

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

Vol. 2, No 51.]

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

NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

[TWO DOLLARS  
per Year.

[WHOLE No. 103.]

## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made in italics to the subscriber that his subscription will soon expire, and that he is invited promptly to renew it, to insure the uninterrupted mailing of the paper, and save extra labor at the office. Renewals will in all cases be dated and received far from the expiring number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

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

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

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

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

## Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

DE. JOHN L. BUFFALO.—We have placed your communication in the hands of R. T. H.

W. J., EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.—Your fraternal salutations come warm and full of encouragement.

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The world your home, your brethren all mankind;  
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July 29.—Gov. Wise, at the head of a large rebel force, retreats beyond Gauley Bridge (Western Virginia), which he destroys, being pursued by Gen. Cox.

Aug. 7.—Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., between 5,500 Federal troops, under Gen. Lyon, and 22,000 rebels under Gens McCulloch and Price. Gen. Lyon was killed. Gen. Sigel retreats with the column to Springfield and Rolla. The Federal troops compel the rebels to burn a large quantity of baggage.

Aug. 14.—Martial law proclaimed in St. Louis by Gen. Fremont.

Aug. 16.—The President of the United States issues a Proclamation declaring the seceding States in insurrection, and prohibiting all intercourse between them and the other States of the Union.

Aug. 20.—Skirmish at Hawk's Nest, (Western Virginia); 400 rebels repulsed by the Eleventh Ohio Regiment. The Western Virginia Convention at Wheeling resolved that the thirty-nine counties of that State should constitute a new State called Kanawha, provided the people should confirm the resolve.

Aug. 26.—A military and naval expedition, under Gen. Butler and Com. Stringham, sailed from Fortress Monroe, Va. A portion of the Ohio Seventh Regiment cut their way through a large force of rebels at Cross Lanes, near Summerville, Western Virginia.

Aug. 28.—Hatteras captured by the expedition under Gen. Butler and Com. Stringham.

Aug. 30.—Major Gen. Fremont, in St. Louis, declares all the slaves of rebels in the Department of the West free men.

Sept. 6.—Paducah, Ky., occupied by National troops.

Sept. 13.—Battle of Carnifax Ferry (Western Virginia). Floyd routed by Gen. Rosencranz, and all his camp equipage taken.

Sept. 20.—Col. Mulligan surrenders Lexington to an immensely superior force of rebels.

Sept. 29.—United States troops occupy Munson's Hill, near Washington.

Oct. 5.—Battle of Chicamacomico, N. C., between the rebels and the gun-boat Monticello.

Oct. 8.—Rebels attempt by night to surprise the Wilson Zouaves, on Santa Rosa Island, but are defeated with great slaughter.

Oct. 21.—Battle of Ball's Bluff. Gen. Baker killed, and the Union forces defeated, with great loss. At Frederickstown, Mo., 500 rebels routed by Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana troops.

Oct. 25.—Major Zagony's Grand Charge at Springfield, Mo.

Oct. 26.—Gen. Kelley routs a large force of rebels at Romney, Va.

Oct. 26.—At Fulton, Mo., 400 rebels surrender to Gen. Henderson, at the head of 1500 Union troops.

Oct. 30.—The great Naval Expedition, under Gen. Sherman and Com. Dupont, sailed from Fortress Monroe.

Oct. 31.—Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, commander of the United States army, retired from active service at his own request, and Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan appointed Commander of the Armies of the Union.

Nov. 2.—Major Gen. John C. Fremont, Commander of the Western Department, superseded by Major Gen. Hunter.

Nov. 7.—Battle of Belmont, Mo.; 7000 rebels driven from their intrenchments, and their camp, baggage, cannon, and horses captured. The Naval Expedition to Beaufort captures Forts Beaufort and Walker, commanding the approaches to that place.

Nov. 8.—Mason and Slidell taken from the English mail-steamer Trent, by Com. Wilkes, U. S. N., commanding the San Jacinto.

Nov. 23.—Engagement at Pensacola between the rebels and the National troops at Fort Pickens.

Dec. 4.—Ship Island, near Mississippi City, commanding the approaches to New Orleans, occupied by National troops.

Dec. 5.—Beaufort, S. C., occupied by Gen. Sherman's forces.

Dec. 18.—Battle of Dranesville, Va. At Millford, Ky., 2000 rebels captured by Gen. Pope.

Dec. 18-25.—The English Government demand a rendition of Mason and Slidell.

Dec. 26.—Mason and Slidell surrendered.

Jan. 1, 1862.—A portion of Gen. Sherman's forces make a descent on Port Royal Ferry, and take possession of a station on the railroad between Charleston and Savannah.

Jan. 10.—Departure of a fleet under Gen. Burnside. Battle of Prestonburg, Ky.; Col. Garfield, with 1800 Ohio troops, disperses 2500 rebels under Gen. Humphrey Marshall.

Jan. 19.—Battle of Somerset. The rebels, to the number of about 10,000, under General Zollicoffer, of Tennessee, attacked the Union forces, numbering five regiments, under Gen. Thomas. The battle lasted most of the day (Sunday) ending with a total rout of the rebels, whose camp was taken, together with 80 wagon loads of quartermaster's and medical stores. The Rebel Gen. Zollicoffer was mortally wounded.

For the Herald of Progress.

## The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals.

NUMBER FOUR.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, whether the God of your fathers, or the gods of the Amorites, among whom ye dwell."

It is a charitable presumption that the Amorites had a "God of their fathers" as well as the Israelites. The invitation to a choice between them presupposes lukewarmness, to say the least, on the part of some, to either. The great church, styling itself Christian, has virtually repudiated both and set up another; and lo! the same want of zeal as of old, the same infatuation for other gods is lamented. This proneness to wander where fixity is so desirable, has lent its sanction to a very ancient and respectable error, namely: that the natural bias of mankind is to rebellion against God and the right.

I interpret the disposition complained of as the activity of a universal filial instinct, searching for God and the right. The wandering complained of comes not from the hatred of a rebel, but from the wounded affection of a child, who, among all the gods shown him, cannot recognize his father and mother. The theologians are right in this: that God, as represented in national creeds, is too abstract. Had they added "too impossible," they would have stated just the difficulty. A living child feels the need of a real Father; his affection will not, cannot adhere to a self-contradictory abstraction.

Take an example: You go into the appointed place for saving souls, and you are earnestly and honestly, no doubt, invited to "give your heart to God." Now this is a smooth phrase; it is uttered in all kindness and soberness, and its solemn sound, falling upon an ear fitted by hereditary descent and popular training to receive it, seems to mean something. But he who, on the instant, complies with the invitation, never stops to ask himself: What? The sound is real, and he bows to that. When the sound dies a post mortem will show that it means precisely this: give your understanding to the "man of God," and think no more. Do not blame him; his instinct is true, though his logic is fallacious. The "man of God" is not an abstraction, he is an infinitesimal reality. To him he is the highest, noblest manifestation of God, and to that, for a little time, he loyally yields his heart. This will be denied. It will be said: "We give our hearts to God—not in the person of the minister, but through that of Jesus of Nazareth. We love God in loving him." But where is the Jesus whom you think you love? "In the Bible," you answer. True; but can you give your heart to a book? You cannot so much as love the dead body of one whom you once knew and loved; think you, in view of that fact, your human nature will permit your inmost affection to rest upon the history of a dead man whom you never knew? It is upon ever present reality, not upon memory, that your soul lives. By authority of the book, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." The gods of the dead nations are as dead as they.

This is why our religion comes to naught: it imposes, as its first and most sacred duty, undoubting faith in the birth and death of its God! We have mistaken a dead Brother for the infinite right and true—for the living God, manifest in all that is. This American people, with a God who lived and died in Asia nearly two thousand years ago!—with God no nearer to its senses and consciousness than that, how much longer will it be able itself to live? The governing power in Church and State, deaf as a post to American right, bids us mourn and rejoice, in the same breath, over a Jewish wrong; and this, performed with all decency of contortions and due accompaniment of organ and psalm, it considers being religious. We are a religious people by virtue of that, and as a religious people, by no other virtue under the sun. The nation, for aught it at present knows or can realize, is at the mercy of a dead God and a living fool. Its very worship is by symbols—without a wooden cross and a silver cup it would fall asleep in the holy place, as do the Quakers, who, through much idleness, have become too lazy even to shake.

It is character that men love, not history. Who dreams of loving Socrates? The truths of Socrates claim natural reverence; but these still live. They are alive, in fact, in him who reveres them in Socrates, else there could be

no reverence. Whoso, therefore, honestly believes that he loves either Socrates or Jesus, does but honor the divine things of himself. It is God incarnate within his own personality who stirs the fire of devotion on the altar of his outer consciousness, and although his senses waft the incense towards the dead nostrils of history, his soul appropriates it to herself.

To say, therefore, what the Church everywhere inculcates, namely, that men naturally hate God, is no less absurd and false than to say they naturally hate themselves—are naturally unfaithful to themselves, and void of all inherent regard for the unbounded beauties and blessings within and around them. "Our mother earth" did she ever produce a child naturally unfaithful to her? The unfaithfulness, we see, comes not from hatred, or rebellion, but from ignorance of her ways. Her love is written in laws, and we mistranslate or fail to discover them, and so come to grief; but the disappointment only whets our powers of discovery and renews the vows of fidelity. We don't secede, we don't ask her to let us alone. We wrestle with her in effectual, fervent prayer, that she may show us her will and declare unto us her ways. "Our Mother" is good and true, and the more we know of her the more we love and obey. "Our Father" we are less acquainted with. We suppose him a great way off. We forget that conjugality is a union of two in one; so, when we would find "our Father" we look directly away from "our Mother," and do not find him. The Romans built a Pantheon, and put their Jove and his royal family within it; the Jews compiled a book, and within its mystic leaves embalmed their Jehovah; the gods of the Pantheon, the Abraham God, the Sanscrit Trinity of the Brahmins—we are not the children of our Mother and any of these; they are obsolete. The Pantheon gods have gone altogether, and Jehovah is retired on half-pay, in consequence of a rebellion among his subjects, which he found himself unable to manage without the aid of another God of more youthful date. This latter is still supposed to be carrying on the ancient war against Prince Beelzebub, who yet looms above the horizon of Church-mythology like a diluted Jeff Davis.

May we not reasonably hope, now we are ridding us of so many shams, that the manufacturing of gods, whether of wood or paper, may speedily cease for want of a market? And since the collapse of Dr. Bellow's "Broad-church," that a sanitary institution, for the treatment of infirm Divinities, may be thought of no more?

He who would know of the "Universal Father," has no need to ask his younger Brothers and Sisters, who, for natural reasons, should know less of the matter than himself; he has only to ask the "Universal Mother"—ask with his whole heart, and listen to her answer with his whole understanding—for she alone can "teach us of his ways," with authority, that shall forever after bind us to "walk in his paths"—I say, he, who would know of the "good Father," let him go to the good Mother. He who, in preference, would confer with the mummy gods, let him repair straightway to the museum of the New York Historical Society on the corner of Second Avenue and Eleventh Street. To me, these high dried divinities suggest this reflection, not without profit: the gods of all the peoples, our own included, are in the past tense—that is to say, they all have a "God of their fathers"—a God whom their fathers knew a great deal about, but of whom they, the children, know nothing whatever, not enough even to understand the little that "their fathers" guessed at.

R. T. H.

For the Herald of Progress.

## An Offset

TO AN "INVESTIGATOR'S" PROTEST.

(See HERALD—Issue Jan. 18th.)

MR. DAVIS: I, a member of the toad family, protest against having anything more to do with beings calling themselves men, unless they will show themselves to us in a toad style of locomotion, and according to a regular toad programme, and so let us know who we are dealing with. They say they not only observe us, but understand all the habits and peculiarities of our species. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. Why can they not grant us toads this humble request? Why will they persist in remaining eternally men? May we not with reason suspect something wrong, if they persist in not acting as toads everywhere do, treating of our species by what they choose to call the science of Zoology? I suggest that men call a world's convention, some time next year, and publicly protest against communicating with any book or institution of learning that thus treats of our wonderful species, unless they will condescend to our well-known toad programme and let us all see their peculiar style of locomotion, so that we may know who we are dealing with and not be deceived. If these beings are toads, let us all be convinced; I think we have all been going it blind long enough. I have been for ten years a doubting Toad.

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July 17.—Gen. Patterson's army corps marched from near the Potomac to Charles-ton, Va., reaching that place at night.

July 21.—Gen. McDowell, at the head of 18,000 men, attacks 32,000 rebels near Bull Run (or Stone Bridge). Loss 462 in slain, and 900 prisoners. Total killed, wounded, and missing, 2,392. Rebel loss, killed, 613; wounded or lost, 2,765. Both armies imagine themselves beaten; the Federal rushes in complete disorder to Washington.

July 29.—Gov. Wise, at the head of a large rebel force, retreats beyond Gauley Bridge (Western Virginia) which he destroys, being pursued by Gen. Cox.

Aug. 7.—Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., between 5,500 Federal troops, under Gen. Lyon, and 22,000 rebels under Gens McCulloch and Price. Gen. Lyon was killed. Gen. Sigel retreats with the column to Springfield and Rolla. The Federal troops compel the rebels to burn a large quantity of baggage.

Aug. 14.—Martial law proclaimed in St. Louis by Gen. Fremont.

Aug. 16.—The President of the United States issues a Proclamation declaring the seceding States in insurrection, and prohibiting all intercourse between them and the other States of the Union.

Aug. 20.—Skirmish at Hawk's Nest, (Western Virginia); 400 rebels repulsed by the Eleventh Ohio Regiment. The Western Virginia Convention at Wheeling resolved that the thirty-nine counties of that State should constitute a new State called Kanawha, provided the people should confirm the resolve.

Aug. 26.—A military and naval expedition, under Gen. Butler and Com. Stringham, sailed from Fortress Monroe, Va. A portion of the Ohio Seventh Regiment cut their way through a large force of rebels at Cross Lanes, near Summerville, Western Virginia.

Aug. 28.—Hatteras captured by the expedition under Gen. Butler and Com. Stringham.

Aug. 30.—Major Gen. Fremont, in St. Louis, declares all the slaves of rebels in the Department of the West free men.

Sept. 6.—Paducah, Ky., occupied by National troops.

Sept. 12.—Battle of Carnifax Ferry (Western Virginia). Floyd routed Gen. Rosencranz, and all his camp equipage taken.

Sept. 20.—Col. Mulligan surrenders Lexington to an immensely superior force of rebels.

Sept. 29.—United States troops occupy Munson's Hill, near Washington.

Oct. 5.—Battle of Chicamacomico, N. C., between the rebels and the gun-boat Monticello.

Oct. 8.—Rebels attempt by night to surprise the Wilson Zouaves, on Santa Rosa Island, but are defeated with great slaughter.

Oct. 21.—Battle of Ball's Bluff. Gen. Baker killed, and the Union forces defeated, with great loss. At Frederickstown, Mo., 500 rebels routed by Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana troops.

Oct. 25.—Major Zagony's Grand Charge at Springfield, Mo.

Oct. 26.—Gen. Kelly routs a large force of rebels at Romney, Va.

Oct. 26.—At Fulton, Mo., 400 rebels surrender to Gen. Henderson, at the head of 1500 Union troops.

Oct. 30.—The great Naval Expedition, under Gen. Sherman and Com. Dupont, sailed from Fortress Monroe.

Oct. 31.—Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, commander of the United States army, retired from active service at his own request, and Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan appointed Commander of the Armies of the Union.

Nov. 2.—Major Gen. John C. Fremont, Commander of the Western Department, superseded by Major Gen. Hunter.

Nov. 7.—Battle of Belmont, Mo.; 7000 rebels driven from their intrenchments, and their camp, baggage, cannon, and horses captured. The Naval Expedition to Beaufort captures Forts Beauregard and Walker, commanding the approaches to that place.

Nov. 8.—Mason and Slidell taken from the English mail-steamer Trent, by Com. Wilkes, U. S. N., commanding the San Jacinto.

Nov. 23.—Engagement at Pensacola between the rebels and the National troops at Fort Pickens.

Dec. 4.—Ship Island, near Mississippi City, commanding the approaches to New Orleans, occupied by National troops.

Dec. 5.—Beaufort, S. C., occupied by Gen. Sherman's forces.

Dec. 18.—Battle of Dranesville, Va. At Millford, Ky., 2000 rebels captured by Gen. Pope.

Dec. 18-25.—The English Government demand a rendition of Mason and Slidell.

Dec. 26.—Mason and Slidell surrendered.

Jan. 1, 1862.—A portion of Gen. Sherman's forces make a descent on Port Royal Ferry, and take possession of a station on the railroad between Charleston and Savannah.

Jan. 10.—Departure of a fleet under Gen. Burnside. Battle of Prestonburg, Ky.; Col. Garfield, with 1800 Ohio troops, disperses 2500 rebels under Gen. Humphrey Marshall.

Jan. 19.—Battle of Somerset. The rebels, to the number of about 10,000, under General Zollicoffer, of Tennessee, attacked the Union forces, numbering five regiments, under Gen. Thomas. The battle lasted most of the day (Sunday) ending with a total rout of the rebels, whose camp was taken, together with 80 wagon loads of quartermaster's and medical stores. The Rebel Gen. Zollicoffer was mortally wounded.

For the Herald of Progress.

### The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals.

NUMBER FOUR.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, whether the God of your fathers, or the gods of the Amorites, among whom ye dwell."

It is a charitable presumption that the Amorites had a "God of their fathers" as well as the Israelites. The invitation to a choice between them presupposes lukewarmness, to say the least, on the part of some, to either. The great church, styling itself Christian, has virtually repudiated both and set up another; and lo! the same want of zeal as of old, the same infatuation for other gods is lamented. This proneness to wander where fixity is so desirable, has lent its sanction to a very ancient and respectable error, namely: that the natural bias of mankind is to rebellion against God and the right.

I interpret the disposition complained of as the activity of a universal filial instinct, searching for God and the right. The wandering complained of comes not from the hatred of a rebel, but from the wounded affection of a child, who, among all the gods shown him, cannot recognize his father and mother. The theologians are right in this: that God, as represented in national creeds, is too abstract. Had they added "too impossible," they would have stated just the difficulty. A living child feels the need of a real Father; his affection will not, cannot adhere to a self-contradictory abstraction.

Take an example: You go into the appointed place for saving souls, and you are earnestly and honestly, no doubt, invited to "give your heart to God." Now this is a smooth phrase; it is uttered in all kindness and soberness, and its solemn sound, falling upon an ear fitted by hereditary descent and popular training to receive it, seems to mean something. But he who, on the instant, complies with the invitation, never stops to ask himself What? The sound is real, and he bows to that. When the sound dies a post mortem will show that it means precisely this: give your understanding to the "man of God," and think no more. Do not blame him; his instinct is true, though his logic is fallacious. The "man of God" is not an abstraction, he is an infinitesimal reality. To him he is the highest, noblest manifestation of God, and to that, for a little time, he loyally yields his heart. This will be denied. It will be said: "We give our hearts to God—not in the person of the minister, but through that of Jesus of Nazareth. We love God in loving him." But where is the Jesus whom you think you love? "In the Bible," you answer. True; but can you give your heart to a book? You cannot so much as love the dead body of one whom you once knew and loved; think you, in view of that fact, your human nature will permit your inmost affection to rest upon the history of a dead man whom you never knew? It is upon ever present reality, not upon memory, that your soul lives. By authority of the book, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." The gods of the dead nations are as dead as they.

This is why our religion comes to naught: it imposes, as its first and most sacred duty, undoubting faith in the birth and death of its God! We have mistaken a dead Brother for the infinite right and true—for the living God, manifest in all that is. This American people, with a God who lived and died in Asia nearly two thousand years ago!—with God no nearer to its senses and consciousness than that, how much longer will it be able itself to live? The governing power in Church and State, deaf as a post to American right, bids us mourn and rejoice, in the same breath, over a Jewish wrong; and this, performed with all decency of contortion and due accompaniment of organ and psalm, it considers being religious. We are a religious people by virtue of that, and as a religious people, by no other virtue under the sun. The nation, for aught it at present knows or can realize, is at the mercy of a dead God and a living fool. Its very worship is by symbols—without a wooden cross and a silver cup it would fall asleep in the holy place, as do the Quakers, who, through much idleness, have become too lazy even to shake.

It is character that men love, not history. Who dreams of loving Socrates? The truths of Socrates claim natural reverence; but these still live. They are alive, in fact, in him who reveres them in Socrates, else there could be

no reverence. Whoso, therefore, honestly believes that he loves either Socrates or Jesus, does but honor the divine things of himself. It is God incarnate within his own personality who stirs the fire of devotion on the altar of his outer consciousness, and although his senses waft the incense towards the dead nostrils of history, his soul appropriates it to herself.

To say, therefore, what the Church everywhere inculcates, namely, that men naturally hate God, is no less absurd and false than to say they naturally hate themselves—are naturally unfaithful to themselves, and void of all inherent regard for the unbounded beauties and blessings within and around them. "Our mother earth" did she ever produce a child naturally unfaithful to her? The unfaithfulness, we see, comes not from hatred, or rebellion, but from ignorance of her ways. Her love is written in laws, and we mistranslate or fail to discover them, and so come to grief; but the disappointment only whets our powers of discovery and renews the vows of fidelity. We don't secede, we don't ask her to let us alone. We wrestle with her in effectual, fervent prayer, that she may show us her will and declare unto us her ways. "Our Mother" is good and true, and the more we know of her the more we love and obey. "Our Father" we are less acquainted with. We suppose him a great way off. We forget that conjugality is a union of two in one; so, when we would find "our Father" we look directly away from "our Mother," and do not find him. The Romans built a Pantheon, and put their Jove and his royal family within it; the Jews compiled a book, and within its mystic leaves embalmed their Jehovah; the gods of the Pantheon, the Abrahamic God, the Sanscrit Trinity of the Brahmins—we are not the children of our Mother and any of these; they are obsolete. The Pantheon gods have gone altogether, and Jehovah is retired on half-pay, in consequence of a rebellion among his subjects, which he found himself unable to manage without the aid of another God of more youthful date. This latter is still supposed to be carrying on the ancient war against Prince Beelzebub, who yet looms above the horizon of Church mythology like a diluted Jeff. Davis.

May we not reasonably hope, now we are ridding us of so many shams, that the manufacturing of gods, whether of wood or paper, may speedily cease for want of a market? And since the collapse of Dr. Bellow's "Broad-church," that a sanitary institution, for the treatment of infirm Divinities, may be thought of no more?

He who would know of the "Universal Father," has no need to ask his younger Brothers and Sisters, who, for natural reasons, should know less of the matter than himself; he has only to ask the "Universal Mother"—ask with his whole heart, and listen to her answer with his whole understanding—for she alone can "teach us of his ways," with authority, that shall forever after bind us to "walk in his paths"—I say, he, who would know of the "good Father," let him go to the good Mother. He who, in preference, would confer with the mummy gods, let him repair straightway to the museum of the New York Historical Society on the corner of Second Avenue and Eleventh Street. To me, these high dried divinities suggest this reflection, not without profit: the gods of all the peoples, our own included, are in the past tense—that is to say, they all have a "God of their fathers"—a God whom their fathers knew a great deal about, but of whom they, the children, know nothing whatever, not enough even to understand the little that "their fathers" guessed at.

R. T. H.

For the Herald of Progress.

### An Offset

TO AN "INVESTIGATOR'S" PROTEST.

(See HERALD—Issue Jan. 18th.)

Mr. DAVIS: I, a member of the toad family, protest against having anything more to do with beings calling themselves men, unless they will show themselves to us in a toad style of locomotion, and according to a regular toad programme, and so let us know who we are dealing with. They say they not only observe us, but understand all the habits and peculiarities of our species. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. Why can they not grant us toads this humble request? Why will they persist in remaining eternally men? May we not with reason suspect something wrong, if they persist in not acting as toads everywhere do, treating of our species by what they choose to call the science of Zoology? I suggest that men call a world's convention, some time next year, and publicly protest against communicating with any book or institution of learning that thus treats of our wonderful species, unless they will condescend to our well-known toad programme and let us all see their peculiar style of locomotion, so that we may know who we are dealing with and not be deceived. If these beings are toads, let us all be convinced; I think we have all been going it blind long enough. I have been for ten years a doubting Toad.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

A Skeptic's Inquiries.

Mr. Editor: Among others, I feel moved to write something for the Herald of Progress. I have been for years a seeker for truth. Having long discarded the old theological speculations of the early ages, I have anxiously looked for the revelations of the present. A few years ago it was announced to the world that departed spirits conversed with the living, and I rejoiced, hoping to find it true. I read all the books I could procure, formed circles, received manifestations of various kinds, but the more I sought the truth, the more it seemed to fly from me. I thought the evidence decidedly in favor of Spiritualism, yet the more I saw, the more I was dissatisfied, for in all I found nothing appearing to be spiritual in which I could repose implicit confidence. Up to this time I had never had a doubt of the existence of the soul, or its immortality. But at this stage of my progress there were several things, which I need not now enumerate, which led me to doubt the continued action of life after physical dissolution. The analogy of all Nature seemed to me to point to its disorganization and destruction; the arguments of the clergy I knew to be weak and silly, and nothing seemed to sustain the belief in immortality but the Harmonial Philosophy and the theory of eternal progression. I thought, however, I might possibly see enough to enable me to know what I wished by applying to some of the celebrated mediums in New York; and although I could ill bear the expense, I visited your city, at a distance of more than a thousand miles. A celebrated medium gave me a psychological description of character of the most flattering kind, which were I egotistic, I should no doubt pronounce correct in every particular. She informed me of what was about to happen, and several things were to occur within a given time. The time has passed, and nothing has transpired which was foretold by the seeress. Certain things were also promised regarding my own wonderful spiritual unfoldment. The conditions were strictly complied with, but the result was a complete failure. Again, I visited another, recommended by those who had visited her as an extraordinarily reliable medium, through our paper, the Herald of Progress. She said she did not know that there was any communication received from another world; that she had her doubts, but proceeded to sit for me, paused, said she could not speak in my company, that I had extraordinary psychological power, &c., &c., &c., but received notice that the spirit of my father was present, and wished to speak with me. I informed her that my father was in good health at home, which was, and still is, a fact. This was called "strange," and so I thought it. She described many things, and informed me of events which would shortly come to pass. The statements were incorrect in nearly every particular. One thing, however, was promised—namely, the reception of a letter, the contents of which, it was said, would be received in New York within three or four days at farthest; in this she was certain, and "could not be mistaken." More than a year has passed, and it remains unfulfilled. Since this occurred, I have seen another article in this paper speaking of the reliability of this medium. After this, I visited Mr. P., a renowned medium, of whom I had heard much, being represented as the best medium for skeptics to visit in the United States. He, too, has been praised in an article in the Herald, and one thing may be said at the outset—that he was no flatterer. Many tests were produced, but the spirits, who professed to be well-known deceased friends, after repeatedly agreeing to spell their own names and mine, failed in every instance to do either. Another test—that of selecting the right name out of several others—succeeded. Mr. P. informed me that this ought to be sufficient, and I ought to be satisfied. I was not satisfied that educated friends purporting to be present could not spell their own names. Mr. P. used rather insulting language, said I was eviling, impeached my motives, &c., and stated that hundreds came to him a day, and were satisfied with such tests, &c.; that one had given him \$100 for seeing them, &c.; that he did not do this for a living at all, or to make money, but to do good, &c.; but as he would not sit as medium for less than two dollars an hour, and hundreds visited him daily, I could not help thinking that thousands of money-lovers would like to do good in the same way and at the same rates. Other tests were given, more wonderful, and almost enough to persuade me to believe there were spirits present; but I must acknowledge I have seen much more wonderful feats performed by Chinese jugglers. I received no communication worth remembering, and cannot say that I was not still unsatisfied. A great seeress visited our city; many lawyers, physicians, and even orthodox clergymen, visited her; one of the latter, it is said, acknowledged that God, for some wise purpose, had given her wonderful powers. She could unravel the thread of destiny and reveal the arcs of the future. One doctor informed me that she had "told him all that ever he did," had "told his history thus far better than he could have done." I was prevailed upon to visit her, and will say that I could describe her past, present, and future, more correctly than she did mine, for she failed in everything, though repeatedly asserting that she was "never mistaken." Another medium visited our city, and receiving a chance introduction to her at the house of a friend, she proceeded to tell me of a horse which I had lost; when and by what manner of man stolen; where secreted, and for what purpose; described time, place, dress, company, &c., so minutely, that I went on a wild-goose chase after him. This prediction, too, failed in every particular. I found him in an opposite direction, taken by a different person, and for another purpose. This is my experience with the best mediums—all celebrated, all widely known, and their names familiar to many of the readers of the Herald, but which, for obvious reasons, are not given. A lecturer on Spiritualism here, some time ago, stated that skeptics will find, in investi-

gating Spiritualism, that the more they examine it, the less of it they will believe. A talented Spiritualist lady here said that it agreed exactly with her experience, and I am sorry to say, does with mine. Why is this? When we inquire for evidence of the immortality of the soul, Spiritualists refer us to their mediums; we go to them, pay them our money, get no satisfaction, and then are gravely informed that the great or one great object of Spiritualism, or spirit communion, is to convince skeptics of the immortality of the soul. A late Spiritualist writer asserts that ninety-nine hundredths of all that goes by the name of spirit communion is spurious. If so, is it very difficult to believe the other one-hundredth is spurious also? The most extraordinary proofs of spiritual intercourse were said to have been given through Fay, yet Spiritualists themselves have shown him to be an impostor. If, then, the most extraordinary mediums, whose manifestations were of the most astounding character, have been found spurious, and an imposition upon the public, what faith can we be expected to place in those of less power and skill? Again permit me to ask what great truths have been made known to the world by spirits who are supposed to communicate? Many new discoveries have been made in the scientific world within ten years—new planets have been discovered, new truths of the most startling character, in geography, meteorology, geology, &c., &c., made known, but has one of them been owing to Spiritualism? Arts possessed by the ancients have been lost; the world has been seeking a knowledge of them for ages. Why do not the spirits practicing those arts, who are now in the spirit world, inform us concerning them? In Central America, Mexico, South America, and, in fact, throughout nearly all countries, in both hemispheres, are the remains of splendid cities, temples, monuments; also fortifications, mounds, &c., &c., throughout our country; why do not their builders, now in the spirit world, reveal to us their history? Ancient historians do not agree; their statements conflict; why not consult them now, and get the truth? Suppose I ask, through Brother Mansfield, of the Banner, of the death of the great Cyrus, king of Persia. Could I get a letter from that ancient worthy, with the particulars, and thus reconcile conflicting accounts of ancient authors? There is much need of money to aid the cause of Spiritualism. Vast quantities of gold and precious treasure lie buried in the earth (much of it buried by men) which has never been discovered. It is doing no good; why do not those who buried it inform those who are in correspondence with the "Summer Land" of its whereabouts? I will myself agree to dig for it, and appropriate it all to the aid of the Harmonial Philosophy, in the circulation of its literature. Great efforts are being made by our officers to discover the situation, number, plans, &c., of our Southern enemies; why do not spirits travel without a pass into the enemy's camp, and give all needful information? Why not inform mediums and let them know all the enemies are doing, and the events proving their correctness would soon show the world that mediums were reliable, and Spiritualism a fact. Again, how is it with eminent Spiritualists, and to what do their doctrines lead? Rev. C. A. Harvey, author of "Millennial Dawn," and other Spiritualist works, has denounced Spiritualism, and is a zealous Episcopal Methodist. Rev. T. L. Harris, the gifted Spiritualist poet, has, we are told in the papers, done the same, and is now a Swedenborgian. Hume, the wonderful medium, has found a home in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. The talented Dr. T. L. Nichols and his gifted wife have been led by "the spirits" to embrace the same tenets. J. K. Cooney says in this paper (Oct. 12, 1861) "Spirits feed on the magnetism of the living, and thus cause disease." I was horrified by some such stories in my youth, but supposed them peculiar to a darker age than ours. Judge Boardman labors in the same paper to prove the Buddhist transmigration theory. He believes that man's spirit had been eternally individualized, and that it had inhabited forms prior to inhabiting the human, and that they would ultimately relapse in their circular development. Is this a development of the onward and upward tendencies of the age, or a "relapse" in doctrine or theory to Hindooism? W. F. Von Vleck in the same number denies that a spirit can influence strangers, and challenges any one to prove that one who "sits down and passively awaits the reception of a communication, ever received one with the name of one of his spirit friends appended, and containing a definite statement of incidents occurring in the life experience of the spirit purporting to communicate." Is not this a death-blow to the pretensions of many of our mediums, from a Spiritualist? After reading the above record, Mr. Editor, will you, or some of your able correspondents, inform me what to do in order to get proof satisfactory of the existence and communion of spirits with mortals. Yours, INQUIRER. QUINCY, ILL.

ANSWER.

We certainly condole with our correspondent in his unfortunate experience with professional mediums. We need not examine in detail the difficulties he has had with the mediums to whom he alludes. It is enough to say that where one can narrate as long a list of mistakes, errors, and impertinences on the part of mediums, as our friend, there can be found three who will match these blunders of two out of every three persons who act as such, with experiences satisfactory to themselves, and which, when related, seem to be good tests to third parties. Nothing then can be made out against Spiritualism by the confessedly exceptional cases of the blunders of mediums. We can only, therefore, state certain principles, which, it seems to us, ought to guide the investigator of this subject. 1. In investigating an hypothesis where any class of experiments is to be conducted, one test experiment ought to counterbalance a dozen failures; and conversely, a dozen failures ought not to weaken our faith in the possibility of a fact, when hundreds of compe-

tent witnesses testify that their experiments have in many instances succeeded. 2. In Spiritualism the first point to be ascertained is the existence of spirits, that is, of persons invisible to the ordinary senses, who act, feel, and think in some respects as we do—of persons whose bodies are intangible under ordinary conditions, and unseen. To verify this fact of spiritual existence three things are necessary: (1) an imponderable agent; (2) a living person or a peculiar locality in which this imponderable agent exists; (3) a spirit. Now, in order to bring the first and third of these conditions together in the same experiment, we have to depend upon the second mainly, that is, a person who is technically called a "medium," or one in whom the imponderable agent above mentioned is extraordinarily abundant. Of this agent, we at present know little more than that it exists. We witness certain effects flowing from its presence, but we cannot yet insulate it, or bottle it up, as we do electricity in a Leyden jar, or as we have terrestrial magnetism confined in a load-stone. The nearest approach we have hitherto made in using this imponderable, is in concentrating it in the so-called mesmeric subjects; and the conditions to a successful concentration of it in these cases, are still unknown. But when it is thus concentrated, we know that thought, sensation, and animal strength, can be transferred from person to person; that the volitions of the subject and his individual trains of thought can be modified indefinitely and even suspended by the mesmeriser. We have, then, in this imponderable, a mental fluid or aura, which, in certain conditions, can even control muscular force. With it we can mix up and color the fancies of the mesmeric subject's mind indefinitely, blend our truths with their mental fictions, or our own mental fictions with their truths. Very few mesmerisers, however, can handle their subjects thoroughly. In willing his subject to sing, he may get only a cry, or in willing him to count, the result may be a prayer. In other words, he cannot so conduct the imponderable to the proper mental organs of his subject, as to produce in all cases exactly what he wishes. Very few persons, however, can mesmerise at all; a much smaller number is it that can mesmerise well, that is, who can carry through the mental machinery of the subject the exact thought he wishes to convey. Spiritualism, as an art, is an effort to use the same mesmeric subject by persons in the body and persons out of the body at the same time. Only we on this side of Jordan sit generally, or try to sit, as passive receivers for the communications from "beyond." Let us try to delineate the manner in which the experiment is ordinarily conducted, with the common results. A. goes to a medium to discover a lost horse. Medium sits. Spiritual Prof. Rarey does not come to communicate, but some jolly cove over Jordan, who was gifted while in the flesh with the faculty of getting horses away from their owners. If this fellow gets his communication through, he will tell A. the most wonderful story about the lost horse—how he was taken on such a night, from such a stable; what kind of a saddle was put on him; and exactly where the thief did not go—and he will laugh all the while that A. should be so much of a horse himself as to think the whole spirit-world is nothing but a detective police station for horse-thieves. Of course, A., after discovering where the lost horse is not, will have a very contemptible opinion of the medium. Why should he not? His horse did not "come to time!" B. goes to the medium for a communication. He has no foregone conclusion as to what shall come to him as a test. A grandfather attempts to inform him that he is present. His spiritual telegraph, the medium, succeeds in passing over the lines the words: "Your father is here." The lines fall on the word "grand." B. is nonplused; his father is still living in the flesh. "This is perplexing," he says, but I will wait a little." Presently it is announced: "John M'Bride is here." "John M'Bride—John M'Bride—I never knew such a person. Stop! He was an old school-fellow. I remember him now. Is it really John M'Bride?" Three raps follow. C., who is something of an antiquarian, sitting by B's side, now interposes. "John, as you are a resident of the spirit-world, and must know everything that ever happened, will you please inform me who built the cities whose remains are now found in Central America? What kind of a race was it? Were they Aztecs? Were they descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel, and did they cross into America by Behring's Straits? How old was Montezuma when he was broiled by Fernando Cortez? How long before Solomon did Og, king of Bashan, live? Did Og keep as large a harem as Solomon? Did Socrates go about Athens barefoot, as Plato says he did? How large a house was that in which Alcibiades died? What became of the soldier that cut off Cicero's head? What has become of the whetstone that one of the kings of Rome cut in two with a razor? You must be aware, John, that if the spiritual world would only answer these questions satisfactorily, the cause of Spiritualism would be greatly promoted. Please answer them promptly." John M'Bride, on the other side of Jordan, stands in utter amazement at this flood of questions, and wisely beats a retreat. The raps cease altogether, the medium yawns, and the circle disperses. The two friends go away in very different states of mind. B. is perplexed that his father's spirit should rap, but is fully convinced that the medium never heard of John M'Bride, and that "there is something in it." C. is convinced that the whole thing is a humbug. If John M'Bride had been really there, he would have rapped out the entire history of the Aztecs.

It is plain from the cases supposed that satisfactory evidence of the reality of a spiritual world is a very different thing with different minds. Evidence intrinsically good is of no value to minds too prejudiced or too contracted to appreciate it. Who knows whether, if the spirit world should communicate the contents of the London Times every day in New York within an hour after its publication in London, that the evidence would be one whit more conducive to a spread of a rational Spiritualism, than the manifold facts now in existence? The thing needed is not that the world should come to the belief of Spiritualism in a day, on high-pressure evidence, but slowly, surely, safely, and thoughtfully. To this end, all the difficulties and embarrassments attendant on a thorough investigation of the subject are simply a wholesome discipline to Reason and Faith; nothing more, nothing less. We grow morally and mentally by solid work, honestly undertaken and well done. A faith in the spiritual world, crammed down us, as so much spoon-virtuals, would be worth nothing at all. It could never be digested. 3. The third idea to be borne in mind in investigating Spiritualism is, that as our mere presence modifies the imponderable agent of which the medium is simply the receptacle and conductor, that our passive receptivity will be vastly more effective in getting "satisfactory" tests than a fussy spirit of captious questioning. Such a spirit is, in itself, the worst of disturbing elements to the conditions on which any experiment can be successfully conducted. For it not only conflicts with the working of the unknown imponderable, but it is likely to so irritate and fret the medium as to render any communication through him or her impossible. 4. If a spirit is one of the means requisite to our coming to a knowledge of the spirit-world, it must be remembered that, as a spirit is a person, you cannot dictate the terms on which you are to come to that knowledge. Here more than anywhere else, "does it take two to make a bargain?" Your foregone exclusive tests, may be precisely that very thing to which the other party will not submit. If you will have knowledge only in your own way, the first influence you will get from the spirit world, will be an expressive hint that the path of querulous conceit is not the shortest way to wisdom. Do not then prepare your tests beforehand. 5. Finally, as only a few men can mesmerise, and transmit a distinct thought through a subject, so there is a proportionally small number of spirits that can handle the medium (the subject for spirit mesmerisers) so as to shoot their pure thought through the veil into our world. They are learning the art, however, every day, and their skill seems destined to a most signal triumph in less than one decade from the current year. As things are, you may call for the spirit F, and G will come, because he can alone manage the telegraph. The better way, therefore, is to evoke no particular spirit, for it is by no means certain that he or she can come. Of course, such worthies as Og, king of Bashan, King David, Romulus and Remus, Confucius, Joshua, Mahomet, Zoroaster, and the Apostle Paul, had better be let alone for the present. Mesmerism was little known when they were on earth, and it is quite possible that they may have some little affairs of their own to attend to when we call; especially if our only object in evoking them is to catch stolen horses, or find where Capt. Kidd buried his money, or get a dissertation on the antiquities of Sodom and Gomorrah. This is all the advice we can just now think of for our correspondent; we can merely add that cherishing a sweet and sunny temper, and keeping the liver in a healthy state, will be highly conducive to successful inquiries in Spiritualism. D. L.

Philosophical Department.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

The Revolutions of the Sea.

OBJECTIONS TO ADHEMAR'S THEORY

The theory of M. Adhemar, as explained in the Herald of Progress of November 9, appears to me to be based upon one fallacious premise, as I will endeavor to show. There is another error in the same article, that the precession of the equinoxes "cants each pole alternately above and below the plane of its orbit;" whereas the earth's motion is the same as that of a top of a spherical form spinning with its axis nearly perpendicular. The upper pole describes a circle, but if the top were spinning in water just deep enough to reach its center, to represent the plane of the earth's orbit, it would not sink below the surface of the water. This error, accidental I presume, does not affect the theory of M. Adhemar, and requires no further attention. M. Adhemar admits "the fact that the earth receives the same quantity of heat during the different periods of the year," and hence that the two hemispheres receive an equal degree of heat from the sun; our winter, during which the earth is nearest the sun, being eight days shorter than our summer, which compensates for the excess of heat each day. The sole question at issue then, is whether the two hemispheres radiate this heat equally. Now it is not true that any portion of the earth radiates heat at night only, as it receives it by day only; but it radiates heat during the whole twenty-four hours; indeed rather more rapidly during the day from the fact that it is then warmer. Hence, the North Pole receives a certain amount of heat and radiates it through 8,766 hours of day and night; while

the South Pole receives an equal amount of heat and radiates it through an equal time. The time of radiation being the same, that hemisphere must cool the fastest which is the warmest. Hence, if from any other cause, there were an incidental difference of temperature, this astronomical cause tends to restore the equilibrium. I do not assert that there is no connection between the precession of the equinoxes and the geologic changes which have taken place in the earth's history; but merely that there is such a connection, the theory of M. Adhemar, as I understand it, is not the true explanation. HENRY M. PARSHURAT. New York, Jan. 13, 1862. REPLY AND EXPLANATION. In the article in No. 90 of the Herald, we only proposed to exhibit M. Adhemar's theory. By way of explanation, we will simply restate what we suppose to be his views in regard to the amount of heat received, and the amount radiated annually by the two Poles of the earth. For this purpose we will imagine certain questions to be put to M. Adhemar, and will endeavor to derive his probable answers from the original work. Upon what does the temperature of any part of the earth depend? Ans. "Not upon the quantity of heat received, but upon the amount preserved; or, rather, upon the difference which exists between the heat received and that which is lost in a given time." Is the amount of radiation from the whole earth equal at all periods of the year? Ans. The radiation of heat is greatest when the earth is farthest from the sun. Why? Ans. Because, while receiving the sun's rays in their least intensity, the earth radiates its specific heat more rapidly from a large area, than at any other time in the year. When is the radiation of the earth's heat the least? Ans. When it is nearest the sun. Why? Ans. Because, while receiving most heat from the sun, the radiation of the earth's specific heat is checked over a larger area, and unobstructed over a smaller area, than at any other time in the year. How long does the earth receive its maximum amount of heat from the sun? Ans. Seven days less than it receives the same heat in its minimum intensity, there being two periods in the year when the amounts received from the sun are equal. [In the article No. 90 of the Herald, quoting from a quotation, we said "eight" days; we should have said seven.] Do you mean to say that the radiation of heat from the earth would be constant, were it not for the sun's action upon it, and that the calorific effect of the specific heat of the earth, joined to that emitted from the sun, is less in one half of the year than in the other, owing to the sun's emitted heat varying in intensity as respects the whole earth, and in the time of its operation as respects certain localities? Ans. I do. By natural radiation the temperature of the earth is constantly sinking. The received heat of the sun checks this tendency. If it were constant in amount, the temperature of the earth would not sink. But as this received heat varies in intensity periodically, between its minimum and maximum extremes the earth loses a certain amount of heat by radiation which is never recovered. This is why the earth is constantly sinking in temperature from age to age, which could not be the case if the sun annually restored to the earth the amount of heat annually lost by radiation. There being an annual net loss of heat by the earth, this loss, of course, will be felt most at those points which receive annually least heat from the sun, namely, at the Poles. And that Pole will suffer the greater loss, which receives annually the less amount of heat of the two, namely, the South; for this Pole receives heat from the sun annually 168 hours less than the North. The greater amount of heat received by the whole earth, arrives while the globe is traversing its orbit, from September 21st to March 20th; the less amount arrives while the globe is traversing its orbit from March 20th to the succeeding September 21st. While, therefore, the earth receives its least amount of heat as a whole, there is the greatest partial loss of heat at the South Pole; and while the whole earth is receiving its greatest total amount of heat, there is the greatest partial loss of heat at the North Pole; that is, there is greatest loss of heat at this Pole, when the earth is receiving most foreign heat; and greatest loss at the South Pole, when the earth is receiving least foreign heat. Such we conceive to be M. Adhemar's theory of the terrestrial loss of heat, which can be briefly stated as follows: 1. The earth suffers annually a net loss of heat in spite of the sun's calorific energy. 2. The stress of this loss falls mainly at the two Poles. 3. As between the two Poles, the stress of this loss falls mainly at the South Pole, because that Pole is now annually 168 hours (7 days) longer in darkness than the North Pole, and that, too, at a time when the whole earth is receiving least heat. This excess of loss of heat at the South Pole, will continue 10,600 years from the time it began, which was about 6,000 years ago. We do not undertake to defend M. Adhemar's theory of radiation, but simply to explain it from his work, which we have received since the article in No. 90 of the Herald was written. It seems to us, however, correct.

The error in regard to the depression of the earth below the plane of its orbit, is cheerfully acknowledged. The revolution of the earth about the poles of the ecliptic, would depress but a small belt of the earth below the plane of its orbit.

In conclusion, we would refer those of our readers who are interested in the question of the radiation of heat, to an article by Prof. Chas. Martins, in No. 67 of the Herald.

New Theory of the Tides.

EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS: As science seems to be progressive, notwithstanding war, and although it ought to assist in developing mankind so as to elevate them above the manifestations of mutual hatred, it seems too often as yet to be perverted to promote in the highest degree efficiency in mutual extermination.

The tides are usually conceded to be caused by the attraction of the sun and moon—principally of the latter; the parts of the water nearest the moon being most attracted, and those most distant least attracted. As the earth and moon revolve about their common center of gravity, which is not far from the surface of the earth, the centrifugal tendency of the waters farthest from that center is said to have an effect in elevating the water on the side opposite the moon, &c.

So far the received theory is correct; but it is very unsatisfactory, unless we take into account the fluidity of the interior or central mass of the earth, on which the continents, islands, ocean-beds, &c., rest as a solid crust of no great comparative thickness, and through which, in certain deep parts of the ocean, the fluidity is continuous. Supposing this to be true—and we can hardly doubt it, because the pressure at great depths must effectually control cohesion, so that whether igneous, as volcanoes and earthquakes demonstrate, or otherwise, it must be essentially fluid.

A part of the Atlantic, somewhat in the shape of a boot, and a little south of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, has not been successfully sounded by the officers of the navy, as we are informed in Fitch's Physical Geography. May not this be one place of deep ocean where the fluid is continuous throughout? In that region, from the Bay of Fundy quite across to the coasts of England and France, the tides seem to have the greatest range, from 30 to 60 or 70 feet, or even more.

Mr. Editor, I throw out these hasty views, which I have entertained for some years, hoping that some more competent hand will take up the subject, and extricate the tide theory from the stultified confusion in which it has so long remained.

Laws and Systems.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just—And he but naked, though locked up in steel Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted"

For the Herald of Progress.

Important Questions for Bible Believers.

MR. EDITOR: I perceive by recent numbers of the Herald that a pretty sharp fire has been opened up, by some of your Christian readers, upon "the Infidel writer of the Herald," and with such deadly aim that I can only rely for hope upon the strength and superiority of my armor for any chance of escape from utter demolition.

1. If the Ambassador is right in averring that the doctrines of "a personal devil and a local hell" are not taught in the Christian Scriptures, then did not the erudite Noah Webster commit an egregious error in defining the word "devil" to mean "the implacable adversary and tempter of the human race," and hell to mean "the place or state of the wicked after death," and will the learned editor of the Ambassador be present, and see to it when the next edition of Webster is struck off, and have the error corrected?

2. If the doctrines of a "personal devil and local hell" are not taught in the Christian's Bible, is not the effect exactly the same upon the one hundred and forty millions of Christians who believe they are so taught, as if they

were taught there? And was it not a sad blunder in "Divine inspiration" to allow its Holy Word to be so unintelligibly written that millions of his children have been misled and deceived in this matter?

3. Does not "human reason" suggest that the authors of the "inspired volume" should have gone to school long enough before entering upon the important work of "giving forth a perfect revelation to the world," to become qualified to express their ideas in a manner approaching intelligibility, instead of committing the serious blunder of doing the very reverse?

4. Why did the Christian world allow his devilish majesty to remain quietly ensconced in their Bible for more than a thousand years, without any thought of casting him out thence? and was it not the illuminating sun of science, rising in the East, and revealing his hideous character and the uselessness of his vocation, that first suggested the thought of casting him out of the sacred volume?

5. If the words "devil," "Satan," &c., &c., occur so frequently in the Christian Scriptures, simply mean no devil, no Satan, &c., or a mythical devil and a mythical Satan, why did not the founder of Protestantism, (Luther,) who was "specially raised up to rescue the Bible from false interpretation, and to restore it to its original and true meaning," teach this doctrine instead of throwing his inkstand at the devoted head of his horned majesty?

6. If hell mean, (in most cases,) as Universalists teach, "the valley of Hinnom," of what peculiar construction could this valley have been that it required a key to unlock it—as St. John speaks of "the keys of hell and of death"?

7. If some little "one-horse" sect have found or constructed a key with which they have unlocked the Bible, and let the devil out, why did they not do this in such a manner that the one hundred and forty millions of Christians, yet groping in the dark on the subject, could see it?

8. Whatever key or process the Ambassador or any other Christian may employ to explain away any of the literally erroneous doctrines which abound in their sacred book, or to remove any of its apparently objectionable features, I will, with their gracious permission, employ the same key or process to let all the Infidelity out of Paine and Voltaire, and make them tally with the smoothest and soundest orthodox. Will they furnish some examples and let me try it?

9. If we may or can, by the skillful and ingenious use of clerical tools, chisel all that is offensive or objectionable out of the Christian's Bible, so as to make it chime with science, and sense, and sound morality, why may we not do the same with the pagan bibles, and thus make them guides for the erring feet of man?

10. If words may be allowed to have a thousand and one meanings in the Christian Bible, different from that which is employed in ordinary use, why did not some Christian wiseacre whisper the fact in the ears of our lexicographers, when compiling our dictionaries, so as to have them inserted therein?

11. How many years or cycles of years is the process to be continued of one Christian sect after another rising up, and in utter disregard of all who have preceded them, giving the Bible another "new and true interpretation," as the Unitarians once professed to do, thus overthrowing all previous interpretations and labored commentaries, before we shall know to a certainty that the ne plus ultra of Biblical correction and improvement has at last been reached; or before the process of expunging or expelling all the old obnoxious meanings from the text, and infusing new ones, is to end—in other words, before the art of scriptural interpretation has reached its Ultima Thule, and can go no further—ergo, divine revelation, by a thousand and one corrections and improvements, has reached perfection?

12. A son of the Emeftald Isle once defined nothing to mean "a footless stocking without a leg." Now I ask whether the secret sense, brought forth from the Bible by digging below the text for a meaning not found in its literal construction, and below the one hundred and forty-two meanings which had already been previously eked out from the text by other Bible-mongers, to make it more conformable to science, sense, and sound morality, and explain away its numerous absurdities, that people may be hoodwinked into the belief that it teaches everything "that purifies and ennobles man," is not simply "a footless stocking without a leg"—the conception of an idea that exists only in the reader's brain?

13. Again, we are told the story of a Frenchman, who had a tract of land donated him by an uncle, but who, on going to occupy it, found, as he reported, that "another man had bought or owned a farm right on the top of it," so that he could not get at it. I submit whether the ten thousand efforts with which the Christian world are constantly busied to make their Bible teach this doctrine and that doctrine, will not in like manner be subject for every interpretation or construction they may get up, to have another construction subsequently placed right on the top of that, and whether this process may not be continued ad infinitum till doomsday morning, when all Bibles are to be reduced to ashes?

14. Is not our reason as competent to teach us what to do as to find out what the Bible would have us to do?

15. If Christianity is the great civilization, as the Ambassador avers, why has it always stood in the gap and thrown stones at every reformer who has come forward with a new truth or discovery calculated to advance the cause of civilization?

16. Or how much merit can the Christian

world claim for the advancement and progress which civilization has made, when it is known that they have fought it at every step, until compelled, by its onward and irresistible march, to beat a retreat, and then, and not till then, have veered about and claimed the honor of being its foster-mother?

17. As Noah Webster tells us that the arts and sciences are the great levers of civilization, will the learned Christian Ambassador point out one single instance wherein a discovery in either of these departments, of great practical importance, has not had to contend with the most inveterate opposition, from the Christian church, at its outset—this body deriving its warrant for such a course from Paul's condemnation of science as being incompatible with true Christian faith—see 1 Tim. vi. 20.

18. How can it be that Christianity is the great civilization, when it is not itself civilized, as its Holy Word sanctions and its disciples have ever practiced, all the great leading crimes known to barbarous and uncivilized life?

19. If the Christian world now believes that war, intemperance, and slavery, or either of them, are condemned by their Bible, did they think thus before they first concluded they ought not to be taught therein—before they made the discovery outside of their Bible—that these practices are wrong and inimical to the virtue and prosperity of society?

20. Is not the Bible then, properly speaking, a prism, reflecting more light from the reader's brain than it gives out of its own?

21. The Christian Ambassador tells us that "freedom of conscience and freedom of the press are the legitimate fruits of Christianity." Is this true? How much freedom of conscience existed under the Christian system only three centuries ago—that is, before the spread of infidelity diluted or softened down the rampant spirit of intolerance, constituting an essential part of that system—proved to be essential by the term with which its very author first put it forth to the world: "He that believeth not shall be damned. (Matt. xvi. 16.) How much "freedom of conscience" existed in Christian England two hundred years ago, when magistrates were authorized to seize upon every man in the street absent from church in time of service, (enacted April, 1658.) A similar law once existed in this country, which imposed a fine for not attending church. And how much "freedom of conscience" and "privilege and power of objecting" to the Bible (which the Ambassador claims is another legitimate fruit of Christianity) existed in Christian Massachusetts in 1642, when it was enacted that "if any one deny the Scriptures to be the word of God he is to be fined £50, or whipped forty stripes," the second offense being banishment or death.

Just two hundred years ago (1662) a fine of two thousand pounds of tobacco was imposed by the Christian government of Virginia upon the neglect or refusal to submit to the ordinance of baptism. How much "freedom of conscience" existed here? And similar laws existed in nearly all Christian countries prior to the rise of the liberalizing spirit of infidelity. Is it true, then, that the "Infidel" is indebted to Christianity for "freedom of conscience" and the "very privilege and power of objecting" to the Christian Scriptures?

22. On the other hand is it true, as asserted by the Ambassador, that, "outside of Christianity, they [freedom of conscience and the press] are unknown"? The Right Reverend Daniel O. Allen, twenty-five years a missionary in India, says, in his recent work on India, page 584: "It is now some years since a spirit of infidelity and skepticism began to take strong hold of the educated native mind in India. This spirit was first manifested in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, and it is making progress in all the large cities. [Good news, Brother Allen.] The religious opinions of this class are generally deistical, and are very freely and fearlessly avowed." Is there not a practical exhibition of the "freedom of conscience," and "the privilege and power of objecting," here manifested "outside of Christianity"? And again, besides holding public meetings, in which their views are fully expressed, our author tells us "this same class has also, to a great extent, the management and control of the native press in India." Now is here not "freedom of the press" also? Again: Sir John Bowring represents the Siamese as being "very tolerant in religion," and their king as remarking, "Persecution is hateful. Every one ought to have the privilege to profess any religion he pleases." And to the missionaries he said: "If you want a Christian governor let me know, and you shall have one." Is here not freedom of conscience "outside of Christianity"? And similar accounts might be furnished, if we had space, of China, Japan, &c.

23. How much "privilege and power of objecting" did poor Michael Servetus possess when burned to death by Calvin, for the very attempt to exercise "the privilege and power of objecting"?

24. Another strange piece of information we derive from the Christian Ambassador, is that "Where Christianity does not exist there progress is unknown." What an egregious error these two hundred of our most popular historians have committed by making statements which run a direct tilt to this declaration, who show that progress is a concomitant of society in every country—Pagan as well as Christian.

25. Would not the truth be better expressed by saying, "Where infidelity does not exist progress cannot be known"—as the two, like Siamese twins have always lovingly traveled hand in hand, and kept pace together?

26. And is not infidelity the great alkali which for centuries has been operating to

neutralize the rampant spirit of intolerance and persecution which pervades the whole Christian system?

27. We are further notified by the pious Christian Ambassador that we are indebted to Christianity "for all the superiority which distinguishes Christendom from the Pagan world." Granting this, may we have permission to ask, to what is to be attributed the superiority which distinguishes the Pagan world from Christendom as evinced in the following testimony from that indefatigable propagator of the Christian faith, D. O. Allen: "Indeed," says this reverend missionary, (Ibid 483) "there is more dignity, ease, and grace of manners, and a more careful observance of the civilities, rules, proprieties, and usages of official and social intercourse among all ranks and classes of people in India, than among the corresponding classes in Europe and America." What do you think of this, Brother of the Ambassador, collated with your statements that Christianity alone "purifies and ennobles man," and is the only source of "knowledge and virtue, the great civilization," &c. Observe that here is a nation with a population of 150,000,000, minus only one-fourth the entire census of Christendom, excelling the Christian world in the first elements of civilization. Is Christianity then the only civilization? What do you say, Brother?

28. The devout editor of the Ambassador thinks it strange that "the Infidel" should "oppose the progress of Christianity." Now we beg leave to ask to what Christianity he refers; whether it is that which fastens a ball and chain to the leg of its disciple by proclaiming, "Let him be accursed who preaches any other doctrine than that which I declare unto you," or that previously proclaimed by the Pagan Cicero, "Glorious are the times when men can think as they please and speak as they think"—the Christianity preached by Christ, "believe or be damned," or that uttered half a century earlier by a Roman heathen, "Reflect on everything you hear, but believe only on evidence," (Publius Syrus),—the Christianity which substantially reiterates two hundred times (in its inspired organ) the senseless and unphilosophical piece of nonsense, "Without faith it is impossible to please God," or that preached at an earlier date in Greece by a Pagan, "Faith comes at no man's bidding"—the Christianity promulgated by the author and founder of Protestantism, (Martin Luther), "Reason is the bride of the devil," "there is nothing more hostile to faith than reason," echoed by his coadjutor and collaborer, (John Calvin), "build not your faith in the Divine Word on the sands of human reason," or that taught 600 years B. C., by that heathen, yet philosopher, Solon, "Make reason the guide," and indorsed by Pythagoras, "Let reason have the uppermost place in your minds"—the religion which offered the malediction, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," &c.—or that proclaimed a thousand years before in India, "It is an unjust sentence which extends the penalty too far," &c., &c. This disparaging comparison of Christianity might be extended to a great length. Now, what disposition will the Ambassador make of these facts?

29. Finally, we would ask the Godly Ambassador whether he is certain he has not wedded his Bible "for better or for worse," determined to stick to it even though science and sense should both sue for a divorce? And whether he is also sure that if he had been born in a Mahomedan country he would not be as strong a stickler for the Koran and the faith once delivered to the prophet? And which is the true course, morally considered, to investigate and "prove all things and hold fast" to that which is discovered to be right, or first to hold fast then prove yourself right, if you can?

K. GRAYES.

HARVEYSBURG, OHIO.

Sight and Insight.

For the Herald of Progress.

"LEAVES."

BY GEORGE GRAY.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

My Dream of the War and my Voice for Peace.

"The lava-lymph That trickles from successive galaxies, Still drop by drop adown the finger of God, In still new worlds."

If Order was the first law, all succeeding laws arising in orderly subjection to the first, and everything being under the action of law, it is not strange that Disorder in any spot sends vibrations of miserable discord in every direction. The penalty of every law in the Universe is down upon confusion. The upper shelves of my book-case had become sadly disarranged; bound and unbound volumes, and stray numbers of old journals, lay as chance left them, and files of the New York Herald and of Garrison's Liberator rested in dangerous proximity. So, without knowing why, I had been ill at ease, hurried, and fretful, for some time.

That morning I had set myself to the task of cleaning out the chaotic region, and classifying its contents. In looking at the papers to ascertain their character, I was led off in desultory readings of editorials, telegrams, and correspondence in periodicals religious, political, and reformatory, of every date. Absorbed in this mental foraging, I worked rapidly and got on slowly—memory quickened by a glance at a sheet of ten thousand recollections of opinions, and efforts, and parties of "the times" gone by—the once-expectant New-

in quickly changing turn possessed my mind, till wearied with hours of labor, I sat down at last in my arm-chair, and taking up the morning paper, looked at the headings, and then settled myself to enjoy the survey of my book-case, and the leisurely perusal of the daily.

But gradually both paper and book-case faded from my vision, and in all existence there seemed nothing but a single column of atomic bodies, suspended motionless in space, like summer flies sparsely scattered in the evening air.

The column rose, clear and well defined—a mighty cylinder. I could see far up and far below, but saw neither top nor base—it was lost in the infinite at either end, and I knew that in the universe there was "only this, and nothing more." As I scrutinized the little bodies, I saw that they were of every possible form, and color, and character; in truth I could not trace any resemblance between any two of them, except that of size, in which characteristic all were alike.

As I looked closer, each body appeared a wonderful and complex, organized, individual essence; and I recognized among them the essences of rocks, trees, men, spirits, and ideas. Every person, every thought, and every thing, that I had ever known, personally, by report, or history, or science, was represented there, but these acquaintances were few amid a multitude of strangers.

Then I saw that each body was but a nucleus from which emanated upon each side an ethereal cord, one upward, and one downward. The cords extended in a curved direction, and upon a more distinct view the cord of one was seen to be continuous with the cords of another, so that they formed one spiral coil, and all the bodies were as luminous centers in the one endless coil. This was the column; there was nothing but this in existence, for all things were included within it.

The endless cord was the circuit of a galvanic battery, and each individual center sent upward a negative current, downward a positive current—the whole constituting an unbroken battery.

Contemplating the luminous centers, I saw that each one was pulsating with its own energetic, characteristic life. Every rock was a chemical laboratory, every tree a steam driver's factory; through the animal the coursing blood was carrying out aliment and returning refuse, the digestive organs attacking the raw material, the thousand glands of viscera and surface classifying and preparing, the pulsed muscle folding its ultimate fibers, and the noted nerves flashing their orders and reports. Myriads of orders, and genera, and species of animalcule life fitted in every part of the organism, and by their motion did its operation proceed.

I saw, but cannot describe the action of the human mind, the generation and unending flight of thoughts, the convulsions of passion, the holy ecstasy of emotions, the infallible record of memory, the grasp of mind swaying matter below, and holding upon the infinite above.

Still recognizing my acquaintances, I directed my attention toward certain minds as representatives of classes of society. I observed many minds who did not see or recognize a connecting cord, but looked upon their fellows as impassably separated from themselves. Men seemed oblivious of the sympathies existing even between organs of their own bodies, and would only acknowledge that stomach could act in the brain after a splitting headache had resulted from indigestion, or that the brain could act in the stomach when some ill news rendered their dinner useless. And it seemed the purpose of such little inharmonies to teach a lesson of mutual dependence. So the thinkers entertained very little respect for the consequence of the material kingdoms, or of those minds who trusted in material power—yet I heard one of them say that he believed that the planet he was spying through his telescope might yet grow into a thought! I observed that he eat three meals a day, and that the deprivation of one of them decidedly affected his thoughts. The workers held the thinkers in supreme contempt, yet when one of the latter sent down the coil a locomotive and fifty car-loads of cattle, the former bowed in reverential astonishment, which was rendered more complete by the dropping of a telegram of the price of corn. Minds only recognized the power and verity of forces acting in their sphere of action; and whose would convince his Brother of his existence and usefulness, must come and work in that Brother's little garden-patch, and work just in the manner customary in that garden. But all community activities acted as rushing atmospheres, leveling garden-walls in their advance.

In my kaleidoscopic vision appeared still more effective activities. I saw the unbroken stream of creative life flowing downward from the undiscovered, inexhaustible source; its power accumulating through the winters, to roll forth floods, and to bud sweet flowers in the spring times. Anon resistless psychical currents, like electric hurricanes, swept furiously around the spiral coil, while its continuity shone forth to all eyes, luminous as a Babel's Tower in the lightning's flash. As such I saw the civil war of '61 in America—the rousing of forces long gathered from circles above, and the awaking of germinating life below—the early spring time with ruthless floods, and yet no flowers.

Political and religious barriers are as straws before the rising wave. The politician, the churchman, and the radical reformer, are thrown together; differences tolerated, former labors gracefully acknowledged, and hands locked for the onward march in defense of the common cause. Ideas are clothing themselves in outward form and going forth into battle for the issue. The coarse and brutal instru-

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1862.

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All letters to be addressed to A. J. DAVIS & CO., PUBLISHERS, 274 Canal Street, New York.

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

Miss HARDING'S Lecture on "The Grand Man" will appear next week.

A SUMMARY of political events in the country, from April last till the end of January, 1862, appears on page first.

"A SKEPTIC'S INQUIRIES" put the common objections against Spiritualism in so strong a light, that they can be easily understood and appreciated. See page second.

Under the head of "Revolutions of the Sea" will be found an entertaining discussion of the question of the radiation of terrestrial heat.

A CRITICISM in the Christian Ambassador, of certain statements made by one of our correspondents, induces him to come forward with "Important Questions to Bible Believers." It will be seen that they may all be comprised in the question whether Christianity does not improve in its principles and doctrines from age to age.

Our Third Volume. The second year of this publication will be completed with our next number. We shall then enter upon volume third, with the fullest confidence that the public will continue to strengthen and encourage our efforts.

The present hour, men who have been engaged in making presidents and rulers through old antiquated newspapers, think that their engines are to be as powerful as ever in the work of driving the people together like a herd of dumb beasts.

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Changes in Popular Opinion.

The time was when statesmen and public men generally could not vary their opinions, expressed in the outset of their public life, without being subjected to political or public inquisitions.

Men trembled at once if a single variation from their first form of belief could be traced to them, and thousands of times have men been found wriggling and twisting to make the thoughts and expressions of mature age harmonize with the impulsively expressed thoughts of their youth.

Such was the unpopularity once with respect to a man's right to change his opinion, that he who dared to do it was proscribed as unworthy of the confidence of his fellow-citizens.

This spirit was an outgrowth of the spirit of European institutions, where danger is dreaded and apprehended whenever a man changes his opinions—because the government and its perpetuity is thereby threatened.

This allegiance to European policy is now disappearing. Men no longer deem it a merit in a public man to drive a stake through his mental organization, and to pin himself to a creed or platform.

Indeed, it is rapidly becoming to be considered an evidence of a narrow and bigoted mind when a man declares that he intends to maintain a certain set of opinions and no others.

He is now deemed to be a slave to passions, prejudices, and errors, as well as an enemy to himself, to his fellows, and to his country's institutions.

No better evidence is required of man's unfitness for the high duties of a public office, than his blind adherence to the stereotyped formulas of thought—and nothing more elevates the character of a man than an exhibition of his willingness to revise his opinions, and to qualify them upon the convictions of sound reason.

Hence it is that political parties are no longer what they once were. Hence it is that men are united to party names by the slenderest thread, and are ready to form new combinations and parties more in accordance with the new forms of thought which mark a progressive age.

The very men unpopular with the old blind partisans of the fossil era of politics to-day, in a brief time will become the very lights of our legislative halls. On them are to rest the grave duties of the future.

They feel it in their very bones—and most contentedly can they bear to pass through the fiery furnace which is heated for them by the miserable tyrants of old party organizations.

They know that they will pass through it unscathed, unscorched, unharmed, and come out brighter and better in the end.

At the present hour, men who have been engaged in making presidents and rulers through old antiquated newspapers, think that their engines are to be as powerful as ever in the work of driving the people together like a herd of dumb beasts.

Never did men make a worse mistake. Our countrymen are fast breaking away from the miserable tricksters in the political mart, where principles are smothered for the sake of men and the offices of which they are in search.

The mind of the country is rising to a pitch of individual action which soon will completely foil all the attempts to work the people into a blind excitement in behalf of party.

There are no parties. The Democratic party is dead—and what has been called the Republican party is virtually dead also.

Out of these two is coming a TRUE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, in which the individual will not be lost—to which he will not surrender his own personal convictions—so that politicians will calculate in vain upon wielding party power, as in former times.

The force of thought is at work on the human mind everywhere. Every man begins to realize his right to think for himself, and to exercise it, as the true means of exalting himself, and of living as he was designed to live by his creator.

We say, then, let it be deemed meritorious, as it is proper and just, for every man to do his part in the progress of the race. Let no man be contented to think to-morrow as he does to-day, and thus to cling to old policies and creeds, which blight the moral and mental nature of man, and keep the world in comparative bondage.

Circumstances are continually changing about us. Motion is writing its history every moment upon everything—unceasing, restless motion—and if man is troubled, it is because he attempts to be motionless, while everything around him is ever-varying—ever-changing to work good and great issues for mankind.

It is in obedience to this law of variation that man's mind receives all its health and usefulness. The sluggish soul, chained to obsolete ideas, is acting contrary to the very laws of its own being, and does its part to stay the inevitable destiny that awaits the human race.

Men may strive to keep where they are—but they cannot. Progress is the grand motto of the active world—and the most intolerable of all the isms of the day is Conservatism.

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or circumstance has placed within a church, awakes to find his field of flight bounded, and the strength and activity of his movements checked. And when he seeks rest for his weary soul, he seeks in vain.

The shadowy, untruthful mockeries of the creed, ritual, and ceremony, offer no safe or welcome repose. The only refuge, the only limitless field, is without, in Nature's broad temple, where no imitations mock the eye.

Angels beckon the weary, the dispirited— aspiring yet trembling ones—away from hollow form and painted semblance, to the real presence of ever-glorious Nature!

A Glimpse of the Summer Land. [We assume the responsibility of presenting the following glimpse of the Summer Land to our readers as a veritable vision of literal scenery and objects in the Second Sphere. It is the experience of the "Angel of the House." We persuaded her to record it immediately, lest the facts should escape her recollection. Ed.]

On the morning of January 24th, 1862, as I lay between sleeping and waking, in a state of semi-consciousness, I was seemingly accosted by a familiar friend, who was at that time separated from me by many leagues of ocean.

The sea on which she had embarked was at our feet, and stretched away into the distance, and I was aware, as we gazed upon it, that it was actually between us, and yet we clasped hands and exchanged words of friendly recognition, and agreed to remember that on that day and hour we met there, though bodily she was two thousand miles away.

Then I ceased to be cognizant of my friend's presence, but still looked out upon the sea, which became irradiated with a strange beauty, which I saw, on looking up and around me, was worn by sky and earth as well as ocean.

I was in the midst of a new scene; the waves before me were tinged with the softest, mellowest tints, rich, warm, and radiant, and in their midst were islands which looked like enchanted regions clothed in a mantle of supernal beauty.

The following graceful lines of the poet do but faintly picture each rose-embowered retreat—fit haunt of the gods:

"In the far-off South, where no rude breeze E'er sweeps o'er the plain of the halcyon seas, Where the airs breathe balm and the heavens smile With a glorious radiance, a fairy isle Lolls on the breast of the mother deep, With a dimpled cheek like a babe a-sleep."

The scene faded, and in a moment I seemed to be upon a spot to which my feet had often strayed in childhood and youth, the summit of a hillside on which my father had planted and brought to rare perfection an apple grove, a once favorite resort on account of its isolated and romantic situation; and as I leaned against the bars, at the upper limit of the grove, for support, I was dimly aware of the presence of two young girls.

Then a blindness fell upon my outer vision, and my eyes closed heavily, but with an effort I lifted the lids again, when lo! I saw, as with deeper vision, a new heaven and a new earth spread out before me. I no longer realized any mortal presence: I was alone with the Beautiful.

The same glow of unearthly loveliness irradiated all things as I had seen enveloping the sea and its island gems. The sky was warm and golden, and encompassed the radiant earth like overshadowing wings of love.

Forests, clothed with rich and varied foliage, waved and glistened in the resplendent sunlight and odoriferous breeze. Azure-hued and purple mountains lay sleeping upon the distant horizon; the far-spreading plains drank in the balmy, life-giving, pellucid atmosphere, and reflected the subdued luster of its wondrous beauty.

Unwillingly I closed my eyes upon this holy scene, but after a moment's rest raised the lids again with much effort, fearful that I should fail to get another glimpse of the surpassing glory which so enraptured my spirit.

Gazing intently, a cloud-like dimness cleared away, and again there grew upon my inner sight the golden, opalescent sky, lovingly overarching the responsive earth. Nothing that my mortal eyes ever beheld, or that poets have pictured to my imagination, equals the beauty which my enfranchised vision now drank in from the vast landscape surrounding me.

To describe it, my speech should be "lyrical, and sweet, and universal, as the rising of the wind."

On my right, a scene like our Indian Summer, but far surpassing it in tender, dreamy, divine repose, first claimed and chained my attention. The foreground rolled back by gentle undulations, till it blended with a luxuriant grove, whose branches swayed with a melodious motion, like a surging sea of myriad gems.

In that foreground and that forest the colors were so intricately blended, so changing, so vastly more charming than colors called the same when seen ordinarily, that language comes far, far short of giving the picture an adequate representation. Amber, and violet, and green, the ruby's burning red, the purple of the amaranth, the golden glory of the orange blossom, there blended in transfigured and ethereal loveliness. And the undulating, iridescent sky, drooped low to touch the treetops, and the sweet calm surface of the swelling and retreating landscape with its splendor.

Once more my eyes closed unwillingly, but I quickly forced them open lest I should lose the sacred enjoyment of this heavenly scene. Then looking to the left I saw, seemingly very near me, a grove of tall trees which were in

form and structure like our aspen or poplar-trees, but far surpassing them in height, luxuriance, and luster. With a basis of deep green, the glossy leaves as they trembled in that blessed sunlight, reflected "the rich hues of all glorious things," rapidly changing as the colors of the kaleidoscope.

These trees rose to an immense height, and were grand in assemblage, forming a fit temple for the heart's joyous adoration.

Directly in front, an open landscape stretched away into the distance, in which I could discern a lake with its silver tide of softly flowing waters; and beyond that, castellated dwellings with crystal domes nestled amid surrounding hills. Between me and the lake, the green-sward rolled gently down to the margin of the water, and I could see the taller grasses near the lake, glisten in their way motion as if each leaf were a transparent emerald, diamond crowned.

The dwellings beyond the lake were very far off, but I could see that they were all grouped about a central building, large, dome-crowned, beautiful and graceful in outline and proportion; and so harmoniously arranged were the adjacent homes with regard to this, that all seemed like one vast edifice with numberless architectural and artistic variations.

Most ethereal and delicately beautiful seemed this castellated group, these palaces of a Brotherhood, and over them hovered the atmosphere of eternal peace.

The lake was large; at the left I could not trace its whole extent. How pure and sweet were its waters; how peaceful and melodious their flow; how marvelous the beauty of their sky-reflecting depths! At one point something caused an eddy and a slight tossing of spray. How lustrous the sheen of those limpid waves; how resplendent the feathery crescent which leaped from their depths and fell again like a shower of liquid light! Fain would I have lingered and gazed forever on this sacred realm of immortal beauty; but darkness gathered upon my senses like a pall, my eyelids drooped wearily, a sound like the rumbling of chariot wheels rang in my ears, and with a shudder I sprang into outer consciousness.

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Our Club Rates. Certain of our subscribers who have received their papers at club rates, send us \$1 50 for a year's subscription for a single paper, after the expiration of the time for which they subscribed as members of the club.

The general correctness of this statement we have long believed. The single cent a copy which the subscriber saves, is a small sum to him, but to the publisher the aggregate amount is large.

A Lesson from Nature. It is related that at a commencement of Yale College, a little bird entered the church at the opening of one of the exercises, and attracted the attention of the audience by its graceful movements.

Spelling Matches. With the commencement of winter schools there is a revival of "spelling matches." A gentleman, in Spencertown, N. Y., writes: "We held our spelling match on Monday, December 9th, as I designed."

Industrial Intolerance. The Boston master sailmakers have, it seems, been employing women in making tents, paying them the same wages as men, by which they earn from four to eight dollars per week.

Affecting Obituary Notice. The following obituary notice was sent for insertion in a Yankee journal: "Mister Edatur: Jem Bangs, we are sorry to stait, has de

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

THE WAR FOR Freedom and Progress.

"Through the years and the centuries, through all agents, through things and atoms, a GREAT AND IMPERIOUS TENDENCY INHERENTLY STRAINS."

THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE AGE:

ONWARD TO HARMONY!

THE PROHIBITED SONG.

[The following is the admirable poem, by WHITTIER, for singing which the Hutchinsons were expelled from the lines of our army along the Potomac, by order of Gen. McClellan]:

MIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

(LUTHER'S HYMN.)

We wait beneath the furnace-blast The pangs of transformation; Not painlessly doth God recast And mold anew the nation.

The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared Its bloody rain is dropping; The poison-plant the fathers spared All else is overtopping.

What gives the wheat-field blades of steel? What plows the rebel cannon? What sets the roaring rattle's heel On the old star-spangled pennon?

Then waste no blows on lesser foes In strife, unworthy freemen; God lifts to-day the veil and shows The features of the demon!

What though the east-out spirit rear The nation in his going? We who have shared the guilt must share The pang of his overthrowing!

For who that leans on His right arm Was ever yet forsaken? What righteous cause can suffer harm If he its part has taken?

Above the maddening cry for blood, Above the wild war-drumming, Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good The evil overcoming.

In vain the bells of war shall ring Of triumphs and revenges, While still is spared the evil thing That severs and estranges.

Then let the selfish lip be dumb, And hushed the breath of sighing; Before the joy of peace, must come The pains of purifying.

For the Herald of Progress.

Explanatory Thoughts

ON A MEMORABLE VISION BY A. J. DAVIS.

See HERALD, No. 91.

- 1. The heavenly music, during the whole Vision, represents the harmonious principles which regulate all Progress in the history of mankind.
2. The ocean filled with islands, barren of vegetation—dark, rough, rocky, desolate—represents our country and the mental condition of its citizens, to many of whom the prospect is dark, rough, rocky, and desolate.
3. The sad sound of low, wailing, mournful melody, that went up from the feet of those desolate isles, represents the condition of the hearts of the American people at the present time, which, indeed, is low, wailing, and mournful.
4. The many months, during which the seer suffered intensely, represent the period of inaction and incapacity on the part of many statesmen.
5. The rainbow, spanning from north to south, dividing the sky into an eastern and a western section, represents, first, hope and joy at the opening of the drama of a new active epoch; secondly, the different missions of Europe and America.
6. The clouds, sailing rapidly behind each other, and floating off in mountainous masses, represent the commotions of the popular spirit, generated at the very inception of the grand events.
7. The mighty army, divided into four separate and independent columns, and marching over definite portions of this continent, represents our DIVISION OF OUR UNION—after the present social conflict—into four separated and independent States, which will be known as

North-eastern, Western, Central, and Southern.

8. The white-clad soldiers, each with a blue sash about his waist, armed with a book and golden hammer, striking into fragments the Capitol, represent the geni of Integrity and Constancy, who, guided by the principles of a new Constitution, (the book,) by means of the golden hammers of financial wisdom will break up the old defective Constitution, and thus abolish the present vicious system of Administration.

9. The burial place, with the tombs of all the Senators and Representatives, represents the fact that the present Congress and present Administration will be the last of the old order.

10. The provision of each buried politician with a book from the sky, given by the white-clad soldiers, represents the framing of a new Constitution, more in accordance with the true principles of the human mind and Progress.

11. The opening of the tombs, and the walking forth of the governmental persons, each armed with a book in his left hand and a golden hammer in his right, represent the formation of a new system of government, according to the new constitutional book, and also the direction of the national finances with economy, integrity, and wisdom.

12. The music which then fills the whole heavens, and the sound of rejoicing which comes up from the surrounding country, while distant people seem to express great consternation, and tremble with fear, is so natural that it does not need interpretation.

13. The thunder-storm that arises in the east and passes over the country like a whirlwind, terrifying the people, destroying their crops and cattle, but without injuring the new Capitol, represents the landing of European armies, commanded by the spirit of oppression and despotism, with a design of destroying the harvests of individual, political, and social liberty, on this western hemisphere.

ARKTOS.

Horrible Violation of the Constitution.

We have a grave and serious charge to bring against Generals Thomas and Schoepff, or, if they acted under the orders of Gen. Buell, then against the commander of the Kentucky division. Were they aware, while making breaches in the walls of Zollicoffer's encampment, of the extent to which they were making breaches in the Constitution of the United States? Did they know that every Minie ball they caused to be fired made a rent in the organic law, as well as in the forehead or breast of a rebel? Could they have been conscious that the splendid bayonet charge of the Ninth Ohio and the East Tennesseans were so many charges against the very ramparts of our rights, the guarantees of the national charter? Yet such was the case, and we mean to convict those epauletted gentlemen of their crime so clearly that not even a child can doubt it!

Article 5th of the Amendments of the Constitution—those amendments added after the instrument was framed, as a more perfect protection and guarantee of individual rights—declares expressly that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law"; but in the recent proceedings of Generals Thomas and Schoepff, hundreds of persons were deprived of all by the most wanton and unmitigated acts of violence.

We are told that they deliberately shot down at least two hundred of their "fellow-citizens," that they maimed and mutilated nearly as many more, that their reckless followers seized and imprisoned as felons hundreds of others, and that they converted to their own use the property of others, to the amount of eighty wagon-loads, together with a thousand mules and horses, and an unlimited quantity of military equipments.

No one will pretend that these flagrant injuries were inflicted by a due "process of law. The process of the law implies an indictment, a count, a trial, a judgment rendered, and an execution issued. But Generals Thomas and Schoepff proceeded only with cannon-balls, sabers, and bayonets. They presented no indictment, they consulted no court, they empaneled no jury, and neither lawyer nor judge had a word to say, unless, like the gallant Colonels Cook and Fry, who are also lawyers, they spoke through the mouths of their revolvers. Was anything ever heard of more irregular in a constitutional and legal sense? Not a letter of the Constitution was regarded, not an iota of the law observed. Those murdering and rapacious military men went to work as if there had been no Constitution and no law in existence. All their studies of Blackstone, and Chitty, and Kent, had done them no good, and we venture to say that if Garrett Davis or any other stickler for forms had remonstrated with them, they would have had the audacity to snap their fingers in his face. The men of the epaulettes even might have proceeded to other extremities with the men of the robe.

If it be said that the citizens who were so shamefully butchered and pillaged at Somerset were rebels in arms against the Government, and so out of the pale of the law, we reply that the Constitution provides for such cases. It presumes throughout the well-known maxim of the law that every person shall be supposed to be innocent until he has been proved guilty; while it expressly enacts, first, that "no person shall be convicted of treason except on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act;" and second, that "no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment by a grand jury;" &c.

Now, we do not learn that in the cases of the poor fellows so summarily condemned and executed at Somerset, a single one of these wise safeguards was heeded. Not a particle of legal proof was offered as to the guilt of the persons killed and robbed; not a single witness testified to the overt act of treason; and, in fact, the armed mob under Thomas and Schoepff constituted the only grand jury and the only court. The entire proceeding was a gross departure from every statute in such case made and provided.

We may, however, be told that the forces at Somerset acted as the army of the United States; that Congress is empowered to raise such armies; and that, when they are raised

they have a full right to conduct themselves according to what are known as the laws of war, which for a time supersedes the laws of peace.

But there are eminent authorities who dispute this view of the question. Mr. Garrett Davis, of the United States Senate, for instance, and Mr. Diven, of the House, and some say, though we believe wrongly, the President of the United States, argue quite to the contrary. They maintain that the war is to be carried on under the constitutional requirements and forms of a time of peace; that the war now before us is only a war for the Constitution, and, therefore, cannot depart from any of the provisions of the Constitution; and that to turn it to any other purpose whatever would be to pervert it from its fundamental necessary object. A large part of the community, for example, think we ought to deprive the rebels of the use of their slaves by using them ourselves; a large part of the community think that as the subsistence of the rebellion is derived from slave labor, we ought to cut off that source of supply; a large part of the community think that slavery is the origin, the motive, the main-spring of the rebellion, and ought to be removed; but the illustrious authorities we have cited assert that it would be unconstitutional to touch slavery in any shape. On the same ground, therefore, we infer that it was decidedly unconstitutional to kill those poor rebels at Somerset; it was highly improper to take their mules and their horses; it was an outrage to deprive them of their stores, and a barefaced atrocity to run away with their wagons and their barges. Generals Thomas and Schoepff ought to be arrested for their high-handed doing, and as for Colonel McCook, who drove a body of his friends with fixed bayonets right upon the cannon of our fellow-citizens, in order to take what did not belong to them, and as for Colonel Fry, who coolly put a bullet in the heart of Zollicoffer, we do not know what punishment they deserve!

In short, there does not appear to have been a man upon the ground who properly appreciated his constitutional duties, or cared a whit for the sacred rights of person and property.

Matters have come to a sad pass indeed, when our Southern brethren are treated in this ruthless way; but they are not altogether hopeless; for if those brethren will only take the trouble to color their faces slightly with burnt cork, or with a little gingerbread, the fashionable tint at Richmond, their rights will be promptly respected. The constitution will then be admitted in all the force that it has in a time of peace in regard to them; instead of being shot down they will be returned to their comfortable homes; and their property, which is of the privileged constitutional shade, will be protected as sacredly as any of the sacred animals of Egyptian superstition.

[Evening Post.]

Call for Delay.

Southern papers represent that the permanent government of the Confederate States will be inaugurated at Richmond on the 22d of February—Washington's birthday. President Davis is to be installed for six years.

Of course it will be very unkind and unbrotherly, if not "unconstitutional," to interfere with these plans. We may presume, then, that to avoid disappointing our "opposing friends" of the South, the army of the Potomac will resume the quiet which has only been disturbed by an anti-slavery song from the Hutchinsons.

A Mistake.

We learn that our statement last week respecting Gen. Schoepff, was an error. It is said he never held the position of hotel-porter. We can only say in defense, that if he had he would have made a good one.

It also appears, from later accounts, that he did not participate in the battle at Mill Creek. To this we need only say that had he done so our statement would have been correct!

It certainly is not our fault, and we sincerely believe not that of Gen. Schoepff, that he was neither a hotel-porter nor the commander at the last victory!

A Soldier's Protest.

[The following is an extract from a letter written by our Brother, Lieut. C. J. Robinson, whose regiment is encamped at Munfordsville, Ky.—Ed.]

"CAMP WOOD, Jan. 3, 1862.

"Believe me, there are brave men in this army here in Kentucky, both in our own and in other regiments and brigades. Braver can be nowhere found; and we hope that the government will see to it that they are not forced, by a criminal neglect on its part, to throw away their lives uselessly by going into the forthcoming battle against overwhelming odds. It is all important that a victory should be secured to our cause. Let us, then, be amply sustained; let there be no lack of forces or equipments. Better throw one hundred thousand men, with their full complements of artillery, both heavy and light, and of cavalry, into this one division, than to chance a defeat.

"And allow me to express the hope, in this connection, that government will not only furnish the material forces with which to gain victories, but that Congress, before adjourning its present session, will declare the unequivocal policy which the government intends to carry out in this war with regard to slaves, should they fall into the hands of our army. Some of us were led to take up arms in this contest, on the ground that we were going to fight for the restoration and maintenance of republican institutions, menaced by a slaveholding aristocracy in open rebellion. We left our homes, sacrificed our business and social interests, and consented to risk our lives, supposing that we were to put down this rebellion, if possible, by force of arms, and so to punish the rebels that the like attempt would never be made again. It seems to be a question at present, however, whether this is the real object to be accomplished, unless it can be done without disturbing the system of slavery, which system is the manifest and acknowledged cause of the rebellion. If our soldiers are to save the Union only by saving slavery, if they are to return into the hands of their masters all persons that have been held as

slaves who come to them, claiming to be found as men, or are captured from the enemy as property, we had better disband at once, and go home. A great saving of life and property (on our side) would be effected thereby, which would otherwise be uselessly sacrificed. Congress should announce the issue, so that our citizen-soldiers—those who are to do the fighting—and the people—who pay the expenses—may have a clear understanding of what they are doing so far. The latter, at least, may wish to have a voice in the decision. C. J. R.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—Lamartine, the illustrious French writer, and one of the Decembrists during the last French revolution, intends visiting England next spring. He is seventy-two years of age.

—Lady Franklin, the widow of the great Arctic navigator, has been visiting the Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific Ocean.

—J. S. Clarke, the comedian, is still playing at the Winter Garden, where he is drawing crowded houses. He is undoubtedly the greatest comedian of the age.

—Mrs. Gaines, whose celebrated lawsuit against the city of New Orleans was decided in the Supreme Court just before the secession of Louisiana, recently left Washington for the South, via Fortress Monroe.

—During the minority of the Emperor of China, (Tsi Chun), the regent of that country is, for the first time, a woman.

—Walter Glover, a personal friend of Burns, the poet, has just died, near Edinburgh, in his one hundred and fourth year.

—Fanny Kemble read "As You Like It" in Boston, recently, for the benefit of the United States Sanitary Commission.

—Ticknor & Fields have in press the "Literary Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough," who recently died in Florence, aged forty-two.

—Miss Kellogg, the young New York prima donna, is thus spoken of by the press: "Gifted by nature with a voice ideally pure, sweet, and truthful, she adds to this mere passive reciprocity from nature a molding genius and an intuitive appreciation of character which more and more at every appearance seems like inspiration."

—A. W. Fenno is managing and playing with marked success at the National Theater, Cincinnati. Mr. Fenno is the first American actor known to have committed himself openly to a belief in the Harmonical Philosophy, though there are many in that profession who are friendly to this Spiritual gospel of human progress.

—Lieut. Col. Anthony, of Gen. Jennison's brigade, Mo., is brother to Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, N. Y.

—Elizur Wright, in a letter to the President, says: "For one, I do not guess or dogmatize, but know, that holding black men, ignorant men, or any men, as slaves, is the worst and most dangerous way of governing them; and that pretending it unsafe to free slaves, without transporting or "colonizing" them; is ridiculous, wasteful, and infernal nonsense."

—Charles D. Stuart, a poet, and former contributor to the "Universalist" and other progressive papers, died at Northampton, Mass., on the 22d inst., of consumption.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

By the arrival of the steamers Europa and City of New York, we have European advices to the 12th of January.

—The surrender of Mason and Slidell had given satisfaction to the English Government, and the Trent difficulty was considered at an end.

—It is rumored in England that the expenses brought upon that country by the Trent affair exceed \$10,000,000.

—The London Times, being deprived of material for exciting a war spirit in England against the United States by the rendition of the Rebel Ambassadors, has commenced a cry against the stone blockade of Charleston, denouncing it as an unprecedented act of barbarity, having forgotten the attempts of the English to blockade the French harbors in the same way during the Napoleonic wars.

—In France, the satisfaction at the peaceable solution of the Trent difficulty was very great. The American Government is there considered to have won a great victory in having indirectly compelled England to an acknowledgment of the rights of neutral vessels.

—The pirate steamer Sumter was cruising, at the last advices, off the coast of Spain.

—In Italy, Ricasoli's administration is continued by the support of a decided majority of the Chamber of Deputies.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A photographic punster insists that Gen. McClellan's disease, from which he recovered on the accession of Mr. Stanton, was the Cameron-obscure.

—At a recent dinner at the quarters of Col. D'Utassy's Garibaldi Guards, light wines were provided for all but the Rev. John Pierpont, who was furnished with a bottle of Pampenhaimer—pure water.

—The Lord helps those who help themselves. The rebels help themselves.

—Boston has nineteen hundred liquor shops, and there were, during 1861, eighteen thousand and five hundred arrests for drunkenness.

—The eruption at Vesuvius, at latest accounts, was exhibiting renewed activity. So great were the showers of ashes that the cinders and soot were carried even to Sicily, and the steamers plying thither were blackened by the shower. Even at Naples the roofs of the houses were covered with a fine layer of ashes, and during a rain storm the window panes were obscured by the mud formed by the falling rain and soot.

—Persistent office-seekers are not peculiar to the present time. It is related of Cromwell that while walking in St. James' Park, he was solicited for his name to a recommendation. On pleading the absence of materials, pen and ink were produced, and the petitioner offered his own back for a desk, and thus secured the desired signature.

—Frank Leslie's Journal infers that Secretary Cameron's resignation is proof positive of an empty treasury, from which no more plunder was to be extracted.

—Gen. James H. Lane said recently at Chicago: "As my army will number 34,000, I propose to have thirty-four thousand contractors in addition to my teamsters and wagon-masters. I consider every one of my soldiers engaged in this glorious crusade of freedom a knight errant, and entitled to his squire to prepare his food and black his boots, load his gun and take off his drudgery."

—Chloride of lime is said to prove effective not only in removing bad odors, but in driving away rats. If moistened with muriatic acid, the gas is poisonous to them.

Doings of the Moral Police.

"There is a golden chord of sympathy Fix'd in the harp of every human soul; Which by the breath of Kindness when 'tis swept, Wakes angel melodies in savage hearts."

A New Florence Nightingale.

A private letter from Colonel Leasure, of the Pennsylvania Roundhead Regiment, (now at Port Royal,) pays the following tribute to a relative of the Secretary of the Treasury:

"Miss Chase, a cousin of the Secretary of the Treasury, is our matron, and I am well satisfied that her devotion to the welfare of the private soldiers, sick in my hospital, has saved the lives of more than fifty of my best men. She also saved the lives of Mr. Browne, my Chaplain, and Lieut. Gilliland, by her timely and assiduous attention. Miss Chase is a sort of Florence Nightingale, who has devoted the energies of a life that was darkened in its early days by a great sorrow, to the nursing of sick soldiers in the army of the Union; and in spite of every misrepresentation, and the thousand trials that beset her dangerous position, she has steadily persevered against the obstacles that intimidated all others. When sickness fell upon us, so that from two to four of our men died daily, she alone of our nurses stood calmly in the hospital, ministering to the sick and dying, as only a devoted woman can minister, and that, too, when the dreaded coast-fever seized upon her, and she felt assured, and so assured us, that she would not survive it. But she made a determined effort to make the soul master the disease of the body, and succeeded, and straightway she was at her post again. I believe she expects and wishes to die at her post, sooner or later, to the end that she may lay down a life in the service of her country that has been a burden to her."

Life-Saving Benevolent Association.

At the annual meeting of the managers of the Life-Saving Benevolent Association, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the gold medal of the Association, suitably inscribed, be presented to Lieut. John W. Kittredge, U. S. N., for his humanity, energy, and skill, in rescuing a little boy from drowning in the Bay of New York, on the 20th of July last.

The boy, named — Watson, aged about four years, accidentally fell from the Staten Island ferry-boat Southfield, and was in the water some time before the boat could stop and return. On approaching the child in the water, Lieut. Kittredge, who was a passenger, lowered himself from the upper to the forward deck, went over the guards, hung down by his hands, and dropped into the water, just as the boat was about coming in contact with the body. The boat, having too much headway to stop instantly, he dove under the wheel, and came up near the stern with the boy in his arms. They were taken on board, and the boy was restored to consciousness and saved.

Resolved, That the sum of \$25 be presented to Chas. Hungerford, one of the crew of pilot-boat No. 16, for jumping into the water in the Narrows, near Fort Hamilton, and rescuing a little girl from drowning, whose mother, under misfortune, exposed her to this fate on the 16th August, 1861.

Resolved, That the gold medal of the Association be prepared for Hamilton E. Towle, and inscribed as follows:

"Presented to Hamilton E. Towle for his ingenious contrivance of a steering-machine, which he fitted to the steamship Great Eastern, under circumstances of great peril, and subsequently of complete success, in saving the lives of numerous passengers, and of that noble ship."

Boston Pawnors' Bank.

This institution for the poor, which is one of the progressive features of our modern Athens, is in successful operation, as will be seen by the following statement from the Daily Journal:

"This bank, which went into operation in this city January 2, 1860, had loaned out on goods up to the second Saturday of October, 1861, the sum of \$332,566 42, and the total amount paid in on loans for the same time was \$241,632 84. The average amount loaned to each person was \$29 46; and sixty-six out of every one hundred loans made by the bank are for \$10 and under; on thirty-six out of every one hundred loans the interest is less than 21 cents, and on twenty-seven out of every one hundred loans the interest is less than 11 cents; on seven out of every one hundred loans the interest is one cent only."

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."

Departed this life, for a higher and better, at Elmwood, Peoria Co., Ill., on the morning of Saturday, January 18th, 1862, FRANCES REBECCA, loved daughter of Eliza and Fountain Watkins, aged 14 years, 1 month, and 3 days.

This is the first breach in our happy family circle. Our little maid has gone before; but we trust to have frequent visits from her liberated spirit, and to be, by this visitation of our Father, more nearly united to, and interested in, the things of the spirit.

Attractive Miscellany.

All things are engaged in writing their history. The air is full of words, the sky of visions, the ground is all monuments and signposts, and every object around with hints, which speak to the intelligent.

Regina Lyle.

BY CLARA WESTWORTH.

CHAPTER XX.

RETRIBUTION.

Last scene of all. That ends this strange, eventful history.

At the close of the three months' service, my husband returned to me awhile; he was not discouraged by the darkening aspect of affairs; that terrible defeat at Bull Run had not shaken his faith in the all-overruling Goodness that shapes all human ends; but there was a pensive shadow on his brow for the woes of his suffering country, and melancholy brooded o'er his heart for the beloved friend who had fallen by his side. The human heart demands its tribute of tears and sorrowing regrets, despite of the soul's loftiest philosophy.

I accompanied him to New York on his return way to the war; and again I visited the dear Scotch friends to whom I owed the possession of my sister's love and all its consequent good. Oh! there is a benignant power in wealth, when used by the willing hand and sympathizing heart, that has known poverty and its attendant sufferings. I had long since established Andrew McFallon and his neat and industrious wife in business, and with pleasure I saw them thriving and increasing their gains as time sped on.

I left my little Elmer in the charge of my motherly aunt; as I left home, the last sound I heard was the refrain of my mother's favorite song; with deep pathos and melancholy feeling she sang the saddening words—let me here transcribe them:

THE SLAVE-MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Call me not by name so sacred, Mother joys are not for me; Alas from the glowing promise Of thy birthright, Liberty! Lone I walk beneath the shadow Of thy long night, Slavery!

Call me not by name so loving, For its hope is not for me; Tears, my sad heart's benediction For the children of my knee, O'er my soul the brooding terror Of a doom I cannot flee!

Call me not by name so tender; Sing no song of love for me; For the heart-hymn in its glory, And the home-song of the free, From your lips in music welling, Mocks my mother agony!

Call me not by name the purest, For its bliss is not for me; Smile not on me in your gladness, But to God, the Father, flee; Of his right hand ask the mercy Of life's guardian, Liberty!

I proceeded with my husband to Philadelphia, the city distinguished in the annals of our time for the largest hospitality and most bountiful provision towards the gallant defenders of our land. There I grasped the beneficent hand of the patriotic founder of the Soldier's Refreshment Saloon, and expressed to him my heartfelt gratitude and profound esteem. I witnessed the arrival of many regiments, and saw the plenteous feast spread for their delighted, hungry eyes. Many were the blessings invoked upon the head of William Cooper; surely his rest is sweetened by angelic dreams.

It was a sight for humanity to rejoice and angels to participate in; the long, low-roofed building, once ennobled by the uses of labor (it was a cooper shop), and now dedicated to the feeding of the hungry, the care of the sick and wounded. The place was draped with the star-flag of the nation's love, a few pictures adorned the sides, and Nature's floral offerings were not wanting to charm the sight and elevate the weary spirit. The viands there prepared were of the best quality, and lavished in unmeasured quantity. The noble women who there ministered to the wants of the volunteer, sometimes tripping with busy feet all night in this employ of love, were mostly the votaries of labor; women whose days were devoted to household cares, or the service of the needle. All honor and glory to these true patriots! these self-sacrificing spirits of the century!

Again I parted with my beloved John; again the sad word that shall be unheard in the hereafter thrilled my bosom with the sharpest earth-pang. I said "Farewell" with tearful eyes and a smile of encouragement upon my lips; but when I was alone I wept—how bitterly ye only know who have endured the like agony of this fearful time! But again the sweet, low, reassuring voice of heavenly consolation whispered and soothed, and fear and doubt were lulled to rest.

I remained a few days in the city, and visited the kind ladies who had so generously interested themselves for my poor, friendless mother. In them I found true, earnest advocates of the pure Abolition sentiment, far removed from extremes, yet devoted to the holy cause of Emancipation. At their entreaty I postponed my return for another day or so; and when upon the very point of starting, I received a dispatch from my husband summoning me immediately to Washington. He gave me no explanation, but assured me of his own safety and perfect health. A strange agitation pervaded my being, and a thousand wild fancies crowded my brain; why was my presence de-

manded? what sudden calamity had occurred? was it not perhaps a fever, and John lying ill or dying? At that thought my heart gave me great shock of pain, and a cry escaped my lips; then over the tumultuously surging waters swept the angel-inspired, love-forgotten strains of God's dear promise and revelation; I felt, I knew that he was safe, that no harm had befallen, and for the time no danger threatened him.

On arriving at the Capital, I was met at the depot by John, erect and well in health, but with an unusual gravity upon the so expressive face.

He led me into the ladies' room, kissed me tenderly, and, holding both my hands, looking deep into my eyes, he said, in a voice that trembled with emotion:

"Dear Regina, our Father's wisdom-ways are manifold! Arouse your courage, nerve anew your heart. Let pity and tenderness rule, but give not way to weakness; a solemn trial awaits you, my beloved!"

I was strong and firm, for I held him in my loving clasp; my tones were steady as I asked:

"What is it, John? I am willing and prepared, tell me; I can bear all, now you are safe and well before me."

"There is a rebel prisoner here in the hospital," he said, placing one arm around me, and with his eyes still bent upon my face; "he is wounded unto death; he has not many hours of life. I have seen him, and he demands you. I thought at first his ravings were those of delirium—that it was some other Regina he called upon in such imploring entreaty—but I soon found that, dying as he is, he is sane and rational; only the stings of a guilty conscience forbid his soul's departure in peace. He mentions familiar names, and when I told him who I was, he supplicated for the love of heaven that I would send for you. Regina, this poor dying wretch—this traitor suffering the just punishments of crime is—"

Slowly, slowly, the illuminating, fearful truth came home.

"It is my father! it is Barton Lee!" I exclaimed; and my knees trembled beneath me; I sank into the nearest chair.

"Yes, love, it is your unhappy, misguided, tardily repentant father."

John passed his hand soothingly over my brow, and its magnetic influence was not unfelt even amid that terror shock. "You must go to him, as soon as you can command your feelings, for his life is ebbing fast away. Come, my wife; you, better than any one, can give to his last moments that spiritual comfort that no hireling priest has power to bestow. Are you calm enough, dearest? shall I lead you to him?"

"Yes, yes," I replied, wiping away my tears, and rising; "take me to him at once! But, oh, John, what shall—what can I say to him?"

"God and dear angels will inspire you, darling!" he said; and leaning upon his arm, we bent our steps towards the hospital.

With my veil drawn over my face to conceal its pallid hue, I entered the house of suffering, and was led along its stairs and chambers by the guiding arm of my husband, until we reached the bedside of that once defiant, proud, repellent Barton Lee—now an humbled prisoner and dying man! Oh, God! how changed and wasted were those features! Scarcely recognizable that once haughty brow—those now sunken, death-dimmed eyes! He was moaning uneasily as I approached; and as his glance fell on me, he said, huskily and with much difficulty:

"Is this Regina Lee?"

I bowed my head, though he called me by that strange name, and with an impulse of tenderest compassion I knelt and kissed his cold, bloodless hand.

"My daughter!" he murmured, as he raised himself with an effort, and gazed on me intently; "child of my first love! rightful possessor of all—cruelly, unjustly defrauded! Behold the punishment, the direful end! Regina, feast your eyes upon my misery! I have deserved it all!"

The mental pangs that racked his brain exceeded by far the physical torture; I whispered words of pity and consolation; I spoke to him of God and the Beyond. He ground his teeth in impotent despair, and clenched his hand in utter desperation of thought and memory.

"The Hereafter!" he wildly repeated; "it is a burning hell for such as I! fiends and legions of the damned have followed me of late, and dogged my footsteps to destruction! My wife, oh Violet! she haunts me, and Althea, with her soft rebuking eyes! her mother, and she who took poor Violet's place; they all surround me—all, all but Althea threaten; she is merciful, and she foretold my doom. 'Be not found in the traitors' ranks,' she said, and here I am this day! Regina, curse, spit upon, revile me! Gaze not at me with tender looks—I cannot bear it! I am a murderer! the stain of blood is on my soul, my hand is spotted with crime, my soul is dark with sin! I have trampled on all holy things—wife's, mother's, daughter's hearts? I have trailed the flag of liberty in the dust! I have arisen against God and man! Curse me quickly and go, Regina!"

"I will not curse you, my father, but bless you instead," I replied, with streaming tears.

"Turn not from me, from my dear, good husband, who, with me, is here to console you. Grant to me the most sacred privilege of a daughter's love; let me lead your thoughts to better, holier things. My father, for you and for all who have sinned, there is a path of expiation, an endless life of atonement and progression. Our Father in Heaven is mercifully compassionate. There is a way of repentance open unto all. Dear father, follow

the illuminating brightness." I sobbed with grief for his future condition as I thus implored him.

"There is no repentance in the grave, and in death there is no atonement possible. And beyond—is there a Beyond? Oh, if annihilation be a fiction, then will my present torment be endless—endless! My punishment will be life! Life with its alluring pangs and horrible memories! I shall be haunted eternally! Violet, my child! Althea! Helena Lee! Oh, death, death! give me repose and forgetfulness."

He smote his brow with an agony no words can render, as he pronounced each familiar name of those he had wronged. Fearful visions of the past arose before him; the death scene of Lucilla, the slow heart-breaking of the wretched Violet, her forcible ejection from the domain she was the lawful mistress of, the falling away of the proud woman who took her place, the miserable life of Althea's mother, that angels pale reproving countenance and attitude of enforced stillness, the blighting of her young and joyous years, the ruin of his manly sons—all passed in accusing review before him, shattering the frail remnants of his strength. I could do naught to assuage this retributive despair; I wept for very helplessness.

But my beloved inspired one; he felt not thus, deeply stirred as was his soul with pity; he placed his hands upon the pain-contracted brow, and gently wiled away its anguish, while his lips unclosed to the Harmonical utterances of the purest faith and the loftiest religious exhortation. Beneath the influence of his will and the richly dowered spirit's power, my father's sufferings were quieted, his mind perceived a ray of hope; his storm-tossed soul received the first baptismal sun-rays of a faith divine and abiding.

"You have sinned," gently spake my husband, and the glow of inspiration irradiated his noble face, and the fullness of God's truth was in the impressive speech; "through the perverted ambition and self-love whose aim was for a momentary sensual gain. That same ambition, fervent, soul-enwrapping, but aspiring heavenward, will, when directed by a purified will, lead to lofty achievements and beautiful compensations in the future. You feel in this hour that all your efforts for the attainment of happiness have been wrongly directed; that you have failed in winning peace and joy; is it not so? The first mistake of your life has led to a continued series of mischances, for you have followed the blind dictates of passion, never the guiding and warning voice within. Therefore you are haunted by accusing memories; therefore death seems fearful, and the coming life in which, despite of yourself, you believe, is fraught with terror to your trembling soul. Do not fear me; I am not here to alarm you, but rather to bring ease, and hope, and brightness to your spirit. I, with my Regina, belong to a faith as yet little understood; the only true and pure religion to which, in coming times, all hearts shall render homage. This belief of ours is world-wide in its charity; it links the meanest creature to the heart of Deity. You, suffering, erring, half-repentant man! you can, this last trial past, become by your own unwearied efforts a helping angel unto men. I speak not of this life, but of the other, near and opening to your view. You can become tenderly loving, just and fraternal, as you have been cruel, exacting, and untrue. You can join the true ranks of exalted freemen, and atone for the earth treason; you can become a guide unto many, a helper of the needy, a father to the orphaned and sorrowing. Not here—but there; for the life beyond is one of action, sympathy, love-labor, unceasing activity; not soon, as we measure time, may you become thus blest; but step by step, you will advance; every good thought framed in action, every deed of brotherhood and justice, will progress the willing, prayerful spirit; until purified from all clogging grossness, it stands beatified; face to face with God's comprehended loveliness and majesty, side by side with holiest seraphs of adoring love! No endless torture for one human soul! only that chastisement which the spirit inflicts upon itself by violation of the Father's immutable decrees of justice, and universal love and charity. There are no demons save those alone of accusing memory and protesting conscience; no devils but those of man's formation, whose elements are composed of inherited perversions and willful disobedience of law. There is no stationary heaven as the final resting place of man's infinite aspirations, no endless sphere of torture; for when the evil is cast out, the attendant suffering and sorrow departs with it. We teach that by unwearied effort only can salvation be attained; and as the God-like will is powerful to upraise, with it we strive for the attainment of the world's great universal aim—happiness. Mere word-prayers will not rescue us from wrong; professed repentance will not avail; in deeds alone of penitent goodness, the enlargement of the love faculties, the expansion of the intellect—not in cold scientific research only, but in the worship of reason that is the accompaniment of a true philosophy—can peace and contentment be found. I speak to one who can comprehend, one whose mental powers have overbalanced the pleadings of affection. In this hour you feel the need of an all-sustaining love; you acknowledge the necessity of veneration, the existence of a God, the beauty of long disdained virtue, the holiness of home joys, and the sanctity of love and friendship. See, Barton Lee! man that is soul-formed in the image of his Creator bears upon his heart and tongue the impress of the divine fervency, that tribute of the Eternal's pitying love! You have from her earliest days, nay, from her

very birth, wooed this dear child, my beloved and beloved wife; but she said I forgive, and were your life spared, you should go home with her, and learn of her past life, that out of trial and discipline the soul arises strong and beautified; that wealth is then only a blessing when devoted to the holiest uses; that true distinction is only of the intellect that is consecrated to humanitarian aim, and that of the heart vowed to the service of its fellow-men. But this may not be, though we would cherish you and guide you unto better paths in the last hours of the earth life; therefore, turn unto the long neglected laws of thy spiritual being and vow unwavering obedience henceforth. Aspiration, fervor, the true repentance of a heart disowning its false idols, and turning to the only true worship of an unchanging God, who works through Nature and by fixed law—this will bring answering angels of teaching knowledge and of brightening love. With the vow of amendment in thy soul, in peace with man, and reconciled to the great father heart of God, whose ultimate manifestation of creative power thou art, become thou worthy of the infinite relationship, arise new-born unto the life of the spirit, redeemed from the follies and crimes of thy lower nature! Turn to the divine love that is inexhaustible! to the all-embracing paternal justice! to the great ascending and unending life!"

The rapid changes of wonder, kindling hope, swift-passing, eager joy, swept over the fading countenance; the wandering, restless eye, became fixed in calm attention; and as he spoke, it mirrored quick, transient gleams of faith, of expectation, of the penitence laved in tears. A holy spell seemed to enchain him, rapt and intent upon the speaker's words; unconsciously the hands were folded in the long-forgotten attitude of prayer; the pale lips moved inaudibly; foregleams of the peace to come settled on the battling soul, weary of its misspent term of life; the turning point of Time had come; remorse, the stern, awakening angel, pain, sorrow, disenchantment, all were chosen teachers, commissioned to lead him "from darkness to the light." The violent, impetuous mood, was over; reflective gentleness usurped its place; he called me feebly; blest me with his last failing breath, and murmured: "Beautiful, most beautiful!" as he seemed to ponder on my husband's words. Then, with his last remnant of strength and thought, he pointed to the banner folds suspended near the doorway; and, comprehending his desire, I detached it from the wall and brought it to him; he took the flag, gazed on it with gathering tears; with an effort he pressed its heavenly stars and stripes of beauty to his breast and lips. I thought I heard him utter, "Forgive, forgive, oh liberty!" Another look, full of the deepest thankfulness, at the face of John, bending over him in mute compassion, one parting look of love for me, and the head sank back upon the pillow, the death-flutter overspread the upraised orbs; one fluttering sigh, and the spirit of my father passed to the eternal gates! I sank upon my knees, and a great inspiration and a lofty purpose thrilled my soul, and found expression in a burst of eloquent feeling; the warring spirit of hatred, that had so oft embittered my life, passed out of my soul forever!

He died unconscious that his presence had caused the premature death of Althea; that he had broken the heart of Helena Lee, and blighted the rose-promise of young Elmer's life. In his wild, reckless course, he had never heard of these later misfortunes. My brother Oscar, so he had told John, was dying of a slow decline, in Southern France; Charles had wandered away, he knew not whither.

Thus ends the strange, eventful history of a life unknown to even my nearest friends. None, gazing on my yet youthful aspect and unfurrowed brow, believe that I have ever suffered, ever undergone such manifold agonies of heart and brain; the impress of vice is fearfully legible; sorrow, nobly borne, inspires with majesty and decks the spirit in queenly robes of state. I have not faded, nor grown old, nor has my heart lost aught of its first freshness.

Still, as ever, the enchantress, Poesy, decks the green earth with Paradisean hues; still love breathes its Eden-melodies over my household realm; still filial duty sustains, and holy aspiration points upward in my daily path. I have lost much, but have gained more; gloriously balanced are the scales of the divine Justice, beautiful the awarded compensations of the loyal adherence to truth and right.

From my father's grave I returned home to my happily unconscious mother, to my loving aunt and darling child, leaving again my husband exposed to all the chances of the conflict. But his arm is nerved in the great cause of freedom; no individual animosity, no petty emulation inspires him; he is no candidate for political favor, no aspirant for worldly honors; he is a patriot, devoted to his country and the service of a suffering humanity; surely the Good Father and the holy guardian angels of his ministry will watch over him in camp and field!

I know not whether my mother will ever be restored to the clear light of reason; sometimes I hope so, for there are certain indications of returning intellect and memory, that delight my watchfulness, manifest in her voice and eye. Then again I despair of such an issue, as she falls back into the customary melancholy and forgetfulness; but I have learnt to submit, remembering that all is well; that, in the bright future, her life, too, will be beautified and dowered with choicest benedictions. In all faith and humility I wait for that coming time.

Dear, faithful, loving Agnes Lyle; as ever

devoted to the best interests of all, she is my dearest friend and guiding counselor still. I understand now why, in my earliest dreams, or trance visions, she, who ever bore a mother's part towards me, was so near to heart and eye. I have almost grown out of that abnormal condition that presented the past so vividly before me; but in exchange therefor I have sweet transient waking glimpses of that inner and upper world of undying beauty; I behold the radiant, living faces of progressed and happy wisdom-spirits, of angels of serene love.

Perhaps, when the war is over, the white glory of Peace flag broadcast over this liberated continent, its bondmen and women freed beneath the true sheltering flag of a reconstructed and holier Union—perhaps then I may revisit the free soil, from which, while yet oppression ruled, I was taken when a babe, to grow up in the true love of liberty on the bleak, rocky coast of Massachusetts. Perhaps I may yet behold the first home of my retrospective dreams.

Good mother Charity! I no longer feel ashamed of her eccentric ways and oddities of expression; though, I am glad to confess, they are considerably modified. Her unostentatious goodness makes full amends for all; and I have learnt to worship goodness of heart far beyond the mere brilliant display of intellect—alas! too often unwarned, on its glittering ice pinnacle, by one stray sunbeam of affection's glory. I have learnt by heart one of life's greatest lessons—the uses and sweetness of that heaven-flower, Humility. My mother Charity bears the separation from her idolized son with a fortitude worthy of a Spartan matron; but in the solitude of her chamber she weeps over his letters, as I know by her reddened eyes, the sorrow impressed upon the calm, pale face; yet she ever urges him on to his duty, and wishes she could be beside him during all the eventful changes of the contest; aye, even to the battle-field the mother-heart would hasten the shrinking woman frame!

We have not inhabited our sea-side cottage home this past summer; but we hope, ere many summers pass, to return to it, and rest awhile beneath its memory-haunted shelter, for we all love the dear old house.

I have given myself and loved ones into Thy mother care, O overruling Wisdom, Power, and Love ineffable! Out of the darkness of the present trial hour thou wilt lead the individual heart and the united nation unto the inestimable blessings of restored and universal Liberty and Peace.

THE END.

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Notices of New Books.

"Talent alone cannot make a writer; there must be a whole mind behind the book."

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. Price \$4.

It is very difficult to form a just estimate of a work that marks a stage in progress in any department of human affairs; for the critic must either take his standpoint among the old opinions and beliefs which the new work is to revolutionize, or among those which are to prevail after its ideas shall have become popular. In the first case, he is liable to misjudge, from underrating the new truths revealed, and in the latter, to be misled by misconceiving or attributing too great a consequence to them. We shall endeavor to avoid both mistakes, by presenting as clearly as possible a general view of the tenor and purpose of Buckle's History of Civilization, and the points in which it differs from similar works that have preceded it.

Its aim is to exhibit the progress of society in England. The reader expects, of course, to discover in it an exhibition of the political changes through which that country has gone, the development of its ecclesiastical system, the growth of the arts and sciences, and a delineation of the amelioration of public and private morals, as they have proceeded during the lapse of many centuries. But he will be agreeably surprised to find that he is invited at the outset to a very different discussion. He will find that before entering upon details, the author will perhaps bring him to revise all his previous opinions in regard to the nature of human progress, or at least offer him a new method for the study of it, which promises to be as instructive as it is novel. And the one very remarkable feature of the history before him, he will soon find to be that it treats of the whole man and of the sum total of the causes that act upon him, instead of a fraction of human nature and a limited number of the agents that influence it. The History of Civilization in Europe, by Guizot, for example, which is a work similar in purpose to this of Buckle, considers man merely as a being of emotion and intellect, and his progress as a social creature to be a spontaneous development of these two forces, modified mainly and almost exclusively by social relations. Hence Guizot can discover no more profound causes at work in European civilization than the State and the Church, and when he has traced all the changes through which these two institutions pass, and marked the results left behind upon the morals and intellect of the masses, he imagines his task accomplished.

The greater profundity and truthfulness of Buckle's investigations we think must be apparent to every one who will but reflect on the principle he enunciates for his guidance, and on the simplicity of the method he adopts. Some of these we will briefly state.

History, in his conception, is the record of human actions. But these are caused by antecedents in the human mind and in the external world, jointly. In brief, history is the record of the modification of man by nature, and of nature by man. The first duty of a historian of human progress, therefore, is to ascertain whether mind or the external world preponderates in its influence over human actions. The external world acts upon man by Climate, Food, Soil, and the Aspects of Nature, and in some countries these are so powerful as to exalt the imagination above all other mental faculties, and then cause an immobile and unadvancing civilization, because freedom of thought is overborne. This was particularly the case in India.

In Europe the external world did not exert so disastrous an effect on civilization. There the reflective faculties were simply stimulated, and not oppressed by Nature; and in Europe, therefore, is to be found the fairest illustrations of human progress.

It will thus be seen that more profound causes are assumed by Buckle, as operative in civilization, than by Guizot. Church and State are the joint product of the influences of the external world and the human mind, in his view, and are very far from being the ultimate causes of European progress. He thus makes the whole man a factor in civilization instead of certain faculties simply, while its due weight is assigned to the other factor, the external world.

In reading the excellent work of Guizot, we are delighted with the peculiar beauty of the analyses of social forces, and the skill with which they are marshaled before the mind and their results exhibited in revolutions, and the growth of institutions. But we are conscious all the while that we are dealing only with proximate causes, and that a deeper insight is not only desirable, but attainable. It is as if in the study of the human organism an anatomist were to show us the fibrin, albumen, gluten, blood, and other proximate elements of which it is composed, and gravely inform us that this was the *ultima thule* of knowledge in this direction; while another, more skilled in the science, could not only show us these proximate principles, but the ultimate chemical elements, the carbon, the oxygen, the sulphur, the lime, and the iron, that enter the structure of the body.

This is what Buckle does. He goes back to ultimate causes, to the two factors of human progress—the external world, on the one hand, and the man, the whole man, on the other. If Guizot's work is a good one—and so it is—Buckle's is better, because its reach is more profound, its scope more comprehensive.

And this brings us to speak briefly of the method of studying the social nature of man

recommended by this writer. It is obvious that our primary knowledge of our fellow man is derived largely from the experiences of our individual minds. We recognize in ourselves certain impulses, passions, and tendencies, and we all share these analogically to others. Certain angry demonstrations in others we trace back to a principle of wrath in them, because in ourselves anger tends to produce similar demonstrations. Hence arises a method of studying human nature which has obtained wide acceptance, and even been consecrated by schools of thinkers. This is to deduce the laws of human action *subjectively* by studying our individual consciousness. It is plain that this method must necessarily be embarrassed with great difficulties. As many observers of their private consciousness as there may be, so many will be the varying philosophies of human nature. At best, it can explain but a very limited range of human phenomena, and the explanations arrived at are not likely to meet a very extensive or harmonious reception.

So by studying the physiological habitudes of individual men, it is very difficult to establish physiological laws, because individual aberrations are constantly disturbing, or at least concealing those laws.

The true method of studying social and physiological phenomena, therefore, is to observe what man *does* on a large scale, under every variety of circumstances, to classify the physical conditions under which human actions are produced, and to note the degree of uniformity with which they recur. Here, for example, is a social fact called *murder*. It is the resultant of a double force; one internal in the agent's character, the other external in the social and physical condition surrounding the agent. Now, it is found by criminal statistics that, in all civilized countries, the number of murders recurring year by year is remarkably uniform, so much so that in ordinary states of society it may be accurately predicted years in advance. The same is true of theft, burglary, or any other crime. The uniformity with which they recur is a decisive proof that they are a resultant of a vast variety of conditions, the most potent of which lie *outside* of the agent. The conclusion is, that the causes of murder, which we seek to remove, can never be found by studying human nature *through our individual consciousness*, which is the method of Theology and Metaphysics, the method at present almost universally accepted. The causes of crime must be sought by *statistical investigation* mainly, by studying what men do uniformly through long periods of time together. Thus only can we hope to trace out the most potent of the special causes which compel his action.

The discussion of this topic leads Buckle to consider the question, whether human progress is dependent more upon moral than intellectual development. To determine it, he lays down the principle that a people cannot be said to be advancing if, on the one hand, with increase of their resources, there is an increase of vice, or if, on the other hand, with an increase of their virtue, they become more ignorant. The two qualities, virtue and intelligence, must develop together. There must be a disposition to do what is right, and a knowledge of the way to do it. Now, the constitutive faculties of man, whether moral or intellectual, remain the same from age to age. Since the dawn of history, man has been born to the same status. The man of Greece is no better by birth, and no worse, than the man of modern England. Neither has there been in thousands of years any progress in the knowledge of moral principles. For ages it has been known that our highest duties are to do good to others; to sacrifice our wishes to their benefit; to love our neighbors as ourselves; to forgive our enemies; to restrain our passions; to honor our parents; to respect those in authority. These are the essential principles of all moral systems, and they have been known in all times, and among all nations. All the efforts and inquiries of moralists and theologians have added nothing to them. They are the instinctive teachings of the universal human heart.

The increase of moral knowledge, therefore, has not been the cause of any advance in human virtue. If such advance has been real, it must have proceeded from some other cause. This has been an augmentation of that kind of knowledge that ameliorates his external condition. Where this has increased, the average of human virtue and happiness has risen; where it has been lacking, morals and religion have sunk proportionately low.

In illustration of these principles, he traces the causes of the decline of two of the greatest evils inflicted upon man by man—namely, Religious Persecution and War. These are incontrovertibly shown to have declined in consequence of the progress of knowledge. This knowledge in Modern Europe culminated in three marked results, which ultimately powerfully checked the latter of these two enormous evils.

The first was the invention of gunpowder, which, by rendering War more expensive and more destructive, tended to remove it altogether. The second was the discovery of political economists, by which statesmen and nations have gradually learned that their true interests are identical. The third was the application of steam to purposes of locomotion, which, by bringing nations into closer contact, tends to abate national jealousies and prejudices.

The decline of Religious Persecution is traced primarily in Europe to the growth of skepticism, which broke the authority of superstition and paved the way for scientific discoveries. It is also traced to the growth of an intellectual class whose interests were not

purely ecclesiastical, which brought about a downfall of clerical influence. In discussing these themes, the writer finds it necessary to treat a vast variety of topics that bear upon them, but the aim is never lost sight of, and the idea that increase of knowledge is the great desideratum in human progress is kept constantly before the reader.

After establishing his principles, therefore, he proceeds in the first volume to lay open the progress of the English intellect, and the great social, political, and ecclesiastical changes that ensued in consequence. Along with this the progress of the French intellect is likewise sketched, but in outline only. In the second volume, he enters at great length into the history of the Spanish intellect from the fifth to the nineteenth century, and of the Scotch intellect during the last five centuries.

As the writer considers the grand agent of the progress of mankind to be an advance in the knowledge of the laws of phenomena, so he deems the prevalence of the protective spirit to be its greatest obstacle; this protective spirit he defines to be the notion that society cannot prosper unless the affairs of life are watched over and protected at all points by Church and State; the latter power teaching men what they are to do, and the former, what they are to believe. The influence of this spirit is delineated in the history of the Spanish and Scotch intellects with a minuteness of detail that is surprising. Never before has this theme been treated so thoroughly and plainly.

This work is evidently destined to mark an epoch in historical literature, because it so boldly defends the principle that the world is to be ameliorated by *increase of knowledge*. For thousands of years the idea has prevailed that by operating directly on the *moral nature* mainly, is any great amelioration in society possible. What if all this time men have been laboring under a serious error? What if the average of human virtue can never be elevated by religion, or religious appliances? If this is so, it deserves to be known. That it is so, is already more than suspected by multitudes. Only by increasing *human knowledge*, many believe, do we get hold of the long lever of human improvement. At all events, this is the cardinal doctrine of Buckle's history.

Besides the interest attaching to this work on account of the novelty of the principle it attempts to establish, the reader will be surprised and delighted by the immense array of knowledge displayed by the writer himself. Every point of interest in modern science is incidentally alluded to, or illustrated, in the course of the work, from the laws of the solar system to the composition of the tissues of the human body, from the strata of the earth to the microscopic discoveries in vegetable physiology. The mere notes, if well studied and digested, would be worth to an ordinary reader the perusal of a library. The high reputation it has already acquired, is simply an indication of the perpetuity of its influence, and of the direction in which all thinking minds are tending.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS UNDER THE LAW: In Three Lectures. By CAROLINE H. DALL, author of "Woman's Right to Labor," "Historical Pictures Retouched," &c. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., 245 Washington street.

In this work of 164 pages, Mrs. Dall fully sustains her well earned reputation for earnestness, candor, breadth of vision, and scholarly attainment. The book is composed of three lectures, delivered in Boston, January, 1861. The first treats of "The Oriental Estimate and the French Law;" the second of "The English Common Law;" the third of "The United States Law, and some thoughts on Human Rights."

From a huge medley of semi-incoherent, ancient and modern statutes, Mrs. Dall has, with true womanly tact, performed the difficult task of culling those bearing most directly and vitally on her subject, "Woman's Rights under the Law;" and with these as data, she has constructed an argument so clear, and with language so terse, lucid, searching, and pathetic, as to interest, arouse, and move the reader and win conviction at every step. The strictest brevity is studied throughout these living pages; not an unnecessary sentence or word is allowed place, but the common sense of the world is appealed to in that short-hand, deductive method, which is woman's peculiar method and which is yet to make her potential in bringing truth directly to the heart of mankind. Mrs. Dall says: "The result of a great deal of reading of a great many law-books is only this—that we are more firmly convinced than ever that the most necessary reform is a simple erasure from the statute-book of whatever recognizes distinctions of sex. You should make woman, in the eye of the law, what she has always been in the eye of God, a responsible human being; and make laws which such beings, male or female, can obey."

Whoever reads her book attentively, will not fail to come to the same conclusion; and yet the modesty with which she sends this valuable compend forth to meet the world's needs, may be seen by the following passage in her preface: "To compact carefully one 'well-labored thread' is all I have sought to do—to write a little book, that women might be won to read, as conscientiously as if it were a heavy tome, to be endlessly consulted by the bench."

In examining the laws of modern times and tracing the effect of the old Oriental estimate, Mrs. Dall presents four points for consideration:

1st. That estimate of woman on which her civil position is founded, and those rights of property which are granted or refused to her accordingly.

2d. Such laws as relate to marriage and divorce.

3d. Such laws or customs as keep woman out of office, off the jury, and refuse her all authorized legitimate interference in public affairs.

4th. Her right of suffrage.

In our view the only mistake our author makes is that of endeavoring to avoid a fair discussion of the second of these four points. She says: "Of these points, the discussion of such laws as relate to marriage and divorce is alone to be restricted by any considerations of prudence. It has never seemed to me a wise thing to open needlessly this discussion; and the opening of it by women is needless, while they are in no position to discuss it equally with men."

To concede this is to yield the whole ground; for what department of Woman's Rights are women in a position to discuss "equally with men"? Of all the multifarious questions, however, which arise in connection with this subject, the marriage and divorce question is one which, above all others, it is simply impossible to avoid. Mrs. Dall does not succeed in avoiding it. So intimately is it connected with the subject of Woman's Rights—so truly is it at the very foundation of this subject, that like Banquo's ghost, it "will not down" at the bidding of any man or woman engaged in this discussion. The worst hardships of woman's condition are due to the inequalities of marriage laws; the most bitter sorrows of her lot are due to the inequalities of divorce laws. Mrs. Dall admits this by implication in several cases to which she refers, among them that of Hon. Mrs. Norton. Also, in an apologetic foot-note, referring to a case of separation, she says: "The only excuse for considering this point, in an essay pleading especially for woman, is that the law bears unequally on the two sexes; pressing hardest on woman, on account of her pecuniary dependence and general subordination to man."

Let there be an entirety of effort in the direction of this great reform. Mrs. Dall says very truly that "If reforms are not to be unpopular, they should be simple and complete." Let her, then, attack such laws as relate to marriage and divorce as bravely and nobly as she has others in the long catalogue of shameful statutes inimical to woman, and she will soon forgo to weaken her cause by tamely conceding that so vital a discussion is "needless" on the part of the women of the nineteenth century.

The appearance of this book is most opportune, since we know not, in the present convulsed state of the country, how soon such a reorganization may take place as will make it needful to revise our entire system of legislation. This little volume should be introduced as an educator to the homes of the people, and every man and woman should ponder well its instructive pages. For sale at the HERALD OF PROGRESS Office. Price 63 cents. Postage 10 cents.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* presents the following table of contents:—"Battle-Hymn of the Republic;" by Mrs. J. Howe; "Agnes of Sorrento;" by H. B. Stowe; "Our Artists in Italy;" by the late Paul Akers; "The Experiences of the A. C.;" by Bayard Taylor; "Snow;" by T. W. Higginson; "A Story of To-Day;" by Author of *Life in the Iron Mills*; "Methods of Study in Natural History;" by Agassiz; "Love and Skates;" by Winthrop; "Midwinter;" by J. S. Trowbridge; "Ease in Work;" by Rev. D. A. Wasson; "At Port Royal—1861;" by John G. Whittier; "Fremont's Hundred Days in Missouri;" by Wm. Dorheimer; "Mason and Slidell—A Yankee Idyll;" by J. R. Lowell; "Reviews and Literary Notices."

The second paper on "Fremont's Hundred Days" gives a most spirited description of the charge made by the Body-Guard at Springfield: "On the prairie, at the edge of the woodland in which he knew his wily foe lay hidden, Zagonyi halted his command. He spurred along the line. With eager glance he scanned each horse and rider. To his officers he gave the simple order, 'Follow me; do as I do!' and then, drawing up in front of his men, with a voice tremulous and shrill with emotion, he spoke: 'Fellow-soldiers, comrades, brothers! This is your first battle. For our three hundred, the enemy are two thousand. If any of you are sick or tired by the long march, or if any think the number is too great, now is the time to turn back.' He paused; no one was sick or tired. 'We must not retreat. Our honor, the honor of our General, and our country, tells us so on. I will lead you. We have been called holiday soldiers for the pavements of St. Louis; to-day we will show that we are soldiers for the battle. Your watchword shall be, *The Union and Fremont!*' Draw saber! By the right flank—quick trot—march!"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for February, has the following contents: "The Coast Rangers of California.—V. 'The Last Hunt,'" by J. Ross Brown; "The Cavalrist;" "Making Money—III. The American Bank Note Company;" "Orley Farm," by Anthony Trollope—Illustrated by J. E. Millais; "Mademoiselle;" "The Prisoner of War;" "Washington Irving;" "General Frankie: A Story for Children;" "The Ball is Up;" "Mistress and Maid: A Household Story," by Miss Mulock. "The Whisky Insurrection;" "What Can I Do?" "Shipwreck;" "The Adventures of Philip;" by W. M. Thackeray; "Tangled Threads;" "The Yard-Measure Extended to the Stars;" "Monthly Record of Current Events;" "Editor's Table;" "Editor's Easy Chair;" "Our Foreign Bureau;" "Editor's Drawer;" and "Fashions for February."

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