and allow no absolute freedom in religious convictions. They have neighborhood-sameness, a spiritual stagnation; no poetry; no music, except the most primitive; and no progress in the material sciences. What better are they than the industrious and honest in any community? The Shaker movement is not growing vitally; neither are the materialistic churches of the world. Disintegration is coming through all these organizations. The course of progress runs through all sectarian temples.

The spiritual principle recognizes germs of immortal excellence in the lowest, meanest, and most depraved. Every man on earth is your Brother and your compeer. The recognition of this fraternal truth not only gives dignity to your character, but leads your Brother to lay aside all narrow prejudices and passions towards you and others. No man or woman educated to realize all the noble capacities of the human spirit, could think of passing a life unworthy of those powers and endowments. When every man comes before you as a compeer, in his innermost, you will not be unfaithful to the spirit of love. Yet the popular religion does not recognize one who differs in complexion from a prescribed standard. How different from this is the influence of modern Spiritualism, teaching that all human beings are to meet in the Spirit-Land!

Strive by will-power and inward growth to live less in bondage to circumstances. No matter what or who may be your prison-keeper, put him or it under your feet. Accept

the higher convictions of Spiritual Freedom, and you will experience a beautiful interior resurrection. Then you will become a minister of love and wisdom to those about you! Internal growth is the only real growth. Start from the center, grow from within, and expand fraternally and lovingly day by day.

Truths cannot be engrafted. You cannot argue a belief in immortality into the skeptic's mind. Some change may gradually or suddenly come over him—an accident, an impulse may awaken and quicken his interior consciousness—and he rises into fellowship with principles and "feels his immortality!" without an argument. A man who can be educated to a belief in immortality, can be also educated out of it. Conscience takes its complexion from the outward circumstances.

Soon as you see that malformations of character come from internal and external conditions, you rise up into a new and more charitable estimate of mankind. You enter the temple of Brotherhood. As you grow from within, so are you liberated. You may not be able to escape physically from the prison of your circumstances, but you can with these truths rise from within, and thus grow as naturally as a tree blossoms. One such emancipated individual is a Redeemer to the world. When all are thus emancipated, all will be redeemed; when all are redeemed from ignorance, the whole world will live in accord with Deity.

Next Sunday's Lectures.

The subject of the Editor's discourse at Dodworth's Hall on Sunday next, at 10½ A.M., will be: "The Benefits of Defeats and the Penalties of Victories."

The subject at 7½ P.M.: "The Reign of Anti-Christ, or the Popular Opposition to the Word of God."

For the Herald of Progress.

Suggestion to Phonographers.

Short-hand writing is becoming more and more appreciated in law cases, so much so that most of the practical stenographers of the city of New York find employment mainly in the law courts. Under a recent statute allowing some of the courts of this city to appoint stenographers at the expense of the litigants, no less than eight experienced reporters now find employment in that capacity. As one of that number, after an experience of more than two years under such appointment, perhaps I can make a suggestion that may be of advantage to some tolerably expert phonographers in various parts of the country who aspire to make the art a profession, but who are at a loss to find an opening.

At the next sitting of the Supreme Court in your county for the trial of causes by jury, go and take full notes in every case, omitting the opening and summing up of counsel, also any extended arguments on law points that arise, as these are not important. But be careful to note,

1. The testimony, with the objections to its admissibility, the rulings thereon, and the exceptions taken thereto.
2. The documents or papers put in evidence, with the objections, rulings, and exceptions.
3. Motions to dismiss the case, briefly stating the grounds therefor.
4. Requests to charge.
5. Charge to the jury—and don't lose a word if you can help it.
6. Exceptions to the charge or to the refusal to charge as requested.

If the jury render a verdict, it is quite likely that the defeated party will take an appeal to the general term. Go to the attorney for the appellant and ask the privilege of furnishing him with a report of the trial upon which to make out what is called "a case" for an appeal. Having got his consent, write out the testimony, &c., as indicated above. If the case you have thus reported is an important one, and your notes prove valuable to the attorney, he may perhaps compensate you. And if you prove yourself expert, you may find this an opening to further employment. You should, in the first place, be able to write, say, 120 words a minute; and, in the second place, you should possess education and intelligence enough not to make nonsense out of your notes.

Wm. Henry Burr.

Since writing the above I have learned that several eminent lawyers of Albany and elsewhere are desirous of having a statute passed, to employ stenographers in all the courts of the State. As yet, such a measure would hardly be practicable, because there are not enough qualified short-hand writers to fill the places. But the time will come, doubtless, when the employment of stenographers in that field will become general; in which case, of course, those who are soonest qualified to fill the places will find employment. W. H. B.

Spiritual Presence.

The Rochester [N. Y.] *Express* narrates the following "remarkable incident" in connection with the loss at the battle of Fredericksburg:

"We have previously noticed the death of Sergeant Charles H. Stevenson, of Henrietta, who was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg; but one strange incident connected with it is worthy of record. On the day of the battle his wife was out in the yard, when suddenly she was made aware of a presence behind her, and turning, felt a warm breath on her cheek, and saw her husband, which, however, almost immediately vanished. As she turned, she cried out, 'O Charlie! is that you?' and returned to the house, where she told some friends that she had seen her husband, and that she knew she should never see him alive again. As near as can be ascertained, the event occurred just at the time of day when her husband was killed. Altogether it forms one of the strangest instances of seeing spirits of which we ever heard."

AIR LINE DISPATCHES

TO THE
Herald of Progress.

RETROGRADE MOVEMENTS EXPLAINED.

African Progress in South Carolina.

HEAVEN'S BATTERIES AGAINST POPULAR SINS.

The Time for a Triumphant March to Richmond.

REACTION OF REBEL WRATH.

Convalescence of the President.

CHURCH TROUBLES AFTER THE WAR.

Improvement in Mrs. Lincoln.

SAFE STEERING OF THE SHIP OF STATE.

THE RETROGRADE MOVEMENT.

The grand junction which the daily Press expected between General Banks' and Admiral Farragut's Gulf fleets and the land forces under Generals Grant and Sherman, was a mistake natural enough to minds that reason from appearances.

General Banks' principal mission is to take and hold jurisdiction over all States and Territories west of the Mississippi River; and, correlatively, to stand sentinel on the threshold of Eli Thayer's colonization enterprise in Florida; also to preside over movements to take and hold all the rebel centers in Texas; next, to watch French tricks of political transformation in Mexico; and, indirectly, to co-operate in the iron-clad demonstrations against Mobile, Savannah, Wilmington, and Charleston.

First, however, look for a great blow in or near Donaldson, in the State of Mississippi, where Jeff. Davis owns a large plantation, well stocked with negroes.

THREE CHEERS FOR SOUTH CAROLINA.

The first and most wicked State in rebellion, the vilest State for the perpetuation of slavery, and the darkest State for conspiracy and treason, is to be the first State to yield to Freedom's heavenly edict. Persons of African descent will, ere long, find a "home for the free" away down in old South Carolina. They may live there in peace, rear their families, send their children to free schools, own the cotton-fields and pine-forests, and render homage to that Government whose cornerstone is LIBERTY!

BUTLER'S FATE IN CHARLESTON.

The ladies of Charleston, S. C., are expecting a visit from "Butler the Beast." They have resolved to use him for a spittoon! But he will "tame" such ladies by turning the great guns of Fort Sumter toward the city.

GENERAL HALLECK.

The people need not be surprised if General McClellan should assume the present position and duties of General Halleck. The drift of present events, however, tends toward the installment of McClellan as Military Governor of South Carolina.

THE BATTERIES OF HEAVEN.

The God of infinite presence has directed heaven's batteries against all enemies of humanity. A period of desperate dismay will now begin. David, the monarch and boast of Israel, and Julius Caesar, the first emperor of mighty Rome, and Prussia's indomitable Frederic, and Solon, the heroic soul of most ancient Athens, together with the young braves and natural monarchs who have ascended from the war-fields of America, have met in the accord of God's immutable love, in order to aid true patriots to overwhelm with a mighty sorrow all who plot, or have plotted, for selfish ends and purposes, against the happiness and prosperity of the defenseless and waiting millions. The half-opened hearts of wicked men will burst with terrible agony. Let the transgressor beware.

VICKSBURG AND FREDERICKSBURG.

Vicksburg will be the Fredericksburg of the West.

Let Gen. Sherman watch rebels on the Yazoo river from its mouth for fifteen miles back. Rebel raids, à la Stuart, are designed.

John Brown raids will now become a part of every week's occurrence.

Disabled men will soon commence to march around in quest of southern homes and farms. The coming population of free-laborers will convert southern plantations into so many Canadas for the protection of fugitives from bondage.

Under-ground railroad stock has fallen to starvation prices. No purchasers! Indeed, the people of African descent say, stidily, but with a grin of satire, that "they don't know any Under-ground road no more." Their masters have in vain tried to purchase tickets on that route.

GEN. BUTLER'S COMMAND.

After a brief season the way to Richmond will be as open as Pennsylvania avenue is in Washington.

The Army of the Potomac could this day storm the heights back of Fredericksburg, and nothing like a formidable army would stay their march to the rebel capital. Now is Burnside's time for victorious action. Let his general officers at once assent to his plans.

Gen. Butler is remarkably anxious to visit Richmond in an official capacity. But he is just now more likely first to call at Wilmington on his way to the city of Charleston.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

France, by a sweeping implication, informs both England and Russia that she does not respect the "stars and stripes" of North America much above the stars and bars of the Southern Confederacy.

In so saying, Napoleon secures the "good will" of a portion of the English Government. Russia, however, still holds her faith with this Republic, but signifies that, should the French government decide finally to "mediate" at Washington, the European powers will not oppose. Therefore (as I have frequently telegraphed to you) the French mediation scheme will take the initiative. Gen. Banks, or some man like him, will be needed in Washington ere long.

REBEL WRATH AND MENDACITY.

The tiger-like ferocity of Jeff. Davis's Hanging and Shooting Proclamation is about to wind itself around his own neck. General Butler's life is now sought by agents in the employ of the rebel Government. It will require some little personal precautions to avert the assassin's blow. But the rebound of the retaliatory proclamation will ere long coil like a serpent around the neck of the leader of the rebellion.

The downfall of American chatteldom, and the uprising of the long-shackled hosts to drill and serve as future warriors, instead of "whites," will be immediately succeeded by a "Convention of all the States," and a revision of the Constitution. Then Jeff. Davis will not be able to find a "boarding-house" on the western hemisphere.

CONVALESCENCE OF MR. LINCOLN'S COURAGE.

The President of these great Free States begins to feel the beating of the hearts of the American people. He is rapidly recovering from his life-long illness of "Gradual Emancipation." He thinks that 4,000,000 blacks can be "controlled" as well by intelligent and philanthropic free-laboring Overseers as by slave-hating negro-drivers, who treat the field-hands as the most cruel of northern farmers do their working cattle.

The sun of righteousness shed its first ray of hope on this country in the morning of January, 1, 1863. It was the greatest event since the consummation of the revolution of 1776.

Shame on the Christianity of Americans who have kept 4,000,000 persons of African descent working for nothing! What antagonist is this system to the northern system of working for something! But a new era is not far off, favorable alike to bond and free.

WREATH DISCUSSIONS IN CHURCH AND STATE.

Governments and churches are not progressive. Therefore if any radical changes occur, those institutions are compelled either to resist or else succumb.

The present struggle is sowing the seeds of a great ecclesiastical revolution. It will commence in Europe and affect American society by expansion and sympathy. The supporters of old governments, and adherents to creeds long since dead and buried in the established churches, are to be treated as Dangerous Powers!

Order is necessary to peaceful progress. But revolution is accompanied by the subversion of social rules and constitutional enactments. For the time being such chaos is defined by the church as the reign of evil powers, but reason and truth render a different verdict.

RESIGNATION OF MR. LINCOLN.

It is true that Mr. Lincoln has "resigned himself" to the whole responsibility of his office. He contends no longer with the members of his Cabinet. Neither does he "defer," as hitherto, to old foggy army officers and weather-cracked commodores. The other day, being New Years, in the morning he said: "There's work to be done, gentlemen. My coat is off, and I'm ready to enter the field." In answer to an officer, he remarked that "all interference from Washington with Burnside's movements must cease." Referring to late victories in the West, he said: "Happy the General who is so remote from Washington that his programme cannot be interfered with!" The country will rejoice at Mr. Lincoln's resignation to the duties of his office.

INTERIOR LIFE AT WASHINGTON.

Let us withhold no tribute of praise and admiration from those brave loyalists whose names never get into the leading papers. There are here in this city, as well as in the Government hospitals, many who serve their country nobly, day by day, in nursing the wounded, providing for the very painfully sick, and guarding the death-beds of young patriots with loving kindness.

Mrs. Lincoln, too, is a different woman. I congratulate the people of the Free States on the partial return of that womanly dignity and sympathy which should characterize the President's consort. She has at length attained a commanding position in private, which the people assigned to her on the start. She is now really and tenderly involved in her husband's duties and responsibilities. Thus the country is saved from the disgrace of another display Ball in Washington. These things are truly cheering.

STEERING OUR SHIP OF STATE.

General Washington is still a member of the guardian Congress, assembled in the calm immensity over earth's western hemisphere—a spiritual Charlemagne, greater than Israel's royal warrior, his thoughtful eyes beaming upon the armies of his beloved earthly country, uniting his wisdom and celestial influence with the genius and experience of heroic spirits of ancient days, and guiding, as of yore, our Ship of State safely through the hell-gate of traitorism into the calm harbor of peace, plenty, and happiness. Let worshippers of mighty Jove listen to the heavenly thunders of those guardian gods who fill the ethereal courts of immortal Washington. Behold, "the conquering hero comes!"

The Indian Execution.

The papers give full details of the execution of the thirty-eight condemned Indians in Minnesota. There was great excitement in the vicinity. The condemned, however, with few exceptions, exhibited characteristic firmness and stoicism. Many protested their innocence, urging that they had been compelled to follow their chiefs.

"I have every hope," said one, "of going direct to the abode of the Great Spirit, where I shall be always happy." "Yes," said another, "tell our friends that we are being removed from this world over the same path they must shortly travel. We go first, but many of our friends may follow us in a very short time. I expect to go direct to the abode of the Great Spirit, and to be happy when I get there; but we are told that the road is long and the distance great; therefore, as I am slow in all my movements, it will probably take me a long time to reach the end of my journey, and I should not be surprised if some of the young, active men we will leave behind us will pass me on the road before I reach the place of my destination."

The Proclamation.

This document, issued promptly on the 1st of January, declares that all persons held as slaves in Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, (except certain portions,) Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and part of Eastern Virginia, are and shall be henceforward FREE. It also declares that such persons will be received into the army and navy.

By this proclamation 3,120,273 slaves are declared free, leaving 830,238 not freed. These figures are from the census, and probably the number left in the excepted counties of Louisiana and Virginia and in the Border States will not be more than 800,000, seven-eighths of which are in the Border States, while over three millions are declared absolutely free!

Prof. S. B. Brittan and Theophilus Fiske will commence a series of Psychological Lectures, with experiments, at Clinton Hall, on Monday evening, Jan. 12th, commencing at 8 P.M. Admission 25 cts.

Brief Items.

—The famous "Monitor" has at last succumbed to the elements, having sprung a leak and foundered off Cape Hatteras.

—The House of Representatives have passed the bill to aid emancipation in Missouri, by 73 to 46.

—Gen. Butler has returned to Washington. It is intimated that he is to be given an African command.

—The President has signed the bill making Western Virginia a State.

—Brigadier-General Bowen, until recently one of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners, has left the city to join his command in the Department of the Gulf.

—President Lincoln's Proclamation to liberate the slaves was published in the evening papers of San Francisco on Saturday, and although it was fully expected, it produced a deep and most profound sensation. One hundred guns were fired.

—The colored citizens of New York had an Emancipation Jubilee at Cooper Institute on Monday evening. The meeting was large, and most enthusiastic cheers were given for the President, the flag, and the Abolitionists.

—We perceive by the daily journals that Mrs. Edwin James has obtained a divorce from her husband, on account of adultery of the latter. Her marriage is therefore dissolved by the law of our State and that of England.

—Major General John E. Wool is appointed to the command of the Eastern Department vice Edwin D. Morgan, resigned. He will make his headquarters at Albany.

—Gov. Seymour commenced his official career by citing the New York Police Commissioners to appear before him at Albany to answer charges. He has since been compelled to allow them time to prepare for trial, and to appoint their trial in this city.

—The Richmond papers are in a state of insanity about the Emancipation Proclamation, though vigorously insisting upon its utter worthlessness. Their course for the past week has been a curious exhibition of whistling to keep up courage.

—Captain Joseph S. York, of the Fifteenth U. S. Infantry, late of this city, (son-in-law of Judge Edmonds,) was severely wounded in the late battle at Mufreesboro. He was wounded in the chest and side, it was "hoped not fatally," and has been removed to Nashville.

—The colored people at Beaufort, S. C., celebrated New Year's day appropriately. The ceremonies were opened by prayer, by Rev. Mr. Fowler. An original ode was sung, a stand of colors presented to the 1st Regiment, received by Col. Higginson, and speeches by General Saxton, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, and others.

—The residences of Ludlow Patton, Mrs. Whitney, the Rev. Mr. Bacon, Rowland Johnson, and Jas. W. Judd, at Orange, N. J., were brilliantly illuminated on the evening of the 1st of January, in commemoration of the emancipation of the slaves in Rebellum.

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."

Dr. Home and Bessie.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

BY ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS.

"A new patient, sir, in bed eighteen, East Ward," said low-voiced, listless-slipped Nurse White, to Dr. Home, as he began his daily round of duty in the Channing Hospital. She said it just as she would have said, "You are leaving your cane?" or "here is the handkerchief you dropped yesterday?" but although he received the information with a simple nod of acquiescence, if you had followed him around from bed to bed, you would have seen that long years of dull routine work had no power to make a machine of him. Thus following him, you would have found a smile on many faces that before his coming looked wan and weary, and you would have examined the bright-colored picture-book he brought for the little boy with hip disease; and the curly-headed doll, that the restless girl with a broken leg was to be amused with, and the few sweet violets, to gladden the soul of the wasted consumptive, and the daily papers for somebody else, and the grapes for the man down with typhus; and long before you had finished, you would have agreed with one of these same poor patients who told him "he was better than sunshine in a rainy day."

His assistant in duty was absent that morning, and as he had double work to do, it was not until a full hour after he usually left the hospital that he neared bed eighteen in the East Ward. While he was yet some ways from there, he heard a woman, with a voice sweet and penetrating in character, talking wildly as in the delirium of fever. The pale little widow in sixteen told him it was the young lady they brought in last night; that she had been talking ever since about her beautiful lost home, and her darling boy who had been taken from her because she was so wicked.

The doctor went to the bedside of the poor creature, and at first thought they were all mistaken; for as she lay there, her face and figure seemed a child's—not a woman's; but almost instantly his practiced eye saw that she was indeed a woman, and one upon whose face and figure sorrow and perhaps sin had left fearful traces. He spoke to her kindly, even caressingly, smoothing as he did so the heavy hair from the beautiful forehead, now so swollen and distorted by pain; but she would take no notice of him, and only kept murmuring, "O my baby Arthur, if I could only find him," then trying to get up, as if to go in search of Arthur, whoever he might be.

Dr. Home saw that her delirium was produced more by anxiety than anything else; so he mixed her a narcotic, and she did not object to taking it. He raised her head, and as she felt his arm, a new idea took possession of her, and she said with infinite satisfaction in her tone, "Dear, darling father, you have forgiven me?" and putting up her lips, she kissed his cheek. No woman's lips had touched Jackson Home's since his mother's, and poor wild creature though she was, the remembrance of that kiss staid with him many days. He smoothed the pillow for her tired head, and left her in the care of the nurse of that division, then went to find what Mrs. White knew about number eighteen.

Mrs. White said, "Just as we were shutting up last night, a police officer came and said he brought a woman whom he found in a cellar in Ann street, that she was too sick to be left there, and must come here, for the night if no longer. Luckily, sir, the woman who has had spine disease so long died a few hours before, and her bed being empty, we put the poor woman here. Hope we did right, sir?"

"Certainly, Mrs. White; but had she nothing whereby you could find out her name, or her home?"

"Nothing but the clothes she had on, which were very nice, and on some of them 'Bessie' was embroidered. The officer said probably the folks in the cellar stole all that belonged to her."

"Who can this Arthur be, about whom she is so anxious?"

"O, that must be the little boy who was found asleep by her."

"Where is he?"

"In the nursery."

To the nurse went the indefatigable Dr. Home, for now he was on the track, he was bound to find out something. He knew all the little ones and soon singled out the stranger. Why did a strange feeling of relief come over him, as he decided that this child could not be the son of the "Bessie" in the East Ward? "Too old," he muttered, "and besides, he hasn't a feature of her's in his face." For she was such a brunette as you may find in Sorrento or Andalusia, and this boy was a fair-haired Saxon, and in his eyes, instead of the intensity that looked out from Bessie's, you saw that dreamy far-away look that is often seen in the pictures of poets and painters who die young. He was not a bit shy, but came to the doctor and answered his questions as if he had been sixteen instead of six years old.

"What is your name?"

"Arthur Fenno."

"Who did you come here with?"

"Little mamma. Where is she—can't I see her? I love her."

"Where did you live before you came here?"

"Over the ocean; we came in a great boat."

Then little mamma cried a great deal, and last night we had no supper and were so cold that mamma said we should die; but a man brought us here."

That was all, excepting that the child brought the doctor to let him see his dear mamma, and Home gave orders that when Bessie awoke from the sleep in which she had now fallen, Arthur should go to her and stay as long as she wanted him. Dr. Home went to his hotel and ate his dinner; then, as he drove about that afternoon, seeing his other sick people, tried to keep the stranger and her mystery from his thoughts, but was not successful in the attempt. The patients were not as much cheered as usual by his visits; and one young lady thought he had heard bad news. He assured her such was not the case, but looked so puzzled, even while he was

talking, that she was more mystified than before she was answered. Once, when he intended to go directly from the hospital, he turned his horse directly towards it, and drove a mile before he discovered his blunder. That he was disgusted may be inferred from the manner in which he whirled his nag round, and said, "Jack, you are a fool. What business is it of yours whether that chap is here or not? You have nothing to do with them anyway?" But as he got out at his next stopping-place, he said, "I don't believe he is her child," thus proving he had not yet got them out of his mind.

The next morning he began duty at the opposite end of the building, and saw very soon the Bessie who had excited his curiosity the day before. Exposure and anxiety had done fearful work on her sensitive organization, and the delirium resolved itself into confirmed brain fever. She did not notice any person in particular, not even Arthur, who, seated patiently by her bed, besought her every few minutes to kiss him, and say she loved him. Doctor Home sent the little fellow away; for he seemed very beyond his years, and the thoughtful physician feared that in her paroxysms of delirium she might say things he had better not know. But her ravings through all that sickness touched not on the later years of her life, the years that had written the lines of woe around her brilliant eyes, or the strange, deep curves about her sweet, womanly mouth. She lived instead her childish years again, told of her home in some far-off beautiful city; her mother, her music; and as Jackson Home listened, he could not help wondering at the elasticity of mind that, even at the weakest, and in spite of the suffering that lay between the two dates, could take such exquisite delight in a long ago sunset or bunch of flowers whose very dust had ere this vanished away. He was always kind and thoughtful to his patients, but he was more than that to Bessie; he was tender as a brother. Night after night he watched her, and when, on one bright May morning, a gleam of consciousness came to her eyes, he thought he could not have been more thankful if she had been his sister, or even his daughter; for helpless as she now was, she seemed more of a child than the still patient little boy, who twice a day met Dr. Home in the hall, and softly inquired after his mamma.

I knew Jackson Home well in those days; my husband had been his friend many years, and from us he did not seek to conceal his interest in the strange woman at the Channing. At first we laughed at him, but as his interest grew keener, we ceased bantering, and wished, with him, that we knew her story, so that we might help her, if indeed she needed help. I wondered not that Dr. Home sympathized with the sorrow and struggle that he read in Bessie's face; for his own life had been a strange, hard one, crowded full of adventure and toil, and but for his indomitable will, must have been ended in a poor-house years before. Born in the back woods of Maine, his mother dying when he was a baby, his father poor and "shittless," schools short and very miserable at that, he had neither home nor book-training. Sent out to work at twelve years old, he had since then known no care, save that he gave himself and what God in heaven grants all his creatures. But he was quick in mind, sensitive and ambitious in temperament; so he early determined to be, and knew something about the ignorant people around him, although there never seemed any way for him to accomplish it. One whole year he worked in a carding-mill, side by side with a man who had been twice in the State-prison; and worse than that, had him for a companion and fellow. He told me to be thankful that I had never known the intense craving for knowledge that devoured his mind; for if any kind of lent him books, he had no time to read them during the day, and he often had not even the few cents to buy candles so as to read them in the night. But little by little, thanks be to God, he got on. All the steps in that upward path, he did not tell me, they were too hard for him to recall, or for me to know; but when he presented himself at the medical college for examination, my husband said he felt after one glance at him that he was more of a man than any other of the candidates.

How he lived and where, while he was attending the lectures, I do not know; I have heard that he subsisted on crackers, and that his lodgings were in so obscure a place that no one of his fellow-students could ever find them; but it is none of my business, so long as he managed not to starve. Some months after he graduated, he applied for the situation of head physician at the Channing Hospital, and when the trustees asked who was this young man, and what his references, my husband said it did not so much matter who he was as what he was; that he knew him to be honest and faithful, and moreover it was only a question of time; for if Dr. Home had made up his mind for the place, he would apply again and again until he secured it. I think the trustees were rather dismayed at this prospect; at any rate he obtained the coveted position. It gave him a great name, and in a few years he secured a tolerably large practice, so that the world, seeing that he could get along without its praise, concluded to smile on him. He was considered "desirable" by managing mammas, and was really sought by our best people for his own sake.

So much for Dr. Home, and now for the time he first took me to see Bessie Fenno. It was a perfect day in June, and the windows of the little room where she lay, (for they had taken her from the large building into a more private one) were open, and the delicious sea-breeze stirred the short black curls, that, clustering round her little face, made her look babyish. Somebody had given her a bunch of pink azaleas, and these Arthur, with an eye for color and artistic effect most rare in a child, had tossed over her head in graceful showers. The strange mystery of her life, to which Dr. Home had as yet obtained no clue, oppressed me as much as it did him; but I felt convinced, as I do when I see *God's* Beatrice Cenci, that although she sinned perhaps indeed, she repented, and before God no sin stained her soul. She was shy of me, but talked with the doctor in a self-possessed way, that told of gentle breeding and careful culture. While she was talking, she kept Arthur before her, as if she would shelter herself behind him; but I noticed no other peculiarity in her manner. The day before she left the hospital, she had a long talk with Jackson, not lifting in any degree the curtain from her past life, simply saying Arthur was her son, that she had lived many years in Cuba, that her seeming destitu-

tion and present position in the hospital were owing to the fact that, soon after her arrival in New York, her mind received a great shock which unsettled her reason, so that she wandered on to Boston, neither knowing nor caring where she went; and then, falling among bad people, they robbed her and left her and Arthur as they were found by the police. She proved to him that she had a comfortable fortune in her own right, thanked him as only those can thank who have passed through great peril by the love of another; then asked him if he knew any quiet, respectable boarding-house where she and her child could make a home for themselves.

Both my husband and myself, interested through Jackson, and what little we knew of her ourselves, eagerly offered her a home with us before we knew she was possessed of money, and still urged it after that fact came to our knowledge. She thanked us, but said we saw too much company for her; she preferred being more quiet—less known than she would be in our house. We pressed the invitation; but she would not yield, and Dr. Home, knowing two maiden sisters of good family, but in such circumstances as to actually need the money she would pay for her board, she went there. One of these sisters was in consumption, and to her Bessie was a tender, affectionate nurse. I saw considerable of her, and other ladies called on her, and she bewitched us all. But she did not seek society at all, seeming to be determined to be at work for other people the most of her time. No work she could find to do among the poor and lowly was so painful for her, and I once said to her, as I observed the shrinking repugnance some of her work caused her to feel, "O Bessie Fenno, confess you are doing penance. Now answer honestly, don't you wear a haircloth shirt, and spiked girdle?" The ghost of a smile that accompanied her answer, "that she had need to do both," haunted me for days. I used to urge her to go out with me; but her time was so much taken up with Arthur and the work Home found for her to do among his needy patients, that she generally put me off.

But gradually her fame crept abroad; for the sisters with whom she lived were never tired of chanting her praises, and nobody could see her without being fascinated by her rare beauty; so that by-and-by we began to meet her at a few places, and always where she was the center of attraction. And at these places we always found Jack Home, not talking much with Bessie, but standing at her side when she played the piano or sung, and in that near presence of his her eyes lost a restlessness that I often observed in them. More than this: if I met Bessie on the street, it wouldn't be long before Jack would come in sight, and many times my husband and I laughed merrily at the unaccountable leisure Home had now-a-days. But we kept our own thoughts, while more and more, our little world ran after Bessie. Then the honorable Mrs. So and So invited her to stay at her house, and somebody else equally honorable made a party for her, while gentlemen pressed attentions upon her too numerous to mention. As the season advanced, the invalid in her home grew worse, and Bessie gave up voluntarily the comfortable rooms she had herself furnished, because to the poor consumptive the sunshine was absolutely necessary. At this time a number of ladies were making up a party to go to Washington for a month, and begged very hard that Bessie would go with them; but she quietly refused, not assigning any reason. One of these women wrote her from this city, lamenting her absence from their party, and insisting on a long visit from both Bessie and Arthur, as soon as she came home. For a few days after this I saw nothing of Bessie, both of us being occupied with our own affairs, and I did not hear anything excepting that the patient sufferer in her home was at last released from pain, until one morning, when a lady who came to make me a call said, "Have you heard that dreadful story about Mrs. Fenno?"

My heart almost stopped its beating; but I could not speak, so I shook my head and eagerly motioned her to go on.

No! Why Mrs. Berkley wrote home from Washington that she was the daughter of a famous lawyer there; that she ran away when she was only sixteen, with her Spanish teacher, that he took her to Cuba and lived with her, not married you know until after this Arthur was born; then he deserted her. She followed him back to this country, and found that her father had disowned her; that the way she had run on had broken her mother's heart, and then her father tried to get away the fortune some relative had settled on her, and finding he couldn't, here she stopped, breathless.

I could only say, "But Bessie, O Mrs. Grant, perhaps you are all wrong. For mercy's sake don't let this story reach her ears."

Her ears, indeed, as if she didn't know it, Mrs. Berkley wrote her immediately that she withdrew her invitation, and as Mrs. Fenno must have willfully deceived her, she wished their acquaintance ended."

"And did Bessie tell all this?"

"No, indeed! Eleanor Berkley told her it at Popoli's dancing school, and somebody told that lady where Miss Bessie boards, and she was ordered to leave instantly. She went to the Winthrop, and ever so many of the ladies say they will leave if she is allowed to stay."

"O righteous Vanity Fair!" I groaned in my anguish. "What did Mrs. Fenno say to all this—pardon me Mrs. Grant—most un-Christian gossip?"

"Say? just nothing at all; looked like death, and took Arthur by the hand and held on to him till they got out of the house." Before I could interrupt her, she added, "I wondered what you would say; you have been so intimate, and O dear, what will Dr. Home think when he gets home? People say he almost worshipped her."

At last I found my voice, and obtained room to say, "You will excuse me, Mrs. Grant. I am going to see Bessie Fenno, and if she is willing, my home shall be a sure shelter for her and her boy."

"But," began my visitor, "you will not expect me to call on you while you have such a person under your roof."

I said, "good morning," and bowed Mrs. Grant to the door; then saw her drive off, perfectly sure that half the persons on her calling list would know all she knew of poor Bessie's affairs before dinner. Then I went down to my office and pressed my husband into my service, and we went to the Winthrop. The servant refused me admittance; but I followed

him when he went up with my card, and the first words the poor child said were, "Yes, it is all true; I broke my mother's heart," and something more which I could not understand, she sobbed so. I spoke to her, and asked her to come home with me, and she assented like one in a dream, or a person who had been crushed by severe physical pain.

She went home with us, and when we had gone into the parlor, my husband took her hand, saying kindly, "You are just as welcome here as one of my own daughters." For the first time her tears seemed to fall naturally, and as she passionately kissed his hand, I felt how she had yearned for forgiveness and rest. I prayed if one of my own little girls ever needed such forgiveness and rest, they might find it for their father's sake. Then inconsiderate raised a fearful storm about our heads; but we did not care much for them, finding our strength in the fact that we must do right, let all the world do as they pleased. Bessie shut herself up in her own room most of the time, objecting even to Arthur's going out with my children; but I insisted that he should go; for I was really afraid the dreamy-eyed child would wither away, if he did not once in a while escape from the region of his mother's misery.

Occasionally at nightfall Bessie would ask me to go out with her and see one or two persons Dr. Home had left in her care; for he had been in New York during all this trouble. I wanted to write him of it; but my husband said "it was not best. It would worry him, and he could not help anything." Bessie said nothing more of her history, and respecting circumstances to know the whole story. We saw by her self-denying Christian life, that however she had sinned, she had duly repented, and when persons whose names stand high as philanthropists warned us that she was a dangerous woman to have in our house, we could only tell of her daily life, and think humbly of One who thought it right to eat with publicans and sinners, if so be one might be saved.

At last Dr. Home came. There was a general alarm about the children at that time assembled, for we were at ten; but he took little notice of them, or us, hurrying out at once: "What in the world is the matter with Mrs. Fenno? I met her at the street door looking like a ghost, and she merely bowed, and was gone before I could speak."

I did not know what to say, and my husband answered: "Sit down, Home, and have some tea; then I'll tell you the whole story."

"Now," insisted Home; "don't wait a moment."

But my good man wasn't going to tell that sad story before his children; so Home took a chair, very unwillingly, questioning meanwhile: "But where is she gone in the storm?"

Then one of the children broke in: "Mamma, Aunt Bessie told me to tell you when you came in, that Mrs. Brown, in Endicott Lane, was dying, and she should stay all night with her, and that Arthur would stay, too."

Dr. Home found all he wanted in the child's speech, and was out at the street door and lost in the thick darkness before we half comprehended his design. Somebody came home with Arthur in an hour or two, and he brought me word that Dr. Home and his mother would stay with Mrs. Brown until she died. And then, in the near presence of death, Bessie Fenno told all her painful history, hiding not one of its details, and Jackson Home told me afterwards that every one of those details tortured his soul as hot iron would his flesh. The main points were as Mrs. Grant had told me; but the coloring of them gave a totally different aspect to the affair. Her father was very strict with her in childhood and girlhood, allowing her no young friends; and at sixteen, beautiful, enthusiastic, and yearning for love as only girls of her temperament do yearn, was it any wonder that she fancied she had found it in the handsome man who spent hours teaching her his beautiful language, and telling of his home in the sunny land where that language was spoken? With a girl like Bessie there could be but one ending to such a beginning; she ran away with him, he going through a form of marriage which she fully believed to be valid; and before a month they stood together in the home of which he had told her so often. But alas! there was no happiness for her. Her father, furiously angry, disowned her, refusing to have her name mentioned before him; and, worst of all, when poor Bessie not a twelvemonth after found herself a mother, she found as well that she was never a wife. One day, a wild, distressed-looking woman, came to her with a child in her arms, and with bitter, scorching words, told her they were both the dupes of that bad, wicked man. For the sake of her child Bessie staid with him, and as by this time he was tired of her, he used her, as men always do the women they ruin, with alternate cruelty and coldness. At last he deserted her, and the fortune of which I have before spoken coming to her at this time, she crept home, broken-hearted, willing to hide herself and her boy anywhere, so they could but be forgiven by her parents. But her father was inexorable; so she wandered from one city to another, the story of her sin pursuing her and clinging to her like Cain's mark; and like Cain she could not die. In her wanderings among the sick and poor in New York, she found, dying of a loathsome disease, in a miserable cellar, the man who before God was more guilty of her sin than she was, who was the deceiver, while she was only the deceived. She tended him lovingly, and when the earth hid him from her sight, she prayed that he might be forgiven, even as she hoped to be.

In New York the papers got hold of her story; she went from one hotel to another, and at length, almost demented, she rushed into the bank with her remittance this letter from her father:

"You have broken your mother's heart. She died to-day, after the long insanity your conduct caused her. My curse be on you and yours, until your dying day!"

This was the shock that brought her to the Channing. Her life from that time, she told Dr. Home, was known to us all. In broken words she told him of her life the past few weeks, and with an indescribable weariness of tone, said she could not tell how she longed to be out of a world where, although Christ had forgiven her, his small children would not. Dr. Home took the small childish figure, kneeling in its agony by the dying woman's side, into his arms, and held her for a few moments, saying no words. His touch calmed her, as it

always did, and the wild sobs grew fainter, ceasing, at last entirely. Then—and it seems sordidly now, breaking the silence of that strange betrotal chamber—Jackson said:

"Bessie, there is one refuge for you yet this side of the grave. Here, in my arms, that will shelter you and your child; until my death, and in their strong clasping I think you will not mind the world. I love you, Bessie, as I never loved any woman before; and if you will only trust me, your whole remaining life shall show what I can be to you. Let the past go, my darling; if you will grow contented with me, and by-and-by you will grow to love me, even as I love you. Speak, dear child!"

She drew herself from his arms, and sank upon her knees before him: "Are you an angel, Dr. Home? Do you think what I have done, and what a name I have won by imprudence, if not by guilt? Do you remember my child, and ask me to be your wife?"

"Bessie, do you love me?"

The answer was perfectly distinct, although her voice was not above a whisper: "Yes, with a love to which the mad passion of youth was but a dream."

"Then, child, you are mine. The past and the future are God's, but the present is our own, and before another sun sets you shall be my wife."

They were married on the morrow. I could not induce Bessie to put on a white dress or wear a flower, but the sun made a halo round her head; and the calm, assured tones of Jackson, dispelled a lingering doubt in my mind as to his happiness. They took a house near us, and met the result of the step they had taken. Dr. Home's general practice all fell off, and there was some talk about dismissing him from the hospital, but his friends prevented that, and as they had Bessie's property, they lived comfortably. All this happened years ago, and Bessie, strong in her husband's love, has given away many cups of cold water in Christ's name, and worked many good deeds in her day and generation.

Gradually they have worked their way back again to their old position; but Bessie cares little for the homage of society, only thanking God for it inasmuch as it shows that her husband, in gaining her, did not lose everything else.

Public Speakers.

(For the completeness and correctness of the following lists of Speakers' appointments and addresses, we must rely upon the prompt and constant attention of those whom we thus gratuitously advertise. For the convenience of Lecture Committees, it is desirable that all traveling Lecturers on Spiritualism and Reform keep us constantly supplied with their engagements and permanent post-office address.)

APPOINTMENTS.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will speak in Lowell, Mass., Feb. 14 and 21.

J. B. Peebles, Battle Creek, Mich., last two Sundays in each month.

Warren Chase speaks in Providence, R. I., during January.

Miss Emma Houston will lecture in Bangor, Me., until Feb. 13.

Leo Miller will speak in Putnam, Conn., Jan. 11; Taunton, Feb. 1 and 8.

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Chicopee during February; Lowell, March 1 and 8.

Mrs. L. E. A. DeForce Gordon will lecture in Lowell, Mass., January 11; at Providence, R. I., during February. Address as above.

N. Frank White will lecture in Taunton, Mass., January 11; Putnam, Conn., through February; Philadelphia, Pa., through March.

W. K. Ripley will speak in Portland, Me., during January. Address as above, or box 503, Bangor, Me.

M. Taylor will speak in Stockton, Me., first two Sundays in January; in Camden, the third; in South Thomaston the fourth; and in Rockland the first Sunday in February.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown will lecture in Milwaukee, Wis., the last two Sundays in January. Those in that vicinity who may wish her to lecture on week-day evenings will write her at Waukegan, Ill.

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

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Randolph Jan. 11; Boston, Jan. 18 and 25; Marblehead, Feb. 1 and 8; and March 1 and 8; Providence during April; Philadelphia in May.

Miss Martha L. Beckwith will speak at Taunton, Mass., Jan. 18 and 25; Norwich, Conn., Feb. 1 and 8; Chicopee, Mass., March 1 and 8; Somers, Conn., March 22 and 29; Stafford, Conn., April 5 and 12.

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NEW HAVEN R. R.—Leave corner 27th street and 4th avenue for New Haven, 7, 8 (Ex.), A. M., 12:10, 3 (Ex.), 3:30, 5 and 8 (Ex.) P. M.; for Boston, 8 A. M., and 12:15, 3, and 5 P. M.

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

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The following lines were written through a medium to a friend two weeks after entering the Spirit-Land:

" * * * And I opened my eyes upon the beauties of the Spirit-Land with rapturous delight—

"For flowers bloom in beauty here,
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The rippling waters gently flow,
And fruits on trees celestial grow.

"I bathed within a limpid stream,
My eyes beheld a glorious scene:
Myriads of spirits, decked in white,
Appeared unto my raptured sight.

"Cleansed from my errors I arise
To do all that within me lies.
To help earth's children to secure
Those joys which ever will endure."

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: To the Summer-Land, Dec. 1, 1862, WALTER SHARP, son of Elisha and Ellen Sharp, aged six years. The cause was diphtheria. He was the pledge of pure love, and consequently all that a parent could desire. At the commencement of the funeral service, Mrs. Sarah A. Walls, trance and impressionist speaker, gave the following poem, purporting to be from Walter's grandfather:

Look up! look up! for Hope's fair star
Gleams brightly in the sky;
Look up! look up! and from afar
Thou'lt see it drawing nigh.

With whispered messages of love
From that bright angel band,
Who from their heavenly home above
Give us a helping hand.

To lift us o'er life's troubled wave,
To bind the broken heart,
To bid us still be pure and brave
Till we meet no more to part.

Oh heart-grieved mother, could you see
The love that's round your child,
You sure would say, "So let it be,
For God is just and mild."

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