

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE. WISDOM. LIBERTY.

MRS. A. POST

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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The real name of each contributor must be imparted to the Editor; though, of course, it will be withheld from the public, if desired.

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

The Spirit's Mysteries.

"And the angel said unto them: 'Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.'"

For the Herald of Progress.

Answers.

Every mother that has given up a care, precious as life itself, to other hearts, knows how many questions will arise concerning that care and protecting love. These questions can be answered by no philosophy or reasoning that answers ordinary questioning. Knowledge must be given that is direct and explicit.

With a loving, beautiful spirit standing by my side, I wrote rapidly from her influence the following lines. They seemed to me too personal and sacred to give to the public, but the thought, that, perhaps, some sorrowing mother might lack what I had received, has made me forget all but the desire of sharing my hopes with others. LOVE M. WILLIS.
34 WEST FIFTEENTH ST., NEW YORK.

There are spirit-voices floating,
Floating down the tide of time,
Holding in their softest murmurs
Mystic thought and sweetest rhyme.

If you'll listen, as the shadows
Creep about your waking will,
You shall hear what love is saying,
And the word your wish fulfill.

In the homes of angel gladness
Dwell the forms of human love—
Not as shadows, vague and changing,
But as forms that live and move;

Not as fitting without purpose,
Without wisdom, without will,
But with every law of motion
Beautiful and active still;

With a voice for every wishing,
With a smile for every joy;
With a song, a laugh, a rapture,
For each bliss without alloy.

All is real—there is no seeming;
There are real gold and gems—
Real flowers to twine in garlands,
Real fruit on growing stems.

All that taste and art can summon
Always bless the loving will;
Pictures that can teach their wisdom—
Statues that can love reveal—

Homes that shine the loved and loving,
Decked, and beautiful, and fair;
Social meetings, comings, goings—
All that blesses earth is there;

Schools to educate the spirit,
Teachers that can guide by love,
Books to tempt the mind and fancy,
Music that to bliss doth move;

Naught that earthly wish can fashion
But is made in semblance there;
Not by dreaming or by wishing,
But with active skill and care.

Thus thy darling now is dwelling
In a home that's like to thine;
Only all thou hast is fashioned
There with taste and love divine—

Toys that teach her love and beauty,
Flowers that please her spirit-eye,
Birds that sing in sylvan branches,
Pets that flee not when she's nigh.

In her wardrobe, every garment
That thy loving wish could bring
Waits to deck her graceful figure,
And its grace round her to fling.

She can walk in beauteous gardens,
Where the fountains are at play,
And the fishes in the basin
Gleam with colors bright and gay.

She is never weary running
For the pure and snowy doves,
For she knows them now by naming,
And can call the ones she loves.

She has learned to lip by teaching
All the names that are most dear—
Carrie, A. pa, Auntie, Mamma—
With an accent sweet and clear.

I have brought her all the beauty,
All the brightness and the love
That I brought my own fair darling
In that home of light above.

I will watch, and guard, and bless her—
Keep her from all want and care—
Watch her spirit's fair unfolding,
And with her my life I'll share.

You shall have her every evening
When the day begins to wane,
And about her morning gladness
You shall let your love entwine.

Oh! with eye of faith and gladness
Look and see her life of love;
In thy father's home thy sadness
Is like chill wind borne above.

Hast thou faith? Then let this promise
Enter now thy inmost heart;
Let the whispered words I utter
Of thy life become a part.

When the days that shall go swiftly,
Have passed over, one by one,
And your life on earth is ended,
And your life with us begun,

You shall trace the way of beauty
That your darling one has trod,
And you'll find each step she traveled
Drew you nearer her and God;

For the life that binds her to you—
Growing brighter day by day—
Is to her unfolding spirit
Like the sunshine of the May;

And the life you send in longing,
Forms an image like your own,
Till she lives with you in Heaven,
And your care is round her thrown.

Thus her father tends her daily,
While he knows not that he's near,
And your voices echo heavenward
With a loving, tender cheer.

And your spirit-thoughts are voices,
While your love, and wish, and prayer,
Bear your lives so close to heaven
That your darling knows you there.

Oh! the wondrous tie that binds you
To that life of love and bliss!
Could you see it, you'd cease weeping,
To find her life so close to this—

Closer than the light that's shining
In your spirit-haunted room—
Closer than the air you're breathing,
For 'tis yours, and you're its home.

Then, with courage true and lofty,
Enter all your daily cares,
For the hands that help are many,
And their love your burden shares.

All that blesses her is given
Round your life in good to flow,
And all that blesses you is passing
To her life; thus to and fro

The ever-changing current flowing,
Makes no separate life of thine,
And your duty as a mother
Is as close and plain as mine.

You shall live, and ere the summer
Wakes new beauty on the earth,
You shall feel the tender answer
In your spirit's glad new birth—

To the prayers and tender longing,
To the wishes and the dreams;
For the answer shall be Heaven,
And real life for all that seems.

For the Herald of Progress.

Are they all Idle Dreams?

Many there are who say that dreams are only idle fancies of a perverse brain, or, in other words, that the brain is only partially at rest, and these indefinite vagaries are dependent upon some unfavorable influence which is operating in such a way as to produce what are called dreams. But others think that dreams are of more or less importance. For their edification a few are given, and for those who do not believe anything in them to give a satisfactory elucidation of them otherwise, if desirable.

In the days of Christina of Sweden, and Descartes, a contemporary, a savant of Dijon, was much annoyed by a passage in one of the great poets for many days. Being unable to penetrate the meaning, he, at last, despairingly betook himself to sleep, and in a dream his genius conducted him to the royal library of Stockholm, upon which he accurately observed the shelves, books, busts, etc., and finally, at the end, he opened a book and found, on about the twenty-fourth page, a passage in Greek which completely solved the difficulty on his mind. Awakening, he at once struck a light and penned the lines while they were fresh in his memory, and upon arising next morning he was delighted to find the solution of his difficulty upon the table.

Wishing to know more accurately about the correctness of his dream, he questioned, by letter, Descartes, the philosopher, who had at that time charge of the library at Stockholm, and found the description given to remarkably correspond with the picture presented to him in his sleep.

A duplicate of this very scarce volume, which he had never seen, up to the date of his dream, was sent to him, which rather increased his wonder and perplexity concerning the whole affair.

Let no one ascribe this remarkable dream to his, or any, darling clairvoyance, because the savant had no one to throw him into the mesmeric trance; nor, probably, did he know anything about the science.

In the month of June last, the writer of this, with his wife, were leisurely returning from a visit to Mrs. Almada Jones, Livermore, Me.—a clairvoyant healing medium—in a one-horse buggy; when descending something of a hill, from some cause the horse fell suddenly, breaking one shaft, some parts of the harness, and injuring the horse slightly. The accident happened near a farm-house; and before we had fairly recovered from the shock and alighted, assistance was at hand. Mrs. True's health being delicate at the time, she was at once led into the house; while, at the same time, the good women, all astir to see what of the accident, did not observe her approach, and seeing only one stranger the matron of the house says:

"What does this mean! that there is but one—I dreamed last night that a horse and wagon was coming down the hill, with a man and woman in it, and the horse fell and broke the wagon and came near spoiling himself, and here is only the man!"

She had but just completed the words when the answer to her inquiry was given by the "woman" making her appearance at her side. She then related the dream in nearly the above words again, which was literally true, and seemed much relieved in her mind.

Another well authenticated case is one which happened to a counselor of the French parliament. A young man appeared to him in his sleep and seemed to utter a few words which were in a foreign and unknown tongue to him. He wrote them down, or rather the sounds, as accurately as he could, and showed them, the paper, to the learned Mons. de Sommaise, who pronounced it to be a Syriac passage written in Roman characters, and the purport to be this:

"Go out of thy house; for it will be a heap of ruins to-morrow evening."

The counselor obeyed the mandate and showed himself a wise man in removing his family, furniture, and valuables at once; consequently when the crash came no loss of life resulted from it, as would have been the case, had it not been for this warning.

O. W. TRUE.

FARMINGTON, Me., Oct. 1863.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

The Growth of Spiritualism.

MR. EDITOR: A short time since an article appeared in the Sunday Mercury, apologizing in its introductory for violating seemingly the rites of hospitality, in which the writer, a literary gentleman of a poetic temperament, holds up to ridicule the "manifestations," I think he calls them, of the "mediums" and the spirits. He was an invited guest to the circle—a neophyte, professing a dim credence, which he was desirous of perfecting. Now we do not know what acumen the investigator may possess in the regions of fancy, but we think it rather precocious for chickens half-fledged to crow with the shell on their backs. The Mercury says very wisely that Spiritualism is dying out, but thinks a little sarcasm will be read.

If the gentleman will tell me what has so changed the preaching of our pulpits on the lake of fire and brimstone, the personality of Satan, &c., it will be then in point to deny that Spiritualism is a power in the land. But if the whole creed-theory of our churches is feeling its historical and explanatory influence, then Spiritualism is doing something. We are by far too confident in our self-conceit. Spiritualism is undoubtedly on the increase, if ten years' observations give us any right to judge. A good many years ago we remember that a certain man was deemed hal-lucinated because he alleged printing could be done with type revolving on a cylinder. For twenty years the sarans of press-building laughed at his chimeras, which had ruined him, but which now is known as the "lightning-press," and adopted in every country for fast printing. Spiritualism, like the press, is "a fact," and its significance may be seen by any who have eyes.

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. Free Conventions are to America what tides and waves are to the ocean."

Reported for the Herald of Progress.

Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Progress.

DEAR HERALD: Friday morning, Oct. 23d, a delegation respectable in numbers left Dayton for the Richmond Convention.

A more happy and harmonious company seldom travel together; and as we sped over the track, and left behind us the creed-bound city of steeples, we were presented with a free ticket to the magnificent panorama that greeted our view on either side. Mother Nature, ever indulgent and fond of change, had dressed the grand old forests with artistic skill for a fancy ball, while the glad, joyous foliage danced to the merry music of the autumn breeze. But her wayward son, Jack Frost, always bent on mischief, had nipped the ripening corn and crowned it with gray old age; while the wheat fields lay calmly in the distance clad in tender green, like a "bow of promise," inspiring us with confidence and trust, and as an earnest that the seed we were going forth to sow would in due time spring up and yield an abundant harvest. The rugged rocks, with high arched brows and keen perceptive, looked gravely on, as if trying to divine the cause of all this *freak and frolic*. But the modest brooklet teeming with truth's pure emblem, murmured a kind approval, and sang the anxious elements into peaceful slumber.

At the Richmond depot we met with responsive hearts and sunny faces from Cincinnati, whose memory will bless us through the long night of our earthly pilgrimage. Thence we were conducted to the pleasant home of Mr. Edwards, where a cheerful fire and an atmosphere of welcome awaited us. At 3 o'clock, P. M., the Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Progress convened in "Starr Hall," and organized by the appointment of Dr. Hill, of Knightstown, President, and Louisa M. Patterson, of Dayton, Secretary.

Speakers present, Laura Cuppy, Mary Thomas, Dr. Cooper, and George Kates. The President stated, in brief, what he conceived to be the objects and aims of the meeting. Mr. Samuel Maxwell moved the appointment of business committees, which suggestion was carried into effect. He then read a beautiful extract of a letter from Henry C. Wright, which I have failed to obtain to insert in due place. After a short conference the meeting adjourned. Friday evening at 7 o'clock, the session opened with music by Messrs. Harris and Park. Dr. Cooper read a poem entitled "Old Opinions." Our sister, Laura Cuppy, then took the rostrum, and we regret that we cannot give this admirable lecture in full. After stating her subject, "The Truths that Spiritualists believe but do not Teach," she proceeded as follows. As the Spiritual Philosophy comprehends all reforms, rejecting nothing as insignificant or devoid of interest that can by any possibility benefit the human race, we desire, in this the opening address of the Convention, to impress upon you who compose it the necessity of action, with regard to the many human wrongs that wait to be redressed. At these conventions, the laborers in the many fields of reform meet together to impart and receive strength. Your mission is to comfort the afflicted, sustain the weak, strengthen the wavering, lift up the erring, and inspire with fresh courage your co-laborers in the great work of spiritualizing the world. Let the meeting be characterized by the utterance of thoughts so noble, exhortations to lives so sublime, catholic, and comprehensive of all that your divinest aspirations reach out after, that every great soul throughout the world will involuntarily respond to their published expression. But there are truths that Spiritualists will believe, but fear to teach, lest their advocacy should bring them into dispute. They have taken one great step, in throwing off their bondage to old theology, but alas! appear to deem this all-sufficient. Reformers have ever been too ready to rest satisfied, after taking one step in advance, waiting as it were for the popular current to glide along in their direction, and then follow in its tide, instead of still advancing, their motto "Onward and Upward," their watchword, Excelsior. And this is too much the case with Spiritualists of to-day.

Their beautiful Philosophy, or rather its phenomena, has ceased to call down persecution upon its advocates to any great extent,

and they dread taking other steps in the march of progress; but the newly gained tolerance of the world should "take to itself wings and flee away." And as they receive through their intuitions new light, and begin to perceive the necessity of reforming many legalized evils that are eating like great sores into the very heart of the social body politic, they either smother these newly born convictions, or confine their discussions to a select few, who, like themselves, find a panacea for their awakened consciences in the assurance that "the world is not ready for these things," or the more wretched or senseless assertion that the cause would suffer by the promulgation of these unpopular ideas. If the cause can be injured by the propagation or the utterance of a divine idea, let it be injured, let it fall, and God speed its decay. But oh! men and women, reformers, so-called, of the nineteenth century, it is not the cause, but your own standing in public esteem, for which you tremble. And in regard to the flimsy argument that "the world is not ready for these things," we ask you, Has the world ever been ready for any great reform? Was the world ready for Calvin, Luther, and the reforms they introduced? Was the American world ready for the abolition of Slavery when its advocates first agitated the great question? Has the world ever had anything save hisses, contempt, and persecution, for the world's saviors, from Jesus Christ to Theodore Parker? If you wait for the world to be ready for your truth, you will wait till you have passed through the lower schools of earth, and graduated from the Universities of the higher life. If you would live out your noblest conceptions of truth, right, and justice, you must be willing to continue in the road the martyrs trod; you must wrestle in the Gethsemanes of misapprehension, and be nailed to the cross of censure and criticism while you remain on earth. Like Alexander, you must not rest satisfied with your victories, but press onward in search of new conquests, brave soldiers in the great progressive army, recognizing no such word as fail, knowing no desire for rest, while there remains one wrong uncrushed, one evil to destroy. We need not particularize the truths you believe but fear to teach; you know only too well what we mean. Fanatics (for these are found clinging to every organization in the world) misrepresent you every day, they do not possess your cowardice, and are destitute of your wisdom and discretion. They seize, therefore, your reformatory ideas as they are imperfectly expressed by yourselves, and expose what is really good in germ to be evil spoken of, through their blundering rendition of the same.

Dare to be true to yourselves, tell out purely and bravely the truth, as you perceive it, and leave the issue to eternal justice; remembering that the agitation and discussion of great questions must ever precede all reformatory action, and the dawn of wisdom.

After being favored with some of Messrs. Harris and Parks' finest music, Mr. Kates, by invitation, proceeded to say: "I feel a delicacy in presenting a subject before this Convention, against which the prejudice of the world has hitherto been paramount to reason; a subject that has heretofore been considered contraband. With me it is an axiomatic truth that those who would labor efficiently for the emancipation of mankind, must first elevate themselves to the sublime estate of free men and free women. Free to accept of any and every truth that comes to them well attested by their highest reason, and free to live out their highest conceptions of truth and right. 'Free Love' has come to be a stench in the nostrils of this hypocritically sanctimonious world, and this for want of a proper understanding of its true significance.

Were I to stand here and declare myself a 'free lover,' you would most likely hiss me from this platform. But when I tell you that I am free to love every man and every woman that stands upright, having received the impress of Deity, you acquiesce. When I tell you that I am free to exercise all the loves you that have been implanted in my nature, to the extent of their several capacities, you will agree with me; and when I further say to you that I am free to bestow on every individual, man or woman, all the love which he or she may be able to call out, you will accord to me the right to do so. But were I to avow myself an advocate of 'free love?' I should justly incur your approbation. Nature condemns it, therefore I condemn it. It is eminently safe to consult the experiences of mankind in laying down rules for human conduct. That experience, if duly consulted, will abundantly prove that promiscuous intercourse of the

sexes corrupts the body, pollutes the soul, and darkens the spirit.

Personal purity is one of the first essential conditions of human progress. But does the present system of marriage favor personal purity? The world has had a large and painful experience in this direction. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder," say the churches. But I hold that neither legal enactments nor priestly mummery can sanctify that which Nature has declared to be unholy. What God has joined together no man can put asunder, say I. For I hold that true marriage is inviolable, for the reason that perfect satisfaction accrues to each of the parties. Consequently there is no void seeking to be filled from other sources.

More than approximate personal purity is impossible to men and women who live in wrong relations to each other. The purest and divinest relationship known to mortals is true marriage. True marriage is consummated when all the loves, essences, and forces, respectively meet and lovingly blend. The benefits accruing therefrom are commercial in their character, and mutually advantageous in their results, reciprocity being the governing principle. Those who would enjoy the divinest relationship possible to mortals must learn to distinguish between the clamors of the blood and the wants of the spirit. The most degrading slavery to which humanity is subject, is slavery to the passions. All marriages that are not true are temporary. Marriages may be divided into three general classes, viz.: the true, the approximate, and the false. The benefits accruing from approximate marriages are more or less mutual, but never entirely so; perfect reciprocity being wanting to constitute the marriage a true one. The miseries arising from false marriages condemn them as wrong, and therefore they ought to cease. Offspring have claims upon parents which may not be disregarded, even though in rendering obedience thereto, great personal sacrifices should be involved. When the good of offspring demands that parents should continue to reside together, it is righteous for them to do so, assuming the only relationship that Nature has established between them, viz., brother and sister. By abandoning the conjugal relation when Nature does not sanction it, much discord will be driven from the household.

The meeting then adjourned to Saturday morning, 9 o'clock.

MORNING CONFERENCE.—Dr. Cooper read a poem, after which a resolution on the marriage question was offered, which was discussed by Mr. Kates, Mrs. Cook, Mr. Von Vleck, Dr. Hill and others, and laid on the table. Mrs. Knight, of Dayton, said she considered that "the orthodox hell and the marriage law both grew out of the Bible, and stand side by side; and as Spiritualists have disposed of the one, they will in due time get rid of the other. In other words it will 'right itself.'" Mary Thomas also spoke on the question. Mrs. Rosa Ward, of Cincinnati, gave a beautiful exhortation to kindness and charity, and urged the righteousness of extending a helping hand to the erring.

Messrs. Harris and Park gave us the sublime piece of music entitled, "Friends meet with lost ones above." Adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Saturday P. M.—We are more than sorry that we cannot give entirely Dr. Cooper's excellent lecture on the wrongs and false position of women, and the effects that inharmonious marriages and forced maternity have upon offspring. "How many hearts cry in agony to-day. If the pursuit of happiness is the main object of life, we must study to find out what is the cause of unhappiness. The miser with his pence gloating over it finds happiness. The child finds its happiness in the direction that suits its turn of mind, as does every individual that is free to act. * * * The Christian Church has a Savior, but I say that the world will never be redeemed until redeemed by woman. She must arise in her majesty and might, and free herself from the thralldom and bondage under which she is now groaning. The slave in the South is free beside her. My profession has brought me to the bedside of the suffering, and my heartfelt sympathy has gone out for woman, whom I shall always love and respect." The Doctor then brought up, in vivid contrast, the purity and consideration of the so-called barbarous ages.

The women of Sparta were free and loved their children, because maternity was never forced upon them. What is to be done? Must we see a puny insignificant race come into the world, and be silent. Not I, though I be the only man in the world to raise my voice against such gross injustice. Woman has no chance, as to the choice of a partner; she must marry for a home, for money or position. A true woman compelled to endure the embrace of a man she loathes, suffers the torments of the damned. Mothers are cursed with children, in whose breast is implanted the germ of love, and who reach out their tiny arms for affection and tenderness, only to find themselves repulsed; and have no real mothers, because forced upon them, while the wretched mothers cannot respond to these demands. The memory of their wrongs, and the bitter waters of life, come welling up and poison their domestic peace. And mayhap the period of gestation has been with them a round of toil, misery, and want. Equality would benefit both men and women. The latter are more susceptible and inspirational in their nature, and consequently need more tenderness and love.

Let man try the hot kitchen, the wash-tub, and the drudgery that she performs, and see how he likes it. We want agitation on this subject to go on until we make it effective. I grant that there are those who are willing

to allow each other the right they claim, of exercising their individuality. During the period of gestation the mother should be surrounded with flowers, and beauty, and love; and she should be required to do nothing; she should follow her own inclination, that happy and beautiful children may bless the household. Public opinion is down upon those who are divorced, but to make the marriage knot as easily untied as it is tied will do much good in this day. The Spiritualists are not in favor of dissolving the marriage-tie on trivial occasions.

In my own married experience I have been most happy, as no unkind word or act has ever ruffled the waters or provoked the surging waves on my ocean of life." He then read a poem entitled "Happy Love."

Adjourned till 7 o'clock in the evening. Saturday evening the meeting was called to order by the President. Laura Cuppy gave a beautiful invocation, and then addressed the Convention on the subject of "Spirit Intercourse, or the condition of the spirit beyond the grave." She compared the orthodox view of a future state with that of the Spiritualistic teachings, and drew a very happy contrast in favor of the latter. Adjourned.

SUNDAY, Oct. 25.—Conference opened at 10 o'clock with music—"There's no such thing as death."

Dr. Cooper then read a poem—"Eternal Justice."

Mr. Von Vleck was introduced to the audience, and defined his position in regard to Spiritualism: said he did not deny its truth, but had detected fraud in some mediums, and mentioned H. Melville Fay as an instance.

Several persons present gave their testimony in reference to that individual, and said that they knew he possessed excellent mediumistic qualities, but that they had detected him in fraud. For what reason he practiced it, they could not tell.

Mary Thomas then proceeded to bring forward evidence of the truth of Spiritualism, and also of the benefits arising therefrom. Adjourned.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 2 o'clock: After reading a poem—"Days that are Gone"—Dr. Cooper, by appointment, spoke to a very large audience, on "Spiritualism: Ancient and Modern;" arguing that so far back as we have any history we find Spiritualism: that it has existed in all ages of the world. The Brahmins, instead of worshipping hundreds of Gods, are worshipping the spirits of great and good men and women, who have lived in different ages of the world, whom they believe at certain times of the moon are permitted to return to earth. They believe there is one God, and none other. Their system of religion is founded on that of the Hindoos and Persians. The Hindoos believe that the spirits of all men and women come from God, and that when a person dies prematurely, the spirit passes into some flower, and has a chance to enter into some child being born, and live out its life and mission. There is also a class of persons called Ascetics, who live in the open air, and in time become clairvoyant and clairaudient, and talk with spirits, and hear music in the flowers. The Egyptians also believe in Spiritualism. The Persians believe that a class of spirits, that they call genii, control the destinies of the human race. The Hebrew religion is based on Spiritualism. The Jews first got the idea of the immortality of the soul from the Persians. Jesus was an inspirational, sympathetic, healing, speaking, and clairvoyant medium. Conditions were necessary then as well as now. Mediator means simply medium. There is not a word or line in the Old Testament that teaches or demonstrates the immortality of the soul, though the stories recorded therein, however unreasonable, are readily accepted as truth by its votaries to-day, while the phenomena of table and chair-demonstrations are denounced as the works of the devil, though Spiritualism has done more for the Bible than all the preachers of the day. Spiritualists alone can lie down on the bed of death without a fear. Death, to us, is the greatest boon that can be conferred upon the human family. To us it is only change. The question is often asked, "What has Spiritualism done?" It has convinced thousands of the immortality of the soul, amongst whom are Robert Dale Owen and Dr. Hare—men of the finest literary and scientific minds. Through the mediumship and instrumentality of Home, the Czar of Russia liberated the serfs. It almost universally makes people happier in this world, and prepares them for a higher position in the Morning-Land. It takes the sting from death, and robs the grave of its victory. Spiritualists have no organization. When they numbered three, they had no corporal; when they numbered fifty, they had no colonel; when they numbered thousands, they had no captain; when they were brigades, they had no brigadier; and now they are in regiments, they have no general.

Music: "Over the River." Adjourned.

SUNDAY EVENING, 7 o'clock: Mrs. Cuppy spoke to a crowd and attentive audience on "The Condition of the Spirit in the other Life."

Mary Thomas followed, and met some objections, or rather answered a question, asked by a minister: "If Spiritualists discard the Bible, how are they able to arrive at any definite conclusion in regard to the future?"

The secretary then reported the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of the Convention be tendered to the citizens of Richmond, who have so hospitably entertained the strangers in attendance.

Miss Jordan, of Muncie, attended the meeting, and gave several very satisfactory sances.

Mrs. Dicks, of Cincinnati, gave many private communications, which secured for her

the kind remembrance and good wishes of newly-made friends.

As musicians, Messrs. Harris and Park have few superiors, and the Convention is greatly indebted to them, as well as to the energy and perseverance of Mr. Samuel Maxwell, for its decided success.

Thus closed a very interesting annual meeting, which, as it swept speedily by, as on "the wings of the morning," left its impress upon the records of time, and its blessing upon the many friends that met there, "like ships at sea, that hail, and answer, and are gone."

May it so tell upon generations that succeed us, that they will be wiser and happier than we have lived and occupied a place on the stage of existence, acted a part in the drama of life.

DAYTON, Ohio.

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."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Middletons.

BY MRS. ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

(Concluded.)

At the end of the year the Middleton mansion was put in preparation to receive the ramblers. They had not been off the approved lines of travel, had never left the steamboat and diligence routes, for a day, though often traveling with their own equipage. But they had seen enough to be glad to get home. For here they were important people, and in the course of the long year, it had dawned upon them that there were many people abroad of quite as much importance as themselves—people, too, who were not the owners of a million.

I ought to have said that Mrs. M. the elder had so captivated and tortured a German Count, who wore a military coat and large whiskers, at Baden-Baden, that she was fain to take him off his own wretched hands, in compliance with his entreaties that she would do so. There was a little dread that Mr. Middleton might disapprove her sympathizing with him to this extent, and so they were privately married at the house of an English friend of the Count. But the poor Countess was immeasurably distressed at finding that all the symptoms she had thought to relieve were aggravated, and even complicated with other new and worse ones, on her husband's hearing that at her marriage one hundred and seventy-five thousand of her fortune went to her daughter.

Ought John Middleton, Jr., to have let his anger rage as he did when he learned that he was son-in-law to a Countess and richer by that little sum?

"Men are very unreasonable creatures, I am sure," said the poor Countess. "Here they both are, as mad as they can be; and I don't know what I could have done to help it."

She recrossed the ocean with her daughter and son-in-law, leaving the Count behind at Baden-Baden, with five thousand of her money, which, as he justly remarked, was a paltry and contemptible consideration to a man like him, for what he had gone through.

"I didn't think the ceremony was very tedious," remarked the Countess, deprecatingly.

"Tedious, Madame!" and he looked what he could not utter to her, stroked his whiskers, snorted fiercely, and went away from her forever.

She was glad to be back in the old home, she said; and it was agreed that they would say nothing about the Count, and she should be plain Mrs. Middleton again. As for John Middleton, Jr., he began, after his arrival and settlement, and their first party was over, to consider—rather a serious business at times, to any soul—not a light one to him in those days. Absolutely, as the weeks and months went by, he found that life would not have been damaged in his estimation, had it afforded him a little more variety—a little wit, a little sentiment, a little sense, a little earnestness, a little purpose—above eating, drinking, and dressing—might have been woven into the daily web, without injuring its pattern for him, in the least. Nay, there were times when he declared secretly to his own heart, that half his fortune would have been a cheap price to pay for some or all of these desirable spices, to the endless insipidity of his home. For John, with all his worldliness, had the old Puritan feeling for home. He could not spend his days and nights away from it.

There was, at length, one comfortable hope for him. In a few months the word "family" would mean, wife and child. In the dreariness that preceded this welcome knowledge, J. Middleton, Jr., dwelling much upon the barrenness of his life, had allowed himself to feel that he was an injured man—that fortune had dealt hardly by him, in consigning him to such relations; for he had grown so familiar with the idea of his immense and increasing wealth, that he sometimes forgot that without the wife he could not have been possessor of the fortune. Now, he would trust that the son or daughter should be all in all to him. Middleton was held to good behavior by a broad hint of Dr. Hilton's advice, and some pretty sharp warnings, that whatever became of parties, operas, and plays, she had better go on with the work Nature had given her to do.

And so, at last, the Middleton heir was born, at the end of a winter of dreadful privation and bewailing on the unwilling mother's part. There had not been so gay a season for years, and she to lose all the splendid balls and parties!

It was too bad. But she'd have a wet nurse, that she would, at once. She wouldn't submit to a day's confinement after she was able to go down-stairs.

"It's a fine, large boy, sir," said the nurse, hastening to John Middleton with the good news. "He's a noble child, with blue eyes, just like your own, sir." But as the mother's eyes were also blue, it is likely, if Mrs. Brewer had been speaking to her, she would have said, "Just like yours, ma'am." John Middleton, Jr., received him with a thankful heart. There was now an object in his life. He would do something or other, and the boy should know it, by-and-by. So the child had a father, but no mother—none, at least, to speak of. He grew reasonably, but did not appear to bestow much of his notice upon outward things. He slept a great deal; a very great deal, indeed, the nurse often remarked, when, at two and a half, and even three months old, he would fall asleep at the breast and never wake till Nature called for food again.

He was praised for being so good, and his proud father, watching his growth, and unused to the ways of infants, said fondly, he was a noble fellow—too easy to complain, and too wise to fret when he was comfortable. The nurses, it is true, looked askance at each other at times, when he would try to make the baby clasp his finger; but they took good care that he did not see these glances.

Dr. Dulcet was again called on, and, as he creaked piously out of the mansion, and took his seat in the elegant coach, which waited to convey him home, he remarked to the pleased and happy father, that in the providence of God he might soon expect to have a blooming and interesting family about him. If Dr. Dulcet had noticed little J. Frederic Middleton's vacant eyes and unclosed hands, it would have been very wicked in him to have said this; but he probably had not. Yet I think he looked into the bright, intelligent orbs of his own little Minna, and beguiled her into being lifted from her pillow, by clasping his finger with a double pleasure, when he reached home.

"A very splendid christening, my dear," he said to his wife, when they were alone. "The plate was entirely new for the occasion, and marked with the baby's full name."

"Indeed! Was it silver?"

"No, all gold, and very heavy."

"Who were the godmothers?"

"The child's grandmother and Miss Jones."

Mrs. Dulcet smiled. "I suppose she is a sort of volunteer grandmothere," she said.

"Fdon't know," said the Doctor, laughing in his turn. "You women should know best about that, I am sure. I think she was glad to have the gold pitcher and goblet which Mr. Middleton presented her, in his son's name."

"Was the mother very elegantly dressed?"

"Very. She kissed the baby after it was over, before the nurse took it away; but I think the father is much the more motherly of the two."

"Is the child bright and handsome?"

"He is very fair and smooth, but he does not look much as our children have at that age. His eyes seem to me to lack intelligence."

"Well, indeed, I don't know what could be expected of a child of Mrs. Middleton's," said the lady. "She was in rebellion against the will of God about having it, and she never did one right thing for it, I believe. As long as she could go out, she went, three or four nights every week, to some place of dissipation or gaiety; and when that was over, she shut herself up in her rooms and sulked, and moped, and read nothing but trashy books and stories, which she was half the time ashamed to let her husband see."

"My dear," interrupted the astonished clergyman.

"It is true, Doctor, and perhaps worse than that, if we knew all. Florence Mansfield, that was Miss Heywood, told me about it, and she cried when she told me, she felt so grieved."

"Couldn't she have advised Mrs. Middleton, if she was so much her friend as to know this?"

"Advise her! Who can advise a f— a vain, selfish woman?" Mrs. Mansfield told me she could not even prevail on her to go down to her meals, after she took to her rooms. She would lie in bed till eleven every morning, drinking a cup of the very strongest coffee when the family took their breakfast, and then, eating a gourmet's breakfast and dinner, she would sup again luxuriously at nine or ten in the evening. And what could her child be but an animal or an idiot, when it was born so? Poor little thing!"

Dr. Dulcet meditated a few moments, and then he said, "I think, my dear, you have some new ideas on these subjects. I never heard you express them before."

"I have been reading a book on the Sacred Office of Woman," she replied, "and I have learned a good deal from it, that I wish all women could know."

"I should like to see it."

"You shall, when I get it again from Mrs. Mansfield. It was hers."

"Who wrote it?"

"Her friend, Mrs. Lewis."

"Yes."

"Hum h-m-m."

By these warning sounds, very imperfectly conveyed upon this page, Mrs. Dulcet understood that Mrs. Lewis, and her book, and her opinions, and her deeds, were dismissed from her household circle, and forever. Not merely dismissed, either, but condemned—mildly, with a forbearance becoming a minister of the Church; but once for all, undeniably condemned. She was sorry she had not talked as if the ideas were her own. He would have been interested in them then, and accepted

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them as evident truth. Now, that the vehicle through which they came, had been named, they had no more force or weight with him than so many idle words. Truly, as our Countess observed, men are strange creatures.

"Freddy was five months old yesterday, sir," said the nurse, "and we got him to smile—Mrs. Brewer and I. She stood at his feet, and I had him on my lap, so, sir, and he smiled when we both chirruped to him, and tossed up his little hands."

"Is that early, nurse?" asked John Middleton.

"Bless me, sir," said nurse, rather taken aback by the question. "It isn't quite so early as some babies do laugh, sir; but he has a very pretty smile. His mouth looked very sweet."

"Can he play with a spoon or a rattle yet?"

"No, sir; but he will, by-and-by, I've no doubt."

"Will, by-and-by," repeated the father. "Of course he will, if he likes. What makes you say that?"

"Only, sir, that Mrs. Brewer and I have talked so much about him, and felt so anxious—he is such a fine child, sir."

"Ah, well. Never you fret about him, nurse; only take care and feed him well, and I'll risk him—the great fellow."

That night, John Middleton, attracted by something or other, hung over Freddy's crib, played to him, and tried to get some answering play out of his eyes, or lips, or hands, till nurse's heart was fit to break; and when the door was closed behind him, she burst into a flood of tears.

"Poor father!" moaned the tender-hearted woman, "not to know that that child will never, never answer you. Not for all your money, and your gold and silver plate, and your fine house. How long will it take you, poor man, to learn that he is a fool? The little, helpless, innocent thing—it's a hard name to call him by."

It was a hard name, truly; but at last father and mother, and grandmother and deputy grandmother, had to admit that it was a true one for Freddy.

Ah, John Middleton, Jr., alone in the world again! Would a house full of gold have soothed the anguish of those days—the torture of those nights. An idiot child! A tender mother will love and cherish such an one; and hope, like the eternal tides of the sea, or the everlasting pulses of the fields of air, will beat from day to day, with new strength in her afflicted bosom. She will go to her bed, heavy-hearted and despairing; but she will rise with the bow fresh bent in her loving mother-soul, and so, on and on, till the years have stamped their iron tread so firmly and deeply into her heart, that no new line can be drawn there. Thus is a true mother sustained in her sorrow; but Mrs. Middleton needed little sustaining, for she was but lightly afflicted.

"They ought to have known beforehand," she said, by way of exonerating herself, or throwing the accusation, if there was any, on some one else. She knew little and cared less for what Dr. Dulcet might mean, in talking of the inscrutable ways of Providence. She was much more inclined to give heed to Florence Mansfield's words, and think there was nothing inscrutable in it—only her own cruel selfishness and sensuality.

Oh how bitterly, in silence, John Middleton cursed the day his son was born.

They had always talked of having a party of all their particular friends on his first birthday. But he was not eight months old when John Middleton's heart was filled with mourning instead of rejoicing, and when he would have cordially shaken death by the hand, as welcome friend, had he come to take Freddy away. For John Middleton was so far a man that he wanted something in his son, beside an object of love, merely. The feeble form, and the undirected eye, and the loose, helpless hand! Ah, how they smote upon the surging, darkened waves of ambition in his bosom, and withered the love they had first kindled.

Before the birthday came around there was another hope for him. Another child could not be so stricken, surely. This second one, would be all he could wish, and then they could afford to love and cherish poor little Freddy for the sake of that bright one.

Ah, John Middleton! John Middleton, you have little idea how faithfully Nature will persist in penalties when we persist in violations of her laws.

Having a dim notion that the habits of the mother might have something to do with the nature of his child, and that, in any event, right ones were better than wrong, John Middleton entreated, reasoned, flattered, bribed her with every wholesome pleasure he could invent, but with only partial success. He prayed their physician to watch her very carefully, and to suggest anything by which good conditions could be secured during this period, which seemed to him now one of great peril.

At last the eventful time came, and, after some hours of terrible anxiety, a child was born to him, with a head so small and so fearfully misshapen, that a glance of the eye told its history at once.

"O God! this is terrible!" he exclaimed, when, alone, he was pacing the floor of what he called his library, half an hour after. "Why must all this come upon me?"

And then a wise and faithful friend, had such an one stood at his side, might have said solemnly to him, "Because thou didst take, for gold, a foolish wife, who was the daughter of a foolish mother—because thou canst not restrain her selfishness and gluttony—because thou dost wickedly consent to share the excesses of her life—because thou hast not had the will, and may now lack the power, to

kindle one spark of nobility in her nature; and because, in short, you have both been practical Atheists, denying God in these most sacred acts of your lives, and surrendering yourselves to the basest that is in you."

So a friend might have spoken to John Middleton.

Six months wore away, and the blessed tomb of the Middletons was opened to receive their younger child. It was a happy day. There was no light in that life. A human form, with a vital current moving sluggishly through it; recurring wants, expressed in harsh cries; brute eagerness in the act of satisfaction—these were all. Death brought light into the house when he took away that darkness. Poor little Freddy was a relief while this nameless one lived. Dr. Dulcet was never called on in its behalf. They never recognized its sex. It lived and died, not the baby, not the little one, not anything but it, the coldest designation the language affords. Mrs. Dulcet thought of Mrs. Lewis, and her book, and her lectures, when the Doctor told her of the short funeral services, and the manifest gratitude with which the little unsexed form was thrust away in the dark vault. She thought of them, but she remembered the hum h-m-m, with which they were dismissed on a former occasion, and remained silent.

A third time Fanny Middleton was about to become a mother, and then good Mrs. Mansfield, who had stood by her through all her folly and selfishness, and had deplored her own inability to influence her for good, took courage, and asked Mr. Middleton to employ Dr. Galen. For Mrs. Mansfield knew that Dr. Galen was a man who could afford to speak the truth, having wealth and position, and who would, having courage and conscience. She took care to see him herself, first, and open the case sufficiently, to let his professional eye see the depths of the darkness there was in it.

"It isn't likely she'll ever have a child that will be worth saving," said he, gruffly. "Ought never to be another born in the family. Cousins, too, are they? and she a fool, and sensual and gluttonous at that. Fine elements, Mrs. Mansfield, for a bright family—like yours, for instance."

"But, Dr. Galen," pleaded the earnest little woman, "Mrs. Middleton is young, and may have many children, and, if she had one that was bright and promising, she might change very much."

"Has no right to have any," he said. "All be fools or animals. The husband isn't much above one, you tell me. I can't do anything for them."

"But you will visit her, at least, Doctor?" "Oh yes, if they call on me. I go to everybody that asks me, rich or poor; and I shall go there, if they want me."

He was not always so abrupt and gruff, as he was with Mrs. Mansfield. But because he particularly admired and liked her, he took the liberty of pointing at her his natural and cultivated eccentricities at her, like so many porcupine quills. In his visit to Mrs. Middleton, he was smooth and gentle, drew from her, unconsciously to herself, an account of her habits and feelings—her reading and her thoughts—her desires and hopes—alas! how shallow their depth, how purely external their character! He penetrated her mental being, to see what springs could be played there for the benefit of her unborn child, and he left her with little more hope than he began.

"The woman is worse than an idiot," said he to Mrs. Mansfield. "If she had been that, so man would have married her. But being what she is, I see nothing to hope for. She is stupid, utterly impervious to all considerations, excepting those which pertain to her material life, and her external position and comfort."

"Can you not convince her of the importance of living a better life; and then, by appealing to her vanity, if nothing better is possible, get her to undertake some charity with her great wealth. I will do the work myself, and let her think she does it."

"Humph! a true woman's way of doing a thing, by not doing it at all. Would vanity, do you think, be a sound guide to this mother?"

"Better than sheer, gross selfishness, certainly—especially if it led, indirectly, to good deeds. After a little, the good itself might interest her, and, at any rate, her mind would be better occupied than it can be in that cold house, with those vile books, and that poor child, whom she almost seems to hate."

"What is her mother?" asked Dr. G.

"Nobody," replied Mrs. Mansfield, quietly. "She whines and goes on pitifully when the palpable evil comes before her eyes, but cannot put cause and effect together so as ever to see why it comes, and so pampers and stimulates in her daughter the appetites and follies which work all the ruin."

"A hopeless case, I fear, ma'am," said the good Doctor.

"If it seems so to you, I fear it must be," replied Mrs. Mansfield; "but do not abandon it without trying your best."

The next week Dr. Galen visited his rich patient again. He spent an hour in making her talk, and think of what she said.

Then he spoke; and before he had done, Mrs. Middleton trembled and shrank as if she had been in presence of a higher order of being. "Madam," he said, impressively, "listen to me. I am about to say some very unpleasant things to you—for your good. It is my duty to say them, because your husband has called me to you, professionally, and it is as a professional man I shall speak to you that which, if I said it in any other way, would authorize you to turn me from your house. Of the children you have already borne I will not speak. But do you want to become the mother of a third such as either of them?"

"No, Doctor," answered Mrs. Middleton, shuddering.

"Then will you attend to, and do, what I say? It may—mind I only say, it may—prevent a third such calamity in your family."

"I will do anything I can, Doctor," whined his patient; "but I am not well and strong enough to—"

"Strong enough," he interrupted, clasping her full round arm; "there's an arm, madam, that might do a day's work every day, and be none the worse for it. The fact is, madam, you are too rich, and live too luxuriously and too easily, and love indulgence of all sorts too well, and are too indolent, and too selfish, and too heartless, to be fit for a mother. There, ma'am."

Tears trembled on Mrs. Middleton's fair eyelids, and at last overflowed; but she remained silent.

"So far that's true, isn't it, ma'am?" Now you want to be exactly the reverse of all these, except the rich, in order to have a child that is worth having. You want to live plainly, and to have something to do, and to be self-denying, and generous, and think of other people beside yourself, and give up dissipation, and moping, and reading this trash," tossing one of Reynolds's low books scornfully to the floor, as he spoke; "and, in short, be a woman, and on no other terms will God give you a child that will not be a curse to you. Are you ready to try these?"

There was a considerable pause before either spoke, and then Mrs. Middleton, wiping her tears away, said, "You don't tell me what I must do every day, Doctor. If I knew that—"

"Would you do it?" he asked, pitying the feebleness of soul which made such slavery necessary.

"I would try."

"That's a good child," he said, encouragingly. "That is right. Now let us see. First you ought to rise much earlier than you tell me you do. You ought to drive out every morning before ten o'clock; any drive to-day, and walk to-morrow—a little way at first," he added—seeing her look of alarm at the word—"a little way at first, and it would grow easier, afterward. Then you ought to know, by eight, every day, that poor little Freddy is properly taken care of. You ought to see him dressed in the morning, and spend half an hour after, trying to teach him to speak some words. He will never talk unless pains are taken to teach him; and nobody can do that so well as you, who ought to be more patient and tender with him than anybody else. You have a great deal of wealth, and there are thousands of poor people within half an hour's walk of you on every side, whom you might help and relieve with only a very little of it."

"Oh, I don't care for the money, Doctor."

"No? Thank God! that is one thing on our side. Well, then, get into your carriage two or three times a week, and take Mrs. Mansfield with you—she will go, I am sure."

"Oh, yes; she is a good creature."

"Take her and go and see some of these destitute people. Or get a room somewhere—away from this neighborhood, mind, so that you will have to go out to get to it—and have them come there to meet you—on certain days."

Mrs. Middleton's dull eyes brightened, as if she were seeing a new and striking picture.

"These, and many things like these," continued Dr. Galen, "you could do—the way will open as you go on. Consult your husband; give him another room, and let him occupy it; only consult him as to the best ways of doing your good works, and have a care for his comfort, and for that of everybody in your house. Don't ring your bell too often; and when our next stranger comes, I hope it may be worthy of entertaining and keeping with us."

The result of this interview was partial compliance with Dr. Galen's advice, which was often renewed in different forms; and when Mrs. Middleton's third child was born, the hearts of the household were gladdened by seeing and proving, as often as they came near her, that she could close her tiny, fragile fingers. The mother rejoiced in her soul, and tears of gratitude from the father's eyes, bathed her face as he leaned over her couch, whispering endearing names and praises of her goodness.

"We will name her Hope, dear Fanny. Do you like it?"

"Yes, I think it is very pretty. Hope Middleton. It sounds like the names in novels, doesn't it?"

"It sounds better to me," replied the husband. "It is the beginning of new comfort to us, I hope. She is a very bright looking little one, I assure you."

Among all the glad ones around them, there was none who felt more deep and silent thankfulness for every proof of the little Hope's intelligence than Mrs. Mansfield. It confirmed her convictions of the high and sacred power of the mother over her child, and strengthened her heart and her brain for the hard battles she had to wage with her fashionable acquaintances on this question.

Mrs. Middleton was easily persuaded to dispense with a wet nurse for little Hope, and the child grew in brightness and favor daily; though even Mrs. Mansfield's partial eye could see a wide distance between the mental nature they were all so proud of, and that of other bright and promising children of whom little account was made.

"Merely as a child," said Dr. Galen, one day, when they were talking of the new dispensation in the Middleton family, "she is no great thing; but as child of those parents, she is quite a triumph. She will probably never surpass her mother in intelligence or character if she lives, but that I think very doubtful."

"Do you? why? She does not seem particularly delicate, and with the good nursing and care she will have—"

"Yes, I know; but she is particularly lacking in the *stamina* which those children alone can have whose parents are not only constitutionally healthy, but free from wasting excesses of every sort. These people are not."

And Dr. Galen's words were prophetic; for at fifteen months the little Hope was put away in the vault, beside it, the victim of epilepsy. Who knows how many infirm souls and bodies continue to hold together on our earth, who are the like victims to the selfish perversion of their parents?

Then John Middleton was prostrated, with anguish of heart he had never known before, and Mrs. Middleton, too, felt the first real wound that life had ever given her. They had both come to love Hope—the one with as little alloy of ambition in his love as was possible to his nature, and the other with as generous an affection as her weak, selfish spirit was capable of. That time Death came clothed in awful darkness to them. Dr. Dulcet, in his attempts at consolation, plunged still deeper into the inscrutabilities, and was utterly lost there, remaining, for aught I know, to this day.

Mr. Middleton did not recover this awful stroke. His wife, in process of time, laid off her mourning, and was once more seen in gay life, the very same woman, apparently, that she was before this little beam of Heaven fell across her path. None of his blessed light seemed to remain with her. And in process of time, strange and fearful as it may appear, she became the mother of two more imbecile children—clearly and decidedly imbecile—one of whom was laid beside little Hope at eighteen months—the good Father kindly taking him so early—and the other at three years; and then John Middleton—no longer John Middleton, Jr., by any outward claim to that title—went to the tomb himself—weary, gray and grieved, with the fate he had striven so hard, years ago, to win to himself.

And so Fanny Middleton is left, with a million and an idiot son. Already she has innumerable suitors, and, judging from her present prospects, I should say that as brilliant a career is before her as any woman in the crowded ranks of Fashion.

Laws and Systems.

"Thrice he has asked who hath his quarrel just—and he but naked, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

What are We Fighting For?

A WORD TO THOSE WHO FIGHT THE BATTLES AND PAY THE TAXES.

BY ONE OF THEM.

In times of sudden and imminent peril, prompt action, rather than reflection, is called for. But when that action has placed the person in comparative safety, common sense teaches us that a careful search to find the cause of danger, and efficient measures to remove that cause, become an immediate and imperative duty. And what is true in the case of an individual, is eminently so in the case of a nation.

Two years and a half since, we found the life of the nation in peril. Deadly foes assailed her, all the more to be feared in that they were of our own household. But our nation, though unprepared, found prompt and willing defenders, and what was lacking in military knowledge—the result of years of profound peace—has been more than balanced by energy and perseverance. But the time has now arrived, when, as sober thinking men, from whose ranks must come the hands to fight, and whose toil must pay the cost—it is time, I say, for us to look about us and see where we stand, and carefully seek out the causes which have placed us in the condition in which we find ourselves.

We are in the midst of a horrible war. Our treasures have been poured out in a ruinous flood; but alas! that is as nothing when compared with the precious lives that have been sacrificed up. Even our beloved ones the angel of death has spread his wing. Our streets are filled with mourning, and our hearts with desolation. Where is the noble Linsley; the gentle Rector; the brave Ellsworth; and Spencer, and Scott—but space would fail me to even mention the names of all the brave and noble dead, who, in the smoking battle-field or reeking hospital, have laid their lives on their country's altar. Bereaved fathers and heart-broken mothers; mourning brothers and sisters, and orphaned children demand of us, in tones that must be heeded, *Why is all this?* The question cannot be evaded. It must be met and answered, and in my humble way I propose now to meet and answer it. And I beseech your patient and earnest attention; for on the correct reply to this question depend consequences of unimaginable weight and importance.

What, then, are we fighting for? As we proceed to examine this subject, however vast its proportions at first view, we shall soon find that it will all narrow itself down to a single point. Glancing over the past history of our country, we find various questions that have agitated the public mind for a season, and which have been the rallying cry of parties, and have been submitted to the ordeal of the people's votes; but that vote has always settled each question in turn, and when a question has been so settled, agitation has ceased, and the whole matter has sunk quietly into oblivion. Such was the question of a national bank; the regulation of the tariff; a sub-treasury, &c. But all these questions were those of policy rather than of principle. Nothing vital to the interests of men were involved in them, and men in our day do not often fight about matters of mere policy. But two sections of our common country are now involved in bitter and deadly strife, and wherefore? Because a question has arisen which lies at the very foundation of our national existence and welfare, and the essential rights of man are at stake. The alleged cause on the part of the South is, "the aggressions of the North, an unwarrantable interference with their sacred rights." Well,

what rights? The answer has been, "the right to remove with our property into, and occupy certain parts of our common territory." Now what property are they denied access with, to any and every portion of all our States and Territories? Are they forbidden to carry their silver or gold, cattle or raiment, or anything else recognized by the mass of mankind as the subjects of ownership? No one ever imagined it. What then? There is and can be but one answer. "The right for which we of the South contend is the right to take and hold men as slaves." "For," say they, "if we have the right to hold men as slaves in one State or Territory, we have a right to take and hold them anywhere else in our common country." In one point here made, I fully and unreservedly agree with them, with my whole heart and soul.

If they have the right anywhere, they have the right everywhere; for rights are God-given and inalienable, and no man or body of men can be deprived of them by their fellow-men. Men may be, and alas! often are robbed of the exercise of their rights, but the rights remain, for they are indestructible as the throne of Omnipotence and eternal Jehovah. I know that party platforms, even among the more advanced parties, have conceded and virtually acknowledged that in certain spots of earth, inclosed by certain lines, slavery has a legal right to exist, and I also know that all such platforms are rotten, totally unfit for honest men to stand on, and dangerous for villains. Thus we find the controversy in this horrid and bloody war narrowed down to this question, Has slavery a right to exist? And I most solemnly adjure you to examine this question with me, coolly, carefully, and honestly; for depend upon it, it is the most momentous that ever did or can arise in this our day; for the consequences depending upon the answer we give to this question, both immediate and remote, are of awful magnitude. To solve this question, thousands of our bravest and best have fallen;

"And yet, and yet, I cannot forget That many brave boys must fall."

But in this examination, let not our feelings warp our judgment, neither let us decide on secondary cause, or the mere adjuncts or accompaniments of slavery. 'Tis true, the tree may be known by its fruit, and we know that to be "evil, and only evil, and that continually;" but let us look at the tree itself—this Upland tree that poisons the very atmosphere that surrounds it.

What, then, are slaves, and what is slavery? The statute books of the South shall help us to an answer. "Wheeler's Laws of Slavery," a compendium of the statutes on the subject of slavery in the United States—a book of acknowledged authority in all the States, says: "In most of the slave States, the language of the statute is, 'slaves shall be held, deemed, and taken as chattels-personal, in the hands of their owners.'" A few short, simple words. But pause and think on them. Ponder them well. Man, immortal man, created in the image of God, endowed with a soul that shall exist when the orb we inhabit, the sun and moon, and all the countless host of stars that surround us, shall have run their course, and shall have vanished forever—man, the offspring of Divinity, whose aspirations and destiny is the bosom of Jehovah—reduced to the grade of an ox-helve or hoe-handle. "Goods," "chattels," "in the hands of their owners?" My head, my hands, my wife, my child, my soul, in the mouth of a slave, a mere figure of speech! Mind, I speak not here of what some softly call the abuses of slavery; for slavery in itself is one grand and hideous abuse. I speak not here of the parting of husbands and wives; for slavery ignores the relation. "Slaves," say the statutes of slavery, "can contract no legal marriage, and, indeed, can make no contract whatever." I speak not of forcing children from their parents; for, says Slavery to the unhappy mother, "That infant which draws sustenance from your breast, brought forth in your pain, and nourished in your agony, you may not claim as your child; it is its master's chattel," and truth might often add, child too. Again, I say, ponder it well. You, every one of you, reduced to the rank and condition of the oxen you drive, and the plow you hold. And comfort not yourselves with distinctions of race; if you do, slavery does not. These eyes have seen men held as slaves, of a noble port and white skin as I, and as noble and as lovely, with complexion as fair as the wives we cherish and the daughters we love.

Before we go further let me define a few terms in common use; or at least, tell you what I mean when I make use of them.

By Liberty, I mean, *freedom to do whatever is right*. Freedom to do what is wrong is license, and the practice of such freedom is licentiousness.

By Law, I mean what Blackstone and all writers on law define it to be: "a rule of action commanding what is right, and forbidding what is wrong." Elements by legislative bodies or statutes in books, are by no means always law; they may be, and often are very bad; but law is always good and never bad. Evil enactments are not even *bad laws*, but are no laws at all; they are null and void from the beginning.

By Democracy, I mean the *right and duty* of governing ourselves—the right, of course, carrying with it the duty. The announcement may be of little consequence, but I am a Democrat, claiming the right to govern myself, and performing the duty not any too well, I confess; for ignorance and passion often interfere sadly with our duties, but nothing can ever impair our rights. Please bear in mind these definitions; they are important, and I know they are correct.

In discussing the subject, let there be no skinning the surface, or playing with leaves and twigs, but let us dig up the root of the whole matter. Slavery being the cause of the war, it is proper to ask, What right has man to hold slaves in our country? To this question, some reply, "Our present slaves were born so; their parents being slaves before them." Well, that only removes the question back one peg. How came their parents, or grandfathers, or great-grandfathers to be slaves? History answers. Slave traders originally stole, or bought of *thieves* in Africa—men and women, and sold their right—the right of thieves, mind you—to the present holders or their ancestors. Now it is a maxim in law, that no one can convey a better title than he possesses; and no one can ever become the original possessor of a slave, except by an act of rapine and robbery. The original title to all men is in themselves, every person having a right derived from their Cre-

ator, which right is absolutely inalienable. No man can even sell himself and thereby become a slave, for he can receive no equivalent. And it is equally clear that the law can never make any one a slave, for rapine and robbery were never right, and the law only "commands what is right and forbids what is wrong."

And now, I think we have come to the true answer to our first question—Why are we at war? and what are we fighting about? Because 300,000 thieves wish for full license to not only continue their crimes where they are, but to spread their acts of rapine and robbery over the whole continent, and have taken up arms to support their claims. And for the proper penalty for their crimes, I acknowledge the Bible to be good authority. "Who steals a man, and selleth him (or if he be found in his hand), shall surely be put to death." Yes, slaveholding traitors have their rights; the right to be put to death—and I am opposed to withholding their rights a moment longer.

A few objections may be made to the position I have taken on this subject. In fact men of good sense and fair reasoning powers on most subjects, have, when talking on this, asked such very silly questions, that I should deem them too foolish for reply, were it not that I know them to be the result of want of examination and reflection.

"Does not the Constitution give the right in some States to hold slaves?"

Give me, I pray you, particular attention while I answer this question, for never was there a greater fallacy, or one more pertinaciously held than this—that the Constitution somehow confers the right of slaveholding. I have carefully examined the opinions of men who have written on law and the rights of man, and all my thoughts and research have tended to one result. All the Constitutions ever framed, or that can be framed by man, have never given or can give one single right whatever. Rights, men and brethren, emanate from God himself, the eternal source of all good, and from nowhere else. God has endowed men with rights, each and all of which are absolutely inalienable. Man may, by crime, forfeit the power to exercise his rights, or by tyrants be debared their use; but the right remains, and shall remain when the earth on which we tread, and all the countless starry hosts that surround us, shall have been swept into eternal oblivion. Constitutions and laws are made to define and protect rights, not to originate wrongs. The Southern thieves know too well what their fate would be, were law to have full sway from a bench of uncorrupt judges. When, some twenty years since, the State of Massachusetts sought to test, even in a Southern court, the right of South Carolina to imprison and enslave the citizens of Massachusetts, her agent was driven from the State in imminent peril of his life, and plenty of Copperheads were then found to approve the act.

"But the slaves do not wish to be free; they are happy and contented as they are."

If this were true, which is not the case, so much the worse for the accursed system. Men have no more right to be slaves, than we have to make them so. All the faculties of man were given him for his use and improvement, and the possession of these faculties carries with it the duty to improve them for his own sake and that of his posterity. If there were no other charge against slavery than this, that it makes its subjects willing victims, would that alone demand our unqualified execration.

"But why meddle with slavery here at the North?" Why not let it alone, or let the South manage their own affairs?"

We cannot let it alone if we would, and ought not if we could. It is our concern as members of a common humanity, and our especial concern as citizens of one common country, nation, and government. As men, whatever concern man concerns us, and we cannot injure or permit others to injure the most humble of our fellow-men, without suffering injury ourselves. But as citizens, we are equally responsible with the citizens of the South for the continuance of the crime of slavery. I am not sure but we are in fact more so, for while they are the *slave-owners*, we are the *slave-holders*. *Slave-owners* understand this well enough. They have always claimed our interference, not indeed to abolish or amend, but to perpetuate and defend the accursed crime. And for near a hundred years we have granted their impudent demands; and the very war they are now waging against us is because of our refusal to yield further concessions in favor of the iniquity.

But some say: "We are for prosecuting the war with vigor; to fight on and to fight ever until peace is conquered, and then we can arrange the slavery matter."

That would be to prolong the war, while a fragment of either portion of the nation remains. Effects will follow their causes to all eternity; for it is an eternal law that they shall do so. SLAVERY, AND NOTHING ELSE, IS THE CAUSE OF THIS WAR; and while the cause remains the effect will follow.

Our good, but sometimes misled President, was slow to discover this plain truth; being perurbed by long looking through slave-tolerance spectacles. But the stern logic of events has taught him that justice is not only a moral but a military necessity. He is beginning to see, and the nation is being made to see, through rivers of sorrow and oceans of blood, that the cause of all our woes must be removed. Covering it up won't do. Blind-folding our eyes will not destroy the light. Men and brethren, your eyes must be opened to this truth: Slavery must die, that we may live. With all the earnestness that all I hold dear can give, with all the solemnity that a life fast verging to the grave can impart, I entreat, I implore you, tear off the veil of prejudice that blinds you. The poisoned arrow of slavery that has been festering in the body of the nation for a century has been poulticed and blistered, poked and purged, with no effect but to undermine the Constitution. Let such quackery cease. While the arrow remains the patient languishes, and must die unless soon relieved. Tear it out! Shriek not at the pain! Death is the alternative! Fear not to do right, which is always safe. Fear to continue longer the accomplice of crime, which is always perilous. Give the nation a chance to live, and her natural vigor aided, by her stern Constitution, will soon heal all wounds, whether from misguided friends or open enemies. Again I say, give her the only chance for life, and God will make that chance a certainty.

"But does not the Bible recognize slavery?" Yes, and every other crime of which man

can be guilty; but who dare say that it recommends the practice of them?"

"Did not Abraham have slaves?" Very likely; and married his sister, and lay with her maid-servant, and then turned her and her child out in the wilderness to starve; and circumcised himself and his boys; but he is no example for me; if he is for you, be consistent and imitate the whole pattern, beginning with circumcising.

"Did not God say: 'Cursed be Ham; a servant of servants shall he be, &c.'?" No; nothing of the sort. A driveling old man got drunk, exposed himself shamefully, as drunkards will, and when sober went to cursing his boys for looking at him, and in his silly wrath included his grandson.

But there is no intimation that God approved of it any more than he would of the raving of any other drunkard. And yet there are some who gravely assert that the negroes were Ham's children, of which there is no proof in the Bible or out of it; and because a drunken man cursed his son four thousand years ago, they argue that we white folks have a right to enslave negroes or black folks; although, for aught we know, we are ourselves the direct descendants of the aforesaid Ham.

These objections and questions are so silly that I would not repeat or notice them, had I not heard them repeated quite recently, by men, too, whose judgment in most other matters is entitled to respect. And a gentleman who was thought by an intelligent congregation to be a good enough Bible Christian to be made a deacon of, gravely told me the negroes were descendants of Cain, and their color was the black mark set upon Cain; but he did not tell me by what line of sailing packets or steamers they escaped the flood, which drowned all the rest of Cain's posterity.

"Did not Washington, and the patriot fathers of the Revolution, own slaves?"

Yes. And oh! what a lesson to all, to beware how they permit themselves to even seem to give countenance to wrong-doing. Washington found himself the inheritor of slaves, many of whom intermarried with the slaves of his wife which he did not own. He did not emancipate them during his life, but he did not trust them to the chance of being held the slaves for life of any of his heirs. It is not for me to say what his or our forefathers' duties were. It is enough to know that what they thought to be their duty, that they did. If they did, or did not think it to be their duty to abolish slavery then, we know it to be ours to abolish it now. That is our duty now, and God help us to do our duty now, as well as they did theirs then.

Let us review. We have found that slavery is the cause of this war. We see that it never had any right to exist. It is plain that it, and it only, prevents the return of peace. That it is both our duty and interest that it should be destroyed. One question remains to be answered: How shall we do it?

The theory of our government is that the people are the sovereigns, the fountain of all power in the state. To record the will of the sovereign people, representatives are elected who form a legislative body. Persons are also elected to execute the laws of the sovereign people, as declared by the people's servants, the legislative body. Both the legislative body and the executive are the people's servants, not their rulers; and it is an abuse of language to call our public servants rulers. If it be, then, the will of the sovereign people, that slavery, the cause of all our warring, and all our public woes and private grief, should be destroyed, we must appoint or elect men for our legislative and executive servants, who will carry out our desires. The period when we are called upon to do this is at hand. It is soon to be our privilege, and becomes our duty, to exercise the most important trust ever committed to man; that of electing men to shape our laws, and with them, under God, our future destiny; and according to the manner in which we perform that duty, depend consequences that shall be seen and felt long after the grass shall have above us. Soberly then, I adjure you, my brethren and fellow citizens, to perform this duty as men acting for time and eternity. If you wish for liberty for yourselves, vote for those who would give it to others. If you wish for peace and prosperity for yourselves and your children, let your vote tell against the destroyer of both—the detestable, infernal crime of Slavery. Your friend and fellow citizen, HERMON L. EMMONS, SEN.

Bristol, Kenosha Co., Wis., Oct., 1863.

—The B. ish Government is about to establish gymnasia for the soldiers in all the barracks in the kingdom. Governments will next learn to give a physical education to the children designed for peaceful employments as well as those whose business is to kill.

For the Herald of Progress.

From a Spirit-Friend.

BY KNOWN.

"You are watched over from a far-off beaming star," Oh! earth-bound one, go boldly on, And falter not by the way; Press firmly on through the deepening gloom, For 'twill surely bring the day.

Let not your spirit in idleness droop— Truth must be sought for if found; And they who fight in the glorious strife Shall by angel hands be crowned.

The night of error and doubt that hangs O'er earth like a gloomy pall, Will pass away, and Truth's clear light Will shine with a blessing for all.

I know your path through the weary world To you seems lonely and far; But your every step is watched in love From a far-off beaming star.

Away through that glorious belt of light That gladdens the summer sky, Is the calm repose of the Summer-Land For those who shall never die.

And when thy soul from earth-life is freed, I'll watch through the amber foam For the happy wave on whose breast you float To the spirit's peaceful home.

NORTUMBERLAND.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1863.

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A CHOIR OF CHILDREN, under the direction of their devoted friend Barlow, will probably be heard next Sunday morning at the Moral Police Meeting.

THE MORAL POLICE FRATERNITY will hold its fifth monthly meeting, next Sunday Morning, at 10, in Dodworth's Hall. A full attendance of members is respectfully requested, and the public generally are cordially invited.

Owing to the illness of our esteemed reporter, ROBERT S. MOORE, we shall not be able to furnish our readers as promptly with some of the recent discourses. We ask for him the kind indulgence of our subscribers.

A CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT will be constantly supplied by contributions from the talented and fertile pen of Miss Sara E. Payson. Our young readers may expect something useful and beautiful from her almost every week.

Frederick L. H. Willis.

This Brother, having completed his course of lectures before the citizens of Troy, N. Y., will give the first of a series through December, before the friends of Progress, at 806 Broadway, next Sunday evening. His genial personal presence and spiritual influence have endeared him to a large number in this city.

Mrs. Cora Hatch.

This lady has just closed a course of interesting lectures at Clinton Hall, in this city. The attendance was good, and the interest very deep and earnest. She is engaged to speak for several Sundays in Boston, where a large number of friends will greet her. A committee was appointed last Sunday evening to make arrangements to secure her services for another course of lectures in this city.

Mrs. Cuppy's Lectures.

This excellent sister gave two more of her inspired discourses on Sunday morning and evening, and we are sorry to record that they are the last in this vicinity for the present. She steadily gained upon the attention and affection of her audiences from the first, and we feel that she is fitted to do great good as a public worker in the ranks of Reform. Her views are broad and her ideas clear, and she utters them in a peculiarly gentle yet decided manner, which impresses them deeply upon the minds of an audience. The discourse on Sunday morning was concerning "The White Slaves of the North," and truly searching was her inquiry concerning the wrongs of society, while her expression of womanly sympathy for certain forms of suffering drew tears from answering hearts throughout the congregation. As this lecture was reported, we shall have the pleasure of presenting it ere long to our readers. In the evening she confined herself particularly to the question of Spiritualism, and in comparing the new with the old, her illustrations were very apt and convincing. Her soul is evidently imbued with the beautiful philosophy of the New Dispensation, and its high truths she accepts and promulgates with all the earnestness of a truly devotional nature.

Unitarian Mysticism.

In the recent Unitarian Convention held at Springfield, Rev. E. E. Hale, of Boston, discoursed on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, as a present, personal, living power in the hearts of believers. He declared that, without the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, there can be no central truth for personal religion or central doctrine for theology; that the Holy Spirit is with the people of God, leading them into all truth, and that this has been the doctrine of personal piety in all ages. He says: "It is not enough to believe in the Son: men must believe in the Father, and receive the present Spirit. Never till we are united to Christ by the Holy Spirit, shall we begin to comprehend the union of the Father with his beloved Son."

Very unfortunately, Mr. Hale nowhere defines what he means by the Holy Spirit. Mr. Frothingham, of New York, understood Mr. Hale to avow his belief in the personality of the Holy Spirit, and himself disclaims the doctrine, asserting instead, that "the inner

life," "the Christ within," is the only Holy Spirit we ever know; and this Christ within he declares to be "fidelity to the sincere convictions of the heart. Both these talented and liberal men feel the inspirations of the personal Spirit, acting through angelic mediation, but neither of them are ready to accept the clear and definite idea of Spiritual influence. Thus the Convention naturally was divided in sentiment (shall we say through the timidity of its leaders?) One party may be called the Spiritualistic—the other, the Naturalistic. The first makes Jesus a personal Redeemer, and the influence of the Holy Spirit as a power from a miraculous being, through miraculous agencies. The Naturalistic idea presents Jesus as a Brother, Christianly as a natural religion, and the law of it the law of Brotherhood. Now if these two parties could behold Nature as clearly revealed in spirit as in matter, and recognize the laws of spiritual intercourse, what a vast amount of intellectual power might be brought to the aid of the liberal religion! What is there so fearful in the idea of spirit-agency, that the Convention had to mask it in theologic terms and cant phrases, and present a vague, "shadowy essence," in place of a clear, definite idea?

Women's Work and Wages.

The agitation of this subject seems to be a part of the work of these times. The working women are calling meetings, and the papers are reporting them, and discussions are going on in the public prints; Madame Demorest and the New York Times hold conference on the subject. The result is, as far as we know, facts are brought to light that make people think—at least fathers and mothers of tender sympathies will think—of the possibilities that may wait their own beloved ones.

Women, in these times of high prices, have had no advance of wages. As they cannot fight the battles of their country, they lose the premium paid for labor; and while the pay of all mechanics is nearly doubled, the sewing-women must toil for the old pay, and yet suffer the consequences of high rates of living and enormous prices for clothing. Working from early morning until late at evening, a sewing-woman can earn from 30 to 50 cents a day; vest-makers receive 25 or 30 cents a day; sewing-machine operators receive 5 cents for stitching 50 yards. Let any lady who owns a machine try the long seam, and while her weary limbs yet tremble, let her ask where is the remedy for this extortion? From \$2.25 to \$3 are paid for board by these working-women; thus at least only 25 or 50 cents remain, after a week's toil, for clothing and the little extras that are required by our present civilization. From 2 to 4 cents an hour seems to be the maximum price paid to shop-hands, and from 11 to 16 hours' labor daily is required to keep soul and body decently together by means of shelter and food, while they wear themselves apart with a steady friction. If you will walk the streets any morning, early, you will see these girls on their way to their places of labor; many of them are pale, worn, sad, and marked already with consumption or spinal complaint. Follow them, in your thought, through one day, into close, ill-ventilated rooms; see them bending over their work, with no inspiring thought to cheer them, no enticing hopes to encourage them, but only the weary "stitch, stitch, stitch," and the great heart-bunger that God puts in every defrauded heart to tell of its life. "Alas! alas!" you say, "but what can I do? What is to be done?" When Abby Foster, at one of the Anti-Slavery conventions, a few years ago, was complained of because of the disputation and want of unity among the reformers, she said, in her earnest manner: "Agitate! agitate! agitate!"—that is the great work of reformers—agitate! agitate! At least we can all help to agitate these questions; and when the world looks these evils fairly in the face, it will right them.

There are two sides to these questions, and very well-meaning men and women say: "Oh! more than half the fault is with the employed. Women and girls will not work well, and as soon as you find one that will, she gets married. Women only subsist for the sake of marriage," &c. Shall we double the assertion, and make it masculine as well as feminine, and then answer it? or will it answer itself? If a girl, after trying the weariness of shop-work, longs for some strong protection, which she believes she can find in the love of a husband, shall we wonder, and condemn her? If she claims sympathy and love, shall we make that cause for degradation? We all know, if we are not blind, what these evils of poorly-required labor lead to—the black finger-mark is to shame and impurity as an easier method of gaining comfortable support—and ask yourselves who is leading this spiritual death-march, and who plays the solemn chant? What the working-women in a city want before all else, are friends—strong, earnest hearts to recognize their position and aspirations. Will not the Moral Police help agitate this question, and try to form some connecting-links between city and country, so that these working-girls and women may see the advantages of a country life, where their labor is needed and can be better paid for—where pure air has premium, and comfortable homes cost comparatively little? And then, lest we meet not the question on all sides, if marriage is the one thing desired by all women, in the country they have better chance for matrimony!

—S. J. FINNEY is to spend the month of December with the Friends of Progress in Providence, R. I., lecturing each Sunday.

The Inductive and Deductive Methods.

Philosophers and men of science are classifying their methods of discovery. The inductive and deductive methods have advocates and schools: whether we shall be much wiser for following into the intricacies of their investigations seems doubtful, but we should at least be anxious to avail ourselves of the best methods of investigation, whether we fully comprehend its terms and requirements or not.

The method called *inductive* first observes and collects facts, and then classifies them for the purpose of discovering the law that governs them, and from this classification forms a basis for the derivation of a principle applicable to all phenomena connected with the science or philosophy.

This was the method of Bacon, and later, of Comte. The latter excluded from the domain in which human knowledge is to be sought, theology, metaphysics, and transcendental speculations, and classified as *positive* sciences mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, sociology, and their derivatives. In these sciences he affirms exact knowledge can be gained—in other departments, only inferential deductions not based on facts. The inductive method proceeds from facts to principles.

The deductive method assumes a principle, but does not attempt to reach it through facts, but to use facts as the bases of investigation when once the principle is established. The danger from this latter method lies in the assumption of laws and principles that have not been verified. The danger from the inductive method is to draw conclusions from facts which they do not warrant. The inductive method is slow, the deductive rapid—for, if we must wait for facts to find principles, we must wait for a great number and a rigid classification. Whereas, if we admit principles, and form a basis from them, we more speedily arrive at the result.

Reformers should use both methods, and when they wish to establish a theory, they should have principles to build upon; at the same time they should collect facts, not merely to substantiate principles, but to reveal new ones. Spiritualism is to be ranked among the positive sciences before many years, and its philosophy is to be proven from facts and from principles, but this must come from calm and earnest observation and close reasoning. It will not do to assume principles, else we shall be precisely where theology is; neither to carelessly observe facts, else we shall reach the point Christianity has, and go no farther.

For the Herald of Progress.

Col. Hank's Visit in Behalf of Freedom.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 27, 1863. MR. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: Though personally a stranger to you, I feel confidence in commending to your particular attention my heroic friend, Col. Geo. H. Hanks, of the Fifteenth Regiment Corps de Afrique, now on a visit to his family and home in Connecticut.

On his arrival here with Gen. Banks, he became engaged in the protection and defense of the poor slaves against the terrible oppression and outrages of their tyrant masters. Col. Hanks has been unwearied in his labors for the welfare of the oppressed colored race, in all his relations, as Lieutenant of the Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers, as Superintendent of Negro Labor, as Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment, and now as one of the Commissioners of Enrollment and protection of the Colored Refugees. He enjoys the confidence of all his acquaintances, of Gen. Phelps, also, and particularly of the commander of this department—the wise and heroic Gen. Banks.

One of his objects in visiting his home is to more deeply engage the friends of Liberty in the cause of the oppressed of this country, by giving a true picture of their former sufferings, their present condition, their capacities, their necessities, and their hope of aid from their northern friends, and their actual relation to this war and its termination. The Colonel intends to make public exhibitions of the instruments of torture habitually used by the slaveholders throughout the Slave States upon their helpless victims, with samples of the *persons* thus abused, and thus expose the enormities of the whole system.

Forty years' residence in the midst of Slavery has enabled me to judge of it. I unconditionally confirm all the statements Col. Hanks will make. I have seen all the instruments of punishment and torture he possesses in constant use here. I am familiar with the universal depravity of this whole country, and see the necessity of an *entire change of its population*, as the only means of peace and prosperity. As a man, as an apostle of Liberty, I solicit for Col. Hanks the confidence and support of the friends of Progress.

Henry C. Wright's Tribute to the Memory of Joseph Merritt.

Joseph Merritt was born a member of the Society of Friends—was trained to their modes of thinking and worship, and had been for many years a faithful and earnest minister among them. Yet Progression has long been his life's motto and law, and he was not only true to his present light, but ever had his mind open to receive new light, from whatever source it might come. His soul had long been freed from the trammels of external authority, and true only to internal conviction. His own soul was the manger in which his Savior was born; and he felt that no thing or being, outside of himself, could ever be of use to him until born within him. He worshipped God as revealed in his own soul, and felt that no power could help him to a truer and nobler life till it became a part of himself. He expected to find what he carried, wherever he went, and felt that he had no reason to expect

any more. He never expected to find any other God or heaven than the God and heaven he carried with him. He hoped for no heaven except the heaven which he himself carried and deserved. I know the interior life of Joseph Merritt, and his spirit-inspired inspires me to say these things of him. Joseph Merritt had a beautiful soul; beautiful in simplicity, in tenderness, and in goodness, and hence in self-abnegation. He was and is a *living sacrifice for others' good*.

Said one to me, "Joseph Merritt was a good man." Was a good man? I answered, "Why not say he is a good man?" "Why, he is dead," said the other, "did you not know it?" "No," I said, "I do not know that he is dead, but I do know that Joseph Merritt—the man, the husband, the father, the abolitionist, and the friend of publicans and sinners—*lives*, and that he is now, though 'within the veil,' just as good a man as he was before entering there." Why should we think or speak of him as dead, when we believe he lives? Why think or speak of him as absent, when we know he is present? Why think or say he was a good man, when we know he is now a good man? Why think or say he was an abolitionist, the friend of the friendless and oppressed, when he is now a living, earnest, and active abolitionist and friend of freedom? Joseph Merritt would rather have his family and friends think and speak of him as living and present, than as dead and absent. Who would not? May those who love me think and speak of me—after I have entered within the veil—as living and present, and never as dead and absent. It would add greatly to my heaven to know that my friends—after I enter within the veil—think and speak of me as living and present, and still one of their number, while they are battling for a truer and nobler life for themselves, and others while in the body.

A First-Rate Notice.

The following notice of "Moral Philosophy" by Geo. Combe, recently published by Fowler & Wells, is from the N. Y. Observer. If anything else were necessary, this notice demonstrates the excellence of the book:

"This book should rather be called *immoral* philosophy. It is simply an application of the principles of phrenology and modern social science to the duties of human life; ignoring the nature of man as a sinful being, and teaching the ways and means of human perfection without the wisdom or grace which cometh from above. It is not a 'moral' philosophy that we would steer by or commend."

The Third Decade of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The American Anti-Slavery Society will commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of its foundation, on Thursday and Friday, December 3 and 4, 1863, at Concert Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., of each day. Its object, as originally announced, and uncompromisingly adhered to for the last thirty years, was and is the immediate and entire abolition of Slavery in the United States, by all those instrumentalities sanctioned by law, humanity, and religion; and thus, to deliver our land from its deadliest curse, and to wipe out the foulest stain which rests upon our national escutcheon. Its measures were proclaimed to be, and ever have been, "such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption, the destruction of error by the potency of truth, the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love, and the abolition of Slavery by the spirit of repentance."

At its approaching celebration, the Society will have the sublime privilege to announce, as the result, primarily, of its disinterested, patriotic, and Christian labors—the emancipation of three millions three hundred thousand slaves, by the fiat of the American Government, on the first of January last.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—G. B. STUBBINS will deliver the funeral discourse of Mr. Van Sickle, at Maple Rapids, Mich., Sunday, Dec. 27.

—MRS. ANNA DOUGLASS, No. 66 West Fourteenth street, is absent from the city. Will return about the 1st of January, 1864.

—N. S. GREENLEAF lectures in Lowell, Mass., Dec. 6th.

—MRS. AUGUSTA CURRIER is to speak to the Friends of Progress in Philadelphia, Pa., during the month of December.

—MRS. LACRA DE FORCE GORDON will lecture in Bangor, Me., the four Sundays of December.

—MRS. H. J. STEARNS is engaged to lecture at Jonesville, Mich., one half of the time for the next six months.

—MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND has returned to her home at Bridgewater, Vt., in consequence of the severe illness of her husband.

—MISS LIZZIE DOTE is to spend several weeks at her home in Plymouth, Mass., and hopes there to recuperate her exhausted vitality.

—MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE is to lecture in Portland, Me., Dec. 6th and 13th; Charlestown, Mass., Dec. 20th and 27th.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Passengers can at last go from Jersey City to Washington without change of cars.

—An Italian nun has had a direct revelation that Victor Emmanuel can be got rid of by prayer and penitence. All the monasteries are going to try it for three days.

—A priest said to a peasant whom he thought rude: "You are better fed than taught?" "Shud think I was," replied the cloisterer, "as I feeds myself and you teaches me."

—The People's college is to be completed ready for pupils on the 1st of April next. Aid is needed from the friends of practical education to secure this end.

—A New Orleans wife of a drunken husband cured him of the habit by sewing him snugly in a sheet and leaving him in that condition to recover his sobriety.

For the Herald of Progress.

Letter from Selden J. Finney TO THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

PORTLAND, NOV. 26, 1863.

MY FRIENDS: What are you doing, in a public and educational way, for the "little ones of the great household"? Have you reflected that the old forms of spiritual (theological) education are, to a great extent, incapable of meeting the demands of this new and just opening era of Spiritual Philosophy? I know some of you have thus reflected, for you have so said to me. But are there not others who have been, and still are, indifferent to the educational direction to be given to the new generation, born with our blessed Philosophy? This I know also, for I have seen it with my soul. And can you put new cloth on an old garment, and not make the rent worse? What are you doing with your children? Are they left to be picked up by the iron clutch of solemnly orthodox, run through the sectarian mill, to come out belted, and bolted, and shackled, and benumbed—fit subjects for chronic spiritual paralysis, and candidates for belief in a dead God, a living devil (the only live thing orthodox has), and a fruitless immortality? Are you leaving them to the tender mercies of the sectarian Sabbath-schools, which teach them that you, being Spiritualists, are "infidels" worthy to be eternally damned, and thus filling their souls with distrust of both their parents and their God? Or are they left to the crude tendencies and chance-influences of the street, the slang-shops and sewers of lowest life? Either is ruinous.

But you ask, "What are we to do with them?" Only the churches have successful Sabbath-schools, and we would as soon leave them to chance-influences as to the enervating teaching of such schools."

I am happy to answer: We have already organized a beautiful, even splendid system, for the physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual development of childhood. That system is the CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM. Originally started in the Immortal Land, it is seeking incarnation on earth. Why wait to get "to heaven" hereafter? Why not lay here on earth the solid beams of the great temple of Spiritual harmony and culture? Why wait till "death" calls our reluctant souls from this world, before we begin the great business of harmonizing the education of our children? Given, the demonstration of immortality and of spirit-communion, what are our duties to our children? "Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of Nature," says the New Philosophy. And I ask if this earth be not the very place where we are to practically recognize this great purpose of being, and begin the great work of culture for ourselves, and especially for our children?

Many of us parents have weaknesses and habits which eat great rust-holes into our characters, and leave both surface and soul blotched, and scarred, and unbecoming. And it adds nothing to our worship of the previous generations to remember that they spent time, talents, and money, to build sectarian mills for the manufacture of theological strait-jackets, but left us, when children, with no great and beneficent educational guidance commensurate with the sublime aim of being and of immortality. No idea of the science of the soul—of spiritual culture—has ever pervaded the church-schools. Indeed, how could it? for are not all spiritual things regarded by orthodox as supernatural? There is no possibility of supernatural science, and consequently, no idea of spiritual science and culture, apart from the miraculous action of God and the church-schools. But we have no such excuse. We have a science of the soul, we have Spiritual Philosophy, and hence we should organize it into a movement for the education and harmonization of our children as well as ourselves.

Such a movement is already organized and in successful operation. THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM is the most useful, the most beautiful, and the most needed institution of the age for the place and purpose contemplated. Once at Doddworth's Hall I witnessed its working, and my heart came often into my throat as I saw the bright eyes, beaming faces, and graceful evolutions of nearly two hundred children, ranging from four years old up to forty. "May the Gods guard this blessed movement!" was then, and has ever since been my prayer.

I have worked in Lowell and Portland for the inauguration of this great movement, and have succeeded beyond my anticipations. People and children alike seem starving for just this institution. I have been nobly and warmly seconded by brave souls in these places; and I feel that I can do so much good in no other way as in organizing this movement. Wherever I am to lecture, for years to come, I ask the blessed privilege of introducing it to the people who have not already started it.

No fears of its character need be indulged for an instant. It has not one sectarian feature. It contemplates the culture of the physical, the social, and the spiritual powers of childhood, in consonance with the laws which rule each of these departments of life, and directs the mind and heart up the shining path of progress, in lines of direction parallel with the laws of the Cosmos and the great purpose of being. I know it was baptized in the dew of heaven, and will command the guardian care of the resurrected just.

I am, as ever, yours, for the spiritual elevation of the world.

SELDEN J. FINNEY.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Cause of Progress in Lowell.

FRIEND DAVIS: It is with pleasure I address you an account of what your co-laborers are accomplishing toward human progress in Lowell. On arriving, I found myself successor to our worthy fellow-worker, Mr. Finney. Though I have never met him, I feel acquainted, through his many friends, and a most thorough sympathy for his work, particularly here.

The friends here are giving practical evidence of the fruits of his labor, in the establishment of a "Progressive Lyceum" for their children. I have never before seen an effort of the kind, and though comparatively imperfect in system, as yet, the fact of an effort having been made in that direction has given me more encouragement than any other manifestation I have ever seen among reformers.

I have long felt that a mere repetition of the principles and facts making the groundwork of our faith, was of little benefit unless we could devise some scheme by which their practical application might be made easy and agreeable. I have noticed a very general reluctance to coöperative action—indeed, to any action having for its object the instruction of the young among Spiritualists. Many have said to me, when I proposed it, that the teachings of spirits could not be made intelligible or interesting to children. Their minds, in childhood and youth, were exercised with interests and pleasures of a worldly nature, and therefore could not be brought to a consideration of spiritual things. But those same parents who offered such objections were allowing their children to go regularly to Church Sabbath-schools, because, as they said, the "children must have some association," thus admitting that even a Spiritual subject might be made interesting to them through force of association, and that, too, when presented to them under the most obnoxious and naturally repulsive forms.

When I have said, "Don't you think they imbibe mistaken ideas of life and its duties?" they have replied: "We have no fears; what they hear at home will counteract all they hear at church." Now I have great confidence—in fact, all hope—in the forming power of home education and influence upon children; but I believe in an active, earnest, persistent exercise of it, that plants in the child's mind the elements of a future character; and I don't believe in that fatalistic faith which is so often professed as an apology for indolence. As consistently might the parent say the effects of the grog-shop upon his son would be neutralized by a temperate example at home. But when the time comes for him to go out from home, what, then, will protect him? If the principles of temperance be not firmly fixed in his heart and mind, and the habits of temperance, their natural expression, he will fall an early victim to intemperance, and so of all other evils.

I have prayed earnestly for some common object—some definite purpose—to give unity of action and force of character to Spiritualists as a body, and I believe you have furnished at least one of the bonds—and an important one, too—that will bind many hearts and hands in a general Brotherhood of labor and interest; and in a few years we shall be able to answer this oft-repeated question, "What good does Spiritualism do?" by pointing the questioner to the children he has educated as healthy, moral, and harmonious members of society.

The Spiritualists here occupy a neat little church, formerly occupied by Unitarians, and furnished with an organ, from which is discoursed good music, accompanied by a well-disciplined choir. The place is full of genial, social influences, which give to all a pleasant home-feeling. It seems as though the altar, if it had the power of speech, would welcome all before it. In the vestry the Lyceum is held. It is rather small for the children's "marches," but they make a fine appearance, and seem to enjoy it very much. The teachers and directors are active and determined, and work as though they loved it.

There is a large class of adults—some in whose hair time has left a silver line—who seem to find wholesome mental food in the Lyceum text-book, and when the "marching" comes in, forget they are not children.

Thanks to the labors of Mrs. Barker, Messrs. Walker, French, Constantine, and a host of others whose names I do not know, for this truly instructive and promising work. I hope they may be encouraged and strengthened by similar efforts in all Spiritualistic communities, and also by friendly words and valuable suggestions from all who work for human happiness and redemption.

I am an honest lover of Truth, as it appears to me.

SUSIE M. JOHNSON.

NOVEMBER 17th, 1863.

A Glimpse of Spirit-Land.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Strout, of Cherryfield, Me., have buried within the last fortnight three promising and interesting children, who died of that fatal disease, the diphtheria. The oldest, a daughter, about nine years old, the second, a son, seven years old, and the last, a daughter about three years old. Some striking circumstances attended the sickness and death of two of these children. The oldest, whose name was Clara, and who died first, and who, it is said, did not appear to suffer any pain while sick, sat up a few hours before her death and read a newspaper. Her sister, the youngest, just before she died, sprang out of bed in apparent ecstasy, and clasped her hands exclaiming: "Oh, Clara, how glad I am to see you!" She was soon with her.

Translated for the Herald of Progress.

On the Influence of the Semitic Races IN THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.

BY ERNEST RENAN.

In publishing this discourse, I feel it a duty to express my gratitude to those kind and enlightened auditors who aided me to deliver it. With great discrimination they saw that here it was a question of liberty. To interrupt a literary performance, to which no one is obliged to listen, has always appeared to me a very illiberal procedure; it is an effort to impose by violence one's own opinions on others, a confounding of two things profoundly distinct—the perfectly proper right to criticize as taste or conscience may dictate, with the assumed authority to suppress opinions judged to be heretical. Who does not see that this latter pretension is the source of every violence and oppression? In the course of instruction at the College of France, surrounded as it is with so many guarantees, this interference with free speech appears particularly misplaced. The nomination of Professors in this Institution is made on the presentation of Messieurs the Professors of the College assembled, and of the competent Classes of the Institute. This double presentation is not a brevet which admits of no debate, but it suffices at least to protect him who has been honored with it from being accused of a presumptuous intrusion, in occupying a chair to which such authorized suffrages have elected him.

I do not desire that the form of this, my first lesson, should deceive the public on the nature of my teaching. From Vatable and Mercier to M. Quatremère, the chair to which I have had the honor to be presented and elected has had a special and technical character. Without restraining in any manner my liberty or that of my successors, I should consider myself rendering an unprofitable service to science were I to deviate from this respectable tradition. What could become of serious studies, had they not at the College of France an inviolable sanctuary? What would become of the high culture of the human intellect, if general expositions, which are alone admissible before an indiscriminate audience, were to stifle the more rigorous methods in an institution especially destined to continue the school of profound scientific labors? I should be culpable in the extreme were I to be accused in the future of having contributed to such a change. Progress in science is compromised if we do not come back to profound reflection, if each one believes he is filling the duties of life in holding blindly in all things the opinions of a party; if levity, exclusive opinions, and positive and peremptory manners, succeed in suppressing instead of resolving all problems. Oh! how much better did the fathers of modern intellect comprehend the sacredness of thought! Let the grand and venerable forms of the Rouschins, the Henry Estiennes, the Casaubons and Descartes, rise to teach us how they appreciated truth, through what labors they knew how to attain it, and what they suffered for it. The speculations of not more than twenty persons, in the seventeenth century, completely changed the ideas of civilized nations in relation to the universe; it was the obscure labors of a few poor scholars of the sixteenth century that created historical criticism, and prepared a total revolution in the ideas of humanity on the past. I have a too profound experience of the intelligent penetration of the public, not to feel assured that those who supported me yesterday will commend me for following this path, assuredly the most profitable for science and the true discipline of the mind.

GENTLEMEN: I am proud to occupy this chair, the most time-honored in the College of France, in the sixteenth century illustrious for its men of eminence, and in our own day filled by a scholar of the merit of M. Quatremère.

In creating at the College of France an asylum for liberal science, the king, Francis I, enunciated as the constitutive idea of this grand establishment, the entire independence of criticism, the disinterested search for truth, and the freedom of discussion, bound by no rules other than those of good taste and sincerity. Here, gentlemen, is precisely the spirit that I would carry into this question. I know the difficulties inseparable from the chair I have the honor to occupy. It is at once the privilege and the danger of Semitic studies to touch at problems the most important in the history of humanity. The spirit knows no bounds; but humanity as a whole has no means arrived at that degree of serene contemplation in which there is no need of seeing God in a particular order of facts, simply because he is seen in all things. Liberty, gentlemen, were it well understood, would make these opposite exigencies live side by side. I hope that, thanks to you, this cause may prove it. As I carry no dogmatism into my teaching, and as I shall confine myself to appealing always to your reason, to proposing what I believe the most probable, leaving you the fullest liberty of judgment, who can complain? Those alone who profess to have a monopoly of truth. But these must abandon their claim to be masters of the world. Galileo, in our days, would not go upon his knees to retract what he knew to be true.

You will allow me, in the accomplishment of my task, to descend to the minutest details, and to be habitually technical and austere. Science, gentlemen, attains its sacred end, which is the discovery of truth, on condition only of being special and rigorous. Every one is not destined to be a chemist, a philosopher, or a philologist; to shut himself in his laboratory, and to pursue for years an experiment or a calculation; nevertheless the whole world participates in the grand results of chemistry, physics, and philology. To present these results separate from the expedients which have served to discover them, is a serviceable procedure that science should not prohibit. But such is not the intention of the College of France; all the apparatus of science, the most special and minute,

is here exhibited. Laborious demonstrations, and patient analyses, excluding surely no legitimate digression; such is the programme of this course. It is the laboratory, in fact, of the science of philology, which is open to the public, that special vocations may be formed, and that men of the world may see the means that are employed to arrive at truth.

To-day, gentlemen, I shall derogate from usage, and I should but impose on your expectations were I to commence with a too technical development. I should have wished to recall to you the remembrance of the illustrious confrère whom I have the honor to succeed—M. Etienne Quatremère. But this duty having been performed here in a manner that will not permit me to return to it, I shall devote this first lesson to giving you the general character of the peoples whose language and literatures we together are to study, and of the part they have played in history, of the part they have furnished to the common work of civilization.

The most important result which historical and philological science has arrived at for the last half century, has been to show in the general development of humanity two elements, which, combining in unequal proportions, have made the woof of the substance of history. From the seventeenth century, and almost from the middle ages, it has been known that the Hebrews, the Carthaginians, the Syrians, Babylon—at least since a given epoch—the Arabians, and the Abyssinians, spoke a language quite congenious. Eichhorn, in the last century, proposed the name Semitic for these languages, and this name, though quite inexact, we will continue to employ. During the first years of our century, a discovery, important and delicate in many respects, was made. Thanks to the knowledge of Sanscrit, due to the learned Englishmen of Calcutta, the philologists of Germany, and particularly M. Bopp, deduced certain sure principles by means of which it was demonstrated that the ancient idioms of Brahmanic India, the various dialects of Persia and Armenia, many of the dialects of Caucasus, the Greek and Latin languages with their derivatives, and the Slavonic, Germanic, and Celtic languages, form a vast whole, profoundly distinct from the Semitic, and which has been named the Indo-Germanic or Indo-European class.

This line of demarcation, revealed by the comparative study of languages, did not wait long to be authenticated by the study of their literatures, institutions, manners, and religions. When the starting-point of this delicate comparison is once fixed, there is perceived in the ancient literatures of India, Greece, Persia, and the Germanic races, certain common genera having a pronounced intellectual similarity. The literature of the Hebrews and that of the Arabs have also a strong relationship between them; on the contrary, they have the least possible similarity with those that I enumerated a moment since. It would be vain to seek for an *époque* or a tragedy among the Semitic races; and equally vain to look for an analogue of the *Kasida* of the Arabs and that species of eloquence which distinguishes the Jewish prophets and the Koran. And what has been said of the literature applies also to the institutions. The Indo-European races had at their very origin a certain ancient right, the remains of which are still traceable in the *Brahmanas* of India, in the formulas of the Latins, and in the Celtic, Slavonic, and Germanic customs: the patriarchal life of the Hebrews and of the Arabs was subjected without opposition to laws entirely different.

Again, a comparison of religions has thrown on this question decided insight. At the side of comparative philology has been created within a few years in Germany a *comparative mythology*, which has demonstrated that all the Indo-European races had originally one language, one religion, and that in separating from the cradle of the race, each carried shattered portions of it. This religion was the worship of forces and the phenomena of Nature, ending, by philosophical development, in a sort of Pantheism. The religious developments of the Semitic races, on the other hand, have obeyed entirely different laws. Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism, offer a character of dogmatism, of absolutism, and of severe monotheism, which essentially distinguish them from the religions of the Indo-European, or, as we say, from the worship of the pagans.

Here, then, are two individualities, perfectly recognizable, which, by themselves alone, fill in some sort almost the whole field of history, and which are as the two poles of the movement of humanity. I say almost the whole field of history; for outside of these two grand individualities, there are still two or three others which manifest themselves to science, and whose influence has been considerable. We will here leave one side China, which is a world by itself, and the Tartar races, which have been simply national scourges to destroy the works of the others. Egypt has had a prominent part in the history of the world; now Egypt is neither Semitic nor Indo-European. Babylon is not, again, a purely Semitic whole; there was, then, it appears, an anterior type of civilization analogous to that of Egypt. It may be asserted in general, that before the arrival of the Indo-European and Semitic peoples on the scene of history, there had already been very ancient civilizations to which ours are indebted, if not for moral elements, at least for industrial ideas and for a long experience of material life. But all this is but feebly outlined to the eyes of history; all this pales, moreover, before facts like the mission of Moses, the invention of alphabetical writing, the conquest of Cyrus, that of Alexander, the invasion of the Greek genius, Christianity, the Roman empire, Islam-

ism, the Germanic conquest, the revival of letters, the Reformation, Philosophy, the French Revolution, the conquest of the world by modern Europe. This is the great current of history, and this great current is formed by the commingling of two rivers, in comparison with which the other confluent are but simple brooks. Let us attempt, then, to separate from this complex whole the share of each one of these two grand races, which, by their combined action, and the oftener by their antagonisms, have created the present condition of the world, of which we are the last outgrowth.

An explication is here necessary. When I speak of the mingling of the two races, it is only of a mingling of ideas, and if I may say it, of the historical collaboration which follows. The Indo-European and Semitic races are to-day entirely distinct. I do not speak of the Jews, to whom their singular and historical destiny has given an exceptional place in humanity; and yet, if we except France, which has created in the world a principle of civilization wholly ideal, rejecting all ideas of difference of races, the Jews almost everywhere form still a society apart. The Arab, at least, and in a more general sense the Mussulman, are to-day further removed from us than they have ever been. The Mussulman (the Semitic spirit is especially represented in our day by Islam) and the European are, in the presence of one another, two beings of a different species, having nothing in common in their manner of thinking and of feeling. But the march of humanity is owing to the struggle of these contrary tendencies, by a sort of polarization, in virtue of which each idea here below has its exclusive representative. It is in this collectiveness that all contradictions are harmonized, and that a supreme peace results from the clash of elements in appearance enemies.

This assumed, if we seek to know what the Semitic race has given to this grand and living organic whole that we call civilization, we shall find that, first, in government, we owe them nothing. Political life is, perhaps, that which the Indo-Europeans have the most indigenous and correct. It is they alone who have understood liberty, who have comprehended at the same time the State with the independence of the individual. Undoubtedly they are far from having always reconciled these two necessary contraries. But never among them do we find those centralized despotisms, crushing out all individuality, reducing man to the state of an abstract function without name, as we see in Egypt, at Babylon, in China, and among the Mussulman and Tartar despotisms. Take one after another of the little municipal republics of Greece and Italy, the Germanic Feudality, the grand centralized organizations of which Rome has given the first model, and from which the French Revolution took its ideal, and you will find there always a vigorous moral element, a strong idea of the public good, and a spirit of sacrifice for the general welfare. Individuality at Sparta was slightly guaranteed; the little democracies of Athens and Italy, during the middle ages, were almost as fierce as the cruellest of tyrants; the Roman Empire attained (in part, however, from the influence of the East) to an intolerable despotism; the Germanic Feudality ended in a clear brigandage; French royalty under Louis XIV reached almost the excesses of the dynasties of the Sassanides, or Mongols; and the French Revolution, in creating with incomparable vigor a principle of unity in the State, has often strongly compromised liberty. But prompt reactions have invariably saved these nations from the consequences of their faults. It is far from being so in the East. The East, especially the Semitic Orientals, have never known a midway between the complete anarchy of the nomadic Arabs and a despotism at once the most sanguinary and uncompensated. The idea of public policy and public welfare fails to be conceived by these nations. True and complete liberty such as the Anglo-Saxons have realized, and the grand national organizations such as the Roman Empire and France have created, were equally strange to them. The ancient Hebrews and the Arabs have been, or are, by moments, the freest of men, but on condition of having a chief the next day to decapitate them at his single pleasure. And whenever this arrives, there is no cry of a violated right. David succeeds in reigning by means of an energetic *condottiere*, which does not hinder his being a very religious man—one after God's own heart; Solomon arrives at and maintains himself on the throne by the Sultanic measures of all times, which do not prevent his passing for the wisest of kings. Whenever the prophets batter at royalty, it is not in the name of a political right, but in the name of theocracy. Theocracy, anarchy, despotism—such is, gentlemen, the epitome of Semitic polity; such, happily, is not ours. Government, as drawn from the Holy Scriptures (extremely badly drawn, it is true) by Bossuet, is a detestable policy. In government, as in poetry, in religion, and in philosophy, the duty of the Indo-European race is to seek for that combination which reconciles antagonisms for that complexity so profoundly unknown to the Semitic race, whose organizations have always been of a devouring and fatalistic simplicity.

In art and in poetry for what are we indebted to them? Nothing in art. These races knew little of art; ours is wholly Grecian. In poetry, without being their tributaries, there is, nevertheless, more than one lien between us. The Psalms are become, in many respects, a fountain of inspiration for us. Hebrew poetry has taken its place side by side in our literature with that of Greece, not as having given us a specific class, but as constituting a poetic ideal, a sort of Olympus, where

all is colored by a luminous aureole as by an accepted prestige. Milton, Lamartine, Lamennais, would never have existed, or would have existed entirely different, but for the Psalms. Here, again, all that is rare in combination, whatever is delicate and whatever profound, is our work. The thing essentially poetic, is the destiny of man. It is his melancholy relapses, his search after the Infinite, his complaint to heaven. We do not learn here of any one. The eternal Teacher is the soul of each one.

In science and philosophy we are essentially Greek. The search for causation, knowledge for its own sake, are what we have learned of her alone. Babylon had a science, but no scientific principle *par excellence*—the absolute fixity of the laws of Nature. Egypt was acquainted with geometry, but did not create the elements of Euclid. The old Semitic intellect is, by its very nature, anti-philosophic and anti-scientific. In Job the search for causation is represented almost as an impiety. In Ecclesiastes, science is declared to be vanity. The author, prematurely disgusted, boasts of having studied all that there is under the sun, and to have found it all vanity. Aristotle, his contemporary nearly, and who might with more reason have said that he had exhausted the universe of knowledge, never for once speaks of his weariness. The wisdom of the Semites never came from parables and proverbs. We often hear of an Arabian science and philosophy, and during a century or two in the middle ages the Arabs were really our teachers, but it was only till we had comprehended the Greek originals. This science and this philosophy were but a shabby translation of the science and the philosophy of Greece. At the revival of letters, and on the appearance of authentic Greece, these worthless translations became valueless, and not without reason did all the philologists of the period undertake against them a veritable crusade. Besides, on careful examination, this Arabian science had nothing Arabian about it. The groundwork is purely Greek, and among those who created it, there is not a pure Semite; they were Spaniards and Persians, writing in Arabic. The philosophical part that the Jews play in the middle ages is also that of interpreters. Their philosophy is the Arabian, without modification. One page of Roger Bacon contains more veritable scientific insight than the whole of this second-hand science, respectable, surely, as a traditional link, but utterly void of grand originality.

If we examine the question with reference to moral and social ideas, we shall find the Semitic morality occasionally very lofty and pure. The code attributed to Moses contains elevated ideas of duty. The prophets are by moments the most eloquent of tribunes. The moralists, Jesus, son of Sirach, and Hillel, reach a wonderful sublimity. Let us not forget, either, that the ethics of the gospel were first preached in a Semitic tongue. On another side, the Semitic character is, in general, hard, narrow, and selfish. There are in this race sublime affections, complete devotions, and incomparable characters. There is rarely that delicacy of moral sentiment which seems to be the especial appanage of the Germanic and Celtic races. Those tender, deep-felt, and melancholic convictions—those dreams of the Infinite, in which all the powers of the soul combine—those grand revelations of duty which alone give a solid base to our faith and our hopes—are the work of our race and our climate. Here, then, is a blended work. The moral education of humanity is not the exclusive merit of any race. The reason is apparent—morality is not learned any more than poetry; fine aphorisms do not make the honest man; each one finds the good in the higher parts of his nature, and in the immediate revelations of his heart.

In point of industry, inventions, and material civilization, we are, without doubt, much indebted to the Semitic race. Ours was a moral, brave, and warlike race, jealous of liberty and honor, loving Nature, susceptible of devotion, and preferring many things to life. Trade and commerce were first pursued on a grand scale by Semitic peoples, or at least by those speaking a Semitic language—the Phœnicians. In the middle ages the Arabs and the Jews were our teachers, so far as commerce is concerned. All the European luxury, from the highest antiquity to the seventeenth century, came from the East. I say luxury, and not art; there is an immensity between them; Greece, which in point of art has an infinite superiority over the rest of mankind, was not a country of luxury; they spoke there with disdain of the vain magnificence of the palaces of the grand king, and were we permitted to see the house of Pericles, it is no more than probable we should find it scarcely habitable. I do not insist on this point, for it would be to examine whether this Asiatic luxury—that of Babylon, for example—is really the creation of Semites; I question it myself. But one incontestable gift which they have left us—a boon of the highest order, and which should place the Phœnicians, in the history of progress, almost by the side of the Hebrews and the Arabs, their brothers—is the art of writing. You know that the characters that we use to-day are, through a thousand transformations, those that the Semites employed at first to express the sounds of their language. The Greek and Latin alphabets, from which all our European alphabets are derived, are but the Phœnician alphabet. Phonography, that brilliant idea of expressing each articulation by a sign, and of reducing the articulations to a small number (twenty-two), is an invention of the Semites. Without them we should be, perhaps, dragging ourselves painfully along through hieroglyphism. It may be said, in a certain sense, the Phœnicians, whose literature has so unfortunately disappeared, have created here the

essential condition of all permanent exercise and precision in thought.

But I hasten, gentlemen, to the chief service that the Semitic race has rendered the world—to its appropriate work, and, may I so say, to its providential mission. We owe to the Semites neither our political life, nor our art, nor poetry, nor philosophy, nor our science.

What, then, do we owe to them? We owe to them religion. The entire world, except India, China, Japan, and the wholly savage races, has adopted Semitic religions. The civilized earth contains either Jews and Christians or Mussulmen only. The Indo-European race in particular, if we except the Brahmanic family and the feeble remains of the Parthians, has gone over entirely to the Semitic idea. What is the cause of this strange phenomenon? Why should the Hegemonical race of the world abdicate its symbol to adopt that of its vanquished?

The original worship of the Indo-European race, gentlemen, was charming and profound as the imagination of these nations themselves. It was as an echo of Nature, a sort of naturalistic hymn, when the idea of an only cause appeared, but by moments and capriciously. It was a religion of children, full of naïveté and poetry, that was destined to crumble whenever reflection should become at all exacting. Persia was the first to adopt this reform (that which bears the name of Zoroaster) under influences and at an epoch that are wholly unknown to us. Greece at the time of Pisistratus was already dissatisfied with her religion, and was turning towards the East. At the Roman epoch the old pagan worship had become quite insufficient. It no longer spoke to the imagination, and addressed but feebly the moral sentiments. The old myths on the forces of Nature had become changed to anecdotes, often amusing and subtle, but denuded of any religious value. It is precisely at this epoch that the civilized world finds itself face to face with the Jewish belief. Based on the simple and clear dogma of the Divine Unity; forbidding Pantheism by this phrase of marvelous perspicuity, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth;" possessing an ordinance, a book, a depositary of elevated moral sentiments and of a high religious poetry, Judaism had an incontestable superiority; and it was possible to foresee, then, that one day the world would become Jewish, or would forsake the old mythology for Monotheism. An extraordinary movement took place at this period in the bosom of Judaism itself decided the victory. By the side of these grand and incomparable qualities, Judaism contained the principle of a narrow formalism, of an exclusive fanaticism, disdainful of other nations; it was the Pharisaic spirit, which has become subsequently the Talmudic spirit. If Judaism had been only Pharisaism, it would have had no future. But this race had within itself a religious activity truly extraordinary. Like all the grand races, moreover, it combined antagonisms; it knew how to react on itself, and to have at need qualities the most opposite to its defects. In the midst of the fermentation in which the Jewish nation was plunged under the last Amoneans, the most extraordinary moral event of which history has ever preserved the remembrance happened in Galilee. A man incomparable—so grand that, though everything here should be judged from the point of positive science, I wish not to contradict those who, struck with an exceptional character of his work, call him God—accomplished a reform in Judaism, a reform so profound, so individual, that it was in reality a creation in every respect. Reaching the highest religious ideal that ever man before him attained, coming to regard himself with God in the relation of a son with his father, consecrating himself to his work with a total forgetfulness of all else and with a self-denial never before so divinely practiced—a victim at last of his idea, and defiled by death—Jesus founded the eternal religion of Humanity—the religion of the Spirit—redeemed from every sacerdotalism, creed, and observance; accessible by every race, superior to every caste; in a word, absolute: "Woman, believe me, ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father; but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship Him in spirit and in truth." The fruitful center where humanity was for ages to relieve its joys, its hopes, its consolations, and its motives of well-doing, was here constituted. The fountain of virtue, the most inexhaustible that ever the sympathetic contact of a sublime conscience had caused to burst forth in the heart of other men, was here open. The grand thought of Jesus, scarcely comprehended by his disciples, suffered many reverses; nevertheless Christianity prevailed at first, and prevailed infinitely over all the then existing modes of worship. These beliefs, that pretended to no absolute value, which had no strong organizations, and which represented no moral idea, made but slight resistance. The attempts to reform them in the direction of the increasing needs of humanity, and to incorporate into them an element of earnestness and morality—that of Julian, for example—utterly miscarried. The Empire which not without reason saw its principle threatened by the birth of a new power—the Church—resisted at first with energy; it finished by adopting the worship which it had combated. All the nations dominated by Greek and Latin ideas and power became Christian; the Germanic and Slavonian nations rallied a little later. Alone among Indo-Europeans—thanks to their religious institutions, which are strongly and intimately connected with their political—Persia and India conserved, much changed, it is true, the old worship of their ancestors. The Brahmanic race, especially, rendered a service to science, of the highest order, in preserving with a prodigality of precaution minute and touching, the old hymns of their worship, the Vedas.

But after this incomparable victory, the religious fecundity of the Semitic race was not exhausted. Christianity, absorbed by Greek and Latin civilization, was become a Western institution; the East, its birthplace, was precisely the land where it encountered its severest obstacles. Arabia in particular, in the seventh century, could not be induced to accept Christianity. Wavering between Judaism and Christianity, between native superstitions and the remembrance of the old patriarchal worship; dissatisfied with the mythological elements that the Indo-European race had introduced into the bosom of Christianity, she wished to return to the religion of Abraham—she founded Islamism. Islamism in its turn appeared with an immense superiority among the debased religions of Asia.

With a breath it overturned the worship of the Parsees, which, under the Sassanides, had been powerful enough to triumph over Christianity; and to reduce it to the condition of a minor sect. India in her turn saw, though without being converted, the Divine Unity victoriously proclaimed in the midst of her time-honored Pantheon. Islamism, in a word, conquered to Monotheism nearly all of the Paganism that Christianity had not yet converted. It is finishing its mission in our own day by the conquest of Africa, which, at the present moment, is rapidly becoming Mussulman. A few exceptions of secondary importance apart, the entire world has been in this manner conquered by the Monotheistic apostate of the Semites.

It is to be said that the Indo-Europeans, in adopting the Semitic dogma, have entirely abdicated their individuality? No, certainly. In adopting the Semitic religion, we have profoundly modified it. Christianity, such as it is conceived by the many, is in reality our work. Primitive Christianity, consisting essentially in the apocalyptic belief of a kingdom of God which was to come—Christianity such as it was in the mind of a Saint John and of a Papias—was very different from our Christianity, charged with metaphysics by the Greek Fathers and with the scholasticism of the middle ages, and reduced to a teaching of morals and charity by the progress of modern times. The victory of Christianity was not assured till it had completely broken its Jewish casing, when it became again what it had been in the sublime conscience of its Founder, a creation redeemed from the contracting shackles of the Semitic spirit. This is so true, that Jews and Mussulmen have only aversion for this religion, sister of theirs, but which, in the hands of another race, is adorned with an exquisite poetry and with a garment of romantic legends. Refined, sensitive, and imaginative natures, like the author of *The Imitation*, like the mystics of the middle ages, and the saints universally, professed a religion sprung from the Semitic genius, but totally transformed by that of modern nations, especially by the Germanic and Celtic races. This depth of sensibility, this morbidity in a manner, of the religion of Francois d'Assise, of a Fra Angelico, were precisely the opposite of the Semitic genius—essentially dry and austere.

As to the future, gentlemen, I see in it more and more the triumph of the Indo-European genius. Since the seventeenth century, a pregnant event, till then undecided, has been operating with marked energy; it is the definitive victory of Europe, the accomplishment of this old Semitic proverb:

"God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem;
"And Canaan [Ham] shall be his servant."

Till this time Semitism was still master on the earth. The Eastern Mussulman defeated the West; he had better armies and a wiser policy; he supplied it with riches, knowledge, and civilization. Henceforth the order is reversed. The European genius is developing with incomparable rapidity. Islamism is slowly crumbling to pieces. The essential condition now of the spread of European civilization is the destruction of the Semitic idea *par excellence*—the destruction of its theocratic principle, and the consequent destruction of Islamism; for Islamism can exist only as an official religion; whenever it shall be reduced to the state of a free and individual religion, it will perish. Islamism is not simply a religion of the State, as was Catholicism in France under Louis XIV, as it is now in Spain; it is a religion excluding the State; it is an organization such as the Pontifical States alone, in Europe, offered the type. Here is the last son of Israel shall have miserably perished or been banished by terror to the depths of the desert. Islam is the completest of negations; it is fanaticism, such as Spain in the time of Philip II, and Italy in that of Pius V, have scarcely known; Islam is contempt for science, destruction to civil liberty; it is the terrible simplicity of the Semitic spirit—compressing the human intellect, closing it to every delicate idea, to every refined sentiment, to every exercise of the reason, to put it in face of an eternal tautology: *God is God.*

The future, then, gentlemen, is for Europe, and for Europe alone. Europe will conquer the world and spread in it her religion, which is justice, liberty, and respect for man—this belief, that there is something of divine in the bosom of humanity. In every stage, progress for the Indo-Europeans will consist in forsaking more and more the Semitic spirit. Our religion will become less and less Jewish, and farther and farther will it repel all political organizations applied to the things of the soul. It will become a religion of the heart, the intimate poetry of each one. In morals, we shall cultivate a tenderness of conscience incomprehensible to the austere natures of the Old World; we shall become more and more Christians. In government, we shall reconcile two things that have ever proved irreconcilable to Semites—individual liberty with a powerful State. In poetry we shall demand a form for this instinct of the Infinite which is the charm and torment of our existence, though constituting its sacredness and grandeur. Of philosophy, in lieu of the scholastic absolute, we shall demand those momentary revelations of the system of the universe. In all, we shall cultivate that happy combination, subtlety instead of dogmatism, the relative instead of the absolute. Here is the future as I see it, if the future belongs to progress. Shall we let it slip clear-vision by the destiny of man and his relations to the Infinite? Shall we comprehend more fully the laws of causation—the nature of conscience—what is life, and personality? The world, without relapsing to credulity, and in persisting in its philosophic positivism—will it find again joy, ardor, hope, and deep thoughts? Will existence again be worth having, and he who believes in duty—will he find in it his recompense? This science to which we consecrate our lives—will it render to us what we have sacrificed to it? I do not know. What is sure is, that in seeking truth by scientific methods, we shall have done our duty. If truth be joyous, we shall have at least the consolation of having found it by its tried laws. We might say that we should have deserved to find it more consoling; we at least can have this witness within us, that we have been profoundly sincere with ourselves.

But I do not wish to dwell on such thoughts. History demonstrates this truth, that there is in human nature a transcendent instinct which

urges it ever to higher aims. The development of humanity is not explicable on the hypothesis that man has a finished destiny; that virtue is but refined egoism, and religion but a chimera. Let us work, then, gentlemen. Whatever the author of *Ecclesiastes* may say in one of his moments of discouragement, science is not "the worst occupation that God has given to the sons of men." It is the best. If all is vanity, he who shall have consecrated his life to the truth, will not have been duped more than others. If the true and the good are realities—and we have assurance that they are—it is he, without contradiction, who shall have sought and loved, that will have been the most inspired.

We are not to meet again, gentlemen; commencing from my next lecture, I shall go at once into Hebrew philology, when the most of you will not be with me. You will permit me, then, young men, whom as such I may presume to counsel, to say that the sentiments which you have, and which more than once you have shown in the course of my teachings, in a manner so honorably for me, are praiseworthy in principle, and of good augury; but do not permit them to degenerate into frivolous agitation. Give your attention to solid studies; believe that what is liberal, *par excellence*, is the culture of the intellect, the nobility of the heart, the independence of the judgment. Educate for our country its generations, which shall be rich in all that makes the glory and the ornament of life. Refrain from immature assumptions, and remember that liberty is acquired only by earnestness, a respect for ourselves and for others; by a devotion to the public good, and to the special work which each one of us in this world is charged to accept and continue.

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Statistical Literature.

BY J. W. EVANTS.

Without a consciousness of merit, or a realization of merit rewarded, without doing worthy deeds, and receiving a little just praise for having done them, our earthly pilgrimage becomes one little to be envied and less to be desired.

When I direct my footsteps over a vast area of uninhabited prairie, especially in that part of the year called Indian Summer, then comes over my feelings a certain dread, which the will cannot conquer, nor the force of repellant energy drive away from my presence; for such outer desolation is too great for man's inward social being—not a man, nor a tree, nor a house, nor anything that can epitomize the progressive movements of the race.

If I travel an hour, I am weary, lonesome, and disheartened; if I see a fragment of board, I am revived, and think of the machinery of saw-mills, and link them to railroads, steamboats, and the various inventions, and call this age verily an age of machinery, or power. But if I see no fragment of board, or broken wagon-spoke, or piece of newspaper, then my spirit clings to its center. I yearn for the presence of railroads, steamboats, and cities and I would gladly blister my feet on the ties, stand any gale, or run the risk of being robbed, rather than continue in the desolation of the wilderness. If my feet are blistered, I have counted the mile-posts; if I have arrived in port, and barely escaped a shipwreck, I have had the satisfaction of seeing what skill and knowledge can do; and though we risk our lives and property, where men are densely associated together, yet the records show that crime is gradually decreasing.

A new faith is gaining ground here in America, and one that bids fair to become the all-absorbing faith of our nation. Our trust and our hope are in our records, as the safety of a ship is in the pilot's knowledge of navigation. As it is the consciousness of having power that gives us the capacity of wielding it, so the fact that we have statistics and know their use constitutes a power that moves the nation.

To be conscious of having done something new, to know that one has excelled in something, which has baffled the skill and ingenuity of others, to overstep Humboldt on the mountains, to outlast Kane on the Arctic seas, to outgeneral Bonaparte and Hannibal, to undo and demolish the past for the sake of the present, to make "big things" lop down in the presence of greater powers, these are among the characteristics of the spirit of the present age. All deeds recorded in history must be excelled; all miracles must be made commonplace and set aside by the wonders of to-day, all past philosophy must be corrected or refuted by our youth, and Euclides and Archimides must have their superiors by the thousand; religion must be tried in the crucible of skepticism; whatever will not bear the test of a demonstration must be excluded from the actual sciences; and all this to accomplish the ends of American ambition, and for the glory of aspiring souls.

It is quite evident that this age, as well as every other, acts entirely for its own glory and happiness; and to facilitate these ends every power that can be used is brought into requisition. So great has been the demand for power, and so varied have been the resources for gaining it, that already there has crept into existence a literature, or a system, almost without a name. To establish this literature, every art, science, and pursuit has tendered its aid with a care so unremitting that one is forced to the assurance that it has been under the supervision of unseen powers, and that Divinity has all the time been with us and working for us. A literature whose sole aim is human advancement, whose mission is to lighten the burdens of life, and to make our earthly career easy and pacific, a literature which will reward toil, relieve anxiety, and prevent danger, which will guide the mariner over the high seas, enrich the agriculturist, improve the arts and sciences, and encourage invention, a literature which will promote peace and balance the scales of retribution, such a literature has become almost monumental in America, and is essentially the motor of every progressive movement.

Progression has already become the watchword of America, and we have become conscious of her progressive destiny from a realization that she does actually advance—as the strong man is conscious of his increasing power, and the weak man of his imbecility; or as the growth and decay of nations are marked by figures, as a steelyard marks the gaining or falling strength of a man. America has health and vigor; and her power lies in the amount of her railroads, her canals, and her shipping; in the education of the masses as well as in her various productions.

In statistical knowledge lies the power and wealth of the world. It is what has enabled the geologist to penetrate the earth's rocky foundation, trace its history through the eternal ages of the past, and view with prophetic inspiration the sublime realities of its golden future; it is the key with which the chemist has unlocked the material world, and opened to man the door which leads to its untold wealth and luxury; it is the glass through which the astronomer has viewed the illimitable universe, and led earth's teeming millions out of the dark and gloomy superstitions of the fabulous era of error into the light of this present era of Reason, Philosophy, and Science—out of the belief that this earth is principal, and all else tributary, and into the belief that it is but a unit in a vast system of habitable worlds, whose rounded forms the

Great Architect of Nature hath associated into one grand Stellar Republic. It is statistical knowledge that has demonstrated the globular formation of our earth; but for asserting that such was the fact two and a half centuries ago, Galileo, "starry Galileo," was incarcerated; it is the lever power of all manner of reforms and of revolutions; it is the check-mate of disease, pestilence, and famine; it is the enemy of oppression and wrong of all kinds, and the friend of justice and universal freedom; and, last of all, it is "the wheel within a wheel" which controls the destiny of nations and of races.

Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: To the Summer-Land, ISRAEL SYLVESTER, only son of Wilder and Ruth C. Griffin. The father went to his Spirit Home last July, while in the army. Little Vessey, as his mother called him, went to school Oct. 1st, when he complained of being unwell, went home, kept growing worse till the next morning, when he expired. He was nine years old last May.

One incident in this harmless child's life his lonely mother has related of him since his departure. A few days before he left us some of the boys offered him a little harp for ten cents. The child was unused to toys and playthings, such as most children have in these days, but took a great fancy to the harp, carried it home, and asked his mother to buy it. She reasoned with him—told him they were poor and needed all they could get for food and clothes, and he wanted some boots, as the cold weather was coming on; asked him to give up the harp and she would buy him some boots. "Mother," said he, "I want the harp and boots, too." She reasoned still, told him the little thing would not be worth much to him, &c., till at length he said: "Mother, I will give up the harp and have the boots." Had the poor child's wish been known to the writer of this, or any others who knew him only to love and esteem him for his innocent life, and the many privations we all knew he encountered, he would not have lacked enough to pay for half-a-dozen such gratifications. It grieves me to think how few indulgences this good child had, compared with other children; and yet he was remarkably pleasant and kind to all who knew him, especially to his dear little sisters, four younger than himself. He seemed patient to go poorly clad and coarsely fed; the only thing that his mother had such hard work to persuade him to give up, was the little harp not thinking he was so soon to strike the golden harp of Love in the Spirit Realm.

S. C.

Departed: To the Summer-Land, from Lyons, Mich., Oct. 9th, JOHN SNYDER, aged 79 years.

On Sunday, the 18th, G. B. Stebbins spoke, by request of the family, and read, as the Gospel of the day, the following words, which came to Mrs. Jewett Sunday night, the 11th—while in great sorrow for her father's departure—and brought peace and strength.

"Seek not to know what thy soul feeleth—Immortality."

"Above the veil is rent, below the pit is covered."

"The sunrise of hope ushers in the morn of a new life."

"Forgotten not: only feeling the chastening of the Father."

"The autumn is past. The winter is ended. The dry leaves rustle in the forest no longer. There is no grave of buried hopes. The spring has come. The tree shall send forth its buds in vernal beauty."

"Blessed are they who have the light; for the angels bear the torch through the dark valley. There is no death; but over the river is life immortal."

"The prison-doors are unlocked. The captive is free. Why weep, ye mourners! but rejoice with us. For the spirit has risen in its strength, and gone home to his Father."

"It is not death: only bidding good-night, to return on the morrow."

"Hope in Immortality is the guiding star to the Land of the Beautiful."

Public Speakers.

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

APPOINTMENTS.

J. M. Peebles will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month.

Mrs. Annanda M. Spence will lecture at Portland, Me., first two Sundays of Dec.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy will speak in Philadelphia through February.

Selden J. Finney will speak in Providence, R. I., during December. Address care A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal St., N. Y.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook lectures in Buffalo, N. Y., December; Bridgeport, Conn., January and February.

Miss Martha Lewis Beckwith lectures in Lowell, Mass., during December; Springfield, Mass., January; Stafford, Conn., February.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak at Mechanicsburg, Dec. 1 and 2; Cadiz, 3 and 4; Greensboro, 5 and 6; New Madison, O., 8 and 9. Books for sale, and subscriptions taken for HERALD OF PROGRESS.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon will lecture in Bangor, Me., during December; Bradley and Old Town, Me., January and February. Address as above, or at Providence, R. I., in care of Captain Charles H. Gordon.

Miss Emma Houston lectures in Taunton, Mass., December 6th and 12th, in Sumnerville, Conn., 20th and 27th; in Stafford, January 3d and 10th; in Worcester, Mass., 17th, 24th, and 31st; in Bangor, Me., from February 7th to July 31st. Address either of the above places, or East Stoughton, Mass.

W. K. Ripley will speak in Willimantic, Conn., Dec. 6 and 13; Little River Village, Me., the first two Sundays in January, 1864; Stockport, N. Y., the four Sundays in February. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

ADDRESSES.

Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews will lecture in any section where she may be desired. Letters may be addressed to her or to L. W. Matthews, East West-moorland, N. H.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will make engagements for fall and winter at the West. Address 705 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

Dr. A. Pierce, France Speaking, Healing, and Developing Medium, care Deia Marsh, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

E. Whipple is lecturing on Geology and Reform. Address Mattawan Van Buren Co., Mich.

James M. Allen, East Bridgewater, Mass., care of Gates Allen, Esq.

Ira H. Curtis speaks upon questions of government. His address is Hartford, Conn.

Miss Susie M. Johnson, care A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal Street, New York.

S. M. Landis, M.D., 2207 Callowhill St., Philadelphia.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton, Northampton, Mass., care W. H. Felton.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, 87 Spring St., E. Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, Hampton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch, or Kingsbury, Brad Co., Pa.

Mrs. Nellie White, Coldwater, Mich., will receive subscriptions for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, O.

J. S. Loveland, Willimantic, Conn.

Mrs. C. M. Stover, Janesville, Wis.

John McQueen, Hillsdale, Mich.

Mrs. H. T. Stinson, Jonesville, Mich.

Mrs. S. E. Warner, box 14, Berlin, Wis.

Mrs. E. C. Morris, 120 West Houston street.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, box 166, Buffalo, N. Y.

John Brookie, M. D., 55 Collins street, St. Louis.

H. B. Storer, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney, Lawrence, Mass.

W. F. Jamieson, Passaic, N. J.

M. J. Kutz, Laphamville, Mich.

Rev. H. S. Marble, Iowa City, Iowa.

R. S. Caswell, Chicago, Ill.

A. H. Davis, Natick, Mass.

Rev. Stephen Fellows, Fall River, Ma.

B. J. Butts, Hopedale, Mass.

Isaac P. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass.

N. S. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Springfield, Mass.

Austen E. Simmons, Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood, W. Killington, Ct.

Miss Belle Scoullall, Rockford, Ill.

Abram and Nellie Smith, Sturgis, Mich.

A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.

Rev. J. B. Fish, Ganges, Allegan Co., Mich.

K. Graves, Harveysburg, O.

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