

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE. LIBERTY. WISDOM.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

Editor's Note: A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will soon expire, and that he is invited promptly to renew it. The price of a single copy is 25 cents, postpaid, and says extra labor at this office. Renewals will in all cases be dated and received for from the expiring number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

Non-official letters and unbusiness correspondence (which the writers desire for only the editor's perusal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidenceal."

The real name of each contributor must be in print, and the Editor reserves the right, of course, it will be held from the public, if desired.

The Editor will be accessible to his friends and the public only on each Saturday, at the publican's office, a few doors east of Broadway.

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

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

The Present Rebellion.

EDITOR OF THE HERALD: Although the present unhappy rebellion may have no precedent in the history of our world, yet its counterpart once displayed itself in the fair courts of heaven.

Lucifer, without doubt, must have been a lineal descendant of Cain. He, to use a modern phrase, was of the *chivalry born*, and like his descendants of the present day, being too lazy to work, and ashamed to beg, he resorted to the more *fashionable* mode of procuring a livelihood, viz., robbery and plunder.

He, with his misguided worshippers, rebelled against the laws of heaven, and attempted to overthrow the government of God; for which offenses they were banished the imperial courts of heaven, and colonized upon the American Continent, at a place which is known in these latter days as *Charleston, S. C.*

The descendants of that rebel chieftain are better known to-day under the high-sounding cognomen of the "Knights of the Golden Circle." They,

too, have rebelled against the laws of our country, and are endeavoring to destroy one of the best governments the world ever saw.

They, too, will fail. Their sun is destined to set, to rise no more. Those proud cities that know them now, will soon know them no more forever.

The names of the traitors who are now seeking the destruction of the American Confederacy, are destined, at no distant day, to occupy prominent places upon the scroll of infamy, side by side with those of

Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold.

The following, from a speech delivered in New Orleans, January 11, 1860, will show the intent of the Knights:

"The next Administration shall be purely southern, or we will have no Administration at all. We will have a strictly Southern Rights Congress. If we can't have such a

Congress at Washington, we will have one somewhere else."

I am, for one, for an eternal separation from the yellow-skinned, woolly-headed clique. I am for an out-and-out southern man in '60. We don't ex-

pect northern men to vote for him. We don't want them to. We only want a man that a southern gentleman can vote for with clear hands and a clear conscience.

I would say, give us Yancey, or Jeff Davis. We can vote for such men as these conscientiously!"

Friends of Freedom! Be warned in time, for believe me or not, as seemeth good in your own wisdom, yet, I tell you, the worst foes to our government to-day are professing Union men of the North.

Treason at the North is becoming rampant.

Not only our State, but our national legislative halls, are filled and surrounded with bands of armed men, who threaten to shoot

any one who dares to vote contrary to the wishes of an armed mob.

For the proofs of my statements, I refer the reader to the disgraceful scenes lately enacted at Harrisburg and Albany. Greater traitors than Vandalligham, Cox, and Salisbury, never went unbuked.

No American citizen can legally claim the right of neutrality. He must be either for the government or against it. With our nation it is a matter of life or death—therefore "choose ye whom ye will serve."

Yours, for the right, W. SAMSON.

For the Herald of Progress.

Still we come! On, on to death! How long, O monster fiend! and yet how long, wilt thou send carnage and death to destroy the happiness of the thousands whose innocence cannot save them from sharing the wrongs heaped upon them?

I have just left a room where four lay dying.

There was one to whom my sympathies were strangely drawn. He was taken quite suddenly with congestion of the lungs two days ago, and has required my constant care. His words were hardly audible, and cost him a great effort, but while bathing his face and smoothing his beautiful brown hair, he always smiled so gratefully, pressing my hand, and thanked me in so many ways!

"How his mother would bless me! How he hoped to get well, to go home to his widowed mother in her loneliness!" Dear boy! those clear, intellectual eyes will never see again the morning light, and that mother's heart is left desolate.

Peace has come to thee! I shall know thine and many others' smiles over the river—where you tell me I am still remembered.

My Brother, you will know my feelings when I tell you I am truly recompensed for all the hard and laborious efforts made by me in the hospital, in feeling that I am engaged in one of the most noble missions that ever befell woman.

As some say, "only just to see the flutter of a woman's dress—how it cheers me!" and then, to feel her soft hand on my burning temples, seems so like my mother, my wife, or sisters!

To hear a woman's voice—oh, it is so home-like!

One said to me, while dressing a terrible wound, as we were passing up the river: "How tenderly you touch my arm! I never had it done so nicely!" And one thought he could bear without flinching a terrible operation, if I would stand by him to cheer him.

One of the convalescents in the ward where

I am at present acting, met me in the hall this morning, and asked me if I was from

Wisconsin. I told him I was. "Oh, I am so glad!" said he: "I heard you was last night, and could hardly wait to speak to you, for that is my State, and I felt so proud to think you were from there, too." I thought his eyes grew brighter when I told him that the Wisconsin boys ranked among the bravest, and I was proud of them.

Well, I am robbing Nature of her repose, and, perhaps, fatiguing you, and will close by telling you that I had the satisfaction of giving joy to some, who were hungering for something to read, by distributing some numbers of the HERALD the next time there was a call for "old papers."

Thanking you for your kindness, and giving you my highest regards, I am yours truly,

ADDIE L. BALLOU.

For the Herald of Progress.

Letter from a Soldier in the Army of Freedom.

HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss., Jan. 8, 1863.

FRIEND DAVIS: A member of the grand army of Freedom in the West wishes to say a few words through the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

You will discover that we are in the very heart of the enemy's country, where the "peculiar institution" works out its normal and legitimate results upon human society, and it is concerning this institution (slavery) that I wish to speak.

I was an Abolitionist before leaving home,

I am an Abolitionist now, and have no doubt I shall live and die one. It is an honorable

name—one of which I am proud—and as time

wears on, and civilization advances, the word

as applied to all lovers of Freedom and ene-

mies of Slavery, will become more and still

more honorable, until it shall pass into history

as a badge of honor and renown, especially as applied to the pioneer Abolitionists of America. An example of this may be seen

in English history. For what names in the

annals of that history appear before the world

with a greater degree of luster, or with higher

honors, than those of Graanville, Sharp, Wil-

berforce, Clarkson, with other English Abolition-

ists, who inaugurated the crusade against

African slavery in the British dominions, and

finally caused its utter extinction there. Now,

who are held in higher estimation to-day

among the English people than these very men?

Their names are entered upon the record as among the best and purest of Eng-

lish saints and martyrs. Thus it is that his-

tory always vindicates the right, and thus it is

that succeeding generations "build the tombs

of the prophets," and meet out justice to the

pioneers of a higher civilization. Yes, thanks

to the powers above! I am an Abolitionist,

and the man that would be ashamed of the

name must be at heart a heathen.

I wish now, Mr. Editor, to make a few ran-

dom remarks in reference to observations made while here, in the midst of the evidences

that crowd so thickly against this loathsome

institution.

We have been told that the poor negro was

contented and happy in slavery. Strange,

then, that he should assume such risks, such

perils, attended with so much suffering, that

he may get away from it. The writer of this

has had charge of some twelve hundred "con-

trabands" for several weeks, and thinks he

has a pretty good opportunity of judging of

the truth or falsehood of this pretension.

Our quarters (for the "contrabands") at

Bolivar, Tenn., were miserable, rough sheds,

without windows or chimneys, open and leaky—were the best we could provide for the time. In those miserable buildings they were huddled like so many cattle—men, women, and children, with scanty clothing, and afflicted at the same time with fearful diseases, many of which proved fatal. Here was the abode of poverty and human wretchedness in its most frightful aspects!

And now, how do these poor, miserable creatures receive the proffered hand of master or mistress, as they come to them with soft words and lavish promises, to persuade them to return home, where they can be tenderly nursed and cared for?

Instances of this kind occur every day: The quarters

are constantly being visited by men and women,

who use every possible means to per-

suade their favorite servants to return with them to their homes. Now, I have never

known a single instance where a fugitive from

slavery, however wretched or hopeless his

condition, who has voluntarily returned to

slavery. Their uniform testimony is: "I will die first!" It is evident, then, that a viler falsehood was never propagated. The negro

loves freedom as ardently as anybody, accord-

ing to his capacity to enjoy it, and hates

slavery.

In Bolivar, Tenn., we were in want of a

laundress for our hospital. I found (one day in town,) a woman near sixty years old—a large, robust woman—possessing great vital

powers, and an iron constitution. She was

sitting upon a door-step. She had just come

in from the country, and was foot-sore and weary. Her feet and head were bare. She

wore a frock made of a kind of cotton-cloth, resembling our coarse canvas-cloth, or bagging,

the skirt of which reached down about half-way

from the knee to the ankle, and this was both

ragged and dirty. This was all the garment

she had on—at least all that was visible—and

by the way, it is the costume of slave-women

as a general thing in this part of the country.

House-servants in rich families are, however,

an exception to this rule. Well, we took the

woman to camp, who proved to be a hard

worker and an excellent washer. She was a

woman, too, of superior judgment and shrewd-

ness. She told me the following story, which

I do not doubt was true:

When young, she was owned by one Fan-

busch. She constituted about the sum total of

his available capital. She went into the

woods with him, chopped wood, cleared and

fenced the land, and put in and harvested the

crops. On one occasion she was called upon

(after having done a hard day's work in the

field) to make some biscuits and get supper for the family. She did so, and after having

"done up the work," took some fragments of

biscuits that were left with her to her cabin.

For this they called her a "d—d nigger thief."

They accused her of stealing! This woman

had worked hard (generally in the field) for

forty years; she bore and raised five children,

and laid the foundation for the large estate

now held by the young Fanbusches; she

cleared the land, fenced it, raised the wheat,

and made the biscuits. Now I wish to put

the question to some of our South-side doctors

MARCH 21, 1863.

ed to me very singular. I had never thought on such a subject before. The last sentence I had just read in the page of the pupil of Socrates was ringing in my ears—"God geometrizes." There was that text written long centuries ago; and here this little flower, in the remote wilderness of the west, furnished the commentary. There suddenly passed, as it were, before my eyes, a faint flash of light. I felt my heart leap in my bosom. The enigma of the universe was open. Swift as a thought I calculated the chances against the production of those three equations of five in only one flower, by any principle devoid of the reason to perceive number. I found that there were one hundred and twenty-five chances against such a supposition. I extended the calculation to two flowers, by squaring the sum last mentioned. The chances amounted to the large sum of fifteen thousand, six hundred and twenty-five. I cast my eyes around the forest; the old woods were literally alive with those golden blooms, where countless bees were humming, and butterflies sipping honey-dew.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. My soul became a tumult of radiant thoughts. I took up my beloved Plato from the grass where I had tossed him in a fit of despair. Again and again I pressed him to my bosom, with a clasp tender as a mother's around the neck of her sleeping child. I kissed alternately the book and the blossom, bedewing them with tears of joy. In my wild enthusiasm, I called out to the little birds on the green boughs, trilling their cheery farewells to departing day—"Sing on, sunny birds; sing on, sweet minstrels! Lo! ye and I have still a God!"

Thus perished the last doubt of the skeptic. Having found the infinite Father, I found also myself and my beloved ones—all, once more. By degrees I put together the following argument. I tried it by every rule of logic; I conjured up every conceivable objection against its several parts, and grew thoroughly satisfied that it contained an absolute demonstration. But I rested not here. I resolved to have it tested to the uttermost. For this purpose I journeyed all the way to Boston last winter. I presented it to the most eminent pantheists, atheists, and skeptics of that literary city. Not one of them attempted to point out a flaw in its logic.

Thus I became convinced that the demonstration is utterly unassailable; and I therefore offer it without hesitation to the criticism of the world.

The aggregate argument is my own; though many of the particular elements have been freely borrowed from others. The principal consideration, however, is not as to authorship, but validity. And this may readily be determined. Let the objector designate its infamy, and I will be among the first to renounce it altogether. Until this is done, I hold myself pledged to maintain it in fair controversy against all adversaries; though I will not debate the question with any person unacquainted with algebra, geometry, and the rules of strict logic.

"God GEOMETRIZES."—Plato.

The following argument assumes a bold tentative. It undertakes to demonstrate, in an absolute manner, not only the being, but even the personal agency of the Deity in all the phenomena of the material universe. It professes to solve the old problem that has puzzled philosophy in every age, ever uttered by human curiosity, but perhaps never, as yet, answered by pure reason—"What is the true nature of causation?"

Beyond all controversy, this must be regarded as the fundamental problem of all real science; for we know nothing, we never can know anything, but causes and effects. All time and eternity form but one vast flowing stream, where these come and go like waves of the sea. All space is but the expanse where these rise and fall in oscillations, as of some ethereal fluid of infinite extent, vibrated by a viewless force. Well has a distinguished pantheist of the modern German school worded this profound idea: "The soul will not have us read any other cipher but that of cause and effect." All scientific treatises, however pompous their nomenclature, contain but generalizations of these, expressed in mathematical formulas, with greater or less accuracy. I am stating a simple fact admitted on all hands. Cause and effect are thus correlative in language and thought. The former is first both in logic and chronology. It is, therefore, the necessary exponent of the latter. Unless its true nature be comprehended, nothing else can possibly be understood. If we err at this great starting-point, every subsequent step must prove a blunder in every process of philosophical inquiry. And accordingly, universal history shows that the false solution of the radical problem has been the fruitful source of all pestiferous heresies, both in philosophy and religion.

To the mighty question, "What is causation?" four different answers, and no more, can be given—the skeptical, the material, the pantheistic, and the rational, or Christian.

To assert that man is utterly ignorant of the true nature of causation, is total skepticism.

To predicate the doctrine of invariable sequence, as did Hume and Brown, presents the formula of materialism. Idealism is but another phase of the same false view; for both idealism and materialism are, at a certain depth identical, as they both take for granted that all Nature is but a dream-show, a mere conjurer's trick of fleeting appearances, where phenomena have only the tie of antecedent and consequent, to bind them together in a union that touches nowhere, and produces nothing. If we answer, that causation is the only causation, we are landed in pantheism. All individual existence vanishes away, and with it all proper ideas of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood; and, in fine, all logical predicates of every name and nature; for if nothing remains but indivisible unity, proposition is impossible, since it would be absurd to assert unity of itself.

The only remaining, conceivable answer, I deem the rational, the Christian, the true one—that causation alone resides in mind; that matter never can be a Cause; and, therefore, every phenomenon in the universe is, and ever must be, but the effect of intellectual force exerted by pure volition.

This view we now proceed to demonstrate, after the rigorous method of the geometers, and discarding, as much as practicable, all loose and rhetorical digressions.

PROPOSITION I.

We may lay it down as a general proposition, that the perception of mathematical truth evinces mind of a lofty order.

It is for this reason the universal consent of mankind has placed Pythagoras and Plato, Archimedes and Kepler, Newton and La Place, among the very foremost of the species. We would not exalt beyond due bounds the dignity of mathematical studies. We have long since awoke from the dream of our youth, that supposed a vain distinction of high and low among the sciences, which ought to be like the halo of a star, bright all around. But beyond question there is no good reason for the neglect of those enabling, strict, and severely logical exercises in our elementary education. Far wiser was the lesson taught by the great Plato, in the inscription engraved over his immortal academy—"Let no one presume to enter here who does not understand geometry."

However this may be, even in this age of light studies, no enlightened mind will deny that the power to perceive mathematical truth is essentially an attribute of no mean intellect.

COROLLARY.

Hence it follows, *a fortiori*, as a self-evident corollary, that to evolve mathematical motions, or in plainer terms, to work mathematically evinces mind of a still loftier order.

For to evolve mathematical motions unquestionably implies their perception. No person will assert, for a moment, that an analyst can reduce algebraic equations, or solve geometrical problems, and demonstrate theorems, without comprehending in the one case the meaning of the terms, and in the other the axioms and definitions on which the operations hinge.

To present this view in the clearest possible light, we beg leave to offer an obvious illustration.

Suppose that John and James sit down to work out a knotty question in decimal fractions; John passes from one operation to another, with the skillful rapidity of an accomplished arithmetician, adding and subtracting, swift as thought, and balancing tangled columns of vast numbers, into a definite and accurate result; while James can understand the meaning of the terms, and in the other the axioms and definitions on which the operations hinge.

The attempt to apply the calculation to all the innumerable millions of mankind now living, and all that have lived and passed away, were as idle as to essay the enumeration of sunbeams shed during sixty centuries of solar years. The algebra of an archangel, with infinite space for his balance sheet, and eternity for the period of solution, were insufficient, perhaps, for the overwhelming computation.

I would advise the atheist, before he dares grapple in this argument, to refresh his memory with the doctrine of the calculation of chances, in his favorite La Place—or, at least, to look into his common arithmetic. No acquaintance, however profound, with Fichte, Hegel, or other German mystics, will avail him aught in such an inquiry as the present.

In relation to my single self, I might pursue the subject much farther. Throughout all the members of my body there runs a wondrous duality—in my eyes, arms, hands, feet, ribs, and the convolutions of the brain, where equal numbers balance each other.

The simple question that settles the controversy on its true basis is this: Could any Cause without the intellect to perceive—the reason to count, produce all these invariable equations? Shrink not from this simple problem, I beseech thee, O, my brother! The infinite hopes hang upon it, and all time and eternity—the life everlasting, and the loves dearer than life itself. Fly not from refuge to barren logomachies. It will not thus be resolved. Answer me not, that these are only the effects of law! Say not, with Ralph Waldo Emerson, (who thus responded, when I presented the demonstration in private conversation,) that "It is Order which does all this!" That is no solution of the problem at all, but only its statement in a different form. The enigma cannot be read by a mere repetition of the same idea couched in other words. The difficulty remains as inexplicable as ever. For these equations, this sublime, universal harmony is the order itself—neither more nor less. Could the order constitute itself? Can there be order without intellect?

But even supposing that we allow a reality to the abstractions. Let us admit, for the argument's sake, that Law, or Order, or any idea you please, caused these mathematical harmonies of equation, in every series and degree, the same question rebounds upon us with undiminishing force: "Is that wonderful order, that mysterious law, self-conscious? Knows it what it doeth? Can it count? Hath it mathematical reason?"

If ye answer "Aye," very well; ye believe in God, though ye misname him. But if ye say "No," the valet sphinx repeats her riddle. "How, then, can blind force produce heavenly harmony, and midnight darkness fill all worlds with ineffable radiance? Whence come these iris-winged splendors that dash up through all immensity? Yonder are the halos, but where is their sun?"

I know the beggarly sophism to which the skeptic ever flies at his derrier resort. He will reply, "Suppose we acknowledge a God to account for this magnificent order, we only postpone the difficulty indefinitely, without attaining the required solution. For then we must attempt the greater problem to account for the existence of Deity himself!" This objection is plausible only in appearance, and can never satisfy any but very shallow minds.

The acute logician sees through it at a glance.

It is one of the most pitiful specimens of ignoratio scientiæ.

It is founded on a total misapprehension of the true difficulty.

The reason why we set about accounting for the present order and harmony of Nature is, because we see with our own eyes its finite evolutions passing immediately before us. We see many millions of them begin; we watch their progress, as in some gorgeous panorama; and we behold them terminate. The flower puts forth in spring and perishes with the advance of autumn. Yonder great oak on the Alleghany was once a little acorn, and shall again be nothing as an organized form. The child was born to-day; last year it was not, and next summer it may die. We are made acquainted with indubitable tokens of commencement in the whole material universe. We read those infallible signs in the first leaf

of the Bible of creation, searched, as it were, among the primitive rocks, by the mighty fire-pot of world-volcanoes. The star that shoots from the midnight sky proclaims as it falls—"Look, mad atheist! Lo! I had a beginning once, as now I have an end!"

For this reason we seek to account for these passing, present events—these mathematical motions, which it were worse than lunacy to deny. We are irresistibly forced to the predication of a Cause by a fixed necessity of our rational nature. Falling to do so, would be, to over-scar the condition of living men, but to sink below the moral status of even brutes instinct.

Let me now assume the first alternative. If the Cause that arranged the relations of my several organs be sufficiently intelligent to understand the mathematical harmonies, then all is luminous. There is no chance to be calculated against their production, since he who comprehends the relations of number, can, of course, evolve such relations to any extent, and indefinitely, may infinitely, if he be granted to be infinite himself.

Let me now take up the only remaining alternative, which the given case permits.

I will assume that the Cause, call it what you please, which produced this even combination of fives in my hands, feet, and in my corporeal sense, be not mathematical mind at all, but unconscious force—what, on such a supposition, are the chances against one single combination of fives, in a pair? Let the fixed laws of eternal mathematics answer the question. Suppose we had two dice with five faces each, marked in arithmetical order, one two, three, four, five; we shake them in a box—what are the chances against turning up the number five on each? Every gambler will answer, "the chances against such an event are just twenty-five, the square of the numbers on the several faces, or the total number of ways in which two separate series of fives can possibly be arranged."

Apply this analysis to the given case of the human organism. If the cause which made me, man, be indeed destitute of mathematical reason, the chances against my possessing five fingers on each hand, are twenty-five; add the five toes on each foot, and the chances are six hundred and twenty-five. Then incorporate into the calculation the five senses, and the chances are three thousand one hundred and twenty-five. Let me now get a larger sheet, for the full flow of infinite numbers is fast pouring upon me. Now calculate the chances against this combination of fives in two men; they swell to the enormous sum of nine millions, seven hundred and sixty-five thousand, six hundred and twenty-five. Then calculate the chances for four men like myself. They will be the square of the last number, and so on forever. But the immense sums overpower all the most magnificent processes of our algebra, and no logarithmic abbreviations can aid us to grasp what soon stretches into immensity.

The attempt to apply the calculation to all the innumerable millions of mankind now living, and all that have lived and passed away, were as idle as to essay the enumeration of sunbeams shed during sixty centuries of solar years. The algebra of an archangel, with infinite space for his balance sheet, and eternity for the period of solution, were insufficient, perhaps, for the overwhelming computation.

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In relation to my single self, I might pursue the subject much farther. Throughout all the members of my body there runs a wondrous duality—in my eyes, arms, hands, feet, ribs, and the convolutions of the brain, where equal numbers balance each other.

The simple question that settles the controversy on its true basis is this: Could any Cause without the intellect to perceive—the reason to count, produce all these invariable equations? Shrink not from this simple problem,

In the given case, manifests the superior intellect? The veriest skeptic must answer—"He who has not only the penetration to perceive, but the mental power to perform the processes assigned him?" Thus undeniably, to evolve mathematical motions implies, not only their distinct perception, but the additional faculty of an active power also. Finally, I put the question home, and the entire controversy between the believer and the atheist turns upon the answer—"Can any one work out all the steps of the proof?"

As any one who has studied the works of Euclid, or any one who has followed the steps of the great geometers, will readily perceive, the proof is as follows:

1. All the motions of the material universe, in all their wondrous variety and unity, are strictly mathematical.

The foregoing proposition is susceptible of proof by an immense induction. The field for its exercise has absolutely no other limits than the frontier line that encircles the domain of science. A hundred volumes might be filled with instances, and still the materials would remain unexhausted in their infinite richness. Every new discovery in the abyss of unfathomable Nature adds to the store, which is as vast as the immensity of creation.

We have only room in this hasty dissertation for a few, out of incalculable millions of examples. Our choice will be only embarrassed by the teeming profusion that crowds upon our eye, and almost overwhelms every sense of the soul, from the circles of light that spread in decreasing intensity and augmented distance around the candle, near which we are now writing these paragraphs, to yonder remote pale star that twinkles through the open window, immeasurable leagues away, in the midsummer's night of a cloudless sky.

INDUCTION I.—MYSELF.

I will begin with my own organism. I survey my right hand; it has five fingers. I look at my left; it has five also. There is another member of an algebraic equation. This is singular. I turn down to each foot, and on each behalf five toes. There is another equation. This is still more singular. I then think of my bodily senses; there are five again. The wonder is increasing. And now all the millions of my fellow men rise up before the mind's eye—and in rapid succession. Lo! the countless millions of millions that have lived and died, pass along the great world-stage, in the view of astonished meditation; and they all, with unimportant exceptions, possess the miraculous five fingers on each hand, five toes on each foot, and glorious five senses. If this be not a "God-announcing miracle," then is human reason itself a dream, and all truth a worthless fiction!

But let me apply to myself the rigorous doctrine of the calculation of chances, lest I suffer my judgment to be deceived by undue excitement.

In this calculation of chances, let me bear in mind an ingenious remark of Archbishop Whately, that "the probability of any supposition is not to be estimated by itself singly, but by means of a comparison with each of its alternatives."

Now there are but two suppositions possible, as to this mysterious combination in the human organism, by which the number five is five times repeated, not only in myself, but in all the myriads of mankind. For these wondrous equations there must be a Cause; and that Cause, whatever may be its nature, and whatsoever name you see fit to express its existence, be it necessary, law, order, physical force, or God, must either possess intelligence to perceive its own marvelous results, or else be destitute of such intelligence, and work blindly through all its processes. There is no means to evade the force of this statement. These two are positively the only alternatives which logic allows us. For in abstract, definitive division, a perfect affirmation and negation always exhausts the subject divided. Everything, in the whole compass of thought, must be either a tree or not a tree; and as there is nothing that can be neither, so nothing can be both at the same time. Just so, every cause, or assemblage of causes, must possess intelligence or not.

Therefore this wonderful combination of

five must be produced by either a rational Cause, or one wholly irrational—by a Cause that can perceive the relations of number, or otherwise—in fine, by a Cause that can count, or one that cannot count five, or any other numerical amount whatsoever.

Let me now assume the first alternative. If the Cause that arranged the relations of my several organs be sufficiently intelligent to understand the mathematical harmonies, then all is luminous. There is no chance to be calculated against their production, since he who comprehends the relations of number, can, of course, evolve such relations to any extent, and indefinitely, may infinitely, if he be granted to be infinite himself.

Let me now take up the only remaining alternative, which the given case permits.

I will assume that the Cause, call it what you please, which produced this even combination of fives in my hands, feet, and in my corporeal sense, be not mathematical mind at all, but unconscious force—what, on such a supposition, are the chances against one single combination of fives, in a pair?

Let me now get a larger sheet, for the full flow of infinite numbers is fast pouring upon me. Now calculate the chances against this combination of fives in two men; they swell to the enormous sum of nine millions, seven hundred and sixty-five thousand, six hundred and twenty-five. Then calculate the chances for four men like myself. They will be the square of the last number, and so on forever. But the immense sums overpower all the most magnificent processes of our algebra, and no logarithmic abbreviations can aid us to grasp what soon stretches into immensity.

Apply this analysis to the given case of the human organism. If the cause which made me, man, be indeed destitute of mathematical reason, the chances against my possessing five fingers on each hand, are twenty-five; add the five toes on each foot, and the chances are six hundred and twenty-five. Then incorporate into the calculation the five senses, and the chances are three thousand one hundred and twenty-five. Let me now get a larger sheet, for the full flow of infinite numbers is fast pouring upon me. Now calculate the chances against this combination of fives in two men; they swell to the enormous sum of nine millions, seven hundred and sixty-five thousand, six hundred and twenty-five. Then calculate the chances for four men like myself. They will be the square of the last number, and so on forever. But the immense sums overpower all the most magnificent processes of our algebra, and no logarithmic abbreviations can aid us to grasp what soon stretches into immensity.

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Only God himself may solve the mighty problem!

We may here note a remarkable law, in reference to light of different colors, only discovered recently.

It two rays, from two luminous points, be admitted in a dark chamber, and falling on white paper, or other suitable reflecting surface, differ in their length, by .0000258 part of an inch, their intensity is doubled. A like result is produced if such difference in length be any multiple of that nearly infinitesimal fraction by a whole number. But strange to say, a multiple by 2 1/2, 3 1/2, 4 1/2, &c., gives the result of total darkness! While a multiple by 2 1/4, 3 1/4, &c., gives an intensity equal to one ray only. In one of these cases, the fact is seen, which, from the beginning of the world, has been regarded as the extreme of impossibility—light actually produces darkness!

Corresponding effects are witnessed in violet rays, if the difference in their lengths be equal to .0000157 part of an inch. And the like results are given by experiments on all other rays, the difference in length varying with a steady uniformity of increase, from the violet to the red. Who shall reckon the chances in two cases only, in such vast number as these?

Let not shallow sciolism answer me by a pitiful evasion, "that all this is accounted for on the principle of mechanical vibrations?" Cannot the merest tyro in logic see that the difficulty remains the same? For the question immediately presents itself: what causes the vibrations? And how can unintelligent vibrations be supposed to arrange such wonderful combinations of arithmetic?

Uniformity of colors in refracted light is equally marvelous.

See you dark cloud, only a moment ago one thick mass of gloom, lurid, almost appalling to the gazer's eye! Suddenly the sun breaks forth in the western sky; and lo! in an instant the rainbow is born, and stretches afar the curved wings of its prismatic plumage, as if to play around the world! Count well its gaudy colors. There is the sacred number seven composed by the blending of the mystic three. The same that gleamed there the day when the family of Noah descended from the Ark, and "each mother held aloft her child to bless the bow of God." And never since that far distant hour, either on the land or sea, in city or solitude, hath a single cloud blushed to the kiss of the sunbeam, without the colors of the sacred seven, painted by the Divine ray-brush, in heavenly enameling there. O, golden-haired sun! "O, airy vapor!" Father and mother of that beautiful child of the sky, "brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion, baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun?" know ye what ye do? Are ye indeed blind? Can ye count without arithmetic? without the algebra of a Euler?—aye, without even the poor instinct of the eagle, that dips his wing in the checkered cloud—would ye undertake to teach the whole world mathematics?

Were there no other proof of the existence of a Deity, this one consideration would settle the question forever. Every rainbow is an exact mathematical equation of every other rainbow in the universe!

Awake, ye dreaming metaphysicians! Arise from your darkling dormitories, and those pale incubations which are more than half slumber. Come away to the floods and fields, the flower-banks, and the forests—out here, in open space and the free air, where sea and earth and sky mingle in mutual embraces, like the greeting of youthful lovers! Listen to the pipe-songs which are chants of praise, and the wind-warblers, which are hymns of hallelujah! Look up yonder on the fire-dance of innumerable rolling worlds, and then answer me, before the sun and all the stars—"Is there no God?"

(Concluded next week.)

Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: From Washington, on the 22d of December, in his twenty-fourth year, of typhoid fever, LIEUT. DAVID R. NEWBOLD, of the Twenty-Third Regiment N. Y. Vols.

The noble and the brave has fallen by the hand of disease, while engaged in the defense of his country, to add another to the names whose lives have been sacrificed upon the altar of an unselfish patriotism.

David R. Newbold, in the bloom of health and vigor of manhood, felt it to be his duty to respond to the call for volunteers—bade adieu to the congenial influences of the home-circle, to share his interests with and nobly brave the dangers incident to camp-life. Disease soon came, prostrated his form, blighted his plans, and early closed his physical existence. Though away from home and kindred, upon the bed of affliction, yet his hours were comforted by the presence of the bright "invisible" guides, the sympathy of strangers, and the constant attendance of a brother, who did all that love could prompt, with the aid of medical skill, to ameliorate his condition.

Thus gently he passed away, with a clear consciousness of a higher life, and the positive assurance of "angels ministering" to the children of earth; he has entered upon the realities of that Brighter Land, undimmed by the shadows of sickness and death.

As a medium for the promulgation of Spiritualism, he ever stood firm in the advocacy of its principles, awed not into a suppression of its truths by opposition, bigotry, or contempt; while a strict adherence to the inner promptings of honesty, sobriety, and truth, won for him many warm friends, upon whom is not lost the bright influence of his gentle life.

Tis true, his noble form is no longer visible to the physical senses, yet he still lives, as son, brother, and friend—still lives and is attracted to the scenes and associations where dwelt such hallored memories, and oft will linger by the side of the lone one to impart the inspiration of a higher life with his expanded faculties and quickened sympathies. Oft will he visit the loved ones at home, who realize the fact of spirit-power and identity as the sure anchor of hope in the hour of sorrow.

ALCINDE WILHELM.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Feb., 1863.

Theological Investigation:

"Fair Truth! for thee alone we seek!
Friend to the wise, supporter to the weak,
From thee we learn what'er is wise and just;
Creeds to reject, professions to disown,
Forms to despise, pretences to deride,
And, following thee, to follow naught beside."

For the Herald of Progress.
The Ancient Cosmogonies;
OR,
**THE CREATION, TRANSGRESSION, AND
FALL OF MAN.**

QUESTIONS RELATING THERETO, AND PRESENTING
A CONDENSED AND SYNOPSIS VIEW OF
THEIR "INSPIRED" ABSURDITIES.

BY K. GRAYES.

We cannot appropriate space to notice at length all the errors and absurdities found clustered in almost every chapter of the various ancient cosmogonies, but will indicate by a few brief questions some of those found more especially in that system accepted by the Jewish and Christian world as true and of Divine origination.

1. If "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and, therefore, there was no heaven previous to that time, then where did God dwell during the previous eternity?

2. As Webster tells us the word created in the above text means "formed from nothing," or that to create means "to form from nothing," the question arises: If the world or the universe was formed from nothing, will it not continue to be nothing, and must it not end in nothing?

3. Which is the most rational—the Christian doctrine of making worlds out of nothing, or the Roman axiom: *Ex nihilo nihil fit*?—"From nothing nothing can come?"

4. How much of *nothing*, either by the measure or by the pound, did it require to make a universe? and was it all consumed by the operation? or was there enough of *nothing* left to make a devil or serpent of?

5. Should we not be most egregiously in the dark with reference to the date of creation but for that most explicit and most unmistakable language: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth"? (Gen. 1: 1.)

6. Were not the writers of the various ancient cosmogonies present when God evolved creation out of *nothing*? If so, why do they disagree? If not, and they derive their information from a back-handed revelation, or an *ex post facto* inspiration, must they, therefore, all be regarded as infallible, and we be required to believe them all, or "be damned," or any one of them?—if so, which must we accept?

7. What kind of a looking thing was the earth when it was "without form and void"? Being made from nothing, may we not conjecture that it was something like a footless stocking without a leg—Pat's definition of nothing?

8. If God was both father and mother of creation, which is the most rational appellation or designation of him—Moses's, which uniformly makes him a male, or that of the Nairs of Mukur, which represents him as being both male and female?

9. If the world was created in six days, as we are told in Exod. 20: xii, and a day means, as now interpreted by the Christian world, a thousand years, and God rested on the seventh day, as we are informed in Gen. 2: ii, who took charge of creation and kept the machinery in order during this thousand years' rest of God Almighty? and was it during this period that old Lucifer or Beelzebub acquired such great power, and struck out and established his "broad road" which now so many "go in theretofore"?

10. And if a day means a thousand years, and every seventh day was to be a Sabbath and "day of rest," why do not Christians rest a thousand years at a time, instead of but one solar day?

11. If God, after working and toiling so hard at this little earth for three days as to tire and need to rest and be refreshed (see Gen. 2: iii) should fail so completely in the job of making it what he designed it to be, as "repent" and feel "grieved at heart" about it (see Gen. 6: vi), what must we suppose was the result in the case of the other millions upon millions of worlds which were all knocked up in a *single day*?

12. Which is the true revelation or cosmogony—that contained in the first chapter of Genesis, which tells us God "created man in his own image"? (Gen. 1: xxvii) or that found in the second chapter, which apparently after this period declares, "There was not a man to till the ground"? (Gen. 2: iv.)

13. Which is the "inspired" cosmogony—the first, which says man and woman were both created at the same time (Gen. 1: xxvii); or the second, which represents the woman as being created after the man?—the first, which implies that man has dominion over the whole earth, or the second, which restricts his dominion to a garden?—the first, which tells us that herbs, and grass, and trees, originated from or grew out of the ground (see Gen. 1: iii); or the second, which asserts that they were created before they were put in the ground? (see Gen. 2: v); the first, which declares that fowls originated in the water (see Gen. 1: xx) or the second, which has them created out of the water? (see Gen. 2: ix); the first, which tells us that the lower animals were created before the human race, or the second, which declares they were created after, and woman last of all?

14. Which are right—the Mexicans, who say the first man and the first woman (Chamahman,) were created in their country? the Hin-

doos, who aver that the first human pair (Adimo and Iva) sprang up amongst them? the Chinese, who claim a similar honor? the Persians, who declare that God landed the first progenitors of the race in the land of Iran? or the Jews, who claim Eden as the chosen spot for the origin of the human race?

15. The Jewish story tells us the original tempter was a serpent? the Mexicans say it was a demon; the Hindus call him a snake; the Greeks declare it was a dragon; Josephus makes him an amanucent; the eastern Indians, or a portion of them, speak of him as a fish; while some of the Persian sects have proclaimed him to the world, as a lizard—which is right?

16. Which is the most sensible version of the story of the temptation—the Mosaic or Hebrew, which represents the serpent as dealing out the forbidden fruit to the first human pair, or the Mexicans', Egyptians' and Greeks' version, which represent him as "guarding the sacred tree bearing the apples of immortality, to prevent man and the deitans (inferior spirits) from eating this fruit, and thereby becoming immortal and equal to the Gods"?—that is, "as one of us." (Gen. 3: xxii.)

17. If the River Gibon (one of the four rivers of Paradise according to Moses,) "encompassed the whole land of Ethiopia," which is in Africa, as is declared in Genesis 2: xvi, how did it cross the Red Sea into Eden, which is in Asia?

18. How could Adam and Eve, if created "very good" (see Gen. 1: xxxi), commit sin or do evil, if it is true that "a good tree brings not forth evil fruit"? (See Matt. 7: xix.)

19. Or how could God, if "infinitely good," create a being with liabilities to do evil or depart from good?

20. And if God is "infinitely wise," and "infinitely good," and "infinite in power," why could he not, and why did he not, adapt Father Adam to the situation in which he placed him, and thus prevent a "very good being" from failing?

21. If it should be argued that he must possess this liability to err in order to make him a "free agent," we ask, how he could be a free agent when he was ushered into being without consulting him as to whether he wished or was willing to be made at all under the circumstances (all things considered); and when he was compelled to be a man without being previously consulted as to whether he would be a man or a woman, an angel or a God; and when he was also compelled to be a farmer, instead of a mechanic, without any prior consultation of the matter. If this is free agency, how could a being made or circumstanced so as not to be a free agent?

22. And if it is true that "God wills not the death of a sinner, but that all should be saved" (see 1 Tim. 2: iv) seeing they are not all saved, but the greater part lost, according to "Divine inspiration" (see Matt. 7: xiv.) does it not thence follow that, as things do not work according to his will, that, therefore, he (God) himself is not a "free agent"—not being free to have things as he wills or wishes?

23. And if he "wills that all should be saved," and they are not all saved, does not this evince a lack of power to execute his will, and prove that he is neither a free agent nor omnipotent?

24. Basing the interrogatory upon the assumed truthfulness of the Christian cosmogony, was God reasonable or not in expecting man to be better than he made him?

25. Whose fault would it be—the artist's or the watchmaker's—if a watchmaker should make a time-piece that would refuse to run, or never run right?

26. If God made everything, and has the power of controlling everything, does it not thence follow, logically speaking, that he is the only responsible being in the universe?

27. Does not the story of God's repenting, and being "grieved at heart that he had made man" (see Gen. 6: vi) rather suggest that he "overshot the mark," or was too hasty in pronouncing "everything" not only good, but "very good," at the sequel of creation? (see Gen. 1: xxxi); and is it not equivalent to the heathen Otaheitan tradition, that, "when God had finished creation and found it was a botch, he (Omnipotence) sat down upon a log and cried like a child, wrung his hands, and tore his hair, and, calling himself a fool, stamped upon the ground, and swore like all possessed" that he would drown the last rat and drive every live dog out of creation?

28. And was not "the drowning of the whole world," as the result of this act of repentance, tantamount to "burning up the barn to destroy the rats"?

29. Are we not to conclude that when Adam fell, he fell upward, inasmuch as every step retraced toward the long extinct ages of the forgotten past brings us to a lower point of civilization as the condition of man, and indicates that he has been from the first gradually growing from a child to a man?

30. Would Eve have borne children, or would the world now be desolate, if God had not ordered her to "be fruitful, multiply, and replenish the earth"?

31. Could Adam have exercised "dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and every living thing that moveth upon the earth" (see Gen. 1: xxv) while kept shut up in a little eight-by-ten garden?

32. If not, was it not, therefore, a blessing to him, instead of a curse, to be driven out of Paradise, as by this means he could become practically the "lord of creation," besides having a better opportunity to cultivate the tree of knowledge, contrary to Divine orders, to satisfy the keen demands of appetite, and thereby got their eyes opened?

33. And was it indispensably necessary for them to have their eyes opened in order to find out they were naked? If so, how much smarter or wiser were mankind before the fall, when perfect, than now, when imperfect and "totally depraved"?

34. Or how could he have complied with the Divine command to "replenish the whole earth" while confined to a garden? And, failing thus to "replenish the earth," how must his Satanship or Lucifership have felt?

would he not have been woefully disappointed in having his fiery realms so poorly stocked or colonized, compared with what the expulsion and consequent procreative expansion of Adam has done for it—the Christian world being our informant?

35. Would the Lord have found Adam if he had not answered when he called him in the garden? If not, what would have been the consequence?

36. Which tells the truth—the "inspired" Bible of the Jews and Christians, which says the first human pair were clothed with *fig leaves*, or the "uninspired" Bible of the Chinese, which declares they were covered with *palm leaves*?

37. Was the Yankee urchin's conclusion a natural one or not, that Adam and Eve were turned out of Paradise because they could not pay the rent?

38. Or was it not (according to "Divine Inspiration") something like jealousy which prompted Jehovah to drive Adam out of Paradise? Was it not for fear he would eat of the "tree of life," and thereby become immortal, "like one of us," as he had already become one of us, to know good from evil"? (See Gen. 3: xxii.)

39. Or how could God, if "infinitely good," create a being with liabilities to do evil or depart from good?

40. And had he done so (eaten of the "tree of life,") inasmuch as it would have immortalized himself and his posterity, would it not have conferred an incalculable and inconceivable blessing upon mankind, the Lord God of Moses to the contrary notwithstanding?

41. And are we not thus indebted to "the father of lies" (his serpentine) for the most important truth ever disclosed to mankind—that of the knowledge of good and evil?

42. And did not the sin of our first parents, according to the text above referred to, consist simply in *getting* knowledge (eating of the tree of knowledge,) that is, in becoming as wise as the serpent (though probably not as harmless as the dove,) a sin which the whole civilized world of mankind are now committing each other in trying to commit—the orthodox Christian fraternity alone excepted, they not being allowed to "become wise above what is written" in their Bible?

43. If eating the forbidden fruit was calculated to make Adam and Eve as wise as "the gods" ("Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil"—Gen. 3: v.) would they not have been the veriest fools to have refused to eat—especially when it was so luscious and inviting to the taste?

44. Which told the truth, Moses, God, or the Devil, *alias* the Serpent, when the former told Adam: "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die"? (Gen. 2: xvii); while the "Father of Lies," or Serpent, declared: "Ye shall not surely die"; but "ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil"? (Gen. 3: v and v.)

45. Does not God (Moses' imaginary God I always mean,) himself most explicitly admit that "the Father of Lies," his Snakeship, was right, and he (Omnipotence) wrong, when he announces to the Trinity or family of Gods: "Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil"? (Gen. 3: xii.)

"Just as old Lucifer prophesied," he might have added, "while we prophesied to the contrary." Which was the true prophet?

46. How, then, can the Serpent-Devil be charged with "deceiving our first parents," when God himself admits that he told them the truth?

47. As Adam and his wife had to eat of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil," before they could know what good and evil were, how could they sin by such an act? Seeing that no sin previously existed, how could they know anything of its nature and character?

48. Or how could they be culpable for committing an act which they could not know to be wrong till after they had committed it?

49. It being declared as the result of eating the forbidden fruit, that "the eyes of them both were opened and they knew that they were naked" (Gen. 3: vii,) the question arises: How long would Father Adam and Mother Eve have had to "go it blind," stumbling through life with their eyes shut, had they not providentially or fortunately committed the high-handed sin of pitching into the fruit of the tree of knowledge, contrary to Divine orders, to satisfy the keen demands of appetite, and thereby got their eyes opened?

50. And was it indispensably necessary for them to have their eyes opened in order to find out they were naked? If so, how much smarter or wiser were mankind before the fall, when perfect, than now, when imperfect and "totally depraved"?

51. If the Serpent of Genesis is the Devil of Christendom, the great prime central wheel of orthodoxy—the same which Brigham Young says is "after sinners with a sharp stick to whip them into heaven," and which he declares makes more sinners than all other means combined, the power of God not excepted—then why was nothing said about roasting or broiling our primitive parents in "the kingdom prepared for the Devil and his angels" for their high-handed infractions of the Divine commands?

52. Could not the great and direful calamity and curse which befell the human race through the malicious agency of a Serpent (according to orthodoxy,) have been

rush to the restaurants, eating-saloons, and dining-halls, all over Christendom, upon the toiling of every morning, noon, and evening bell?

74. And if a part of the curse of man had not consisted in being required to sweat ("In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"—Gen. 3) may we not suggest that, in the absence or omission of this curse, bath-houses would have been less indispensable for every person who now aspires to decency and cleanliness, and perhaps trouble and expense thereby avoided?

75. What way was the ground cursed? ("Cursed is the ground for thy sake!"—Gen.) How did it feel, and what would be its present condition if it had not been cursed?

76. As the production of thorns and thistles is enumerated among the curses (see Gen.) the query hence arises, Would not every truant school-boy have concluded with the "pampered goose" that "all things were made for my use," had this blessed curse been omitted, so that he could now saunter forth and find those fruit-bearing trees, which are at present armed with these formidable appendages, entirely minus such safeguards and protections against intruders?

77. The sentence "Thou shalt eat the herbs of the field" (Gen. 1: xxix.) seems forcibly to intimate that man was to be restricted to a vegetable diet. If so, does not the daily squeaking of swine and bellowing of bullocks in the vicinity of the butchers' shambles rather indicate that the curse has been dodged? And would not such a curse, if it had continued to be practically realized, have been a great blessing to the world?

78. As a part of the curse of woman consisted in being subjected to the control of the masculine sex ("He shall rule over thee"—Gen. 3: xvi.) are we hence to conclude that Queen Victoria is out of her sphere in ruling instead of being "ruled over"? And do not the masculine gender of the human race practically evince that they regard this Divine sentence as a great blessing, instead of a curse, by the manner in which they daily lord it over their "better halves"?

79. Inasmuch as the world made of "nothing" was a failure, and displeased Moses' God, and "grieved him to the heart," would it not have been good policy to have destroyed it at first, and tried the experiment of making one of better materials?

80. Is the doctrine of a special creation a philosophical or rational one, inasmuch as it is easier to conceive of the eternity of matter than the eternity of God, together with the idea of his creating matter "from nothing"?

81. And is there any special merit, or even common sense, in accepting or believing the fundamental Christian tenet of "but one God" in connection with the doctrine of a special creation, while there are worlds enough revolving in infinite space to have occupied two thousand Gods ten thousand years in making, especially if it should require three days for one God to make one world, as in the case of our earth?

82. Or can there be any special merit or common sense in believing that such texts as these: "Let us make man in our own image," "Lest he become as one of us," &c., refer to a unitary God? If the plural pronouns, "us" and "our," denote but one God, what pronouns would have been employed had the writer designed to denote more than one, or a plurality?

The above queries comprise a synoptical view of the Scriptural account of the original transgression and fall of man, which forms the leading chapter and foundation of the whole Christian plan of salvation.

HARVEYSBURG, O.

For the Herald of Progress.

Who Would Live Long.

BY A. W. KELLY.

Oh! who would live long
In this bleak world of sorrow,
Where joy seidone comes,
And grief clouds the morrow?
Where the dark-laden hours
Glide slowly away,
Full freighted with sadness
Of life's cloudy day?
Where the winter winds blow,
And the harsh thunders rattle—
Where the forked lightnings play,
And the fury of battle
Serves to frighten poor earthlings,
And drive peace away?

Oh! who would live long
In this bleak world of sorrow,
Where the friends of to-day
Must be parted to-morrow?
Where the grave-yard, the coffin,
The bier, and the pall,
The low stilled sob,
And the funeral call,
The wail of despair,
And the heart-crushing sigh,
Fill up the dark hours
Passing grief-laden by?

Oh! who would live long
When our loved ones have fled—
When the blossoms of hope
Lie withered and dead?
When the burden of life
Is hard to be borne,
And the poor tired heart
Is crushed, bleeding, and worn?
Aye, who would not welcome
The peace of the grave,
Where the weary form sleeps
And the wild flowers wave—
Where the faltering tongue
And the pilgrim's slow tread
Are forever at rest?
In the home of the dead?

Yes, welcome the coffin
And welcome the bier—
The coldness and darkness
No longer we fear!
The bright fields of glory
Are shining on high,
And the hands of our loved ones
Beckon us to the sky.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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All notices, advertisements, or communications intended for publication, should be sent in the week preceding the date of publication. The earlier the better.

All letters to be addressed to

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THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM, which assembles every Sunday, at half-past two o'clock P. M., in Dodworth's Hall, is already nearly filled. The Groups are advancing in the direction of Ideas.

DR. JAMES A. NEAL, of No. 371 Fourth street, whose vigorous healing operations deal destruction to disease, freely opens his parlor to the rehearsals of the "Harmonial Choir" every Wednesday evening.

FRIENDS OF SPIRITUAL PROGRESS in Bridgeport, Conn., are having interesting meetings every Sunday. Mrs. Middlebrook is the inspirational speaker, giving the audience the choice of her subjects for Sunday evenings. Much interest is being developed in all that regard.

The Editor's Lectures.

THE EXPENSIVENESS OF ERRORS IN RELIGION,¹² is the subject for the morning; in the evening, the eighth lecture on "SCENES IN THE SUMMER-LAND."

Frank L. Wadsworth will speak at Troy on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. He will answer calls to speak at places a convenient distance from the city, on Sunday. Address this office.

"Won't Let Me Read."

A correspondent writes us as follows:

"The spirits wish me to refrain from taking the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* for a while, for some reason unknown to me. Therefore you need not send it until I write for it. I have taken it for three years, and shall miss it much."

One or two cases similar to this have come to our knowledge during the past three years. And in several instances we have heard the remark made: "The spirits won't let me read."

Now, if any one presumes that we design to inflict a harsh or censorious judgment upon one who thus stops reading at the dictation of "spirits," they are mistaken. We always respect the child, who, when asked to indulge in some gratification, readily refuses, offering as a reason: "me or pa won't let me read." Such obedience is commendable.

The invalid who declines some savory delicacy, turning away with the all-sufficient plea, "The doctor won't let me," commands our admiration for decision of character, even while physically prostrate.

The Roman Catholic needs no better excuse for rejecting the teaching of heterodox thinkers than that his father-confessor bids him let them alone. We doubt if any young convert of Henry Ward Beecher's would require or desire stronger reason for not examining the progressive ideas of the present, than that his pastor and teacher utterly disownances all investigations by laymen in such directions.

Is it less reasonable for the child, the invalid, or the dupe who is blessed with the living counsel of departed spirit-friends, to accept their advice as a finality? If any person needs a "ma" to tell him or her what to do or not to do, it matters little whether they choose the apron-strings or the circle—they are children, and will think, speak, and act as children. Childhood is sweet and beautiful, yet what we admire in children is not their diminutive size, else we should all wish to be dwarfs, neither their weak intellects, but rather that innocence and purity of character that comes again to mankind only through the pathway of intelligent personal harmony.

If one is sick and ignorant of his own system and condition, he must needs accept the wisdom of a physician, and be told what to eat and drink. Or one may be "strong in the arm, but weak in the head," and need the guidance of priest or confessor, and feel better when doing as directed by another.

It is a great relief to one who is weak to shift the burden of responsibility. At some times, to some persons, it becomes a necessity. Such evasion, however, is ever a confession of youth, weakness, sickness, or imbecility, one or the other. And for a life-experience, how infantile, weak, and contemptible! As if we had not implanted within ourselves the same powers that render our parents, physicians, teachers, and spirit-guardians, competent to guide us. Let us but cultivate our own powers, understand our own capacities, physical and mental, and then judge for ourselves what is right. This will secure that self-respect, which blind acceptance of authority, no matter how high, can never give.

The Loyal National League.

The following pledge is being widely circulated in this city, and an organization is to be effected on Friday evening, March 20th, at the Cooper Institute:

"We, the undersigned, citizens of the United States, hereby associate ourselves under the name and title of the Loyal National League.

"We pledge ourselves to an unconditional loyalty to the Government of the United States, to an unwavering support of its efforts to suppress the rebellion, and to spare no endeavor to maintain unimpaired the national unity, both in principle and territorial boundary."

"The primary object of this League is, and shall be, to bind together all loyal men, of all trades and professions, in a common union to maintain the power, glory, and integrity of the nation."

The Right Spirit.

A Western soldier, in Grant's army, writes home a spirited letter against the Copperheads. He closes thus:

"We don't propose to give up the contest, whatever may be the action of the cravens at home. If the Government don't want to fight it out, we will take the job off its hands and do it up alone, for to live under a divided and constantly divided, patched up, and pusillanimous system, we will not!"

"We were not born of such stuff as those weak-kneed gentrified, and we will give them such an exhibition of an outraged host of freedom-loving patriots, as will make them see stars, all the stars of all the States free forever, with a central power so strong that all the powers of darkness can never draw one bright orb away from the glorious constellation."

We are fighting for the freedom of man, that old, old cause of justice and order, for which the grand old heroes of all ages have fought and gone down like grand stars, leaving on the mountain tops of death a light which makes them lovely. We emulate their virtues, their examples before us, and their blood shall not have been shed in vain.

"We know the cost and will pay the price.

Let treasure be expended without stint, let

blood flow like water, till the rebel host on

their knees shall sue for peace, or the horrid

crew be swept in confusion from this godly

heritage, no more to tread with traitorous feet

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Pulpit and Rostrum.

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

Scenes and Special Providences in the Summer-Land.

LECTURE BY A. J. DAVIS, AT DODWORTH'S HALL,

SUNDAY EVENING, FEB. 20, 1863.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY ROBERT S. MOORE.

Among other subjects, I shall speak tonight concerning two points of universal interest hitherto untouched in these discourses, viz., of Language and of Traveling in the Summer-World.

On a previous occasion it was stated that the several languages called "dead" in this world, have certain roots which push themselves vigorously up through the memory-soils of the human mind and continue to bear fruit after death; that the Hebrews, Arabians, Assyrians, Chaldeans, Persians, Grecians, Romans, Celts, even the Scots and Picts, and various other smaller tribes and semi-nations, continue for a long time to speak the educational language of their earth-life, and to cherish thoughts that flow through such verbiage; and that often, when such spirits have sought to communicate with impressionable or congenial persons on the earth, they have succeeded in controlling the mediums, so that the communication would be imparted in their native tongue. The celebrated Professor Buchanan, of Cincinnati, testifies that he heard in the City of Cleveland, ten years ago, an uneducated American lady discourse finely in French. And it was reported that Mr. Selden J. Finney, in the same city, and, I believe, on the same occasion, uttered a glorious poem in the Indian language, which, it was said, was perfectly well understood by an Indian who chanced to be present.

I know how most people feel and think with reference to these trans-terrestrial questions—that after death "all is different with the individual!" There never was a greater mistake. You might as well suppose that Mother nature, and God-nature, and Man-nature, undergo radical transmigrations and reconstructions. Quite otherwise. There are no essential changes in the plan of ultimates. The final type of organization, remember, is the spiritual interior of Man and Woman. Both reason and Scripture sustain the doctrine of no central change after death. The Bible says: "As a tree falleth so it lieth." That is, an oak tree does not become a peach, or birch, or mahogany, the moment it falls. It is an oak tree still. Even so if man's body falls, in sympathy with the chemistry and gravitation of the physical word, the spiritual man does not fall with it. Only the external casing is peeled off and rejected, while the person-inmost, who thought and spoke and acted before, goes onward, unchanged and individualized, to the Summer-Land.

It is the lesson of the naturalness of the After-life, which the mind must fully conceive in order to realize that the other world will be really a "home in the heavens." Earthlings will not be orphans or strangers there. I must know and recognize my acquaintances, and they must know and recognize me, a hundred, a thousand, a million years hence, or immortality is nothing. The cessation of leading personal peculiarities and the reconstruction or abolition of the essential traits of the individual organization—the emergence of the person at death from substantiality into a vapor, gauzy, ghostly inhabitant of the kingdom of heaven, there to dwell and sing and adore forever in the presence of the wifeless Trinity—is too absurd to occupy the minds of intelligent people, being a conception eminently suited to the brainless cranium of old-time orthodoxy. And yet there are ministers who seem to pride themselves upon their profound ignorance on this subject, saying: "It is an awful mystery; it is supernatural." In other things those same pulpitarians are just as sensible as fellow sinners in general. But come to this subject, and forthwith, with a slam, the gate of investigation is shut, and you are driven to the authoritarian's "faith," which they invariably present as the best antidote for heart-bereavements and spiritual prostrations.

Now the After-existence opens before us as a continuation of individual progression. Instead of being a "discrete degree," as Swedenborg describes it, it is another mansion, another story, in the same house "eternal in the heavens." "The heavens" are not remote. The earth itself is situated and rolling noiselessly "in the heavens." Do you not know that it travels from January to July about ninety-seven millions of miles, and directly through "the heavens"? Else how could the earth move in its path around the sun? You see, therefore, that the earth itself is "in the heavens"; and, reversely, that "the heavens" are about the earth. We float at the rate of sixty-four thousand miles an hour round the sun, which is not more really "in the heavens." Now, I affirm that the Summer-World is no more "in the heavens" than is the sun or this earth on which we at present reside.

The mind of man is stationed over the visceral organs which are immersed in darkness within the physical body. But there is a constant communication kept up between all parts of the body and the sensorium. Consequently the mental person who resides in the upper parts of the brain is omnipresent through the physical organs and sensations. In like manner, the Summer-World is so situated with reference to this earth,

that we, its inhabitants, float under the constant inspection of the population of that Sphere. This earth is a ponderous organ in the perfect and symmetrical anatomy of the stars. I think you will agree that this planet of ours may be, in general analogy, an "organ" in the physiology of the sidereal system; and that the celestial brain, which is the Summer-Land, caps and coronates all these different planets, just as the mind of man covers and crowns the different organs within the trunk.

Earthly languages, perfected, carried out to their ultimates, and simplified to a fine, beautiful orthography, become the languages of the other Sphere. But education still sways the mind and thoughts. Suppose your affections are wrapped up with expressions peculiar to the German language, then on reaching the Spirit-Land, your memory (which is a spiritual organ) holds not the English language, nor have you attachments for any other save that in which you were primarily educated. So true is this, that persons who have been in the habit of using "profane language," as it is called, find themselves over-accommodated to expressing their thoughts and emotions through those worthless viaducts and conveyances; and such habits become serious impediments and obstructions to progress, just as in this world when the coarse, vulgar-word speakers would refine society, they meet embarrassment because they cannot use profane language with their customary freedom. If they use it constantly among ignoramuses, they find themselves, when among educated persons, in a state of nervous trepidation lest the next moment they may stumble into the use of an oath. When thrown a little off their balance, they will involuntarily show that they are accustomed to very improper and very disagreeable words. This, you know, is true in this world.

Now look into the Summer-Land, and you will find that the memory of many spirits is checked when they come into the presence of finer and more educated organizations. There is a tendency, even after death, to indulge in those mortal habits in which the individual has been most strongly educated. Thus, on awakening into the Spirit-World, the first form of speech is that which the person most used on earth. A friend, who recently died in the Union Army, took the first opportunity to make himself manifest, and expressed his thoughts in the peculiar language which he had been accustomed to use all the years before he went. Although he was situated in finer circumstances, and influenced by the example of finer associates, still his thoughts flowed along in their accustomed channels of conversation. His thoughts were finer and higher, but they came down through the old verbiage.

The second language used in the Spirit-World is the language of Music. The spirit of this language is separated from the educational tendencies of the different races. The language of Music is employed in the teaching of what we call "Science." The truths of science, the beauties of science, and very high and glorious lessons in celestial principles, are communicated by means of symphonies, melodies, songs, hymns, anthems, and chants. Hence the impression that heaven is a place of eternal song! This wondrous music fills the whole heavens and awakens the distant planets; so that, when the stars are touched and summoned to enter the orchestra and make the magnificent chorus full, then the very earth itself seems to vibrate responsive to that grand harmonious beat, which converts the universe into a harp of infinite perfections!

The third language used in the Spirit-World is what we here call "the language of the Heart." It is, more properly speaking, the language of emanation. Every private affection throws out an atmosphere. Whatever your predominating love may be, it emits an atmosphere which winds itself about your person. And when the temperament is fine, sensitive, and susceptible, the order and influence of the person will correspond. If the individual is the victim of an inverted love—a love turned out of its pure, native channel—he throws out upon you a coarse, vicious atmosphere, which in these days is called a "magnetic influence," which emanates from some person you may know. Mediums, sensitives, and clairvoyants see it, and many persons do not gift *feel* it, and they know not whence or why. "That person gives off peculiar influence," you say; "I feel it." It depresses you; makes you angry. Another person makes you feel "cheerful" and "happy" and "joyous," and you are physically quieted or spiritually aroused by mere contact with these more exalted characters.

In the Summer-Land this "language of the heart" is carried to an inconceivable degree of perfection. For instance, suppose you and your brother, or you and your sister, should meet—you who have not met for long, lonely years. If you have outgrown the necessity of external speech, and if you have been taught through the mysterious suggestiveness of pure Music, you then deepen into the language of impersonal and perfect Love! In the higher Spheres such language is alone known, taught, or spoken. It is the language of absolute contact of personal love-atmospheres; by which is meant that two persons, meeting face to face, meet heart to heart, and are forever friends. On earth it is but the hands, or eyes, or lips, that touch and speak. There, it is the indescribably sweet and perfect meeting of soul with soul. They thus inhale and thoroughly understand each other. For the first time there sweeps through the gladdened heart the eminent satisfaction of receiving perfect appreciation through the deathless wisdom of a brother, a sister, or a

companion. Your most secret history is wordlessly told and forever known; the details of your earth-life appreciated, and with all their innumerable bearings upon the shape of your character; and so, too, are comprehended all the steps that have brought you to that position in the upper existence; so that the "communion" which takes place at that time extends through all the years, days, hours, events, and moments of your terrestrial pilgrimage. The delightfulness of this conjunction constitutes the beautiful, glorious happiness which diversifies, gladdens, and exalts the inhabitants of the Spheres.

This interior, unspeakable language, is sometimes called "the language of Communion"—the unutterable speech of the immortals—which poets try in vain to reach and express; while Music, with its unsearchable attributes and great powers, very nearly approaches. When your love is warmest and deepest, when you meet it in another, or when it meets you, then you catch the rudiments of this infinitely finer, this inexpressibly beautiful, this trans-mundane, this celestial, this heart-emancinating conversation, which is so divinely-blissful, so spiritually-refreshing, and so exalting to all who dwell under its blessings in the Summer-Land. Let it be once more affirmed that words are not the most eloquent expressions of the Soul. There is no joy so intense as that which sparkles in the eye and crimson the cheek, yet refuses the aid of the voice, there is also "no grief like that which does not speak." Where the heart has a tale to tell, how poor are the utterances of the lips! Need we ever tell us that we are loved? Is there not something in arbitrary signs that breaks the spell of our sweetest feelings? There is mental electricity more mysterious far than that subtle fluid that thrills through material substances. Its conductors are the soft light of the human eye, the smile of the human lip, the tone of a subdued and earnest voice. Pleasant, indeed, is the solitude that is broken only by this silent speech.

Concerning Traveling in the Summer-Land.

Traveling there is, at first, just what it is here. Arrived, we use our legs and feet; we also use our eyes; hear with our ears; and we also touch, smell, and taste things, just as the very young child does on being introduced into this world. The mind of every one is interested at first in what is most external, and yet, what is "external" there is here even too deep for mankind's comprehension at the present time. But when arrived there, you find yourself in possession of higher senses, in every respect similar to these, and with the same attributes and faculties, only more susceptible, and with the essential habits and inclinations of your character even more active. These all begin to call for their complete gratification. They lead you along the vernal margins of musical waters, or you traverse different beautiful fields, or away you go on different excursions—all in accordance with the most powerful attractions of the ever-active, never-dying, always youthful spirit. Now and then you meet persons who are still laboring with the effects of an earthly sadness. These undeveloped souls remain with organizations, or become members of Brotherhoods who have not yet arisen out of the depressions of terrestrial mishaps and imperfections. Every one goes to appropriate and congenial places.

Let your mind be duly impressed with the fact that "great minds," so-called while on earth, often lose what was considered the properties of their great "reputation." It is instantly stripped off from some of them, and they are not known, named, nor bowed to as "distinguished persons." "Great men," so styled on earth, are of no consequence in the Summer-Land; neither king nor queen nor prince nor princess, are known as such; for all go there clad in their true Peri-spherical garments, and not in the costly habiliments you procure at Stewart's. When arrived, you will appear dressed and adorned, plainly or otherwise, in rigid accordance with your internal nature and status. Thus Henry Clay, when he reported himself in the City of New York more than ten years ago, said that his "great earthly (political) attainments had not availed him much." This distinguished American gave a message to a number of personal friends. His communication, which was perfectly verified at the time, shows the mental condition in which the statesman found himself soon after his arrival.

HENRY CLAY'S MESSAGE TO A NUMBER OF FRIENDS.—In July, 1852, the following, with much more of high significance, was delivered: "My wordly wisdom availed me not when my new life commenced. It is very beautiful to become a little child again; and now I understand the meaning of the words: 'Ye must be born again' and in true sincerity and gratefulness I feel that I am born again—in a life where the vanities of earth have faded from my view, and the bright glories of heaven are opening upon my soul.

"O soul made pure, be thankful for thy high estate, and adore thy God who hath endowed thine eyes with light, and thy soul with the ability to enjoy the pure beauties which crowd upon thy new existence! And yet how I am overwhelmed with the foreshadowing of the glory which is yet in wait for me! But now a form of brightness appears, and saith unto me: 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength increase; and thou shalt grow and wax stronger in the stature of wisdom and the might of love.'

"I am surrounded by those who are, like myself, exploring the wonders of this heavenly land. The realities become more and more transcendently sublime as we proceed. And the beauties of knowledge are increasingly unfolded; more vast and commanding becomes the wide-spread plain of glory, as we travel on in our heavenly path, guided by wisdom supreme and love unbounded."

The mind is "overwhelmed," as Henry Clay

expresses it, with the unexpected naturalness of the post-mortem existence. Persons who read this, I think, will not be as much astonished as was the "Sage of Ashland" in Old Kentucky State. He was not "astonished" in the Halls of Congress at Washington—he could easily grasp the great propositions before the Government of his country—but when he entered another mansion in the Father's house "not made with hands," then he became as a little child, guided by wisdom and love."

Persons sometimes change their views rapidly, and they hasten to return, saying that they have experienced the "change" in their convictions. Dr. Emmons, who was a preacher of the old-school doctrine of eternal punishment, comes back after having thoroughly investigated the geography and government of the Summer-Land, saying that there is no place hot enough to suit his sermons.

A MESSAGE FROM DR. EMMONS, IN BOSTON, 1851: "You of the earth may pretend and think you believe ever so strongly in eternal punishment; but when you bring it home to your own hearts, and those you love, the strongest terms you dare to use are: 'We leave them in God's hands. He doth all things well!' Yea, verily, I respond to that with all my spirit-powers—God doth all things well! Amen and amen forever! saith the spirit of Dr. Emmons. Does not that very remark imply a doubt in the minds of those that thus speak? You could not better express your doubts, if you would; your firmest, strongest believer in eternal punishment, dare not say of the one he loved: 'He, or she, hath gone to hell?' In plain words let us say, for that believe it may not shrink from speaking it. I was one of the old-school, a strong, bold preacher of the *doctrine of eternal punishment*; would that those sermons were buried in oblivion! They are a curse to the world, a dishonor to the memory of him who could believe or utter such sentiments, a libel on the character of a just and holy God. And yet, as my spirit returns to the friends and scenes of my earthly days, often do I hear the words I uttered in life brought forth as the faith of a good old man; and by those, too, who cherish my name and memory with almost holy reverence. I long to make my voice heard in tones of thunder, that they may know the truth, and not grope in darkness longer."

Again, the celebrated author, J. Fenimore Cooper, in the year 1850, gained access to an elderly gentleman in Western New York, and reported in brief as follows: "I little thought, when a few months ago, I was investigating the developments that were interesting some of my acquaintances, that I should so soon be seeking an opportunity to make my identity manifest. I was astonished at what I then witnessed, and was afraid to investigate, lest I should find true what others said, and what had been so marvelous to me, because I dreaded the scorn of those whose good opinion I valued. Hence, you see, I was not well prepared for a high mansion in the spirit-life, for I felt ashamed to seek the truth wherever it might be found, and such cowards are not fitted for high enjoyments in the Spirit-World. Yet I was introduced into a state far better than I deserved, for which I feel thankful; and that feeling of gratitude, as it is cultivated, I feel advances me."

Some spirits report themselves as they were, or as they appeared just before death, in order to satisfy their remaining relatives that they are still in existence, and that death was not the extinguishment of their souls' personality.

A remarkable case is reported by Professor Brittan, eleven years ago, showing how entirely simple, yet terribly impressive, is the method which some departed ones adopt, to cause their identity to be fully known to acquaintances who yet live in the body.

CASE OF IDENTIFICATION.—Mr. S. B. Brittan, in the year 1852, put on record the following: "Last winter, while spending a few days at the house of Mr. Rufus Elmer, Springfield, Mass., I became acquainted with Mr. H——, a medium. One evening, H——, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, and myself, were engaged in general conversation, when—in a moment and most unexpectedly to us all—H—— was deeply entranced. A momentary silence ensued, when the medium said: 'Hannah B—— is here.' I was surprised at the announcement, for I had not even thought of the person indicated for many days, perhaps weeks or months, and we parted for all time when I was but a little child. I remained silent, but mentally inquired how I might be assured of the actual presence. Immediately the medium began to exhibit signs of the deepest anguish. Rising from his seat, he walked to and fro in the apartment, wringing his hands, and exhibiting a wild and frantic manner and expression. He groaned in spirit, and audibly, and often smote his forehead and uttered incoherent words of prayer. He addressed me in terms of tenderness, and sighed, and uttered bitter lamentations. Ever and anon he gave utterance to expressions like the following:

"Oh, how dark! What a frightful chasm!

"Deep—down—far down—I see the fiery hood! Hold! Stay!

"Save them from the pit! I'm in a terrible labyrinth!

"How wild—gloomy! The clouds roll in upon me! The darkness deepens! My head is whirling! Where am I?"

"During this exciting scene, which lasted perhaps half an hour, I remained a silent spectator, the medium was unconscious, and the whole was inexplicable to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer. The circumstances occurred some twelve years before the birth of the medium. No person in all that region knew aught of the history of Hannah B——, or that such a person ever existed. But to me the scene was one of peculiar and painful significance. The person referred to was highly gifted by Nature, and endowed with the tenderest sensibilities. She became insane from believing in the doctrine of endless punishment, and when I last saw her, the terrible reality, so graphically depicted in the scene I have attempted to describe, was present, in all its mournful details, before me."

Now, the testimony of Professor Brittan would probably be taken as unquestionable and trustworthy on any other subject, and perhaps at this late day his word will be accepted in this direction. In the whole realm of psychology, or of sympathy of mind

with mind, there is no known law that will explain the effects he delineates. But those who have held communication with the Summer-Land find that those who still earnestly desire to communicate, take the first opportunities to stamp the impression which would produce the strongest conviction of personal identity upon the remaining relative or friend. I suppose there are two thousand instances, all of them substantiated so far as human testimony can go, showing that spirit-communications are "literal facts" recorded in history beyond the possibility of refutation.

Some minds who on earth were intellectually interested in "Ideas," in entering the Spirit-World, begin to communicate, as soon as possible, to persons remaining, the fact that, in their cogitations, they had conceived of something like the Summer-Land, and that they are so glad to find that its realities are even more gratifying than they had dared to expect. To illustrate this point, I refer you to the testimony of Margaret Fuller, given eleven years ago—1852—a year remarkable for the outpouring of this peculiar description of communications:

TESTIMONY OF MARGARET FULLER, OTHERWISE COUNTESS OSSOLI, DECEMBER 5, 1852.—My sojourn on earth seems now as an indistinct dream, in comparison with the real life which I now enjoy. And I regard the raving of the elements which freed my dearest kindred and myself from our earthly bodies, as the means of opening to us the portals of immortality. And we beheld that we were born again—born out of the flesh into the spirit. How surprised and overjoyed was I when I saw my new condition! The change was so sudden—so glorious—from mortality to immortality—that at first I was unable to comprehend it. From the dark waves of the ocean—cold, and overcome with fatigue and terror—I emerged into a sphere of beauty and loveliness. How differently everything appeared! What an air of calmness and repose surrounded me! How transparent and pure seemed the sky of living blue! And how delightfully I inhaled the pure, life-giving atmosphere! A dimming mist seemed to have fallen from my eyes—so calm and so beautiful in their perfection were all things which met my view. And then kind and loving friends approached me, with gentle words and sweet affection; and oh, I said within my soul, surely heaven is more truly the reality of loveliness than it was ever conceived to be by the most loving hearts! Already are my highest earthly impressions of beauty and happiness more than realized."

Here you remark a vivid contrast between this communication of Margaret Ossoli's and that reported by Professor Brittan. In Margaret you see a mind retaining its characteristics in the luxuriously ideal. She reports the intense gratification which came over her idealizing faculties immediately on her introduction to the Better Land. While the other lady came back purposely to impress upon Mr. Brittan's thoughts and feelings the fact of her presence—not through ideality, but through the frightful gesticulations and paroxysms of a painfully-remembered insanity.

Traveling in the post-mortem world is at first just like pilgrimaging on earth. But the higher inhabitants have acquired what we shall never be able perfectly to imitate in this world. They have the power, without wings, to rise up and put themselves in harmony with the currents that sweep through the atmospheric spaces. With the speed of light they ride on those currents millions and trillions of miles. It is accomplished by the marvelous power of inherent Will. The ability of the will to check the pulse is a promise of ultimate achievements. It is possible to develop and educate this inherent power of Will. By it, in this world, we lift our heavy bodies from beds or chairs, and cause them to move on the ground through low space. It is a mental power holding incandescent muscles to its rule. This executive energy of the arisen human spirit, instead of wings, is the secret of its lightning flight. I do not say that spirits travel by a continuous exertion of the will. They seek the upper currents by Will, somewhat like the balloon excursion which occurred some few years since between St. Louis and the northern part of this State. Professor Wise speaks positively of the existence of an unvariable current, and thinks that if the venturesome aeronaut could strike it, he would be rapidly and safely carried from west to east. His first experiment was a failure, as all first experiments naturally are, but it sufficiently illustrates what is the universal method of traveling in the Summer-Land, when they depart on their far-away excursions. They gain that particular current which sweeps away through the spaces between the orbits of the planets, and which takes them "with the celerity of thought" to the destination which they desire to reach, however remote from their point of departure.

We shall not obtain that method in this life save by uncertain balloons. We see the lesson and the example in birds. But that is done by a direct exertion of the will, and by sympathetic contact of their swift-moving wings with the electricity of the air—part *float* developed by friction, and part *momentum* developed by Will. Just as a message of intelligence can be sent through space by vibrating the telegraphic current over thousands of miles, so the spirit-body and will can, by the vibration of the celestial rivers which flow between the Summer-Land and the different planets, mount and float and ride upon them with inconceivable speed, and gain any desired destination. Traveling there is social.

In the New Testament you read with wonderment and with longing the report of the Pentecostal experiences. How could such things be unless there were spirits invisible, who gathered as in convention, and, by one

united effort, baptized with sublime zeal whole congregations of Spiritualists in Syria, in Palestine, in Rome, or wherever the upper Pentecostalians happened to be in contact with the lower assemblies of sympathizing and impresible minds. The Spiritualistic congregations of the old time were supposed to be baptized by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit from the great Jehovah himself. That was the shortest explanation furnished by the converted Pharisees. They always furnished the most literal explanation of spiritual phenomena. Just as Moses imagined that he never could be visited by any power less exalted than that of the great Creator himself. That was the Hebrew mistake. Many of them have not yet unlearned the error in this world; and some in the Summer-Land have not changed their sentiments. But the truth is, that a combination of minds, just like ourselves, coming in contact with earthly congregations, pour out the spirit of real love, uplifting, elevating, giving inward gladness and unity of feeling "in the bonds of peace."

By means of the permanent magnets I illustrate the law that spirits impart communications with whom they can enter into direct contact, and with none others. Hence some have passed all the way through life without receiving a single evidence that any such thing as a spirit exists; while others have felt it and known it from their earliest recollections. I well know that there are minds who have not felt the blissful influence of such spiritual contact, and, of course, have no evidence whatever of the truth of these things. And yet such persons are many times helped and saved by proxies. Guardians cannot reach them, save through the agency of other parties—a succession of intermediates—the way a great variety of special providences come to pass. As an example, I give the case of an African woman, to show that the benevolent in the beautiful Brotherhoods of heaven still watch over the lowly and unhappy of earth:

HOW A FAMISHING AFRICAN WOMAN AND CHILD WERE SAVED BY THEIR GUARDIANS.—The case is cited from the *Moral Instructor* of 1850. It exhibits interposition, sympathy, and calculation, to a remarkable extent: "A lady medium in this city, whose name we are not at liberty to pronounce, while walking in the streets, in her usual physical and mental mood, was approached and controlled by a spirit, caused to enter a bakery and purchase some victuals, thence led out of the city by a circuitous route into the suburbs, where she met a colored woman sitting by the roadside, weeping, with a small child by her side. She was traveling to find friends, and destitute and exhausted, she had sunk despondingly down to bewail her condition. Using the organ of the medium, the spirit said to the sufferer: 'Sister, why weepest thou?' The reply, in substance, was, that she was away from friends, and had no means of procuring food for her famishing child—making no mention of her own privations. She said she had knocked at the doors of those who appeared abundantly able to bless, but had been refused even the morsels that fell from their tables, and now despaired of succor. The spirit then gave her the bread, telling her that her afflictions were known, and that he was an angel sent to minister to her wants. Overjoyed, the poor woman fell upon her knees, essaying to offer the spirit a prayer of thanksgiving. But he said: 'Thank not me, but God that sent me.'

The medium was then conducted home, having been unconscious during most of the transaction, and retaining only an indistinct recollection of the bakery, one or two points in her road, and the meeting with the woman."

Many a man has been saved from committing suicide, by his guardians, by the intermediate method of approach. Why are not all men saved from their temptations and indiscretions? Because they can be neither directly nor immediately reached. Of necessity all such must walk through great agony to a higher intellectual and moral condition. It is the impulse of their inward being. Guardian-angels see that it is better for some children to fall down a whole flight of stairs than to be rescued; for the one sad accident or stumble may save them from the commission of forty other *worse* falls and blunders in the course of their lives. The saving and protecting arms are not thrown around some gentle natures simply because there is no contact. But what a beautiful law and system of providences are sometimes displayed! Here, for example is a case reported by a clergyman:

MAN SAVED FROM SUICIDE BY THE INTERPOSITION OF HIS GUARDIANS.—The following authentic case was reported by a New Haven gentleman, in 1852: "Many years ago a couple of gentlemen, who were room-mates, graduated at Yale College, and became ministers of the gospel. At an after period they settled in the ministry in different States, and carried on a friendly epistolary correspondence during a large portion of their lives. One of them was in the habit of receiving impressions upon his mind of that vivid character which usually constrained him to comply with the dictate of the moment, or suffer loss touching his wretched peace. And though he was seldom able to divine in advance what the result of his compliance would be, he was always obedient to the dictate, and afterward saw clearly that he had only done what duty or interest would have demanded.

"Among the many occasions upon which he was called to act in obedience to this higher power, the following is singular and instructive, and shows, in the language of Cowper, after he had been foiled twice on the same day in his attempts at self-destruction, that 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform'—that he accomplishes his purposes by ways and means unthought of by man. A vivid impression came over his mind that he must, without delay, get upon the back of his horse, and with all possible speed reach New Haven, a place which he had not seen since he left college, and one that was many miles distant. As had been his custom, he was obedient to the impulse, and reached the place at the midnight hour of a dark night; and finding it greatly altered from what he had ever

before seen it, and not deserving any suitable place to stop at, he was induced to ride to the door of a small house in which he discovered a dim light at the attic window. After knocking and waiting a considerable length of time, he heard footsteps upon the stairway advancing slowly; soon it opened, and a man with a lamp in his hand, and with a stern countenance, and corresponding voice, demanded: 'What do you want here at this unseasonable hour of the night?' The messenger of life, as he proved to be, replied: 'I can scarcely inform you what I came for; I am a stranger here,'¹ after which a short pause ensued, and the man with the lamp, in low and quivering accents, said: 'I will tell you what you came for—it was to prevent me from committing the atrocious act of suicide! When you knocked at this door, I was putting a rope around my neck to hang myself! Your knock broke the spell, and I have now neither desire nor power to destroy my life.'

Do you not read in the Testament that Saul, mounted on his horse, and at the head of a vast army, was sent upon persecuting the Spiritualists of that day? He was determined to ride them down and then exterminate them.

When he had very nearly reached the point where the desperate conflict was to occur, the "scales" began to fall from his eyes, and then he began to fall from his horse. He was taken away by some friends, and remained in an unconscious condition for some time. When he came "to himself," he was a convert to Spiritualism. He felt ashamed, and said he had been entirely in the wrong—a short-sighted old sinner. Now what is the difference between a modern spiritual case, put in modern language, and this ancient case related in the New Testament? The law is identical. A combination of truth-lovers in the Spirit-Land, who are loyal to the Divine principles that regulate the universe, directly accomplish these results, which men call "special providences." The overthrow and rapid conversion of Paul was no more "mysterious" when analyzed in the light of modern Spiritualism, than was the modern transaction of saving the lone man from suicide. Neither can you say that the New Testament facts are better substantiated by witnesses than are the facts of to-day. Here is another instance of special impression:

AN ENGINEER IMPRESSED BY HIS GUARDIAN.—The following statement was published in the *Caledonian*, 1853, and is, therefore, testimony from an editor not committed to Spiritualism: "Mr. Butterfield, who was killed by the late unfortunate accident upon the Passumpsic Railroad, for a week or two before it occurred seemed impressed with the idea of some impending evil. He mentioned his impression to his friends, appeared downcast, and did not wish to run an engine any more. Indeed, he had gone so far as to say that after that week he should leave the place he occupied on the road. He was ready to do anything else but to act as an engineer. In passing up a few days previous to that on which the accident took place, before it was full daylight, he whistled for the train to 'break up,' insisting that the fireman should go forward and examine the track, for he plainly saw the figure of a man moving slowly along. He also stopped at another, and about the same time, believing there was a man on the track. It turned out in both cases to be an illusion. If Mr. B. had been a timid and nervous man, these impressions would readily be accounted for, perhaps, but he was just the contrary—cheerful, cool, deliberate, and fearless—so far as he is to be remarkable for these qualities. His impressions, viewed in connection with his well-known character and melancholy end, are certainly mysterious, and we do not know how they are to be accounted for, unless it be that evil is sometimes portended to man by a superior intelligence."

Spiritualists, instead of rejecting the Bible, find in its pages experiences that are identical with what in these days has become well-nigh universal. In the Apocalypse of John you read marvelous descriptions of events and awful things which would happen if there was a fair chance for such occurrences. Instead, why not take up some of the equally wonderful visions of Judge Edmonds? Why not read them and believe in them with the same unprejudiced eye and heart? If you look believably back to Daniel or to Ezekiel to find prophecies, and if you next search the New Testament to find their fulfillments, why not go back eight or ten years ago and find whether it be not true that Judge Edmonds had a vision in which the present Rebellion was predicted and depicted with wonderful clearness and exactness? He gave it out with the conviction that it was simply a picturesque representation of the great battle between Error and Truth. But when it is read in connection with the current political history and experiences of to-day, it will appear to be as literal a prophecy of what has occurred, and is occurring in this country, as anything prophetic within the lids of Testaments:

THE AMERICAN REBELLION FORETOLD IN A VISION BY JUDGE EDMONDS.—In the New York *Harmonist*, published ten years ago, vol. 1, we find the following: "A vast plain is spread out before me, and far in the distance a crowd of human beings. Above them is a vast banner, outspread all over them. Its ground-work is black, and its letters still blacker—the extract of blackness itself. The words inscribed upon it are: 'Superstition, Slavery, Crime,' forming, as it were, a half-circle. Many of those beings have smaller banners of the same material and device, which they hug closely to their bosoms, as it were of their very life. All have dark shades over their eyes. It is a sad picture—dark and melancholy!"

"A broad battle-field is being spread. And dark beings, with their back banners, are coming out, arrayed for battle with brighter ones. The contest will be fearful. Those dark ones are confident in their numbers, for they are as thousand to one."

"But see! there comes from that bright mountain a herald of light, and he cries aloud through all the nations, 'Which shall conquer—Truth, Liberty, and Progression, or Superstition, Slavery, and Crime?' His words are heralded in the air. How beautiful are his looks! He is a spirit of light. His thrill-

ing tones infuse new light into the brighter ones, and they rise with renewed energy, determined at last to conquer."

"It is a mighty contest, and is to determine the fate of nations. All the base passions that have degraded humanity are awakening in their might, and rush on in their fury, battling for their very existence."

"A more brilliant beam of light shines from the faces of the progressed ones, showing the light and the life that are within them, and that are cheering them to the contest."

"Now lo! the view opens beyond the dark mountains, and behold there a glorious scene, where Love, Truth, and Wisdom are enthroned. I see the beautiful landscapes, dewy lawns, winding rivers, and rich pastures, and an atmosphere so sweet and balmy, that the spirit might dissolve itself in its loveliness."

"It is the home of Liberty, Truth, and Progression, and has sent forth its spirits, holding up that glorious banner. It is upheld by their unseen hands, and it is their brilliancy which casts the radiance on the inhabitants below. From that beautiful place they send forth spirits that whisper, in voiceless tones, encouragement and hope to those who battle in that strife."

You will find nothing in the pages of Scripture, I repeat, more exactly descriptive of events which have occurred years after the vision was given to the world. But this is only one of five hundred prophecies, many of which are in my possession, sent for publication from Wisconsin, Indiana, and Illinois, and from different parts of New England. I know a gentleman who had rejected Spiritualism *in toto*—over five years ago—in consequence of these extravagant prophecies that there would be "a great war in this country," that "blood would flow," that the people "would have diseases," and that the "Government was to be broken," &c., &c. Prophetic communications of this strange character came to him very frequently. But the gentleman could not believe that we were to have a "war" in this peaceful country. He denounced the communications as unprofitable, and he would not further receive them. I met that gentleman not long since in this city, and he said: "I have repented. Those extravagant spiritual communications have all been literally fulfilled. There was no exaggeration in them."

A MOTHER IN THE SUMMER-LAND.—The gifted poetess, Mrs. Hemans, communicated, December 25, 1852, a picturesque account of scenes in the social life of the angels. The following is a brief extract concerning a mother and her child: "How lovely she seems! As she glides along, she holds in her arms an innocent babe. What holy affection and chastened love is expressed in her countenance! She pauses and speaks, and caresses her babe, and says: 'O spirit, I have left my home on earth, and I have met my beloved babe already, and how joyful I am. But will you not send back to earth and tell my dear loved friends how happy I am, and how useless is all their weeping for me? Oh, tell them I am learning the ways of peace and happiness; that I am preparing to receive and instruct them when they shall arrive here; that, although a mother's form has left the earth, a mother's love still shares all their hopes and joys. And oh! bid them be hopeful and seek to have the love of God shed abroad in their hearts on earth, that I may be able to approach them on their entrance into the Spirit-World.' Happy, happy mother! bearing her babe in her arms, who had been brought to meet and comfort her on her upward journey. But mark how she pauses to send back a word of encouragement and hope to those who are left behind."

On another point she says: "The spirit, on entering its next state, only becomes more awake—more sensitive to the realities which lie beyond its view; it but steps on another round of the ladder, which leads upward and onward to spheres of eternal love and unfolding wisdom. And by the life here, O man, dost thou make thy heaven fair and lovely, or thy existence dark and gloomy, until thou hast overcome thy errors by earnest labor?"

In conclusion, I wish to call your attention to persons in the Spirit-World who take great interest in exciting the hopes of humanity, and in holding up the banner of Progress and Reform. I have already given accounts of these public-spirited societies. I will give one out of hundreds of instances, of a communication to minds on earth, who were at the time somewhat despairing:

TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF FREEDOM.—In November, 1852, Judge Edmonds reported the following from the Summer-Land: "This is the day when Freedom shall be known among the sons of humanity. This is the day when the chains shall fall from the oppressed spirit. This is the day when the pulse of humanity shall quicken with an inward life. And now shall the arm of man be made strong. Now shall the stream of truth brighten and deepen in its flow. Now shall the light of heaven grow clearer and brighter amid this glorious dawning. Prepare ye for the resurrection of humanity. Stand ye up in the strength and majesty of spiritual manhood. Let the scenes of earth no longer enthrall your senses and deaden the soul. A voice calls you to a higher destiny. It is the voice of Freedom breaking on the skies. Listen! not with your ears only, but with your souls. Listen! And in the deep silence of your inner being may ye find its earnest whisperings to lead you beyond the veil of darkness, beyond the tumults of this lower sphere—to lead you up—up—far up in the pathway of unfolded angels, and give you strength to mount on high, as the eagle soars, to breathe the air of Freedom forever and ever!"

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Public Speakers.

(For the completeness and correctness of the following lists of Specimen Appointments and addresses, we must beg pardon for the press and for the attention of those whom we thus gratuitously advertise. For 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.

J. M. Peetles., Battle Creek, Mich., last two Sundays in each month.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Providence during April; Philadelphia during May.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will lecture in Providence during March. Address Lowell, Mass., box 815.

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

John McQueen will speak at Orlando, Ind., March 22; Bethel, Mich., April 5. Address Hillsdale, Mich.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook will lecture at Bridgeport, Conn., during March; Lowell, Mass., the first Sunday in April; Portland, Me., last two Sundays of April and first two of May. Address box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. L. E. A. DeForce Gordon will lecture in Chicopee, Mass., March 22 and 29. Those desirous of securing her services along the route of the Great Western Railroad, C. W., for first two weeks of April will address as above, immediately.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Philadelphia the three last Sundays of March, and through April; in Providence, R. I., in May; Portland, Me., in June. Address Lexington Avenue, second door above 32d street, New York.

ADDRESSES.

F. L. Wadsworth, care A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal Street, New York.

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John Mayhew may be addressed, through March, McGregor's Landing, Iowa, care Enos Gay.

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BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

At the earliest peep of morning Kittie Hunter sprang lightly from her pillow to take a view of her new surroundings. She had arrived at her uncle's farm-house late the night previous, and had retired with the little idea of the appearance of the place. The delicate sleep which health and innocence only enjoys, was broken by unfamiliar sounds—the lowing of cattle, and the confused voices of the inhabitants of the poultry yard.

Kittie didn't need to rub her eyes; they came open like a flash, and in an instant she was by the window raising the curtain with an eager hand. A lovely view greeted the enthusiastic girl, and she gazed with lips apart and eyes brightening with joy.

David Hunter's estate was nestled in one of the picturesque valleys of Vermont, a sheltered, verdant, fertile nook, yet it was not all shut from the surrounding country; a hurried flashing river opened a path to the south and eastward, and in that direction an almost endless perspective of hills and mountains stretched away into the distance. A little lower down, and on the river bank, a village could be dimly seen through intervening space, with one lonely church spire glittering in the rays of the rising sun.

"O, I do love the country so!" cried Kittie, drawing a long breath. Before many minutes her simple toilet was made, and her feet were tripping over the velvet turf. Everything looked better still now that she was out of doors. There was an orchard and garden which she had not seen from the window, and at the right of the house was a fine maple grove. The house itself suited her fancy; a substantial stone cottage, handsomely built, with a broad piazza upon the southern side.

"What do you think of my place, Miss Kittie? you look mighty pleased."

This was the salutation of farmer Hunter, as he approached her, bearing two brimming, frothing pails of milk.

"O, uncle David, it is beautiful! why did you never tell me what a charming place you live in?"

"I didn't know as you'd think it so fine; then after all it is not much of a place alongside of your father's."

Kittie shook her curls very earnestly and pointed one fair, plump hand toward the distant mountains, now showing clear and defined against the azure arch above.

"But, uncle David, look at those mountains! see that cunning little village, peeping through the woods, where the river bends so prettily! see the river itself! and the orchard; why, the trees are covered with fruit! and the grove of sugar maples, too; and the house is the right kind of a house; it's just like a beautiful picture!"

Uncle David smiled and passed on to the kitchen with his burden. "What a queer child she is, to be sure," he thought, "romantic, my mother would have said."

Kittie would have laughed most heartily had she heard that word applied to herself, for it was associated in her mind with a certain ancient maiden with sentimental, affected airs, who had an unfailing supply of poetical quotations. Now Kittie never read poetry, and declared she didn't like it, but unconsciously she was a little fountain of poetry herself. She was gushing over with enthusiasm, with love and gladness, and withal had a fine appreciation of the beautiful in the realms of both mind and matter. She was always saying and doing the most graceful, bewitching things, and getting into people's good graces, whatever they wished to love her or not.

She had come to spend six weeks in the country, at her own urgent petition. She insisted that she needed rest from her studies, though her father and mother both apprehended no danger from severe application. But uncle David had invited her at his last visit to the city, and she had dreamed of the country ever since. So at length consent was given, and Kittie, at sixteen, took her first journey alone.

While I have been giving this explanation, Kittie was making acquaintance with the chickens and ducks and turkeys, and insinuating herself into the favor of cousin Robert.

Robert, a shy lad of fifteen, hardly dared speak to her, while his eyes were drawn towards her, in a sort of fascination, as she ran hither and thither, and chattered in such unassisted delight.

At the breakfast table, Kittie, for the first time, had an opportunity of seeing the family together. There were three boys younger than Robert, and little Amy, the three year old baby. Kittie thought the boys looked sober and dull, but she was charmed with the milk white brow, blue eyes, and scarlet lips of Amy.

Scarce a word was spoken as though eating breakfast were a solemn and important duty not to be trifled with. Kittie felt a slight chill steal over her adent hopes of enjoyment. Her uncle looked almost stern; certainly, very sober, worn and tired, too, thus early in the morning. She turned her observations to Mrs. Hunter. That lady looked worn and tired also; her eyes were turned coldly upon the faces about the table, and her tones were colder than her glance.

Mrs. Hunter broke the silence. "Wife, next week I shall have three or four men to help about the harvesting; I am afraid you will have to work too hard; she isn't get a girl to help you while Kittie stays? I think it will be pleasant for her if you have a little time to visit."

"No," was the somewhat ungracious reply. "I don't want a girl. I guess I can do the work myself—I'm used to it, that is all."

Mr. Hunter offered no remonstrance, and the subject was dropped.

Kittie slipped away from the breakfast-table with a vague consciousness that something was wrong, but her lightness of spirit came back again, as soon as she stepped out of doors. With little Amy by the hand she took a tour of the farm, growing every moment more and more in love with country life.

On returning to the house, she found her aunt churning in the milk-room.

"May I come in, auntie?" she asked, looking in with a smiling face.

"Certainly, Kittie, you must make yourself at home," was the reply.

"And may I ask questions? I never saw

anybody make butter, and I want to learn all about it. I presume I shall make a goose of myself again, as I did out of doors, but you may laugh if I do. Any day, when I called the goslings chickens."

Mrs. Hunter smiled, and proceeded with her work. She did not really feel to welcome Kittie, for she feared that a city miss would require too much attention and add to her heavy cares. But she couldn't resist Kittie any more than one could resist the exhilarating influence of a genuine May morning. This little, breezy, sunshiny maiden asked her questions in such a coaxing way, and pried around with such childish curiosity, and was so gay and affectionate, that she couldn't but love her.

Kittie was going to take lessons in house-keeping, if auntie would let her; she was sure she should like it better than dull, dry books, all about oligies and such nonsense. She was going to study the book of Nature, too; the leaves on the trees were beginning to turn already, and she should watch them until the last one had fallen to the ground.

"Why, have the leaves begun to turn so soon?" asked Mrs. Hunter, involuntarily glancing out of the window.

"Yes; there are two or three scarlet boughs in the maple grove, and one little tree is orange color. Some people think autumn is melancholy, but I don't; I love it almost as well as spring."

Mrs. Hunter sighed a little, and resumed her employment, with a sober air. At dinner-time Kittie insisted on setting the table, and readying her quick steps and ready hand, made herself very useful. She noticed that her aunt looked pale and tired long before night, and said affectionately,

"Why, auntie, you don't look well; don't you work too hard?"

Mrs. Hunter was in that state of mind when a kind, thoughtful word, makes one feel like weeping. Her eyes filled and her voice trembled as she replied, "I am not as well as usual at this fall; my work tires me. I have everything to do for my large family, and it begins to wear upon me."

"Then why don't you get a girl to help you? why didn't you say 'yes' this morning, when uncle offered to hire a girl?"

"I know we can't afford it, Kittie; our farm is not quite paid for, and Mr. Hunter has to work hard, so I should be ashamed to do less than he. Then I am anxious to save all I can to educate the boys, by-and-by."

Kittie liked her aunt better for this explanation, though she could not help wondering why these good motives were not explained to her uncle.

Kittie was warmth and light in that new home, and made herself much beloved immediately. Uncle David was certainly very fond and proud of her, and auntie was cheered by her affectionate, helpful ways. Sly Robert forgot his shyness, and boldly called her "cousin in Kittie." The little boys improved upon acquaintance, and they listened to her words, and ran to serve her as though she were some princess. But the sweetest friendship of all was between Kittie and winsome little Amy.

One mellow afternoon the two girls stood upon the broad, stone steps before the house, watching Mr. Hunter as he drove his gray pony up to the gate.

"What a beautiful horse!" cried Kittie.

"And see papa's new buggy, all green and yellow!" exclaimed Amy.

"Green and gold, you should say," remonstrated Kittie.

"Halloo, girls, get your bonnets," said Mr. Hunter, and we'll take a ride."

In just about three minutes, they had donned their bonnets and were seated in the handsome new carriage. Then Kittie thought of Mrs. Hunter. "Why, uncle, you have forgotten to ask auntie?"

Mr. Hunter had not forgotten to ask his wife to ride with him, for it had not been his intention to do so, and he had long since neglected all such pleasant courtesies. He gathered up the reins in his hand, saying, "Law, my child, she never goes anywhere; she'd rather stay at home."

"I don't believe she had," persisted Kittie; "don't you think it would be pleasanter for her to ride out with us this splendid day, than sitting in the kitchen mending old clothes? we want her company."

"Well, Kittie, you hop out and go ask her."

"No, uncle, you reach out and let me hold pony Gray;" she reached out her hand for the reins with a coaxing smile, and the farmer yielded them and turned towards the house.

Mr. Hunter sat in a low chair with her work basket in her lap. She looked sad, almost sulky, for the thoughts she was cherishing were not calculated to brighten and beautify the countenance.

"Do you want to take a ride?" was the hurried salutation of her husband, as his shadow fell across the threshold.

"Take a ride?" repeated Mrs. Hunter, looking up blankly.

"Yes; the horse is at the door, and Kittie and Amy are ready. Kittie is anxious to have you go, too; will you?"

Mrs. Hunter shook her head, glanced down upon her work, and said "No."

"Why, I'd like to know?"

"O, because I don't want to!"

"Humph!" Mr. Hunter went back a little out of temper, and replied shortly to the exclamations of disappointment which greeted him. But the enjoyment of the ride soon put all vexation to flight, and they were a merry little party.

Mrs. Hunter did not immediately resume her needle after the departure of her husband, a deep fountain was stirred in her heart, and she bent her head on her hands and wept. "Kittie sent him," she murmured; "he did not care to have me go. Once it was different, but that was long ago!"

With all her woman's faults she had a woman's heart, that hungered and thirsted for love, for sympathy and appreciation. If the invitation had been couched in different terms, as though he wished for her company, how quickly and gratefully would she have accepted.

Mr. Hunter was a good-hearted, kindly man, a true, upright man; then why were the husband and wife so far apart?

"Why?" the mournful answer might come from a thousand hearts, united before the world, yet asunder like these.

They had neglected to feed the sacred flame which love had once lighted upon the altars of their hearts, and cold ashes now covered the dying spark. Slight differences had not been adjusted with the caressing word and token of forgiveness. Then care and poverty and toll for years, had deadened the ardor of their souls.

Those same trials which come to some to bless and purify, had chilled and hardened them. Mrs. Hunter—alas, has the heaviest guilt ever been woman's since the bright dawn on Eden!—Mrs. Hunter was overcome by the burden of life. She sighed when a smile would have worked miracles, she was silent when cheerful words would have been more spacious than gems.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter were too much alike; both were undemonstrative, yet jealous of apparent sights from the other. They grew to distrust each other's affection and thus they grew apart.

Mrs. Hunter was a faithful mother as far as it is possible for one to be who lives uner a cloud. She was a good housekeeper, and looked well to her husband's interests. She worked early and late, and sacrificed much for her family, and she grieved that it was so ill appreciated.

One precious lesson in life she had not learned. It is not the work we do which ennobles us, and is worthy of praise, but the spirit in which we perform our appointed duties. She had within her reach power which a queen might vainly covet, and opportunities of joy which sought and improved, would have made her home a little heaven. But she was blind to all this. She needed a voice of love to awaken her to her duty, and show her herself, and what she might be.

CHAPTER II.

One evening as Mrs. Hunter and Kittie were alone, "Auntie," chirped Kittie, in her liveliest mood, "auntie, do you ever celebrate your wedding day?"

"No, child; I have no time for such things. Why do you ask?"

"O, uncle, in telling me about the farm today, when we were riding, happened to mention that he moved on to it the day he was married, so I asked him how long ago that was."

"He told me that it was eighteen years ago the fifth of October, and that is next week Thursday. Now, when I am married, I shall always keep my wedding day, and make great, grand celebrations for the silver and golden weddings."

"What nonsense, Kittie!"

"Do you really think so, auntie? did you always when you were young, and first married?"

"No, I suppose not. I remember we celebrated our third marriage anniversary. I embroidered your uncle a pair of slippers; dear me, how pleased he was with them! and he gave me a beautiful dress. Ah, how happy I was then!"

"What have become of the slippers?" asked Kittie.

"They were worn out long ago. I happened to see them in an old chest, up garret, the other day."

"Then I'll find them to-morrow morning," cried Kittie. "I have a bright idea in my head!"

"A bright idea; you are full of them, puss!" said uncle David, coming in with his evening paper.

"Yes, to be sure I am. Now, uncle, dear good uncle, promise me to say 'yes'!"

He was round arms were about his neck, and her rose-bud mouth, was pressed to his cheek. "Say, 'yes,' please, uncle David!"

"Yes, you wish; yes, yes!"

"Thank you; thank you, sir!" and she dropped a quick curtsey. "Next Thursday is your wedding day, and we'll celebrate it in fine style. I'll make a wedding cake (auntie will show me how!) and we'll invite our cousins over the river! aren't you glad now, that you said 'yes'?"

The countenance of Mr. Hunter indicated anything but pleasure; it wore a puzzled, half distressed expression, like one suddenly and unexpectedly caught in a snare. Mrs. Hunter cried out quickly, "No, no, Kittie, I couldn't think of such a thing!"

"Ask for something more reasonable, my child," said Mr. Hunter, gravely. "We are not party-making people, and are too old to care about such nonsense."

But Kittie coaxed, and pouted, and scolded, and parried all their objections so artfully, and brought forward so many energetic arguments in favor of her plan, that at last a reluctant consent was granted with the proviso that only relatives of the family should be invited. Then the little maiden was satisfied, and kissing uncle and aunt good-night, retired to dream out some delightful entertainment.

"Auntie, are these the slippers you worked for uncle, and gave to him at that wedding-party so long ago?"

Mrs. Hunter looked up from her work and beheld Kittie standing by her ironing-table with a pair of worn-out slippers in her hand. "Yes, the very slippers!" she took them from Kittie, and regarded them earnestly, until a soft light dawned in her gray eyes, and diffused itself over her face. Sweet memories, long sleeping in her heart, awoke, and a refrain of long ago seemed sounding in music in her spirit's ear. She turned them over and over, and smiled, half sadly, it is true, but it was a beautiful, transforming smile.

Kittie watched her face, and kissed her with a sudden impulse.

Mrs. Hunter smiled again, with starting tears. "O, Kittie," she said, "I was young and full of joy when I wrought these; I thought love was a reality, that would last always. I was a happy creature when I presented them to my husband, and he was glad and proud, too. I remember he said he would not exchange them for sandals studded with jewels, if wrought by a queen."

"Did uncle say that? it sounds like what lovers say in stories!"

"We were young then, Kittie, and the light of the smile died out of Mrs. Hunter's face."

"You are not old now," said Kittie, "and if you were it would be all the same. Old people and young people, and people neither old nor young, like presents. Husband and wife always make each other presents, when they make a wedding-party; now what shall you give uncle?"

"I don't know," the tones were indifferent, but the tears swelling in the downcast eyes told another story.

"Auntie, it would be so beautiful if you would make him another pair of slippers, just like these! Think how happy it would make him!"

Mrs. Hunter continued her employment in silence.

"Don't you think it would, auntie?" and Kittie pressed nearer with sparkling eyes. "I have a piece of purple velvet in my trunk. I was going to make a reticule of it, but now I'd rather you'd have it for the slippers."

"It is a long while since I have done any fancy work, and then I have so little time, that I really think I hadn't better undertake it."

"But it is such an easy pattern, you could do it in a few hours," persisted Kittie; "and I'll get all the materials for you, and work about the house while you are embroidering."

"Well, then, I don't know but I'll try." The words dropped slowly from her aunt's lips, but Kittie caught at them eagerly, and then flitted off to buy gold thread and colored beads, humming a merry song as she went.

When Mrs. Hunter sat down in the afternoon, she found in her work-basket, hidden beneath a pile of muslin, the purple velvet and the materials for embroidering the gay pattern she had wrought so long ago, and was now to reproduce. She began her work reluctantly, debating with herself its expediency. Her husband might not care for such a gift; indeed, he might laugh at her. It was a foolish waste of time to bring such a gift to him.

At this stage in her meditations, gathering tears upon the shining fabric in her lap, Ab, the rich, warm, beautiful past! Why, why was it so withdrawn. Once his voice was so tender, and he noticed that she was sad or weary, with such affectionate concern! now he never asked if she were ill, nor sympathized with her trials, nor ever seemed to know that she did anything for him or his children, when all her strength was devoted to them. Of course he'd care little for a present from her, though possibly he might receive it kindly! He was never really unkind; he was affectionate to all others, and cold only to her.