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[WHOLE No. 188]

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 person will expire with his subscription.

Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

A. B. F., LOWVILLE, N. Y.—Your various articles are on file for examination.

J. M. P., ROCKFORD, ILL.—Your article, "Prother, on 'Individuality of Spirits,'" is received and will soon be published.

S. M. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.—We are in possession of your article on the "Philosophy of the Human Voice," which will in due time receive attention.

G. B. STREIBING, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, writes that he is to spend some months in Michigan speaking mainly on "The Rebellion, and our Home Work for Liberty and Union."

M. A. T., PRINCETON, MINN.—So many poems, dear friend, are awaiting publication in our drawer, that we shall hardly make room for yours at present, perhaps not at all; but we are sure you will feel that it is all right.

C. L. P., OSHEOSH, WIS.—We cannot well publish your letter, dear friend, but we respond heartily to the sentiments therein expressed. Would that all the women (and men) of the North were equally clear-sighted and patriotic.

A. T. H., CLAREMONT, N. H.—We have not the situation which you desire, nor do we know of any such in this city at present. Yes, friend, we remember you well, and the medical aid you once so kindly bestowed.

H. E. S., DANVILLE, IND.—Your kindly interest in those who are emerging from darkness into light, is fully appreciated by us. Many similar articles come to us and are awaiting publication, so that yours may not appear, but the spirit which prompted it will surely bless the world.

MRS. JOSEPHINE S. GRIFPIN is in the lecturing field in Michigan and Indiana for the "Woman's Loyal League." A correspondent writes: "She has suffered much and is serene and noble in soul. She should be commended as able, and eloquent and true."

C. N. K., a valued correspondent, writes: "May we not render life much more beautiful and enjoyable, more conducive to the purposes for which we live, by cherishing only pure and truthful thoughts, and by speaking kindly, pleasantly, encouragingly, whenever it is possible to do so? There does not appear to be any necessity for trying to be repellent and disagreeable, of building up social barriers, or promoting antagonistic feelings, there being already a superabundance of that sort of obstacle to the establishment of truly fraternal relations among mankind."

For the Herald of Progress.

3 Question.

BY DE VERE VINING.

"I would that I could utter My feelings without shame, And tell him how I love him, Nor wrong my virgin fame."

Alas! to seize the moment When heart inclines to heart, And press a kiss with passion, Is not a woman's part."

(From the Spanish.)

Oh! why should woman be debarred The highest holiest pleasure, Of pouring out her sweet regard For her soul's dearest treasure?

Say, why should she, for shame, suppress The tenderest emotion, And never by word or deed express Her spirit's great devotion?

Has she no yearnings to assuage— No interests to follow? Must she her predilections gage By standard base and hollow?

Has man alone the power to love— The right alone of saving? Is he by nature placed above The object he is wooing?

Oh, tyranny the most unwise! Oh, slavery most inhuman! That doth forbid the exercise Of Nature's laws by woman!

When will you learn, oh tyrant man, This fact, and grant it true, sir: That woman has, in God's great plan, Her rights as well as you, sir?

She has her likes, her loves, her choice— Like you, she needs must prize them; Why will you raise cold censure's voice, If she but exercise them?

Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

Homeopathy.

Perhaps the HERALD has some readers who are, as I have been, somewhat prejudiced against this system of medicine. I always believed that the principal and only merit of the whole thing consisted in giving no medicine at all, in truth; that it was a kind of hobbling-stick for drug-sick humanity. In spite of my spiritualistic inclinations, my faith did not go so far as to put up with such dilutions as homeopathic doctors make. Of late, I was induced by some friend to try an experiment. Here's my case:

For five or six years past I have been troubled with the so-called prairie-itch. It came back on me every spring so bad that I always dreaded going up-hill on warm days, for that reason, because the so increased warmth and circulation invariably produced such a tormenting, unbearable itching. I got about six pills of sulphur, and, before taking them, dieted myself according to homeopathic rules. That alone did not cure me, I know most positively by experience. The very next day after my taking the pills was a pretty warm one, and I was to go up a steep hill-side. I most certainly expected to feel the itching tormentor again, when, to my surprise, I was left quite untroubled, and have been so since then. The proof was most conclusive for me, and so I lost no time in procuring a supply of pills for my own use and family, in order to be armed and equipped against any emergency.

Zurich, Switzerland. H. S.

Medical Miscellany.

"Drowsiness."—A heated church and a dull sermon are almost sure to induce sleep. There are few men whose powers are equal to the task of opposing the joint operation of two such potent influences; they act on the spirit like narcotics, and the person seems as if involved in a cloud of acetic or belladonna. The heat of the church might be resisted, but the sermon is irresistible. Its monotony falls in leaden accents upon the ear, and soon subdues the most powerful attention.

"Quick Antidotes."—If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water with a heaping tea-spoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison may still remain, swallow the white of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee, these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen other articles known, with the advantage of their being always at hand; if not, a half-pint of sweet-oil, or lamp-oil, or "drippings," or melted butter or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

"Philosophy of the Bloody Sweat."—By thine agony and bloody sweat."

[Liturgy.]

Mons. Chauvfford relates a curious case of a girl aged twenty-one, small, sanguineous; brain but little developed; mind weak, idle, and obstinate; addicted to contemplation, and who was persecuted by her parents for having adopted her religion. She fled her paternal mansion, and, after seeking various asylums, was admitted into a hospital. She was at that time subject to hysteric attacks, manifested by general convulsions, exquisite susceptibility of the public and hypogastric regions, &c. When the attack was violent, and continued some hours, the patient went into a sort of ecstasy characterized by fixed eyes, loss of intelligence, &c., and a bloody sweat was poured out by the cheeks and epigastrium; the blood was in small drops, and stained the linen. This phenomenon occurred whenever the hysteric catalepsy continued for a long time, or was exasperated by the impatience of the patient. These symptoms continued for three months, and then yielded to revulsive bleeding and revulsive topical applications.

[Transactions Medicales.]

"Universality of Law."—All created things are subject to laws. Obedience to these laws among the animal creation is followed by happy results, while disobedience brings pain, sorrow, and most of the ills to which man is subject, ending at last in an untimely death.

Man, the highest order of God's earthly creation, possessed of power of mind and versatility of muscular action far above the brute creation, is in the same ratio subject to a greater variety of Nature's laws, consequently capable of a higher degree of enjoyment, or wider field of misery, according as he obeys or violates these laws. We may be regarded as wandering from our subject; but let any practicing physician look over his field of labor for a few years past, and inquire into the causes of the many diseases he has been called upon to treat, and we doubt not that he will find a large majority of those ills the result of violated laws. Necessarily connected with law is penalty. Violated laws must necessar-

ily meet with punishment, and disease is often the result of violated law. These are facts admitted, but we fear not generally carried into practice.

"Life's Happiest Period."—Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares: "There is no pleasure I have experienced like a child's mid-summer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a greasy nose-gay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him."

Childhood.

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

The Three Fairies.

One day a little child sat by a window sewing. Her little face was clouded, and as she dropped her scissors, and her thread became knotted, and her spool of cotton rolled away, she gave expression to her feelings in a peevish fruitfulness which took away all the sunshine from her little face, as a dark cloud hides all the brightness of a sunny day.

"I don't know why mother gives me this sewing to do," said little May—that was her name—"I wish I could get out and play."

Presently she saw a little figure in a gauzy dress, all spangled with dew-drops, approaching her, and a sweet voice like music addressed her in these words:

"I am come, my little girl, to bestow upon you three gifts; carry them with you through life, my child, and they will give you to bear all its troubles, to fulfill all its duties, and to enjoy all its pleasures."

Then May looked, and behold, three little fairies stood before her, so tiny she could almost hide them in the bell of a daisy; and one of them, in a pure white robe, with sweet blue eyes, came stealing up to May's little chair.

"This," said the fairy, "is Patience." Now, when May looked down upon Patience, Patience smiled; and her smile was so full of quiet peace and beauty that little May stretched out her arms, and the pretty thing nestled close to her heart, and whispered:

"Oh, keep me always here!" May answered: "Yes, Patience, I will!"

Then May looked at the second little stranger, and his robe was blue, and he had dark, laughing eyes, and a face full of resolution.

"This," said the fairy, "is Courage." Courage scarcely waited for an invitation, but he sprang to May's arms, and he looked up to May with his dark eyes full of hope and fire, and he shook back his curls, and whispered:

"I shall stay, too, May; though I am but a little fellow, I can do great things; my little sister Patience will need me, and I can help you very much."

Then May said: "You're a resolute little fellow, and I could not say No; you shall stay also."

Then Courage laughed, for he always had his own way.

And May looked again—oh, how beautiful was the third one! She could not see his dress, save that it was of dazzling brightness. Sunbeams played upon his face—love in his eyes. Sunshine rested upon his golden curls; he had the bright look of Courage, and the hopeful look of Patience, but something more than this. May was almost afraid to look too steadily upon him, lest he should vanish away, and yet she longed to take him to her heart forever.

"Will he come?" said she; "I want him also!"

"Well," said the fairy, "his name is Joy." And Joy whispered, as he wound his arm about May's neck: "I never live apart from my sister Patience and my brother Courage; if you cherish and love them, you will always find me here."

Then May looked again upon Joy, his face had changed; it wore the peaceful, quiet look of Patience, full of unappalable happiness; and again, it was like the rippling water dancing in the sunlight—all smiles and gladness—and May thought there never was anything half so beautiful as Joy; and her eyes filled with tears, and she kissed him fondly, and said:

"Oh, Joy, stay always with me!" And the fairy had gone when May raised her eyes again; but Patience and Courage, and Joy, were still there in all their beauty.

Then May thought, "Oh, my work! and May took her work, "Oh," she said, "it is that hard seam—I cannot do it!"

"Yes," said Courage, "try; I will help you, I am sure we can!"

And when May saw the flash of his earnest eyes, she felt that, with him as a helper, she should not fail. She began to work with a hopeful spirit, and the seam grew quite easy, with Courage to help her, and May was

glad when she remembered the fairy had said he might always stay. But presently May's thread knotted and her scissors fell, while she was in great haste to finish her work.

May was just about to exclaim, "Oh, dear!" in her old fretful manner, when little Patience sprang down after the scissors, and kissed May, and unfastened the knot; then May felt a little ashamed of her ill-temper, and she thought: "How glad I am that Patience staid!"

Then very soon the work was finished, and May folded it up, and Joy laid his curly little head against her cheek, and she looked in his face, and his dancing eyes were full of light; and May kissed him again with tearful eyes—why, she could not tell, only she was so very happy; and away she flew to show her work to her mother.

Then May awoke, for she had been asleep all this time, dear children, and it was all a dream. Her mother stood beside her, and May told her mother of her dream.

"Oh! mother, I am so sorry that they are gone. It was such a pleasant dream! But, mother," said May, "I will never forget them!"

"No," said her mother, "you may always keep them, my little daughter. Patience and Courage in your daily efforts will always bring you great peace and joy."

Now, my little friends, if you have a hard lesson to get, or a hard sum to do, or a piece of work you do not like, remember the three little fairies. Call little bright-eyed Courage to help you begin your task. He will always say: "Try, children; feel that you will succeed; it is half the battle; do your best." And remember Patience; when you feel discouraged, she will say, "Try again; I will help you as much as Courage—more, perhaps." And you need not call Joy till your task is done, for he never comes unless Patience and Courage have been there also. Ah! but then he will come, and you will feel in your own little hearts the brightness that May saw in the fairy Joy of her morning dream.

The Teachings of Nature.

"Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of Nature."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Education of Children.

THE KINDER GARTEN.

Those who are interested in the welfare of the rising generation will probably agree with me that the education of our children is a matter of great importance and a subject which ought to claim the calm consideration of every one; a question of immense importance when we consider that the child, from its birth through all eternity, will exercise an influence, either voluntary or otherwise, on all with whom it may come in contact, and even upon those removed from and with whom it never had converse or association. Do I assume too much in saying this? Would time and space permit, I would gladly show my doubtful readers the truth of my assertion. It is not my purpose at present to speak of the powers of the full-grown man and woman upon surrounding subjects, but rather, to show the receptive condition of the child and the necessity of a judicious training from a very early age. The infant has little or no understanding, because that is the result of experience and self-evident truth; but its instincts are large and active, it lives on its surroundings, and absorbs, through channels visible and invisible, good and evil—from mother, nurse, friend, and the stranger who gives it but a passing word.

In childhood the phrenological development is such, that neither word, look, or action, escapes the notice of those who have advanced a few years from infancy. It is a perfectly natural consequence, because the child feels and knows instinctively its dependent condition, and grows on what it feeds.

How all-important is it, then, that we be circumspect at all times, but most especially so when in the presence of children! Seek for truth and act out your highest idea of right, and you can do no more. The majority of married people are unfit to have children, if for no other reason, because they lack judgment and self-control in bringing them up; and half the teachers in our schools are out of place, because they hold not the magnet within themselves which shall draw out the mental capacities of the child, rouse its loves into active usefulness, and make it feel that every hour spent in the school-room is one of pleasure as well as use.

Most parents send their children to school with but two ideas—the one, that they are bound to learn because they foot a bill for that purpose; the other, that they—the parents—are to be entirely free from any trouble or responsibility in the matter. A grave mistake, but nevertheless they make it, and conse-

quently a heavy charge and wearing labor rests upon the conscientious teacher. Mothers, do you not know that the child looks to the parent as the highest authority, and that a watchful interest on the part of the parents, a look or word of approbation, a gentle chiding when necessary—always appealing to the best and finest feelings of the child—go very far to corroborate the efforts of the teacher? A teacher with keen perception of human nature—one who sees the wants and knows how to apply the needful, one who knows just when, where, and how to address the mind of a child—can do very much toward the development of that beauty and use which is wrapped up in every child. But to carry out this idea is an actual toil and trial which few teachers are willing to undergo, and fewer parents are capable of appreciating.

The child naturally desires to learn; its mind reaches out to comprehend that which it sees; its organs of eventuality and imitation are large, and it is through these channels that the first and most lasting impressions are made. Parents, trifle not with your questioning children, laugh not at their most absurd ideas, neither ridicule that which is too simple for your consideration; for in so doing, you choke up the outlet through which the growing mind flows, and which, like the dancing, dashing waters of the brook, makes a sudden sally here and there, now and then, as it goes on its way, dashing against rocks, picking up treasures in its course as it flows and flows onward to join and live in the brimming river of knowledge. But parents will not recognize the duties which they ought to fulfill. What is to be done? Where are we to look for help? In the schools? I can with hopeful pleasure say, Yes, in some of them. I have visited many, and find in all of them some points to be highly commended, but, after careful consideration, I think none of the systems are so admirably adapted to the needs of the child, or so well calculated to develop both the mental and physical powers, as that of the Kinder Garten. There is a beauty and harmony in the system, which, I think, few, after investigation, can fail to perceive.

I am indebted to Mrs. R. T. Hallock (formerly Mrs. Dietz) of 79 East 15th Street, New York City, for the thorough knowledge which I have obtained of the plan of instruction in her Kinder Garten School. During the past year I made her a number of visits, and was surprised to see from time to time the rapid improvement in her scholars. The general plan and particular mode of instruction in her school is such, that, of the subject treated upon, just so much is presented as the mind is capable of receiving for the time, and instead of—as the child thinks—dry, meaningless words, ideas are communicated by means of a series of connected questions, and also—so far as practicable—through tangible means and by ocular demonstration; consequently, each pupil leaves the class with some definite idea of the subject under consideration. It is her particular purpose and intention that every available point shall be addressed, but not overtaxed. This plan of attack is not exclusively for the younger children, but full-grown young ladies also come under the same mode of treatment. Everything is brought before pupils in a pleasing form, every subject so proposed as to insure attention and interest. Attention is also paid to the development of physical health and beauty, and while the gymnastic exercises, accompanied by music, effect this object, they also relieve the monotony of long-continued book-work. No other system of instruction—as it appears to me—is so well calculated to secure to pupils a competent foundation for subsequent improvement. I shall take occasion to visit this School again, as I understand Mrs. Hallock has recently made extensive alterations and additions to her premises, in order that she may accommodate more boarding-scholars, as well as have facilities by which she can more thoroughly work out her great ideas. I consider her plan a radical improvement in the method of teaching, and every effort made in that direction should meet with decided and efficient support.

We have long needed reform in our schools as well as in other departments of national existence, and that system of education which enables the many—instead of the few—to emerge from ignorance and selfishness, is the best one for sustaining a free government. This nation to-day is struggling to wipe out errors and to turn to a clean page in the history of an enlightened country; but never, until every voice is raised to proclaim, and the very hills give back the sound—"Victory is ours!"—will men and women know what to teach their children.

POLYHYMNA.

A Truly Republican Institution.

In the so-called lower classes of the people are undoubtedly often found the finest talents and the very best moral dispositions; and it is at the same time but too frequent that through want of opportunity, or through poverty, they remain uncultured and unused, to their own detriment and that of the public; for with a better education such persons could always render to their State far superior services than by working in factories or running as a "hand" behind a farmer's plow, honorable as such occupations undoubtedly are. Therefore it lies in the well-understood interest of the State to try as much as possible to develop and employ such talented men. The expenses incurred in this wise refund themselves a hundred-fold, in as many ways—come home to all classes of the population. The talented but poor fellow has a chance to climb to a higher station in life, and such without any humbugging; the rich get the better teachers and preachers, the capitalists reliable administrators, and so on.

I deliberately use the word "reliable;" for young men who, from boyhood, have tugged, worked, and exerted themselves to attain self-set aims, and who know that only by their real worth they can succeed, such men, I say, will generally become more trustworthy than such quick-baked, hot-house officers, civil or military, as America sometimes can boast of. If they cannot hope to cover, by the effects of a good mouth-piece, the want of education and moral worth, then they will and must strive to obtain these qualifications in reality. But how to get young men from the poorer classes to study, how to enable them to come forth—that's the question. Here our State nobly comes forth to support them. In our small State of 260,000 inhabitants, a sum of about \$6,000 is annually thrown out in behalf of poor scholars and students, and a goodly number of spiritually gifted young persons are thereby enabled to become eminently more useful to the community and benefit themselves at the same time. The writer of these lines himself would have had—if it had not been for this institution—but poor chances in life, his parents not possessing at all the means to give him the education that would have fitted him for the position he now occupies in life. My history may stand here as an instance for many other ones.

Of course I had to go to the primary school until I was in my eleventh year, for no one child is allowed to stay away unless its parents can prove that it is instructed by a competent person. Some members of the Board of Education in the village persuaded my parents to send me at least for one year to the Secondary School. The first one finished, another one was tried, though it was hard for their limited means. Then I already had made up my mind to become an engineer—then a boy of only thirteen years, I had no idea that another more congenial career stood open to me. Study was my delight, but I clearly saw that my parents could no longer afford to board and clothe me for nothing.

When the school-year drew to its close, the teacher inquired of us what we intended to do. I told my plan, and he asked me to stay in awhile after the others had left, because he had something to tell me. I hardly knew what to make of it, but, with a good conscience, awaited coming events. To my great surprise the teacher told me that he could not quietly look on and see me bury my talents in this wise, (I can well venture to say this here, as this self-praise won't bring me home anything) that I must become a teacher; the means for my farther education would be found in some way. He procured a stipendium or subsidium of the State for me, after I had passed an examination. I went to the Secondary School (academy or high school) two years longer, and after that was accepted in the Normal School, where board and tuition were provided for by the State again during the three years. Such stipendiaries can be sent for the first two years after they get their certificates, wherever the director of the educational department most needs their services; after that they are free. I got a pretty good situation the very first year. Others were supported in proportion to their means. In my case the teacher was a kind of a policeman, who would not allow a prominent talent to go lost, and so are we nearly all; and the State, with her subsidiary institutions, aids us in our enterprise, or better, we only work out the intentions of the philanthropic lawmakers.

Of the importance in which our public instruction is held by people and government, you may form an estimate if I tell you that of the Canton's whole budget of 1862, of three million francs, over eight hundred thousand are appropriated to the public schools, primary and higher ones. For the Church, four hundred thousand francs are allowed.

I feel I have come too soon with my example for imitation; but let the friends of progress keep it in their minds, and I am hopeful that by-and-by a time will dawn again on the western land that will be more propitious for such philanthropic legislation. May America then outshine my own beloved country, or only rival her; but there's many a step to take in advance before only this latter end is attained.

Yours, for Truth and Progress,
HELMANN STEDER.
ZURICH, Switzerland.

—To write the poem of the human conscience, were it only of a single man, were it only of the most infamous of men, would be to swallow up all epic in a superior and final epic.—Victor Hugo.

—A mother's joy is almost like a child's. *Ibid.*

Voices from the People.

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

The Student.

Not in learning A B C,
Not in story-book well read,
Not in naming plant and tree,
Rock beneath or star o'erhead,
The pathway of the student lies—
Something more than stones or skies,
Rills and flowers to charm and please,
Bowers with downy seats of ease—
Something more must wake and move,
All the powers of soul to prove.

Con the daily lesson well,
Reader, speller, con them through,
Prattle rhymes or boy and sell,
Odds and evens, old and new;
Though each task the student learn,
Something in his breast must burn,
Through the strifes of living run,
Like the fires that light the sun,
Through the season's onward roll,
Through the ages of the soul.

Do and dare! the word must be,
Fear not, shrink not from the storm,
Long though the path and rude the sea
Faith sustains the manful form,
And legions from the skies are near
To aid the toiler, bless and cheer,
While ever on the upward eye,
Ascending ever toward the sky,
Heave the hills of progress, bright
And golden with the morning light.

C. J. THORPE.

Theological Belief.

EAST SETAUCKE, AUG. 16, 1863.

MR. EDITOR: In No. 127 of the HERALD we find the following quotation from some Christian speaker: "I do not believe that one Christian in an hundred, take them as they are, believes fully in any one vital truth or doctrine of the Bible."

Now, sir, I will go even further than this, and affirm that not one Christian within the limits of creed-bound humanity believes in any of the doctrines (not truths) of the Church, nor in the asserted truth of any of those marvelous Bible stories upon which such doctrines or creeds are founded. Who believes that an Adam and Eve were "created" in the manner described? or that beings as perfect and "holy" as they are represented to have been could have so far compromised with "sin and Satan" that "total depravity" to the legitimate result? Who believes that consequent upon this notorious "fall of Adam" an omniscient, foreordaining God, repeated his having "created" man, and thereupon resolved to destroy him, and thus attempt to restore his own primitive authority over that being who had only very recently been chained in "hell" for his rebellious conduct, "within those shining courts where (it is asserted) sin cannot enter, and where, it may be as confidently asserted, wrong and inharmony cannot develop?"

Who believes that water to a depth sufficient to cover the tops of the Himalayas Mountains once deluged the earth, destroying the greater portion of humanity, and that eight human beings, and nearly a million of their required food for one year, and all confined in an incredibly small and unventilated space, floated safely, under Divine protection, over the senseless remains of annihilated humanity?

Who believes that when, according to the story, God's drowning experiment at circumventing the "devil" had only added to the power of his infernal majesty, his Divine revenge (which is only another name for a strict embodiment of the Christian idea of Justice) resolving on a new experiment, was immensely satisfied with the mortal sufferings and death of the Martyr of Calvary? Who believes that the demands of natural justice were canceled when the last groan of anguish had escaped the lips of this human sacrifice to the barbarous requirements of that ignorant institutional policy which has every where tried to oppose the advance of moral progress?

Who believes that "Far in the deep, where demons dwell,
Mid endless fires of hot despair,
Divine Revenge has built a hell,
And chained its human millions there?"

Evidence, substantial evidence, appealing unequivocally to reason or sense, is invariably requisite to our full belief; while blind faith, on the contrary, can subsist without evidence—in fact, cannot subsist with it. Where do we find evidence in support of the assertion that a united host from seven ram's-horn trumpets once "threw down the walls of an ancient city? And yet notice how faithfully this threadbare fable is received throughout every nook and corner of unthinking Christendom. Ignorance may assume and blind faith and fear (both legitimate offspring of a false human relation to Nature and Reason) will temporarily maintain anything that a sickly imagination can possibly suggest; and hence the ready credulity with which theological notions and assumptions are so popularly received.

But, like the owl and the bat, that flee to the shades of the thicket when the dawn appears, so, as the glorious light of the Harmonial Philosophy, reflected from the faces of happy angels, is borne on "the breezes of liberty over the broad plains of humanity?" Faith, with her characteristic weakness, tarries but for a brief period among the scenes of her earliest childhood, among the dark draperies of ignorance, behind the State-protected breast-works of dogmatism—the "sacred desk"—ere she is compelled to seek an eternal repose beneath the shades of that oblivion toward which all forms of ignorance are inevitably tending.

The wild man of Oronoko said to a priest: "Thou keepest thy God in a church, as though he were sick and needed thy care. Our God is on the mountain-top, directing the storm, and guarding us in the still watches of the night."

Theological Investigation.

"Fair Truth! for thee alone we seek:
Friend for the weak and helper to the weak,
From thee we learn what's wise and just,
Creeds to reject, professions to distrust,
Forms to despise, pretensions to deride,
And, following thee, to follow naught beside."

Spiritualism in Europe.

[The discussion of Spiritualism is going on vigorously in the old world. The Quarterly Review and the North British Review have each an article on the subject in the current number. The following Notice we copy from the London Weekly Dispatch, and it serves to show that, mixed with some attempts at sarcasm and covered with much verbiage, is some candid thought concerning the great subject which is uprooting the theologies of the day.—Ed.]

HOWITT AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.

President Abraham, "in a neat speech," excited in the reflection that those who in fifty battles had thrashed him like a sack, "on the 4th of July turned tail and ran," which they didn't. "Having said this much," he adds, "I will now take the music!" As for Mr. Seward he deliberately compared himself to Jesus Christ in His agony in the garden of Gethsemane, and rounded off, "Let me fall in the public streets, and be buried under the pavements, and let the assassin of my country's liberty tread upon me till there arise from my grave some avenger to restore the liberty of my native land!" Although we should not have done much violence to our calculation of probabilities in acquiescing in an opinion, not infrequently expressed, that these exhibitions are attributable to spirits of some kind, we were certainly not prepared for the very general and confident assertion that they are traceable to spirit rappings. But when we find it gravely asserted by American journals of the very highest position that the councils of the Cabinet of Washington, and especially the most decisive resolutions of President Lincoln, are dictated by mediums, we think it high time to point out the extraordinary fact that, while our Ecclesiastical Courts are ruling that the supernatural is the basis of all religion, and the very corner-stone of Christianity, any practical belief in the present existence of the miraculous is regarded as so utterly preposterous, as to operate as an entire disqualification for statesmanship.

"What," argues public opinion, "can you expect of government by men who consult mediums, and believe in the existence of ghosts? Yet, that same tribunal regards a Christian Teacher as wholly incapacitated for his function, who hints a doubt of miracles, or hesitates to disbelieve the dogma of plenary inspiration."

We have read every word of William Howitt's work on Spiritualism. On any hypothesis, the phenomena it indicates will surprise, we might say astound, the reader. With him miracles are as "thick as blackberries," in all ages and in every country. They are as rare now as they were in the first century. To question the second sight of the Poughkeepsie Seer, is downrating A. J. Reim! To challenge the miracles of the monks is to deny that of the laotians and the... Everybody is a shallow and ignorant wonderer who sneers at Mr. Home, or hints a doubt of the insight of the Seers of Egypt. He must be a knave, or fool, or both, who hesitates to swallow the traditions of Joan of Arc. She was burned for a witch who should have been canonized as messenger of God, especially commissioned as His Ambassador extraordinary. As the Times said of the election of Mr. Pattison, the faith in Spiritualism is a great fact. Men who are Cabinet Ministers, and others who have been elected to the highest offices of the State, are fully convinced of its truth. As statesmen, then, in the name of logic, what pretense is there on their own merits for believing the Gospel contrary to the Christian Miracles? If, on the contrary, you believe that Paul had his vision, that it and other impressions were material facts, what pretense have you for telling Mr. Bell and the other scientific witnesses to the ascent of Mr. Hume into the air, to the warm grasp of the delicate white hand, to the heavenly music of the self-playing accordion, that they never saw what they solemnly affirm, or that their "eyes made fools of the other senses?"

3. We have only space left to draw the corollary from these premises. Mr. Howitt clearly enough proves that the narratives of phenomena theologians restrict to the apostolic age and the Holy Land are common to every age and all countries; that the apparent preternatural is really normal, the creature of fixed laws, as common, as certain, as operative in England and America at this present hour as eighteen centuries ago in Judea. If the miraculous be conclusive proof of inspiration, how then can we deny that Mr. Hume is inspired? Swedenborg had a vision of the burning of Stockholm—why are we not all Swedenborgians? When the armies of France were scattered like chaff, before the English Joan of Arc, professing inspiration, led the vanquished hosts to victory after victory. Do you, therefore, think everything she said the very voice and pen of God himself? There is no more doubt than that we are writing these words at this moment, that a man in Calcutta was several times buried in the earth, bricked up in an air-tight tomb; that Dr. Bisdalle, in presence of many witnesses, exhumed him after a month's interment; and that he was reanimated and walked, spoke, ate, and went home to his family. Was the Doctor therefore a prophet? There is no fact more frequently asserted in the Bible itself than that there are witches, prophets, sorcerers, workers of great miracles, who had no commission from God whatever—who, in fact, were inspired by the devil. Christ expressly said that impostors would prophesy and work miracles in His name. How then can preternatural gifts, if they ever existed, prove a Divine mission; how can the working of miracles be evidence that the worker is inspired by God? If not, how can it be proved that the Scriptures are plenary inspired? Luther called miracles "a mass of lies" and "a mass of chaff." The gifts of the Spirit are above and far beyond the mere preternatural; there is no proof of the spiritually divine, except the sympathetic responses of our own loftiest intuitions. The soul, the conscience, the intellect, in a word, the "spirit that is in man," is the only real seer of the morally divine. Not pens, nor parchments, nor Vatican manuscripts, nor Oxford or Sinaitic codices, can ever contain the plenary inspiration that

Milton, Judge Hale, the entire body of the clergy of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches of these realms up to a century and a half ago, and in this age, at this moment, poets, critics, judges, lawyers, historians, physical and moral philosophers, divines, governors of provinces, Cabinet Ministers and leaders of the Opposition—these are the witnesses of, and believers in, the extra-evangelical preternatural and miraculous manifestations which we are required by the sticklers for plenary inspiration to cast entirely aside; and we must take leave to say that, so far as authority, as tradition, history, undoubted records of human testimony and actual living witnesses can carry evidence, the preternatural phenomena avouched outside the Bible are very much better authenticated and supported by far stronger evidence than any to be found in the Scriptures. Who would compare Paul with Luther in learning, or Peter with Tacitus in searching acuteness of observation? Treating them merely from the historical, the judicial side, who would argue that Thomas was more trustworthy than Socrates, or less likely to color facts by his fancy than Plato? It is quite immaterial to us which view you take of extra-Scriptural Spiritualism. If you reject the overwhelming amount and select quality of the evidence and authority on which it rests, then we maintain with perfect confidence that you cannot justify your belief in the preternatural elements of the Bible, or, on the contrary, you hold that the testimony for the miraculous narratives of the Bible is complete, you are wholly without justification in rejecting belief in the records of preternatural events which pervade every region and every age of heathendom and reach the "ignorant present time."

2. Now we do not in the least desire to chase anybody into a corner and force him by the thumb-screws of dialectics to reject miracles. We say to theology, "Keep the supernatural, but you cannot be permitted to play fast and loose with logic." We cannot allow you to assert that there was a Witch of Endor consulted by Saul in the national crisis of the Jews, and at the same time that the medium of President Lincoln, consulted in the agony of a far more important historical people in America, is a stupid imposture. Yet must not trifle or palter with the rules of evidence. If you say you believe in the Christian miracles on account of the ineffable spiritual attainments of the witnesses, we remind you that you have distinctly denied any evidence of spiritual gifts other than that afforded by the power to work miracles. Your unregenerate and carnal soul—such is your own proposition—is incapable of appreciating the work of the spirit, and nothing but sensuous preternatural wonders can enable you to distinguish the divine from the human. You yourself, are necessitated, by your doctrine of the fall of Man and his innate depravity, to deny that he has any faculty of spiritual insight that would enable him to derive proof of preternatural gifts from the possession of divine spiritual intuitions. The question of what is miraculous is, therefore, reduced simply to an issue to be tried by a jury; and who could hesitate to prefer the testimony of men of science, education, Ministers of State, literary critics, men of refined culture, living in a civilized, but skeptical age, to that of the mere reported traditions of the oral evidence of a few poor and illiterate men in a rude country and age, confessedly dead for nineteen centuries? If the cloud of living and distinguished witnesses is to be wholly disbelieved because they attest what is inherently incredible; if Mr. Bell, and Sir E. L. B. Lytton, and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Mr. and Mrs. Milner Gibson, Napoleon and the Empress, William and Mary Howitt, Wesley, Feinelon, and ten thousand others of our own day and generation, never saw what they solemnly affirm of the evidence of their own senses, or, alternatively, if their senses were deceived—then, in the name of logic, what pretense is there on their own merits for believing the Gospel contrary to the Christian Miracles? If, on the contrary, you believe that Paul had his vision, that it and other impressions were material facts, what pretense have you for telling Mr. Bell and the other scientific witnesses to the ascent of Mr. Hume into the air, to the warm grasp of the delicate white hand, to the heavenly music of the self-playing accordion, that they never saw what they solemnly affirm, or that their "eyes made fools of the other senses?"

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lights every man into the world. The Quakers are right. The Holy Spirit operates now, lives ever in our souls, according to our lights, to enable us to know what is carnal and what heavenly. Every man must discern for himself, must be the judge for himself, of what is temporal and what divine; and it is utterly monstrous that in this age a Christian bishop is to be degraded from his office, to be communicated as a heathen man and a publican, because he demands for every free soul the indefeasible prerogative of determining for itself what is the error of frail and fallible man, and what that he reads and sees and hears is the true echo of the holy oracles of God.

Literary Department.

"All things are engaged in writing their history—The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

Gaile and Majnun.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN OF NAZAMI.

Hafiz says:
"Not all the treasured store of ancient days
Can boast the sweetness of Nazami's lays."

The minstrel's legend chronicle,
Which on their woes delights to dwell,
Their matchless purity and faith,
And how their dust was mixed in death,
Tells how the horror-stricken Zyd
Saw in a dream the beauteous bride,
With Majnun seated side by side.
In meditation deep, one night,
The other world flash'd on his sight
With endless vista's of delight—
The world of spirits;—as he lay
Angels appeared in bright array,
Circles of glory round them gleaming,
Their eyes with holy rapture beaming;
He saw the ever verdant bowers,
With golden fruit and blooming flowers;
The bulbul heard their sweets among,
Warbling his rich mellifluous song;
The ring dove's murmuring and the swail
Of melody from park and shell:
He saw within a rosy glade,
Beneath a palm's extensive shade,
A throne amazing to behold,
Studded with glittering gems and gold;
Celestial carpets near it spread,
Close where a lucid streamlet stray'd;
Upon that throne, in blissful state,
The long divided lovers sat,
Resplendent with sapphire light;
They held a cup with diamonds bright;
Their lips by turns with nectar wet,
In pure ambrosial kisses met.
Sometimes to each their thoughts revealing,
Each clasping each with tenderest feeling.
The dreamer who this vision saw,
Demanded, with becoming awe,
What sacred names the happy pair
In irem bowers were wont to bear.
A voice replied: "That sparkling moon
Is Laila still—her friend, Majnun;
Deprived, in your frail world, of bliss,
They reap their great reward in this!"
Zyd, wakening from his wondrous dream,
Now dwelt upon the wondrous theme,
And told to all how faithful love
Receives its recompense above.
O ye who thoughtlessly repose
On what this flattering world bestows,
Reflect how transient is your stay!
How soon e'en sorrow fades away!
The pangs of grief the heart may wring
In life, but heaven removes the sting;
The world to come makes bliss secure—
The world to come, eternal, pure,
What other solace for the human soul,
But everlasting rest—Virtues unvarying goal!

[From the August Atlantic.]

Scenes at a Fashionable Watering-Place; OR, DEBBY'S DEBUT.

[Continued.]

"That girl is what I call a surprise-party, now," remarked Mr. Joe, confidentially, to his cigar, as he pulled off his coat and stuck his feet up in the privacy of his own apartment. "She looks as mild as strawberry and cream till you come to the complimentary, then she turns on a fellow with that deuced satirical look of hers, and makes him feel like a fool. I'll try the moral dodge to-morrow, and see what effect that will have; for she is mighty taking, and I must assume myself somehow, you know."

"How many years will it take to change that fresh-hearted little girl into a fashionable belle, I wonder?" thought Frank Evan, as he climbed the four flights that led to his "sky-parlor."
"What a curious world this is!" mused Debby, with her nightcap in her hand. "The right seems odd and rude, the wrong respectable and easy, and this sort of life a merry-go-round, with no higher aim than pleasure. Well, I have made my Declaration of Independence, and Aunt Pen must be ready for a Revolution, if she taxes me too heavily!"

As she leaned her hot cheek on her arm, Debby's eye fell on the quaint little cap made by the motherly hands that never were tired of working for her. She touched it tenderly and love's simple magic swept the gathering shadows from her face, and left it clear again, as her thoughts flew home like birds into the shelter of their nest.

"Good night, mother! I'll face temptation steadily. I'll try to take life cheerily, and do nothing that shall make your dear face reproach, when it looks into my own again."

Then Debby said her prayers like any pious child, and lay down to dream of pulling but-tercups with Baby Bess, and singing in the twilight on her father's knee.

The history of Debby's first day might serve as a sample of most that followed, as week after week went by with varying pleasures and varying interest to more than one young debutante. Mrs. Carroll did her best, but Debby was too simple for a belle, too honest for a flirt, too independent for a fine lady; she

would be nothing but her sturdy little self, open as daylight, gay as a lark, and blunt as any Puritan. Poor Aunt Pen was in despair, till she observed that the girl often "took" with the very peculiarities which she was lamenting; this somewhat consoled her, and she tried to make the best of the pretty bit of homespun which would not and could not become velvet or brocade. Seguin, Ellenborough & Co. looked with lordly scorn upon her, as a worm blind to their attractions. Miss McFlimsy and her "set" quizzed her numerously behind her back, after being worsted in several passages of arms; and more than one successful mamma condescended with Aunt Pen upon the terribly defective education of her charge, till that stout matron could have found it in her heart to tweak off their caps and walk on them, like the intractable Betsy Trotwood.

But Debby had a circle of admirers who loved her with a sincerity few summer queens could boast; for they were real friends, won by gentle arts, and retained by the gracious sweetness of her nature. Moon-faced babies crowded and clapped their chubby hands when she passed by their wicker thrones; story-loving children clustered round her knee, and never were denied; pale invalids found wildflowers on their pillows; and forlorn papas forgot the state of the money-market when she sang for them the homely airs their daughters had no time to learn. Certain plain young ladies poured their woes into her friendly ear, and were comforted; several smart Sophomores fell into a state of chronic stammer, blush, and adoration, when she took a motherly interest in their affairs; and a melancholy old Frenchman blessed her with the enthusiasm of his nation because she put a posy in the button-hole of his rusty coat, and never failed to smile and bow as he passed by. Yet Debby was no Edgeworth heroine, preternaturally prudent, wise, and untemptable; she had a nice crop of piques, vanities, and dislikes, growing up under this new style of cultivation. She loved admiration, enjoyed her purple and fine linen, hid new-born envy, disappointed hope, and wounded pride, behind a smiling face, and often thought with a sigh of the humdrum duties that awaited her at home. But under the airs and graces Aunt Pen cherished with such sedulous care, under the frownces and furbelows Victorian daily adjusted with glooms, under the polish which she acquired with ease, the girl's heart still beat steadfast and strong, and conscience kept watch and ward that no traitor should enter in to surprise the citadel which mother-love had tried to garrison so well.

In pursuance of his sage resolve, Mr. Joe tried the "moral dodge," as he elegantly expressed it, and, failing in that, followed it up with the tragic, religious, negligent, and devoted ditto; but acting was not his forte, so Debby routed him in all; and at last, when he was at his wit's end for an idea, she suggested one, and completed her victory by saying, pleasantly:

"You took me behind the curtain too soon, and now the paste-diamonds and cotton-velvets don't impose upon me a bit. Just be your natural self, and we shall get on nicely, Mr. Leavenworth."

The novelty of the proposal struck his fancy, and after a few relapses it was carried into effect, and therefor, with Debby, he became the simple, good-humored lad Nature designed him to be, and, as a proof of it, soon fell very sincerely in love.

Frank Evan, seated in the parquet of society, surveyed the dress-circle with much the same expression that Debby had seen during Aunt Pen's oration; but he soon neglected that amusement to watch several actors in the drama going on before his eyes, while a strong desire to perform a part therein slowly took possession of his mind. Debby always had a look of welcome when he came, always treated him with the kindness of a generous woman who has had an opportunity to forgive, and always watched the serious, solitary man, with a great compassion for his loss, a growing admiration for his upright life. More than once the bench-birds saw two figures racing the sands at sunrise with the peace of early day upon their faces and the light of a kindred mood shining in their eyes. More than once the friendly ocean made a third in the conversation, and its low undertone came and went between the mellow bass and silvery treble of the human voices with a melody that lent another charm to interviews which soon grew wondrous sweet to man and maid.

Aunt Pen seldom saw the twin together, seldom spoke of Evan; and Debby held her peace, for, when she planned to make her innocent confessions, she found that what seemed much to her was nothing to another ear and scarcely worth the telling; so, unconscious as yet whether the green path led, she went on her way, leading two lives, one rich and earnest, hoarded deep within herself, the other frivolous and gay, for all the world to criticize. But those venerable spinsters, the Fates, took the matter into their own hands, and soon got the better of those short-sighted matrons, Messames Grundy and Carroll; for, long before they knew it, Frank and Debby had begun to read together a book greater than Dickens ever wrote, and when they had come to the fairest part of the sweet story Adam first told Eve, they looked for the name upon the title-page, and found that it was "Love."

Eight weeks came and went—eight wonderfully happy weeks to Debby and her friend; for "propinquity" had worked more wonders than poor Mrs. Carroll knew, as the only one she saw guessed was the utter captivation of Joe Leavenworth. He had become "himself" to such an extent that a change of identity would have been a relief; for the object of his adoration showed no signs of relenting, and he began to fear, that, as Debby said, her heart was "not in the market." She was always friendly, but never made those interesting betrayals of regard which are so encouraging to youthful gentlemen "who fair would climb, yet fear to fall." She never blushed when he pressed her hand, never fainted or grew pale when he appeared with a smashed trotting-wagon and a black eye, and actually slept through a serenade that would have won any other woman's soul out of her body with its despairing quavers. Matters were getting desperate; for horses lost their charms, "flowing bowls" palled upon his lips, ruffled shirt-bosoms no longer delighted him, and hops possessed no soothing power to allay the anguish of his mind. Mr. Seguin, after unavailing ridicule and pity, took compassion on him, and from his large experience suggested a remedy, just as he was departing for a more congenial sphere.

"Now, don't be an idiot, Joe, but, if you want to keep your hand in and go through a

regular flirtation, just right about face and devote yourself to some one else. Nothing like jealousy to teach womankind their own minds, and a touch of it will bring little Wilder round in a jiffy. Try it, my boy, and good luck to you!" with which Christian advice Mr. Seguin slapped his pupil on the shoulder, and disappeared, like a modern Mephistopheles, in a cloud of cigar smoke.

"I'm glad he's gone, for in my present state of mind he's not up to my neck at all. I'll try his plan, though, and flirt with Clara West; she's engaged, so it won't damage her affections; her lover isn't here, so it won't damage his; and, by Jove! I must do something, for I can't stand this suspense."

Debby was infinitely relieved by this new move, and infinitely amused as she guessed the motive that prompted it; but the more contented she seemed, the more violently Mr. Joe flirted with her rival, till at last weak-minded Miss Clara began to think her absent George the most unstable of lovers, and to mourn that she ever said "Yes" to a merchant's clerk when she might have said it to a merchant's son. Aunt Pen watched and approved this stratagem, hoped for the best results, and believed the day won when Debby grew pale and silent, and followed with her eyes the young couple who were playing battledoor and shuttlecock with each other's hearts, as if she took some interest in the game. But Aunt Pen clashed her cymbals too soon; for Debby's trouble had a better source than jealousy, and in the gloom of the sleepless nights that stole her bloom she was taking counsel of her own full heart, and resolving to serve another woman as she would herself be served in a like peril, though etiquette was outraged and the customs of polite society turned upside down.

"Look, Aunt Pen! what lovely shells and moss I've got! Such a splendid scramble over the mass I've had with Mr. Duncan's boys! It seemed so like home to run and sing with a troop of topsy-turvy children that it did me good; and I wish you had all been there to see," cried Debby, running into the drawing-room, one day, where Mrs. Carroll and a circle of ladies sat enjoying a dish of highly flavored scandal, as they exercised their eyesight over fancy-work.

"My dear Dora, spare my nerves; and if you have any regard for the proprieties of life, don't go romping in the sun with a parcel of noisy boys. If you could see what an object you are, I think you would try to imitate Miss Clara, who is always a model of elegant repose."

Miss West primed up her lips, and settled a fold in her ninth bouance, as Mrs. Carroll spoke, while the whole group fixed their eyes with dignified disapproval on the invader of their refined society. Debby had come like a fresh wind into a sultry room, but no one welcomed the healthful visitant, no one saw a pleasant picture in the bright-faced girl with wind-tossed hair and rustic hat heaped with moss and many-tinted shells; they only saw that her gown was wet, her gloves forgotten, and her scarf trailing at her waist in a manner, no well-bred lady could approve. The sunshine faded out of Debby's face, and there was a touch of bitterness in her tone, as she glanced at the circle of fashion-plates, saying, with an earnestness which caused Miss West to open her pale eyes to their widest extent:

"Aunt Pen, don't freeze me yet—don't take away my faith in little things, but let me be a child a little longer—let me play and sing and keep my spirit blithe among the dandelions and the robins while I can; for trouble comes soon enough, and all my life will be the richer and better for a happy youth."

Mrs. Carroll had nothing at hand to offer in reply to this appeal, and four ladies dropped their work to stare; but Frank Evan looked in from the piazza, saying, as he beckoned like a boy:

"I'll play with you, Miss Dora; come and make samples upon the shore. Please let her, Mrs. Carroll; we'll be very good, and not wet our pianofortes or feet."

Without waiting for permission, Debby poured her treasures into the lap of a certain lame Freddy, and went away to a kind of play she had never known before. Quiet as a chidden child, she walked beside her companion, who looked down at the little figure, longing to take it on his knee and call the sunshine back again. That he dared not do; but accident, the lover's friend, performed the work, and did him a good turn beside. The old Frenchman was slowly approaching, when a frolicsome wind whisked off his hat and sent it skimming along the beach. In spite of her late lecture, away went Debby, and caught the truant chapeau just as a wave was hurrying up to claim it. This restored her cheerfulness, and when she returned she was herself again.

"A thousand thanks; but does mademoiselle remember the forfeit I might demand to add to the favor she has already done me?" asked the gallant old gentleman, as Debby took the hat off her own head, and presented it with a martial salute.

"Ah, I had forgotten that; but you may claim it sir; indeed you may; I only wish I could do something more to give you pleasure," and Debby looked up into the withered face which had grown familiar to her, with kind eyes, full of pity and respect.

Her manner touched the old man very much; he bent his gray head before her, saying, gratefully:

"My child, I am not good enough to salute these blooming cheeks; but I shall pray the Virgin to reward you for the compassion you bestow on the poor exile, and I shall keep your memory very green through all my life."

He kissed her hand, as if it were a queen's, and went on his way, thinking of the little daughter whose death left him childless in a foreign land.

Debby softly began to sing, "Oh, come unto the yellow sands," but stopped in the middle of a line, to say:

"Shall I tell you why I did what Aunt Pen would call a very unladylike and improper thing, Mr. Evan?"

"If you will be so kind," and her companion looked delighted at the confidence about to be reposed in him.

"Somewhere across this great wide sea I hope I have a brother," Debby said, with outstretched voice and a wistful look into the dim horizon. "Five years ago he left us, and we have never heard from him since, except that he landed safely in Australia. People tell me he is dead; but I believe he will yet come home; and so I love to help and pity any man who needs it, rich or poor, young or old, hoping that as I do by them some tender-

hearted woman far away will do by Brother Will."

As Debby spoke, across Frank Evan's face there passed the look that seldom comes but once to any young man's countenance; for suddenly the moment dawned when love asserted its supremacy, and putting pride, doubt, and fear underneath its feet, ruled the strong thoughts had floated across the sea; but they came swiftly back when her companion spoke again, steadily and slow, but with a subtle change in tone and manner which arrested them at once.

"Miss Dora, if you should meet a man who had a laborious youth, a solitary manhood, who had no sweet domestic ties to make home beautiful and keep his nature warm, who longed most ardently to be so blessed, and made it the aim of his life to grow more worthy the good gift, should it ever come—if you should learn that you possessed the power to make this fellow creature's happiness, could you find it in your gentle heart to take compassion on him for the love of 'Brother Will'?"

Debby was silent, wondering why heart and nerves and brain were stirred by such a sudden thrill, why she dared not look up, and why, when she desired so much to speak, she could only answer, in a voice that sounded strange to her own ears:

"I cannot tell."

Still, steadily and slow, with strong emotion deepening and softening his voice, the lover went on:

"Will you ask yourself this question in some quiet hour? For such a man has lived in the sunshine of your presence for eight happy weeks, and now, when his holiday is done, he finds that the old solitude will be more sorrowful than ever, unless he can discover whether his summer dream will change into a most beautiful reality. Miss Dora, I have very little to offer you; a faithful heart to cherish you, a strong arm to work for you, an honest name to give into your keeping—these are all; but if they have any worth in your eyes, they are most truly yours forever."

Debby was steady her voice to reply, when a troop of bathers came shouting down the bank, and she took flight into her dressing-room, there to sit staring at the wall, till the advent of Aunt Pen forced her to resume the business of the hour by assuming her aquatic attire and then stealing shyly down into the surf.

Frank Evan, still pacing in the foot-prints they had lately made, watched the little figure tripping to and fro, and, as he looked, murmured to himself the last line of a ballad Debby sometimes sang:

"Dance light for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

Presently a great wave swept Debby up, and stranded her very near him, much to her confusion and his satisfaction. Shaking the spray out of her eyes, she was hurrying away, when Frank said:

"You will trip, Miss Dora; let me tie these strings for you; and, putting the action to the word, he knelt down and began to fasten the cords of her bathing-suit."

Debby stood looking down at the tall head before her, with a sudden sense of awe, as a strong man bluish and pale, as he bent over her, was trying to conceal some of his speech, when Frank, still fumbling at his coils, said, very earnestly and low:

"Forgive me, if I am selfish, pressing for an answer; but I must go to-morrow, and a single word will change my whole future for the better or the worse. Will you speak it Dora?"

If they had been alone Debby would have put her arms about his neck, and said it with all her heart; but she had a presentiment that she drew a look from her companion, and she saw forty pairs of eyes were on them, and salt water seemed superfluous. Besides, Debby had not breathed the air of coquetry so long without a touch of the infection; and the love of power, that lies dormant in the meekest woman's breast, suddenly awoke and tempted her.

"If you catch me before I reach that rock, perhaps I will say 'Yes,'" was her unexpected answer; and before her lover caught her meaning, she was floating very leisurely away.

Frank was not in bathing-costume, and Debby never dreamed that he would take her at her word; but she did not know the man she had to deal with; for, taking no second thought, he flung hat and coat away, and dashed into the sea. This gave a serious aspect to Debby's foolish jest. A feeling of dismay seized her when she saw a resolute face dividing the waves behind her, and thought of the rash challenge she had given; but she had a spirit of her own, and had profited well by Mr. Joe's instructions; so she drew a long breath, and swam as if for life, instead of love. Evan was incumbered by his clothing, and Debby had much the start of him; but, like a second Leander, he hoped to win his Hero, and lending every muscle to the work, gained rapidly upon the little boat which was his beacon through the foam. Debby heard the deep breathing drawing nearer and nearer, as her prisoner's strong arms cleft the water and sent it rippling past her lips. Something like terror took possession of her; for the strength seemed going out of her limbs, and the rock appeared to recede before her; but the unquenchable blood of the Pilgrims was in her veins, and "Nil desperandum" her motto; so, setting her teeth, she muttered, defiantly:

"I'll not be beaten, if I go to the bottom!"

A great splashing arose, and when Evan recovered the use of his eyes, the pagoda-hat had taken a sudden turn, and gessed making for the farthest point, at the goal as if for life. "I am sure of my now!" thought Frank; and, like a gallant sear, he bore down upon his prize, clutching it with a shout of triumph. But the hat was empty, and like a mocking echo came Debby's laugh, as she climbed, exhausted, to a cranny in the rock.

"A very neat thing, by Jove! Deuse take me if you ain't an honor to your teacher, and a terror to the foe!" Miss Wilder cried, Mr. Joe, as he came up from a salt-water cruise and dropped anchor at her side. "Here, bring along the hat, Evan; I'm going to crown the victor with appropriate what-calls-em?" he continued, pulling a heap of sea-weed that looked like well-bolled hair.

"Frank came up, smiling, and his lips were white, and in his eyes a look of agony could not meet; so, being full of remorse, he naturally

assumed an air of gayety, and began to sing the merriest air she knew, merely because she longed to throw herself upon the stones and cry violently.

"It was 'most as exciting as a regatta, and you pulled well, Evan; but you had too much ballast aboard, and Miss Wilder ran up false colors just in time to save her ship. What was her wagger?" asked the lively Joseph, complacently surveying his marine millinery, which would have scandalized a fashionable mermaid.

"Only a trifle," answered Debby, knotting up her braids with a revengeful jerk.

"It's taken the wind out of your sails, I fancy, Evan, for you look immensely Byronic with the starch minus in your collar and your hair in a poetic toss. Come, I'll try a race with you; and Miss Wilder will dance all the evening with the winner. Bless the man, what's he doing down there? Burying sunfish?" Frank had been sitting below them on a narrow strip of sand, absently piling up a little mound that bore some likeness to a grave. As his champion spoke, he looked at it, and a sudden flush of feeling swept across his face, as he replied:

"No, only a dead hope."

"Deuse take it, yes, a good many of that sort of craft founder in these waters, as I know to my sorrow;" and, sighing tragically, Mr. Joe turned to help Debby from her perch, but she had glided silently into the sea, and was gone.

For the next four hours the poor girl suffered the sharpest pain she had ever known; for now she clearly saw the strat her folly had betrayed her into. Frank Evan was a proud man, and would not ask her love again, believing she had tacitly refused it; and how could she tell him that she had trifled with the heart she wholly loved and longed to make her own? She could not confide in Aunt Pen, for that worldly lady would have no sympathy to bestow. She longed for her mother; but there was no time to write, for Frank was going on to-morrow—might even then be gone; and as this fear came over her, she covered up her face, and wished that she were dead. Poor Debby! Her last mistake was sadder than her first, and she was reaping a bitter harvest from her summer's sowing. She sat and thought till her cheeks burned and her temples throbbled; but she dared not ease her pain with tears. The gong sounded like a Judgment-Day tramp of June, and she trembled at the idea of confronting many eyes with such a tell-tale face; but she could not stay behind, for Aunt Pen must know the cause. She tried to play her hard part well; but wherever she looked, some fresh anxiety appeared, as if every fault and folly of those months had blossomed suddenly within the hour. She saw Frank Evan more somber and more solitary than when she met him first, and cried regretfully within herself, "How could I so forget the truth I owed him!" She saw Clara West watching with eager eyes for the coming of young Leavenworth, and sighed, "This is the fruit of my wicked vanity!" She saw Aunt Pen regarding her with an anxious face, and longed to say, "Forgive me, for I have not been sincere!" At last, as her trouble grew, she resolved to go away and have a quiet "think"—a remedy which had served her in many a lesser perplexity; so, stealing out, she went to a grove of cedars usually deserted at that hour. But in ten minutes Joe Leavenworth appeared at the door of the summer recess, and looking in, said, with a well-acted start of pleasure and surprise:

"Beg pardon, I thought there was no one here. My dear Miss Wilder, you look contemplative; but I fancy it wouldn't do to ask the subject of your meditations, would it?"

He paused with such an evident intention of remaining that Debby resolved to make use of the moment, and ease her conscience of one care that burdened it; therefore she answered his question with her usual directness:

"My meditations were partly about you."

Mr. Joe was guilty of the weakness of blushing violently and looking immensely gratified; but his rapture was of short duration, for Debby went on very earnestly:

"I believe I am going to do what you may consider a very imprudent thing; but I would rather be unmanly than unjust to others or untrue to my own sense of right. If you were an older man, I should not dare to say this to you; but I have brothers of my own, and remembering how many unkind things they do for want of thought, I venture to remind you that a woman's heart is a perilous playing, and too tender to be used for a selfish purpose or an hour's pleasure. I know this kind of amusement is not considered wrong; but it is wrong, and I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, or sit silent while another woman is allowed to deceive herself and wound the heart that trusts her. Oh, if you love your own sisters, be generous, be just, and do not destroy that poor girl's happiness, but go away before your sport becomes a bitter pain to her!"

Joe Leavenworth had stood staring at Debby with a troubled countenance, feeling as if all the misdemeanors of his life were about to be paraded before him; but, as he listened to her plea, the womanly spirit that prompted it appealed more loudly than her words, and in his really generous heart he felt regret for what had never seemed a fault before. Shallow as he was, nature was stronger than education, and he admitted and accepted what many a wiser, worldlier man would have resented with anger or contempt. He loved Debby with all his little might; he meant to tell her so, and graciously present his fortunes and himself for her acceptance; but now, when the moment came, the well-turned speech he had prepared vanished from his memory, and with the better elegance of feeling he blundered out his passion like a very boy.

"Miss Dora, I never meant to make trouble between Clara and her lover; upon my soul, I didn't, and wish Seguin had not put the notion into my head, since it has given you pain. I only tried to pique you into showing some regret, when I neglected you; but you didn't, and then I got desperate and didn't care what became of any one. Oh, Dora, if you knew how much I loved you, I am sure you'd forgive it, and let me prove my repentance by giving up everything that you dislike. I mean what I say; upon my life I do; and I'll keep my word if you will only let me hope."

If Debby had wanted a proof of her love for Frank Evan, she might have found it in the fact that she had words enough at her command now, and no difficulty in being sisterly pitiful toward her second suit.

"Please get up," she said; for Mr. Joe, feeling very humble and very earnest, had gone

down upon his knees, and sat there entirely regardless of his personal appearance.

He obeyed; and Debby stood looking up at him with her kindest aspect, as she said, more tenderly than she had ever spoken to him before:

"Thank you for the affection you offer me, but I cannot accept it, for I have nothing to give you in return but the friendliest regard, the most sincere good-will. I know you will forgive me, and do for your own sake the good things you would have done for mine, that I may add to my esteem a real respect for one who has been very kind to me."

"I'll try—indeed, I will, Miss Dora, though it will be powerful hard without yourself for a help and a reward."

Poor Joe choked a little, but called up an unexpected manliness, and added, stoutly:

"Don't think I shall be offended at your speaking so, or saying 'No' to me—not a bit; it's all right, and I'm much obliged to you. I might have known you couldn't care for such a fellow as I am, and don't blame you, for nobody in the world is good enough for you. I'll go away at once, I'll try to keep my promise, and I hope you'll be happy all your life."

He shook Debby's hands heartily, and hurried down the steps, but at the bottom paused and looked back. Debby stood upon the threshold with sunshine dancing on her winsome face, and kind words trembling on her lips; for the moment it seemed impossible to part; and with an impetuous gesture, he cried to her:

"Oh, Dora, let me stay and try to win you for everything is possible to love, and I never knew how dear you were to me till now!"

There was sudden tears in the young man's eyes, the flush of a genuine emotion on his cheek, the tremor of an ardent longing in his voice, and, for the first time, a very true affection strengthened his whole countenance. Debby's heart was full of penitence; she had given so much pain to more than one that she longed to atone for it—longed to do some very friendly thing, and soothe some trouble such as herself had known. She looked into the eager face uplifted to her own and thought of Will, then stooped and touched her lover's forehead with the lips that softly whispered "No."

If she had cared for him, she never would have done it; poor Joe knew that, and murmuring an incoherent "Thank you!" he rushed away, feeling very much as he remembered to have felt when his baby sister died and he wept his grief away upon his mother's neck. He began his preparations for departure at once, in a burst of virtuous energy quite refreshing to behold, thinking within himself, as he flung his cigar-case into the grate, kicked a billiard-ball into a corner, and suppressed his favorite allusion to the Devil:

"This is a new sort of thing to me, but I can bear it, and upon my life I think I feel the better for it already."

And indeed he did; for though he was no Augustus to turn in an hour from worldly hopes and climb to sainthood through long years of inward strife, yet in aftertimes no one knew how many false steps had been saved, how many small sins repented of, through the power of the memory that far away a generous woman waited to respect him, and in his secret soul he owned that one of the best moments of his life was that in which little Debby Wilder whispered "No," and kissed him.

As he passed from sight, the girl leaned her head upon her hand, thinking sorrowfully to herself:

"What right had I to ensure him, when my own actions are so far from true? I have done a wicked thing, and as an honest girl I should undo it, if I can. I have broken through the rules of a false propriety for Clara's sake; can I not do as much for Frank's? I will. I'll find him if I search the house—and tell him all, though I never dare to look him in the face again, and Aunt Pen sends me home to-morrow."

Full of zeal and courage, Debby caught up her hat and ran down the steps, but, as she saw Frank Evan coming up the path, a sudden panic fell upon her, and she could only stand mutely waiting his approach.

It is asserted that Love is blind; and on the strength of that popular delusion novel heroes and heroines go blundering through three volumes of despair with the plain truth directly under their absurd noses; but in real life this theory is not supported; for to a living man the countenance of a loving woman is more eloquent than any language, more trustworthy than a world of proverbs, more beautiful than the sweetest love-lyrics ever sung.

Frank looked at Debby, and "all her heart stood up in her eyes," as she stretched her hands to him, though her lips only whispered very low:

"Forgive me, and let me say the 'Yes' I should have said so long ago."

Had she acquired any assurance of her lover's truth, or any reward for her own, she would have found it in the change that dawned so swiftly in his face, smoothing the lines upon his forehead, lighting the gloom of his eye, stirring his firm lips with a sudden tremor, and making his touch as soft as it was strong. For a moment both stood very still, while Debby's tears streamed down like summer rain; then Frank drew her into the green shadow of the grove, and its peace soothed her like a mother's voice, till she looked up smiling with a shy delight her glance had never known before. The shaft sunbeams dropped a benediction on their hands, the robins peeped, and the cedars whirled, but no rumor of what further passed ever went beyond the precincts of the wood; for such hours are sacred, and Nature guards the first blossoms of a human love as tenderly as she nurses May-flowers underneath the leaves.

Mrs. Carroll had retired to her bed with a nervous headache, leaving Debby to the watch and ward of friendly Mrs. Earle, who performed her office finely by letting her charge capitulate alone. In her dreams Aunt Pen was just imbibing a copious draught of champagne at the wedding-breakfast of her niece, Mrs. Joseph Leavenworth, when she was roused by the bride elect, who passed through the room with a lamp and a shawl in her hand.

"What time is it, and where are you going, dear?" she asked, dozingly wondering if the carriage for the wedding-tour was at the door so soon.

"It's only nine, and I'm going for a sail, Aunt Pen."

As Debby spoke, the light flashed full into her face, and a sudden thought into Mrs. Car-

roll's mind. She rose up from her pillow looking as stately in her night-cap as Maria Teresa is said to have done in like unassuming head-gear.

"Something has happened, Dora! What have you done? What have you said? I insist upon knowing immediately," she demanded, with some what startling brevity.

"I have said 'No' to Mr. Leavenworth and 'Yes' to Mr. Evans; and I should like to go home to-morrow, if you please," was the equally concise reply.

Mrs. Carroll fell flat in her bed, and lay there stiff and rigid as Moriena Kenwigs. Debby gently drew the curtains, and stole away, leaving Aunt Pen's wrath to effervesce before morning.

The moon was hanging luminous and large on the horizon's edge, sending shafts of light over her till the melancholy ocean seemed to smile, and along that shining pathway happy Debby and her lover floated into that new world where all things seem divine.

For the Herald of Progress.

Life Must Have a Purpose.

By H. F. M.

In the soft amaline of declining day, A gold-fringed cloud in dreamy silence lay, A shadowy myth—child of the sky and May.

'Twas nurtured in the case that scoffs at toll, It looked with pity on the unouth soil, And yet full many a hope Heaven seemed to foil.

'Twas tattered by the rude, capricious rain, The elfin lightning rent its scarf in twain, And sunbeams trifled with its vestal fane.

"How beautiful," the poet raptur'd said; The monner, " 'Tis the home of my loved dead; " But ere she ceased its radiant wings were spread.

From glorious scenes to scenes of joy it went, Its home the blue and spangled firmament, So free from care, and yet 'twas not content.

For it grew weary of its glittering change, Of the expanse where its light wings could range; It lacked a motive; is its usual strange?

It took to wishing, (visionaries do!) It wished it could retire from Heaven's blue And be a man, and fight for Lincoln too!

Heaven gave consent, and that transfigured cloud, So purposeless, so brilliant, and so proud, Stands by the flag, with cheers heartiest and loud.

O, dainty cloud, crown of Day's arching brow, How bright, how glorious, how frail wast thou, " And never half so beautiful as now!"

How many a gossamer, with gilt-edged wings, The song of indolence, untaught, sings; Ease rarely tines the heart's divinest strings.

Let life have purpose, and however frail The bark which guides us o'er Times' changeful gale, The Port in view, we'll joyful sing, " All hail!"

Practical Knowledge.

Of the uses of practical knowledge we yesterday saw an illustration. A mammoth hexagonal crystal was shown to us by its owner, Mr. Mitchell. It is nearly a foot in diameter, and about eighteen inches long. Next to a specimen in Barnum's Museum, it is the largest we have ever seen. The base of the specimen is opaque quartz rock; the other portion is as clear as crystal. It was found by the Rev. Edmund Craig Mitchell, on the farm of Dr. Johnson, near Ellicott's Mills, Md. The young divine was on a visit to Dr. Johnson. From the house a path leads to a spring that supplies the family with water. Mr. Mitchell, walking with Dr. Johnson along the path, observed "a stone" about an inch above the ground.

"There's a splendid specimen," said he.

"Of what?" asked the Doctor.

"Why, crystal quartz," was the reply.

The Doctor said he had passed that stone every day for thirty years, and knew it to be nothing more than a common paving-stone. Mr. Mitchell asked leave to wrench it up. A pick was procured, and to the surprise of Dr. Johnson, the "stone" was buried about eighteen inches deep, and beneath the ground was a perfect six-sided prism of crystal, almost as pellucid as French cut-glass. The young man knew enough of geology to recognize it by the best end, above the ground, though none but an expert would have seen in it anything but an ordinary boulder, on a small scale. A little learning may be a dangerous thing; but, somehow or other, knowledge is quite as productive as ignorance.

[Scientific American.]

"Religion of the World."

At the great Spiritualist mass meeting in Oshkosh, Wis., June 26th, and 27th, 1863, it was said in one of their prominent speeches: "Spiritualism, with its thousands of mediums and its millions of believers, stands forth to-day as the religion of the world." We believe the saying to be true in a much broader sense than most people are ready to admit, who have not yet indorsed this new religion. But few are aware of the rapid spread of the principles embodied in the system of theology taught by the spirits and Spiritualists. Like weeds they are springing up all over the world, and having a most luxuriant growth, with very little hindrance; so that it is becoming "the religion of the world" in its extent.—World's Crisis.

Labor Despised.

Mrs. Kemple, in her "Residence in Georgia," thus tersely speaks of the social status of labor at the South:

"The northern farmer thinks it no shame to work. The southern planter does, and there begins and ends the difference in their condition. Industry, man's crown of honor elsewhere, is in the South his badge of utter degradation; and so comes all by which they are surrounded—pride, profligacy, idleness, cruelty, cowardice, ignorance, squalor, dirt, and ineffable abasement."



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1863

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THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM met again last Sunday, with a considerable accession to their number. It will cheer the blessed children to know that there are several new and some very animated songs in course of preparation for their hearts and voices.

Next Sunday's Lectures.

Selden J. Finney will again address Friends of Progress at Dodworth's next Sunday morning, at 10 1/2 and in the evening at 7 1/2. A full report of his first lecture will be found in this number. The audiences are large and increasing, so that the Hall already seems too small to accommodate those anxious to hear the new gospel.

Moral Police Fraternity.

The second monthly meeting of this Association will occur on the morning of the first Sunday in October, (4th) at 10. The meeting will be free to all. The friends of humanity generally are invited to take part in the deliberations. The proceedings will be reported.

Woman and her Era.

We wish to quietly intimate to our readers that we shall ere long publish a new work by that gifted woman, Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, entitled, "Woman and her Era." It will be to the world a new revelation from the woman side of humanity, challenging alike respect for its power and veneration for its vital excellence. All thoughtful men and all reading women will need to possess it. We shall extract from it soon, to give a taste of its contents.

S. J. Finney's Discourses.

Last Sunday's Lectures at Dodworth's Hall, by Selden J. Finney, were exceedingly able and eloquent. Thanks to the faithful and skillful efforts of Mr. Robert S. Moore, the phonographer, we shall be able to furnish our readers with verbatim reports of these eloquent productions.

The morning discourse on "Substance and Shadow" was full not only of grand and lofty thought, but replete with fundamental statements, which every Spiritual thinker should meet and recognize.

Brother Finney treats every subject he handles with a vigor, originality, and power, which at once stamp him a man of genius as well as eloquence. Materialists and theologians meet with a powerful opponent when they cross swords with Selden J. Finney. In his hands the Spiritual Philosophy gathers new beauty and strength. His arguments are logically sound and rhetorically able.

An Hour at Colchester's.

We have been frequently urged to spend some time among the public mediums, and report the result of our observations and experience to our readers. The constant demands upon our time have prevented, till on Sunday last, we gave an hour to this long-neglected work.

Mr. Colchester, the medium, recently returned to the city, called at the office a few days since, and invited us to call upon him. As we suggested the difficulty of leaving, he named Sunday, and giving his dinner hour, asked when we would come. We immediately fixed upon the hour from three to four to spend at his rooms, and closed the engagement.

Punctual to our time—since, dealing with spirit or mortal, we would not fail in this respect—we were at Mr. Colchester's rooms before the clock ceased to strike three. The girl told us he went out to lunch fifteen minutes before, saying he would be gone but fifteen minutes. As we had an engagement with him, we were invited to take a seat.

And there, reader, we sat till the clock struck four, in company with one lady, one small table, three or four chairs, and the morning Herald and Sunday Times. The spirits that communed with us through these journals were not, perhaps, exactly Copperhead, but at least conservative, and of their communications, will not they who seek first abundant record in the interesting papers themselves?

On the whole, the hour spent at Mr. Colchester's rooms was not unprofitable. We observed on a card over the mantle-piece,

"Fee \$2," but as no cashier appeared, we did not pay. There are rooms in the city equally comfortable, rather more cheerful, with sweeter air—unperfumed by tobacco—and more inviting prospect, and no card on the wall. To one of these, inhabited by spirits in the body, we fled, nor have we yet spent another hour at Colchester's rooms.

Justice requires us to add, that since the above was in type, Mr. Colchester has written us that he made a mistake of the hour, and apologizing for the same. If a second trial results more satisfactorily, our readers shall have it. C. M. P.

Unsubstantiality.

Ghosts are having an extensive run in this city at present. Not ghosts real, but spectral; not from the spheres, but from mirrors, thrown upon the stage. It certainly indicates somewhat the popular drift, to see on all the walls and fences pictures of specters and skeletons, while "The Ghost" gleams in bright (printer's) colors from every corner. The popular hungering for the marvelous is fed by the theater managers, for it pays, while test mediums speculate oft-times much in the same way and for about as lofty a purpose.

Underlying this surface tendency, there is visible to the keen observer a deeper, more earnest longing for something more real, substantial, and veritable, than the superstitious dogmas of the past—a seeking for life, light, and knowledge, in the realm of the spiritual, which is the only real and substantial universe.

Mr. Finney's discourse, to which we have referred elsewhere, on "Substance and Shadow," will contribute to popular education in answer to this popular thirst.

Extremes Meet.

We predict that such journals as the N. Y. Herald will find occasion for again repeating the charge that rebels and radicals are really aiming at the same thing, in a recently published article by "one of the ablest citizens of Louisiana." His views are presented through the South Carolinian, and mark out the proper policy for the rebel government. The rapid depreciation of paper currency suggests the following, as the only remedy.

"Let the whole Confederacy be divided into two classes—the combatants and the producers. As long as this war shall last, every one of us must be satisfied with shelter, food, and clothing, and nothing else. The soldiers and officers, from the highest to the lowest, must fight without pay. Why should they need money, when provided with necessities, and their families taken care of? Let all the resources and productions of every farmer or planter be put at the disposal of the Government, without pay. Let every woman and every child, old enough for the purpose, be made to work without pay. Let the Treasurer of the civil officer or employe have no pay, but let it be a penal offense to buy or sell anything; let every one be secured to every one, in a city or county organization, controlled and supervised by the General Government."

This, says the N. Y. Times, "would be the most grand scheme of practical socialism that the world ever saw. All the resources and productions of every Southern farmer and planter to be placed at the disposal of the rebel Government without pay; it is to be a penal offense to buy or sell anything; labor is to be universal and compulsory—every woman, even, and every child, being forced to work without pay; and the rebel Government, from the stores thus placed at its disposal, is to furnish every man, woman, and child—of both colors, we suppose—in the Confederacy with all kinds of food, raiment, and shelter. It is as wild a scheme of socialism as ever was conceived in the brain of man. There would be perfect equality as regards property, perfect equality as regards labor, and perfect equality as regards compensation."

Why not? After practically abolishing slavery, let the rebels inaugurate a socialistic community, and bring on the millennium era at once. They may prove greater blessings to the world than has been anticipated by the most visionary.

Something New.

Under our Conjugium heading we record a marriage ceremony celebrating which was conducted by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. This is the first case that we remember in which a woman has officiated on such an occasion. That Mrs. B. is qualified legally, as she doubtless is constitutionally, to perform this office, will appear from the following private note:

"Friend— I hear you exclaim, What right or agents has she to marry people? Well, I have been set apart by the St. Charles Society as a minister of the gospel; and as such have authority to solemnize marriages; and so long as people need the institution, I will not see no objection to the union of the parties, pronounce the twain one. H. F. M. B."

From the you may predict a long and successful career for our newly-appointed sister-minister, since "people" are likely to "need the institution" for some time to come. If we had the slightest business to go over again, we know of no minister we would sooner choose to do the work. C. M. P.

We have a copy of the "Sacred Circle," now out of print. Any one sending us a copy will be sent to an equivalent in such late publications as may be desired.

We understand that Prof. J. V. C. Sperry, used as incumbent of the chair of Surgery in the Medical College for Women in this city, will not accept the position. The trustees doubtless make satisfactory provision for the vacancy.

Mission of a Free Journal.

"Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth" stands conspicuously at the head of our paper as the declared purpose of its publication. Yet many readers mistake its object, and imagine it is designed to reflect certain opinions, to exalt certain standards, and suit certain prejudices; that it is a means whereby one or a few individuals only are to discover and apply Truth.

Sad misconceptions are all these. We should be ashamed to publish a paper wherein any single person found every sentiment, every expression to accord with his own fixed opinions. Thousands may be glad to see every line published, yet not one find in all perfect harmony with his or her own convictions. How are we to discover Truth, how apply it, but by the use of diverse means, the effort of various minds?

These thoughts are suggested by the following, from a correspondent, added to a business letter:

"Allow me to express a few thoughts in regard to the HERALD. There are some things in it which I do not indorse, as, for instance, those expressing war sentiments, as your Harmonical Philosophy is for peace in its highest and broadest sense. Therefore I hesitated about taking the HERALD longer, but have finally concluded there were some things in it I could not well afford to do without, so I will receive the good and overlook that which does not please me."

We trust our friend will recognize the need there is of examining that which "does not please" her, lest her own opinions be erroneous, and she shut out the light whereby she may be enabled to correct them. The HERALD OF PROGRESS is a broad platform, whereon all may meet in harmony and grow in wisdom. The paper is less intended to suit or please than to instruct and benefit.

The Adelphian Institute.

We call attention to the advertisement, in another column, of this school for young ladies, located in Norristown, Pa. It has been for several years under the superintendence of our esteemed correspondent, Belle Bush, and her two sisters. Being devoted friends of Progress, and striving constantly to inculcate liberal and progressive sentiments in the minds of their pupils, these accomplished ladies are entitled to the patronage of all who love Reform and desire the truest education for their children.

The Man not afraid to Doubt.

Bishop Colenso has been summoned by the Bishop of Cape Town to appear in an ecclesiastical court at the latter place, on the 17th of November, to answer to certain charges preferred against him connected with his recent volumes on "The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua." The Bishop of Natal, however, will probably deny the authority of the Bishop of Cape Town as Metropolitan, and thus in all probability the whole proceedings will fall to the ground upon technical points. Bishop Colenso is still in England, and has given no intimation of any period at which it is likely he will return to his African diocese. He has appointed a commissary during his absence.

Interesting to Pork Eaters.

From our own Jewish proclivities on the pork question we experience no merriment in consequence of the developments which have turned so many English stomachs:

The Privy Council has just received a report from its medical officer, Mr. Simons, on matters relating to the public health; and among his statements is one to the effect that there are between 40,000 and 60,000 mealy pigs in Ireland, most of which come to Great Britain for consumption, and his impression is that for every mealy pig in the kingdom there is at least one human being with tape-worms. These parasites may not directly kill, but may favor the development of fatal disease.

Nor is this all. It has also been discovered quite recently that a microscopic thread-worm, the trichina spiralis, brings the muscular flesh of swine into a state in which a small quantity of it eaten raw will suffice to destroy life. As regards the possible ill effects from consuming, in a well-cooked state, the flesh of animals afflicted with anthrax or carbuncular fever, evidence is still imperfect, but it seems clear that human life may be endangered by it.

Dr. Lewis's Institute for Physical Education.

The fifth commencement of the Normal Institute for Physical Education took place at Tremont Temple, Boston, on Monday evening, the 14th inst.

The attendance was large and great enthusiasm prevailed. A class of fifty graduates gave illustrations of the exercises. The following are the names of the graduating class, the majority of whom, it will be observed, are ladies.

Ladies: Miss Emma Farrar, Miss Edla Sperry, Mrs. Lizzie P. Anderson, Mrs. Emily D. Powers, Mrs. Sallie W. Gillingham, Miss C. A. Baker, Miss Rachel W. Allen, Miss H. P. Haskell, Miss M. F. E. Haseltine, Miss Annie B. Bronson, Miss Laura Allen, Mrs. Sarah H. Baker, Miss Fannie G. Mankin, Miss Lois A. Greene, Miss Elizabeth M. Powell, Mrs. Emily F. Waterman, Miss H. E. Wells, Mrs. Althea B. Doty, Mrs. Eliza D. Simons, Miss Lucy H. Hyde, Miss Abbie E. Daniels, Mrs. M. F. Simmons, Miss Minnie Paul, Miss Mary Haskell, Mrs. Ella M. Holt, Miss Augusta Haskell, Miss J. A. Richards, Mrs. M. P. Stearns, Mrs. Sophia L. O. Allen, Mrs. Annie K. Parker, Mrs. R. L. Martin.

Gentlemen: Stacy Baxter, T. J. Ellinwood, J. E. Powers, O. W. Powers, D. T. Bradford, W. A. Knight, E. P. Miller, M. D., J. S. Severance, Phillips E. Porter, E. J. Truesdell, Arthur W. Bradley, O. E. Woodward, J. B. Roberts, George A. White, J. G. Blanchard, E. Nickerson, C. J. Robinson, C. F. Christian, Clinton Gillingham.

Prentice has a Boy named after his Journal.

An accomplished lady of a neighboring county writes us a pleasant business letter, and adds at the close:

"I send you the name of my Union boy, five weeks old, George D. Prentice James P. Grant Orlando H. Rosecrans Stanley Bergsman Burnside Adams. I know you will say that it is sufficient to represent one county." We heartily thank Mrs. Adams for our part of the compliment. We consider it no little honor that our name is made the capital of such a magnificent Corinthian column, and we trust that Gen. Grant, Gen. Rosecrans, Gen. Stanley, Gen. Berryman, and Gen. Burnside will be gratified with the position assigned them. We hope and believe that Gen. McClellan, Gen. Meade, Gen. Sherman, Gen. Gilmore, Gen. Steele, Gen. Roseau, and others, will not be envious. Mrs. A. may have large honors in reserve for them all.

Our blessing upon the little George D. Prentice J. P. G. O. H. R. S. B. B. Adams! May he not be smothered or crushed under his name. May he bear it stoutly up as Atlas shouldered the sky, instead of groaning beneath it, as the giants did beneath Mount Rana. If our common father Adam had been burdened with as much name as is this little Adams five weeks old, he would probably not only have been the first man but the last. But fortunately for him, there were no such editor and heroes then as there are now to name him after.—Louisville Journal.

Aerated Bread.

A friend commends this article, recently advertised in our columns, as genuine New Church food. We accept the genuineness of the article, and know it is new, but the wide extent of its use already precludes any attempt to confine it to the saints. In fact, we deem it an excellent article for all dyspeptic sinners. It is made from pure flour and water and a little salt, manufactured by machinery, and is, consequently, uncorrupted by the "Irish magnetism" so common to American kitchens. Try it, city reader, and see if you don't like the aerated bread.

Menotti Garibaldi.

Menotti Garibaldi is the son of Garibaldi. He is said to be "a favorite with all the European Democrats." It is believed he has gone to Poland to join the Polish insurrection. A Paris correspondent says:—

"Menotti Garibaldi is the hero of the day in Italy—looked upon as the coming man destined by Providence to finish the work which his father had begun. The wild superstition of the Italians—their belief in the supernatural—is amply flattered in the story of Menotti, and he is pointed out as the chosen one of God. At Aspromonte, where his father received the wound which has rendered him helpless for a while, Menotti, who was fighting by his side, received a bullet in the thigh, and fell with the shock. This gave rise to the report of his having been more severely wounded than his father. But soon the joyous news spread along like wild-fire. Menotti's life was not in danger. The ball which had struck him, by one of those mysterious chances which happen so seldom that they seem impossible, and are therefore deemed miracles, had struck the thigh bone, and instead of shivering it to splinters as it passed through, had flattened itself against it, and been repelled! The doctor who withdrew it has kept it as a trophy, before which Italian enthusiasm is ready to bow in adoration, as representing the Divine power and the Almighty protection vouchsafed to their idolized Menotti Garibaldi; and they say that the young man possesses, in addition to his father's qualities, all those in which the older Garibaldi is wanting, as well. He is less demonstrative—less liable to be imposed upon by the designing—less likely to be made a tool of by the cunning and unprincipled. He talks less, in short, and never writes; while his bright young honor stands without speck or stain before the blinking eyes of his countrymen, who can only wonder at the strange objection he manifests to falsehood and subterfuge, without attempting to understand its utility. Menotti's admiration for his father amounts to adoration; while the paternal love and pride of the latter toward his young son partakes of a strange kind of reverence, inspired by this steadfastness of principle he has always manifested."

Brief Items.

—Our army under Gen. Rosecrans have been engaged in a desperate battle near Chattanooga, Ga. Our forces had to contend with overwhelming numbers, but, on the whole, lost but little ground during the two days' fight. The loss is very heavy.

—The English government has detained two iron-plated steam-rams which were about to start out for rebel service.

—Even the London Times indicates a more favorable temper towards this country, remarking, with respect to the terms of the foreign enlistment act: "As things now stand, there seems to be a kind of moral obligation making itself felt in advance of the law."

—Brigadier-General Roger A. Pryor has been reduced to the rank of private in the rebel army.

—Liquor is smuggled into the army in jugs concealed in barrels of flour.

—There are now about eight thousand men in the hospitals in and around Washington.

—Since the conflagration at Lawrence, Kansas, eight or nine packages of notes have been sent to the Treasury to be exchanged for others. They had been subjected to the fire, but were not injured beyond identification. It seems that the chemicals employed on these notes forms a coating which affords a partial protection from fire.

—A letter has been brought to light from Franklin Pierce to Jeff. Davis, written Jan. 6, 1860, in which he predicts that in case of secession the fighting will not be within Mason and Dixon's line merely, "it will be along our own borders, in our own streets."

—The Corps d'Afrique, organized under the auspices of Gen. Banks, is rapidly filling up. Fifteen thousand colored soldiers have already been mustered into the service, and recruits are still coming in very rapidly. The maximum strength of the corps is about 25,000.

The Great Spiritual Movement.

BY SELDEN J. FINNEY.

[Instead of publishing our report of Mr. Finney's Discourse, delivered at Dodworth's Hall, Sunday morning, September 15th, we give to our readers the following paper, previously prepared by Mr. F., upon the same subject.]

Like all great and beneficent developments of historic life, this great Spiritual movement is spontaneous, and, therefore, primordial and profound. It is not the intentional embodiment of any one or more so-called "systems of religion" or "philosophy" which have preceded it. In its origin it is actually independent of all forgone or foregone "systems" or schools of thought, as such. It does not draw its facts from any exclusive records of history, ancient or modern, but it begins by developing facts of its own. True it develops facts similar, analogous, and, in some cases, even identical with those recorded of ancient days; but still its facts are its own, though thus explanatory of ancient and similar ones. Nor are these facts mere repetitions of ancient ones, for they are, nineteen-twentieths of them, originally produced by persons, who, at the time of their advent, were not acquainted with history to any adequate extent. And beside, these modern ones are far more extended, and in some—in many cases—entirely different and superior to recorded ones. They are self-evidently not derived, by imitation, from any records of history.

Nor has critic or opposer succeeded in showing this movement to be the result of jugglery or fraud. Of course there are, as we might expect, cases of fraud and deception practiced by some of its professed believers. But what great movement has not had its counterfeit and semblance? "Jesus had his Judas" and Charles I his traitors. Shall any great movement escape this fate? Its counterfeits show the vulgar estimate of its high value, for what is valueless will have none. The universal judgment of the well-informed unbelievers, to-day, is: "Oh! there is something in it." The world-be-wise ones at first pronounced it "humbug;" then "delusion;" then "infidelity;" and, lastly, "devil." But still the thing went, and goes on. Not all its obstructions have hindered its career. It is still pushing its way through the superstitions of the churches and over the negations of the "materialist." Nothing can stop its career. Seeing this, the learned and popular are watching it with the deepest interest. It appears spontaneously and simultaneously, in the hovels of the backwoodsmen and in the palaces of European kings and emperors. It announces itself the same in each. In all places where it thus spontaneously, and often unsought, appears, it announces its origin and aim in the same identical terms: "We are the souls of your friends, come from Spirit-Land, to demonstrate our and your continued existence." It tells this same story the world over. It does not go on primarily, through the agency of missionaries; but it more often than otherwise announces itself, at first hand and as directly from the Spirit-Land, and that, too, without asking any liberty of our earthly volitions to appear to us. Indeed, it often appears in opposition to the will of both the mediums and their friends. I know this from experience and observation among all classes in America for thirteen years past. Nor does it allow the mediums the choice of the kind of mediumship they shall exercise. True, there are certain laws of temperament which control the statics of this mediumship, but the mastery of these statical conditions is in the hands of the originators of this great movement. These laws and conditions of temperament are revelations of the movement itself; at least in so far as they are related to mediumship. Indeed, a new and superior discovery of the laws of temperament has resulted directly from the movement itself.* And these Spiritual dynamics are they not the spontaneous products of other intelligences than those of earth? The characteristics already enumerated indicate as much. The power that controls them is evidently not on this side the grave. Nor do I mean to say here that no similar manifestations to those purely supermundane cannot be produced by persons still on earth, but only that this great modern Spiritual movement is controlled, in its general career and aims, by other persons than those exclusively mundane.

The proof of this spontaneity of character of this great Spiritual movement is evident by a simple reference to the facts of its development. The facts were unsought at first. They came, announced themselves, defined their origin and mission, and actually prophesied their own career and ultimate success as an actual demonstration of life beyond the grave, to the inhabitants of the earth. By reference to the early publications which first issued to the world, it is seen that these prophecies have been and are in the rapid process of fulfillment. When the raps first began at Hydeville, N. Y., they themselves announced their own rapid spread. In presence of the "Fox Girls," as well as in presence of many other media, these prophecies were iterated and reiterated. It was also said by them that new and various manifestations and modes of communication would successively make their appearance, until we of the earth should behold forms of those in the Spiritual World face to face. This last prophecy has been to some fulfilled already. I remember distinctly that I was told by these

communicating powers, in New York City, twelve years ago, that, as the relations between the two worlds became more perfectly understood, pictures of our spirit-friends would be produced, which should be positive proof of their identity. This has been done in some instances. Still this form of manifestation is yet in its infancy; and all the prophecies, and the facts attending them, are spontaneous. Many of them were scouted by believers, even, as chimerical, if not absolutely absurd and fanatical. And yet they have been and are being fulfilled.

I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the first clear voice from the land of the blessed, as it fell into my soul through the silent air. It said: "The Church is corrupt—you must be a Reformer." I was at that time a zealous Methodist exhorter, and I did not even see how this could be true. I did not understand it then; and it was not till three years afterward that the Rochester rappings began. Soon after this latter event, in a circle in Ohio, my own organs of speech, under the pure mechanical control of a foreign intelligence, declared that a new era had dawned; and that, if I would consent, angels would inspire me to address the public throughout this American world on the great question of "God, Liberty, and Immortality." It went so far as to name the various cities in which I should so speak. I remember, too, how extravagant all this seemed, for I had no adequate education for such a function. But that controlling power declared it would stand by me to the end. I took it at its word, and I have found it true. And all this, with much more of the same character, proves to me the spontaneity of this movement. Thousands have a similar experience in the various forms of these wide extended manifestations.

Manifestations similar, and sometimes exactly alike, have often occurred simultaneously in widely-separated districts, and in the presence of persons who had never before heard of them. But in no case known to me have these occurrences failed to explain their origin and aim. And this fact is worthy of special attention, that these phenomena do not wait for us to infer their origin and object, but directly define and defend themselves. They do not, like facts of the unscientific world, allow us to speculate ere they clearly declare their source. Some persons, ignorant of the case in hand, have supposed that the doctrine of the spirituality of their origin was an inference from certain mysterious phenomena. But such is not exclusively the case. Of course induction would necessarily be a method of reasoning in the case; but before this is possible, the facts announce their own character in terms—in definitive human language. This fact has been overlooked by all opposers. Not one of them makes any allowance for it. And it must be remembered that this fact nearly always accompanies that class of manifestations which are purely mechanical and independent of any human mind in the body, e. g., through rappings, and the movement of physical objects without the connivance or contact of any person still in the body. Thousands of these facts have thus declared themselves, in terms of human language, accompanied by the signs of human identity, and in a manner often as entirely independent of mundane control as of mundane opinions. True, there are Spiritual manifestations which can be dictated and temporarily controlled by mundane persons and opinions. And why not? Is it to be supposed that there are no souls on earth more knowing and positive than some souls in Spirit-Land? The great facts of this Spiritual movement demonstrate this truth, that "death" does not make souls either gods or idiots in knowledge, either angels or devils in disposition. The very facts which the Christian objector supposes proof of the falsity of Spiritualism, are real evidences of its spiritual origin, viz., the variety, diversity, and even contrariety of opinions and views expressed by spirits themselves. These facts put to flight the old superstitions of the popular convictions of the churchman, that the change called "death" transforms these souls into devils and those into divinities. And was it not necessary to exercise this opinion concerning the condition of the departed? It was this false view which peopled the spiritual air of thought with the ghosts and hobgoblins of the dark ages. It has actually "sickled over" the path to heaven with the pale beams of despair, or scorched its flowers with the blue flames of the burning "damned."

This great modern Spiritual-movement has actually driven those chattering goblins of the dark ages from the chambers of the souls of millions of men and women, who now calmly contemplate the great hereafter as the logical and chronological extension and elevation of this present life. There are two classes of notions, each equally absurd, which disappear before the march of this movement—the one already named and the doctrine of annihilation. While it has put out the fires of "hell," it has also illuminated the grave as the portal to glory. It has, for the "materialist," given the world a new significance, by showing that the "primordial atoms are prefigured" to immortal issues in the arisen souls of those who have passed beyond the river. To both it has a divine significance. This world now means something. It is no longer the battlefield of angels and devils, nor is it that great black negation of atheism—a "here with no hereafter, a body without a soul," or a world without divine-aim. To both, the Spirit-Land is no longer a realm peopled with strangers; it is the home of our fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and brothers, and friends. It has become to us the land of the immortal humanities, where mingle the heart-throbs of the best, the glories of love, the wisdom of the

sage, the tones of affection, the music of the free, and the "patter of little feet." Death, which was once the "king of terrors," whose enormous scythe at every ample sweep struck whole nations from the root, has become "a kind and welcome servant" of those immortal fraternities, whose golden cords, growing from our hearts, stretch across the grave, and anchor us in the bosom of the blessed.

The methods of this great movement are both inductive and deductive. It is, therefore, characterized by *wholeness*. It ignores no power of the human nature. It appeals to all the faculties of man. It has tangible manifestations for the senses, and direct and interior inspirations for the soul and spirit. By the first, it addresses the physical man, who does not believe unless he can "see;" and through the second, it quickens the inner spiritual nature with life from the Divine fountains. These methods united constitute its great strength. The Church asks you to believe only in miracles and inspirations long ago received; but this movement gives us living wonders and a present inspiration. The Church asks us to worship the buttons on Paul's coat, or, which is equivalent, to defer to some second-hand account of his own spiritual experiences; but this great movement lifts us in its beneficent arms up to the same heaven to which Paul was caught when he heard unutterable things, and pours into our speech the same celestial fire that flamed on the tongues of the disciples. The Church accepts, as sufficient, the story of the Transfiguration; but the living Spiritual inspiration of to-day transfigures us. If that ancient transfiguration actually transpired, then it was only a fact flowing from the operation of spiritual powers, and illustrating the laws of the relationship which exist between the earth and the Spirit-Land. The passage of centuries has not obliterated that relationship or nullified those laws. Nor has the experience of all the generations, nor their superstitions, nor the spiritual flatulence of priesthoods, nor the discoveries of science, nor the age of labor-saving inventions, rendered either this relation, or the spiritual powers and laws, useless, or undesirable, or inoperative. Nor is it to be forgotten that the three disciples were as truly transfigured as was Jesus, else how could they have witnessed that celestial convention? And this was "the Son of Man coming in his kingdom." That kingdom was a spiritual one—"not of this world." On that beamy mount, many a soul before—as Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, Socrates, Plato—had stood; and many a soul since—as Swedenborg, Stilling, Kerner, Joan of Arc—have been thus eliminated and illuminated.—On a grander and still more beamy mount has our own blessed Brother Davis stood. Nor will our spiritual possibilities end here. Everlasting mountains of personal perfection, radiant with the splendors of never-setting day, before the true soul of lofty aim and sure will. With a "sweet, firm hearted" purpose, we, too, can tread the "steep and rugged pathway of the gods." Of what use to us is it to know that ancient souls caught a glimpse of Divine virtues, unless it be as an evidence of that "great *Lex Magna*" which is the Spirit of the world and the Providence of souls?

If one study this spiritual movement as it has traversed the centuries, he will find that it breaks out through the crust of the world by rushing up through the private bosom of some wretched son of man. It scorns all systems of theology and jurisprudence alike. It never came, in its great moments of awakening, through the organized channels of "religious institutions." On the contrary, it departs the temples of all nations and sects as soon as it is attempted to be wrenched and twisted to the wicked business of church building. The great oracles of Greece became untrustworthy and finally silent when kings and emperors became their patrons, and sought to prostitute them to their own aggrandizement, or that of their empire, against the absolute justice. Once those oracles were the living fountains of celestial waters to the rising soul of the nation in its heroic age; once their power was the great inspiration of her philosophers, and orators, and statesmen, and artists, furnishing the archetypes of her temples and her laws; but the "gods" fled their thrones there when ambition sought to corrupt their oracles.

No sooner was the Christian movement begun to be wrought into outline than the disciples began to quarrel. (See Acts xv.) And when that movement was organized into form, with creed and ritual, "false miracles were artfully proportioned to the credulity of the vulgar," and "lying for the interests of religion became the well-nigh publically adopted maxim" and habit of the most learned and pious Christians. St. Ambrose, St. Hilary, St. Augustine—most orthodox Christians—"were affected by this leprosy." Men undertook to interpret Jesus, not to live in the same high style. And how is it with Swedenborgians? Are they living in open communion with "the Lord" as did the great seer? No. They are chasing his shadow across the world. They spend their time in churchifying his repetitions "Arcana Celestia." They unite to play second fiddle to that celestial music of his. Poor, weak souls, that prefer every spiritual gift at second-hand, instead of going to the same sublime source and dipping for themselves those celestial waters. They forget that his writings are neither the man nor his spiritual experiences, but only his talk about both. If he had inspiration, it was his, not ours; nor can it ever become ours, for each of us is a new and different classification of faculties. If the celestial currents set through us, too, (as they will if we are true) their flow would make different music from his, for no

two persons are strung up exactly alike, with the same tension and vibratory power. To attempt, therefore, this second- or third-rate imitation of the music of this or any other seer, is to transform ourselves into apes, not into prophets. I protest against this pious mimicry as a prostitution of our spiritual powers. That great seer led a sublime life simply because he fell back on the constitution of his own soul, and obeyed his own intrinsic and interior conviction. God never made but one Jesus, but one Swedenborg. He designs each of us to be a new revelation of the Infinite Life. The very fact that we are here, with our individualities, is proof that we have as much right to be here as Swedenborg or Jesus to be there. Is it by mimicry that we become men? Our own classification of powers, and the function indicated thereby, are the direct revelation of the Divine Will to us and in us. And it is this fact that principally concerns us. The law that develops the oak is in the oak, not in the pine, and *vice versa*. The law that will lift us to our true empire and function is not in Swedenborg, much less in his writings, but in us and our relations. Laws of spiritual life—of souls—are in those souls, and were never yet defined in books.

When will our Brothers in the churches recognize these verities. I am here with my soul and its faculties, aiming at the great business of being, not of imitation. And the benefit of other souls' experience is as an illustration of the law and function of individuality. This great movement demonstrates, by its course, one thing, that the true and highest estate attainable to any one is accomplished by a direct performance of its own functions and an actual union with the Divine Love. This cannot be accomplished by imitation of others' performances, but only by the discharge of our own. Our own inspiration will depart, just in the ratio of our worship of the history of other souls. Let us meet each other as divinely commissioned to exhibit a new view of the universe, a new song of life, and a new incarnation of infinite beauty. Only in this way can we perform the part assigned us in the great procession of souls.

This great movement cannot be long misused without becoming stationary or retrogressive. Like one of its divinest powers—clairvoyance—its misuse is its destruction in the persons so abusing it. Take the experience of treasure-hunting clairvoyants as proof. Not one of them but soon becomes clouded, darkened, and unreliable. This power is of too sacred a character to allow of control by the low motives of selfishness or of animism. Vices of its advocates cannot destroy or permanently injure the great law of its career. Such misuse may cloud over one's spiritual sky, but the sky still remains after one has lost his eyes to see and the impressibility to appreciate its beauty. We may shut out its light from our hearts, but its eternal sun still shines on, while some true soul will catch and translate its living sunbeams, leaving us the miserable consciousness of beholding our ideal become actual in some other life and heroism. If Peter lie, Peter must be lashed.

The spirit of this great movement has been well called the "Lex Magna of the Universe." It cannot be bottled up in a creed or a church any more than can sunlight or the magnetism of immensity. Men can, for a time, bottle themselves up in dogmas and opinions; but even such will be driven by the rigors of their own servitude to pray for a spiritual exodus. Every civilization has arisen, like the goddess of beauty from the foam of the sea, out of its celestial currents. It broods over the cradle of empires—the spirit of life and inspiration quickening the latent germs of hope and faith—until whole races unite to incarnate Justice, Liberty, and Love, in their institutions. Its prophets are always humble men, and use the simplest, and often, apparently, absurd methods of learning the great Purposes. It operates in and through men consciously, and unconsciously to them. It has even used the entrails of beasts, the flight of birds, the Urim and Thummim, and the oracles of all time, as its temporary organs, in sublime accommodation to the infancy and ignorance of humanity. Danans founding Egyptian colonies in Greece, Pythagoras, and Socrates, and Plato, and Anaxagoras, listening to and interpreting the divine oracles of the immortals, or Romulus watching the flight of birds, are alike the agents of its august power and the channels of its celestial waters. Its source is an infinite atmosphere which surrounds us on every side, pressing gently down upon the organs of the soul, and seeking to enter its chambers and magazines, which the miscalled philosophy of forty thousand years has "failed to reach." It often breaks its instruments, but it never abandons the throne of its empire. Though it remain essentially the same, yet its form of appearance in any nation is always determined by the geology, geography, and climate of the country, and the anatomy and physiology of the races living there. "It moves through time like the gods of Homer through space—it takes a step and ages have fled," but in all time and in all nations it is the source of power, the inspiration of great minds, and the "spirit of the age."

Genius in its true estate is only susceptibility to its pressure, impressibility to its presence; or, in other words, that delicacy of touch, of intuition, of consciousness, which yields to the slightest ray of light from the interior life of things. Such persons are power, as well as channels of power. Their sensibilities are extended around into the wide realms of the spiritual forces and laws. Their souls put out feelers into all the rivers of current magnetism, and detect the direction and power of the great gulf stream of life. Such spirits discover the "royal road to knowledge"—that

sublime "pathway of the gods," as a beautiful friend calls it—which lies far up on the ever-green mountains of life, beyond the reach of the rattle and bang of common life, and the petty egotisms of little souls. These sublime souls, in their great moments, engender the genius and life-power of future civilizations. They thus become the fountains out of which issue the great rivers of historic progress. The advent of such a soul is the announcement of a new revelation in the world and the dawn of a new republic. When such spirits come, let the blind idolators of antiquity take heed, for on all their darkened temples is written "Ichabod." The glory has departed hence, to be found on the mountains of spiritual liberty.

In the dawn of each new era arises such a seer soul. Pressing with reverent steps this "royal road," he declares the old chapter closed and the opening of another soul. Living in the realm of causation, he intuits the divine aims and adjusts himself to the direction of the eternal verities. The triumphs of uncome eons are already blazing in his own bosom. He is the great typical man of the future age, which he fronts with the serenity of eternal trust. Doomed to the hemlock, the cross, or, what is meaner still, the slanderous tongue of his own countrymen, he remains unshaken, because enthroned amid eternal laws.

Many such souls bestride the centuries, and furnish light to the advancing millions. They are the star-beacons of history, which, secure in the zenith of heaven, shine on through storm and darkness, unheeding crosses and crowns alike. Their reward is the beneficence they bestow. They grow on what they bestow, not what they receive. They most resemble divinity in being unable to receive benefits, while they toil for an eternal public. They utter the divine laws. Brahm said: "The law of marriage is universal," long before science could put its finger on the fact. "Goodness is the only happiness," said Socrates, long before the laws of mind and body were matters of scientific test. "The origin of harmony is Divinity," said Pythagoras, long before the Bible was "a book." "All things have a spiritual origin," said Plato, long before the science of astronomy had demonstrated the origin of worlds to be out of the "imponderable elements." "The love of all wisdom is man's integral aspiration," says Brother Andrew Jackson Davis, far in advance of the whole theology of the world.

Have not these great souls, with unnamed scores of others like them, stood at the dawn of new epochs as the prophets thereof? These persons are all members of a great spiritual republic, the seat of whose power is in the supernal world. Spiritual kings are these, who are kings, not by assumption, but by service rendered. Their ideas are the archetypes of civilizations that succeed them. Tethered by faith to the throne of Love, their life is a constant beneficence. Their words are scepters of power, and after their apotheosis their birth-places become the centers of pilgrimage for whole races of ordinary men. Art, and science, and governments, spring from their ashes and bloom around their sepulchers. Their words are revolutions, and plow-shares driven through the ages, in whose immense furrows cities, communities, nations arise. Contemporaries may slay their bodies, but their ideas are immortal and will dominate the quadruped passions, and disengage the souls of generations.

Brahm, Bhudda, Sankianthoran, Moses, Zoroaster, Confucius, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, Jesus, Paul, Origen, Luther, Calvin, Fox, Swedenborg, Wesley, Ann Lee, Murray, Channing, Noyes, Parker, Emerson, Garrison, and Davis, are and have been members of the great spiritual republic. Some of them have known, some of them have not known it; but all have worked toward the one great end—the actual reign of absolute Justice and Love. Such are the expounders of the spiritual gospel. And the spirit of history has coordinated these stars of the centuries into an eternal constellation of living light and beauty. They shall shine on—while the world endures.

The great spiritual movement, then, is nothing less than the spontaneous evolution through human souls—into history—of the eternal energies and verities of infinite spiritual opulence. Its temple is the world, its Bible the infinite intelligence, its expounders all inspired souls, and its aim "perfection and truthfulness of character." How sublime to be worthy a true membership of this eternal spiritual republic.

Gossip about Home.

The Paris correspondence of the London Star has the following:

"Mr. Douglas Home, a Scot by birth, an American by adoption, and a spirit-medium by profession, brought out a few days since at Debut's a work on the spiritual relations between this planet and the rest of the universe. The French call it a *plaisanterie*. But it is hard to see where the jest in it lies, for it is as solemn as a funeral sermon. It contains about three hundred and more ghost stories than Mr. Wesley's "Natural Philosophy," and is more thrilling even than the old-fashioned romances in which the prevailing elements were love and murder, or all the modern sensational reading. *Le Secret de Miss Aurora* included. Mr. Home's work will doubtless prove a lucky hit so far as its sale is concerned. It is likely to have as great a run as any of Miss Braddon's novels. But if it affect the nerves of its readers as did Allen Kardec's revelations, it will prove less harmless, for the hospital reports state that one-third of the lunatics in the Department of the Rhone have been driven there by the table-turning mania got up by the high priest of Spiritualists in France."

* See 4th vol. Harmonia, by A. J. Davis.

Progressive Conventions.

A Progressive Convention is the mouth-piece of mental liberty. In the absence of freedom of speech all our other rights are in jeopardy.

Reform Convention at Evansville, Rock Co., Wisconsin.

AUGUST 28, 29, AND 30.

Evansville is the present terminus of the Beloit and Madison railroad, and is one of those numerous little towns of the West which are surrounded by a beautiful and fertile country, yielding an abundance of rich products into the hands of the industrious and toiling farmer, upon whom mechanics, tradesmen, and men of profession who help to constitute these towns, are more or less dependent for the staff of physical life; but there are some here who are not satisfied unless they can also have the bread of spiritual life.

At ten o'clock, Friday morning, the friends assembled in the chapel of the Seminary, the meeting was called to order, and Professor D. Y. Kilgore appointed President; L. T. Whittier, Secretary, and Mrs. J. H. Stillman, M. D., W. H. Spencer, and E. R. Beckley, Assistants.

Committee of Arrangements, D. Y. Kilgore, Lewis Spencer and Levi Leonard, of Evansville; Benj. Hoxie, of Cookville; J. W. Stewart, of Broadhead.

Finance Committee, H. G. Spencer, Robert Bunnell, of Evansville; J. T. Dow, of Cookville; Albert Griggs, of Porter, and M. T. White, of Dayton.

Resolutions offered by R. Todd, and carried, that the platform of this Convention shall be free, the person alone being responsible for the sentiments uttered. The remainder of the forenoon was spent in conference.

Mr. Todd tries the platform by saying that Spiritualists have force and power, and should make themselves heard and felt politically. Believes in the enfranchisement of woman. Will not go where women cannot—left the Masons solely on that account. Dr. Parker does not believe in women meddling in politics and soiling their souls as men have done, nor for men either. Man is an empire of himself, and possesses the elements of self-government.

All Nature's efforts are toward individualization; this is the object of revolutions, politically, socially, and spiritually; and should an angel from heaven, or a demon from hell, dictate to me what is right, I should say to both, avaunt! I must act true to my soul. We have two wars to fight—one of bullets and one of ideas. I am for the one of ideas. We have thousands of men who are ready to face the cannon's mouth, but only a few but what will cover before public opinion like a cur beneath his master's frown.

A poem, "The Ideal and the Real," was then recited by Mr. Todd, and the meeting adjourned.

At one o'clock the people again assembled, and a lecture was given by Mr. Todd, upon "Spiritualism and the Harmonical Philosophy." The former being merely a belief in the communication of spirits, and the latter the practical obeying of all the laws of the physical and spiritual nature.

Orthodoxy has sought to crush out Spiritualism, even as Judaism tried to crush out the life of the young child Jesus, by calling it mesmerism, psychology, and of the devil. In one sense it is magnetism, or rather this is the agent through which spirits communicate. These being the agents through which the spirit, while in the body, manifests itself, it follows, that, as they are the same after death, they must still use these agents to connect them with, and to act upon persons still in the form.

Through this magnetic aura thrown off from a person, the psychometer reads the character of an individual. Much, very much of misery might be avoided, did people but understand these laws. It is through this that the unsophisticated youth is led into the sins and horrors of city life, and the libertine ruins a mother's loved daughter, and it is through this, when understood and rightly used, that the world is to be redeemed. Closed by reciting a poem, "Life in Heaven."

Mr. Hyde and sister sang a song, and then Mrs. Andrews, of Delton, Sauk Co., an unconscious trance-speaker, gave a lecture. Subject, "What God has Spiritualism Done." Spiritualism has done away with hired thinking, and each one is thinking for himself. The Bible is now retired as any other book—the good accepted and the bad rejected. Geology proves the fact that man existed long prior to the Bible record. Spiritualism has done much toward revealing the laws of Nature, and refuting the degrading idea that God is a tyrant and man a slave. It is through his own efforts that man can be saved; he must look upon the erring as a brother, and help to lift him to a better condition. It has come to give to mankind a new garment, as he had outgrown the old ones. She described the beauty and harmony of the spirit-world, and closed by exhorting all to live here with reference to the future, as we are there what we make ourselves here.

The afternoon session closed with a song from the Hyde family, who, with the Evansville Glee Club, furnished vocal and instrumental music at intervals during the meeting. Judging from this class of well-trained singers, Evansville can boast of more musical talent than many places of twice its size.

In the evening, exercises commenced by Mr. Warren Chase reading a poem, "The Good Time Coming," and then followed with a lecture on "Spiritualism." Said he should speak of it in its simplest form, and if he knew anything, he knew that those whose bodies are in the ground still live. He referred to the efforts of many of its most bitter opposers to annihilate it, but said they might as well attempt to put out the sunlight with a bucket of water. Spoke of Professor Mahan's efforts, who, instead of annihilating Spiritualism, has almost annihilated himself instead. In speaking of the efforts of spirits to bring this subject before the world, said that they often made persons act ridiculously, in order to awaken thought and investigation which could be

done in no other way, seeming at the time to retard its progress, but its ultimate result was its advancement. He then spoke of the great changes which it had wrought in the literature of our country for the last ten years. Referred to the Atlantic Monthly, which ten years ago could not have been supported had it had the same list of contributors which it has now. There is not a novel, or novel story that can be read unless something of a spiritual character is in it, though not by name. Said that over fifty mediums are writing for the papers in New York, of a religious and secular character, and are known by the publishers as such. All these things are leading on the minds of the people towards the great truth of Spiritualism. Many of the bitter opposers, even in the pulpit, are influenced by spirits, and even political speakers. In the department of medicine, mediums are in many places taking the practice away from those who have spent years in gaining a medical education. This by some is attributed to the devil, but only children, grown and ungrown, believe in a devil now. Why are not these things inquired into by our schools and colleges, and the public informed of their results. If you find a new skull, bone, or plant, you will find plenty to examine and report upon it. Why have we not had an examination of that power that takes men away from the shop, farm, and kitchen, and makes them the teachers of the people. It is the religion of the prophets that prevent it. You will find Spiritualism among the leading minds of towns and neighborhoods, where papers, books, and schools, are common. This is a subject not confined to one class, but to all. Some object to it that bad men and women are Spiritualists. I wish that all bad men and women were, for it would make them better. Persons who pander to public sentiment are not the leading minds, for they are but the echo of public opinion. True teachers of the people are ahead of the masses, and when the masses get up to them, they are ahead again. Spiritualism has "rapped" up the thinking minds, and set them to work, and though circles and lectures should cease, this work will still go on by the agency of these invisible influences. If you take hold of this subject and use your powers rightly, you will be bettered by it; but you can make a bad use of anything. It will make you broader in thought and feeling, and place you where slander cannot affect you, for character and reputation are two things. Character is what you really are; reputation is a bubble manufactured by public opinion. Give your thoughts and mind to the subject, hear its lectures, and read its literature, and so grow wiser and better.

Mr. Todd recited the poem "Sandolphon the Angel of Prayer." Adjourned to Saturday morning.

At eight o'clock Saturday morning, commenced another of those interesting conference meetings, in which all have an opportunity to speak their thoughts upon any subject.

Dr. Stillman spoke on "Dress-Reform." Said that spiritual growth depends very much upon the condition of the body. We live in violation of almost every physiological law. We fill with poison the very air we breathe, and the foul weed tobacco is filling the bodies of men with disease and decay; even those who abhor it are victims to its deadly effluvia in stores, cars, steamboats, and parlors, and the pools of its fragrant juice are wiped up by the embroideries of the fair worshippers at Fashion's shrine; thus for one purpose are long dresses useful. As long as woman dresses so unhealthily, her prayers for health of body or mind will be unavailing, and if woman is unhealthily all must be so.

Mrs. Ames, dressed women for wearing long dresses, for they look dispirited, and give me courage to wear one more healthy. Dr. Parker does not believe that one kind of diet is best for all, that different organizations require different food. Instinct, reason, and observation must teach us what to eat. When man rises out of the lower planes of development, he will leave the lower forms of food. Dr. S. differs from Dr. P., and thinks animal men should have food that will make them spiritual. Mr. Chase says, if men want to root, they must eat swine, if to spit and swear, eat tobacco. The Irish eat potatoes and dig under the ground; man grows like what he feeds on. Dr. Morrison thinks persons on different planes need different food.

Mr. M. C. Bent, a trance speaker, next gave a lecture on the "Religious Condition of the Country." Christianity of to-day is like Paganism, only in another dress. The idea of worshipping a God had its origin in Paganism. Nature's manifestations were the wrath of God. The sun became the emblem or type of the religion of man. Even should the Christian get to heaven, he has no assurance of remaining there, for God is said to have repented of some things, and he may still be changeable. The earth has been cursed long enough by this praying religion—praying one day in seven to God and the other six praying upon the neighbor. The Jews believed there was a war in heaven between the gods of light and darkness—God and Typhon. Typhon, the devil, was destroyed by the thunderbolts of Apollo, and cast into a horrible lake of fire, from whence the Christian's idea. Every system of religion or government a man has is an outgrowth of his own nature.

Mrs. Stowe repeated "Leona," and Misses Sefton and Spencer favored us with a song, the "Three Angel Visitants."

Miss L. T. Whittier, of Whitewater, next gave an address upon the subject of "Health," which she considered to be the basis upon which happiness, in its highest and broadest sense, must be based, and that this cannot be enjoyed until mankind live in obedience to the laws of life in eating, drinking, working, resting, breathing, and sleeping, but more especially the former, for the erroneous dietetic habits of mankind are the grand sources of disease in all its various forms.

Again a song: "One by One they Crossed the River."

Dr. Morrison, of Illinois, followed. Subject: "What is Spiritualism?" The world has considered Spiritualism as the arena of all kinds of monstrosities. People are taught to believe in creeds, but all creeds are dangerous and corrupting; they fetter the mind and starve the soul. There is no system of morals. When men undertake to learn morals they learn vices, for the vices of one man are the morals of another, and vice versa. Thomas Paine said, in reference to the sneers and scoffs of the boys in the streets of London, he thanked God he was worthy of being kicked. So I am glad that Spiritualism is worthy of being scoffed at. How absurd to expect, by

diving into the Bible, to find every truth—like a geologist coming into Wisconsin, expecting to find in its soil all the truths of geology. Spiritualism is natural that we do not realize its healthful effects or tendencies. Spiritualism is like heaven dropped down from heaven, and after a little fermentation will come the nutritious and true bread of life.

Mrs. S. Knox Ames followed next with a lecture, but first addressed a beautiful and eloquent prayer to the Spirit of Truth. Her subject was "The Outlook." Do not talk to me of a nation of virtue, when the darkest sin is legalized and licensed, it is said, for the protection of woman; for who does not know that these dens of infamy in every city are protected by law. He who draws his robes of self-righteousness around him and cries, "I am holier than thou," has prostituted the best feelings of the human soul. It was the Jewish law that the poor culprit should be stoned to death. But where was her destroyer, and where is the destroyer of to-day? He is welcomed to the arms of fashionable society, even by the very sisters of the poor unfortunate. But why not stone to death the seducer instead of the seduced? The greater the beauty and charms of the little babe in its mother's arms, the greater the danger. But though the destroyer may go on in his sins for years, the time will come when the calloused surface of the soul will be pierced by the barbed arrows of justice and retribution. The prophet that prevent it. You will find Spiritualism among the leading minds of towns and neighborhoods, where papers, books, and schools, are common. This is a subject not confined to one class, but to all. Some object to it that bad men and women are Spiritualists. I wish that all bad men and women were, for it would make them better. Persons who pander to public sentiment are not the leading minds, for they are but the echo of public opinion. True teachers of the people are ahead of the masses, and when the masses get up to them, they are ahead again. Spiritualism has "rapped" up the thinking minds, and set them to work, and though circles and lectures should cease, this work will still go on by the agency of these invisible influences. If you take hold of this subject and use your powers rightly, you will be bettered by it; but you can make a bad use of anything. It will make you broader in thought and feeling, and place you where slander cannot affect you, for character and reputation are two things. Character is what you really are; reputation is a bubble manufactured by public opinion. Give your thoughts and mind to the subject, hear its lectures, and read its literature, and so grow wiser and better.

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such ante-natal conditions as not to require regeneration—a right to be educated like man—a right to propose marriage, and a right to live an old maid life if she chooses—own herself through life, and lay her own coffin.

Mr. A. C. Stowe also advocated the rights of woman in the broadest and fullest sense. Said he would never vote for a man for office who would not pledge himself to use his best efforts for the enfranchisement of woman.

Hon. B. O'Connor, of Beloit, referred to the time in 1846, when, at the first Convention to form the Constitution of the State of Wisconsin, he and Mr. Chase voted for woman's enfranchisement.

Mrs. N. R. Gore, a public lecturer, seemed to favor a reform in dress, but not in diet. Thought the appetite called for what the body needed.

A song closed the Conference.

Mr. Warren Chase gave a lecture upon the Political Condition of the Country. There are four cardinal principles of a truly democratic government. First, in the distribution of lands to the people, and every family should have a home, and that home protected by law. This principle has been somewhat carried out in New England and the West, but not in the Cotton States. Second principle, the division of labor, thus making labor honorable; for what is universal is respectable. The third principle is universal education and opening the schools to the poor as well as the rich. Michigan has the best educational system of any of the States. The fourth principle is to come, and is, the equal rights of woman in man in social, civil, and political affairs. When this is done, there will come as bright and brilliant minds as are found among your men. Free labor and education will destroy slavery of all kinds. The South is fighting to carry out their prejudices, and not to protect schools and homes. If the negroes were all armed, they would be equal to the whole southern army. England held her power over the ocean until 1812, and we have maintained the honor of our flag ever since. The doctrine of State Rights was the cause of this rebellion. Any of the Northern States have as much right to secede and set up a separate nationality, and if we attempt coercion, the prejudices of the Eastern world would be aroused in their favor, and thus would be opened the door to an unending war.

Adjourned to Sunday morning.

Conference convened at eight o'clock A. M., and was one of the most interesting ones of the season. Most of the speakers took part in the discussion; also several who do not profess to lecture in public; among these was an old lady whose name we did not learn, and who had seen three-score and eleven years. After making a few preliminary remarks, she read a short address, telling something of her experience in the Methodist Church; how she became a Spiritualist, and the comfort this belief afforded her in her years of decline. Her narrative, though plain and simple, together with her quiet and self-possessed appearance, seemed to make quite an impression upon the audience, as the utmost attention was given while speaking. I thought, as she stood before that audience of two or three hundred persons, that here was another evidence of the good that Spiritualism is doing. It is bringing out the hitherto veiled mentality of woman, and making her the teacher as well as the learner in all classes of life.

When the hour had arrived for regular lectures, the chapel being so crowded, it was thought best to adjourn to the grove, where seats had been previously arranged; but the coldness of the weather had prevented going there before.

A song by the Glee Class, and then Mr. B. Todd gave a lecture upon the Natural Evidence of immortality, as drawn from man himself. Man possesses within himself all that he has been, is now, and ever will be. We cannot by investigation find evidences within man of immortality, then it does not exist. We will present three arguments. First, the innate desire for and belief in immortality. The religionist claims that there is no such principle innate in man; but that this desire is the result of the teachings of the Bible. Did the Hindoo wife, as she marches with unparalleled heroism, to the burning pile, ever hear of the Bible? What sustains her, when she is to be burnt? A belief in immortality. Who told the Indian of those glorious hunting grounds before the white man came to these shores? The second argument is drawn from man's affectional nature. The atheist loves his child just as well after he is what he calls dead, as before. He never knew anything about a father's love till he beheld his child. If the law of cause and effect be true, the child still exists, or else that father's love would flow back and dry down again in its fountain. The third argument, the substances of which the true man is composed are indestructible in their nature; the law of aggregation and aggregation will not reach or effect them. Man has a personality that is immutable in its nature—God manifest in the flesh. Man has an individually composed of the spirit-forms of all things that come within his conscious principle. It is by this individuality that man retains his identity. The gross material forms from which these spirit-forms are taken may be destroyed, but the spirit-form that is enshrined within our conscious principle can never be destroyed.

Dr. J. H. Stillman, of Whitewater, next addressed the meeting on the "Laws of Life." This is a nation of invalids; everywhere women are eking out a miserable existence, and children are born to suffer on a few days, and then die. In order to save this nation, physiological laws must be obeyed. The first indication of health is beauty, a true beauty is the harmonious development of the whole organism. Second indication is activity; third, energy and strength, the fourth is happiness. In order to secure these, we must eat wholesome food, in proper quantities, at proper intervals; take daily exercise and rest, light and sunshine.

Dr. Morrison followed next with a lecture on "The Future of Spiritualism." The millennium will dawn just as soon as man lives true to his highest idea of justice, truth, and love. Spiritualism is to deal with the causes of things. This is the power which has instituted every reform. In one sense, everything is harmonious, for every effect is in harmony with the cause that produced it. Spiritualism in the future will discover methods to cure crime, instead of punishing it. He spoke of Emma Hardinge as the Jesus of the age.

Adjourned for an hour, in which the bread and honey of this life were partaken of from the well-stored baskets of kind friends, and at one o'clock was the usual Conference speaking.

ing, and then Mrs. Stowe addressed the meeting, saying that mankind is ever seeking for new truths, and these our new religion is bringing. If man does not perform his whole mission here, he will have to return to earth and accomplish it. Said the prayer of the righteous avaunt no more than that of the wicked, for man prays according to his organization. If you want good and true communications, you must have highly-developed mediums.

Mr. Chase then gave a lecture on "Three Ideas of God." He commenced with the mineral kingdom, and spoke of the elements existing there, some of which cannot be explained. In the vegetable kingdom you find life manifested, but cannot tell what it is. In the animal is sensation in addition to motion, and life in the mineral and vegetable. But in these three kingdoms we find not an aspiration beyond its own kingdom. But in the human kingdom is an aspiration that reaches out of this body, and cannot be satisfied with the demands of the physical alone. This desire belongs to the inner self, and is ever asking, What and where am I? Go beyond the bounds of Christianity, and you find the same; and where has God revealed to man an answer? When shall the time come when this shall be answered? It has not been in the past nor in the present, with all man's ideas of God and his different revelations. Nothing but the longings and prayers of the soul, which have brought to us our loved spirit-friends, can answer this. This future experience of Dr. Morrison, whose early days were crowded with bitter experiences.

The President, D. Y. Kilgore, also related some parts of his life-history. The struggles of his youth to ascend the hill of knowledge, his subsequent labors as a Methodist clergyman, and still later experiences as Principal of the Evansville Seminary, which position he has occupied for the last few years; incidents connected with his conversion to Spiritualism and disconnection with the Church. He has received the appointment of Assistant Quartermaster, which position he expected to fill in a few days, and many an eye filled with tears as he referred to this, and bade adieu to pupils and friends.

The following Resolutions were read by the Secretary and passed:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be extended to the President of this Convention for the able and efficient manner in which he has presided over the same; further,

Resolved, That a like vote be extended to those who have so kindly furnished us with music and song from time to time; and, further,

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be also tendered to those families who have so generously opened their homes to and provided for friends from a distance.

Thus closed one of the happiest and most interesting meetings it has ever been our pleasure to attend. Though the first of the kind held here, many expressed the wish that it may not be the last.

Yours, for practical life,
LOUISE T. WHITTIER.

Medical.

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Apotheosis.

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

Departed: To the sunny shores of Spirit-Life, on September 12th, 1863, little HARRIS A. CARPENTER, aged nearly one year and a half—youngest child of Mr. M. and Mrs. M. L. Carpenter, of Rockford.

Harris was a sprightly, silvery-haired, bright-eyed child, filling the souls of his parents and friends all with ecstatic joy; but he proved a bud, that, being physically individualized, soon withered—a dew-drop that sparkled, exhaled sweetness, and passed on to angel-realms of innocence, where trees immortal droop, prodigal of celestial fruit, and beautiful beings float, with beaming girdles, streaming on heavenly breezes, progressive and joyous forever.

"The angels have need of these holy buds In their gardens so fair; They craft them on immortal stems, To bloom forever there."

A funeral discourse was delivered by the writer. J. M. PEEBLES.

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: Again the curtain been lifted that admits another into the company of angels; again have we been called to weep with those who weep, for little HENRY NELSON, only son of Virgil and Maria Bishop, has been taken, at the tender age of three and a half years, from his earthly home in East Sheffield to his heavenly home among the angels.

On Friday, Sept. 4th, he made his exit from this to the Summer-Land; on the following Sunday we gathered to lay away the little casket. Angel ones inspired the utterance by the writer of words of consolation and encouragement to the bereaved ones. E. A. H.

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: From Joyceville, Conn., FANNY TERESA, only daughter of Chapman and Permelia Sardan, aged three years and one month.

The parents are not without sweet consolation in the knowledge that their dear one is still with them, and the time will come when they will meet her in the spirit home.

"Ere sin could blot or sorrow fade, Death came with friendly care, The opening bud to heaven conveyed And bade it blossom there." E. A. H.

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: At Gettysburgh, on Sunday, August 24, of typhoid fever, Corporal SAMUEL J. HALSTED, Company K, 11th Regiment New York Volunteers, aged twenty years and sixteen days.

Another brave boy has fallen. Another true heart lies pulseless in the silent tomb. Another one has been added to the long list of those who died in their country's service. Though our heart-strings break, though our anguish be almost too deep to bear, we can but say with him: "I do not regret going—I

am willing to die." He knew that the life hereafter would be all bright and happy—free from pain and suffering.

Eight days of extreme suffering elapsed before his injured limb was amputated; then all seemed encouraging. The loved ones at home were looking anxiously for his arrival. Many were the plans for his comfort; many the bright hopes for his future welfare. All were crushed in a moment, as his lifeless remains were slowly brought into the home of his childhood.

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Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook will lecture in Springfield, Mass., September; New Haven, Conn., October; Lowell, November; Buffalo, N. Y., December; Bridgeport, Conn., January and February.

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Mrs. Laura Cuppy will lecture in Elkhart, Ind., Sunday, Sept. 27; in Richmond, Ind., at the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, Oct. 22, 24, and 25. Leaves for the Eastern States in November. Societies East desiring her services will please address care of C. North, Elkhart, Ind., or F. P. Cuppy, Dayton, O.

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