

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS. LOVE. WISDOM. LIBERTY.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

Vol. 4, No 11.

A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal St.

NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING MAY 2, 1863.

\$2 50 PER YEAR, In Advance.

[WHOLE No. 167]

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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, to insure the uninterrupted mailing of the paper, and save extra labor at this office. Renewals will in all cases be dated and receipted for from the expiring number. We trust that the interest of no patron will expire with his subscription. Non-official letters and unbusiness correspondence (which the writers design for only the editor's personal use) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential." The real name of each contributor must be imparted to the Editor; though, of course, it will be withheld from the public, if desired. The Editor will be accessible to his friends and the public only on each Saturday, at the publication office, a few doors east of Broadway. We are sincerely laboring to pulverize all sectarian creeds and to foster the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

Birdie's Spirit Song.

The following sweet poem, which was improvised by Miss Lizzie Doten at the close of a lecture in Boston, was committed to memory and spoken by one of the young girls in "Star Group" at the "Convention of the Children's Progressive Lyceum" on Sunday afternoon last. Another charming poem, entitled "I wrote my Name upon the Sand," was delivered on the same occasion by another young lady, member of the same group. The following prefatory note from the Banner of Light explains the circumstances of the original production of "Birdie's Spirit Song." After the discourse was ended, the influence changed, and the medium turned to the chairman (Mr. L. B. Wilson) and delivered the following original poem, composed in spirit-life by ANNA CORA, Mr. Wilson's only child, who passed to her spirit home four and a half years since at the age of 12 years and 7 months. She was always called by the pet name "Birdie."

With rosebuds in my hand, Fresh from the Summer-land, Father, I come and stand Close by your side. You cannot see me here, Or feel my presence near, And yet your "Birdie" dear Never has died.

Oh no! for angels bright, Out of the blessed light, Shone on my wondrous sight, Singing, "We come, Lamb for the fold above— Tender, young, nestling dove, Haste in our arms of love, Haste to thy home."

Mother! I could not stay, In a sweet dream I lay, Waffled to Heaven away, Far from the night; Then with a glad surprise Did I enclose my eyes Under those cloudless skies, Smiling with light.

Oh! were you with me there, Free from your earthly care, All of my joy to share, I want more bliss. But it is best to stay Here in the earthly way Till the good angels say, "Come to your rest!"

Check, then, the falling tear, Think of me still afar. Father and Mother dear, Soon on that shore Where all the loved ones meet, Resting your pilgrim feet, Shall you with blessings greet "Birdie" once more.

The soul and nature are attuned together. Something within answers to all we witness without. When I look on the ocean in its might and tumult, my spirit is stirred, swelled. When it spreads out in peaceful blue waves, under a bright sky, it is dilated, yet composed. I enter into the spirit of the earth, and this is always good. Nature breathes nothing unkind. It expands or contracts, or softens us. Let us open our souls to its influences. . . .

The ocean is said to rage, but never so to me. I see life, joy, in its wild billows, rather than rage. It is full of spirit, eagerness. In a storm we are not free to look at the ocean as an object of sentiment. Danger then locks up the soul to its true influence. At a distance from it, we might contemplate it as a solemn minister of Divine justice and witness of God's power to a thoughtless world; but we could associate with it only moral ideas—not a blind rage. At least, I have seen nothing which gives nature an unkind expression. . . . We talk of old ocean, hoary ocean; I cannot associate age with it. It is too buoyant, animated, living. Its crest of foam is not hoariness, but the breaking forth of life. Ocean is perpetual youth.—CHRISTIAN.

Importance of Travelers being acquainted with Languages.

EXTRACT FROM ALEXANDER DUMAS.

Although exceedingly desirous of arriving with the greatest possible expedition at the Lake of Constance, necessity compelled me to stop at Vadutz. Ever since we set out it had been raining in torrents, and the horse and driver obstinately refused to stir one step further—the beast because the mud reached his flank, and the man because he was wet to the skin. Under these circumstances it would have been cruel to insist on compliance with my wishes.

Indeed, it required this philanthropic consideration to induce me to enter the wretched inn before which my vehicle had drawn up. Hardly had I stepped into the narrow passage that conducted to the kitchen, which served also as the common reception room for travelers, than I was nearly choked by the odor of sour croust, announcing beforehand, like cards at the doors of certain restaurants, the bill of fare for my dinner. Now I must say of sour croust what a certain Abbe said of founders, that if there were on the earth nothing but sour croust and myself, the world would soon come to an end.

I began to recall my German vocabulary and apply it to the bill of fare of a village house of entertainment. The precaution was by no means unnecessary, for I was hardly seated at table, where two wagners, the first-comers, kindly made room for me at one end, than they brought me a soup-plate filled with this delectable food. Fortunately I was prepared for this abominable joke, and I pushed away the plate, which smoked like Venus's saying, "Nicht gut" ("Not good") so vehemently that they could not mistake my being a full-blooded Saxon.

A German always fancies that he has misunderstood when any one objects to sour croust, especially when the dislike is expressed in his own language; you may imagine then their astonishment, to use a familiar German phrase, rose mountain high.

A moment of silence, of absolute amazement ensued, such as follows the utterance of some blasphemous imprecation, and during which my hostess seemed to be industriously occupied in collecting her senses. The result of her reflections was a phrase uttered in a voice so low that it was perfectly unintelligible to me, but which I interpreted, by the expression of countenance which accompanied it, to mean, "Well, my lord, if you do not like sour croust, what is there, then, that you do like?" "Alles dieses ausgenommen," which I translate for the benefit of those who may not be as learned as myself—"Anything except that."

Probably disgust produced in me the same effect as upon Juvenal—with this difference, his disgust burst out in satire, mine was exhibited in the tone of my voice. I was made aware of this by the submissive air with which the landlady removed the offensive sour croust. I anxiously awaited the second course, amusing myself, to kill time, by making boluses out of my bread, and tasting, with sundry wry faces, a kind of paltry wine, which, because it was in a bottle with a long neck, and had an abominable taste of flint, they had the assurance to label Rhenish Wine.

"Well!" said I to my hostess. "Well!" was all the reply. "My supper?" "Oh, certainly," and she reappeared with the detestable sour croust.

I concluded if I did not do justice to it in some way, she would pursue me until the day of judgment. To escape this threatened fate, I called a dog of the St. Bernard species, who was seated on his hind legs before a fire sufficient to roast an ox, and perseveringly roasting his muzzle and his paws. The instant he perceived my good intentions, he quitted the chimney, approached me, and with three laps of his huge tongue the subject of controversy disappeared.

"Well done," said I, patting my deliverer when he had finished, and I handed the empty plate to the landlady.

"And you?" said she.

"I? I will dine on something else."

"But I have nothing else."

"What?" exclaimed I, with the eagerness of a hungry man, "have you no eggs?"

"No."

"Outlets, then?"

"No."

"Potatoes?"

"No."

"Some—" A bright idea flashed across

my brain—I remembered that I had been told by no means to pass through that region without eating mushrooms, renowned for their peculiar excellence twenty miles around. But alas! when I wished to profit by this fortunate reminiscence I could not remember the German word. Here was an insuperable difficulty to overcome, or else I must go fasting to bed. I paused with open mouth at the indefinite pronoun, Some.

"Some—some," mechanically reiterated the dame. "What the devil do you call it in German?" "Some?"

"Yes, zounds! some—" At this moment my eyes fell accidentally on my portfolio.

"Stop, stop!" said I. I seized my pencil and carefully drew as good a representation of a mushroom as a man can expect who undertakes to reproduce the work of God. My hostess gazed at me with intelligent curiosity, from which I augured the happiest results.

"Oh yes! yes! yes!" she exclaimed as I gave the finishing stroke to my performance. The honest woman comprehended my wishes!—comprehended so well that in five minutes she reentered with smiles and presented me with—an open umbrella!

"There!" said she. I cast my eyes upon my unfortunate drawing. Alas! the resemblance was perfect.

Philosophical Department.

"Let truth no more be gagged, nor conscience dugged, nor science be impeached of godlessness."

Heaven—Not Praise.

BY J. COVERT.

These three terms include all the conceptions of the religious world in relation to human desires in the future. The present field of existence is believed to be a field of trials for human kind, and there is no possible escape from them. The only hope that solaces the human heart is the confident expectation of enjoying future felicity after death, through the possession of virtuous intentions and practices.

The realization of such hopes being so long deferred oft-times depresses the heart so much that many falter by the way and sink under life's oppressive load.

I design to show that though these terms at the head of this article include the highest conception of the religious world's happiness, that each one's opinion of it differs from the other. The organization of each one's structure and mind is diverse from all others, and the expected bliss must be in precise proportion to the combination of the powers. In proof of this, witness the manner in which different individuals seek happiness on earth. Some are found to seek it in riotous living, some in persistent intemperance, some in the acquisition of wealth, some in continual rounds of ease and pleasure, some in the acquirements of the mind, some in the bosom of religion.

Heaven is always placed in the future, and is believed to be a place in which perpetual happiness attends its occupants. It is associated with the idea of an everlasting rest from the turmoils of life, mainly because it is believed the worn spirit needs such constant repose. If man enters the future state, he must enter it with all the powers of soul that now invest him. If he has the powers on earth to grapple with and overcome the trials of life, what condition of life in the future, with this idea of rest, can satisfy his nature?

If any one desires to know how long he can rest with any degree of satisfaction, let him attempt, when fatigued in body and soul, to put it in practice here. He will find, though it is a welcome visitor, that a disproportionate amount of rest to the wearied nature will be as tiresome and fatiguing as the over-exertion. Therefore an eternal rest will not suffice for man, will not suit his nature. Man's allotted time of threescore years and ten on earth will not require or demand an eternal rest in heaven.

Praise to the infinite Father is the only employment in which it is represented the soul will engage. Praise that he has so ordered the world that they, the inheritors of heaven, have been enabled to make their escape from the bottomless pit prepared for the unfortunate of earth, and perfect acquiescence in the justice, propriety, and necessity of the law that consigns father, mother, sister, or brother, wife, husband, or children, to an everlasting punishment. If these be the sensations among

the inhabitants of the heavenly regions, what a contrast it is to those on earth, and how sadly changed from bad to worse.

Of what tenderer tie can humanity boast than purest love. God is said to be love, and the great scheme of creation is the illustrious proof of it. Shall mortal's conception of heavenly love sever its connection, when we know on earth it is the universal chain that binds mankind into one great universal brotherhood? God forbid.

But praise is subject to the same law as rest: as a change it is delightful and pleasurable, but as a continued undertaking it is unnatural and laborious. We read that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. Consequently its inhabitants are spirit forms. Now spirit substance is the active moving principle of the world—does not and cannot rest either in this or in any other region. We see it operate in contact with matter, ceaselessly. The spirit of man has work to do in the world to come, in which it will require all the powers and abilities of which it is now possessed. No one quality need lie dormant. As he improves these, now or hereafter, sooner will he reach the higher heavens, sooner approach the all-wise and good.

Religionists must discard the accepted notions of immortality, because they are unnatural and therefore incorrect. They are likened to earthly things, when heavenly is the guide. Heaven is within.

The "All-Right" Theory.

I believe that there is an eternal difference between right and wrong. The difference must be just what the wrong lacks of being right.

If human progress is to be eternal, the difference between right and wrong must be forever growing less. If man is forever to progress towards the All-Right—the All-Perfect—the time can never arrive when he will be absolutely right.

"The principle of right is a reality." As "there are no opposites in Nature," there can be no principle of "absolute wrong or evil. Principles are unchangeable, but wrong is continually changing.

There can be but one form or degree of right, while the degrees of wrong or imperfection must be infinite. Eternal progression would imply eternal imperfection.

It is easy to see that a thing may be conditionally right, or right under the circumstances; but the principle of right is above the sphere of conditions or circumstances, while wrong is forever dependent upon them. Hence the conclusion: That with Deity all is right, while with man there is nothing right.

"What, Where, and How is God?"

I noticed an article in your paper some months since with the above caption. To the question, "What is God?" asked by me two years ago, Wm. Prince, my father, responded by the following sentence:

"God is the intelligent, vivifying principle, pervading and developing all matter."

I now add thereto the views of my own mind:

God is the law of the universe, the ever-existent source of all power, wisdom, love, and harmony. He is the life-principle of everything animate and inanimate throughout the mighty universe. These attributes are never passive or inert, but they are ever operative by the exercise of their genial influences in the progress of existing worlds to a higher stage of perfection, and of all the beings which inhabit them, and also to the formation of new suns and new worlds by the development of crude matter throughout all the gradations necessary to render them habitable, and for the generation of the countless races of sentient beings, animals, and plants, appropriate to their destined abodes. Eternal Progress is one of the attributes of God, and is the coexistent, fundamental law of the universe. All Nature demonstrates this profound and all-pervading principle. God himself cannot be exceptional to the universal law of which himself is the active and vitalizing principle. Therefore God himself progresses by an ever-expanding exercise of his power, his wisdom, and his love, throughout the boundless area of infinity. God possesses sensation, and this sensation is manifested by eternal and ever-flowing radiations of love, wisdom, and intelligence, expanding their vivifying beams of light and beneficence from that mighty fountain of

eternal power throughout the vast expanse of an illimitable universe.

Man, inhaling the glowing incense in his spirit-life, finds his soul imbued with new and untold joys, with still brighter mental attributes awakened and illumined, the conscious existence of which his soul had never before realized. Passing onward and still onward in his glorified career, ever advancing in knowledge, in beatified conceptions, and in the realization of new scenes indescribable in their bliss, he shall vainly look for the bourne—for the last abiding place—where their accumulation of new beauties shall terminate, until at last his brightened intelligence and ever-expanding mental vision shall fully realize this stupendous and soul-inspiring truth—that his onward progress is everlasting, and that there exists in eternity no final culminating point, but that there will ever arise more and still more countless regions, brighter and still more glorious spheres—through which it is his providence to traverse in continuous gradations of beatified existences—than his mental vision could conceive of when he first sallied forth on this journey of an interminable destiny. Wm. R. PRINCE.

FLEMING, L. I.

Instructive Miscellany.

For the Herald of Progress.

Death Sounds.

From the German of Umland.

BY MARY H. C. BOOTH.

I.—THE SERENADE.

What wakes me from my slumbering With music's sweetest power? O, mother, see! who can it be At this unusual hour?

I nothing hear, I nothing see: Sleep on—by dreams beguiled; They will not serve—and you now, Poor little suffering child.

It is not music of the earth That fills me with delight, But angels calling me with songs; O, mother dear, good night.

II.—THE ORGAN.

O, play, my good old neighbor-man The organ once again, Perhaps its holy melody Will heal my heart of pain.

The sick she bade, the neighbor played As never yet before, So holy—clear—the tones to hear— He played alone no more.

The most seraphic sounds and strange Beneath his touch ascend— He paused in fear, while vanished near The spirit of his friend.

III.—THE THROSTLE.

It'll lie beside the garden The whole sweet summer long, And hear the happy throistle Outpour his merry song.

They caught the child the throistle, And placed it near its bed, But the little bird refused to sing And hung its drooping head.

Imploping upon the bird The child looked, through its pain— The throistle burst out into song, It never sang again.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

Only an Irish Girl!

"Oh, it's only an Irish girl!" I flamed into a warmth far too intense for restraint. My whole soul rose up and cried out against the Deacon's wife. I answered—

"True. A small thing! But are lies and murder small things, Mrs. Adams? Murderers, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie, are to be left outside of the heavenly city. And, Mrs. Adams, suppose it should appear that a woman of high respectability, moving in the best society, and a most excellent housekeeper, has both those two tickets for hell? Do you remember the others that make up that horrible company in the last chapter of Revelation? Mrs. Adams, the girl is dead! The Deacon's wife's hard face had blazed instantly into passionate scarlet. But I cared not for her, nor for man nor woman. For the words said themselves, and thrilled and sounded fearful to me also; they hurt me; they burnt from my tongue as melted iron might; and, scarcely knowing it, I rose up and emphasized with my forefinger. And her face, at those last four words, turned stony and white-gray, like a corpse. I thought she would die. Oh, it was awful to think so, and to feel that she deserved it! For I did. I do now. For reason as I will, I cannot help feeling as if a

tinge of the poor helpless child's blood was upon my own garments. I do well to be angry. It is not that I desire any personal revenge. But I have a feeling—not pleasure, it is almost pity and pain—but yet a feeling that smitten death or lingering death would be small satisfaction of justice upon her for what she rendered to another.

Her strong, hard, cruel nature fought tigerishly up again from the horrible blow of my news. She was frightened almost to swooning at the thing that I told and my denunciation, and the deep answering stab of her own conscience. But her angry iron will, allied with an effort which must have been an agony, her face became human again, and, looking straight and defiantly at me, she said, yet with difficulty—

"Ah! I'll see if my husband 'll hev such things said to me! That's all!"

And she turned and went straightway out of my house, erect and steady as an ever.

It may seem a trifling story, and its lesson a trifling one. But it is not so—neither trifling nor needless.

It is a rare thing, indeed, for a woman in this America to long and love to have children. The only two women whom I know in this large town who do are Mrs. O'Reilly, the mother of poor Bridget, and one more.

Poor old Mrs. O'Reilly! She came to me this morning, and sat in my kitchen, and cried so bitterly, and talked in her strong Corkonian brogue, and rocked herself backward and forward, and shook abroad the great lambent banners of her cap-border—a grotesque old woman, but sacred in her tender motherhood and her great grief. Her first coming was to peddle blackberries in the summer. I asked her if she picked them herself.

"Och thin and shure I've the childer to do that saam," said she. "And what wonderful music must the voice of her youth have been! It was deep of intonation and heartfelt—rich and smooth and thrilling yet, after fifty years of poverty and toil. 'And id's enough of thim that's in id!'" she added, with a curious air of satisfaction and reflectiveness.

"How many children have you?" I inquired.

She laughed and blushed, old woman though she was; and pride and deep delight and love shone in her large, clear, gray eyes.

"I've fourteen darlins, thank God for ivery wan of thim! And it's a purry party they are!"

"Fourteen!" I exclaimed—"how lovely!" I stopped short and blushed. My heart had spoken. "But how?"—I stopped again.

The old blackberry-woman answered me with tears and smiles. What a deep, rich, loving heart was covered out of sight in her squallid life! It makes me proud that I felt my heart and my love in some measure like hers; and she saw it, too.

"An' it's yerself, Ma'am, that has the mother's own heart in yez, to be sure! An' I can see it in your eyes, Ma'am! But it's the truth it's mighty scarce intirely! I do be seein' the ladies that's not glad at all for the dear childer that's snt 'em, and sure it's strange, Ma'am! Indade, it was with the joy I did be cryin' over ivery wan o' me babies; and I could aisy laugh at the pain, Ma'am! And sure now it's cryin' I am betimes because I'll have no more!"

The dear, beautiful, dirty old woman! I cried and laughed with her, and I bought ten times as many blackberries as I wanted; and Mrs. O'Reilly and I were fast friends.

She and her, her "old man," her sons and her daughters, were thenceforth our ready and devoted retainers, dexterous and efficient in all manner of service, generous in acknowledging any return that we could make them; respectful and self-respectful; true men and women in their place, not unfit for a higher, and showing the same by their demeanor in a low tone.

They came in and went out among us for a long time, in casual employments, until, with elaborate prefaces and doubtful apologetic circumlocutions, shyly and hesitatingly, Mrs. O'Reilly managed to prefer her petition that her youngest girl, Bridget, by name—there were a few junior boys—might be taken into my family as a servant. I asked the old woman a few questions about her daughter's experiences and attainments in the household graces and economies; could not remember her; thought I had seen all the "childer"; found that she had been living with Mrs. Deacon Adams, and had not been at my house. It was only for the sake that I catechized; Bridget came, of course.

She was such a maiden as her mother must have been, one of Nature's own ladies, but more refined in type, texture, and form, as the American atmosphere and food and life always refine the children of European stock—slender, more delicate, finer of complexion, and with a soft, exquisite sweetness of voice, more thrilling than her mother's, larger and more robust heartfulness of tone—and with the same, but shyer ways, and swift blushes and smiles. In one thing she differed: she was a silent, reticent girl; her tears were not so quick as her mother's, nor her words; she hid her thoughts. She had learned it of us secretive Americans, or had inherited it of her father, a silent, though not a shrew man.

Her gloss, wealth of dark-brown hair, her great brown eyes, long eyelashes, sensitive, delicately cut, mobile red lips, oval face, beautifully formed arms and hands, and little, graceful, lady-like movements, were a sweet household picture, sunny with unfailing good-will, and of a dexterous neat-handedness very rare in her people. My husband was looking at her one day, and as she tripped away on some errand he observed—

"She is a graceful little saint. All her attitudes are beatitudes."

Bridget was pure and devout enough for the compliment; and I had not been married so long but that I could excuse the evidence of his observation of another, for the sake of the neatness of his phrase. I should have thought the unconscious child inconspicuously lovely amongst brooms and dust-pans, pots and kettles, suds and slops and dishwater, had I not been about as much concerned among them myself.

Bridget had been with me only a day or two, when a friend and fellow-matron, in the course of an afternoon call, apprised me that there were reports that Bridget O'Reilly was a thief—in fact, that she had been turned away by Mrs. Adams for that very offense, which she told me "out of kindness, and with no desire to injure the girl; but there is so much wickedness among these Irish!" She had heard this tale, through only one person, from Mrs. Adams herself.

This troubled me; yet I should have quickly forgotten it. I met the story in several other directions within a few days; and now it troubled me more. Women are suspicious creatures. I don't like to confess it, but it is true. Besides, servants do sometimes steal. And little foreign blood of the oppressed nationalities has truth in it, or honesty. Why should it? Why should the subjugated Irish, any more than the Southern slaves, beaten down for centuries by brutal strength, seeking to exterminate their religion and their speech, to terrify them out of intelligence and independence, to crush them into permanent poverty and ignorance—why should they tell the truth or respect property? Falsehood and theft are that cunning which is the natural and necessary weapon of weakness. Their falsehood is their resistance, in the only form that weakness can use, evasion instead of force.

They felt to be due; their gratification of an instinct after justice; done secretly because they have not the strength to demand openly. Such things are unnecessary in America, no doubt. But habits survive emigration. They are to be deplored, charitably and hopefully and tenderly cured as diseases, not attacked and furiously struck and thrust at as wild beasts. Thus it might be with Bridget, notwithstanding her great, clear, innocent eyes, and open, honest ways. If she had grown up to think such things harmless, she would have no conscience about it. Conscience is very pliant to education. It troubles no man for what he is trained to do.

So I felt these stories. I could not find it in my heart to talk to poor Bridget about it. I could not tell her large-hearted old mother. This reluctance was entirely involuntary, an instinct. I wish I had felt it more clearly and obeyed it altogether! There is some fatal cloud of human circumstance that covers up from our sight our just instinctive perceptions—makes us drive them out before the mechanical conclusions of mere reason; and when our reason, our special human pride, has failed us, we say in our sorrow, I see now; if I had only trusted my first impulse! What is this cloud? Is it original sin? I asked my husband. He was writing his sermon. He stopped and told me with serious interest—

"This cloud is that original or inbred sin which we receive from Adam; obscuring and vitiating the free exercise of the originally perfect faculties; wilting them down, as it were, from a high native assimilation to the operative methods of the Divine Mind, to the painful, creeping, mechanical procedures of the comparing and judging reason. And this lost power is to be restored, we may expect, by the regenerating force of conversion."

I know I've got this right, because, after Henry thanked me for my question, he said I was a good preaching-stock—that the inquiry "joggled up" his mind, and suggested just what he had in mind with his sermon; and afterwards I heard him preach it; and now I have copied it out of his manuscript, and have it all correct and satisfactory. What will he do to me, if he should see this in print? But I can't help it. And what is more, I don't believe his theological stuff. If it were true, there would not so many good people be such geese.

But whatever this cloud is, it now blinded me with her blood. I quietly, very quietly, put away some little moneys that lay about—locked up nearly all my small stock of silver and my scanty jewelry—locked my bureau-drawers—concealed abstractly the weekly proceeds of the washing—was as mysteriously watchful against the least alteration of my manner towards my poor pretty maid.

It might have been a week after this, when my husband said one morning that Bridget's eyes were heavy, and she had moved with a start several times, as though she were half-asleep. Now that he spoke, I saw it, and wondered that I had not seen it before; but I think some men notice things more quickly than women. I asked the child if she were well.

"Yes, Ma'am," she said, spiritlessly, "but my head aches."

I observed her; and she dragged herself about with difficulty, and was painfully slow about her dishes. At tea-time I made her lie down in my little back parlor and got the meal myself, and made her a nice cup of tea. She slept a little, but grew flushed. Next morning she was not fit to get up, but insisted that she was, and would not remain in bed. But she ate nothing—indeed, for a day or two she had not eaten—and after breakfast she grew faint, and then more flushed than ever; seemed likely to have a hard run of fever; and I sent for my doctor—a homeopath.

He came, saw, queried, and prescribed. Doctor-like, he evaded my inquiry what was the matter, so that I saw it was a serious case. On my intimating as much, he said, with sudden decision—

"I'll tell you what, Madam. She may be better by night. If not, you'd better send for Bagford. He might do better for her than I."

I was extremely surprised, for Bagford is a vigorous allopath of the old school, drastic, bloody, and an uncompromising enemy of "that quack," as he called my grave young friend. I said as much. Doctor Nash smiled.

"Oh, I don't mind it, so long as the patients come to me. I can very well afford to send him one now and then. The fact is, the Irish must feel their medicine. It's quite often that a raking dose will cure 'em, not because it's the right thing, but because it takes their imagination with it. The Irish imagination goes with Bagford and against me; and the wrong medicine with the imagination is better than the right one against it. I care more about curing this child than I do about him. Besides,"—and he grew grave—"it may be no great favor to him."

I obliged him to tell me that he feared the attack would develop into brain-fever; and he said something was on the girl's mind. As soon as he was gone, I ran up to poor Bridget, whose sweet face and great brown eyes were kindled in her increasing fever, into a hot, fearful beauty; and now I could see a steady, mournful, pained look contracting her mouth and lifting the delicate lines of her eyebrows. Poor little girl! I felt the same deep yearning sorrow which we have at the sufferings of a little child, who seems to look in sacred wonder at us, as if to ask, "What is this? Why do you not help?" When a child suffers, we feel a sense of injustice come. Bridget's lips were dry. Her skin was so hot, her whole frame so restless! And the silent misery of her eyes ate into my very heart. But I could plainly see that my help was not welcome. When, however, I had done all that I could for her, I quietly told her that she was sick, and I

wanted to have her get well—that I saw something was troubling her, and she must tell me what it was. I don't think the silent, enduring thing would have spoken even then, if she had not seen that I was crying. Her own tears came, too; and she briefly said—

"You all think I'm a thief?" I assured her most earnestly to the contrary.

She turned her restless head over towards me again, and her great eyes, all glittering with fever and pain, searched solemnly into mine; and she replied—

"You all think I'm a thief. Yis, I saw you had locked up the money and the silver. I saw you count the clane clothes that was washed in the house. Wouldn't I be after seein' it? And they say so in the town?"

It went to my heart to have done these things. All that I could say was utterly in vain. She evidently felt nothing of it to be true. She had received a deep and cruel hurt, and the poor, wild, half-civilized, shy, silent soul, had not wherewith to reason on it. She only endured, and held her peace, and let the fire burn; and her sensitive nerves had allowed pain of mind to become severe physical disease. My words she scarcely heard; my tears were to her only sympathy. She knew what she had seen. Besides, her disease increased upon her. Almost from minute to minute she grew more restless, and her increasing inattention to what I said frightened as well as hurt me. The medicines of Dr. Nash were useless. Before noon I sent for Dr. Bagford, who said it was decidedly brain-fever—that she must be leeches, and have ice at her head, and so forth.

Ah, it was useless. She grew worse and worse; passed through one or two long terrible days of frantic misery, crying and protesting against false accusations with a lamenting voice that made us all cry, too; and lay long in a stupid state, until the doctor said that now it would be better for her to die, because, after such an attack, a brain so sensitive would be disorganized—she would be an idiot.

Her poor mother came and helped to wait on her. But neither care nor medicine availed. Bridget died; and the funeral was from our house. I was surprised by the lofty demeanor of Father MacMullen, the Irish priest, the first I had ever met: a tall, gaunt, bony, black-haired, hollow-eyed man, of inscrutable and guarded demeanor, who received with absolute haughtiness the courtesies of my husband and the reverences of his own flock. A few of his expressions might indicate a consciousness that we had endeavored to deal kindly with poor little Bridget. But he did not think so; or at least we know that he has so handled the matter that we meet ill feeling on account of it.

The griefs for such a misfortune were, however, obscure and shallow in comparison with the sorrow for the untimely quenching of Bridget's young life, and my sympathy with her poor old mother. When I reasoned about the affair, I could see that I had done nothing which would not be commended by careful housekeepers. I could see it, but, in spite of me, I could not feel it. I was tormented by vain wishes that I had done otherwise. I could not help feeling as if her people charged me with her blood—as if I had been in some sense aiding in her death. Nor do I even now escape obscure returns of the same inexpressible sad pain.

The preliminary of an alderman is an employment which by its nature is well adapted to the Scribbles and Phantasies? Under the circumstances, the death of my pretty young maid, although she was only an Irish girl, produced a deep impression in the village. Very soon, now that it could do no good, it was generally agreed that the imputations against her were wholly unfounded. It was pretty distinctly whispered that they had arisen out of things said by Mrs. Deacon Adams, in her warmth, because Bridget had left her service to enter mine; and I now ascertained that this Mrs. Adams was a woman of bitter tongue, and enduring, hot, and unscrupulous in anger and in revengefulness. I have inquired sufficiently. I know it is true. The vulgar malice of a hard woman has murdered a fair and good maiden with the invisible arrows of her wicked words.

But she begins already to be punished, coarse cast-iron as she is. She is growing thin. She has been ill—a thing, I am told, never dreamed of before. Of course she reported to her husband the reproaches with which I had surprised her on the very day of Bridget's death. She had called in by chance, and had not even heard of her illness; had herself regarded it as a kind of talk with which she regarded the village, not knowing that her evil work was finished; and it was the scornful carelessness of her reply to my first reproach that stung me to answer her so bitterly. It was two weeks before good, white-haired, old Deacon Adams, came to the house of his pastor. His face looked careworn enough. He stayed long in the study with my husband, and went away sadly. I happened to pass through our little hall just as the Deacon opened the study-door to depart; and I caught his last words, very sorrowful in tone—

"She might git well, if she could stop dreamin' on't, an' git the weight off'n her mind. But words that's once spoken can't be called back as you call the cows home at night."

Anna Etheridge.

A HEROINE OF THE WAR.

We learn through a Washington correspondent of the danger, (Mr. Waig, of the exploits of heretics. Miss Anna Etheridge, formerly of this city, and who is well known to many of our readers. She is now with the army of the Potomac, and her history deserves to be conspicuous, fully justifying, as it does, that "truth is stranger than fiction," while it furnishes an example believed to be without a parallel in the history of her sex.

She was born in this city, and is now twenty-three years of age. Her father was once a man of wealth, and her earlier youth was passed in the lap of luxury, with no wish ungratified, and no want unsecured for. But misfortune came, and swept away his property, and broken in fortune and depressed in spirit, he removed to Minnesota, where he died, leaving our heroine, at the age of twelve years, in comparative poverty and want. On the breaking out of the rebellion, she was visiting her friends in this city. Col. Richardson was

engaged in raising the Second Michigan volunteers, and she and nineteen other females volunteered to accompany the regiment as nurses. Every other has returned home or been discharged; but she has accompanied the regiment through all its fortunes, and declares her determination to remain with it during its entire term of service. She has for her use a horse, furnished with a side-saddle, saddle bags, &c.

At the commencement of a battle, she fills her saddle-bags with lint and bandages, mounts her horse, and gallops to the front, passes under fire, and, regardless of shot and shell, engages in the work of staunching and binding up the wounds of the soldiers. In this manner she has passed through every battle in which the regiment has been engaged, commencing with the battle of Blackburn's Ford, preceding the first battle of Bull Run, including the battles of the Peninsula, and terminating with the battle of Fredericksburgh. General Berry, the present commander of the brigade to which her regiment is attached, and who highly distinguished himself for bravery and gallantry in all these fights, declares that she has been under as hot a fire of the enemy as himself. On one occasion a soldier was torn in pieces by a shell while she was in the act of binding up his wounds previously received, and on many occasions her dress has been pierced by bullets and fragments of shell, yet she has never flinched and never been wounded. Her regiment belonged to the brigade commanded by the lamented Gen. Kearney, till his death, and in consideration of her dauntless courage and invaluable services in saving the lives of his men, Gen. Kearney commissioned her as a regimental sergeant.

When not actively engaged on the battle-field or in the hospital, she superintends the cooking and the ambulances and surgeons, administering to wants of the sick and wounded, and at bivouac she wraps herself in her blanket, and sleeps upon the ground with all the hardihood of a true soldier.

Anna is of Dutch descent, about five feet three inches in height, fair complexion, (now somewhat browned by exposure,) brown hair, vigorous constitution, and decidedly good looking. Her dress, on entering into battle, is a riding dress, so arranged as to be looped up when she dismounts. Her demeanor is perfectly modest, quiet and retiring, and her habits and conduct are correct and exemplary; yet on the battle-field she seems to be alone possessed and animated with a desire to be effective in saving the lives of the wounded soldiers. No vulgar word was ever known to be uttered by her, and she is held in the highest veneration and esteem by the soldiers, as an angel of mercy. She is indeed the idol of the brigade, every man of which would submit to almost any sacrifice in her behalf. She takes the deepest interest in the result of this contest, eagerly reading all the papers to which she can obtain access, and keeping thoroughly posted as to the progress of the war. She says she feels as if she stood alone in the world, as it were, and desired to do good. She knows that she is the instrument of saving many lives and alleviating much suffering in her present position, and feels it her duty to continue in so doing.

These facts can be substantiated by testimony of the highest character, and they deserve to go forth to the world to show that if England can boast of the achievements of Nightingale, we of America can present a still higher example of female heroism and exalted acts of humanity in the person of Anna Etheridge.

Laws and Systems.

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

The Peace Cry.

BY WM. H. MELLETT.

"In heaven's name, give us peace!" "Let us stop this frightful sacrifice of human life, this enormous expenditure of treasure."

Disguise the fact as we may, it cannot be concealed that the above sentiments are gradually supplanting the "hip-hurrah" spirit of six months ago. Let us endeavor to comprehend the cause of this change, that we may be better prepared to meet it.

True it is that wives have become widows, children homeless, and parents childless; but such is the fate of war. We knew this two years ago as well as now. Long before the defeat of Bull Run sent a shudder through the nation, we comprehended that powder and lead were agents of destruction, and that cannon-balls turned not aside for ranks of living men. We knew that to carry on war, large armies must be raised—to support these, money must be supplied—and to obtain this, industry must be taxed. These, then, have not wrought the unhappy change, for we understood and expected that we were to be killed and taxed more or less.

The secret is we were too sanguine of success. We were ardent, impulsive, wildly patriotic. The tide of events had hardly given the present generation a chance to know whether they were patriots or not, and now, when the opportunity came, the majority were wild with enthusiasm, while the rabid democratic minority, half surprised to find themselves silent, were, for the time, comparatively silent. The loyal element was intensely patriotic, but it lacked the stern resolve, the unwavering determination, that is the sure forerunner of victory.

As individuals and as a nation we had been accustomed to see everything succeed that we had turned our hands to. Throughout the whole domain of art and science we had seen success crown every effort of the Yankee. And so we plunged headlong into the vortex of civil war, our blood boiling with indignation, our heads wild with the delusion that Yankee strategy was but another word for victory.

But strategy brought us Bull Run. Then we resolved to call in the assistance of One who had played altogether a minor part in our little home drama, and a great national fast was appointed—as though we were not fast enough already—fast upon the rock of disaster and ruin. It may seem like blasphemy, but I tell you then was the time, if ever, when we had no moments to lose in formal prayer. What we wanted was labor—mental and physical. The idea of a fast when we should have been mustering our forces for a life and death struggle reminds me of an anecdote, which my readers will, perhaps, allow me to relate.

A certain old farmer, somewhat given to strong language, had a grown-up son who had been powerfully wrought upon by the spirit of a Methodist revival. Now the old man had quarreled with a neighboring farmer, and one day, as he and Joe were crossing the fields, they saw said farmer and a burly bird-man making for them, with sleeves rolled up and blood in their eyes.

The old man hove to and prepared for immediate action. As he slipped off his coat, he looked round to Joe, and found him upon his knees, praying.

"Out of that, Joe!" roared the old man. "Up and let's give 'em hell, and if that works well we'll wait in prayer afterwards!"

That's the idea, roughly expressed. Long prayers are dangerous preliminaries to great victories first, but give us the victories first, and then the prayers come in as a natural accompaniment. We left the nation praying when it should have been working. Well, nine months' faithful watching for an especial Providence in Virginia fitted us for the restitution of Yankee strategy, and this brought us the retreat to Harrison's Landing, followed by Pope's disastrous campaign. Then the people demanded that strategy be turned out to die, and soon the young "Napoleon of the West" was rusticated in Jersey. "Give us the fire and dash; something adventurous, chivalrous, wild, killing—anything but strategy," cried the impatient people, and ten thousand mangled braves were borne back from that long line of breastworks beyond the Rappahannock.

Enthusiasts clapped their hands over the bravery of our troops. They said the movement lacked but one element of victory. The people knew it, but that element was success. Since then we hear no more cry for chivalrous adventure. It costs too much in proportion to what it pays. But perhaps all this experience was necessary. At least it taught us one great lesson, viz., that large armies are not to be rushed to victory as you would put cream through a two-minute churn or an ear through a patent corn-sheller. We pause, shuddering at the terrible sacrifice, when lo! from the agonized hearts and pallid lips of widows and orphans and childless parents waits forth the unhappy cry for peace.

While we tender our heartfelt sympathies to these, we can but curse the knavish, cowardly traitors—and there are many such—who swell the cry from mere mercenary motives. It is natural for us to cling to friends, but months ago we knew that some must be taken, yet then we did not ask for peace. Why now? You say, "There is nothing done. We have fought for nearly two years without gaining decisive victories," &c.

My friend, the fault is not that our government has not done enough, but that you expected too much of it. We have taken from our enemy Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, Florida, two-thirds of Virginia, the most of Tennessee and Arkansas, and have a substantial foothold in nearly all the other States; we have gained thirty-five victories to the rebels' sixteen, and they have not invaded successfully one foot of our soil.

Are not these decisive successes? Our forefathers fought seven long years, and only gained ten victories in all that weary lapse of time, while they suffered seven defeats. So, speaking of victories, a majority of them brought our independence. There were many more discouraging circumstances than now. A foreign foe was quartered upon our soil, levying contributions upon the people; our army was small and miserably supplied, but it was animated by a stern resolve to struggle to the last gasp, and victory perched upon its standard. We have had but two years war, and if we get the domestic institution in good running order within the next two years, we may be considered peculiarly happy. If our fathers fought seven years to gain our independence, cannot we maintain a four years' struggle to preserve our nationality?

Don't be in too much of a hurry! Because you can't always churn twenty-five cent butter in two minutes will a live Yankee refuse to churn at all? No; he will put in cold water and churn, or he will dash in hot water and try again, for he knows the butter is there and perseverance will bring it to the surface. He may wear some, but that's a Yankee characteristic, and only means that he's going in to win. Then because, in the brief period during which we have prosecuted this war, we have failed to churn out a prime article of victory, shall we drop the dasher and shout for peace on any terms? No, never! We are going through a process of purification, and in God's own time, if we put our shoulders to the wheel, we shall work out our redemption. Those who in this hour of trial attempt to crucify freedom by raising the unholy cry for peace, are traitors to their country and to humanity. Restore the Union as it was, give slavery the guarantees proposed, and henceforth freedom is exiled from our continent. We shall never have courage to face the South again in any struggle.

Knowing as we do the horrors of civil war, only one threat of secession will be necessary to bring the trembling North to her knees in a condition to grant any demands of the slave

power, and is it not written in our past history that such demands are unlimited? It is worse than folly, it is open treason, to cry for peace while there is a hope of success, and there has never been a moment when such a hope was more reasonable than now. Our President is every day becoming more and more a man. His faith in the ultimate success of our cause is very strong, for he knows that he is not working without divine assistance, neither is he waiting for God to do the whole work alone. It is no hyperbole to say that henceforth for two years God and Abraham Lincoln will work together—both pull the same way and at once. Then let us hush this cowardly, traitorous cry for peace, and be hopeful.

Our resources have, as yet, been scarcely touched. We can bear the burden of war two years longer without much difficulty, and within that time—if as successful as during the past two years—rebellion will be crushed from our land. Then slavery will be done away with, and the future of the African definitely fixed. And here let me say that if within four years from the bombardment of Sumter we can cleanse the stain of slavery from our national garments, at almost any cost, we may think ourselves exceedingly fortunate, for then a season of unparalleled prosperity will be ours. Then our union with liberty will be one and inseparable, then shall we be truly great and free.

VERMONT, N. Y., March 14, 1863.

Rights of Human Nature.

"Know thyself. 'Tis the sublime of man,
His most state majestic, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
This fraternal man—this constitutes
His charities and his bearings."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Controversy about Intellectual Men and Women.

EDITOR OF THE HERALD: Already your columns have twice borne to us two short and pungent articles upon the subject of intellectual women and men, and I must say I am pleased with the brief manner in which C. N. K. and our kind and amiable sister, Frances Brown, have disposed of their subjects, and I will endeavor to imitate their example in again parading this subject before your readers.

I most assuredly agree with both your correspondents, that both men and women, who are wholly of an intellectual turn of mind, are to be dreaded—or, as Sister Brown has it, are "monstrosities." Now by such intellectual persons I take it that they mean persons who are void (or nearly so) of conjugal and fraternal love; for a purely intellectual character may have self-love developed even to a predominating degree.

Yet the intellectually selfish are not all that we should pray to be saved from. The same great lack of love is seen in all relations and callings of life: Self-gratification, self-aggrandizement, are the thoughts that unfortunately rule the day with women, and much more with men. Women are seldom engaged in the various callings of the day, as divines, doctors, lawyers, &c., and consequently where one looms up in these or in any other ways, she becomes much more an object of general observation. Yet, from the experience of nearly forty years on this planet, I am led to believe that such "monstrosities" are far more rare amongst women than men; for from the depths of the warm hearts of our beloved sisters, I fancy I see that love arising which is yet to rejuvenate erring humanity.

To me it appears that would men be actuated by as true and unselfish motives as are our confiding sisters, we should soon see a different and a better state of affairs upon our earth. Not much need we stand in fear of the intellectually selfish women; but from the intellectually selfish, the arrogantly selfish, the miserly selfish, and the willful, beastly selfish men, that abound up and down and throughout our land, save us ye teachers and promulgators of truth and justice! Yes, haste in your work and weary not, for the cry for help from those who suffer from the hand of injustice is great in the land, and proceeds most frequently (though we should blush to own it) from our frail sisters, who suffer from the wrongs and injustice of those whose love they have imagined was as ardent and undying as theirs. Oh for the reign of justice, when love will no longer be betrayed. To that end, then, brothers and sisters, let us labor.

"Love worketh no ill to its neighbor."
Without love no mind can be said to be truly balanced. As Mackay says:

"'Tis life to love, but double life
To be beloved again."

To be beloved by the "cold, critical, isolated, intellectual" and selfish, no matter from what cause, is not to be expected.

True, one cannot have "too brilliant an intellect," provided he have a proper degree of conjugal and fraternal love. Love tempered with justice can commit no wrong, nor will it leave us in its wake. Let justice mark the acts of men, and the tears of the lonely and the outcast will be dried.

Verily, man, thou owest woman a debt of gratitude, for which, if thou dost not soon begin to make recompense, thou wilt be bankrupt in the sight of heaven.

Yours, for the elevation of woman,
THOS. W. COOK.

If you want to paint your faces all over with tracks, then you have but to harbor vicious thoughts: but if you want to be good-looking, be good.—HORACE MANN.

Voices from the People.

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

Give to Freedom.

"The vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew."

The fire of Freedom burns—
March to her altar now:
Bear on the sacred urns
Where all her sons must bow.

Women of nerve and thought,
Bring in the urn your power!
By you is manhood taught
To meet this supreme hour.

Come with your sunlit life,
Maiden of gentle eye!
Bring to the gloom of strife
Light by which heroes die.

Give, rich men, proud and free,
Your children's costliest gem:
For Liberty shall be
Your heritage to them.

O friend, with heavy arm,
What offering bear you on?
The figure did not turn;
I heard a voice, "My son!"

The fire of Freedom burns,
Her flame shall reach the heaven;
Heap up our sacred urns,
Though life for life be given!

For the Herald of Progress.

Orthodoxy among the Soldiers.

CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL, 126 Reg't (O. V. I.),
MARTINSBURG, VA., Mar. 14, 1863.

BRO. A. J. DAVIS: I am starving for some good reading—something that will feed the inner man. I am here in the army—a very poor place for a fiery organization like mine to cultivate the mental or spiritual powers. I have a couple of stray HERALDS sent me from my sterling friend, Jacob Millisack, of Leesville, Ohio, and they were very acceptable indeed. The soldier who is not wedded to orthodoxy finds little to satisfy the mental hungering and thirsting for that spiritual food that feeds the higher and better nature of man. And "pity 'tis 'tis true."

Our government has kindly furnished chaplains of the genuine orthodox stripe to preach to us, and supply us with tracts full of warning to sinners and threatening terrible vengeance against all who put off the day of grace till a minie musket or rebel rifle drives the spirit from its earthly tabernacle before receiving a genuine orthodox passport to kingdom come.

Our chaplain is a predestinarian—the doctrine of John Calvin; believes that God did, for his own good pleasure, ordain this war to take place just as it has; that it will continue as long as he intended, and as he decreed; that his prayers cannot change in the slightest degree one of God's eternal decrees, nor save one that God has been pleased to pass by and consign to eternal woe. Yet this chaplain frequently at the close of dress parade has a hollow square formed, and the soldiers, after a battalion drill and an useless dress parade, while tired, have to listen to him read a chapter from the Bible and pray that God will do just as he pleases. He calls this an unholy war, although decreed by a holy God, and asks him to end it when he gets ready.

I do not doubt the man's perfect honesty. Other chaplains may be equally honest, and labor as faithfully as ours does to discharge his duty and earn his salary and bless the soldiers, yet I am in favor of abolishing the office. The regulations allow him \$146 50 a month, or \$1,758 per annum. Our last call for soldiers embraced 600,000, and we certainly had 400,000 in the field before that—1,000,000 in all, or 1,000 regiments! One thousand times \$1,758 equals \$1,758,000 per annum, that we spend for prayers and sermons with but little good in return, especially to the mind liberated from the bondage of Churchianity.

We have some excellent reading matter furnished us—temperance and anti-slavery tracts, chiefly founded on the primitive history, and very many filled with gloomy theology, full of warnings, and threatenings, and terrible denunciations against all who do not think as they do about Jesus and the vicarious atonement, but nothing to cheer the thinking, liberated soldier in the hour of death.

Why has not some one of the Harmonial Brotherhood written and published a large tract, giving the true view of death as the door through which our spirits pass to the happier home of the Summer-Land. Such a work would give the soldier more joy than any possible view of the vicarious atonement that can be presented to him by an honest but mistaken chaplain, especially if the pamphlet contained several narratives of changes, or deaths, or births of spirits of persons from various walks of life, soldiers included, and of their entrances into the second sphere, their reception, their surprise and happy disappointment in finding old theology a miserable myth.

Will not some wealthy Brother of the Harmonial Philosophy subscribe liberally, that a few thousand copies of such a work may be distributed gratuitously among soldiers willing to read the cheering views of the spirit's entrance to and mode of life in the spiritual country? Men of a cheerless, heartless belief in endless agony for all who fail to swallow some griping creed and to form a bad opinion of the dear Father above, will give thousands of dollars to scatter the soulless divinity of mistaken orthodoxy among our soldiers, to chill their minds in health, check and stunt the growth of their souls in all that is elevating and ennobling, and horrify them in the hour of death as they lie weltering in their gore on the battle-field or parched with fever in the hospital, far from home and loved ones.

Upholders of orthodoxy show more wisdom than when they engage in scattering tracts that appeal to early impressions, to a mother's prayers, to the effects of sermons, of life-long associations with their grim theology, and to the solemn scenes of battle preparations and the half-formed fears of a dismal death that may come at any moment. They trust on their doubting minds, under these circumstances, their blighting, withering, soul-palying theology, and we told our arms until de-

spair overtakes the disheartened soldier, and with nothing to lean upon or sustain him, he yields to the popular religion or sinks to the grave without a ray of hope to cheer his passage to brighter beatitudes in the realms of his spirit's happy home.

If patrons of Progress would send us progressive papers on Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Harmonial Philosophy, and Science, we could partly offset the influence of fog-doom, which is daily sending old, rusty, blighting theology here, or sympathizing secessh trash, to dishonor our troops, and weaken their glowing patriotism, and thus render our army partly worthless.

Why is it that those who have been delivered from the fear of superstitious and supernaturalism become so indifferent to the spiritual wants of their fellow beings? Do they not feel for their sad condition, and earnestly desire to have them enjoy the same glorious liberty which gives them perfect peace? Are they indifferent to the agony of mind that a fellow being suffers who believes in popular views of an endless hell, whose agonies no heaven can tell, no pen relate, no pencil paint miserably so massive and crushing that if all the real woes of earth were concentrated into one great agony, its tortures would be pleasant compared with the woe that awaits the finally impenitent in the realms of endless despair? And remember this poor fellow creature is told that to escape this awful doom he must believe that God was angry with mankind for doing just what he knew they would do before he made them; that he could not get into a good humor till his only son should die for the sinful creatures and make it possible for them to be saved; that they still can't be saved without they come to him to be saved, and believe that he died for them; that they can't do a good deed, say a good word, or think a good thought, without his aid; and, therefore, they cannot, of themselves, try to come to him, and that he won't aid them unless they do try—hence that they are in a fair way to be damned!

They must also believe that Christ is God, that he is the Son of God, as old as his Father, that the Holy Ghost is as old as Father and Son, and yet proceeds from the Father and Son, and yet it is the very God—and, stranger yet, all these are one! He is told that Christ is God, that he died to make an infinite atonement for the broken law, that a finite man broke this infinite law, and that nothing but the death of an Infinite Being could satisfy the debt.

Now to a mind befogged with such a batch of bewildering follies, a small, plain, clear statement of the Harmonial Philosophy would be a deliverer indeed. It would deliver his mind from perplexing puzzles, incomprehensible riddles, and agonizing fears of undefinable woes and endless horrors that await an honest doubter!

Hoping these thoughts, penned amid the disturbing duties of a hospital, may be acceptable to you and your readers, I subscribe myself,
Yours, for humanity,
J. GILLES BUCKLEY,
Co. A, 126th Reg't O. V. I.

Scene in the Illinois Legislature.

SPERCH OF A BRAVE OLD PATRIOT.

The Springfield (Illinois) correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, under date of February 14, writes as follows: A great sensation was created by a speech by Mr. Funk, one of the richest farmers in the State, a man who pays over three thousand dollars per annum taxes towards the support of the Government. The lobby and gallery were crowded with spectators. Mr. Funk rose to object to trifling resolutions, which had been introduced by the Democrats to kill time, and stave off a vote upon the appropriations for the support of the State Government. He said:

"Mr. Speaker, I can sit in my seat no longer and see such by-play going on. These men are trifling with the best interests of the country. They should have asses' ears to set off their heads, for they are traitors and secessionists at heart."

"I say there are traitors and secessionists at heart in this Senate. Their actions prove it. Their speeches prove it. Their gibes and laughter and cheers here, nightly, when they speak get up to denounce the war and the administration, prove it."

"I can sit here no longer and not tell these traitors what I think of them. And while so telling them, I am responsible myself for what I say. I stand upon my own bottom. I am ready to meet any man on this floor in any manner, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon, upon this charge against these traitors. [Tremendous applause from the galleries.] I am an old man of sixty-five. I came to Illinois a poor boy. I have made a fortune, something for myself and family. I pay three thousand dollars a year in taxes. I am willing to pay six thousand, aye, twelve thousand, [great cheering, the old gentleman striking the desk with a blow that would knock down a bullock, and causing the instand to fly in the air;] aye, I am willing to pay my whole fortune, and then give my life to save my country from these traitors that are seeking to destroy it. [Tremendous applause, which the Speaker could not control.]

"Mr. Speaker, you must excuse me; I could not sit longer in my seat, and calmly listen to these traitors. My heart, that feels for my poor country, would not let me. My heart, that cries out for the lives of our brave volunteers in the field, that these traitors at home are destroying by thousands, would not let me. My heart, that bleeds for the widows and orphans at home, would not let me. Yes, these traitors and villains in this Senate [striking his clenched fists on the desk with a blow that made the Senate ring again] are killing my neighbors' boys now fighting in the field. I dare to say this to these traitors right here, and I am responsible for what I say to any one or all of them. [Cheers.] Let them years old, and I have made up my mind to risk my life right here, on this floor, for my country. [Mr. Funk's seat is near the lobby railing, and a crowd collected around him, evidently with the intention of protecting him from violence if necessary. The last announcement was received with great cheering, and I saw many an eye flash and many a countenance glow radiant with the light of defiance.]

"These men sneered at Colonel Mack a few days since. He is a small man; but I am a

large man. I am ready to meet any of them in place of Colonel Mack. I am large enough for them, and I hold myself ready for them now and at any time. [Cheers from the galleries.]

"Mr. Speaker, these traitors on this floor should be provided with hempen collars. They deserve them. They deserve hanging, I say, [raising his voice and violently striking the desk;] the country would be the better for swinging them up. I go for hanging them, and I dare to tell them so, right here to their traitorous faces. Traitors should be hung. It would be the salvation of the country to hang them. For that reason I must rejoice at it. [Tremendous cheering.] Mr. Speaker, I beg pardon of the gentlemen in this Senate who are not traitors, but true loyal men, for what I have said. I only intend it and mean it for secessionists at heart. They are here in this Senate. I see them gibe, and smirk, and grin at the true Union man. Must I defy them? I stand here ready for them, and dare them to come on. [Great cheering.] What man, with the heart of a patriot, could stand this treason any longer? I have stood it long enough. I will stand it no more. [Cheers.] I denounce these men and their aiders and abettors as rank traitors and secessionists. Hell itself could not spew out a more traitorous crew than some of the men that disgrace this Legislature, this State, and this Country. For myself, I protest against and denounce their treasonable acts. I have voted against their measures; I will do so to the end. I will denounce them as long as God gives me breath; and I am ready to meet the traitors themselves here or anywhere, and fight them to the death. [Prolonged cheers and shouts.]

"I said I paid three thousand dollars a year taxes. I do not say it to brag of it. It is my duty, yes, Mr. Speaker, my privilege to do it. But some of these traitors here, who are working night and day to put their miserable little bills and claims through the Legislature, to take money out of the pockets of the people, are talking about high taxes. They are hypocrites as well as traitors. I heard some of them talking about high taxes in this way who do not pay five dollars to the support of the Government. I denounce them as hypocrites as well as traitors. [Cheers.]

"The reason they pretend to be afraid of high taxes is, that they do not want to vote money for the relief of the soldiers. They want to embarrass the Government and stop the war. They want to aid the secessionists to conquer our boys in the field. They care about high taxes! They are pleasure men anyhow, and pay no taxes at all, and never did, and never hope or expect to. This is an excuse for traitors. [Cheers.]

"Mr. Speaker, excuse me. I feel for my country, in this hour of danger, from the tips of my toes to the ends of my hair. That is the reason I speak as I do. I cannot help it. I am bound to tell these men to their teeth what they are, and what the people, the true loyal people, think of them. [Tremendous cheering.] The Speaker rapped upon his desk, apparently to stop it, but really to add to its volume, for I could see by his flushed cheeks and flashing eyes that his heart was with the brave and loyal old gentleman."

"Mr. Speaker: I have said my say; I am no speaker. This is the only speech I have made, and I do not know that it deserves to be called a speech. I could not sit still any longer and see these scoundrels and traitors work out their hellish schemes to destroy the Union. They have my sentiments; let them one and all make the most of them. I am ready to back up all I say, and I repeat it, to meet these traitors in any manner they may choose, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon." [Tremendous applause, during which the old gentleman sat down, after he had given the desk a parting smack, which sounded loud above the din of cheers and clapping of hands.]

I never before witnessed so much excitement in an assembly. Mr. Funk spoke with a force of natural eloquence, with a conviction and truthfulness, with a fervor and pathos which wrought up the galleries, and even members on the floor, to the highest pitch of excitement. His voice was heard in the stores that surrounded the square, and the people came flocking in from all quarters. In five minutes he had an audience that packed the hall to its utmost capacity. After he had concluded, the Republican members and spectators rushed up and took him by the hand to congratulate him. The Democrats said nothing, but evidently felt the castigation they were receiving most keenly, as might be seen from their blanched cheeks and restless and uneasy glances.

For the Herald of Progress.

Silent Communion.

FRIEND DAVIS: It is now a few days over a year since our much-loved friend and philanthropist, G. W. Knowlton, left this sphere, whose obituary, over my signature, was duly published in the HERALD OF PROGRESS. A short time previous to his departure, apprehending that the time of his dissolution was fast approaching, I requested that when his spirit was freed from its earthly confinement, he would manifest himself to me and likewise his family. He said he would try to do so, and if he could not, and if there was any one in the Spirit-Land that could, he would endeavor to get that one to do it.

Although I have been anxiously hoping for it, yet I had no evidence of his presence until the night of the 20th inst. On waking, I perceived that he was with me; his auburn locks, as when in the earth-form, hung in ringlets to his shoulders, and his countenance was radiant with loveliness, sincerity, and delight. I accompanied him to his retired earthly abode, situated about a mile distant. On arriving, his widow seated herself near, and a double share of delight seemed to light up her countenance as I commenced conversing with her. He soon disappeared, and I awoke.

The first thing that impressed me on waking was, that although we had had quite an interview, and much seemed to have been communicated in that confidence which we had so much enjoyed when he was in the earth sphere, comparing the evidences we had of the higher life, &c., being both mediums for spirit hearing, and although I was conscious of the same soul-knitting, yet I could not recollect that a word had been spoken by either of us.

On reflection I thought I saw clearly that there was a condition to be experienced so deeply intense and spiritual that words and sounds are too materialistic to be their fit representative. Since then, on reading your

last lecture on this particular point, it has much increased my faith that it is so; and if this circumstance will in the least degree confirm the wavering and doubting, I shall feel amply repaid for narrating it.

In those indissoluble bonds of spiritual affinity, which I trust no earthly power can either sunder or hinder, and which I have faith to hope may accompany us in the higher life, and with earnest desires for the progress of the race,
Your friend,
N. MERRITT,
DE RUYTER, 1863.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Vitalizing Element in Spiritualism.

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: Having read with deep interest in the HERALD your late lectures at Dalworth's Hall, entitled, "Social Life and Scenes in the Summer-Land," also "Domestic Scenes in the Summer-Land," I feel constrained to make the perusal of them the subject of a few remarks. In the first place I would say, that simple ethics, or theological or moral casuistry, no matter how elaborate or pungent, cannot at this day engage the interest of the progressive reader. In fact, with all the tact, originality, and brilliancy of a Beecher, Chapin, or other pulpit celebrities, the "getting off" of only an occasional apophthegm in the line of orthodox ethics is so great a rarity as quite to immortalize its author. Consequently, orthodox lives, to-day, more from precedence than from any inherent, living moral essence; and, in proportion as the Spiritual Philosophy copies after it, in identifying itself more or less exclusively with only moral subjects, like orthodoxy its influence will be circumscribed, and its effects evanescent. No one will deny the moral value of such inculcations as the "golden rule," and other marked precepts embraced in the Christian code; but, practically, with the intellectual assent to them their importance ceases; the rewards of their observance being too intangible for the general apprehension and appreciation of mankind. But, actualize and incarnate the scenes of the Spiritual-life so that persons can feel their certainty, and the incentive to rectitude of conduct and the development of the divine elements immanent in the human spirit become a matter of natural and inevitable consequence, as the qualification for their full realization and enjoyment. Christianity, as a system, lacks completeness; not didactically, perhaps, as setting forth a moral formula, but as not incorporating a sufficient incentive, (its heaven being too intangible) to prompt aim and endeavor in spiritual unfolding. The natural, life-like, yet beautiful delineation given in your portrayal of the life to come, so thoroughly actualizes that life—investing it with every attraction that the spirit craves in its interior aspiration—that, to lead a pure and upright life upon earth, as the necessary qualification for its joys and fruitions, would seem but to dictate of the sheerest selfishness.

Practical atheism is the bane of spiritual development. It is the Apollon which obstructs progress in every avenue of moral enterprise of the day. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!" and conscious individuality is lost in oblivion—is the lurking impulse which prompts universal human action. I believe it is neither the power of men nor angels to materially elevate the moral status of mankind, by the simple inculcation of incumbent duties, disconnected with the incentive of an actual tangible desired future life. And to this end, I believe that the only thing which will ever conduce to the further moral unfolding of the race, is just the identical means which led to the light the present Spiritualists of the day, namely, nothing but a continuation and increase of spiritual inter-communication. There is not a lecturer who traverses the country, but, if interrogated as to what constitutes the most serious impediment to his obtaining thorough acceptance of the Spiritual Philosophy by his hearers, will reply—"the want of faith in its reality!" There is no lack of admirers of the Spiritual faith—except among bigots—the only trouble is, it presents such a relieving contrast with the lugubrious tenets of sectarian theology, that it is felt to be too good to be true.

Partly from succumbing to popular anathema, and partly from the discrepancy attendant on an investigation of Spiritual inter-communication, a fatal lull has succeeded to the former fearless and earnest attention that was paid to the subject. That "the Philosophy of Spiritualism is doing its silent but resistless work," which the friends of the cause are too wont to rely upon, is mainly a fallacy. When an effect can precede its correlative cause, then the Philosophy of Spiritualism may obtain, without the aid of its necessary antecedent—sensual spiritual demonstration; but if the friends of Spiritualism are going to "ground arms," at the present juncture of the advancement of the cause, they will but too certainly realize that Spiritualism, like all other enterprises, cannot dispense with its necessary perpetuating cause—tangible spiritual demonstration.

It may be asked—"If the Spiritual Philosophy is not susceptible of winning the acceptance and credence of the unbelieving world without the aid of sensual evidence of its reality, how is Christianity embraced, without Protestantism, Catholicism, or any other system of religion which one has become habituated to, receives acceptance from education—not necessarily cordially—but as weeds grow spontaneously in soil not preoccupied by cultivated crops. Teach the Philosophy of Spiritualism in Sabbath Schools—giving it the advantage of precedence—and it would live, under all subsequent trials and vicissitudes that might be exposed to. But, to recur to the original intent of my letter, if you, Mr. Editor, would devote more attention to investigating the arena of Spiritual realities, giving the world the benefit of your experiences—analogueous to the delineations given in the Lectures of which mention has been made—you would ever impart narrations which would uniformly reach the deepest recesses of human interest, because the unseen things of the life to come are subjects fraught with the profoundest interest to every spirit dwelling in the flesh; and if media of the stamp of Hudson Tuttle and Lizette Doten would more frequently seek to obtain impartations from the gifted immortalized ones who are denizens of the higher life, of the scenes and experiences of that life, the benefit and interest that would accrue from such disseminations to the world at large would be inestimable.

Truly Yours,
V. C. TAYLOR.

For the Herald of Progress. Spring. BY F. E. FARNSWORTH.

Oh why will you tarry so long, gentle Spring, In the land where the orange trees grow?

O, fair Maiden, haste To the cold northern shore, And the beauty laid waste By stern Winter restore.

She has come, she has come from the orange bowers, Where her love-notes the mocking bird sings, And you dream of green fields, and sweet sunny hours.

See! how her warm breath And her life-giving voice Waken Nature from death, And bid her rejoice!

So gently she fans the young buds on the trees, And over them throws her mild spell, That slowly they open their leaves to the breeze, And verdure clothes forest and dell.

She weeps o'er the earth In sweet April showers, And her tears give birth To the bright May flowers.

She loosens the chains from the springs and the fountains, And breathes on the ice and the snow, And streamlets run down from the sides of the mountains, And water the valleys below.

In the meadow she treads With her soft velvet feet, And a green carpet spreads Where the bright waters meet.

She kisses the flowers in her path as she flies, With a love kiss that thrills to the heart, And smiling, they open their beautiful eyes, And their treasures of fragrance impart.

Oh fair to behold Is the Angel of Spring, That paints with bright gold On the butterfly's wing!

An artist is she of most wonderful power, For she paints not the insect alone, But tinges the sky and the delicate flower, And gives to the landscape its tone.

Oh paint on this heart, Maid of beauty and grace, That it may not depart, Thine own lovely face!

She tinges the forest with purple and red, And the orchard with damask and white, And throws o'er the garden and violet bed A profusion of coloring bright.

And see in the west What a beautiful glow, As the sun sinks to rest In the ocean below!

A Chorister, too, is the Maiden of Spring; Yet she tunes not the harp nor the lyre, But teaches the birds of the greenwood to sing In Nature's "Harmonial Choir."

At the close of the day, The hill and the vale Resound with the lay Of the sweet nightingale.

There's music sublime when the deep thunders roll, And the echoes reverberate loud; 'Tis the voice of the Father that speaks to the soul From behind the thick veil of the cloud.

Then the birds of the air And the beasts from the plain To their shelter repair, And in silence remain.

Majestic and grand is the Spring of the year, When on storm-clouds she rides through the sky, And the waters descending from heaven appear To burst from an ocean on high.

Oh list to the rain, When the thunder's loud crash Wakes the echoes again, And the red lightning flash!

Now hushed is the tumult, the tempest is o'er, The rainbow in heaven is seen; The Maiden is smiling in beauty once more, And all Nature is calm and serene.

So calm o'er our life Dawns eternity's day, When its tempests and strife Have all passed away.

If virtue be measured by what we resist, When against inclination we strive, You and I have been proved, we may fairly insist.

The most virtuous mortals alive! Now Virtue, we know, is the brightest of pearls; But as Pleasure is hard of evasion, Should we envy or pity the stoical churls Who have never known a temptation?

JOHN G. SAXE. Yet I argue not Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot Of heart or hope, but still bear up, and steer Right onward." MILTON.

How to Advance. The advance of the world depends upon the use of small balances of advantage over disadvantage, for there is compensation everywhere and in everything.

No one discovery resuscitates the world—certainly no physical one. Each new good thought, or word, or deed, brings its shadow with it; and, as I have just said, it is upon the small balances of gain that we get on at all.

Garrisoning the southern forts with colored troops is progressing quietly but rapidly, and is the initiatory step toward supplying the



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

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

"WHISPERS TO CORRESPONDENTS" will appear in our next issue.

BROTHER S. J. FINNEY has just sent in his reply to the remarks of John French. It will appear in our next.

Lectures Next Sunday. The Editor will lecture at Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway, at 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M.; and in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, concerning the "Realities of the Summer-Land."

Children's Convention. The Convention of the "Groups" at Dodworth's Hall last Sunday afternoon was exceedingly delightful and spiritually profitable to all.

A full report of proceedings was taken for publication in the second edition of the little book, which will give instructions for the organization of similar Associations for Children in all parts of the land.

AIR-LINE DISPATCHES TO THE Herald of Progress. PLENTY OF GOLD COMING.

Rebel Raids in Virginia. GENERAL BUTLER WITHHELD FOR A PURPOSE.

Black Troops Marching Along. REBELS IN CHARLESTON STILL TROUBLED.

Vicksburg almost Gone. GENERAL HOOKER READY FOR THE FIELD.

Agents of Justice Entering Upon a Great Work. A SPECIE BASIS.

Gold operators should bear in mind that the gold mines in Washington Territory, so remarkably extensive and so exceedingly rich, will give a specie basis to the Government's credit after 1864.

REBEL RAIDS. The rebels, with a disheartened army of 15,000 men and 39 guns of small caliber, think to obtain Norfolk and afterwards Harper's Ferry!

SOUTHERN MOVES. French advancements and misfortunes in Mexico are favorable to our present operations in Texas and Florida.

Col. Higginson's present exertions cannot be divulged. They will almost necessitate the return of Gen. Butler to Louisiana.

IT IS WELL. England holds herself ready to resent any further encroachments on the part of Commodore Wilkes.

BLACK TROOPS FOR FORTS. Garrisoning the southern forts with colored troops is progressing quietly but rapidly, and is the initiatory step toward supplying the

places of soldiers whose term of enlistment is about to expire. Recruiting the blacks into companies is a great, still work, now going on in several departments not known to the newspaper reading public.

CHARLESTON UNHAPPY. The Confederacy was never in a more desperate condition. The late failure of our attack on the forts in Charleston Harbor is to be followed, as the rebels have just learned, by another movement which cannot but plant the "Stars and Stripes" on the court-house in Charleston.

THE MISSISSIPPI. The Father of Waters does not much longer design to keep from loyalists the free navigation of his hundreds of leagues.

PORT HUDSON AND VICKSBURG. Banks' and Farragut's operations will converge in a few days.

Great battles are in immediate prospect in the command of Gen. Burnside. Rebel raids into Missouri and Ohio are among their plans, but the boldest plan is an attack upon the City of Washington.

HOOKER'S ARMY GOING TO BATTLE. Gen. Hooker's army is about to wage war in dread earnest. Nothing but a heavy rain-storm will set back the tide of his advance.

THE AGENTS OF JUSTICE. Robert Dale Owen, Dr. Howe, and Col. McKay, will give to the world the result of their most thorough investigations into the present and prospective condition of the African race in the different States of America.

JAMES G. CLARK, the popular composer and vocalist, writing us from Rochester, says he hopes to be in New York before many weeks to sing "The Mountains of Life" and "Beautiful Hills" at the Dodworth's Hall Lectures.

Progress. In view of the considerations cogently set forth below by the Anti-Slavery Standard, with what emphasis can we declare the world moves.

"It is but a few years since a 'World's Temperance Convention' in this city was broken up in a row, incited by clergymen, because Antoinette Brown, a gentle and accomplished lady and preacher of the gospel, attempted to speak therein; and our city papers, with one or two exceptions, united in praising the moderate ministers and in pouring unmeasured ridicule and abuse upon Miss Brown.

REMOVAL.—Dr. James A. Neal has removed from Fourth Street to No. 34 West Fifteenth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.

THE QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS IN INDIANA will be held in Greensboro, Henry County, Ind., on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the 1st, 2d, and 3d days of May next.

FREMONT'S BATTLE HYMN.—A new Quartette, written and composed by James G. Clark, has been sent us by the author.

Progress in Byron. C. J. ROBINSON AND J. G. CLARK. BYRON, April 26th, 1863.

BRO. DAVIS: I wish to announce through the mediumship of your HERALD OF PROGRESS the advent of another lecturer in the field in favor of the Harmonial Philosophy.

Our young Brother, Chas. J. Robinson, of Holley, to whom I refer, has this day instructed us by delivering two excellent essays, upon the themes, "The Dead and their Resting-Places," and "The Needs of the Present Time."

The former is interesting and instructive as a historical and literary production; the latter walks squarely up to the needs of the hour, has the right ring to it, and not only so, but its production and delivery by our young Brother (it being his first appearance on the rostrum) has settled the question, I believe, with all his audiences, that success cannot fail to crown his efforts if he devotes his powers to the inculcation of such sublime truths.

We were also cheered by the soul-inspiring songs of our poet-vocalist Brother, James G. Clark, who, by the rich melody of his singing, added to the intellectual feast, gave us all of melody and Harmonial Philosophy we could well digest in one day.

Allow me to bespeak for both a cordial reception and fraternal encouragement from all Spiritualists and Liberalists who may be favored by their labors of love and harmony.

Yours, truly, J. W. SWEAVER. Frank L. Wadsworth will address the Friends of Progress in Bridgeport, Conn., next Sunday.

Brief Items. —The British steamer Anglo-Saxon was wrecked recently off Cape Race. She had 360 passengers, of whom only 130 are known to have been saved.

—After the receipt of our Air-Line Dispatches, the daily papers announced that the Army of the Potomac is in motion.

—Mr. A. T. Stewart has chartered the brig Jessie Banfield, and is now loading her, entirely at his own expense, with a full cargo of corn and provisions for the suffering poor of Belfast, Ireland.

—The Prince of Wales, like Gen. Tom Thumb, has decided to make a public exhibition of the rich wedding presents which he and his wife received.

—The Seventh and Eighth (German) Regiments returned to this city on Tuesday. They have seen hard service, and were welcomed home most enthusiastically.

—From the Battle Creek Review we learn that J. M. Peebles has closed his services as pastor of the First Free Church of that place on Sunday last.

—William Rufus Blake, the well-known comedian of this city, died in Boston, last week, of bilious colic. He was but fifty-three years of age, and was in his usual good health the evening previous to his death.

—Wait Whitman, the poet, is an amateur nurse and counselor among the hospitals around Washington; and very tender and sweet are his ministrations.

—Dr. C. W. Grant, of Iowa, widely known as a horticulturist, and especially for his extensive and successful vineyards, is publishing a new monthly entitled "Landmarks." It is devoted to fruit culture.

—There is so great a glut of American silver in Canada, that in some places it has fallen twenty per cent. below par.

—An Irishman, who, two years ago, was an employee in a lard and tallow factory, went into a Philadelphia jewelry store, the other day, and purchased a set of diamonds "wid the rare sparrick," giving a check for \$7,800.

Patrick had followed the army, gathering the soap-grease and discounting officers' bills; and the jeweler learned, on presenting his check at the bank, that his name was good for four times the amount.

—Thonrette, formerly an unproductive commune in one of the departments of France, now appears like an immense orchard, the parish priest, now nearly eighty years of age, has for thirty years insisted that the parents of every child be baptized should plant some kind of a fruit-tree!

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."

The Battle between the Spirit and its Circumstances. LECTURE BY A. J. DAVIS, AT DODWORTH'S HALL, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 15, 1863.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY ROBERT S. MOORE. The startling spiritual proposition, which was offered and then urged sometime since, is this, that although all human minds are constituted upon and with the same fundamental principles, yet they differ both in quantity of mentality and also in the quality of the ingredients.

By quality and by quantity men are less or more in contact with the divine principles that regulate the spiritual universe. It was shown that an "adjective" was all-important. People pay for an adjective when it is properly applied to fruit, to grains, or to goods of any kind in the physical world.

For example: If a peach, without an adjective, is worth one penny, then a good peach is worth three cents, a better peach is worth four, and the best peach is worth six cents. The value is enhanced by the adjective, the superlative degree always commanding the highest price.

This reasoning was applied to man's spiritual nature. As fruit is improved by cultivation, so the development of spiritual quality and excellence is dependent upon true mental

education. It was further said that there are persons who have not inherited the same amount of spiritual property; that some minds are born comparatively millionaires in their endowments and attributes, and some correspond to musical instruments in the arrangement of their attributes, while others are born in the lowest physiological dell, and are compelled to enter society through its lowest doors, and must plod their way through the coarsest circumstances.

In meeting certain persons, do you not perceive there is either an excess or else a deficiency in their mentalities? Other natures are large and opulent from no definable or apparent reason. Their personal presence seems to fill the whole space in which they happen to be.

They may not utter a word; and yet their very silence, which is the twin of mystery, and which also is the chief attribute of power, pours itself with eloquence into your consciousness. Do you not sometimes feel the immensity of particular persons who are, through their whole life, habitually silent and thoughtful?

Other persons, however demonstrative and garrulous, impress you as being empty and void of soul. They may utter, and write, and do things that are precious and agreeable to your convictions—may hold to ideas that are sympathetic with your long-cherished sentiments—may tell political or religious truths to the people that you have long been waiting to hear uttered—and yet these same persons will impress you with a hollowness of character, with a sense of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, which repels you from them, and all this without any well-defined reasons or causes that you can express.

Others, again, are "passable." They impress you indifferently, or not at all. Such seem to be about fairly equipped for the voyage of life. They neither impress nor depress the social sphere about them. They are comfortable passengers, sleeping in the middle cars, between the two extremes.

My work this morning is to trace out the causes that lead to so many Battles between the Spirit and its Circumstances, and, if possible, to give suggestions by which those battles may be avoided or shortened, and the conquest of the individual all the more perfect and permanent.

When a great and important battle is contemplated, it is one part of good generalship to ascertain all the directions whence your enemies can approach; and not only so, but to examine and estimate their resources, study out their purposes, know their tactics, find out their nationality and temperaments, learn what they design to do, ferret out their motives, and pierce them to the heart by the most searching investigations.

Then take an inventory and make an estimate of your own powers and resources—neither under-estimate nor over-estimate them—be wholly calm and steady, without heat or trepidation, but with great self-preservation and conscientiousness, having perfect reliance upon the virtue and integrity of your motives and the divinity of the ends to be accomplished.

Find out, first of all, what you have to battle with and what weapons you will have to use. This forethought and preparation will give you a true estimate of your own powers and resources, and you will know those various obstacles with which you will be obliged to contend.

In investigating the constitution, and resources, and responsibilities of the human mind, we find that few persons think—few persons give themselves time enough to stop to think—what it is to live in this world. Few realize that life to a human being is infinitely more important and significant than life to an animal.

Take the most perfectly trained and learned animals of the age, and you will find that their progeny return to the first animals of like species in all their habits and characteristics. Their progeny never improve in any habit; they never acquire new thoughts or instincts; never adopt new methods of living in this world.

They are entirely harmonious—soul with sense, inward life with external parts. They have no war with their circumstances. They are embodiments of but few principles. Motion, life, and sensation—these constitute the whole of an animal. The soul fills the physical parts to overflowing, and that completes an animal's existence and happiness. Its senses are balanced and in perfect harmony with that combination of powers and instincts. There is therefore no controversy in the single-consciousness of an animal.

Its mind hesitates only when two things, like two bundles of hay of unequal size, happen to be presented to it; then there is a momentary exercise of inclination in reference to gratification. The animal mind is swayed and governed invariably, not by a moral conviction, but by that simple sense of attraction which moves its feelings the strongest. The same is true of all human beings who are yet on the animal plane.

Yes, there are plenty of human beings who walk through society in just that sensuous way. You will see, on analysis, that all such, while so permitting themselves to live, are nothing more than quadrupeds in many of their sensations and tastes. They have not arisen to experience the noble feelings and large spiritual proportions of true human souls.

Of course I know that, under some conditions and peculiar circumstances, all persons have such sensuous experiences—occasionally that all mankind so "live, and move, and have their being"—and thus all are by constitution made conscious of one truth in our philosophy, that the animal world created the human; that our ancestral roots are deeply driven into the great physical under-world of organic life; that we have inherited all of their instincts, inclinations, and attributes; and, therefore, being legitimate offsprings from the Divine source through these pre-human instrumentalities, mankind have inherited all

anatomy, physiology, phrenology, and social propensities of their remotest ancestors.

Man is alone capable of knowing the difference between himself and his circumstances. When a "circumstance" is realized to be a circumstance, and when man's spirit feels itself to be a "center," a sun-center, around which all circumstances and satellites are destined to revolve in orbital obedience, then is born within man the first assurance of his prerogatives and kingship. This sense of supremacy may come in such memorable moments as when men are driven to their highest mental point through excitement—sometimes through sublime indignation—at the climax of which comes the terrific fire and the thunder-shock from the soul's Sinai; then descends a flash of celestial lightning from the spirit's heaven, and in an instant is born a strong divinity within the soul which brings mountains to the valley and raises that which was low instantly to the level of its will. It is rarely that an appeal so sublime as this comes to human nature. But something of it is known in nearly all private lives. There comes to every one of you a moment of decision which will demand and compel the culmination and climacteric determination of all your powers. The strength is declared from the inward fountain, and in that moment you realize, perhaps for the first time in your life, that there is an infinite difference between yourself and all that is moving about you—that you are spiritually a master, and that every "circumstance" which proposes to conquer and govern you is subservient. I say that such a conviction may be born in you for the first time in your life, in the midst of some ordinary transaction. When it comes, you should hail it as a prophet; it is a John the Baptist. It is going before experience, announcing that a better, grander, sublimer era, will dawn in your autobiography, when "circumstances" will be comparatively your servants, and you their king within the temple!

The world is filled with substances with which spirit is constantly in contact. Why? Because spirit is substance itself. It is something and substantial. It is connected through the finest substances with all the coarser substances in the visible world. It is all a system of perpetual centrifugation. Man's spirit is like a sun. It is revolving on its own axis, in its private orbit, and, as it revolves, throws off, by its centrifugal power, first, its most delicate substance—that is, the "body of the spirit," and then a yet coarser substance—that is, the "physical organization," and, lastly, a still coarser substance, which are the "circumstances" round about it in the world.

Every one is either a king in that central kingdom, or else a subject. It depends entirely on your constitution, education, and state of mind, whether you be master or servant—whether you be "a thing" or "a power." Your position and your progress will be determined by your power, not by your force. There is, as you perceive, a great difference between force and power. Force is animal; it is filled with impetuous vital electricity; and after manifestation, it suffers from a corresponding degree of exhaustion. When it retires, you are fatigued. Power, on the contrary, never subsides. Power is linked with the eternal spirit; always feels its identity, and has no other ally. Do you suppose that God ever gets tired, as the old theology teaches? that he needs to rest from Saturday night till Monday morning? Such seasons of rest will do for force. Force requires it; power never. Power is the deep ocean of omnipotent life. It flows through all physical and mechanical laws, and through all the organic phenomena of the visible world.

This perpetual evolution of the infinite power, is silent. It is only when forces meet that there occurs an earthquake, a revolution, a war, or a battle. Where power is, there is only an overcoming, attended by no war, by no discord. The crooked is straightened without conflict. That which was rough is smoothed as by the omnipotent spirit of Deity. When filled with "force," you feel impatient and largely capable of accomplishing rudimentary ends. When filled with "power," you are overflowing with riches, feel no haste. Impulse subsides under true "power," and a quiet, earnest, indefatigable sensation sweeps all through the vine-clad groves of the spirit. This feeling of divine strength refreshes every faculty, gives you a new volume of confidence in the omnipotent God, and opens the truth that he liveth and reigneth in all things.

Old Testament writers seemed to be filled with the spirit as well as the power of Jehovah. That is, they realized the difference between force and power. When they dropped out of it, they acted just like our modern warriors and politicians. They said and did coarse and crude things. But in Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and in the Proverbs, you get words from the "superior condition"—when they felt the Divine "power," when their impatient force was subdued and tranquilized, you know how beautifully and reverentially they spoke and sung of the Infinite Spirit. How sublimely they reposed on the unfathomable bosom of unknown Destiny. "God," "Lord," and "Jehovah," were expressions they frequently used. What they called the "promises of God," we, in modern days, call the fulfillments of the unchangeable laws of Destiny. These promises or fulfillments of fixed laws are mapped out from the heart of the universe. We behold them in all the physical phenomena, and feel their operations infallibly in the life of spirit.

Now, in arranging ourselves for the work of progress, we must ascertain the sources of our enemies, and comprehend the magnitude and variety of our struggles. First, to begin inductively to examine the field of battle, we

must commence with the outermost surfaces and go toward the center—go toward the internal man or spirit. You will observe, therefore, that physical circumstances first attract your eyes and first demand your constant attention. They are the soil, water, air, heat—the physical elements and the social conditions of the outside world, in which you happen to be born and reared. You will always notice the difference between those born in Europe and persons born on the soil of America; and also a difference between persons born on different portions of the American Continent, and still closer, the difference between individual members of the same family. Plants, in like manner, indicate, first, the soil from which they spring, and then the kind and amount of attention they receive. Moisture or dryness, the amount of sun-heat and amount of sun-light, will be clearly visible in the growth of the plants. Their history is within. If you had deep-seated eyes, each one of earth's flowers, and trees, and vines, would give out to you a careful account of the "circumstances" which superintended its development. Of course, in flower-gardens and orchards, there are intermediates—such as human eyes, and human skill, and human magnetism, and the gentle encouragements to growth. Trees, plants, vines, and flowers, are all affected more or less by the human beings who superintend their development. Thus their external history is like that of persons in the world. Cross to the opposite side of the Pacific—go onward in the west until you arrive in the east again—and you will see that the mystery and philosophy of the Egyptian race, that all they did in science and art, are characterized by and inseparable from the sands, plains, plants, valleys, and the almost monotonous world in which they lived. People and country correspond; the country first, next the people. On this principle, every tree, every plant, all vines, will form among themselves very small organic beings—animalcules—if you will but give them opportunities and suitable conditions, so that the omnipresent organizing principle can operate through their parts. The bugs and worms on plum-trees will always differ from those upon vines and plants in the garden. The apple-tree, the cherry, the pear, and each flower, will have living creatures peculiarly adapted to their own productive sources and circumstances.

It is even so with the physical and human world. The constitution, propensities, and characteristics of human beings, are in keeping with the constitution, propensities, and characteristics of the soil. The amount and kind of sun-light, the kind and amount of sun-heat, the kind of lunar influences and the amount of star-shine, the kind of water, the nature of the vegetation, and the character of the animals, all go into the formation of a people or a race. The Egyptians left their soil, and the soil since seems almost to have died. Let a spectator examine it, and it would seem as though the valley of the Nile, with all its primeval abundance, had gone into slumber. Those great mountains and exceeding floral splendors, which are so wonderfully beautiful and grand and startling in the southern hemisphere of the globe, are not where the Egyptians once lived. In southern regions you at once see that the physical "circumstances" are fully reported in the temperaments and tendencies of the people. Volcanic peoples in volcanic countries. Silent, stealthy impulses in human nature just where Nature is impulsive. Volcanoes take a long time to mature. When they get ready to break open the crust of the earth, they do so, and immediately swallow whole cities with one terrific elemental convulsion. In such countries you find yourself among people who have in their characters corresponding impulses and designs. Give them time, and they, too, will silently incubate the largest revolution and produce the most ponderous monarchy; they will remorselessly overthrow and utterly destroy any government or constitution which shuts them from the indulgence of the largest propensities. Thus the volcanic "circumstances" of the world are repeated and reproduced in temperaments, in tendencies, and in the morals of the people; and thus, too, are visible in folks the water and the soil, and the sun-light and heat, the lunar influences, the star-shine, and also the ten million less noticeable circumstances of the age and climate.

In this connection I allude the reflections and facts of a "mother" concerning the influence of parental "circumstances" on offspring. She says:

"The precise character of the father, or the mother, is, probably, never reproduced in a child; the characters of children are a variously proportioned compound of father and mother, modified, often in a great degree, by the circumstances and condition of the mother during her periods of gestation. The circumstances, or the condition, of both, differ in most of, probably in all, her gestations, sometimes greatly. The influence of the father on the personal and mental characters of his children, which is evident, makes it probable that that influence varies with every child; according to the varying circumstances, the varying surroundings, pursuits, cares, pleasures, occupations, and states of mental and bodily health of the father. But the varied influence of the father is not easy to be traced out; though we may make some probable guesses, that some of the most lamentable variations in the children of the same family do proceed from variations in the father. But the varying influence of the mother is evident to all observers; and the observer by questioning even very unphilosophical mothers can make them, by the facts they can recollect, readily admit that certain of their expe-

riences during a period of gestation do coincide with the peculiarity of the child of that period.

"The mother during one gestation may be sick—during another, she may be in health; she may be lethargic and indolent during one, and active in mind and body during another; be delighting in reciprocal conjugal love, respect, and confidence, at one period, and be desponding, under blighted hopes and blighted affection at another; or be experiencing suspicion, jealousy, and hatred, under real or imagined injuries; at one period her intellect is benevolently active under the influence of the highest feelings; at another those feelings are dormant, causing the feelings that we call the worst (because when not under the control of the higher feelings they operate injuriously) to have undisputed sway; and her intellect becomes devoted to melancholy, or to bitter and revengeful ideas; at one period she may have pecuniary prosperity, at another, poverty, or the dread of it; she is excited or depressed by the varying conditions of her family and her friends; by varying elementary conditions; and by varying conditions in her locality, or in her country. The variety of combinations from all these circumstances is without end; and, as they are ever varying, it is very unlikely that the condition of a mother can be alike during any two periods of gestation; while it is certain that they cause it frequently to vary very greatly.

"Can we expect the children formed under very different conditions of the mother to be exactly alike? We see that they are not alike in form, size, and health; and as most of the mother's variable circumstances act diversely on her brain, and as all her other variable circumstances act indirectly upon it, it is only reasonable to suppose that though we cannot weigh or measure the different portions of the brains of children, their brains must differ more than their bodies do. And as even those physiologists who say that mind is a spiritual existence added to matter, admit that the manifestations of mind, or mental character, will be according to the size, organization, and condition of the brain, modified by the condition of the body, both Materialists and Spiritu- alists agree that differences in brain and body caused differences in character at the time of birth.

"That children are affected by transitory impressions on their mother's minds, is proved by the cases of physical markings, and deformities, familiar to every one as consequences of some short-lived desire, or fright, in mothers during gestation. I know a case of a child whose right hand is without fingers, as if the four fingers had been cut off; the mother had experienced a momentary fear that her fingers would be cut off, as she placed her hand under the descending knife of the butcher, directing him where to cut the meat; she received so slight a scratch that, as she says, she 'thought no more about it' until her child was born. If such transient emotion can cause such a variation, we may suppose that the more permanent mental conditions of the mother, often lasting through the whole period of gestation, must have a marked effect on the mental character of her child. Intelligent observers have collected a mass of facts upon the subject, which amount to proof (as nearly as proof can be obtained on a subject that must be inferential) that differences in the mother's circumstances-caused condition do produce mental differences in children. I will narrate a few of the facts known to myself:

"A wife with good intellect, and still better moral feelings, during her last gestation, forbearingly, from past love and respect, sustained a melancholy secret, a suppression of any expression of disgust—and fear of a husband who, by natural intellect and by education, once seemed her superior, but who, at this time, debased by drunkenness, had brought her to poverty, and to dread of debt and want; and who, in the frenzy of delirium tremens, was seeking to take the life of the wife he still respected and loved. The child of this gestation (now, in the prime of manhood) possesses the intellect of his parents, and the moral worth of his mother, but, unlike his parents in their happier days, unlike their earlier child, but like his mother when she bore him, he has ever had a manner of sadness, and has ever been eminently secretive, so uncommunicative of his ideas, feelings, and plans that he can be estimated only by his actions.

"Another wife, of different character, during her last gestation, was deserted by her husband, was left to poverty, and to experience the pang of jealousy in a high degree; her feelings were not controlled by any remembrance of former respectful love, for her husband was not so constituted as to excite that for himself, or to feel it for her, and in the time of her great trial she had but little moral restraint on her feelings—she indulged in hatred, and in bitter, vindictive feelings; her child, now fifteen years of age, is, as he has always been, the personification of softness of temper, and of that ill-nature that likes to give pain by word and deed—and such is his character. His features wear the same expression that his unfortunate mother's wore while she bore him.

"The mothers, in both cases, recognize the connection between their feelings and the character of their child.

"Mothers of several children, having one especially passionate child, have admitted that they were unusually passionate while bearing that child, from the circumstance that the husband, or somebody else, had been more provoking at that time than at any other.

"A mother, rejoicing in the serene and happy temper of her fourth child, told me that the circumstances of a hope of a better state of society, which she was experiencing during her gestation of that child, and her having

then learned that her temper would affect that of the child she bore, had given her happier feelings, and caused her to guard against ill-temper, and to cultivate kind feelings.

"A married couple with a medium amount of brain between them, were happy in mind, and in pecuniary condition—the wife was without care, and without pursuits, when their first child was born; that child had a smaller proportion of brain than either of her parents, and when she was twelve years of age, her mother said of her—'She is just as thoughtless as I was when I bore her;' but during the wife's second gestation, there was a variation in the circumstances of the couple; the pecuniary failure of a trusted friend reduced them to poverty, and to the necessity of finding some new means of supporting themselves and children; this aroused every faculty of their minds that before was sluggish—the change being greatest in the wife, who then, and ever after, participated in earning their living, and who became active in contriving to obtain for her family the utmost comfort that small means could afford; the second child was weak in body, but active and vigorous in mind; the third child had a quiet, thoughtful force of character, and they and all the succeeding children had larger brains than the first child had, and they promised, (under ordinary mental culture) to have larger brains than their parents have.

"These cases will suffice to illustrate the principle; such cases come within every one's notice. The existing national circumstances will have marked effect on many children now in the womb; hope in some minds, terror in others, timidity in some, courage in others, and all the various states of mind that the war engenders, will make many children, born during its continuance, differ in character from their brothers and sisters."

America is a new continent. We have here the richest and most expansive prairies. Do you see anything corresponding in the American people? Yes! Broad, rich, expansive, enterprising minds! Go out in the far-spreading West, where the great prairies sweep away like shoreless oceans, and the most impressive people thereon are like them. I do not mean that those who have recently gone from eastern States are like the external prairie; but I refer especially to those who were born and reared there, who have received their first impressions of Nature from the windows and doors of a prairie-home. Such minds are like the physical "circumstances" which surround them. They show muscular tendencies and mental powers which have been imparted by their physical environments. They are like the soil—very independent of embarrassments, very broad, and very sweeping in their opinions of men, customs, and fashions. The spirit of Freedom, like the fire that unrestrainedly rolls over the prairie, gathers strength every hour in the West. It is to be the most remarkable seat of social and national experience in this century. The most remarkable battles will be fought in the West. The spirit of Freedom there is not the New England idea of Freedom. It is the spirit of do-what-you-have-a-mind-to-do-attiveness—a sort of individual license not altogether allied to either justice or freedom. It is the prairie-form of national independence, however, which is beginning to rapidly educate and expand the powers of the western mind. I do not mean to say that these "circumstances" will mature and culminate in a revolution in the West. But this I am impressed to say, that the western world is affecting the minds of the people in such a manner as to cause them, in one of these coming years, to lose all national and political relationship to the people of the great mountains of the East; and the people of the mountains in the eastern States, who will aid in determining these historic events, will be ready to yield to the West the most wholesale independence. The people are being educated out of old-time opinions and institutions. They are brought out from their primal soils and climates, and they forget the sunshine and starshine of previous generations, and so easily glide into new "circumstances," by which they are imperceptibly molded and developed on a different plan.

The American mind is gradually assuming the form and tendencies of the mind of the Aborigines. The American mind is every day becoming less governable. It will no longer import its ideas of government; it no longer can import its religion; music for the people can scarcely be copied from trans-Atlantic sources. Fifty years more and the American mind will be setting up for itself in religion, in government, in music, in art. New schools upon the new soils will spring up. Americans have hitherto imitated and profited by the old examples and masters. Possible artists yet go over to Italy to study the old pictures. But the true American would rather study the artist, when he gets home, than to study what he has studied. When the art-lover returns and receives again the "circumstances" of his own native country into his mind, then he rises out of slumberous Italy and above all those Medieval schools of inspiration, and becomes once more loyal to the providential spirit of Progress which pervades the Continent of America.

The aboriginal spirit is bold, defiant, incorrigible, and independent. It can be broken; it cannot be conquered. Some minds pride themselves upon their Anglo-Saxon origin. They think that that race is unconquerable. That is not history. If we are really the descendants of Anglo-Saxons, we shall be conquered; because they were conquered in the very first stages of their development in England. And they have in them the spirit of "obedience" to "law" to such an extent that a dictator would be welcomed by them. There is a welcoming prayer put

up, especially through commerce and politics, for the safe and speedy arrival of some Dictator. Many descendants of Anglo-Saxons look for the inauguration of some Monarch in this country! But the spirit of the true people of the country has not yet been declared. That is supremely aboriginal. It is the spirit of personal independence, of national largeness, of great commercial expansiveness, and of unbounded research and enterprise. These conditions in the minds of true Americans, I say, come from the physical "circumstances" of their climate and soils, including the water, the air, the action of the sun through its heat and through its light, the influences of the moon and stars, and more powerful helps from the Summer-Land.

Next come the nearer and more potent "circumstances" known as society influences. Fortunately, they are transitory. But they come very near. They almost touch your nervous system. They affect you more sensibly and control your actions more than any or all of the other influences I have mentioned. Not more positively, perhaps, but more sensibly and immediately. When a human mind is touched by its immediate discordant surroundings, the soul feels them as quick and as disagreeably as you feel a dress that does not fit your waist, or a new shoe that pinches your tenderest toes. Society influences act directly upon your character. If I should let fall but ten drops of ink into a tumbler of water, those ten drops would be instantly dissolved and diffused through all parts of the fluid, and there is no chemistry that can restore that water to its original condition. The new element becomes incorporated inseparably with the receptive water.

So the circumstantial and potent drops that have been added to your soul's fluids from the streams of society have not been thrown off, but have been absorbed. They have become parts of your sensations and exterior character. Your outward faculties are impressed to assume the shape and properties of the nearest and strongest powers. Society influences are positive and imperative. They mold mankind in proportion to their nearness. They are inevitably connected with family relations, with particular duties, with business obligations, and always with selfish pursuits and interests.

The next set of potential "circumstances" which are always around a man, and which are still more inward and influential, are phrenological. It is not customary to say that the brain-organs in a man's cranium are "circumstances." But if you examine yourself closely, you will see that you have a phrenology which you are not, but belongs to you as tools belong to a mechanic. You naturally say to the Phrenologist: "I wish an examination of my phrenology—of my organs"—thus making a philosophical and perfectly accurate distinction between yourself and your phrenological "circumstances." You say to him: "Sir, I wish to know what powers (organs) I have, according to your science and measurement." You thus get mapped out, for future reference, your phrenological circumstances. You take the book containing your Chart and examine the names, and figures, and sizes, and functions, as one would look at a box of carpenter's tools. There is "tune," and here is "ideality," "sublimity," "conscience," and close under the brain is "combativeness," and so on—all the time separating yourself, and reserving your individual judgment and consciousness, from the details of the map which locates and describes your phrenological circumstances. A thoughtful man, never naturally says: "I wish the phrenologist to examine me." He who so addresses himself to a phrenologist, says something he does not comprehend. The comprehending power in the spirit never so speaks with reference to itself. It speaks only of something which is "circumstantial" to its most interior consciousness. However analytical you may be, you never undertake to analyze the consciousness of the consciousness which first sought and suggested the investigation. I supposed at one time that I could ultimately comprehend my own inmost. The consciousness of consciousness in me, which longed for and dictated the investigation, would not submit to self-comprehension. I found, what every one of you will find, that your inmost consciousness is an eternal reservation. It touches infinite on every side. It demands and permits no final self-comprehending analysis. It allies itself eternally with infinite Principles, and takes little interest in evanescent "thoughts." Spirit indulges the sportive play of "thoughts" in a supplementary way; merely tolerates them, but always with graceful concessions to their juvenescence.

Now it is to be remembered that these phrenological "circumstances" affect us more potentially than do our most intimate social "circumstances," because the former are so much more closely identified with the brain's workings. We are incarcerated within these cranial walls, and we reflect that we did not erect them. Many find entire justification, as they suppose, for any eccentricity, or for the habitual gratification of any impulse, or for any misconduct or mismanagement of which they are culpable, on the ground that they have received by transmission a bad phrenological organization for which they are not responsible. They justify themselves and say to mother and father: "Look at my phrenology! How could I help it?" But do you not see that there is reserved power in spite of which you seek the justification of your conduct in your "circumstances"? But while you will not always find justification, you may find plenty of pity and sympathy from kindly-natured persons, who estimate carefully your circumstances, and who try in charity to comprehend what measure of influence they exerted upon your motives and actions. Phrenology proves that "organs" about the soul exert upon personal disposition and character a distinct and positive influence.

Next, we are to examine our physiological "circumstances." We did not primarily make our physiological organs, but we do make the "conditions" under which those organs are required to perform their functions. Our physiological conditions come out of our foods, and drinks, and methods of living, and out of our habits—out of too little sleep, or too much of it; out of our industries, or out of our continued idleness—in short, whatever we may do, or not do, contributes to the formation of our physiological "conditions." But our physiological circumstances (by which I mean organization) came without predilection from our parents. We inherit the bodily forms and functions with our phrenology, as the latter came with our social and physiological

surroundings. Thus it stands: A man is born into his physiology, born into his psychology, born into his sociology, born into his geology, born into his climate; so that each individual is deposited (so to say) amid many and various concentric circles of shaping and molding influences. Mark you, the man is born into them; they do not make the man; the child does not consist of the center of these concentric circles of circumstances; and the circle nearest to the spirit will first exert its constructive influence upon the disposition and character.

Your physiological circumstances are first predominant. The contents of your phrenology—the brain organs—do not first influence you. The child first responds to the demands of its physiological circumstances. The young mind is affected first by the shape of the spine, by the action of the several joints, by the tendons and ligaments, by the size and proportions of the organs within the body, and, lastly, by the performance of their functions. The little child is in sympathy with its bodily organs and forces—with the ponderable parts and imperponderable powers that make up the physiological circumstances of its infancy. Its mind and feelings will be in bondage to them. Its life-manifestations will be in accordance with them until the phrenological circumstances begin to exert themselves upon the feelings and character. Then the little child changes from a physiological to a phrenological being.

This dependence upon phrenology may continue for years. Then come in the constructive powers of social and physical circumstances. The child-mind then begins to exhibit the action of social and physical circumstances upon both its physiology and phrenology. The young constitution very soon responds to the most outward "circumstances"—the physical globe, its climatology, its topography, and the soil; the action of the sun, its heat and its light; moisture, dryness, &c., &c.; whatever, in short, is considered appropriate or existing in the world of physical circumstances, is concerned more or less conspicuously in framing and making up the human character.

Spirit is in the center. Begin thus at the pivot and count the concentric circles. First, its physiological circumstances; second, its phrenological; third, its societary; fourth, its physical or geographical—the most external of all. Now do you not know that some persons remain through life under one or two of these concentric "circumstances"? Certain minds allow themselves to be molded and fashioned by whatever is nearest and most allied to their interests. They die at the end of fifty, sixty, or perhaps one hundred years, having been molded and shaped by one set of circumstances, and only modified or merely affected by the others.

Spirit, the inmost and eternal, is no such victim. It is the source of power. Force is animal. The soul is composed of motion, life, sensation, and intelligence. In the animal, but little; in the man, much. That power which is at the center of life, which is destined to gain the mastery, which takes hold upon infinitude, which is allied with whatsoever is divine and omnipotent, which is twin-born with justice, and truth, and virtue, and with all that is pure, and noble, and sublime—that power resides at the heart-seat of your life, the coming Lord of all circumstances. I am now speaking to that power. Some will hear; others will not. In the millions the inmost has not yet asserted its supremacy. Of course such do not feel themselves even partially masters of circles of influential circumstances to which I have referred.

I perceive that the spirit's battles are to be fought through power, not through force. But "force" is necessary. It is part of man's intelligence—is natural to motion, life, and sensation. But there is invariably a large amount of defeat as there is of victory in battles of mere force. "Action and reaction are equal" or nearly so, say all who study the laws of mechanics. They must calculate for loss of power by reaction in all mechanism which moves by means of motive power. Now what is a man? Does he not start out as a mechanism—the most perfect and the most fearful and wonderful piece of machinery in the world? The necessities and circumstances of his physiological organs cause him to call for drink, for clothing, for protection, for home, for love, and the ineffable attentions and blessedness of that love. Then his phrenology brings in its influence. All his brain-organs have motives, impulses, and powers, hidden in their centers.

But the time comes when, over and above all, a divine power, according to the definition first given, is born and revealed from within. This power comes through the soul. The soul is the battle-ground. Forces instead of powers first prevail. People are weary with battling with intellectual error, and, most of all, weary from battling with their "circumstances"—fatigued, annoyed, exhausted, despairing almost. Some minds grow disloyal to principles by means of too long indulged indifference. They cease to take an interest in themselves, and they retire from the battlefield vanquished and demoralized. Others go through all of life's battle, then they lie down at the end of the many struggles, and finally die from sheer mental exhaustion. But it is only "force" that fails. Power never feels exhaustion, never desponds, never "gives up the ship." Force, through the organs of your intelligence, plans the way. Power, however, will often conduct you to a very different plan and different result. You begin life with the impulsive ambition of "force"—with many inclinations for worldly distinctions—and you fix all your intellectual plans to consummate the ends of such ambitions. But presently you find that there is a "power" behind, and within, and above, shaping your destiny! And every step you take in your plans is a disheartening defeat. The very end which you supposed "impossible" is the only thing "possible" for you to do; and those things that seemed to you most possible, most in the direction of your preferences and energies, and most gratifying and attractive to your ambitions, were just the things which could not be done by you, because you had not power to control your concentric circles of "circumstances," which included the affections, thoughts, plans, and wills of many people. Society would not permit itself to be marshaled into the files of your aims. Therefore you could not conquer by "force"—something deeper, something higher, which I term "power," is needed.

What else have you with which you could conquer? I answer, "Use mere 'force' and you are utterly vanquished." Church folks talk very beautifully and approvingly about those submissive pious souls who say, "Father, thy will, not mine be done." Well, there is in that moral condition an interior truth. Do you suppose that those who were engaged in laying the foundation of the Christian system were all mistaken in their spiritual experience? Certainly not. They uttered those memorable words from an inward conviction and experience. What does it mean to be submissive to God's will? It means that "spiritual power," not mere vital force, must be permitted to have its only way in mapping out and regulating your destiny, and thus always to have the predominance of authority in the shaping of private experience. Power is long and patient in suffering, can uncomplainingly bear great outward persecution and contumely, and can bear up under all the trials and defeats which afflict you in the pilgrimage of life. Power, which is always from spirit, is never conquered. Force, which is always from vitality, or soul, is vanquished at every step. Sometimes, indeed, it commits suicide. It loses breath and drops below from the very climax of its victory. Because, I repeat, force is only an animal energy arising from the physiological and phrenological organs, and its efforts must necessarily be violent, exhaustive and suicidal.

Whoever feels this "power" feels also what we term a principle. Whoever feels what we term a principle, feels good and truth, or God, invariably in that same proportion that to that same measure of interior consciousness. Whoever feels God living in the form of Justice and Truth in his soul, is never conquered.

Suppose the soul that feels Truth, or Justice, or God, be put on a cross and crucified—what does that slight persecution amount to? I never could understand the "Much Ado about Nothing" in the Churches. What soul-harrowing accounts of the terrible persecution which attended and destroyed the Man of Power, or "the Man of God"? One of two things is certain—either that when "the Man of God" was being crucified he failed to realize the presence and power of the Spirit, or else the whole Calvary scene was spectacular and dramatic. It was either a performance, or else there was a failure on the part of the persecuted to realize the presence and power of Spirit. If it was no failure in this particular, then we must conclude his physical sufferings were not different, nor more severe or agonizing, than were those of John Brown or numbers of human beings who have innocently died on gibbets, in flames, or upon scaffolds.

Physiological suffering is the same with all organized humanity. Your sensitive persons experience inconceivable intensity of suffering for a few moments. But what human being has ever been known to sweat "drops of blood" in consequence of his physical suffering? Is such a case known? If, at the moment of the crucifixion, either by cross or by other means of destroying human life, the spirit should lose its conscious contact with the source of "power," then, indeed, would the sufferer almost sweat blood in the throes of his mortal and spiritual agony. Blood might burst out from every pore of the body. But there is too much said about "the sufferings of Jesus"; the exaggeration of his agony is simply dying as part of his mission. It is unjustifiable; the tears of sympathy that I have seen shed over the moral or bodily agonies of a man who died a no more terrible death than thousands of others have, might have been shed for more genuine sufferings. Jesus first carried his cross to the place of execution, and was then physiologically put to death. There is no logical proportion between the physical sufferings of the individual and the dramatic effect with which pulpit "harrows up one's feelings." One view or the other must be taken—either Jesus died in great agony to emphatically impress the world with the importance of his mission, or else it was really true that he felt that his God had departed from his soul, and that, perhaps, he was suffering without any just and sufficient reason. A feeling of agonizing doubt might cause blood to rush from his veins; but if he had a full sense of his perfect spiritual unity with the Divine Source of "power," what would it have been to be "shot," or forced to drink "poison" like Socrates, or "gibbeted," or "burned at the stake, like the early martyrs and patriots"? What would such agony amount to in a righteous cause? Nothing at all. Look at the brave-souled martyrs, in the consuming fires, all going heavenward with songs of praise on their lips! How many of them were moved to prayer and to expressions of gratitude while standing in the midst of flames! Vastly more sublime, many of them, than was the scene of the Cross-death on the mount. Why be absurd in this matter of a Son of Justice and Truth dying for the sake of his mission?

The shortest method to conquer "circumstances," is to ally yourself with Principles. Suppose you say: "I can comprehend only one thing, viz., the idea of Progress." Keep in mind, now, that the idea is a Principle. Now, suppose you say: "To that Principle I will be loyal, though the heavens fall." Can you not take that positive position? Whatever seems to me to be true, that I will adhere to, though I lose the whole world. Now I will adhere to it with power, not with "force." Force is animal; it is not "power." Secure your spirit by an indomitable adherence to some divine Principle. Fix your nature in its true orbit, and forthwith you are above anger, above enmity, above petty vices, above low motives, above vindictiveness, and, therefore, you are master and governor of all those demons of discord that beset your path. In proportion as you are loyal to a Principle, you will receive inspiration, and thus "power" is added to that life which is integral and eternal. How many of the Confederates, so-called in political circles, are just as good as Unionists, because they are loyal and obedient to what they conceive to be a Principle! The present Rebellion is based upon a reverse application of the principle of Liberty. It comes from the South northwest, while the opposite application goes from the North southeast, and thus the political spirit and interests of the people are left inverted and distracted. Force meets force, and battles occur as a natural result.

But suppose "power" should come and displace this "force." What would be the result? The result would be that these "miserable Democrats" and these "miserable Republicans"—one cannot tell which is the most miserable now-a-days—would meet

somewhere in Convention; and from the Sinai of that Convention of truly patriotic politicians and friends of peace would descend the "ten commandments" of a new nation and higher government. It will come to that "complexion" after warriors get through with the remedies of "force." Why? Because the Divine, in the ultimate, always gains a victory over what is earthly and unworthy. In theology, however, the devil always has the upper hand. But, in fact and in truth, the devil is always under. Discord, force, the war element, is finally put down. The animal world is beneath man; the angel world is above man; higher worlds roll over the angel world; the divinest Spirits through and within them all; and the superior always conquers. In this radical world of ours, the man of war is not a real conqueror; nor is the earth itself a real conqueror; nor is the animal world beneath man; the angel world is above man; higher worlds roll over the angel world; the divinest Spirits through and within them all; and the superior always conquers. In this radical world of ours, the man of war is not a real conqueror; nor is the earth itself a real conqueror; nor is the animal world beneath man; the angel world is above man; higher worlds roll over the angel world; the divinest Spirits through and within them all; and the superior always conquers.

Now, whenever the consciousness of a Principle is born in the human spirit, from that moment it ceases to be a "thing," and becomes a "power." In force you see what is rudimentary; in "power" that which is sublime. No defeat in power; always defeat in force.

Take any divine Principle, such as Liberty or Brotherhood. Learn the beautiful lesson of strict loyalty to your deepest conviction. Become harmonious with a principle, and you become "a power." Instead of feeling weary in battling with circumstances, you receive accessions of celestial strength from invisible sources. A friend may ask: "Do you not grow weary with labor?" "No," you reply, "I never think of it." Why? Because God and Nature, or immutable Justice and Truth, breathe into your nostrils "the breath of life" every instant of time—that is, if you are absolutely loyal to a Principle. Loyalty is power, as knowledge is power; and in true power there is victory, without exhaustion. You stand as "a power" in the center of substances—a center—ence in the center of your physiology, in your phrenology, in your society, and in still more external atmospheres and soils.

In the Bible you read that if a man does not single-heartedly and absolutely follow Truth, if he does not leave his father and mother "for my sake, he is not worthy of me." That is what Truth said to the world long ago. The writer, unfortunately, has got down the name of an individual instead of "Truth." To some minds "the man" personifies a Principle. It is reported that he said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Matthew, Mark, and Luke, have reported the Nazarene as identifying himself with the principle of Truth, or with God. "If a man does not forsake father and mother, son and daughter, he is not worthy of the Truth." Let each identify himself with divine Principles, and if wife, or husband, or son, or daughter, or Mrs. G. M., or any other relation does not choose to harmonize with that Principle, but is determined that you shall be an apostate and a rebel to it, then you should say, "Clear the way. My path is chosen. I shall walk according to my deepest, most sacred convictions, though the heavens fall." Feel and follow the principle of Truth, and you will find that no earth-relation is important. Take any Principle your soul may choose, and be faithful to it, "come what may." Suppose you be driven out of your business to-morrow; suppose your children starve; suppose the impatience of what was welling up in his soul than to obey the requisition of his mother, who probably had not a distinct idea of what her son's mission was. The Catholics, however, have made a Saint of her. Beautiful pictures! I love the painted Madonna; there is an idea in the conception. Anything truly beautiful is eternal—is "a joy forever." He did not seem to know anything very important about his mother. He had to be loyal to Truth, even if seemingly disloyal to heart-requisitions, which are very influential as binding mother and father to the soul of their spiritual-minded son.

Now we are all children. We have parents, and grandmothers, and grandfathers. These relations make positive requisitions upon us. A religious mother says, "Don't! I beg of you—don't go to Dodworth's Hall; don't you do it, or I shall get heart-sick and die." Well, if it be necessary, let her die. Be strong and firm. What is the use of "compromise"? If you have a Truth, stick to it! Let people see that you, like a miner in a dark world, carry a lamp in the front part of your mind—the light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world—which will shed its fulgent rays over all your terrestrial path. If you be faithful to your experience and convictions, it will shake the citadel of old theology to its foundations, and your expanding influence will revolutionize the cities and the kingdoms of the world. If you try it, there will be a great struggle among your relatives to rule your course. In these days, however, you will find plenty of spiritual company to aid you in your struggles. But the time was when a person had to make spiritual struggling all alone. Happily, that time is passed. You can now make progress with little friction, and with little personal or business expense. Let inverted and distracted. Force meets force, and battles occur as a natural result.

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E. Whipple will lecture in South-west Michigan during the summer and fall. Address Mattawan, Van Buren Co., Mich.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook will lecture at Portland, Me., May 3 and 10. Address box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

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Miss Martha Lewis Beckwith, Trance speaker, lectures in Taunton, Mass., during May; Quincy, Mass., June 7 and 14; Springfield, Mass., 21 and 28; Stafford, Conn., July 5 and 12. Address New Haven, Conn., care of George Beckwith.

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A Correction.

LETTER FROM DR. JACKSON.

"OUR HOME," DANVILLE, N. Y., April 18, 1863.

EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS: In your paper of to-day's date I find the following: "IMPORTANT TO KNOW.—In the published advertisement of Dr. Jackson's 'Our Home,' at Danville, occurs the following vastly important feature."

"The moral and religious tone of the institution is of a high order, based upon the Bible as the rule of life, and the little community here founded seems to be always under the control of a decisive Christian influence."

"In other words, to secure the patronage of sectarians, Dr. Jackson, notwithstanding his no-medicine theories, gives daily prescriptions of Bible—crams down vocal prayer and pious psalm-singing—in neither of which he has any more vital faith than he has in blue pills. If such pains be taken simply to secure pious patronage, it should be at the expense of liberal support."

Will you permit me to set you right, and so relieve your readers from being misled? In four things you are in error.

First. You speak of "Our Home"—the health institution over which I preside—as though it were mine. It is not mine, and never was, in whole or in part, I never having had a dollar's pecuniary interest invested in it; nor do I control its internal polity, except so far as this bears distinctly on its medical management.

Second. Neither the proprietors nor myself "cram down Bible prescriptions, vocal prayer, and pious psalm-singing." All persons have entire liberty of thought and action in regard to matters of religious worship, while members of "Our Home," and though of all "faiths" and "unbeliefs," do find it possible to live together in peace and good will. I respectfully and courteously challenge you, or any other person, to find, anywhere, a community numbering in all—as ours has done during the past winter—over one hundred and fifty persons, or as it now does, nearly two hundred persons, who manifest more of urbanity and courtesy, of manly sincerity and womanly grace, in their private and public relations, than do the members of this household. I make no qualifications, nor ask for exceptions. From the girl who pares potatoes to the Doctor who makes prescriptions, the rule of doing to others as you would have them do unto you obtains and receives daily practical illustrations.

Third. In your statement that "in the Bible, in vocal prayer, and in pious psalm-singing, I have no more vital faith than I have in blue pills," you are wrong. I am a decided believer in the Bible—else I should not be a Christian, which I am. Everywhere, and on all occasions, I would be known as a follower of Jesus Christ; not by means of religious or sectarian formulas, but by my manner of life, under all circumstances seeking to do to others as I would have them do to me, and choosing to suffer wrong rather than to do it. How then, can I lend myself to so unmanly and insincere a course towards THE PEOPLE, as, for the sake of their patronage, to deceive and mislead them? You have, in this grave accusation, done me great injustice. For no purpose nor for any end do I ever say one thing and mean another.

Fourth. You are wrong in supposing it necessary for me, in order to professional success, to act or to countenance others in acting insincerely or with disingenuousness. I am in possession already of a patronage large enough to satisfy any ambition, and while my methods of treating the sick have accorded to them the approbation of intelligent and considerate persons to the degree, which, up to this time, has been rendered by the public, I can have no motive for playing the trickster. My methods of treating disease are essentially unlike those practiced by any other man or woman outside of "Our Home," and the restoration to health of the invalids who come here is my voucher. My professional skill, so far as I know, is not sought by the sick because of my entertaining certain religious sentiments, nor do I feel myself at liberty to give or withhold any information, or to extend or refuse professional assistance to invalids, because of their accord or dissent with me in religious, social, or political opinions. I am not anxious to make proselytes to my opinions, but only to have others receive my utterances in a liberal spirit, casting them into that great crucible wherein all opinions are ultimately tested. If false, to have them perish forever; if true, to have them come forth like refined gold, to form constituent portions of that system of universal truth, my ideal of which is God. I am, respectfully,

JAMES C. JACKSON.

REMARKS.

We are very glad to be corrected when in error. In penning the brief criticism, we were moved simply by a distaste for popular advertising clap-trap. A profession of fealty to a theology in which there is little vital faith, is unworthy Reformers or honest men.

To notice the four points of correction, in order, we have simply to remark that: No. 1 seems slightly equivocal, since Dr. Jackson "presides over" "Our Home," and it is best known by his name.

2. Is well taken if entire liberty of choice is accorded to all patients, though we might perhaps urge the danger of leaving either these objectionable features or blue pills "lying around loose"!

3. The absence of evasion in the reply to this head leaves us no alternative, but to stand corrected! We do not disagree in our estimate of the Golden Rule as a law of action. Dr. Jackson "would be known as a

follower of Jesus Christ." In the same sense we are a follower of Confucius. When one declares himself a Christian, he implies a belief in the "Christian scheme of salvation." In this sense we are not Christian.

Dr. Jackson says he "is a decided believer in the Bible." So are we in blue pills. Both are substantial verities, quite too substantial and potential for the purposes to which they are applied.

The doctor's faith in blue pills as an infallible remedy is about as strong as our faith in the Bible as an infallible book. But for another argument we might inquire if the converse of this proposition is not equally true.

4. Is not a correction, but a conceit. We did not and do not think it necessary ever to act insincerely.

A later mail brings us a letter, from a valued correspondent, Jas. G. Clark, the publication of which is rendered unnecessary by the above letter from Dr. Jackson. We cheerfully copy a brief personal tribute to Dr. J.:

"I never yet left his presence without having clearer views of life, and feeling strengthened in my noblest aims. I not only regard him as the most valuable friend I have ever found, but my observation of his fearless honesty in the advocacy of truth, and of his wonderful success as a Reformer in every sense of the word, makes me an earnest witness in his behalf."

This is no more gratifying to us than Dr. Jackson's own and somewhat different statement. We care very little what may be his religious views or practices. All these words come from a single point of criticism, which is making an advertising dodge of religion any way.

When we go to a tailor's or shoemaker's, we look to the workmanship of the article manufactured, not to the religious "tone" of the shop! "Our Home" is doubtless a good place for invalids. We put more faith, and thank the physician does, in the remedial benefits from the pure air and spring water, than in the "religious tone" or "Christian influence" of the establishment. Why in all reason put these latter commodities in market!

C. M. P.

Letter from H. B. Storer.

H. A. TUCKER OF FOXBORO.

BOSTON, April 20, 1863.

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR FRIEND: In your friendly and well-deserved notice of the "good physician" of Foxboro, Mass., as published in the HERALD OF PROGRESS of Jan. 27th, you were made by the printer to introduce him as "H. A. Jackson" instead of H. A. Tucker, Clairvoyant Physician.

As the HERALD is usually considered by its subscribers a reliable paper, many of them did rely upon its statement and directed their letters to the mythical Jackson instead of the spiritual and substantial Tucker. Fortunately, before these letters were sent to the dead-letter office, or the patients became dead-heads, the sagacity of the postmaster atoned for the error of the printers, and the letters were delivered to the doctor, and I hope the patients delivered of their diseases.

To your just encomiums of his clairvoyant powers I can add the results of my observation and other's testimony, that he is unusually successful in casting out the devils of disease, "the fame whereof has gone out into all the world," viz., Boston and vicinity.

That such physicians may multiply and be perfected, the quality of whose lives are as pure and healthful as their vision is clear concerning the causes and cure of disease, from whom healing influence emanates as naturally and beautifully as aromas from balsamic trees, whose presence by the bed of sickness is valued as much or more than their medicine, who come, in truth, as God's messengers, with "healing in their wigs," is the prayer of all who have realized the value of such attendance, and the power which such men and women can exert. When the care of the sick is intrusted only to these naturally qualified physicians, and the quacks of all schools and no school at all shall be unable longer to deceive credulous dupes by learned ignorance or unblushing falsehood—if that time ever comes—then shall be fulfilled the word of the Lord, spoken by Isaiah the prophet, "They shall build the old waste places, they shall raise up the former desolations, they shall repair the waste, the desolations of many generations." So note it be.

H. B. STORER.

Father Beeson's Meeting in Washington,

IN BEHALF OF THE INDIANS.

The meeting in Sneed's Hall the other night elicited a deep interest for the Indians. Several gentlemen and one lady participated in the discussions. Father Beeson read the following Report and Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, and a committee, consisting of both sexes, appointed to devise ways and means for a more satisfactory relationship between the different races of men under the control of our Government:

"The committee having given the subject of our Indian affairs a careful consideration, have arrived at a conclusion which is in direct conflict with the action of the late Congress in regard thereto. At the commencement of the session, Senator Wilkinson, of Minnesota, affirmed in his place in the Senate that the outbreak on the part of the Indians was without cause, without motive, and without pretext. He affirmed that under this causeless impulse the savages massacred over a thousand of the white settlers. A lady lecturer, Mrs. Wisshelm, employed by distinguished officials of Minnesota, said, in the lecture-room of the Presbyterian Church, under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, that the

number of white persons slaughtered by the Indians was 1,500, and so eloquently has this lady and her employers portrayed the horrible doings of the savages that many good friends of the Indians have ceased to feel any more sympathy for them. Pastors and philanthropists everywhere have become more or less incensed against the entire aboriginal race in our country. Mrs. Wisshelm seems to rejoice in the success of her own efforts to induce this general state of feeling towards our Indian neighbor; for, in a letter which was published in the St. Cloud Democrat of March 5th, (a Minnesota paper), she gives the concluding paragraph of her Washington speech, and the effect it had upon the audience, as follows:

"Whenever these government pets get under Uncle Sam's wing, our people will hunt them, shoot them, set traps for them, put out poison baits for them, kill them by every means we would use to exterminate panthers. Every Minnesota man who has a soul and can get a rifle will go to shooting Indians, and he who hesitates will be black-balled by every Minnesota woman and posted as a coward in every Minnesota house."

"She adds: 'Well, I think they applauded that sentiment for full five minutes, and appeared as if they did not like to quit them. So our people in Minnesota must have a deep and public sentiment on their side.'

"Your committee do not quote the foregoing to bring unmerited odium upon the lady lecturer who gave it utterance, or upon the Christian people who gave the sentiments such hearty applause, but to show the necessity of knowing the whole truth."

"Two special commissioners had been sent at the commencement of the present administration purposely to ascertain the condition and treatment of the Indians in the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Kansas, and the Territory of Nebraska. Their reports exhibit a system of fraud and outrage committed upon the Indians so enormous that it would be difficult to find it exceeded in the history of nations. They show that so far from being true that the Indians had no cause for the outbreak, as asserted by their accusers, that they had a cause far greater than the causes which have induced the people of the northern and southern sections of our country to seek each other's destruction. Among the items mentioned in these reports are the non-fulfillment of treaties by the government. The Indians have again and again been compelled by violence and by fraud to part with their choice lands for a stipulated price, which they never get, and for the want of which they become paupers and beggars, and hundreds of them die of starvation. It is stated in a published letter, written by the Right Rev. Bishop Whipple, whose residence is near the scene of disaster in Minnesota, that four years ago the Sioux sold the government 100,000 acres of land, and of \$60,000 due to the Lower Sioux, they have never received a cent; and for two years the Indians have demanded to know what has become of their money, and threatened revenge if it was not paid. In June, 1862, they came to the agency for their dues, but the agent could give them no satisfaction and no subsistence. Hundreds of them waited two months past the time for their annual payment, until famished and maddened by hunger; and while in this extreme condition they were driven from the South of their rights."

Then came the horrors for which Senator Wilkinson affirms "there was no cause." But the reports of these special agents not only show the non-fulfillment of treaties by the government, but also the frequent impositions of contractors, traders, and agents. Contracts for good flour at a high price are filled with an article that would stand like a block of chalk when the barrel was broke, requiring an ax to chop it in pieces. Prime pork has been paid for when top-heads and legs below the hams, and rotten at that, has been sent for their use. Drunken agents and drunken interpreters are employed to manage for them, and schools reported in operation where there are none in existence. The names of boys and of the lowest class of drunken Indians are sometimes obtained by speculators as vouchers to important documents. In this way \$250,000, belonging to the Indians has recently been paid away on fraudulent claims without the knowledge or consent of the proper parties. But it is not only the frauds, but the murders and the utter destitution of all protection of the civil law which the Indians have to complain of; and since the unfortunate affair in Minnesota, and the prejudices got up against them by hired lecturers and writers, their condition is a hundred-fold worse than at any former period since the landing of the pilgrim fathers. The spirit of murder and malice which the tongue of falsehood and slander has spread over the country, will, if not soon checked, exterminate the aboriginal race from our midst."

"Your committee are happy to have it in their power to state that very much of what has been said to the prejudice of the Indians is either false or greatly exaggerated; for instead of there having been 1,500 white persons slaughtered by the Indians, it is declared by persons who have made diligent inquiries in Minnesota, that there were not five hundred lives taken, and that white men dressed and painted as Indians were the leaders and perpetrators of the bloody work. It is also affirmed by some who were taken captives by the Indians that they were treated by them with uniform kindness. It is, therefore, but just to infer that if outrages were committed without cause, it was the exception, and not the rule; and the appeal of Mrs. Wisshelm to the base passions of blood-thirsty men to hunt, shoot, and poison Indians, is as cruel and as unjust as it would be to invoke a like treatment on any community on account of the thieves and murderers that may be among them."

"Your committee would, therefore, beg leave to offer the following preamble and resolutions as the practical idea which the facts before them have suggested:

"Whereas, Reports are in circulation greatly exaggerating the facts of the Indian outbreak in Minnesota, thereby exciting outrage and anger between the races; and,

"Whereas, It is the duty of the strong to help the weak, and the civilized to improve the savage; therefore,

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed in the city of Washington to suggest ways and means for a thorough reformation of the Indian Department, and for the full recognition of the Indians' rights as a free and sovereign nation."

Miss Anna E. Dickinson.

BY N. P. WILSON.

We clip the following portraiture of this young orator from the Home Journal:

"Miss Dickinson is a symmetrical young creature, every movement showing a well-knit agility of frame, and her build and action altogether being just what would be picked out for a daring horsewoman. The Napoleonic mold of her jaw expresses the energy which is her leading characteristic. Her features are otherwise well chiseled, her forehead and upper lip of the Greek proportion, and her nostrils thin. The men would all call her beautiful—the women would admit it with their usual reluctance—but we thought (ourselves) that she was a beauty, but for the look, a little too determined, of that strongly-molded jaw, though this would better hold the throat-latch to a helmet, and make her look more like a Semiramis in the field. She wore her hair with the adolescent cut of a young Hephestus, had long sleeves and a high-necked dress, and with the contralto fullness of her voice, seemed, in fact, more ready for masculine service than for the 'complying tenderness' of her sex."

"But how, under the delicacy of a girl of eighteen, could be gathered the strong wisdom which she poured forth so volubly that night was to us a wonder! As she walked up and down before the thousands in that crowded hall, she discussed the topics so grave that they required rather the scope and grasp of a senator's mind or historian's, and presented them to the enthusiastic crowd with a fluency that was wholly without hindrance. How, to such youthful lips, flowed so easily such stately language! How over every gesture and look, every turn of argument and every cadence of voice reigned such absolute self-possession! How, amid the gracefulness of that virgin beauty, could accumulate the thunder to denounce a laggard as she denounced McClellan, execrate traitors as she did Beauregard and Davis! Effortless and modest as it all was, it was too uncommon to seem natural. It was a woman in the exercise of an inspired gift."

"A lady friend, who met Miss Dickinson at a party at the house of Mr. Charles Gould, tells us that the eloquent damsel there held a long and earnest conversation with Mr. Fremont, and that her manner in society is so tranquil and thoughtful as to inspire great respect. Her expression is absorbent and deferential, and she is much admired by the eminent men with whom she chances to converse. Mr. Fremont says that she reminds him very strongly of Rachel, the French woman of genius, and that her tones particularly are wonderfully like the great tragedian's. What is to be the destiny of such a Miss? She has appeared, now, forty-three times in public, and is to go on with what she knew, (from childhood, she says) was to be her 'Mission.' The advent of a 'Joan of Arc' is prophesied, as we all know. But is it to be for this time and crisis, and is Miss Dickinson 'the woman' on whom the mantle has already fallen?"

"With the expectation that we have yet much to write of the doings of this fair prophetess, we admirably take our leave for the present."

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