

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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## Questions and Answers.

"The power to put a question presupposes and guarantees the power to answer it."

## BRIEF ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### The Value of Pilate's Question.

M. W. WILSON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"BROTHER: The other day several gentlemen were debating as to which question in the Bible is the most important to the religious progress of mankind. We are curious to get your opinion."

ANSWER: Our impression has been given in another place. The most important question, in all the record, we think, was put by Pilate. After interrogating Jesus on the subject of his kingship, &c., Pilate asked—"What is Truth?" The account stated, that, "when he had said this, he went out." Therefore, it has ever since remained an open question! Shall we regret, for the sake of mankind, that Pilate did not procure a reply? What a vast world of dogmatism it would have prevented! Catholic and Protestant priests have patent replies, fixed as words of Fate. What a mass of theological conjecture rests upon this omission on the part of Pilate! And besides, the world is left in skepticism as to the kind of truth the Ruler referred to: legal? historical? geological? or theological? Since the question was not answered by Jesus, every soul should then consider itself questioned, and reply as best it can.

Great mountains of gold are far less valuable to mankind, than the discovery that the power to put a question presupposes and guarantees the power no less to answer it. We affirm that Pilate possessed the power to answer his own interrogatory. But, as it is a law of Nature that the acorn shall precede the oak, even so, and by virtue of the same law, do questions oftentimes long precede their answers. If a soul can summon no power to satisfy its questionings to-day, or during this generation, nor yet in the next hundred years, the time will none the less surely come when it may do so with ease—and not only so, but realize an ability to ask for greater knowledge and higher wisdom; to find which, the mind will consume the hours of eternity as they roll round the wheel, and continue thus its happy progression toward the unattainable Infinite.

### Troublesome Questions to Answer.

C. H. W., SCIPPIO, MO., July 11, 1860.—"MR. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: Having noticed that you reply readily to the numerous interrogatories that are propounded to you, and recognizing your ability in so doing, I am induced to offer you the following:

1st. "Is the 'Broad Church' as long as it is broad?" Ans: No: it is "short and sweet."

2d. "Is it true, as alleged, that certain Presbyterians have a blue streak adown their backs?" Ans: No; this peculiar color is characteristic of the "blazes" in which they have unbounded confidence.

3d. "Is it a fact that all the Baptists are yellow over the digestive region, or is this peculiarity confined only to the Hard-shelled species?" Ans: No; the members of this denomination are not "riper" than the fruit of other Churches. The respectable "Hard-shells" are yet quite "green."

4th. "Is the Methodist God located some distance from terra-firma, or is he heard of hearing? If not, why do his devotees vociferate so loudly?" Ans: Exactly where the Methodist divinity is located is not known to any worshiper thereof. But it is said that he is exceedingly fond of seal and enthusiasm.

5th. "Are there any spiritual truths symbolized in the above religious manifestations, supposing them to exist?" Ans: Yes; Truth is everywhere present. Of course, then, every creed contains some of it.

6th. "What is the reason that Dr. A. B. Child cannot see any difference between Right and Wrong? Is it because of any defect in his mental vision, or is it only the effect of Hashish or other stimulants, that exalt him above sublunary conceptions?" Ans: Our friend, Dr. Child's vision is illumined by principles. He is an optimist; yet he is fond of "temperance in all things." His amiable incongruities are temporal.

7th. "If 'whatever is, is right,' what is the use of writing books to prove it—of going hundreds of miles to cast out devils—of performing manual labor when the thermometer indicates 98° (as it does to-day) of getting out of a warm bed of a cold morning—or, in fact, of doing anything?" Ans: Our translation of Pope's line reads thus: "Whatever is (not wrong) is right."

### Why the Mind does not Dream.

THOMAS H., NEW ORLEANS.—"MR. DAVIS: Can you resolve me the cause why I never dream? I was used years ago in my lighter and lovelier life-time, to dream every night. And in the mornings, the remembered snatches of these dreams were my staple breakfast talk. But now I never dream. I cannot recall the period of the change. But at the time of life whence memory draws these dreams, I had no near, dear friends in spirit land. None till after marriage. A few years after, death clutched wife and her babe—which latter left me the inheritance of its sharp, shrill cry only, and then died into immortality. I have never dreamed since?"

ANSWER: The constitution of the mind is double throughout. The individual, consequently, has two lives in one. The events of the outer life are linked into a chain by the faculty of memory, but this chain may greatly differ from the golden links of the Inner Life.

The External memory is a recorder of that which has just transpired—it reports the events of hours, days, weeks—but this power may be greatly weakened by disease, or crippled by affliction.

The Internal memory, on the part of the Inner Life, can never be injured. If it be active at all, its action is prompt, and spontaneous, and eternal. It takes notice of nothing but impressions, principles, truths, ideas, for these are vividly remembered in the depths of intuition, which is all memory.

The power to dream is imminent in all the mind. But the recalling faculty is a part of the intellectual or front group, and belongs, therefore, to that portion of the brain which is denominated "the voluntary region." Now, when our Brother lost his faculty of recalling the dreams of the night, it impressed his judgment with the conviction that his whole Inner Life was idle, or dreamless, during the hours appropriated to slumber. But one of these days, or nights, he will begin to get reports from his more interior Memory; which is the treasury of dreams innumerable, awakened or deposited by unseen wingless visitors from the Summer Land.

The reason why he experienced a suppression of the dreaming power is, the shock which the affectional (or posterior) portions of mind received at the departure of his Companion and her babe. This sad experience reversed the magnetic poles of the brain for a time; so that the External memory ceased to notice and recall night-thoughts.

### Is the Spirit of Man a Substance?

HENRY T. MASON, SALEM.—"MY DEAR DAVIS: Is it within your power to convince me by argument that spirit is material? Sometimes I conclude it must be so, and so I say to my friends, but I am deficient in facts."

ANSWER: Many times we have publicly taught that spirit is substance. The most definite conception of nothing ever given to mankind, however, is—theological idea of spirit!

Our correspondent asks: "Can you demonstrate that the spirit of man is a substance?" We answer, yes. We can take the formula of the scientific world, and affirm, as self-evident, that there can be no motion without force; that no substance can be moved without weight, which implies substance.

Every person's experience is a complete demonstration that spirit is a substance; that spirit can move weight.

Look into the street yonder: see persons, with bodies, weighing from seventy-five to two hundred pounds. What an immense quantity; in the aggregate, how many tons! Those bodies of weight, solid weight, would not move if the spirits were gone out. No deception; it is real bone, real muscle, real matter. Can there be motion without force? Can substance be moved without weight? Can something be moved by no-thing? Can entity be moved by non-entity.

The fact of your existence, of moving your body about from place to place, is evidence that spirit is substance. It requires intelligence to act upon sensation, sensation to act upon life, life to act upon motion, motion to act upon magnetism, magnetism to act upon the brain, and so on down through the sympathetic system—composed of membranes, blood, nerves, muscles—down until the bone is reached and controlled. Thus you go down the stairs every time you move your hand—down twelve rounds in the ladder of normal consciousness. You even move without thinking. You may produce a gigantic manifestation of muscular power even without thought. And why? Because your hidden spirit-principle is composed of all vital forces. You can, therefore, think and do a great many things at the same moment. Every time a voluntary muscular manifestation is made, your thoughts pass through several telegraphic depots—sensation, life, motion, nerves, muscles, &c., as already explained. Thus, telegraphic dispatches are sent by the will-force to all departments of the system.

Man's spirit demonstrates its own substantiality; by means of its own normal manifestations. We appeal to no Bible other than to man's own Life-Book! Let every intelligent reader, who doubts that spirit is substance, shut off all foregone conclusions, go into the Innermost for ten brief minutes, consider this proposition in the light of his own daily and hourly experience, and quite certain are we that he will require no other or better argument.

### General Jackson's Peculiarities.

HOWARD KINGOLEY, NEW BRIGHTON.—"DEAR SIR: While reading a certain 'Autobiography,' which was born in me to know something of the social, religious, and literary habits of the iron-willed Hero of New Orleans. . . . Where can I find a good biography of him?"

ANSWER: Mr. James Parton has written

two volumes on the principal events in the life of Andrew Jackson. It is a compilation from a wide range of authorities, yet possesses the merit of original narration and abridgment. The historian says that General Jackson was no great reader of books. "His library at the Hermitage consists chiefly of presentation copies and the biblical commentaries so eagerly read by the General at a later day. He was always a devourer of newspapers, however, and was particularly fond of hearing an eloquent speech read aloud in the family circle. In earlier years he had been a warm admirer of the eloquence of Henry Clay. He once declared with peculiar emphasis that it was the perusal of Mr. Clay's speech against the recharter of the United States Bank, in 1811, that convinced him of the unconstitutionality and impolicy of a National Bank. The later speeches of Mr. Clay in favor of the Bank, as we are well aware, could not shake the convictions of 1811. Mr. Calhoun's general speeches were keenly relished by the General, as were the diplomatic dispatches of Mr. John Quincy Adams. Monroe, Calhoun, Adams, and De Witt Clinton were the public men who stood highest in his regard at this period.

"The conversation of General Jackson, when at home among his familiar friends, related chiefly to the warlike exploits of himself and his companions. Revolutionary anecdotes, of which his old friend, General Overton, had a large stock, were particularly pleasing to him, and he was fond of telling over the story of his own boyish adventures during that contest. In speaking of the defense of New Orleans, he usually attributed his success to the direct interposition of Providence in support of the weak against the strong.

"A little scene that occurred at the Hermitage table, as described to me by a lady who witnessed it, may serve to illustrate the curious blending of the Presbyterian with the soldier and man of the world, sometimes exhibited in General Jackson's behavior. After his wife had joined the church, the General, in deference to her wishes, was accustomed to ask a blessing before meals. The company had sat down at the table one day, when the General was telling a warlike story with great animation, interlarding his discourse, as was then his custom, with a profusion of expletives most heterodox and profane. In the full tide of his narration the lady of the house interrupted her lord, 'Mr. Jackson, will you ask a blessing?' Mr. Jackson stopped short in the midst of one of his most soldier-like sentences, performed the duty required of him, and then instantly resumed his narrative in the same tone and language as before."

## Whisperings to Correspondents.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

C. B. Y., SACRAMENTO.—The error was in transferring the Telegraph list. We will continue to send to the end of 1860.

"DIXON."—There is more remarkable inspiration in the chapter you allude to than can be found in any other spirit production.

HUDSON TUTTLE, OHIO.—Very glad, Brother, for the Answer just received to the question put to you concerning the "SPIRITUAL SPHERES." It will appear next week. Sister Emma's poetic "Beggars Boy" has also arrived.

M. W. C., PLEASANT PLAIN, O.—It is not given us to aid you. Your horoscope must be cast by yourself, and the filling up of your life-drama is also a work wholly your own. Positively, Brother, we never "interfere" nor "counsel" in such particulars.

M. T. W., BROOKLYN.—"Infidels" are of three kinds: 1. Those who reject new light and adhere to the past—(Sectarians); 2. Those who accept new light but remain in their evils—(Politicians); 3. Those who do evil that good may come—(Every-body).

W. W., CHATHAM.—"Foregleams of Immortality" is a religious work by Mr. Edmund H. Sears, England. It is a good book of its kind, and is calculated to shed peace upon the sorrowing soul, but we would rather recommend personal spiritual progress as a surer source of strength and hopeful trust.

S. E. W., MILAN, O.—It is not within our province to tell thee exactly what "alls" the Brother in question. We think it was "considerate" and kind in thee to inquire. It is our opinion, however, that he will "recover" and enjoy much of fraternal sympathy.

"MECHANIC," NEW YORK.—The measure of the circle is generally considered impossible, and useless if possible, but any one can at once understand that the complete traverse of the stars cannot be perfectly known without a knowledge of the perfect quadrature of the circle.

H. C. P., MOULTON, TEXAS.—There have appeared among Spiritualists two small works of the organizational character. "A Book of Worship" was proposed, and to some extent composed for Spiritualists, by Mr. J. Tiffany; also one, but different in some particulars, by Mr. T. L. Harris; thus far, however, the bottom of our ship has not required as much scraping as many supposed would be necessary.

"PILOTRIN," VALLEY FALLS.—Your late letter was pervaded with deep despair, but you have nothing to fear. "Mary Chilton," according to New England traditions, is the name of the young girl who first stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock. We cannot resist the impression to refer you to Rev. xxii. ch. v. verse. The central Sun of Truth, Love, and Wisdom (i. e. "The Lord God") will illumine the entire Future of every living soul.

J. D., SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.—Brother: Your experience is interesting to us and beneficial to yourself. Whenever so inclined, write out a few examples of your spiritual visions; perhaps we may use them for the advancement of mental science. The "spirit world" has been opened to thee.

JAMES D. TAYLOR, NEW BOSTON, ILL.—The "reply" is received. It is written in a good spirit, and we think it worthy of publication, but hesitate because you do not refute the only point at issue, viz: that the Council of Nice, under Constantine, put the books of the ancient mediums together, and called them "The Bible."

T. J. L., BOSTON.—Your communications are received. It will not be possible for us to specify any details in the formation and true "Scale of Media." If you can succeed we shall take pleasure in bringing the subject to the light. The medical facts and illustrations will be considered under the proper head. No prescription for you now.

CORNELIA M. K., HUDSON, O.—The inspiration you sent is filed for future examination. "The Conscious Entity of Spirit" is surely a question of progress. We have very pleasant acquaintances in this great city who declare, solemnly, that they have no consciousness of spirit—of body, and of its extravagant necessities, they profess a perfect and undeniable knowledge.

P. W. M., CHICAGO.—Your anxious inquiries, Sister, are natural under the circumstances. All interference in the family movements of P. T. . . . will certainly involve many parties wholly innocent. A voice from out of the cloud whispers to thee: "Let the millions scout; be despised by the ignorant; be ridiculed by those in high stations; but yield to an injustice—never!" Such is the language of one who, while on earth, was your kind and firm protectress.

JAMES P., MENDOTA, ILL.—Your Essay is predicated upon a valuable catalogue of sections inseparable from the subject, but we decline printing it at present—"Only waiting," however, until the public mind is once more directed toward the question—then your writings would be in order, and we should then be glad to receive them, or you may forward the whole matter at once, and authorize us to consult our own time and judgment as to publication.

"SEEKER," UTICA, N. Y.—It is very noble to assert and maintain your individuality. But it is more noble to live that you can always approve of yourself. You ask, "Who are the Free? We will let the poet whisper:

"They are free, who dare to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are free, who rather choose  
Hatred, scolding, and abuse,  
Than they would in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are free, who dare to be  
In the right with two or three."

"SEAMSTRESS," MORRISVILLE.—The mercenary city is no safe harbor, is no sure refuge for thee, good Sister. It will be impracticable to find work sufficiently remunerative to cover the expenses of your dependent family. Dr. Chapin, in his *Aspects of City Life*, says: "I am informed from one source, that based on a calculation some years ago, the number of those who live by sewing in New York, exceeds 15,000. Another who has good means of information tells me there are 40,000 earning fifteen shillings (\$1.87) per week and paying twelve shillings (\$1.50) for board, making shirts at 4 cents."

D. WILLIAMS, NEW BOSTON, ILL.—"Know ye not of yourselves what is Right?" has not yet come up for printing. It is safe in our drawer. So also the more recent fact, "It is easier for a camel," &c. Let the editorial wheel turn steadily. It will bring each contribution to an examination in proper order.

The mail has just handed us your last, on "Ignorance of our Organization," &c. We like all you write; but you will please allow us to decide when to print.

SETH WHITMORE, LOCKPORT.—This youthful Brother—having commenced his seventy-eighth year last March—writes that "He can jump and hit his heels twice while off the floor!" He frankly acknowledges that he has "but just learned the A B C of Nature's sciences," but is filled with courage and thrilled with hope that he shall acquire many lessons before departure. Brother, the symptoms you mention cannot be remedied. They are natural to a child of your years. Let your "Mother" guide you.

HENRY H., NEMHA CITY.—Let the windows of Heaven be opened in your soul, esteemed Brother, and let no clouds obscure the sunlight of inward peace. Our whisper to thee in April was to explain a part of your letter; in which you queried why some who understand truth do not continue to see it, or to make progress as fast as they should; it did not apply to thee, venerable Brother. Your efforts in behalf of the new principles are noble and benevolent, and those benefited should render good fruits as the truest expression of lasting gratitude. Let us hear from thee again. That heaven's pure light will shine into thy soul, bringing happiness and contentment, is as certain as the existence of the eternal stars.

"IMMATERIALIST."—We cannot better aid you, Brother, than by quoting a passage from Dr. Ashburner, one of the most philosophic Spiritualists in Old England. Refuting the positive philosophers, he says: "All nature is relative; and when the positive philosopher insists that, with our limited powers, we cannot by that force which we call mind, create any form of matter, he forgets that poets create poems; that engineers create new forms of machines; that positive cavity creates material obstructions in various forms to the progress of knowledge. He will call these 'ideas,' confusions between matter and im-matter—between something and nothing. Such confusions have formerly oc-

cupied my mind; but it was when I did not see, clearly, that there must be a great distinction between inert matter and active force. Yes and no are not more distinct. Positive and negative are not more clearly defined."

HARRIET M.—ALBANY.—That some mediums write wretched doggerel, and suppose it to be "poetry," is beyond all dispute. On the other hand, the literary richness and remarkable splendor of such inspirations as have flowed through Brother T. L. Harris, are acknowledged by every true lover of poetry, whether he be "Spiritualist" or not. Of creeds Brother Harris wrote:

"Creeds are the leaden weights dead corpse-men wear  
When they are buried from lone ships at sea,  
Freighted wherewith they never rise again!"

Such lines flow with a full tide of profound poetic truth. Brother Harris, in his *Golden Age*, was lifted by the prophetic spirit sufficiently to declare that—

"Each nation shall unfold  
A separate type of mind,  
Of separate Seers,  
Of Sages vast in thought,  
And Prophets inly wise."

It is our conviction that this Brother's psychical dereliction will terminate favorably to the progress of Spiritual Light and Knowledge.

## Sight and Insight.

For the Herald of Progress.

### "LEAVES."

BY GEORGE GRAY.

"Leaves of what?" Of all kinds, reader—leaves of flowers, leaves of corn, and forest leaves; fresh spring leaves, sere and yellow leaves, and dried leaves pressed long ago; leaves from my note-book, leaves of the book of life, and loose leaves left from lost histories—but only leaves.

They have fallen thick around my path. And if they beguile your moments, as they have mine, it will be abundant recompense for the little labor of dropping now and then one on the pages of this paper.

## Thoughts in the Street.

NUMBER ONE.

The other day, as I came wearily home through the dusty, deafening, tearing city, there passed my range of vision a little square of pasteboard, upon which were these three words, in plain letters:

### THE STILL HOUR.

What daring individual had the hardihood to print that on white paper, and post it full in the face of those men who have just ten minutes to run and get their dinner?

He had better not let the daily papers find out who he is! Some great nameless little soul would softly rub his little hands, and draw up one little foot, and chuckle, and dip his pen, and "make an article" loaded with such an overpowering consciousness of withering sarcasm and pungent wit, that everybody would be put into delightful humor with themselves, by reason of the obvious contrast between their self-ships and this senseless enthusiast. The victim would be dryly asked, if the scream of the locomotive did not disturb the "stillness" of his hour, or whether moonshine was essential to said "stillness." He would be respectfully advised, if he had a "still hour" to spare from the business of life, to go to the emporium, and take a cigar, and tip back in an office-chair, and look over the "Proceedings in Congress," or "Spirit of the Times."

Then it would be shown that he was a dangerous man to society; that his influence upon the young was pernicious; and, furthermore, that he neither had, nor would have, any influence whatever. People would be congratulated that his strength was not as great as it was last year, and that soon they would be rid of him altogether. It would be explained that he had read—onian literature, and contracted an unhealthy tone of mind. That he had imbibed from Plato and Parker a mixture of Paganism and Pantheism. And, finally, the public would be informed that he was a——ist.

Anybody can face a line of bayonets, with a thousand brave hearts at his side, keeping step to the national air; but to face a newspaper, single-handed and alone, requires courage.

I wonder if this young man—he must be young—who has thus cast an idea into this babel of business, ever saw a spoonful of cool, sparkling water cast upon the dull smoky surface of heated oil. Does he think his idea is harmless? You never can tell when an idea is harmless. Old Socrates thought the teaching of virtue to the Athenian youth was harmless. Does Emerson bid the world "be ware when the great God lets loose a thinker upon this planet"? Let me bid the thinker beware when he drops his thought, if he would not have his head blown off by the explosion. Harmless! The spoonful of water was harmless; and so is a lighted candle, until you carry it into a cavern containing inflammable air. Chemical experiments should be made

with caution. [Am reminded of some experiments that I have witnessed, in my peregrinations in the laboratory of Mental Elements, and one of these weeks I may drop a leaf or two thereof, from my note-book.]

The continuous multitude come and go, and how many know "the still hour"? What does it mean to them? That a book is for sale? Do they think: "How that thing is advertised! Must pay! Wish I could make a good stroke!"

Or does thought fly back through weary years of fruitless toil, or drunken years of revelry, to pause here and there over a "still hour" of holy emotion, of lofty purpose, of earnest aspiration, of noble resolve?

Oh, there are times when this moving panorama stops and fades away—when the thousand deafening sounds die in the distance—and to the clear sense of the awakened soul there dawns the fair realities of the inner life, to the entranced ear becomes audible the music of the spheres. Then it is that the covers of life are taken off, and the secret springs revealed. Solid things are seen to be hollow, and through the varnish and paint appears the wood as it grew in the forest. The labors and achievements of the outward life have lost their colossal magnitude, and exhibit but very modest proportions. The aims, and fames, and rewards of the world have dwindled into inexpressible insignificance and meanness. We descend beneath the clank and clatter of the mill of commercial and political motions, and see the still running wheels—the motive power that carries the visible concern. Then we reach down to the under current of life—far beneath the winds, and waves, and drift wood—the deep waters that run still, but with resistless strength. Then we see the vital tie that unites all souls and existences into one leash, held by the All in All. Then sound the life forces of nature, working through universal being—leading the nations, buzzing the bee, unfolding the flower, refining the rock, preparing the planet, rolling off suns from the nebula.

Then are seen the pure unclothed shapes of the innermost soul—are heard the ever-calling voices for light and truth—are felt the immortal yearnings for love and purity.

And then may be born the germs of honest, noble life-purpose—may rise the fadeless power of moral heroism!

Dear reader, dost thou not know "the still hour"?

Philosophical Department.

Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of nature.

For the Herald of Progress. AN ESSAY ON LIFE, ITS ORIGIN AND OBJECTS.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. CHAPTER XIII. VEGETABLE LIFE. (CONTINUED.)

The Sugar-cane and its Products.

Closely allied to the Cereals, especially to Indian Corn, we find a plant that is scarcely less valuable than the most important of these, we allude to the Sugar-cane, SACCARUM. The very general love of sweets which is common not only to the human family, but in many of the lower animals and insects, renders the production of these articles a matter of great importance, for this is not an artificial and cultivated taste, but a strong natural instinct.

In the infancy of the race, the article which supplied this demand was, probably, honey, a product of the flowers of numerous plants, which the industry and skill of the bees enabled them to gather and store up for their winter's provision.

There are many plants which contain either sugar, or some compound easily convertible into it, and this substance is very often the principal ingredient which renders these plants valuable as food.

The early history of the cultivation of this plant, and of the manufacture of sugar, is involved in mystery. It is probable that it was cultivated in China and India long before the date of the Christian era, and that it was introduced to Southern Europe from these countries. Sugar was manufactured from the Sugar-cane in considerable abundance in the islands of Sicily, Crete, Rhodes, and Cyprus. This plant is a native of the tropical regions of both continents, and we have no positive evidence of its origin in any particular country.

FORM OF THE SUGAR-CANE.

The common Sugar-cane has a perennial fibrous root, a simple stem, knotted and undivided, jointed and smooth. The stem is from one to two inches in diameter, and grows up every year from eight to eighteen or twenty feet in height, having from thirty to eighty joints; the leaves are long and pointed, and the plant is very similar to Indian Corn, except that it does not bear ears. It is a curious fact that this plant is not known to produce its seed in any country where the cane is extensively cultivated for the manufacture of sugar.

HOW GROWN.

The plant in all cases being raised by cutting, each joint having a bud, which is a life-center for a new plant, in some cases it grows up for many years in succession from one root, the stalk being cut off each year; generally, however, three or four years are as long as it is found profitable to use the same plants. The cuttings need to be carefully prepared by selecting the most thrifty plants;

preference is also given to those joints which are near the top of the cane. These are set out in rows at various distances, according to the nature of the soil, and the mode of culture to be pursued—if the soil is rich and climate favorable; and here we may remark that the common Sugar-cane is extremely susceptible to changes of climate, and a slight frost will often destroy the plant in a few hours. The first year they are called plant-canes, and mostly yield better than afterward. In the second year, after these canes have been cut off, new shoots spring up which are called Ratoonings. These do not grow quite so large and vigorous as the former, and deteriorate in size each succeeding year. Hence, in the third or fourth season it is generally considered advantageous to remove the roots, and set out new cuttings, and as this is attended with considerable labor, the plan usually adopted is to set out a portion of the cane-field, or brake, each year, thus dividing the labor. The joints of the cane are closer near the surface of the ground; this portion also contains much more sap or juice, hence the tops which grow more vigorously are taken off for shoots or "cuttings." These cuttings are set out in most instances with a hoe, though it is a well-ascertained fact that if the ground be properly broken up by plows, and manured, it will yield a far better return. In from ten to fourteen months after these are set out, the cane grows to the height of from eight to thirty feet, it then stops growing, and is apparently making an effort to flower and produce seed.

THE JUICE OF THE CANE—HOW OBTAINED. At this period, the stems or stalks, which are the valuable portion of the plant, are cut off near the root; being now stripped of their leaves and tops, and washed, they are broken up in a strong mill, with stone or iron rollers. They are then submitted to very severe pressure, and the juice which is thus forced out is collected into a cistern, or other vessel, and is immediately submitted to the action of heat, to prevent its becoming acid, an effect which sometimes occurs in a few minutes in the warm climates in which this article is obtained.

The fluid portion of cane is about 90 per cent. of the whole, but from 50 to 60 per cent. is about all that can be expressed. The juice thus obtained is a very heterogeneous mass, containing a variety of substances which must be separated, before it can furnish either molasses or sugar. The woody portion of the cane, after passing through the mill, is carefully dried and preserved for fuel the ensuing year.

The process of making pure sugar out of this juice, involves a considerable amount of chemical knowledge and EXPERIMENTAL skill. In this, as well as in the entire culture of the plant, it is evident that well-directed skill is much wanting. The climate, the character of the laborers, &c., are by no means favorable to high intellectual skill or culture.

ANTHROPOMORPHIC QUALITY OF SUGAR-CANE CULTURE. We have referred to the obscure origin of this plant. Theophrastus, a Grecian writer who lived 320 years before Christ, speaks of "a sort of honey extracted from canes of reeds," and Strabo says that "reeds in India yield honey without bees." India and China were doubtless the first countries in which sugar was manufactured. The plant is found in many of the tropical islands; one of the best varieties comes from Otaheite island, in the Pacific. It was cultivated to some extent in Southern Europe previous to the discovery of this continent, and was introduced into the West Indies by Columbus, in his second voyage to America, in 1493. The soil and climate being well adapted to it, it soon became one of the staple productions. Being very sensitive to cold, it is necessarily restricted to regions within or near the tropics; it thrives best at a mean annual temperature of 77° to 84° of Fahrenheit, but succeeds at 66° to 68°. It is cultivated in the United States as far North as 32°, and appears to be gradually becoming more hardy.

In Louisiana, three crops are usually raised from one planting; in other sections, annual planting is required; while within the tropics, on the island of Cuba and elsewhere, the ratoons frequently continue to yield abundantly for twelve, fifteen, and even twenty-four years from the same roots, and this period might be extended, if proper care were taken to manure and break up the soil.

PROPAGATION BY CUTTINGS, AND THE MANURES OF CANE.

The propagation of plants by their seed, is certainly the most natural method, but in the case of these and many other plants used, we might say domesticated, by man, the propagation by cutting has been continued for a very long period, with but little or no deterioration. Thus the red currant, the grape, the Jerusalem artichoke, and other plants, have been cultivated in this manner from time immemorial. It is of more importance in many cases to change the soil and surroundings of the plant than the plant itself. The degeneracy of plants may result from neglect in the proper rotation of crops, and especially from a failure to supply the necessary elements to restore the exhaustion which plants must continually produce. The use of Guano and other animal and phosphated manures, in connection with a due supply of well-decomposed vegetable matter, is highly essential. The practice of using the old canes for fuel is very improper where any other article can be readily obtained. These crushed canes, mingled with the above-mentioned articles, would make them much better adapted to supply the demands of the growing plant.

Until man realizes that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," whether it be plant, or animal, or man, he will fail to receive the best and most desirable return from all his surroundings.

THE SUGAR-CROPPERS PER ACRE.

The following table, which, with many important facts in these articles, is taken from our Patent Office reports on Agriculture, illustrates this fact. The amount of raw sugar, as a gross produce, to the acre, in several countries of the globe, is as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Country and Pounds per acre. Mauritius (6,000), Brazil (5,000), Cuba (4,000), Isle of Bourbon (3,300), Gaudaloupe (2,000), Vera Cruz (1,900), Martinique (1,700), Bengal (1,600), St. Domingo (1,100), Louisiana (1,000).

It is true that climate, season, and various local conditions, exercise a powerful controlling influence over these products, and that some of these countries could never be made to yield the crops that others do. Yet it is probable that no one is brought up to the point of the highest productiveness.

THE SUGAR-CROPPERS IN LOUISIANA.

Table with 2 columns: Year and Hogheads. 1829 (48,000), 1839 (115,000), 1849 (247,923), 1853 (449,824), 1855 (231,427). Note: Each hoghead estimated to contain 1,100 pounds.

MATTER DEVELOPS UPWARD IN QUALITY.

We have seen that the manifestation of the phenomena of life originates in, and is carried out by, a combination of primates, and that the changes and progression manifested in the domain of life are indicated by the arrangement of these particles in their combinations. The various elements which enter into the structure of a plant, or animal, have an essential influence in establishing their position and character, and the number of elements is a criterion of the species, though the mode of arrangement of these exercises a very powerful modifying influence.

The principal part of all solid vegetable structures is carbon, in union with oxygen and hydrogen, the two latter usually in the form of water; and when this is driven off, either by pressure in the natural formation of the coal beds, or by heat in the artificial manufacture of charcoal, the residue is principally carbon. There is an innate tendency in all matter to progress to higher conditions. Instead of being innately and "totally depraved," as the ancient mythologists and certain fossilized theologians of modern times would teach, matter in all forms, whether tangible and external, or invisible and spiritual, is innately and totally good, as in the Mosaic account of the creation Deity is said to have declared it to be. It is not only good, but it is eternally and constantly aspiring after a better condition. It is true that "the unspiritual God—circumstances"—very frequently render conditions such that they appear, especially when viewed through the mists of narrow bigotry and prejudice, as if they were "evil, evil only, and that continually;" but when the mind rises on the wings of true philosophy toward that clear atmosphere of freedom, where the sunlight of eternal truth and wisdom shines, forever undimmed by the clouds and darkness of bigotry and error, then it perceives in all forms and conditions of matter, not only innate goodness, but an ever upward and onward tendency.

MATTER AT SCHOOL.

Matter on the plane of the mineral kingdom may be said to be in a primary school, in which there are at least three classes—the simple irregular solids, the fluids, and the crystals. Matter in the vegetable world is in a secondary school in which there are numerous classes and divisions, each having their special lessons to work out. Matter on the animal plane is in the Grammar school, with its indicative and imperative moods, its various tenses, its active and passive verbs, its participles and conjunctions, while on the plane of humanity, to continue the figure, it is in the great High school, where, after having passed through all the lower classes of materiality, and experimentally, as well as inherently and practically, acquainted with all the lessons taught in all these schools, man is designed to be prepared to graduate at the beautiful commencement called death, and enter into the real and practical world of the hereafter, crowned with all the honors resulting from a noble and successful career of study in all these departments.

We are all students in the great school of life, but who is ready to graduate? Who can pass an examination in the green room, we had almost said green-house? Let all answer for themselves whether they are playing truant, whether they are neglecting the lesson which is given to the class they are now in? We may slight our lessons, but they must be learned somewhere, and now is the appointed time.

METAMORPHIC QUALITY OF CHEMICAL ATOMS.

But we were about speaking of Sugar and other vegetable proximate principles, and of their convertibility into each other. We have seen that the basis of this endless variety of vegetable compounds, is carbon, in union with Hydrogen and Oxygen, which, by a wonderful play of affinities, and change in the order of arrangement, presents us with a kaleidoscope of a million forms, it is true that certain elements or primates assist in producing these

various modifications, by combining with the basic elements above referred to. The lowest vegetable structure acquires its power to sustain and nourish the organisms of higher forms of vegetable and of animal life, by virtue of a certain action which we shall call the law of Convertibility, a metamorphosis which will be understood by the illustrations we are about to give.

Starch, Gum, Sugar, Fat, and some other substances, are readily convertible into each other. Thus the analysis of Starch gives C. 12 (for Carbon,) H. 10 (for Hydrogen,) O. 10 (for Oxygen.) Gum is C. 12, H. 10, O. 10—exactly the same yet differing in several of its chemical properties. Cane Sugar gives C. 12, H. 11, O. 11, or one atom more of H. and O., and by adding these under proper conditions, Starch is converted into Cane Sugar. Sugar of acid fruits gives C. 12, H. 12, O. 12, while grape sugar gives C. 12, H. 14, O. 14. Fat is composed of these three primates in slightly different quantities, and hence Starch, or Gum, or Sugar, is readily converted into this. But we shall have occasion to speak of this subject further, when treating of nutrition in the animal kingdom.

SUGAR A HEALTHFUL ARTICLE OF DIET. The strong instinctive desire for sweet substances felt by various animals and by man, clearly indicates that it is a proper article of food. For a long time after the introduction of Sugar into Europe in the ninth century, it was only used on great occasions, such as feasts, and for medicines. It still retains a very important position as a remedial agent. Our friend and preceptor, Professor Dunglison, of the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia, was accustomed to speak of it in his lectures many years since, as one of the most valuable eutrophics, or alteratives, and he believed much of the value of other alteratives depended upon the influence of the syrups with which they are frequently combined.

AMOUNTS CONSUMED IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES. It is within a hundred years that the Sugar-cane was first cultivated in this country, and at present there is more than eight hundred millions of pounds consumed in the United States annually, which is about thirty pounds to each person, more than is consumed in any other country. In Great Britain each person consumes twenty-four pounds; Belgium, eighteen; Holland, seventeen; France, eight; Denmark, six; Sweden, four; Russia, two and a half.

Persons engaged in the manufacture of it frequently live almost exclusively upon it for a long time, and grow quite fat. It enters largely into many of the common articles of food and of drink used by man.

SUGAR NEED NOT DESTROY THE TEETH OF THE CONSUMER.

The objections to the use of Sugar are, that in candies it is frequently mixed with very improper articles, that it is taken at improper times, demanding action of the stomach when it should be in a state of repose, and that, owing to its adhesive character, a portion of it is very liable to remain around the teeth, and if there be any cavities, to lodge there and promote decay. To remove these objections, we would advise eating pure sugar and unadulterated white candies, at or near meal times, taking the precaution, which should be observed always after taking food of any kind, to rinse out the mouth and cleanse the teeth. Many persons experience at times a very strong desire for sugar, which, if yielded to, will prove beneficial, and will be followed by a disinclination for it. In our next article the Chinese Sugar-Cane will be described.

THE ATOMIC PLAY OF AFFINITIES IN MATTER.

In all our investigations in the domain of matter and of mind, every step in their secret chambers reveals not only Omnipotence, but a fine adjustment of power which adapts it to all the infinitely varied conditions of things. Away off among the invisible particles or atoms—for they are all invisible and imperceptible to all our senses, except when they adopt the motto that "in union there is strength"—this power is beautifully at work, ruling, controlling, and adjusting the elements. These great communities that we know only by our reasoning powers, are governed by laws as wonderful, as perfect, and complete as any that operate anywhere in the economy of the Divine. The ever-changing positions of eternal matter in the grand field of progression, begin far down among the atoms and particles. They are ever watching each other like human beings in the busy hive of society, and ever and anon saying to each other "give me your place and I will give you mine." Thus, motion, which is the first principle—the very beginning of the manifestation of life—is the grand ruling principle in life and in death. Everywhere motion, progression, and ascension from the Divine Trinity which enfolds in its loving arms the entire material and spiritual universe.

FORCE OF VOLCANOES.

Cotopaxi, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1744 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys of a thousand feet wide made deposits six hundred feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius, which, in 1737, passed through Torre del Greco, contained 33,600,000 cubic feet of solid matter, and, in 1794, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1669 Etna poured forth a flood which covered 84 square miles of surface, and measured nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Rossi, near Nicolosi, a cone two miles

in circumference and 450 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna, in 1819, was in motion, at the rate of a yard per day, for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lavas of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, were not thoroughly cooled and consolidated ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain, while in 1660 Etna disgorged more than twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has thrown its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt; it hurled stones, eight pounds in weight, to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above its summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block of 109 cubic yards in volume a distance of nine miles, and Sumbawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 390 miles, while the area affected by the convulsion comprised more than 2,000 English square miles of surface, and out of a population of 12,000 souls only twenty-six escaped.

Recreative Science.

Voices from the People. Let every man have due liberty to speak an honest mind in every land.

Woman's True Position.

WAUKEGAN, Ill.

EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS, DEAR SIR:—If we look back to the ancient records of history, we shall everywhere see the position of woman to be vastly inferior to that of man, her degree of severity and degradation being exactly in proportion to the brutish habits and undeveloped condition of the male population. Even at the present day, the information reaching us from the far-off and scarcely heard-of cities of newly-discovered tribes of Africa, shows us the office of woman is to labor for her liege lord, and but seldom be allowed the privilege of sharing, in humble submission to his will, the enjoyments of his pastime or the luxuries of his station.

It matters not from which quarter of the globe we select our examples, man is everywhere and indisputably the A. No. 1. Having such a wide scope, wherewith to back his authority, the strictly conservative man may meekly fold his arms across his breast, and after duly considering the subject (in his own way), may exclaim with Cato, of old, "It must be so." The strictly orthodox man, bound by his rusty book creed, and leaning on St. Paul as his pillar of strength whereon he nails his argument of infallible authority, may place his arms akimbo, and, shocked at the audacity, as well as horrified by the infidelity of numerous ladies of the present generation, (may their numbers increase daily,) will refer them with a sardonic grin to Paul's first epistle to Timothy, Chap. ii. 11th and 12th vs., and other equally infallible inspirations.

But, let us progress in our data, and march boldly and swiftly up the ascent of ages, and how does the second act of this drama of life open? Civilization has advanced, and wherever its influence has extended, woman has, in the same ratio, been raised from her degraded position, and become the equal, and in many respects the superior of her wedded lord. In all countries where a reasonable religion, however clogged with mysterious superstitions, has molded and reformed the moral character of man, the effect has been to call woman higher and higher from pursuits inappropriate to her constitution, and from servitude, and to place her side by side with her partner and brother; in fact, to elevate her to that position in the scale of society that her many virtues claim, and that God and nature designed her to occupy.

How many good and earnest brothers of this generation must feel, with me, a wish for power to dash a pen through every statute, through every code of laws, that does not recognize the perfect equality of sister and brother. Is it to be supposed that woman, generally so sensitive to wrong and oppression, so warmly sympathetic, so prompt to offer assistance where her gentle and loving office is needed, would wish to usurp the guidance of those departments of government that really and constitutionally belong to man? that she would wish to hold the reins of an office that must necessarily be compromised if entrusted to her care? Is it to be supposed that Mrs. C. H. would apply for the situation of Commander-in-chief of the army of the United States, or that Miss S. would solicit the berth of captain of a man-of-war? or that any other lady whose talents and winning eloquence are the theme of praise and admiration in the mouths of thousands of their benefited hearers, would seek to become heroines in deeds of arms, and exchange their well-deserved epithets of Saviors for that of destroyers of their race? Nay, is it not more likely that in a short period of time, such officers would no longer be required, and that peace and good will would be more efficiently promoted by the union of their sweet pleadings with the many votes of the many truly Christian men of the age? And is it not the fear of the efficacy of woman's righteous mission that emboldens self-interested and groveling minds to resist the justice of her claims.

From all I have witnessed within the last twenty years, from the aggregate conclusions I have formed from extensive reading, from daily experiences and the cogitation of a mind much engrossed by passing events, I seriously opine that God, in giving to man the woman as partner, friend, and helpmate, did, in his mysterious wisdom, give at the same time a Saviour to humanity; that it will be mainly through her influence, when freed from all fetters, that the prevailing evils of this earth will be banished to outer darkness. In stating this opinion, I in no wise overlook, or, by even the depth of a shadow, wish to detract from the great and good reformations that wise and pious men are constantly endeavoring to plant on earth; nor do I wish to disparage the virtuous exertions and labors of ministers of every denomination who are liberal enough to appeal to the reasoning faculties of man; not can I, for a moment, underestimate the sublime truths and the perfect example of Jesus, or of the many estimable characters that history holds up to us for our guidance. But who that has listened to so many of our noble female lecturers of exalted talents, has not been struck with the earnestness of their ex-

hortations, the winning, loving, holy and progressive manner that characterizes the truths they endeavor to instill into the hearts and minds of their fascinated audiences...

The unparalleled spread of Spiritualism, itself as much a miracle as any we read of in history, is the harbinger of peaceful hopes...

Notes from the West.

MRS. E. F. M. BROWN IN THE FIELD.

INDEPENDENCE, IOWA, July 20, 1860. DEAR HERALD OF PROGRESS: I from this land of the beautiful my thoughts have turned to you...

So here I am in the office of the Rising Tide, looking into the past—not regretfully, and hopefully into the future.

From Cleveland, O., I turned westward ten days since. The first hundred miles I saw no familiar face nor uttered a single word.

The next day found me again alone and going still westward; but in this fast age we are not long out of sight and sound of friends...

Mr. Foster has built a small hall in Middlebury which is free for all good and humanity loving souls.

I left my relatives and friends, with many regrets, for the West, with its strange scenes and untried hearts—wove along the path destiny had marked for me.

At Dunleith, Ill., I looked over the Mississippi into Dubuque, Iowa, wondering if in that strange city a human heart waited to welcome me.

On the 11th a score of friends left Dubuque for that place. At the station in Dubuque, we met by chance, A. T. Foss, Mr. Campbell, and Warren Chase...

Independence is a fine town on the Wapipinkon River, something like a hundred miles west of Dubuque. It is the county-seat of Buchanan county.

The town is built upon the prairie, but the oak groves, like islands of the sea, are scattered here and there, adding greatly to the

beauty and wealth of the place. Three papers are published here. The Rising Tide is edited and printed by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel. They are earnest workers, and richly merit the confidence and patronage of the people.

Land in Independence is from \$10 to \$100 per acre. The soil is a rich loam. Had I a plow and spade, and knew how to use them, I would go into Buchanan county and till the soil.

The truth is, Iowa is a great State. She should be called the mother of States, for she can feed the Union without starving herself.

But, in praising the State, I have quite overlooked the Convention. Of that in my next letter.

Yours in love, FRANCIS BROWN.

Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

Let truth no more be gaged, nor conscience disengaged, nor science be impeached of godlessness.

(Reported for The Herald of Progress.) ONE HUNDRED AND NINTH SESSION.

The New York Spiritual Conference is held every Tuesday evening, in Clinton Hall.

QUESTIONS (Continued.) What is the basis of the Spiritual Faith?

DR. HALLOCK: Doubtless, the question in its primary significance is equivalent to asking: On what grounds are certain facts and phenomena ascribed to human beings departed this life?

But the question naturally involves inquiry as to what is faith. Mr. Partridge, in his remarks at the last session, maintains (and justly) that the "faith" which moved the ancient Patriarch to sacrifice his son, like the auto da fe of the Roman Catholic church, which has sacrificed its thousands, or the "saving faith" of the Protestant church, which has roasted ministers, whipped women at the cart's tail, and imposed fines for eating mince pies on Sunday, has no other basis in nature than has superstition.

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They knew not that the true, spiritually begotten birth was not yet. Their child was not born in wedlock. It was not begotten of the conjugal union of spiritual verities with spiritual consciousness.

What though the sects to this day mistake this theory of stuffed bran and cotton—this doll for a child—which they bedeck in such variety of creed and "confession of faith?" these are living children, nevertheless. Clothes are not born, they are made. God does not cut our coat, we get that of the tailor. It may fit well or ill, but the back, the production of quite another artist, is there all the same, clothe it as we will.

Men do not say, because, forsooth, some African nomad, or Italian numbe-kull, insists upon venerating a bit of carved timber, God is not. Though there be falsehood in the creed, men do not deny there is truth in the world. The very falsehood of the creed, what was that but an abortive effort to express the truth? The child, in reaching after the moon, burned his fingers in the candle. The instinct which then and there recorded itself in a howl, will one day make him a philosopher who will write his creed with stars.

We owe it to the world to point out the basic elements of genuine faith, and we are able to pay the debt, at least in part. It will

not do, because paper faith is so current and universal, to say there is no gold; our work is to displace the paper with the gold. There is a mine of golden faith in every man.

The schools do not make them; the English government made Robert Burns a gauger of beer-barrels; the activity of his own spiritual faculties alone made him a poet. We get the power of faith from the same source whence comes the power of song—the power to truly know, is identical in origin with the power to nobly do.

Until these faculties stir, originality is dumb. Until then, men vegetate like trees; but they bear no fruit, even as a tree is barren whose seed-germs are not impregnated with pollen.

but for fruit, you find caterpillars' nests. To get one of these trees to bear anything else, it must needs be transplanted. The soil is baked; it is hard and cold, and the warm sunlight is kept out by the dried leaves of a former growth.

Friends; the stupendous palaces which line the avenues of this great city rest upon a basis of rock; but it is rock that has been moved. So is it with the palace of enduring faith. It rests upon the eternal and spiritual nature—upon faculties which alone take cognizance of spiritual things; but upon faculties which have been stirred—quarried out, so to speak—put into shape, quickened, brought to bear.

Pardon me for the trespass of a moment longer. How humiliating the thought, that we are indebted in a thousand ways to what is termed the wickedness of the age, for protection from the religious faith of the age. Take one example: But for the cupidity of our ferry companies, railroad corporations, steamboat owners, etc., our religion would confine tens of thousands of our population, their wives and their little ones, to this seething city on their only legal holiday; their most cheerful recreation, a homily on the wrath of God, their acquaintance with green fields and pure air reduced to a memory, and their literature confined to tracts on the infinite justice of their immediate damnation.

That these thousands, during this summer heat are not thus utterly given over to misery and manslaughter, is due wholly to the dollar! In this single application of faith to life, no man can estimate the sum total of misery and death there would be annually suffered by way of sacrifice to "Sunday."

What a god to die for! and from a fate like this, our dollars, and not our faith, saves us! May we not yet reasonably hope for a better? A faith which money can overpower, as in the case cited, has its basis no deeper than money. It does not reach inwardly to principles. Hence, every principle is at war with it. In these years, Theology and Physiology are stripped to the buff in mortal combat for the belt of championship, and already theology has got its "head in chancery." This battle must end. It will end. Peace will be declared by discovery of the fact that true theology and true physiology are true friends, members both, of the grand brotherhood of principles, whose Father is God, whose mission is good.

MR. BAKER: Faith is the involuntary action of the soul, taking cognizance of a truth; while belief is from the voluntary powers, and is strictly related to the things of external observation. We often blunder in our conclusions by mistaking the verb for the noun—the action for that which produces the action.

Abundant facts of psychical law, demonstrate how faith is established in the individual. Persons receive impressions—speak of the approach of a long absent friend. No argument can change their faith that he is near, they are assured within themselves that he will come. The mind of the approaching friend struck the chord of sympathy in the congenial soul, and that produced the faith. It was the joint product of two souls, and without volition on the part of the receptive.

Mr. ORELL: Some sixteen years ago, a sister of his departed this life. About five years past, another sister was married at his house. A third sister came to the city to attend the wedding. She remained at his house after it was over, and, though not a Spiritualist, he invited her to attend a circle at Mrs. Brown's. She consented to go, though an utter stranger both to Spiritualism and all the parties present except himself.

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perfectly than one living in a dark cellar, on unwholesome food, with excessive exercise, or none at all, and breathing filthy, vitiated air. Any one familiar with the history of the serfs and peasants of the old world, or the slaves of this country, cannot but be impressed with the powerful influence conditions exert in modifying development.

Nor do conditions exert their influence in one direction alone. If unfavorable conditions will retard development, favorable ones will facilitate it. That development is retarded by the influence of adverse circumstances, seems scarcely to need a proof. A few facts may not, however, be out of place. "Some persons having taken up their abode under the fortifications of Lisle, in dark cells, the proportion of defective children became so great that it was necessary to issue an order forbidding their inhabiting the cells longer."

The poor classes in all large cities who live in dark, damp cellars, or unhealthy garrets, furnish an illustration of this, in the ill-formed, wretched children who are born to a life of ignorance and sensualism, the result, to a great extent, of the unfavorable conditions surrounding the mothers during the parturient state. It has also been ascertained by experiment, that when tadpoles were placed in a perforated box and sunk in the river Seine, "that they grew to a great size in their original form, but did not pass through the usual metamorphose which brings them to their mature state as frogs."

We now know that the proteus, an animal of the frog kind, which inhabits the subterranean waters of Carniola, never acquires perfect lungs so as to become a land animal; and I have myself seen fishes with only rudimentary eyes in the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, groping their way in endless night—and the reasonable explanation of these is, the entire or almost exclusive absence of light, and the impurity of the air.

Now it is a generally admitted fact, that in the geologic ages, the whole animal and vegetable worlds have several times been under different conditions as respects both light and the purity of the air. During the coal formations, for instance, we have strong evidence that the proportion of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere was much greater than at the present time. And when we consider that this element is fatal to animal life, and very favorable to the growth and proper development of vegetation, the idea seems almost irresistibly forced upon the mind, that during that period animal existences must have been retarded in their development, while vegetation much advanced. And the fossil history supports such a conclusion. And more than this: The zodiacal lights—that beautiful, cone shaped illumination, seen streaming up on the sky at sunset—are now regarded by astronomers as the residuum of nebulous matter enveloping the sun, and which was, in the early geologic ages, much more dense than now; hence, like a curtain, it shut the sun's rays away.

In these ages we find animal life struggling into existence beneath the bosom of the restless deep, while a dense, dark fog, hung like midnight over the face of the ocean, and on the granite islands, here and there a few species of flowerless plants were striving to extract from the soilless rock some sustenance, or drink invigoration from the impure air surrounding their leafless stems. No sunshine smiled upon the sea, nor opening petals of new-born flowers sent out their sweet aroma. All was darkness except the red glow of the volcano's torch, and the blue, sulphuric light, emitted from its burning craters. But soon sickly sunbeams began to crowd their way to the earth, through a stratum of impure air, highly charged with carbonic acid gas, rendering it impossible for land animals to exist. But nature was ripe enough for life, and as the air was impure and noxious, the ocean became the theater of organic existence. Millions of marine animals swarmed beneath its turbid waves. I have seen whole rocks, belonging to the Silurian age, sixty feet in thickness, made up almost entirely of the fossil remains of marine animals—those of the simplest structure living in the sea, and consequently avoiding the pestilential miasmas in the dense atmosphere above them. These facts impress us with the powerful force conditions exerted in the early ages for the modification of species.

One source of error among the opposers of the Development Theory springs from the idea many of them entertain that the change of species must be immediate. We see no leaps in nature. Species gave birth to species higher under favorable conditions, as a necessary result of their surroundings. And it is a fact, as already shown, that, through the whole wondrous history told by geology, we find in the ascending rocks an ascending order of development in the animal and vegetable worlds. The simplest forms of existence are found lowest in the rocks, and each geologic period records the introduction of still higher types. Cryptogamic mosses grew on the banks of the early seas—simple in structure—and not a flowering plant bloomed for ages. And so with the animal kingdom.

It may here be objected, that fishes have been found in the Silurian rocks, which is supposed to prove fatal to the Development Theory. I will grant this fact with a little explanation: The fishes found in the Silurian strata are all very small and of an inferior order. The first found are those described by Murchison as belonging to the Upper Ludlow Rocks, of Russia, all of which were very small and imperfect. Mr. Phillips also found some in the Aymestry Limestone, the most ancient of the class ever found, and these were so extremely minute as only to be distinguishable by

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The Teachings of Nature.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole." For the Herald of Progress.

The Development Theory.

A DISCUSSION BETWEEN S. P. LELAND AND A. WARREN, OF OHIO; ON THE MERITS AND DEMERITS OF THE PROGRESSIVE PHILOSOPHY OF CREATION.

MR. LELAND'S REPLY.

INFLUENCE OF CONDITIONS.

MIDDLEBURY, O., July, 1860.

BROTHER WARREN:—I propose in this article to consider the powerful influence conditions exert in modifying species; together with additional proofs of transmutation.

It is a self-evident fact, that under the influence of favorable conditions, development is hastened, while under that of bad, it is retarded. The child placed under a good instructor will advance much faster than while under the influence of a poor one. Thus, also, with physical development. The child born and bred in refined, wholesome society, with natural food adapted to the requirements of his system, with physical exercise, pure air, &c., will develop much faster and more



formed into a milk-white liquid (the chyle) which, with the residuum, flows steadily into and through all the small intestines.

What next? The numerous mesenteric glands, with the lacteal vessels, commence their work of forming incipient eggs from the chyle fluid. The unchylified portion (the residuum) meantime passes onward into the larger and lower bowels, and is thence rejected with the broken-down blood globules in the shape of bile and relative excretions. This material is wholly excrementitious. Now the thoracic "duct," so called, attracts the chyle from the lacteal passages and mesenteric glands, and pours it into a vein which, from behind the collar-bone, discharges its contents into the positive side of the heart. Here the chyle is mixed with the negative portion of the blood. This venous blood is no more nutrient than the chyle; neither can give strength and repair waste, unless cleansed and electrified.

THE PURIFYING ORDEAL.

How is this accomplished? By means of the pure air of space! Yes, when heaven's divine breath enters the air-chambers, the chyle is converted at once into nutritious blood adapted to the multifarious necessities of the arterial system, and the cold venous blood is at the same moment unloaded of its death-burdens, in the form of carbonic gas and useless water. Carbon is the principal element of decay and death; yet it is essential to life, and a good conductor of electricity. This carbon is seen in the dark color of the blood. It must be disengaged and repelled from the body, or disease will ensue. The vegetable world wants the carbonic element. Death and life in the same organism!

So, therefore, the heart wisely and energetically throws both the chyle and the venous blood upon the entire responsibility of the lungs. When the invisible air is instinctively drawn into the pulmonary structures, the eternal life of the divine and infinite enters also, whereby the chyle is changed as by magic into a constructive principle for the soul's good, while the newly purified blood, re-baptized and confirmed in the ways of righteousness, hastens upon its mission of benevolence to all parts of the physical temple.

It is generally known that, although the element nitrogen remains nearly the same as to quantity, whether inspired or expired, yet the quantity of oxygen is lessened by every inhalation of air, and the quantity of carbonic acid is increased with every exhalation, all which, without argument, goes to establish the fact that human beings cannot with impunity breathe over and over the confined air of improperly ventilated apartments—that small quantities of air will not suffice to keep up the dynamic processes of beautiful health. One hundred and forty-six Englishmen were imprisoned in a room about eighteen feet square. The ventilation was insufficient, there being but two small windows, in one side, to admit the atmosphere, and the effect was very soon fully manifested. Only twenty-three of the one hundred and forty-six strong men were alive ten hours after their imprisonment in the dungeon! From this terrible circumstance the place received an appropriate epithet: "The Black Hole of Calcutta."

THE MORALITY OF PURE AIR.

How many superficial breathers are there whose lungs never receive the full ventilation required? Many a human system, we think, being filled with broken-down blood globules and other deadly impurities, may with propriety be styled the Black Hole of Calcutta! School-houses, churches, bed-chambers, legislative halls, and every habitation, in short, occupied by organizations with lungs, should be constantly supplied with plentiful quantities of air, composed of twenty-one per cent. of oxygen to seventy-nine per cent. of nitrogen—otherwise it will be impossible for the best Doctors of Divinity to keep their congregation out of Perdition, and equally impossible for Doctors of Medicine to rescue their families and patients from the trials of private Purgatory. No true breathing for remedial purposes can occur unless accomplished by the WILL. It is strictly a Pneumogastric exercise regulated by design. Any one acquainted with the physiology of respiration knows, that with every expansion and contraction of the lungs—or whenever the air enters and departs from the chest—many motions and changes take place in the abdominal cavity, alimentary canals, stomach, liver, diaphragm, intercostal muscles, etc., etc.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STRENGTH.

There is a deep and beautiful philosophy behind all this, which our weak and feeble Brothers and Sisters would do well to study and heed. Food cannot impart a particle of strength independent of the lungs. Do you believe this assertion? Do you believe that no amount of finely-prepared and costly nutrition can be nutritious, until the lungs perform their appropriate offices in the premises? It is even so, dear doubtful reader. Open the clear eyes of your Reason and see for yourself. Look straight into the breathing department, and judge whether these things be so or otherwise.

Gross matter does not, cannot, strengthen the living, vital, nervous, immortal Principle. Your weakness is not structural. The bones are not suffering, but the life of them is yearning for an increase of energy; so of your internal organs—the tissues, the membranes, filaments, fibers, nerves, and muscles. These fine ponderables are destitute of the imponderable principles. You fancy that matter in large quantities will strengthen you. Hence you breathe the little and eat much. If you should exercise you would of necessity breathe more air; then, indeed, it would seem

that the food does strengthen your body; but, believe us, the facts are that the imponderable elements of strength are drawn more from the air than from the materials consigned to the stomach.

Let us look into this for a moment. It is undeniably true that the food we eat seems to undergo chemical decomposition independent of the pulmonary functions, but there is no mistake more fatal to a correct comprehension of the life-giving processes. The story is a short one. Food is of no consequence as a strength-generating substance, until, in the form of chyle, it visits the pulmonary department and receives copulation and procreation from the electro-magnetic principles of the air. Oxygen is the royal conveyance, by which the deeper vitalizing principles drive into the constituents of chyle. As soon as a fructifying and impregnative conjunction is formed between the chyle and the air, then, and not a moment before, the food is prepared to build up and re-make the ponderable organism. If the air is impure in quality, or limited in quantity, the effect is instantly impressed upon the fluid material. That our strength is not dependent upon the amount of nutritious food we eat, is established, beyond the possibility of mistake, by the fact that persons with lung-diseases, consumption, &c., usually eat far greater quantities of food than perfectly healthy individuals, who yet have forty times the volume of strength.

CONCLUSION.

We need not further amplify. The facts must be self-evident. Strength is born of the imponderable elements of immensity. The great receptive mechanism—made up of cells, blood vessels, pneumogastric and sympathetic centers, vegetative ganglia, and bronchial tubes ramifying in every direction—is situated in the chest. The right side is more largely supplied than the left, in order to give adequate space and action to contiguous parts and organs. The atmosphere of space, on entering this beautiful mechanism, empowers the food to supply waste and to gratify the bodily needs. Strength is the natural issue of such supply and of such gratification. Digestion is never perfect unless the respiration is full and performed in the baptismal font of pure air, which is a vast ocean of life and energy at least fifty miles deep, and equal on all sides of the revolving globe. You will now, far more than before, understand the importance of breathing (as directed) when using the pneumogastric cure for pulmonary and abdominal diseases. If you wish to acquire absolute strength of body, if you desire a clear and well-balanced brain, if you want a large mind and a more noble character—then, Breathe, Breathe, Breathe "the breath of life, and become a living soul."

Supper for Pay.

We find a half column article in the *Christian Ambassador*, from a clerical pen, urging the importance of hearty meat suppers on Sunday for preachers:

"Biscuit and butter, sweet meats, and a weak cup of tea," he declares "outrageous." "I would as soon not eat at all." Here follows his bill of fare. "I want something substantial—beef-steak, mutton, chicken, pork, (I am no Jew,) with the requisite accompaniments, potatoes, and other vegetables—something that has substance to it. When I preach, I give the people meat. I want meat in return when I eat. Let the milk and water preachers have milk and water for supper, if they desire it. But we don't want any such trash. Don't think to please me by getting a 'light' supper, because you can get it quicker. I would rather wait till midnight and have something I like, and something that will do me good."

Sydney Smith being asked by a missionary expecting to minister in the islands of the Pacific, if he could give any rules of conduct for his observance among his savage parishioners, advised him to have on the side-board always ready for his guests, a piece of cold clergyman or baked little boy. The great wit, a clergyman himself, was well aware of the rotundity of person that often graces the chiefs in the sacred order, and "fat priests" have been a standing subject of mirth with romancers, from Chaucer to Boccaccio.

From the extracts above given, it will be plain how it is that in old priesthoods, there are so many that are laughing and fat. But they also reveal another secret, which has been a point of dispute between opposing sects. Is the "fire that is not quenched" in the future state, or in the valley of Hinnom? We shrewdly guess by the light of the extracts, that one flame of it which burns all the "Sabbath" day will be found in the kitchens of ministers both orthodox and unorthodox. When a fat, orthodox parson, speaks of the "burning pit," we know that in his waggish heart he means the cellar kitchen; and the imp that stirs the fire is Bridget, kept at home to prepare the holy man's dinner. The meat that he serves up to his parishioners as the "lamb that is slain," is suggestive to him of the delicious mutton, that awaits his carnal palate after the close of divine service. "The wrath to come" Bridget will understand better than his hearers, if the table be not well served. If the heterodox preacher says:

"I like something that tastes good, and is good; and if I don't have it I'll scold;"—will not the orthodox do something quite as bad? Certainly he will. No one knows that better than she who stews his mutton and potatoes, sets his table, and washes his dishes. But one thing gives us great concern. The Bridget of heterodox and orthodox faith works on the Sabbath. Will not she lose her soul for this? At the last day will not the avenging demon rise up before her with poker and coal-scuttle, stew-pans and boiling water, dish

cloths and trenchers, and point significantly to the left? Not at all. Bridget will have the divine consolation that if she had no Sabbath, if week in and week out, she had to labor, and if the Lord's day did not put out the unquenchable fire in her murky realms, her toil was for the holy preacher's stomach. The Lord is of course right on that day; and the Lord's anointed are not supposed to be bound by rules that bind the laity. The anointed may work for pay on that day as well as on others; though common sinners by such conduct would imperil their souls.

We are happy to see, that the clergyman from whom we quote, has a realizing sense of the value of "the meat that perisheth," and clearly understands that a good quantity of it, after due culinary manipulations, is the right sort of pay for those whose stock in trade is "the water of life" and the "celestial manna." Hear him:

"I prefer to say to one and all in this public way, that I work hard on the Sabbath, and the best part of my compensation for services is my supper. Hence I want that to suit me." We trust that that supper will never be wanting; only for Bridget's sake, we would recommend some regard to the conduct of Paul, who would not eat meat, if it caused his brother or sister to offend. We suppose, *pari ratione*, he would be sparing in the cookery of it, if such labor carved out too large a section from the hiring's holy day (*i. e. holiday*).

HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH?

When you wish to enter respectable society in spirit-life, they don't ask you what you have been, but "What are you?"—*A Medium*.

It is often said that Spiritualism has revealed to the world no new truths. This is a great mistake. We can specify many that were unknown till communicated by Spiritualism. But even if the charge were true, the new philosophy would find its justification in steadily bringing before the people the importance of character to happiness here and hereafter. If there is any doctrine on which mediums of all grades are disposed to enlarge, it is, that our heaven or hell depends upon the state of the inward man. The popular religion in all branches, except a few heretical sects, accounts personal righteousness but as "filthy rags," as of no account "in the sight of God." If we are saved hereafter, it teaches that it will be through *imputed* worth, or, to use the cant phraseology of the day, "through the blood of Christ." Hence, the churches, with very few exceptions, exalt their ritual, at the expense of natural, morality. The effect of this teaching is seen in the popular neglect of natural duties. For why should ordinary sinners trouble themselves to acquire inward virtue and excellence, when a little "faith in Christ" puts us all right with God without it? Sincere, genuine, natural goodness, is a costly article; it is no more to be had with no strenuous endeavor on the part of him who would enter heaven, than gardens of flowers, or golden grain, without the sweat of the brow. Moral excellence must be fought for. *God gives none of his jewels to the idle and the careless.* Now that great fact the Spiritualists are learning. They expect no great happiness hereafter that does not grow out of inward worth; or, as our medium words it: Respectable society in spirit-life asks for our credentials in *what we are*. It does not ask: Do you trust in the merits? Were you baptized? Did you believe in every word of the Bible? Did you belong to a church? All this sort of righteousness is discovered by the disembodied soul to be the real "filthy rags," and that it is much better sold to the paper mills in this world, than packed over Jordan by cart-loads.

A few years more, and this preaching of the mediums will be backed up by such a weight of evidence from the unseen world, that a good inward character will be as much sought after by the masses, as now tickets on heaven, endorsed by aristocratic churches, are sought by the denizens of Fifth Avenue. In those days the *blood of Christ* will have given place to the *life of Jesus*. *Veniat regnum tuum!*

EPISCOPAL LIBERALITY.

The San Francisco correspondent of the *N. Y. Daily Times*, narrates an interesting illustration of Episcopal liberality, to this effect. Two lay churchmen of that city originated an "Episcopal Mission Sunday School," which has become quite popular, and a Fourth of July celebration, with an address from T. STARR KING was proposed and advertised. On the 30th of June the standing committee of the Diocese met and "resolved that the action of the officers of the school, in inviting a Unitarian clergyman to deliver an address to the children of Episcopal Sunday Schools, has been without the sanction of any of the clergy of the Church, and does not meet the approbation of the standing committee, at present the ecclesiastical authority of the Diocese!"

Mr. King in a courteous note, requests the committee to state publicly *why* the invitation to a Unitarian minister to address a Fourth of July assemblage, in which the children of Episcopalians join, is such an offense that it meets the disapprobation of every member of their body, and every Episcopal clergyman in the State. Says the *Times* correspondent:

"There is likely to come out of this a wholesale ventilation of sectarian courtesy, of individual church members' rights, of the sanctity of 'trade marks' in schools, and of the policy of manufacturing, or rather of incarnating, the Goddess of Liberty in the person of Sabbath school pupils."

This one act of the Episcopal "authority" will certainly insure the Unitarians of San

Francisco, large accessions for years to come. Every child in that school will not only understand the matter, but nine-tenths will despise the attempted proscription. "Whom the gods destroy, they first make mad."

HOW "MONSTROUS"!

Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler writes a letter to *The World* for the purpose of correcting one or two mistakes of a correspondent. We quote one correction:

"Your correspondent also charges me with uttering the monstrous falsehood that 'the instincts of humanity are an infallible guide to truth.' I simply said that the popular ear and eye instinctively detected false elocution, and the popular heart was equally quick to detect *insincerity of soul or treason to the right*."

The popular heart instinctively detects treason to the right, but it is a monstrous falsehood to assert that these instincts are infallible! Mr. Cuyler will have the credit of making nice distinctions.

How "monstrous" to assert that the Creator endowed his creatures with an infallible guide to truth! Mr. Cuyler doubtless regards it as quite the opposite to charge Deity with giving man a nature "totally depraved," "carnally inclined," and "desperately wicked"! Had we such worshipers and commentators upon our purposes, we should pray to be saved from our friends.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

The San Antonio (Texas) *Herald* has the following testimony of the medical value of Clairvoyance, as illustrated in the case of Mrs. Swan, now in that city:

"Clairvoyance, like all innovations upon old methods of thought and action, has encountered a strong prejudice—but life and health are dearer than old opinions, and those suffering from disease, who derive no benefit from the prescriptions of their regular physicians, will do well to test the new method, as it can do them no harm, whilst, if there is any truth in the statements of the press, and of those who have tried it, it will be very likely to restore them to health."

St. Louis, Chicago, and Cleveland, have recently attempted social purification by means of mob violence. Persons disguised as negroes entered houses of bad repute, dragged the inmates from their beds, covered them and their houses and goods with tar, and destroyed their furniture.

Why do not these regulators attack *causes* rather than *effects*? Possibly in so doing they might discover the necessity of a home application of this favorite purifier. They might at least see the justice of certain additional punishment for thus persecuting the victims of their own baseness, treachery, and lust.

The recent grand ten-dollar excursion of the Great Eastern to Cape May has served to put on record an unparalleled case of extreme *hard-ship*. The passengers could not obtain comfortable accommodations without extravagant charges, and bitter complaints are made against officers, directors, and crew. The big ship seems to be most unfortunate in the tight-fisted, penny-wise character of its owners and managers.

What is Doing in the Reform Field.

The following meetings have been advertised heretofore:

Grove Meeting, at Lyons, Mich., Saturday and Sunday, September 1st and 2d.

Fort Recovery, Mercer county, O., Friends of Progress, September 1st and 2d.

West Grove, Jay county, Ind., Grove Meeting, September 8th and 9th.

Ashtabula Annual Convention, at East Ashtabula, O., September 1st and 2d.

A Meeting of Spiritualists and friends of Progress and Reform, at Tontogany, Wood County, O., on the 4th and 5th days of August.

GROVE MEETINGS.

LEO MILLER will address the friends of Spiritualism in the beautiful Grove in Solsville, near Madison, N. Y., on Sunday, Aug. 12th, 1860, at 10 o'clock A. M., and 1 P. M.

S. P. LELAND will hold a Grove Meeting on Saturday and Sunday, August 18th and 19th, at North Newbury, Geauga county, O. If the weather is fair it will be held in the grove, if not, in a commodious Hall. Come all! Other speakers will be present, and a good time is contemplated. The friends are prepared to entertain strangers from a distance.

The Spiritualists and friends of Progress will hold a meeting at North Newbury, Geauga county, O., on the 25th and 26th of August, (Saturday and Sunday.) E. Whipple, of Chagrin Falls, and H. L. Clark, of Middlefield, will be present as speakers. A cordial invitation is extended to other speakers, and all friends of Reform to be in attendance and help on the good work.

E. WHIPPLE.  
H. L. CLARK.

A CALL WITHDRAWN.

The friends at Clinton Junction, Wis., request the withdrawal of the call for a Convention at that place August 24th and 26th, on account of the inability to accommodate such a gathering. The notice was premature, but this timely recall will avoid any serious disappointment.

SOCIAL EQUALITY.

An adjourned meeting of those interested in the question of Social Equality, will be held at the Hall, corner of Broadway and Thirteenth street, on Wednesday evening, August 8th, at half past seven o'clock.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Miss Harriet Hosmer has been selected by the Legislative Committee of Missouri to make the bronze statue of Col. Benton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fowler and Mr. Wells have recently sailed for a professional tour in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Mr. Bancroft and Bayard Taylor with their ladies (wives) are enjoying the scenery of the St. Lawrence.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt with her husband and two children are passing the summer in the vicinity of Stockholm.

Geoff Smith, we observe from the *Canastota Eagle*, continues occasionally to "preach" in Peterboro. One excellent feature of the Peterboro Free Church is, that the afternoon meeting is devoted to free criticisms upon, or discussions of the morning discourse.

BRIEF ITEMS.

The *Utica Telegraph* says: "We distrust the piety of the man who affects a holy horror of military music on Sunday. A military band will never divert a man from the road to heaven, if he is on it. Bad preaching and poor psalm singing will have more souls to answer for in the last day than good music."

An antiquarian, who has made a list of works upon the Bible, or portions of it, states that their number is not less than 60,000.

It has been carefully estimated by physicians, that in the United States, 20,000 persons die annually from the use of tobacco. In Germany, physicians have calculated that, of all the deaths which occur between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six, one-half originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking.

The anniversary of West India Emancipation was celebrated at Abington, Mass., Wednesday, August 1st, and at Milford, in the same State, on Thursday, August 2d.

A Turin letter writer says that the Emperor Napoleon recently expressed himself as follows: "that it had become a matter of necessity that both the Bourbon of Naples and the Pontiff of Rome should decamp." The Emperor added that it was possible the Pope might inhabit the island of Sardinia, with nominal sovereignty over the island, but allowing it the full enjoyment of its present free institutions.

At a recent sale of pews in the Rev. T. S. King's Church, in San Francisco, the net proceeds yielded the sum of \$8,200. The prices ranged from \$65 to \$600 a pew.

The celebrated Dr. Barnes, Presbyterian, of Philadelphia, in his *Practical Sermons*, says: "I see not one reason why man should suffer to all eternity."

Archbishop Hughes has recently given his testimony to the value of the "science of keeping house" as a branch of female education.

The great meteor of July 20th, is known to have been seen as far West as Detroit, as far North as Maine, three hundred and fifty miles east at sea, and as far South as Richmond.

The number of Mormons in Utah, is set down at 120,000.

A writer in *The World* says: "It is very curious to observe, that when a man attempts a feminine pursuit, he instantly degenerates into the most brutal awkwardness, while the woman accomplishes the tasks of men with invariable grace and felicity. As witness, Joan d'Arc, Pope Joan, the myth, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, and Moll Pitcher."

It is estimated that 300,000 persons visited the Palais Royal to see Prince Jerome lying in state. It is stated that 90,000 went in one day, or 100 a minute for 15 hours!

A drayman at Niagara Falls threw his dog into the rapids near Goat Island bridge and afterward found him, but little injured, at the foot of the ferry stairs.

The only religious books accepted by the Japanese during their late visit, were a collection of Universalist and Spiritual works. From these it is probable they will learn something of a faith superior to their own. Orthodox books would not have conveyed any such impressions.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The situation of affairs in Syria had undergone no change at the latest advices. The Christians were leaving the interior of the country and emigrating towards the coast, to be under the protection of European vessels. At Beyrout and Sayda 32,000 people had already arrived. The events in Syria, it is thought, were only a prelude to a formidable rising in arms of the Ottoman population against the Christians. In view of this state of things, it is said that England is about to send a regiment to Syria, and Napoleon to dispatch 2,500 men under Marshal McMahon.

The apparent inactivity of Garibaldi in Palermo during the last six weeks, is now explained by the expulsion of La Farina from Sicily. He was sent over by the Cabinet of Turin to assume the title of Royal Commissioner and Governor of Sicily, in the interest of Piedmont, and to secure the annexation of the Island to that kingdom. As such a result would have reduced Garibaldi to the position of a merely subordinate functionary in the carrying-out of his own project—the liberation of Italy—the dictator gave La Farina a summary dismissal from his Cabinet and from the Island. Garibaldi was receiving daily reinforcements, and it is reported that his preparations for renewing the war are now complete. The dissatisfaction of the officers in the Neapolitan navy was so great as to be a serious danger to that government. The Neapolitan vessel, *Veloz*, which carries eight guns, and has a crew of 170 men, recently deserted to Garibaldi, and was received at Palermo with great enthusiasm. By news from Messina of July 10th, the General was within twenty miles of that city, and Melazzo, a fortress at no great distance, was to be immediately attacked.

Terms offered by Cavour for an alliance with Naples, which he is said to have made so hard for that court, that he expected their immediate rejection, were accepted, and a Neapolitan ambassador dispatched to Turin.

The ascertained amount of the Austrian State Debt is 2,268,071,532 guilders. [A guilder is worth about 38 cents.]

## Attractive Miscellany.

"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."

Hortensia;  
OR,  
THE DOUBLE LIFE.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.  
CHAPTER VII.

I conducted the ladies to the churchyard of the village, where a simple monument covered the ashes of the immortal poet, and translated the Latin inscription for them. Hortensia stood absorbed in deep and serious thought before the grave. She sighed, as she remarked, "Thus die all!" and I thought I felt her draw my arm slightly toward her. "Die all!" said I; "then would not the life of man be a cruelty of the Creator, and love the heaviest curse of life?"

Sorrowfully we left the churchyard. A friendly old man led us from thence to a vine hill, not far distant, upon which stands Petrarch's dwelling, and near by a little garden. From this spot the prospect of the plain is truly beautiful. In the house, they showed us the poet's household furniture, which was preserved with religious faithfulness—the table at which he read and wrote, the chair upon which he rested, and even his kitchen utensils.

The sight of such relics always has a peculiar influence on my mind. It annihilates the interval of centuries and brings the distant past prominently before the imagination. To me, it was as if the poet had only gone out, and that he would presently open the little brown door of his chamber to greet us. Hortensia found an elegant edition of Petrarch's sonnets on a table in a corner. Wearing, she seated herself there, rested her beautiful head upon her hand, and read attentively, while the fingers of her supporting hand concealed her eyes. Beatrice and Cecilia went to prepare refreshments for the countess. I remained silently at the window. Petrarch's love and hopelessness were my destiny. Another Laura sat there, divine, not through the charms of the muse, but of herself.

Hortensia took a handkerchief to dry her eyes. I was troubled at seeing her weep. I approached her timidly, but did not venture to address her. She suddenly rose, and smiling, said to me with a tearful look, "The poor Petrarch! the poor human heart! But all passes—all. It is centuries since he has ceased to lament. Though they say, that in his latter years he conquered his passion. It is good to conquer one's self. May it not be called destroying one's self?"

"If necessity commands it," I replied. "Has necessity power over the human heart?" asked the countess. "But," I replied, "Laura was the wife of Hugo de Sade. Her heart dared not belong to her lover. His fate was solitary to love, solitary to die. He had the gift of song, and the muses consoled him. He was unhappy—as I."

"As you?" replied Hortensia, with a scarcely audible voice—"Unhappy, Faust?" "I have not," I continued, "the divine gift of song; therefore my heart will break, since it hath nothing to console it. Countess, dear countess—dare I say more than I have said? But I will continue worthy of your esteem, and that can only be by manly courage: grant me one request—only one modest request."

Hortensia threw down her eyes but did not answer. "One request, dear countess, for my quiet," I again said. "What shall I do?" whispered she, without raising her eyes. "Am I certain that you will not refuse my prayer?" I asked.

She regarded me with a long serious look, and, with an indescribable dignity said: "Faust, I know not what you would ask: but how great soever it may be—yes, Faust, I am indebted to you for my recovery—my life! I grant your request. Speak."

I seized her hand, I sank at her feet, I pressed her hand to my burning lips—I almost lost consciousness and speech. Hortensia stood with downcast eyes, as if from apathy. I at length gained power to speak. "I must away from here. Let me fly from you. I dare tarry no longer. Let me, in some solitude, far from you, tranquilly my unhappy life. I must away! I disturb the peace of your house. Charles has demanded your hand!"

"I will never have him!" said the countess, hurriedly and with a firm tone. "Let me fly. Even your goodness increases the multitude of my miseries."

Hortensia struggled violently with herself. "You commit a fearful injustice! But I can no longer prevent it!" cried she, as she burst into a passionate flood of tears. She staggered and sought the chair—seeing which I sprang up, and she sank sobbing on my breast. After some moments she recovered, and feeling herself encircled by my arms, she endeavored to loosen my hold. But I, forgetting the old commands of respect, pressed her more closely as I sighed, "A few moments and then we part!"

Her resistance ceased; she then raised her eyes on me, and with a countenance on which, as formerly, the color of transfiguration glimmered, said, "Faust, what are you doing?"

"Will you not forget me in my absence?" asked I, in return. "Can I?" sighed she, and threw down her eyes.

"Farewell, Hortensia!" stammered I, and my cheek rested on hers. "Emanuel! Emanuel!" whispered she. Our lips met. I felt tenderly and gently her reciprocal kiss, while one of her arms rested around my neck.

Minutes—quarters of hours passed. At length, together and in silence, we left the dwelling of Petrarch, and proceeded in the path down the hill, where we found two servants, who conducted us to an arbor under some wild laurel trees. At that moment, the carriage of the prince rolled by. Charles and the count descended from it.

Hortensia was very serious and laconic in her answers. She appeared lost in continual meditation. I saw that she was obliged to force herself to speak to the prince. Toward me she preserved, unchanged, the cordiality

and confidence of her deportment. Petrarch's dwelling was again visited, as the count wished to see it. As we entered the room, which had been consecrated by the mutual confession of our hearts, Hortensia seated herself again on the chair near the table, in the same place, and with the book, as at first, and so remained till we departed. Then she arose, laid her hand upon her breast, cast a penetrating look on me, and hurried quickly from the apartment.

The prince had remarked this emotion, and this look. A deep red rose over his countenance; he went out with folded arms and his head hung down. All joy retreated from our party. Every one appeared desirous to reach the castle soon again. I did not doubt but that Charles' jealousy had guessed all, and feared his revenge less for myself, than for the peace of the countess. Therefore, as soon as I returned home, I determined to arrange everything for my speedy departure the next morning. I communicated my irrevocable resolution to the count, gave up to him all the papers, and entreated him to say nothing to the countess until I was gone.

## MELANCHOLY SEPARATION.

I had long since obtained the consent of the count that, in this event, the honest old Sebald should accompany me, who had many times demanded his dismissal, in order to revisit his German home. Sebald twisted and danced round the room for joy, when he heard from me that the moment of departure had arrived. A horse and cloak-bag for each, was our whole equipment for the journey.

I had determined to withdraw very quietly, at the dawn of the following day. No one knew anything of my departure, except the count and old Sebald, and I desired that no one should know it. I determined to leave behind, for Hortensia, a few lines of thanks and love, and an eternal farewell. The old count appeared surprised, though not discontented. He embraced me most tenderly, thanked me for the services I had performed, and promised within an hour to come to my room, in order to give me some useful papers, which would procure me for the future a life free from care, and which, as he expressed it, was only a payment on account of a debt for life. I would not refuse a moderate sum for traveling expenses, in order to reach Germany—in fact, I was almost without money—but my pride refused to take more.

I packed up as soon as I returned to my room. Sebald hurried out to prepare the horses, and arrange everything for departing at the moment. In the meantime I wrote to Hortensia. I cannot describe what I suffered—how I struggled with myself—how often I sprang up from writing to relieve my pains with tears. My life until now, had been one full of care and unhappiness—and the dim future to me presented nothing more soothing to the soul. Death, thought I, is sweeter and easier than thus to outlive hope.

I destroyed many times what I had written, and had not finished, when I was disturbed in a manner that I least expected. Trembling, and almost breathless, Sebald rushed into my room, hastily took up the portmanteau, and cried:

"Mr. Faust, some mischief has happened; they will drag you to prison; they will murder you! Let us fly, ere it is too late!"

In vain I asked the cause of his fright. I only learnt that the count was in a rage, the prince raving, and every one in the castle roused against me. I replied coldly, that I had nothing to fear, and still less to fly like a criminal.

"Sir," cried Sebald, "one cannot escape without misfortune from this unhappy family, over which a bad star rules. This I have long since said. Fly!"

At this moment, two of the count's game-keepers came in, and requested me to come immediately to the count. Sebald blinked and winked, and urged me to endeavor to escape. I could not avoid smiling at his terror, and followed the servants. I, however, commanded Sebald to saddle the horses, since I no longer doubted that something extraordinary had occurred, and thought that the prince, probably from jealousy, had projected some quarrel with me.

I had scarcely reached the Count Hornegg, when Charles came storming into the room, and declared that I had dishonored the house, and had a secret intrigue with the countess. Beatrice, the companion of the countess, gained over to the prince, either by his presents or perhaps by his tenderness, had, as she left Petrarch's dwelling with Cecilia, become impatient at Hortensia and myself, and returned and saw us in the embrace of each other. The Abigail was discreet enough not to disturb us, but was prompt enough, so soon as we returned to the castle, to betray the important event to the prince. The count, who could believe anything but this—since it appeared to him the most unnatural thing in the world, that a common citizen, a painter, should have won the love of a countess of Hornegg—treated the affair, at first, as a mere illusion of jealousy. The prince, for his justification, was obliged to betray his informer; and Beatrice, though much opposed to it, was compelled to acknowledge what she had seen. The anger of the old count knew no bounds; yet the event appeared to him so monstrous, that he determined to interrogate the countess herself upon it. Hortensia appeared. The sight of the pale faces, disfigured by rage and fright, excited her terror.

"What has happened?" cried she, almost beside herself. With fearful earnestness, the count replied: "That thou must say." He then, with forced tranquillity and kindness, took her hand and said: "Hortensia, thou art accused of having stained the honor of our name by—well then it must be said—by an intrigue with the painter Faust. Hortensia, deny it—say no! Give honor and tranquillity again to thy father. Thou canst do it. Refute all malicious tongues—refute the assertion that thou wast seen in Faust's arms; it was a delusion, a misunderstanding, a deception. Here stands the prince, thy future husband. Reach him thy hand. Declare to him, that all that has been said against thee and Faust, are wicked lies. Faust's presence shall no longer disturb our peace; this night he leaves us forever."

The count spoke still longer. He did so, in order to give an advantageous turn to the fact—since the alternate redness and paleness of Hortensia, allowed him no longer to doubt

of its truth—which might satisfy the prince, and make everything smooth again. He was prepared for nothing less than what Hortensia, as soon as he was silent, openly declared. Excited to the most impetuous feelings, as much by the treachery of Beatrice, who was still present, as by the reproaches, and the news of my sudden departure—with her own peculiar dignity and resolution, she turned first toward Beatrice and said:

"Wretch! I stand not opposed to you. My servant must not be my accuser. I have not to justify myself before you. Leave the room and the castle, and never appear before me again."

Beatrice fell weeping at her feet. It was in vain—she must obey, and departed. "Dear Faust," said she to me—and her cheeks glowed with an unnatural color—"you stand here as one accused or condemned." She then related what had happened, and went on to say: "They expect me to justify myself. I have no justification to make before any one but God, the judge of hearts. I have only here to acknowledge the truth, since my father exacts it, and to declare my unalterable design, since destiny commands it, and I am born to be unhappy. Faust, I should be unworthy of your regard, could I not raise myself above misfortune."

She then turned to the prince and said: "I esteem you, but I do not love you. My hand will never be yours; nourish no further hopes. After what has just passed, I must beg of you to avoid us forever. Do not expect that my father can force me against my will. Life is indifferent to me. His first act of power would have no other consequences than that he must bury the corpse of his daughter. To you, I have nothing more to say. But to you, my father, I must acknowledge that I love—love this Faust. But it is not my fault. He is hateful to you—he is not of our rank. He must separate from us. I annul my earthly union with him. You, my father, can make no change, since any endeavor to do so will be the end of my life. I say to you, beforehand, I am prepared for my death, since that only will terminate my miseries."

She stopped. The count wished to speak—the prince likewise. She motioned them to be silent. She approached me, drew a ring from her finger, and gave it to me, and said: "My friend, I part from you, perhaps forever. Take this ring in remembrance of me. This gold and these diamonds shall become dust, sooner than my love and truth shall cease. Do not forget me."

As she said this, she laid her arms on my shoulders, pressed a kiss on my lips—her countenance changed—the blood forsook her cheeks—and pale and cold, she sank, with closed eyes to the floor.

The count gave a piercing, fearful shriek. The prince called for assistance. I carried the beautiful body to a couch. Women hurried in—physicians were called. I sank, without consciousness, on my knees, before the couch, and held the cold hand of the senseless one to my cheek. The count tore me away. He was like a madman.

"Thou hast murdered her!" thundered he to me. "Fly, wretch, and never let me see thee again!"

[Concluded next week.]

## MRS. H. B. STOWE IN NAPLES.

We find ourselves in beautiful upper rooms of Hotel Crocilla, in Naples, overlooking the sea; the sea smooth and calm, with the peculiar duck's-neck gloss which it bears under these skies, an iridescent gleam mingling blue, green, and purple, with just a thought of tawny gold. Right opposite, like a great changeable opal, lies old voluptuous Caprae, whose quaint romantic outlines are all day bathed in colored mists, of every dream-like soft change of hue. In the foreground, the Castle del Ovo, a circular building, with yellow and gray lichen walls, the sea dashing in white tongues of foam at its base. To right and left sweeps round the panoramic view of the Bay of Naples. Vesuvius on the left, with all the vineyards and villages, which lie palpitating through the mist, warmed by the treacherous under-fires of his great passionate nature, which warms and nourishes for hundreds of years, and has a drunken frolic only on the hundred and first; for which he expresses due penitence by another century of fruitfulness. A turbulent-tempered, but well-meaning old giant, he probably, with his own private griefs and interior disturbances, and taking one thing with another, the vastness of his nature, and the intensity of his emotions, deserves commendation, on the whole, for the way he reins himself in.

Every night we go out on the balcony to look on his old cloudy face, and what we see is like a bed of great live hickory coals, just unranked, and sparkling and blinking high up in the air. Three years ago, one saw nothing of this, day or night. We went up there and saw two craters, in each of which was a funnel like the chimney of a glass-factory, belching and roaring with a hollow-chested moan like that of an imprisoned lion. Into the smallest crater we descended and walked on the Stygian crust, and saw through gaping cracks the red-hot lava under us as one might figure the floor of the Infernal Regions. Now we are told all is changed—as indeed it is to the outward view. By daylight at this moment one sees the mountain burning and smoking not on the top, but a little more than half way up, as if there were great coal-pits there, and I am told the crater into which we descended three years ago is utterly torn away and destroyed.

Yesterday was one of those all perfect days which, come they in what clime they will, are among God's best gifts and sweetest expressions of kindness to us. All was glorified—the wide sea, the distant island of Caprae, the old gray Castle del Ovo, the smoke of Vesuvius, the white villages flashing out like gems. Under our windows came some of these fantastic Neapolitan musicians, thrumming away on the guitar about bella and amore and all such sunny-day matters, and we stand over and throw down carlini, wherewith he gets more excited and plays faster and sings louder than ever. The Neapolitans remind one of the plantation negroes of America, a merry, rollicking, ragged, careless set, to whom it is sufficient to lie in the sun and sing: they have such a passion for gay colors and musical sounds, and such a flexibility of motion and sense of the dancing and singing element in nature. They are all of the faun tribe, as conceived by Hawthorne.—Independent.

## 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."

## GONE TO THE SPIRIT HOME.

—Death should come Gently to one of gentle mold, like thee, As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom, Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree. Close thy sweet eyes calmly, and without pain, And we will trust God to see thee yet again."

Departed: From Newark, N. J., on the morning of July 28, 1860, AMELIA L. STURDIVANT, aged 37 years, 11 months and 1 day. Calmly she left her earthly tabernacle, which she had honored by making it the instrument to accomplish the high and holy purposes of her spirit, and sought her angel home, to dwell amid joy, harmony, and beauty.

She possessed a very refined and highly cultivated mind, and united with great intellectual power so great a development of her affectional nature as to make her not only the light, but the joy of the circle in which she moved. It is indeed rare to find an individual in whom we can behold so much sensitiveness, amiability and symmetry of character, coupled with so independent, self-reliant, and resolute a spirit.

Those who were favored with her acquaintance, hardly knew whether most to admire the power and clearness of her intellect, or the gentler graces which adorned and beautified her life. She was one of the few who are honest and faithful to their convictions of Truth and Duty, and maintain the integrity of the soul, and the individual judgment, without compromise or concession. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church, although holding doctrines and views very much in advance of her sect, being a great admirer of Henry Ward Beecher, and that class of thinkers. Notwithstanding her religious position, she fearlessly sought the Truth, and not anxious about the consequences, and in this spirit she investigated those facts demonstrative of human immortality, and the result was, she became fully and joyfully convinced of the truth of Spirit-Intercourse, and a medium, whereby her and our spirit friends fully established their identity. This demonstration "robs death of its sting, and the grave of its terrors." The life of this excellent woman was literally absorbed in ministering to the sick and the afflicted, and as an angel of mercy, all forgetful of self—she was instant and untiring, making her existence a continuous stream of kindness and devotion to the good of others. She was an angel of love and light in the earth-life, and a martyr to the service of humanity.

Her literary productions, both prose and poetic, were of a high order, and were always welcomed by the Press, comparing favorably as they did with the productions of the most gifted. Had she made greater pretension, and had less diffidence, she would have made both a sensation and a decided mark in the literary world. But she is now enjoying life in the higher and brighter spheres of beauty, joy, and harmony, and it best befits us to emulate her excellent example of a practically righteous life; and to the noble son and affectionate mother whom she has left to struggle yet longer in this sphere, and to all the relatives, friends, and acquaintances, we commend that communion with her spirit, together with those by whom she is so happily surrounded, which shall so purify and elevate our lives and character that we may become in some degree worthy of that love which she and they will continually manifest toward us, and of that welcome which will be extended to us as we approach the radiant shores of the glorious spirit land.

The following appropriate lines are furnished by a true and sympathizing friend:

When darkness fell around thy way,  
There opened through the twilight gray  
The portals of eternal day.

And white-robed angels hovering near,  
Whispered: "Thy dwelling is not here,  
Haste with us to your brighter sphere."

And thou hast spanned the sacred wave—  
Thou, of the tender heart and brave,  
Hast gained a victory o'er the grave.

While cold and pale the casket lies,  
Before thy new-born senses rise  
The golden hills of Paradise.

Joy to thee, sister, mother, friend!  
Around thee holiest blessings blend,  
And harmonies that never end.

NEWARK, July, 1860. P. D. M.

Departed: From the earthly temple, July 3d, 1860, DEBORAH GRISWOLD, aged eighty-five years. Her son, editor of the *Shelburne*, at Batavia, N. Y., is the author of the following impressive reflections:

## MY MOTHER.

"MOTHER—O how shorn of love and cold is language when used to amplify and add a charm to all that world of thought blended with the dear gentle name of Mother! He who has grown into manhood, feeling that not one day has passed over his head without a thought coming to him from Mother—not one night without a prayer ascended to heaven for him from Mother, and then sees the autumn leaf of life borne away by the listless breath of Time, in the bearing away of the earthly embodiment of that Mother to be seen no more—feels that Nature's strongest, most enduring, and loving bond is broken.

"Thou art my boy," says the Mother. "Thou art my youngest boy," said my Mother, even after the cares of life had marked my brow. My Mother's heart was aglow with love for him who had grown cold with years—for him she called her child in his manhood. There is no love like a Mother's love!

"In the hour of calm repose, when hea-

ven, in thought, is uppermost; then, if a gentle, loving impress is felt upon my brow, and with it comes the thought of Mother, and with the thought a more distinct and loving pressure—I believe that I am not alone, but an angel stands beside me to bless me, and that angel is my Mother, and that blessing is my Mother's love.

"Four score and five years was the measure of that life, of which three score and five should have been a mother. Does any one think the bonds of love woven through so many years can be broken?—can be obliterated? If thou thinkest so, reader, begin at once to learn wisdom with this first lesson: A Mother's love can never die! Begin to gather the rewards of wisdom, in believing that thy Mother's love may come to thee, to bless thee wherever thou art.

"O unbelieving man! Open thy heart with belief, and let thy Mother's love come in unto thee, and think no longer that the love of a Mother's soul is dead, or that it cannot reach thee if thou wouldst let it—if thou wouldst believe, and thus attract it to thee.

Departed: On the 27th of July, 1860, MRS. MARY GATES, wife of Jacob Gates, of Middlefield, Ohio, in the 27th year of her age.

Consumption fastened upon her tender frame, unloosed her aspiring spirit, allowing it to roam amid the celestial gardens of the upper home.

She was genial, kind, tender, and loving. A good mother, affectionate companion, and warm-hearted friend; and has left a large circle of friends to mourn her untimely departure.

She neared the River of Death with a calm, confiding trust in the angel whisperings that had told her of the beauties of her future spirit home. A few minutes previous to her departure, she distributed her worldly effects, giving all her friends some token for remembrance, then, as the future gleamed bright on her vision, she expressed herself as happy with the thought of going home.

The funeral was attended on the following day by the relatives and friends. Services by the writer. I feel that the family of the deceased were made to realize, that, though the loved companion and mother has gone from their immediate presence, yet she still lives, to love and commune with those she has left behind. E. WHIPPLE.

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: To a higher life, from Westminster, Mass., June 30, ALOXA, only daughter of Rosa A. and Solon Raymond, aged sixteen years and eight months.

In the early departure of our sister, there passes from our earth vision one of the most frank, truthful, earnest souls, with which this earth-sphere has been blessed. Despising all cant and hypocrisy, she lived up to her idea of a true and womanly life. In a world of oppression and wrong, she sympathized with the crushed and down-trodden everywhere. With a benevolence boundless as the needs of the race, and a philanthropy wide as the brotherhood of man, her heart beat in unison with all, of every nation, color, clime or sex, who are laboring for the emancipation of body and soul from the contaminating influences with which humanity is surrounded.

During the months of her declining health, she ever manifested a calm resignation and filial trust, knowing from the inmost depths of her spiritual being that in the hereafter all will be well with those who reverence Truth and Justice by serving their fellow men. With a mind uncursed by the blighting influence of a false Theology, she knew no fear save the fear of wrong doing. With a deep, confiding faith in the final triumph of Right over Might, she felt that, to the earnest worker in life's great vineyard, there is ever labor to be performed, in whatever sphere our lot may be cast. To her, heaven was no place of indolence, where listless angels while away the weary hours, killing time with discordant music from harps of gold, but a condition of active labor, each occupant finding full employment for his time in deeds of kindness to his fellows, suggesting higher thoughts, and strengthening all holy endeavors. Looking forward with hope and joy to the time of her exit, she "could not understand why her friends should feel so sad at her departure, when she was so willing to go."

When the Messenger of Mercy arrived, the joyous spirit was awaiting its escort to new fields of labor, in a fairer clime. Thus the bud of earth is broken, to bloom with sweeter fragrance, beneath serene skies. D. M. A.

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: From earth life, to his Spirit Home, EVERETT LLOYD PIERCE, son of Henry and Maria Pierce, in the eighteenth year of his age. In life he knew that spirits did communicate with him, and he feared not, at the last, to go and be with them. Mr. Finney gave the funeral address in the M. E. Church at the center of Liverpool, Ohio. His soul-stirring eloquence needs no comment.

Farewell, dearest mother!  
My sufferings are o'er;  
I go to the mansions  
On yon blissful shore.  
I lingered in sorrow,  
Then suffered and died,  
And angels conveyed me  
O'er the river's broad tide.  
When the roses shall bloom,  
That o'er me you place,  
Think not that the grave  
Does your Everett embrace.  
If you miss me at home,  
And feel you're alone,  
Oh! oft I will meet you,  
Dear mother, my own.

M. W. PIERCE.

It is of advantage to be conquered when our own victory would be a loss.

Of Writers and Speakers.

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MRS. S. E. WARNER, Milan, O., will answer calls to lecture in Ohio and Western New York, during the autumn months.

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G. B. STEBBINS will speak at Ann Arbor, Mich., every other Sunday during the year, and in places in that vicinity when called upon.

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F. N. P. LELAND, Middlebury, Summit Co., Ohio, will answer calls to lecture on week evenings, and attend funerals at places in that vicinity.

He will be at the Convention at Lyons, Mich., Sept. 1, 2, and 3, and will have on exhibition his geological panorama.

MRS. C. M. STOWE will lecture during August and September in Wisconsin, and at Toledo, Ohio, in October. The balance of the fall and winter Mrs. S. intends visiting Ohio, New York, and the New England States.

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"The Angel Movement."

EXPLANATORY STATEMENT.

[The following statement was drawn up by a gentleman of this city, at the suggestion and request of Mr. Van Deusen. We print it in order to satisfy the latter individual, who is in sober earnest, that the subject is fairly laid before the spiritual public. What we think of the importance of the claims set up, has been candidly presented in this journal.—Ed.]

Mr. VAN DEUSEN:—I understand that the movement with which you have been prominently connected during the last three or four years, commonly designated as "the Angel Movement," embraces the following as its salient particulars:

1st. It is a movement purporting to originate in angelic or divine influences.

2d. That the principal human medium of this movement in the external, is an uneducated African girl, of the most humble social position, she being, as is alleged, providentially called to this office, according to the rule by which God chooses the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the weak things to confound those that are mighty.

3d. That the intrinsic aim of the "Movement" is to admonish the world of certain impending changes of the most important character, and to warn mankind to prepare for them.

With regard to the nature of the predicted changes, I understand, from you, that they embrace the following as their main particulars:

1st. An entire overthrow of the existing external order of things, both in Church and State.

2d. The resurrection of the dead, in some sense literal, yet in a sense which has not hitherto been explained, and illustrated in a manner that brings it within the comprehension of ordinary minds.

3d. The entire reconstruction of society after the laws of divine order, and in such a manner as will realize the ancient predictions concerning the millennium and the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

As to the *modus operandi* of this movement, I understand that it proposes to convey instruction and enforce truth concerning the foregoing particulars, by means of charts, drawings, an allegorically furnished room, and other emblematic instrumentalities—these methods being, in a general way, similar to those which were sometimes employed by the ancient prophets to convey truths which could not be adequately embodied in verbal expression.

I understand that you have already opened a room, furnished with some of these allegorical representations (in which is supposed to reside a divine spiritual influence similar to that which resided in the Jewish temple and ark of old), but that this room is now closed for the purpose of making the representations more complete and perfect, after which it is proposed to be reopened, free of charge, to the visits of such as may take an interest in it. I understand, also, that you are in need of funds for the prosecution of this general work, which you propose to raise partly by such donations as may be offered you, and partly by subscriptions for a chart of which you have an engraving, and which you propose to publish so soon as you may obtain money to pay for the paper and printing, the engraving now being ready, and which chart will be forwarded to the subscribers at the price of \$1 00, the same to be forwarded to J. Van Deusen, 164 Taylor St., Williamsburgh, Long Island, N. Y.

Concerning the merits of the "Angel Movement," I am not prepared, by personal investigation, to pronounce a decided judgment, and if I have the slightest unfavorable opinion of it, I admit that this is based on altogether *a priori* grounds. I am willing to admit, however, that if God really intends to visit our world in the manner indicated in the programme of this alleged "Angel Movement," he will not be unlikely to employ mediums of the most humble character, even though these may be chosen from the most ignorant of the African race—to the end that man's pride may be humbled, and the glory may be ascribed to Himself alone. But while the intellectual and social position of the medium, whether high or low, proves nothing of itself, and while I would caution you and all men against being led away by any "lo! here," or "lo! there," before the same has been sufficiently tried and proved in respect to its more intrinsic merits, I must, in candor, declare my opinion that this "movement," in which you have been laboring apparently with so much assiduity and self-sacrifice for some three or four years, has not met with that unprejudiced consideration from the public which is requisite to an intelligent decision upon its merits. I will cordially express my belief, moreover, that in your labors for this movement, your leading motive has not been the love either of gain or of glory, and on your own personal account, as well as that of the public, I hope that your zealous efforts will meet with such liberal, intelligent, and candid responses from others, as will lead to a speedy decision of the character of the alleged "Angel Movement," once for all, so that you and others may be relieved from further suspense in relation thereto.

New York, July, 1860.  
P. S.—The title of the chart referred to is, "THE SPIRITS ILLUSTRATED, AND GOD REVEALED; or, the Beginning and the End. An Astro-spiritual chart, illustrating the unfolding of the material universe from chaos to physical perfection; and of MAN, from inception to the divine condition; by twenty-four concentric diagrams in one grand CHART. Price, \$1 00. Address, J. VAN DEUSEN, No. 164 Taylor St., Williamsburgh, L. I.

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Unless our judgment deceives us, the general reading of this work would oust from Christendom the last blind worshiper of the Bible; the contents of which is shown by this little *tell-tale*, to be but a stupendous compound of contradiction and error. It matters not what one's previous veneration for the book may have been, it could not withstand the leveling effects of these revelations. The reason is obvious; there is nothing extraneous or outside of the Bible, brought to bear; it is made its own executioner; as in the following quotations:

"THE FRUIT OF GOD'S SPIRIT IS LOVE AND GENTLENESS."

"The fruit of the spirit is love, peace, joy, gentleness and goodness. (Gal. 5: 22.)"

"THE FRUIT OF GOD'S SPIRIT IS VENGEANCE AND FURY."

"And the spirit of the Lord came upon him and he slew a thousand men." (Jud. 15: 14.)

"And it came to pass on the morrow that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul. . . . and there was a javelin in Saul's hand. And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it." (1 Sam. 10: 11.)

"CHRIST IS EQUAL WITH GOD."

"I and my Father are one." (John 10: 30.)

"Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God." (Phil. 2: 5.)

"CHRIST IS NOT EQUAL WITH GOD."

"My Father is greater than I." (John 14: 28.)

"Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only." (Matt. 24: 36.)

"CHRIST'S WITNESS OF HIMSELF IS TRUE."

"I am one that bear witness of myself. . . . Though I bear record of myself, yet my record is true." (John 8: 18, 14.)

"CHRIST'S WITNESS OF HIMSELF IS NOT TRUE."

"If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true." (John 5: 31.)

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