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Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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[WHOLE No. 136

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

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

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

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

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."

H. F. LONG ISLAND.—Corn-cobs are good for fuel. Soldiers and farmers should use them.

J. H. F. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—We welcome the "Soldier's Catechism." It will shortly appear.

A. G. NEW YORK.—The expression, "He's gone to pot," originated from the fact that the early Greeks buried their dead in jars.

"CYRIL," PARK PLACE, N. Y.—Your able paper on the true basis of "National Unity" will be published to the world very soon.

K. G. HARVEYSBURGH, O.—"Christianity Before Christ," No. 1, is received. We shall whisper to you in the medical column.

ANNIE C., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—It has been well said that Nature, in her saddest moods, preaches cheerfulness and hope, even as she covers forgotten graves with flowers.

BENJ. T. ALTON, ILL.—The revelations of J. D. B. from the Spirit World would do good. They are given in an easy, familiar style, and would be read with considerable interest. Shall we give them to the world through our columns?

T. C. N., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—George Francis Train, or somebody like him, says that society in England is based on blood, breeding, brains, and bullion. Is this what you meant to say in your lengthy epistle?

H. H. K., LUMBERTON, N. J.—The daughter is unusually impressive. If you do not wish to get in communication with spirits in that manner, it will be best for you to suspend all circles and dial attempts for several weeks, or until she recovers from the susceptibility.

ANN KING, WATERLOO, N. Y.—Your story, dear friend, was received from Mrs. W. It teaches a good lesson, and we would like to publish it, but the style is not quite animated and concise enough to suit our taste. The manuscript is at your disposal.

MISS M. R., GREENSVILLE, N. Y.—It is impossible for us to give you any positive encouragement at this time. We like the spirit of self-supporting industry with which you propose to "help yourself" through life. For such the gods do many noble deeds.

O. B. S., CLEVELAND, O.—Your reflections on "Past, Present, and Future," are bold, honest, and blind. You approach like a lion; you stand like a man; you subside like an echo. Try once more, forgetting yourself meantime, and we promise you a crop of success.

J. C. H., PEORIA, ILL.—The Psychological Society of this city was organized in the early part of the present year. The members are expected to present all their facts and reasonings in writing. Debating is not in order, but much is left to the option of the Brother who presented the topic.

W. H. E., PHILADELPHIA.—As near as we can recall his words, they were as follows:

"Some day we be free,
De norf-wind tell it to de pine,
De wild duck to de sea;
We tink it when de church-bell ring,
We dream it in de dream,
De fire-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream."

No Delays Here.

To N. D. G. and all other subscribers who fail to receive their papers promptly we desire to say, that, never since we commenced mailing the HERALD OF PROGRESS have we failed in getting our mail to the New York Post-office on the regular day. All irregularities must occur after the paper leaves this office. At present our mails are deposited Friday afternoons, and should be mailed the same night.

When poetry is rather a propension than a passion, the discrimination of it is easy, because the muse, instead of pursuing the objects of Nature, and painting them in the glowing colors of a vivid imagination, resorts to that far less daring effort, which we designate imitation.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER AND A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

HOSPITAL, April —
I write with a great deal of pain, dear girl—
I've not been able before since the fight—
And my brain is still so much in a whirl
That I can tell you but little to-night.
I'm wounded—don't start—'tis not very bad,
Or at least it might be worse; so I said,
When I thought of you, "I'm sure she'll be glad
To know that I'm only wounded—not dead."

I've lost my left arm—there! now you know all!
A Minie ball shattered it, and I fell;
The last that I heard was our Captain's call,
Until—the rest is too painful to tell.
I've had throughout the most excellent care,
And am doing finely, the surgeon says;
So well, indeed, that the prospect is fair
For a homeward trip before many days.

But I've something else, dear Mary, to say,
And I'd say it if it cost me my life;
I've thought of it well—there's no other way—
You're released from your promise to be my wife!

You'll think me foolish at first; then you'll think
Of the loose, armless coat-sleeve at my side;
And your proud and sensitive heart will shrink
From the thought of being a cripple's bride.

'Tis a bitter struggle to give you up,
For I've loved you more than ever of late;
But down to its dregs I've drained the cup,
And I'm calm, though my heart is desolate.
I'm coming home, and of course we must meet;
My darling, this once, one boon I implore—
Let us still be friends—for that will be sweet,
Since now, alas! we can be nothing more.

SWEET HOME, April —
My Robert, how brave and noble you are!
Too brave and too noble, I know, for me;
But you've too little faith in me by far,
If you believe that I want to be free.
I'm not released from my promise—no, no!
'Twas never so sacred to me before;
If you could but know how I've longed to go
And watch by your side, you'd doubt me no more.

I read your name in the terrible list,
But the tears froze back that sprang to my eye;
And a fearful pain, that I could not resist,
Crushed my heart till I only longed to die.
The blessed tears, by-and-by, came again,
And I felt, as you in your letter said,
A feeling of gladness, 'mid all my pain,
That Robert was only wounded—not dead.

Oh, darling! to think you have suffered so,
And I all these long, weary miles away!
You've needed me very often, I know,
While I could do nothing but hope and pray.
But hardest of all is the bitter thought
That you have been suffering so much for me;
Poor Robert! your manly letter has brought
A strange mixture of joy and misery.

But you're coming home to my arms and heart;
You're right—I am proud, and sensitive, too,
But I'm only so when we are apart,
And now—I shall only be proud of you!
You're coming home to happiness and rest,
And I wait the moment of blissful calm,
When I shall be held to a soldier's breast
By a patriot-hero's one strong arm!

[Harper's Weekly.]

Rights of Human Nature.

"Know thyself. 'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noon-tide majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
This fraternal man—this constitutes
His charities and his bearings."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Human Once More.

A MAN AND WOMAN.

In saying that "woman is man's central sun," only half the truth was revealed. Man is woman's center of attraction also. The whole universe moves in progressive circles. How beautiful the panorama of the destiny of the Human rises up before me. It is an endless waltz, with an infinite variety of musical changes in time, and tune, and figure. It is not simply an endless progressive tour of the majestic and beautiful in human form; it is also an endless onward tour of beauty and force for every faculty of the male and female intelligence.

Man is woman's central sun; and oh, how sad it is to think that the ungoverned fire of his passions, she has been lured and blinded and destroyed, like the moth in the blaze of a candle. Like the spider in the fable, man has lured woman with sweet words and siren voice, and like the silly fly, when she is fairly caught in the meshes of his laws, she has never come out again; never breathed another breath of freedom for the exercise of her God-given faculties.

There is no truth in the assertion that woman is the interior of man, and that man is woman's external. If this were so, man's life would be a true expression of woman's character, than which nothing could be farther from the truth. Woman's external individuality is just as clearly marked as man's. For every faculty of man, woman possesses its counterpart and equal. The spirit of man is not stronger than that of woman, but it is

more demonstrative, and requires a stronger casket to hold it, and to work out its mission. Woman's strength is moral and defensive; that of man, physical and aggressive. Woman displays her strength in fortitude and forbearance; man, in breaking down all barriers to their onward march; for they must move along together, like partners in a waltz, whether they move in harmony or not. Man is the babbling rock-bound brook, (woman's volubility to the contrary notwithstanding); woman the purling flower-banked stream. Man is the rushing, roaring, mighty, irresistible Niagara, in its terrible fall; woman is the deep, mysterious, fathomless river below, or the broad, calm lake above, bearing on its bosom its untold wealth of commerce. Woman is the deep blue sea in a gentle breeze; man is the ocean in a storm, the foaming, bounding billow, the onward dashing wave. E. G. W.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

"Horrors of Science and Comforts of Faith."

MR. EDITOR: Enough was not said upon this subject in the article of R. T. H. last week, nor will enough now be said.

As a student of theology and of science, a graduate of the divinity school, a member of the natural history school, a disciple of Agassiz and of Jesus, I agree fully with what is intimated of "Religio-Chemici" by the noble, earnest, progressive Dr. Osgood and R. T. H. I am satisfied that Nature is a whole, at least as far as this earth is concerned, and as each individual organism on this earth is a whole in itself, and at the same time a part of the organic whole earth, so is the globe itself (as I have faith) a part of a greater whole, and that of a still greater. Now, what can we know of the true function or operation of any organ or part of the human system except we consider it in relation to some appropriately true conception of the system as a whole? Are not some members considered in themselves alone dishonorable and destructive, but are they not all, considered in relation to each other, so fitly joined that each is important to the other and essential to the completion of a perfect whole? Chemistry deals with only one part of a great whole, and that, as Paul would say, "the most dishonorable part," or, as you, Mr. Editor, would say, "the lowest"—the substratum or material basis, the raw material which life and spirit appropriate and organize, to the end that human souls—persons—sons of God—are born. What sorrow travail bringeth! What rejoicing when a man is born into the world and the pains are forgotten! Look only at some of the facts connected with this most beautiful exhibition of divine benevolence in making man the parent of man. You may well say, here is no evidence that God is love.

Looking at all the facts and the great results of love—conjugal, parental, filial, fraternal—the family and the possibilities of human civilization—and you see the grandest display of divine wisdom prompted by goodness alone. So if you combine all the sciences, even in their present state of partial development, and take a comprehensive view of all in their relations, I think you cannot fail to see an ideal wholeness which will fill your soul with a faith in the goodness and wisdom of God as much superior to the instructive "revealed faith" otherwise experienced, as is the filial faith of maturity to the instinctive faith of infancy.

The child must view with horror many acts of a true parent, unless it have faith in the real goodness of its parent. But when the period of enlightenment arrives, so that it comprehends the relation of these acts—horrible in themselves—to other acts, and sees the end as the parent sees it, then it knows the parent is good. Till this period of scientific enlightenment arrive in full, we shall need "the comforts of faith" to balance "the horrors of science." And how long shall we not need them, poor, puny babes of God, in this vast, complicated world of "poisons" and "conflicts." But in faith we say: Oh how wonderful, that out of such poisonous elements and such terrible powers God is able to construct such a blessed world, and through it produce, at last, an offspring—his own image!

Remember that man is a great fact—a fearfully and wonderfully made being—vast and incomprehensible almost as God himself, and that to produce, educate, and develop man, is the great end sought in the creation of the world. Who but God can see all that is necessary to that great result?

Faith is the blessed gift of God—the divinest instinct of the soul—the "light" that is in thee to guide and comfort amid the horrors of false and partial knowledge.

Science is the opening of individual vision, at first to limited and often imperfect views of Nature, but gradually to more and more correct and broad fields, until it finally confirms faith, and with it at last lifts the soul up to God, who is all love and whose works are all good. J. H. F.

New York, Sept., 1862.

Pulpit and Rostrum.

"Every one's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems, at the time, to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new."

(From the Banner of Light.)

An Inspirational Discourse on the Present Crisis.

THE MORAL VALUE OF THE WAR.

LECTURE BY H. B. STORER, BEFORE THE LYCEUM CHURCH, IN LYCEUM HALL, BOSTON, SUNDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 7, 1862.

"The outward man perisheth, but the inward man is renewed day by day." One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh—nations are born, attain maturity, and soon are known to have existed only from the pages of history. Human institutions of all kinds are temporary in their nature, and by the very laws of their constitution are destined to perish, after they have subserved their respective uses. The play of human life goes on from age to age, but each generation of children throw away the toys with which it played, and new ones are invented for those that come after. The spirit is ever active and restless, but its feet make new paths—its genius embodies new creations—it seeks after better conditions.

The one great fact of human consciousness is the identity of its being—as the nature of its existence, and the methods of its experience are continually changing. The end sought to be attained is the development of the spiritual man, and the enlargement of his sphere of consciousness, so that within him the immutable principles of righteousness shall be consciously established as the laws of his life—the methods of his usefulness, and the security of his eternal peace.

What the body and its organic functions are to the individual man, human institutions are to the race. Merely servants of the immortal races and peoples, whose advancement, refinement, and progression they subserve. Industrial, commercial, political, social, and religious institutions, so far as they are educational, and tend to develop man's spiritual being, are consecrated by Nature, and are sacred to him. Patriarchal, monarchical, or republican forms of government are sacred in that degree to which they conserve the natural rights of man. They can confer no new rights upon him, but so far as they can and do protect man's natural rights from being infringed by the ignorant or the vicious, they are useful and indispensable. They succeed each other in the order of human progress, as naturally as the succession of childhood, youth, and maturity, and whether in the material or spiritual worlds, these principles of government, embodied in institutions, constitute the protective agencies that guard man through the wild lands of his passionate and undisciplined nature, and conduct him into the larger liberty of individual sovereignty, and the higher kingdom of absolute justice, righteousness, and peace.

As the passage of man's spirit from his body is usually characterized by a long continued struggle between the principle of life that seeks a higher or more perfect embodiment, and the old members themselves that represent the claims of the body as such, striving to retain the vital spirit that gives them union and character—so the passage of the race from one form of government to another and higher is usually characterized by revolution and strife unto the death of the old and the birth of the new order and form. Human institutions, like human bodies, find many mourners at their graves, albeit they have perchance no power to discern the myriads who welcome the birth of the new.

Every human body that is placed beneath the sod has buried with it the hopes and the faith of some mourner, who cannot transcend the witness of the senses by the power of the spirit, and who, therefore, feels that for the buried one and all the hopes centered upon him tee world has come to an end. And so there are many mourners for human institutions, who feel that if the particular form of government under which they have lived is changed—if the church in which they have worshipped is torn down—or the creed that they have confessed is modified—the world of human interests and well being will surely come to an end.

These remarks are preliminary to some considerations which the conditions of your minds, and the state of the public mind generally, have induced. One subject is dominant now—one interest involves you all. The perpetuity of your Government—the integrity of your Union—the successful issue of the bloody strife in which you are engaged. A voice ascends from this people, like the voice of many waters, reaching the spirit-world, asking, What shall the issue be? Darkness has gathered over the minds of the people—distrust and uncertainty everywhere prevail—and at the present moment, depressing fears creep over the hearts of many true but timid souls. To the masses of the northern people, distrust has whispered of incompetency either in the government or its military officers, or both. The results of strategy seem disheartening, and among the multitude of counselors there seems to be little wisdom. If then, in this hour of gloom and uncertainty,

words of encouragement and cheer can be spoken, they must be uttered by those who stand upon a spiritual eminence, and who can discern the progress that the minds and hearts of men are making, through the disciplinary process of war.

We will not descend to your plans to estimate the material forces employed—the number of your guns, the extent of your fortifications, the perfection of your navy, the amount of your resources to sustain the vast number of your soldiery—or anything that constitutes, in the popular estimation, the sinews of war. Neither will we guess with you, or decide for you, what the intellectual capacity of your President and his Cabinet may be, or the military education and qualifications of your generals—these, though important considerations, which we do not in their proper relations undervalue, are, in our estimation, utterly insignificant when compared with those higher qualifications that inhere in the moral status of the people, by which the character of the government is determined, and its policy shaped, as well as the object for which the war is waged.

Not this alone—for the moral condition of the people also determines the quality and amount of influence that shall be exerted in their behalf by the inhabitants of the spiritual world. The great teacher of Nazareth enunciated a universal law of spiritual communication when he said unto those who sought his aid: "According to your faith be it unto you." The capacity of a people or an individual to receive assistance from spiritual sources depends upon their moral condition. The power to cast out the devils of rebellion and the diseases of injustice and inhumanity awaits your earnest aspirations, which determine your capacity to receive.

This great truth, more important to be understood and realized than almost any other which we could present, is not a metaphysical abstraction, but a practical reality. It is among the vital truths of human relationship that teach man his dependence upon the spiritual world, and the nature of that chain that connects the interests and events of the mortal life with the spheres of causation and the government of God. You have in truth been taught that "God rules in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of this lower world;" that "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong," but that God disposes of events as it hath pleased him. But the intermediate agency of spiritual beings who embody in their lives the principles of the divine government, and inspire and influence men therefrom, has been almost entirely ignored or unknown.

The American Church has declared its faith in the absolute government of God, and as the history of this people has been characterized by great material prosperity, that prosperity has often been cited from the pulpit as proof that God peculiarly favored this nation. The burden of thanksgiving has been to a partial God, who has personally and specially favored this people so much above the other inhabitants of the earth. This false theology, consecrated by the pulpit, has been repeated from the rostrum and by the press, and the great national jubilee on which you have celebrated the birthday of your nation, has given opportunity for poisoning the fountains of patriotism with the same falsehood. Love of country, love of the American Union, has, particularly at the North, thus come to be equivalent in the minds of the people with love of God. Devotion to the forms of government, to the Constitution of the United States, and a general sort of external sympathy with the Declaration of Independence, Washington's Farewell Address, and the memory of the revolutionary fathers, has been mistaken for patriotism—as belief in the existence of the Bible, attendance upon church services, and assent to the popular theological dogmas, has been mistaken for true religion.

In short, the whole nation has been engaged in glorifying itself, as did the ancient Jews, and arrogating to itself, even in the terms of its worship, an exclusive favoritism of the Divine Being. There were "no higher laws" than those written upon its statute-books, and its system of government, framed by the fathers, was too sacred to be modified by their descendants. Even the errors of the fathers, incident to their imperfect experience, had been consecrated as truths, and their concessions to apparent expediency established as precedents for all future action. Veneration for their character was already taking them from their appropriate niches in the temple of fame and setting them up as idols to be worshiped in the temple of the true God.

An extended system of injustice and oppression had strengthened itself by concessions made to it by the fathers; and the masses of the people throughout the North, as well as the South, themselves prospering in their material relations by its existence, if not directly sustaining it by their sympathies, were yet careless and indifferent to its manifold injustice and inhumanity. The spiritual and moral condition of the northern people was one of torpor; surfeited with material prosperity, their souls were shriveled and lean. From this condition of apathy they have been roused by the shock of war. Rebellion against the idolized government, threatened destruction of the glorious Union, bold denial of the principles of the immortal Declaration, and dishonor cast upon the memory of the revered fathers, first astounded the sleeping people, then

roused their indignation against the audacious rebels and stimulated the desire to punish them. In the accomplishment of this object the real strength of the government is being tested; and as you have grappled army with army, strategy with strategy, resources with resources, and the months have passed away without decided advantage on either side, you have been compelled to consider those other resources of strength, the principles of justice, equality, and human rights.

It, indeed, the conflict is to be one of brute force, then enter upon it without regard to the enlightened principles of civilization which you have professed. You have boasted of the superiority of your system of government over that of the monarchies of the old world, but if you are to fight over again the battles of mere conquest and territorial subjugation which characterized the semi-barbarism of an earlier age, then make your President an absolute despot, give him all power, and let him, by the supreme exercise of his will, guided by whatever judgment he may possess, or whatever prejudices may sway him, command this people as his serfs, employ their treasures as his own, and fight out the issue of brutal violence.

But if patriotism be a virtue, then the love of country which it signifies must be a love of Justice, Equity, and Civilization, as conserved by the laws and institutions of that country. If the superior civilization of this people developed a republican form of government, in which the will of the majority is the law of the land, patriotism here demands of each citizen absolute loyalty to those principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity which develop the highest civilization.

If those who founded this government—the fathers of the republic—are worthy of your reverence, they are so because of their loyalty to these principles, and not because of their success in achieving a nationality, or in drafting forms for the administration of its affairs. Unfaithfulness to these principles, therefore, is treason to your country, dishonor to the memory of the patriots of the revolution, and rebellion against the Union, which can only exist so long as they are its connecting bonds.

As your minds have turned to the consideration of these principles, you have realized how superficial has been the popular idea of the government of God, of what constitutes true patriotism, as well as the real glory of a country and the real value of a Union. Differences among yourselves, engendering bitterness of feeling almost as strong as that which is felt against the rebels, had been developed by allusions to these principles of human action, love of justice and equal rights. But repeated defeats of strategy, failure with material weapons to impress the hard head of rebellion, has compelled thought concerning other allies, and the expediency of justice.

The nation to-day is more profoundly thoughtful than ever before. Your material resources have already been freely given; your sons, brothers, husbands and friends have responded nobly and readily to the call made upon them, and your money has been lavishly bestowed. Hearts have been lacerated by the tidings from the battle-fields and hospitals, from which shall return no more the manly forms that were wont to bless the fire-side and the home. Into the "imminent, deadly breach," they have thrown their bodies, before the deadly charge, as bulwarks of defense for all that is dear in country and home. The low wail of mourners is heard all over the land. And as these fresh lives are offered up upon the altar of war, the question will rise for what end is all this sacrifice? Can anything but the triumph of Justice, Liberty, Equality of Rights, satisfy the mourners, or the spirits of the mourned? Never!

From our spiritual standpoint, then, we congratulate you upon the actual results already accomplished in the spiritual education of this people. The sixteen months last past have stirred this nation to the depths of its being; the events that have transpired have compelled thought and feeling, all in the direction of liberty and human rights, and the spiritual progression of the people is worth all the sacrifices that have been made—all the blood and treasure that have been expended. Ascend with the mountain of vision, and you will discern the mighty hosts that are marshaled for this conflict with injustice and despotism. Not only the army that shakes the ground with its martial tread, reveals its serried columns to our view—but the vast armies of the skies, whose sympathies with Liberty and Human Rights draw them as inspiring aids to those who strike the blows of freedom.

Spiritual America, the fathers of the nation, the patriots of the Revolution, the true representatives of your country's glory, and the agents of her real prosperity, encamp round about you in this hour of your peril. They girdle you with the sphere of their magnetism; they pour out their influence upon the soldiers to nerve them for the fight. They answer your prayers for guidance by inspirations of justice and human sympathies. Think any of you that this cannot be true? Why, let us ask, should these noble spirits cease to feel an interest in the welfare of the nation which they founded, and the well-being of their children who now compose it? The principles that secure its prosperity are as enduring as their own souls; and wherever they are, their sympathies and efforts, their voluntary and involuntary powers, must be exercised to promote their supremacy. They did not lose their interest in the advancement of their race with their bodies, for though the outward man perisheth, the inward man is renewed day by day. What, then, to them or to you signifies the earlier transit by a few short years, the spirits of your noble sons and brothers from the battle-field? Better, far better, thus to die, in faithfulness to human rights, justice, and equity, as embodied in the laws and institutions of their country, than to drag out, in inefficient idleness, the three-score years and ten.

It is impossible for us to estimate, as greatly important, the tears and groans, the sorrow and anguish, which, on the earthly plane of life, seem in bereaved households so dreadful and impossible to be endured. Even in the shock of battle, when the fierce charge is made, and horse and rider roll together in the dust, trampled down by the contending squadrons—when bursting shells scatter death, or rattling musketry and booming cannon decimate the ranks, and mow down the columns as the grass falls before the reaper's scythe—even then, when thousands of brave spirits fall into the sweet oblivion of death's temporary sleep, while the spiritual body is gathering its elements and forces, we find it im-

possible to estimate any magnitude of loss, compared with the grand result thus wrought out in the spiritual education of this people, and the generation that shall come after them.

No soldier dies, no life is lost upon the battle-field. The body, scarred and mangled, but all unconscious of deformity or outrage, awaits its burial, and then returns dust to its kindred dust; but the soldier, the patriot, the hero, the man, remains in his consciousness everything for which he fought—his love of country, his love of home, his love of friends, his deep, pure love for those eternal principles of justice, liberty, and right, which give to country, home, and friends, all the value which they possess.

Man! 'tis a small thing to die; you bide your time, but when the call comes to you from the spirit-realm of consciousness within, to prove yourself a patriot, remembering that true patriotism scorns to rob the humblest, weakest of the brotherhood of man, of any single right, then for that country and those laws, that guarantee to all the subjects of its government, equal protection of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, dare to defend it with your body, and your spirit, too. Throw out your aspirations to the angel-world for strength and comfort in the hour of conflict, and amid the inevitable hardships of the camp and field. Your allies are round about you, and they that are for you are more than they who are against you.

And you who remain to guard the interests of home, and perform the humbler duties of the household, the wareroom, or the farm, ascend often the mount of spiritual vision, consider the great interests involved in the struggle, let your aspirations draw down upon you the baptism of those influences that come from the higher realms of spirit-life, that your consecration to liberty, equality, and all the interests of the great human brotherhood, may be renewed from day to day. Then shall you be enabled to make any sacrifices with gladness; then shall you descend from the mountain with faces shining with calm confidence in assured victory; that confidence and those sacrifices shall stay up the arms that deal the blows of battle, and give success to your armies, and victory to the right.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

William Howitt on the Status and Facts of Spiritualism.

SPIRITS versus ODYLE.

[The following letter was addressed by Mr. William Howitt to the Rev. G. H. Forbes, and is taken from Mr. Forbes' pamphlet in reply to the late Rev. Baden Powell, reviewed in No. 11, Vol. II., of the Spiritual Magazine.]

WEST HILL LODGE, Highgate, May 9th, 1861.

DEAR SIR: You ask me to give you a few facts witnessed by myself which support the position in your essay, "No Antecedent Impossibility in Miracles," as directed against the reasonings of the late Rev. Baden Powell, in his article in the "Essays and Reviews." In your note you suggested that we may differ as to the nature of the power which is called spiritual. You have adopted the theory of the Rev. A. Mahan, of America, that this power or agent is the Odyle Force, and not spirits, to which you say "those ignorant of the real cause" ascribe this agency. Now I am one of those—one of many millions—who ascribe the phenomena called spiritual to spirits; whether in ignorance of the real cause remains to be seen.

I am glad to see Mr. Hughes—"Tom Brown"—in a "Tract for Priests and People," speak brave words for the Bible. He admits the frightful growth of infidelity amongst our youth, and he thinks that he can charm them back to belief without a faith in the historic evidences of Christianity. I admire his enthusiasm, but I prophesy his failure. I, too, have mixed a great deal with the young, both in this country and abroad; I have gone, too, much amongst the working classes, and found at home and abroad the same deadly infidelity. A church spiritually dead has brought forth dead children, and I never yet found the magic word—that music of Amphion—which could rebuild the temple of faith when its historic foundations were torn up. Men of this age are not trouts to be tickled, or to be caught with artificial flies. They demand not logic, but facts. They are true Baconians; they care nothing for the postulates of any Aristotle; they demand Nature, that they may draw their own inferences. As I stated in the Critic long ago—"Skeptical materialists always turn round with this pertinent remark, 'It is all very well to tell us of miracles and a history occurring nearly 2,000 years ago; but if God then condescended to convince souls by the reality of a spirit-world, by unquestionable physico-spiritual manifestations, why should He not now? Is God grown old? Is he less regardful of humanity? Don't preach to us, but give us proofs.'" And men not being able to produce these proofs, never did convince the skeptic; and till they do produce them, never will.

I rejoice, sir, that you and other clergymen are now disposed to approach these proofs in any degree. It is not for me to say how long, or how carefully, or with what opportunities you have examined these phenomena, but I have examined them steadily, cautiously, perseveringly, and with ample opportunities, for more than six years; and I am prepared to say and to prove that the so-called spiritual phenomena are produced by direct spirit agency, and that the Odyle force is totally inadequate to elicit them. Whilst, therefore, prepared to support your proposition that there is a power proceeding from the world of mind which does control the action of matter, and completely knocks on the head all the reasonings of the Rationalists, I am equally prepared to show that the ignorance does not lie on the side of the Spiritualists, but on that of those who, yet bound in the letters of a materialistic education, tremble to advance beyond the precincts of physical law.

Amongst the facts which I have to give you, let us first determine this. The Odyle force, then, is a mere physical, unreasoning force, and consequently cannot adduce or refute arguments. They who ascribe the powers exercised by spiritual agency to Odyle force,

betray an equal ignorance of the real properties of that force, and of the present status and facts of Spiritualism. Search through Reichenbach's essay on this force, and you will find no trace of a reasoning power in it. He ascribes no such properties to it. He says it throws a flame in the dark, visible to sensitive persons, such as the Spiritualists call mediums; that this flame is thrown from magnets of great power, from crystals, from the light of the sun, &c. That by passes made with magnets, or crystals, or by water impregnated with the sun's rays, certain sensations, agreeable or disagreeable, as the power is applied, are induced, but not a trace of any reasoning in this power, of any revelation of facts, of any pictorial vision, of any faculty of prognostication. It cannot tell you what will take place to-morrow, much less at the Antipodes, or in the spiritual world. But spirits do all this, and more. It does not attract iron, or other physical substances, which, as far as iron goes, its cognate, magnetism, does. But spirits lift iron or any other body of very great weight, and not in one direction only, but carry them about from place to place. Spirits lift heavy tables; I have seen dining-tables, capable of accommodating more than a dozen people, lifted quite from the ground. Spirits play on all musical instruments; they can carry about hand-bells, and ring them in the air, as I have seen them. The music which they produce is often exquisite. Spirits will draw or write directly upon paper laid for them in the middle of the floor, or indirectly, through the hands of people who never took a lesson, and never could draw. I am one of them. These are things which are not only going on in England, and amongst my own friends every day, but have been going on for these forty years; ten years in America, and thirty before that in Germany. But in America, the wide diffusion and constant repetition of these phenomena have convinced some millions of people, and some of them the first men of scientific and legal ability in the country. Those persons have not believed on mere hearsay, or mere hocus-pocus and delusion, but upon the familiar evidence of facts; and as I have observed, for thirty years before that in Germany there existed a considerable body of the most eminent philosophers, poets, and scientific men, familiar with most of these things. Amongst these no less a man than Emanuel Kant; and also Gorres, Ennemoser, Eschenmayer, Werner, Schubert, Jung Stilling, Kerner; and preëminent amongst women, Madame Hauffe, the seeress of Prevorst, whose history Kerner has written. The seeress of Prevorst is a sort of antetype of everything which has occurred in Spiritualism since; and after intimate observation of the laws and phenomena of this power, now again, through ten years, every Spiritualist recognizes the truthfulness of her statements. She always professed, not merely to have spiritual communications, but to see and converse daily with spirits, and she gave continual proofs of it, as any one may see who reads her story.

Now it is useless to tell us that Odyle force, acting somehow mysteriously on the brain, can produce these results. It cannot enable people to draw, and write, and play exquisite music, who have no such power or knowledge in their brains; for on the old principle *ex nihilo nihil fit*, no such things being in, no such things can come out. It cannot come from other brains, for there are often no other brains present. If it could do such things it would be spirit, endowed with volition, skill, and knowledge, and there would be an end of the dispute. The condition, therefore, of those who ascribe these powers to Odyle force, is that of one ascribing the telegraphic message to the wire, and not to the man at the end of it. Odyle force may be the wire—for spiritual communications are, and ever have been, made through and under certain laws, as all God's works always are—but it certainly is not the intelligence at the end of it, as I shall soon show. They who believe in the Odyle force, and not in the spirit operating upon or through some such force, believe in the staircase, but not in the room for which it was erected.

I should have said that not in Germany alone, fifty and more years ago, were there great Spiritualists, but in many countries of Europe. In Switzerland, Lavater and Zschokke were Spiritualists. In France, the pious and learned Oberlin. When he went to his living in the Ban de la Roche, his parishioners used to talk of spirits and ghosts, and he told them it was all nonsense and superstition; but after his wife died she reappeared to him, and he used to sit an hour with her nearly every evening for, I think, nine years. Then the tables were turned upon him, and his friends told him it was a delusion. "You are welcome to think so," said Oberlin, quietly; "I know that it is as real as any other part of my life." In fact, it is not the world full of Spiritualists. Is there a man who does not from education ridicule the belief in ghosts? Is there a family that has not its authentic story of one? Scholastically they disbelieve; in their inner hearts they believe and tremble. Thus the world goes on living in a laughable see-saw betwixt the influence of a false education and the omnipotent power of Nature in the human heart; blowing hot and cold; believing and disbelieving; without courage, from the bugbear of superstition, to come out of this fool's labyrinth, and admit that God's eternal laws are forever in the ascendant above all school theories.

And, in fact, are you not all Spiritualists? Does not your church and creed call upon you to believe in the direct influence of the Holy Spirit, and in the communion of saints? If you do believe that God—a Spirit—influences your hearts; that He hears your prayers, and turns events in accordance, as He has promised; that by the supernatural power of the Holy Spirit you are actually born again; that by the vitalizing and detergent essence of this Spirit you are made "new creatures," or have no hope of entrance into heaven; then, you are essentially Spiritualists, every one of you. If you do not believe in this constant living influence and celestial metamorphosis, then you are no Christians. Your religion is a dead religion, not a vital principle; not a transforming, renewing, divinely-creative principle, but a mere dry husk, a mere hopeless and worthless tradition. Do you believe that all God's angels are ministering spirits, sent to minister to all those who are heirs of salvation? Then where is the difference betwixt you and those at whom you say your friend will "smile"—betwixt you and avowed Spiritualists? The only difference is that Spiritualists are consistent with themselves and their professions, and whilst you take these broad and substantial declarations in a

vague metaphysical sense, they believe and know that they have tangible evidences of the fact; and have not all good men and women in all ages been, more or less, believers in these open evidences of the fact? What say the works and lives of the Reformers—of Luther and Melancthon? Of your own bishops and clergy, many of them educationally denying present miracles in their works, but recording them as special providences in their lives. What of a Bishop of Gloucester, who records an apparition? What of Bishop Seale, of Norwich, with his "Invisible World"? What of John Wesley's father, and the occurrences in his paragonage at Epworth? What of Wesley himself, and all the records of his "Armenian Magazine"? What of Fletcher of Madeley? What of the avowed doctrine of continued miraculous power in God's church, in Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity"? Are not all these full-length Spiritualists, admitting and showing evidences of these things? New modes of evidence may have been added to meet the stern necessities of the times, but the principle is absolutely the same. And let me ask you, do you think that the three millions of Spiritualists in America, and the many millions in Europe and elsewhere, including the whole population of the East, the native region of revelation, who have been always, and are confirmed and unshakable Spiritualists—are likely to be all "ignorant;" so ignorant as not to be able to distinguish between the operations of a magnetic fluid and those of living and intelligent souls?

You say that many religious persons think that the devil is seen in these phenomena, but that "it is God and not Satan who rules in this world." But these religious persons are nearer the truth than you suspect, for undoubtedly the devil takes care to have a finger in this matter, as he does in everything on earth. God rules indeed, but the devil rules too; and such is the marvelous patience of God till His own good time shall come, that many think that the devil rules in this world more than the Almighty. Look at all the wars in which the *so-disant* disciples of the Prince of Peace are engaged all over the world. Does God or the devil rule in them? Spiritualism, therefore, claims no exemption from the inroads of the devil. It is an open general influx from the spiritual world, as universal, as inevitable as the influx of light from the sun; but like the world, it has its two sides, its day and night; and the dark side is the devil and his sorcery, the light one is the power of God teaching Spiritualists by prayer and faith in the Cross to trample Satan under foot.

Whilst the odylists and automatists speculate about an action on the brain, we cut the matter short, and say, there stand the spirits themselves, seen, heard, felt, and conversed with. As to Mr. Mahan's theory, Professor Hare, the great American electrician, has completely demolished it. Using almost the words of the celebrated treatise of Andrew Baxter on "The Nature of the Human Soul," he first demonstrated Odyle to be matter, and then, as a consequence, "that no inanimate, imponderable principle can be, *per se*, a moving power; that inanimate matter does not move itself." To satisfy himself whether he was dealing with Odyle force or a spirit, Hare took this course: being at Cape May, nearly a hundred miles from Philadelphia, and a deceased sister having repeatedly announced herself to him, he asked her to go to Philadelphia, and request Mrs. Gourlay, a medium, to get her husband, Dr. Gourlay, to go to a certain bank and inquire whether a certain bill had regularly passed through it. The spirit promised to do so, and in half an hour came back, and said that it was done. On Dr. Hare's return to Philadelphia, some weeks afterwards, he asked Mrs. Gourlay whether she received any message from him during his absence? She said: Yes, and under very extraordinary circumstances; that she was holding a *séance*, and receiving a communication from a spirit, when it suddenly stopped, saying that another spirit was anxious to deliver a special message; that his sister announced herself, and gave the message about the bank, to which Dr. Gourlay attended. Dr. Hare then went to the bank, and found this quite correct. This quite satisfied him that he had been dealing with a spirit, and not with a fluid and living force.

Having now shown you why I reject Odyle as the agent in these transactions, I will proceed to the facts from my own experience. More than six years ago I began to examine the phenomena of Spiritualism. I did not go to paid, nor even to public, mediums. I sat down at my own table with members of my own family, or with friends, persons of high character, and serious as myself in the inquiry. I saw tables moved, rocked to and fro, and raised repeatedly into the air. I saw a small round table, whenever touched by a medium, lay itself down, and crawl, as self-moved, all round the room; and this was continued daily for a fortnight, the table refusing to perform any other motion. The absurd spirit which was supposed to be moving it, was then solemnly exorcised in the name of God, and the table was immediately all right. A most sensible and obedient odyle, you must think. I heard the raps; sometimes a hundred at once, in every imaginable part of the table, in all keys, and of various degrees of loudness. I examined the phenomena thoroughly, though I knew every person present treated the inquiry not only with a serious but sacred feeling. Silly, but playful spirits, came frequently, and drew the most laughable life-scenes on paper, and told the most rhodomontading stories. I heard accordions play wonderful music as they were held in one hand, often by a person who could not play at all. I heard and saw hand-bells carried about the room in the air; put first into one person's hand and then into another's; taken away again by a strong pull, though you could not see the hand touching them. I saw dining and drawing-room tables of great weight, not only raised into the air, but when placed in a particular direction, perseveringly remove themselves, and place themselves quite differently. I saw other tables answer questions as they stood in the air, by moving up and down with a marvelous softness. I heard sometimes blows, apparently enough to split the table, when no one could have struck them without observation; and breathed perfumes the most delicate. I saw light stream from the fingers of persons on the table, or while mesmerizing some one. As for communications professedly from spirits, they were of daily occurrence, and often wonderful. As I have said in my note to you, our previous theological opinions were resisted and condemned when I and my wife were alone. This, therefore, could be no automatic action of our own

brains, far less of the brains of others, for they were not there. We held philosophical Unitarian opinions; but, when thus alone, the communications condemned them, and asserted the Divinity and Godhead of our Savior. When we put questions of a religious nature to the spirits, they directed us to put all such questions to the Divine Spirit alone. They recommended us, in opening our *stances*, to read a portion of the New Testament, and promised to select passages, and they did it through the means of the alphabet, naming the book, the chapter, and the particular verses, and the selections were most *à propos* to the communications which followed. They exhorted us not only to constant reading of the Scriptures, but to constant and earnest prayer. Many persons that we know, draw, paint, or write under spiritual agency, and without any effort or action of their own minds whatever, some of them having never learned to draw. Several of my family drew and wrote. I wrote a whole volume without any action of my own mind, the process being purely mechanical on my part. A series of drawings in circles, filled up with patterns, every one different from the other, were given through my hand, one each evening; the circles were struck off as correctly as Giotto or a pair of compasses could have done them; yet they were made simply with a pencil. Artists who saw them were astonished, and, as is generally the case in such matters, suggested that some new faculty was developed in me; when lo! the power was entirely taken away, as if to show that it did not belong to me. The drawings, however, remain, but I could not copy one of them in the same way if my life depended on it. A member of my family drew very extraordinary and beautiful things, often with written explanations, but exactly in the same mechanical, involuntary manner. In fact, most of these drawings are accompanied by explanations spiritually given, showing that every line is full of meaning. I may add that I have never visited paid mediums, but I have seen most of the phenomena exhibited through Mr. Home, Mr. Squire, and others. I have seen spirit hands moving about; I have felt them again and again. I have seen writing done by spirits by laying a pencil and paper in the middle of the floor, and very good sense written, too. I have heard things announced as about to come to pass, and they have come to pass, though appearing very improbable at the moment. I have seen persons very often, in clairvoyant trances, entering into communication with the dead, of whom they have known nothing, and giving those who had known them the most living description of them, as well as messages from them. And to put the matter at rest whether they are actual spirits who make these communications, though not clairvoyant myself, I have tested two ladies, who, from childhood, have professed, in their normal state, to see spirits, and have always found that they could prove what they asserted beyond doubt.

One of these, the first time she was in our house, said that she saw the spirit of a young man, and described his dress and person, which corresponded so exactly with the gentleman who had occupied the house before us, that we all instantly recognized it. On another occasion we showed her several portraits, amongst them that of the young man whose spirit, according to her description, she seemed to have seen—but without making any remark. The moment she saw this portrait she said: "That is the young man that I saw when here before." In a dozen other ways I have seen her prove the reality of her assertions, besides that she is a person of a most truthful character. She is the same lady who saw the apparition of Captain W—the day he was killed at Lucknow, and was told by him that he was just killed there, though she never knew him before. On the same day Captain W's wife, in a distant town, saw the same apparition, these ladies being unacquainted with each other. The fact, well known to us and all her circle of friends, is related by Mr. Dale Owen in his "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World."

The other lady, a very extraordinary medium, saw the spirits at the old house at Ramhurst, mentioned also by Mr. Owen, and that when no one in the place knew that such persons had lived there, for they had lived there only in the reign of Queen Anne or George I. Now it is idle talking of Odyle force in the face of facts like these, which are occurring all over America and in various parts of Europe, and which accord with the attestations of men of the highest character in all ages and nations. In Greece, Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras, and numbers of others asserted this spirit action. In Rome, India, Egypt, Scandinavia, and aboriginal America, as well as in Judea and amongst the most eminent fathers of the church. The leading minds of every age but this have but one voice on the subject. It is the last vain clutching at shadows to avoid coming to the substance, which makes those educated in the anti-spiritual theories of the past century seize so eagerly on the Odyle as their forlorn hope. It will be true by advancing truth from their grasp. The cry, "that is all imagination," is gone already; Odyle is the present stage, and that must go too.

And here I could give you a whole volume of the remarkable and even startling revelations made by our own departed friends at our own evening table; those friends coming at wholly unexpected times, and bringing messages of the most vital importance—carrying them on, from period to period, sometimes at intervals of years, into a perfect history. But these things are too sacred for the public eye. All Spiritualists have them, and they are hoarded amongst the treasures which are the wealth of the affections, and the links of assurance with the word of the hereafter.

Now, I ask, what right have we, or has any one, to reject the perpetual, uniform, and voluntary assertions of the spirits; to tell them that they lie, and are not spirits, but merely Odyle or some such blind and incompetent force? Nothing but the hardness and deadness of that anti-spiritual education which has been growing harder and more insupportable ever since the Reformation could lead men to such absurdity. As I said to you in my private note, Protestantism, to destroy faith in Popish miracles, went, as is always the case, too far in its reaction, and, not content with leveling the abuses, proceeded to annihilate faith in the supernatural altogether. Now it is a striking fact that Protestantism is the only faith, Christian or Pagan, that has systematically combated and rejected the miraculous. The old and New Testaments are built altogether on the miraculous—they are that

or nothing. Christ appealed to the miraculous of 4,000 years as true. If he were not true, then he is not true. If he be not true, then our faith is vain, and, as the Apostle says, we are of all men the most miserable. The early fathers appealed to the miraculous of Christ and his apostles as true, and to the miraculous still existing amongst themselves. The Greek and Roman churches, the Waldenses, the Vaudois, the Cevennois, have to this day maintained the existence of the miraculous in the church of Christ. What mean, then, these "Essayists and Reviewers," thus limping up half a century after Paulus and his disciples Strauss, and clad in their worn-out rags, talking of "the course of Nature"? If the Bible be true—and surely the Jews must have been rather more competent judges on this point than Strauss or Mr. Baden Powell—the course of Nature for 4,000 years was regularly miraculous. This was clearly perceived by Bishop Butler, who, in his "Analogy" (Part II, chap. 2.) says that "it might be part of the original plan of things that there should be miraculous interposition." That there is an ordinary and an extraordinary course of Nature, to the latter of which miracles belong, as comets and the imponderables do, being so contrary to the properties of other bodies.

But Protestantism, having taken up the doctrine that miracles had ceased, having once proved the truth of Christianity, and being, therefore, no longer necessary, the great theologians, both Churchmen and Dissenters, have grown more dogmatic on that head through all succeeding years. The French revolution, with its culminating infidelity, unconsciously hardened this temper in Protestant writers. We see to what a length it went in Farmer, Bishop Douglas in his "Criterion," and his disciple, Paley. The present generation of educated men in all departments—clergy, lawyers, legislators, men of literature and science—were all regularly molded in this anti-spiritual school. They are petrified in it, and oh! how hard will it be for them to burst their thralldom, and open up again their spiritual organs to that influx of the heavens which has never ceased through all ages, and never will. But, having cut the cable of its belief in the supernatural, Protestantism must drift towards utter negation, utter spiritual death, till God, with his inevitable Nemesis, shall horrify it by the view of the gulf of perdition which it is approaching, and compel it to try back and seize once more on the vital spirit of faith in our kinship and communion with the unseen. Being spirit as well as body, we are dead if we do not keep open the avenues of perpetual influx from the spiritual world. This modern race of theologians and savans stands amid the ages as a thing out of joint; an excrescence on the genial growth of the world—an anomaly. It is not in harmony with any age that has gone before it or any church that co-exists with it, and cannot, therefore, be a true birth: it is an abortion.

Mr. Baden Powell sees such insuperable difficulties in accepting the miraculous history of the Bible with our present knowledge of the laws of Nature. He should say our present ignorance of those laws. In this little nook of flesh, is it likely that we can know a tenth part of the laws that are operating in and on the infinite universe? The difficulty lies in him, not in God. Men may tie up their own hands and minds in a network of syllogisms and doubts, but they cannot tie up the hands of God. Bishop Burnet, in his "History of his Own Time," saw that "those who hate the very name of a miracle, in reality suppose the greatest of all miracles, the tying up of the hands of the Almighty from disposing events according to his will."

If Mr. Babbage can so arrange his calculating machine that it shall go on registering a regular succession of numbers of hundreds of millions of figures, and even for ages, as he contends might be done, and for it then to change, according to his prearrangement, is it not downright imbecility to suppose that the Creator of the universe cannot much more wonderfully vary, by prearrangement, his machinery?

But why ask the question? Here stand the phenomena of the higher course of Nature ready to put their stamp of verity on all the past—to grind to dust all this sophistry. The angel of God stands in the way against it. The Balaam of imagined sagacity does not see it yet, but his ass does. Common sense swerves aside and seeks "a more excellent way." Spinoza declares that if he could have been persuaded that Lazarus had been raised from the dead, after lying four days in the grave, he would have broken his system to pieces and have embraced Christianity. The late Baden Powell, it has been said, made a similar remark in regard to the present spiritual phenomena. But whether he said so or not is not of the slightest consequence, for these phenomena do break the systems of Spinoza and Mr. Baden Powell to atoms. Their conviction would, after all, have been but that of two individuals; these phenomena have convinced millions, and, therefore, stand broadly independent of any isolated cases of belief or unbelief in them.

Instead of your philosophy—that there is a law which does control matter—being broken, I trust you will find it greatly invigorated; that a deeper insight into Spiritualism will show you that you have in it a more efficient weapon against skepticism than you imagined.

Yours, faithfully,
Wm. Howitt.
The Rev. G. H. Forbes.

Incidents in the Life of a Child.

STOCKBRIDGE, Wis., Aug. 24, 1862.
BROTHER A. J. DAVIS: In accordance with your kind whisper, I will briefly narrate a few incidents in the life of a beautiful child, whose guileless soul took its flight, a short time since, for a pilgrimage to the Summer Land, as they were related to me by relatives of the deceased and the attending physician.
It became my duty, but a few days ago, to assist in the final robing of a lady who fell a victim to that much dreaded disease, dysentery, and died quite suddenly. After finishing the adjustment of the plaits and folds of the sepulchral robe, and arranging a few sprays of myrtle and modest flowers about the face of the pale sleeper, the mourners came in, and there was one, a child of some eight summers, to whom my particular attention was attracted. How beautiful, even angelic, her sweet pale face seems to me, as I see it now; the delicate mouth, broad spiritual brow, the deep eye, beaming with strange intelligence,

the brown silken locks, bordering temples whose purple veins interlaced beneath transparency. Her presence seemed a sunbeam glancing athwart life's teary vale, dispelling the gloom-mist into the prismatic tints of the rainbow, drowning one in a sense of awe we ever feel when in the presence of superiors. Two or three days after, on hearing that little Hannah was very ill, with the same disease, an aunt of the child to whom I repeated it, remarked, with more feeling than I had thought the case demanded: "Well, she will surely die."

Upon asking what her reasons were for being so positive, she replied: "Last fall, Hannah requested her father to take her to an artist, who was then located for a few days near his residence. Her appeal being so urgent, the father finally asked her why she so much desired it then."

"Looking up with her earnest eyes, with childish seriousness, she said: 'Father, it is the last chance you will have, for I am not going to live long, and I thought you would like my picture, and I didn't want to die like me.'"

The same day I chanced to meet her medical attendant, and upon inquiring of her situation was not a little surprised to hear from one of so much skill and confidence the quick reply: "She will die; I can't save her. But," said he, "what is most remarkable to me, is the singular piety of the child. With the associations surrounding her daily life—so much of coarseness, even profanity, no religious influences, and never having attended meetings or Sabbath-schools to any extent, it is remarkable. And hers is one of those pure, sensitive, spiritual natures, so rarely met with, too delicate and tender for the rude blasts of a world so cold, uncongenial in its influences, and so slow in sympathy for the pure-minded and truthful."

"And," he continued, "her mind is so clear, her expressions so free. She had fallen into a quiet sleep, and on waking she called an elder sister to her, and with affectionate tenderness said, 'Sister, I shall not stay with you long.' Choking the welling emotions that swelled her heart, the sister strove to dispel the thought."

"Yes, Delia, I know it, for I have seen Almira (a sister who had died some two years previous) and she is going to take me with her. I can see her now; how beautiful she is. You must all pray and be so good to each other that we shall all be together again by-and-by, and be so happy, too!"

"When I called this morning, she gave me a smile of welcome, and asked me to pray with her; conversing upon death with calmness and reason far surpassing her years."

So fade the sweetest of earth's flowers. How soon our fairest and rarest feel the noontide ray. Even while we gaze, or just begin to catch the fragrance of the opening bloom, lo! it droops. But although there are loved ones given us only to cast their shadow o'er our hearts, we are thankful for those shadows. They are like a mirage whose substance is over the river towards which our footsteps are all tending. There our buds will have blossomed in double beauty; and even now the whispers that murmur through the wild wood all the long summer night, bring to us sweet messages from the other shore, and reaching with outstretched arms, we grasp the hands extended from that flowery margin, and catch anon a glimpse of those flowing robes that encircle the loved form of a mother, husband, brother, wife, or sister. Sleep on, sweet dreamer, thy prophecy, all unheeded in the busy mazes of life, is fulfilled.

Yours, fraternally,
ADDIE L. BALLOU.

Instructive Miscellany.

A Tale of Southern Chivalry.

THE YELLOW JASMINE.

School hours were over for the day; my little pupils were burying old Pointer in the sand at the door of one of the negro cabins; I stood at the window for a little while looking out longingly toward the sea in the distance; and then I came back to my little sewing-chair and sat down to rock and think.

I had needed a time to think ever since the night before. About midnight—perhaps between twelve and one—I had been waked by some slight noise, and had stolen to my window to look out and listen. A monotonous level of sand, like an ancient sea-beach, surrounded Mr. Baker's dwelling; almost destitute of verdure, and so dry and soft that it looked like flour under the full moon; and over the sand, in and out of the shadows under the few evergreen oaks and yellow pines, some twelve or fifteen human figures were moving about—close-coated figures, with little shining caps and heavy beards. I knew what it meant, and was not at all alarmed. Through all the eleven months of my residence in the South, and especially during the autumn and early winter, while the shadow of the coming storm was fast closing in over the doomed land, this whole region had been nervously on its guard against the danger of servile insurrections. All the men remaining in the vicinity had been organized into active vigilance committees; and often before I had seen them at night "out patrolling"—going their rounds over the different plantations to inspect the negro-quarters and overawe any dangerous movement. What I did notice as unusual now was the marked air of excitement among the men. They talked together in their low tones longer and with more gesture than usual as they met under the trees; they moved about more eagerly, and watched and listened more intently. Presently two men met at the corner near my room. I heard the word "abolitionist" uttered in a smothered hiss. They moved forward, still talking earnestly, and as they passed under my window I thought I heard one say, "being a lady, you know."

My excited attention could catch no more, until, as they separated, one of them threw back to his companion the final remark, "Well, Baker's responsible, any way."

My thoughts that night were haunted by vague uneasiness. I went down early the next morning to the breakfast-room, and, as I entered the hall, Mrs. Baker's sharp voice reached me through the open door.
"Thomas," said she, "it is not safe. Don't you know you are responsible for what's done here? Next thing you'll be arrested yourself if you don't have—"

An audible "hush" stopped her, and looks icier than ever greeted me as I appeared at the door.
The family were all huddled around her arm-chair, nervous and gloomy. I learned that rumors of "another plot" had been brought down by express the night before from a town seventeen miles away in the interior, the negroes of which had lately had some communication with those of our neighborhood.

All day the loneliness and the uncertain peril of my position had haunted me, and now, at the first moment of leisure, was the time to think it all over. I was very inexperienced. It had been my first adventure, when, a year before, I had left my mother alone in the little parsonage, which was still allowed her after my father's death, to help as I might toward eking out our small income in this foreign-like region, hundreds of miles away. I had stood at my post until every other northern resident had gone home. Then at last I had told my employer that I must go. It was some six weeks before; and that gentleman had surprised me at the time by simply replying that my engagement had been made for a year, I could not of course expect to receive any part of my salary until the close of that time. I had been reared among the Berkshire hills, and I astonished him in turn by answering that I would stay till then.

Now, when I sat down to review that decision, I began by resolutely setting at bay the infinite longing for my home, my mother, my own dear, safe, happy New England, and resolving to consider only what was best. My mother was poor—I was her only helper. How could I go back to her a burden instead of a helper? But then, what if anything should happen to her only child? What if the impending storm should burst suddenly, and my retreat be cut off, and the last of her desolated household be left imprisoned among strangers and enemies? No; I could not take the responsibility; I must go home.

Poverty—that poverty which stimulates and degrades not—teaches us very early our grand lesson; it teaches us, by the necessity of constant practice, to keep the soul's world fresh, and blooming, and sunny, and the world without lower and darker as it will. It had taught me this lesson, and I put it in practice now. This evening was my own, to-morrow would be time enough for business; and I had one thing more to do, one more picture to lay by in memory before I left the South forever. I must see the yellow jasmine in bloom.

I ran down on the instant to find some one who would go with me to the only one I knew of within walking distance. Mrs. Baker sat before her sewing-machine with her oldest daughter.

"Julia," said she, when I had explained my errand, "go up to my room, dear, and bring me another spool. I'm sorry, Miss Carr, we all happen to be engaged just now. Possibly old Sarah might serve you for a guide if you are very anxious to go." And she vanished abruptly through the hall-door.

I had reached the door of old Sarah's cabin before the strangeness of this proposal had fully dawned upon me. For months I had felt that the local proprieties required me to have no intercourse with the servants whatever—never to talk to them, and never to be seen in their alone. But this one—this grim, secret, cunning, taciturn old Sarah—was the one of all most suspected and most watched. However, the proposal was hers—the straightforward course is almost always best. I hesitated only for a moment.

To my surprise, Sarah was unwilling to go. "Bad road, missus; bad, heavy road. Gittin' late, mos' sundown, missus. Curus place out dah, missus—yes, missus. Ladies nebba goes out dat a way; dey doesn't—no, missus." I silenced her with a word or two, and we started.

It was certainly a lonesome road; the old road leading through a light pine wood, and across a wide stretch of sand, and then on through a low, jungle-like forest, to a ruined and deserted plantation beyond. When we reached the forest, old Sarah led me a little distance down its borders and away from the road. We reached a spot where a black resinous sink of water crept away into the thicket under a covert of naked trees, all knotted and interwreathed with dry brown climbers, till all below was black as a cypress shade. There she stopped and stood motionless, pointing solemnly upwards.

"What is it, Sarah?"

"De jasmine, Missus, 'way up dah."

There it was, indeed! A colossal wreath of flowers, with no apparent connection with the earth, with no other living thing near it, running along the enormous basket-work of vines and branches in huge masses and festoons for scores and hundreds of yards, its glossy, papery, pointed foliage, almost hidden by the tropical luxuriance of trumpet-like flowers and long conical buds, bright as gold and soft as swan's-down, and every breeze that touched it bringing down a burden of voluptuous fragrance—the fragrance of a crushed peach-stone, yet delicate and balmy as the breath of a rose. I was alone in a wilderness of forest, sky and sand, and for once I seized the privilege of those impulsive races who live near to Nature in the wild, free paradise of the tropics—I clapped my hands and shouted aloud.

But how long had that beautiful thing been growing? How many years had it climbed upward and upward, and then how many more had it been traveling from tree-top to tree-top when it could climb no higher? How long was it since the brown, rope-like stems, now drawing up moisture and sustenance from the reservoirs so far below, had been themselves beautiful with clusters of the crisp green and waxy gold? Ah! what splendid history had been growing with it, and how tragically that history was changing now. All through its lifetime, North and South had been standing together against common enemies, or helping each other on in peaceful progress—their union and happiness the hope of the world. Why was it all so changed? What crime, above all

other crimes, had so brought God's curse down—

My reverie was cut short by a quick pull at my dress. There stood old Sarah, pointing upward again, her gaunt, black face, hideous with fear.
"Come 'way, come 'way, missus!" she whispered. "Mos' sundown, missus."
"Hark, Sarah, just a moment! Oh, it's the wind among the line, wiry stems. It's like an Eolian harp. Listen!"
"Oh, come 'way, come way, missus; it's de dogs—it's de dogs!"
"The dogs? where?"
"Up dah, up dah. Dere's more'n one's heerd 'em 'fore now, missus. Dey's allus a-yowlin'—a-yowlin' jes' dat way o' night, missus. Come 'way, come 'way!"

"Sarah, what do you mean?"
"An' dah's a wite bone down dah'n de watah, missus; an' ebery night dat bone come up top o' de watah an' it go roun', roun', roun', roun' a-huntin' for de oder bones. Yea, missus, ebery night ha' past one. Gittin' late, missus, come way, come way!"
"Now, Sarah, be quiet and listen to me. You've heard some dreadful story about this place, and you've been frightened by it; tell me the story just as you've heard it, and then listen to what I say about it. Come!"

But the woman stood in dogged silence, only turning her eyeballs strangely up at me.

"Won't you tell me, Sarah?"

"Dem stories ain't for to tell, missus."

"Why not?"

"Ugh."

"Why not, Sarah?"

"Gin the awdahs."

"Well, Sarah, we'll go home now."

In an instant the long, lithe creature had darted out on the sand a rod or more; in another instant she had stopped. She stood for a moment facing toward the thicket, craning forward like a snake ready for a spring, one fist stretched fiercely out, the other drawn back to her shoulder—then she made her spring. There was a crash in the underbrush, then a sudden bound out of it, and a burly, yellow-faced Irishman, with bristling head and bulging eyeballs, scoured away across the sand-plain, yelling, in a very agony of terror, "Howly vargin, the nagur, the nagur!" I knew him: he was a railroad laborer employed occasionally at Mr. Baker's.

"Dey's put him dah for to watch—for to watch missus," whispered old Sarah as I came up. "De good Lord bress yer dear soul, missus! dey's put him dah for to watch if—if missus say anything 'bout—'bout dat ah." It was only too plausible. I had heard the man's hammer on the back verandah as I stood talking with Mrs. Baker. We had delayed long enough, and our course had been circuitous enough to give him ample time to secure his ambush before we came up.
"Sarah," said I, "you may fall back now; I will walk before; I know the way."
I walked on very hurriedly; but scarcely had I reached the bend in the old road where it enters the pine woods, when, from a distance, in the direction of the house, came a loud, brutal shout. I understood it perfectly. The Regulators were there—had probably been near when the spy was sent on his errand. They had heard his story and would come to meet us.

I could see very far through the woods. The trees were almost branchless, and the sunset sparkled everywhere on the smooth, stiff, radiating spears of the low-growing palmetto, which formed the only underbrush. In a moment they came in sight, still at a distance, eight or ten men of the lower class, led on, as the southern mob always is led, by a gentleman.

This man I knew. I had heard him talked of as a visitor in the place, and the "lion" of the time. Almost a boy, with all the wild, headstrong recklessness of the southern boy; and I knew that this very quality, no less than the rumor of wealth and position at home, had given him unbounded influence in the neighborhood. Mrs. Baker had never succeeded in attracting him to her house; but I had seen him once at a distance, and now, as the leader rode on considerably in advance of the rabble on foot, I knew it was Harry Kent.

There was but one thing to be done, and I did it. Near the roadside, just before the turning, a cluster of tall holly bushes stood, hiding us from sight. There I waited. Harry Kent turned the corner, and the holly thicket hid him from sight too. Then I went up quickly to his horse's side, looked up into his face, and said:

"May I ask you to come back with me to the house? I am afraid to meet those rude men alone."

It must have been a full minute before the fixed amazement of his face allowed one muscle to move. Then, as another shout came up, now fearfully near, he blushed up to his caprim, darted from the saddle, and threw the reins to old Sarah.

"I'll do my best," said he; "don't be afraid. I—beg your pardon! Would you let me take the ends of your sash?"

I gave him the two ends of the long blue ribbon I wore, drawing out the bows to make it longer. He took them and went forward a few steps just as the foremost of the troop came up.

A braver woman than I would have grown pale at the whoop and yell, and the hurrahs and shouts of laughter with which they greeted Kent and his prisoner as they rushed by crowding and jostling to get a nearer view of one. Kent held them back and restored something like silence by a vigorous motion or two of his hand.

"All right!" he sung out, gayly, the moment he could be heard, tossing his thumb over his shoulder at me. "Hallo, Captain! what d'ye say; suppose you take the fellows all off down to Wurmer's—see 'f you can't get there 'n time to help him out with that other little job, you know. Want to come back round by Bob Sims's likely, 'n get a little somethin' for the boys—there's the tin."

There had been a grumble of disappointment at this suggestion, but it died away as the coin rattled down on the sand. The grizzly-looking "Captain" gathered it up, but then stood scratching his head discontentedly.

"Say, Colonel," said he, "they say you Kentucky fellows allus knows wot purty faces is. Bet ye a 'lipenny now, boys."

"If you don't care to command the expedition, Captain, I will relieve you."

That settled the matter. To "command an expedition" under Harry Kent was a chance not to be lost by the parvenu captain, who was becoming a man of weight in the absence of the better men.

"All right, all right!" he answered, and my heart began to beat again as I saw them defiling away through the woods.

"You'll let me speak abruptly, won't you?" said Harry, putting my hand in his arm, a little bashfully, and starting with me up the short road toward the house. "I want to know, you see, how I can serve you, and there's but little time now."

"Say it at once," said I; "am I arrested?"
"Well, you know people are so excited now. I don't know much about it myself, but it seems your going out to that place with a suspected servant—"

"But that was her mistress' suggestion; she sent the woman with me."

"Did she?" He stopped short. "Did any one hear her—any white person?"

"No."

"I'm afraid— Well, you know Mrs. Baker likes to improve her social position, you understand, by being a little extra patriotic just now."

"Yes, I know. You will not hesitate to tell me plainly what the special danger is—what I probably have to expect?"

"Well, do you think you would be unwilling for instance, if it should be necessary, to go back to the North at once?"

"Oh no, no!"

"Or to stay—in your room, perhaps—until you are ready to go?"

"As a prisoner? No, I can submit to that."

"Then, if my influence is worth anything, it shall be so. I don't suppose it would be best to be seen making preparations till you hear more—might raise suspicions, you know; but I suppose I must say that you may need to leave at an hour's notice. I mean, if it is decided as we hope."

"If? You think then I have something more to fear?"

"Oh, I hope not! I hope not! The meeting is at seven; you will know then as soon as possible. But whatever course things may take, let me assure you, I will act for you as I would act for my sister."

He spoke low and quick, for just then, as we came up, Mr. Baker lounged out of the gate to meet us.

"Well, sir," said Harry, suddenly taking up the rôle he had dropped, "ready to succeed me in office, eh? You won't be gone but a minute, will you? I'll just wait here."

Baker took me under his arm with a sly laugh at Harry, and led me, without speaking, through the gate, up the steps, past the group of slightly-sobered faces in the parlor door, and on up the staircase to my room. The door closed on me, the key turned, and I stood in the center of the room pressing back with clasped hands the smothering throbs of my heart, and saying over and over, in a vague effort to summon back courage and hope, "He will do his best! he will do his best!" For I saw it plainly then, that between the chance of going back to my mother's home, and the chance of meeting all the unknown terrors of a Southern prison or a Southern mob, my only hope in the wide world was the fidelity of this one impulsive boy.

What a long night it was! Sometimes I sat still, trying to gather my whole soul into the resolution neither to hope nor fear, neither to think nor feel, only to keep my faculties steadily poised for action when the time should come. Then I would go about my room, making what preparations I could safely make for my departure. And then, when my heart would choke me, and my eyes would fill in spite of me, I would come to my chair and try to tread under foot these merely personal troubles, in awe of the fearful future impending over the nation. The twilight faded, and the moon made the shadows black under the trees. No one came near me. The clock below stairs struck seven; then in a strangely short time—for it seemed to me that an hour ought to appear an age—it struck eight, and then nine, and ten, and eleven. But I was growing weaker. The suspense and the utter helplessness grew heavier as the night deepened and the house became still. I took my Bible, but I put it away again. It told me too much of what had been mine in the dear North; what would be mine again if I could only be there once more. At last I came and knelt down before my chair and laid my head on my arms. I said not a word—I felt that there was no need. He knew the whole, and He could help me. And so by degrees came that other feeling, that He was near me—was my friend—would arrange everything for me in His own way; and with that feeling came rest and patience, and finally forgetfulness.

Something startled me. It was something at the door. The whole must have flashed on me in an instant, for I was there when the door was flung open. Mr. Baker stood there with a lighted lamp in his hand.

"Pack up your traps," said he, "beat starts in half an hour. My compliments to Yankee-land."

Did any other lady ever pack her trunks in fifteen minutes? I did that night, leaving chaos and wild misrule in the wake of the process. Just as it was finished I went out into the hall to take my hat from its nail, and paused a moment—I must confess it, I suppose—at hearing Harry Kent's name spoken in Mr. Baker's tones in a side passage.

"The fellow kept us there," said he, "talking chivalry till after midnight. Con-founded shame! Such a case ought to have been dealt with some different way. That chap never would take no for an answer."

I found the "chap" at the hall door when I went down. He merely took my satchel in passing, and left me to his companion, a substantial gentleman of the place, going to Charleston on business, who politely offered to take charge of me. When I was seated in the carriage, my traveling companion choosing the outside, Harry looked in a moment to say good-by. At first he gave me his hand with all proper ceremony; then suddenly he looked up, in his quick way, and said, as if he hardly meant to say it,

"Will you think of me as a rebel, Miss Carr, or only as Harry Kent?"

"A rebel?" said I, bending forward, and speaking very low. "Oh, think of it once more, Mr. Kent."

"Too late now," he answered, "I've enlisted."

And the carriage moved away.

Months afterward I was returning home late one evening, and there, talking with my mother in the lighted parlor, sat Harry Kent. He was so pale that my first astonishment changed to sudden alarm. "Was he ill?" I asked.

"No, only wounded," he replied, smiling.

"A man's normal condition now, you know."



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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Even then I saw it, but it was not till long afterward that I realized fully how much he had changed. He had grown older, as men do grow older in these earnest times. The boy had passed at a step into full manhood; and the young, lavish overflow of energy, had settled into enduring, effective purpose for all the future. I did not wonder when I heard his story. He had remained in the rebel service, he said, the misgivings which had entered his mind on that evening growing stronger every day. When the news came that his own State had been invaded by the Southern armies—then he had at once resigned his commission and returned home. His father received him as the prodigal was received. "Don't be false to your own State," said the true-souled Kentuckian; "go to work, if you must do anything, to rid our own soil from these invaders." And Harry had obeyed. It was under his own country's flag that he received the wound which had sent him to the North for healing. "I couldn't deny myself one day in Westmore," he said; but the day became six weeks before it was over. Then he went back again to his great work, with my mother's blessing and mine. And ever since I seem to live only to read and answer those dear, brave letters, which come so faithfully to our office under the super-scription—"Mrs. ADA CARR KENT."

Politeness in Domestic Life.

The common fallacy is, that intimacy dispenses with the necessity of politeness. The truth is just the opposite of this. The more points of contact there are, the more danger of friction there is, and the more carefully should people guard against it. If you see a man only once a month it is not of so vital importance that you do not trench on his rights, tastes, or whims. He can bear to be crossed or annoyed occasionally. If he does not have a very high regard for you, it is comparatively unimportant, because your paths are generally so diverse. But you and the man with whom you dine every day have it in your power to make each other exceedingly uncomfortable. A very little dropping will wear away rock, if it only keep at it. The thing that you would not think of, if it occurred only twice a year, becomes an intolerable burden when it happens twice a day. This is where husbands and wives run aground. They take too much for granted. If they would but see that they have something to gain, something to save, as well as something to enjoy, it would be better for them; but they proceed on the assumption that their love is an inexhaustible tank, and not a fountain depending for its supply on the stream that trickles into it. So, for every little annoying habit, or weakness, or fault, they draw on the tank without being careful to keep the supply open, till they awake one morning to find the pump dry, and instead of love, at best nothing but a cold habit of complacency. On the contrary, the more intimate friends become, whether married or unmarried, the more scrupulously should they strive to repress in themselves everything annoying, and to cherish, both in themselves and each other, everything pleasing. While each should draw on his love to neutralize the faults of his friend, it is suicidal to draw on his friend's love to neutralize his own faults. Love should be cumulative, since it cannot be stationary. If it does not increase, it decreases. Love, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth, and of most exotic fragility. It must be constantly and tenderly cherished. Every noxious and foreign element must be carefully removed from it. All sunshine, and sweet airs, and morning dews, and evening showers, must breathe upon it perpetual fragrance, or it dies into a hideous and repulsive deformity, fit only to be cast out and trodden under foot of men, while, properly cultivated, it is a Tree of Life. [Atlantic.]

THE LAST PRAYER OF THE FORSAKEN WIFE.

For the Herald of Progress.
BY MRS. EDWIN JAMES.
Farewell! if once I deem'd thee mine,
If still thine image fills my breast,
I yet may smile to view her thine,
May joy to know that thou art blest.
Nay, doubt me not—the time is gone—
This fatal thought my heart had broken—
The chain which link'd our souls in one
Burst when those cruel words were spoken.
And I can brook to see those eyes,
That once, how fondly! gazed on me,
Now beam another's vaunted prize,
Nor speak one murmuring word to thee.
Yes, leave me—leave me sear'd and torn—
Wreck on me all thy rage—thy madness;
Oh! I will bear thy bitterest scorn,
Nor shed one tear to dim thy gladness.
But yet, if once thou deem'dst me fair,
And by our chaste love undel'd,
Oh! bear a suppliant mother's prayer—
My husband, still protect our child!
Bethink thee of each artless wife,
Each nameless beauty, hourly waking,
Deign on "y" last request to smile,
And save this widowed heart from breaking.
So, fainting 'neath the shaft of death,
I'll bless thee with my parting breath,
And when the chord of life is riven,
My soul shall guard thee still in heaven.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

For the Herald of Progress.
BY DE VERE VINING.
Deeds, not words, are what we want;
Action, not Ignoble rest;
What availeth senseless cant?
Let your labor be the best
Of the faith you preach; and then
You'll succeed in teaching men.
He who shouts from off the fence:
"Work on bravely, fainting Brother!"
Shows a lack of common sense;
But just let him do the other
Thing, and to his words add strength,
Then his Brother feels at length
That his words are not in vain—
Not an idle, empty sound—
But that they, perchance, contain
Substance of this truth profound:
That whoever wisely teaches,
He must practice what he preaches.

VISIONBURG.

By Louis, is attracting much attention. It is written in a fine style, is freighted with practical thoughts, and cannot but inspire faith in "the good time coming."

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE NEW YORK PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY

will be published in our next. The object of this society is the cultivation of experimental Psychology as one of the Positive Sciences. Some of the leading Spiritualists and philanthropists of this city are members, and the prospect is that a new and lasting basis will be laid beneath the phenomena of Inspirational and Spiritual Manifestations.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PHYSICIAN.

The present number completes the much-admired series, by Col. J. L. Starr. These papers have been highly interesting to the lovers of both physical and psychological investigation, owing to the uncommon and startling nature of several of the mental and bodily maladies represented, and the novel yet effectual modes of palliation and cure which were resorted to by the skillful practitioner. Their easy narrative style has rendered them attractive to all, while none could fail to be charmed by the humane and sympathetic tone, the tender paths, the humanitarian spirit, and the literary excellence, by which these sketches are characterized.

Discipline.

More than a year ago the country was very coolly informed that it was altogether impossible for undisciplined troops to fight well. West Point authority, from which there was no appeal in military matters, was decided on this point. We were therefore compelled patiently to wait, ostensibly for Gen. McClellan to discipline our army, but in effect for the rebels to gain time, gather strength, obtain supplies, and fortify their positions. The year has passed, and we, if not our troops, are "disciplined"! The West Point methods have proved salutary, if not to the army at least to the people, in the sense that afflictions are beneficial. We have learned the important lesson, that civilians know nothing of the danger of Quaker guns, that contrabands have no military judgment, that rebel skedaddling is the tallest kind of victory, that the most successful campaign is the one that digs the most ditches, and that strategy means camp fever and dysentery, and a change of base a removal to new soil to find room for fresh graves for poisoned and over-worked soldiers. We are forced to believe that black is an un military color, and that discipline was essential to (rebel) success. But all these valuable lessons have failed to convince us that American soldiers cannot fight unless reviewed a thousand and one times previously. By a reference to recent reports of battles under Gen. McClellan, given by his own organs, it will be observed that special mention is made of the coolness and deliberation of certain regiments that had never before stood fire, and had only been under arms two weeks! The heroic daring, the unflinching bravery and perfect steadiness of these troops under fire has forever exploded the false notion that Americans must be educated in any set school to enable them to succeed in doing their duty. With unintelligent barbarians, long years of discipline may be necessary to secure due automatic obedience; but such are not American soldiers. Our people need but to be fired by a lofty purpose to grasp in an hour the results of years of discipline, and stand forth as competent champions of the cause they aspire to defend. Steady, persistent industry, the tedious drill

of years, is all very well when no occasion exists for hastening the process. But it will be found that in nine cases out of ten the American apprentice learns his trade, the student acquires his profession, the engineer achieves his standing in far less time than is believed to be necessary by the schools of Europe.

Put a Yankee boy at his trade or profession in this country the same hour you do an English or German lad at home, and by the time the latter is through with his prescribed "course," the Yankee will have finished, set up business, and perchance married and raised a family! The latter is the unstudied, progressive, "fast" method, peculiar to America. We do not deny that the greater thoroughness of the "drill" course of education has its benefits, but success lies in the path of the enterprising youth who masters his business regardless of prescribed forms; and success is what we desire. What the one secures by long-continued, persistent industry and application, the other gains by his quick and ready intuition. The American, if a soldier at all, becomes so, not by the training of the drill-room, but by the flash of genius!

West Point has given us splendidly educated engineers, strategists, and—rebels! The school of Nature can alone give us live generals! The discipline needed is the discipline of circumstance, to which the master mind is ever superior. The school may have been the floor of Congress, the chair of State, or the charge of a Railroad; on a western frontier, in northern wilds, or in the New York Fire Department!

More depends on the purpose animating a mind than on the exact education of that mind. It is absurd to say that great results cannot be achieved by one in an entirely new direction, provided the whole energies of the individual are roused. And it is equally absurd to conceive that any amount of discipline or skill will atone for want of heart in any movement. Give us an enterprise adequate to wake the slumbering fires of genius, and success will never wait on the training of the schools! The southern generals outmatch our own because their hearts are thoroughly in the work. They are fired by a purpose, a stern resolve, that animates every impulse and quickens into life every capacity.

Our own generals, who ask what the war is about, (Buell,) and promise to aid the enemy in putting down an insurrection which would surely crush them and not harm us, (McClellan,) who would whip the rebels without hurting them, are encouraged, promoted, and rewarded, while those who fight to kill, who would strike the rebels where they are weak, and save the lives of our white freemen, if necessary by using the black slave, are modified, repealed, recalled, transferred, and removed, ad libitum!

Discipline is very well for our troops, but far more necessary to enable us to endure such a management of affairs. C. M. P.

A Proclamation BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

WASHINGTON, Monday, September 22. I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare, that, hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed; that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the Slave States so-called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or hereafter may voluntarily adopt, the immediate or gradual abolition of slavery within their respective limits; and that the efforts to colonize persons of African descent, with their consent, upon the Continent or elsewhere, with the previously-obtained consent of the governments existing there, will be continued.

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever, free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof have not been in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an act of Congress entitled, "An act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13, 1862, and which act is in the words and figure following: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That hereafter the fol-

lowing shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be obeyed and observed as such.

ARTICLE.—All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any person to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court-martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.

SECTION 2.—And be it further enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Also to the ninth and tenth sections of an act entitled, "An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following: "Sec. 9. And be it further enacted, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall, in any way, give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons, or deserted by them and coming under the control of the Government of the United States, and all slaves of such persons found on (or being within) any place occupied by rebel forces and afterward occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captures of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude and not again held as slaves.

Sec. 10. And be it further enacted, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any of the States, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime or some offense against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and has not been in arms against the United States in the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto, and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretense whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service."

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the act and sections above recited.

And the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall (upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed,) be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
By the President,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

"The Beautiful Hills."

In transferring to our columns, a week or two since, the words of the exquisite song, "The Beautiful Hills," we neglected to mention the fact that the song is copyrighted by H. M. Higgins, the enterprising music publisher of Chicago. James G. Clark, well known to our readers, is author and composer, and the arrangement as song and quartette can be had of Mr. Higgins, or ordered through any music dealer. It cannot fail to be a favorite wherever known.

Discussion.

A discussion will be held at the court-house, Paw Paw, Mich., between Rev. Moses Hull, Adventist, and W. F. Jamieson, Spiritualist, commencing on Tuesday evening, October 28, continuing three evenings. PROPOSITION: Man has a spirit, which exists after the death of the body, in a conscious state, and communicates with the inhabitants of earth. W. F. Jamieson, affirmative; Rev. Moses Hull, negative. Also three evenings, commencing Nov 3: PROPOSITION: The teachings of the Bible are better calculated to morally advance the human family than those of Modern Spiritualism. Rev. Moses Hull, affirmative; W. F. Jamieson, negative.

A Progressive Democrat.

The following emphatic words from a prominent Democrat of this city, we doubt not are the sentiments of thousands of loyal Democrats over the North: To the Editor of the New York Tribune—Sir: "God bless Abraham Lincoln!"—[Tribune editorial, Sept. 23d, 1862.] Amen, with all my heart. "And let all the people say Amen," while humanity and religion take up the invocation and join in the supplicated good. God bless the Tribune, too, for its persistent and fearless denunciation of the monstrous wrong which has sapped the vitality and virtue of the nation. Slavery is dead, and the Republic lives!—lives a new life, graduated by the principles of God's eternal justice. The footholds of advancing freedom throw their forward echoes upon the saddened ears of liberty-loving men, and soon the imprints of her mighty tread will be discernible over and upon the prostrate and mortal remains of the haughty but doomed slave power. The American Republic henceforward is free in fact and in name. "God bless Abraham Lincoln!" Yours for liberty, RICHARD BUSTEED. NEW YORK, Sept. 25d, 1862.

Shall we Unite in Prayer?

A devout citizen recommends through the daily press a systematic effort on the part of Christians to enlist, by means of prayer, the god of battles in our behalf, and thereby save the nation. He volunteers the opinion that such prayers would be worth a million of men. The suggestion is indorsed by the published recommendation of a company of praying women of Boston, who propose that all non-combatants (including, we suppose, "women, infants, and idiots," "clergymen and fools,") join in one united supplication for our nation, the President, the army and navy, and all in need of the helpful influences supposed to attend upon the prayers of saints.

Numerous records are found in the Hebrew Scriptures of valuable assistance rendered by their god in times of war. Indeed, his works of blood fairly exceeded in vindictiveness, ferocity, and implacable wrath, the unprogressed impulses of that wicked people. The praying women of Boston have later and perhaps equally reliable evidences of the prayer-hearing and prayer-answering qualities of the Christian god, in the removal by death of Theodore Parker, in answer to the petitions of a circle of devout women.

If this deity vouchsafed an answer to petitions to remove an able and efficient "agitator," before the war, would he not readily "come graciously near" at this time, and strike the rebels on the hip, that they might fear the Lord, and cease to make war upon his children?

But the duelling code, and, we believe also the customs of civilized nations, pertaining to war, forbid the employment by one belligerent of means not allowed to the other. Hence, if prayer is to be resorted to, both parties must be at liberty to employ it. In the case of the Boston women pitted against Theodore Parker, this principle was recognized, for they chose a praying man as the victim of their devout supplications. If the federals "join in prayer," the rebels are entitled to make their wishes known also.

This saving clause absolves us personally from all fear respecting the prayerful assaults of devout men or women in our behalf or to our injury, since of such gods we make no requests, and from them fear no inflictions, recognizing only the God of Nature, (here we use the capital G,) to whom worthy petitions are less melodious than the croaking of frogs or chirping of crickets, whose government is absolute, and from the steady, ceaseless operations of whose forces we would not nor could we escape, even by reason of much prayer and supplication. Such a God regards the cause and not the contestants, accepts the principles at stake, regardless of the personal claims of their champions. The holy cause of Progress, the battle for Freedom, has this living "God" as an ally, and the principles will surely triumph though both contending parties rush to ruin.

Granting that the Christian god is to espouse the cause of all who pray mightily, let us see what confusion begins to reign. The churches North pray that the federal cause may triumph, and the Union be restored as it was, and the Constitution as it is, and the vexed negro question be left untouched. At the same time Stonewall Jackson wrestles mightily with the same good lord in prayer for the success of the rebel cause, and the establishment of the kingdom of heaven and the divine institution of slavery over all the earth. Again; lo, the poor bondman lifts up his voice to one who has promised to remember those in bonds, and prays for deliverance.

In view of this triangular fight, this triple battle of prayers, and of our Scripture lessons with reference to the vengeance of the Hebrew god, and of our recollection of the alleged success of the praying women of Boston, we tremble at the thought of any such "intervention" in this struggle. How terribly things would be mixed up to be sure! If the prayers of all are answered, the battle of Killenny cats, and the noted adventure of the snake and toad, where each swallowed the other, would become insignificant records on the pages of history, beside this modern warfare, wherein the glorious Union, the infernal Confederacy, the blessed Constitution, the traitorous rebellion, the loyal army, the hosts of rebels, the divine institution and the negro race, are all swallowed in one fell swoop of the divine hand, stretched forth in answer to prayer!

Were the Hebrew deity to "pitch in" for either North or South, making use of all the modern appliances of war, we might expect the bloodiest record in the book of time! It is left for us to infer what would result from interference on behalf of both, and of the poor slave, at the same time!

In the name of humanity, of all that is decent in peace and respectable in war, of all that is honorable, noble, and good in human nature, let us forswear this last and most doubtful, if not infernal plan for the suppression of the rebellion. The rebels have already out-generated us on the field, and Jeff. Davis has always got in a last day ahead of President Lincoln, and we believe, joined the church first, and is altogether the most devout. And Stonewall Jackson beats McClellan in closet as well as camp, in prayer as in (other) strategy.

Be assured, Christians, the plan will not work. Strategy is bad enough. Don't try prayers, or the rebels will be sure to win! Abstain religiously from invoking the aid of any such foreign power, and thus avoid all intervention on either side.

Give us an idea, and a general or a government with that idea, and we can afford to let alone all mythological deities and stupid prayer-offerings. C. M. P.

PERSONAL

—Rev. H. H. GARNE, the colony under Senat America.
—JAMES REDPATH, General Agent of the Emigration, and the fan of the movement, I
—THOMAS CARLYLE, lowing utterance with lean war: "It is the been afire this century let it burn itself out."
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Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—REV. H. H. GARRETT will not accompany the colony under Senator Pomeroy to Central America.

—JAMES REDPATH has closed his labors as General Agent of the Haytian Bureau of Emigration, and the Pine and Palm, the organ of the movement, is suspended.

—THOMAS CARLBY has lately made the following utterance with reference to the American war: "It is the dirtiest chimney that's been afloat this century, and the best way is to let it burn itself out."

—MRS. S. L. CHAPPEL has been laboring most successfully in Jefferson and Oswego Counties. Her lectures are well attended and productive of good results.

—B. M. LAWRENCE, Health Teacher, has been lecturing in Oswego County during September. His address is, care of Mr. Poole, Oswego.

—MRS. A. M. PATTERSON, medical electrician, late of Newark, N. J., has taken rooms at No. 75 Beach street, Boston, where she can be employed by those desiring her services.

—HON. A. PAYNE, member of Assembly from Wayne County, committed suicide on Saturday last, whilst laboring under a fit of insanity. He had been in feeble health for some time.

—THE CHAPIN family reunion at Springfield, Mass., on the 17th inst., comprised an assemblage of some fifteen hundred persons. Dr. Holland read a poem, Judge Chapin and others delivered addresses, and letters were read from H. W. Beecher, W. H. Seward, and others, all allied to the Chapin family.

—DR. CHARLES MACKAY is exciting severe criticism for his letters to the London Times on this country. The many who have admired his noble poems will marvel at his heavy service in the cause of slavery and rebellion.

—DR. DAVID WALDO, whose hundredth birthday was celebrated in Syracuse a few days since, preached in Albany on Sunday week.

—REV. J. V. HIMES, of the Advent Herald, prophesies that the end of the world will take place in 1867 or 1868. He is about to set forth on a preaching tour, to make known to those who sit in darkness this new doctrine.

—DR. THOMAS MORDECAI HOPE, of Alton, Ill., who was arrested for treasonable language some weeks since, used to boast that he was present at the mob in that city, in 1835, and fired the shot that killed Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, the anti-slavery martyr.

—REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER preached at Plymouth Church, Sunday last, a sermon on the war, in which he maintained that it would ultimately prove of benefit to the religious character of the country. He thought the war was allowed by Providence to bring about the downfall of slavery.

—REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, pastor of the Third Unitarian Church in this city, at the close of an eloquent sermon, Sunday morning, expressed his conviction that Union and peace were attainable only through the abolition of slavery. He offered for the consideration of the congregation a memorial to the President, calling upon him, as the head of the nation, immediately to declare universal freedom.

This memorial was at once adopted by the congregation by a unanimous and hearty vote, and the pastor was requested to sign and forward it in their behalf.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Our latest European dates are to the 14th of Sept.

—English journals continue to comment freely on American affairs.

—The Index (the London organ of the Confederates) states that George N. Saunders had brought no communication whatever from the Confederate government to its commissioners in Europe.

—The San Francisco correspondent of the London Times draws attention to the naval preparations of the American government in the Pacific, and urges upon the English government the importance of keeping pace with these measures, which he regards as menaces to the English possessions in that region.

—The Prince of Wales had gone to Brussels, and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark (his future bride) had arrived with her parents in the same city.

—Garibaldi is reported as improving, but not yet out of danger. Indeed, it is still feared the wound may have a fatal issue.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—From the official report, it appears that the loss in Gen. Sumner's Corps at the battle of Antietam was, killed, 866, wounded, 3,795, missing, 548. Total, 5,208. Twenty-six stands of colors were taken from the rebels.

—Mumfordsville, Ky., has been taken by the rebels, with 5,000 Union prisoners and ten cannon. They were surrounded by an overwhelming force.

—An attack on Louisville is apprehended, and extensive preparations are being made to meet the assailants.

—Thursday, the 18th, was appointed to be observed by the rebels as a day of thanksgiving to the Lord of Hosts for "great services at his hands," and hoping for more!

—Harper's Ferry, ingloriously surrendered to the rebels, is again occupied by our troops.

—A terrible explosion occurred in the Laboratory at the Arsenal at Pittsburg a few days since, by which not less than eighty boys and girls were killed!

—The Provost Marshall of the S. W. District of Missouri has ordered every man and boy able to work, and every negro within five miles of the headquarters, to report themselves to Col. M. La Rue Harrison, at Springfield, to aid in the fortifications.

—The city of San Francisco has contributed one hundred thousand dollars to the Sanitary Commission for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. What a magnificent gift. Dr. Bellows characterizes San Francisco as the youngest great city in the nation—furthest from the seat of war, and already nearest to the sick and wounded on her battle-fields.

The Physician.

"The whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick."

Medical Whispers.

BY THE EDITOR.

J. C. M., N. Y.—The best work for you to study is TEMPERANCE. The author is every one who obeys the law of balance between two extremes.

MRS. S. HAMMINGTON, N. J.—Give your daughter plenty of syrup made of elecampane. About one-half pound of the root to three quarts of water. Sweeten with sorghum syrup or dark brown sugar.

S. C. C., POTSDAM, N. Y.—The patient should not attempt to sleep at night. Rest in the day time; at night sit in an easy position; with company sometimes. She cannot endure the negative state of the atmosphere. Drink buttermilk.

"A SREUGGLER," LEDYARD, CT.—The Whisper partly promised you in our last is not given. There is in medicine no help for you. Yet it is seen that you and yours will slowly rise out of the vale of shadows. Hope on!

C. BRESON, MICHIGAN.—You will find yourself greatly aided by eating a very little food in the mornings when most dizzy and staggering. Your natural remedy is, rest on your side or back. Drink tea, of equal parts peppermint and boneset, when symptoms are severe.

S. F. S., SETAUKET, L. I.—Only one Whisper is heard for the still suffering one—that is, give her one egg, thoroughly mixed in one table-spoonful of Catawba wine. In a bottle of this wine put one tea-spoonful of each pulverized cloves and cinnamon, and use with the egg every morning.

"EMMA," ELBRIDGE, N. Y.—It is our conviction that Dr. Newton is magnetically equal to about one-fourth of the persons who call upon him for treatment. Of that number he would not be likely to heal or help permanently more than half to two-thirds. We may reach your case one of these days, but do not feel certain.

SARAH C. W., KINGSTON, WIS.—We cannot give better directions than he may find in the Harbinger. It gives us pleasure to hear from you. You are filled with sympathy for those who suffer, and your kindly offices to such will enhance your enjoyment in the beautiful Beyond.

K. G. HARVEYSBURGH, O.—For the burning in the pit of your stomach take the white of two eggs, beat up together, and nothing else, for your supper. No salt or soda in anything for breakfast. When much troubled with dizziness, drink freely of buttermilk. Chew rhubarb root two days of each week.

G. G. M., RACINE, WIS.—Bathe the child's body with diluted oil of turpentine, once a week, and let him that day drink a wine glassful of strong coffee without milk or sugar. This treatment is general, to be followed for two months, in order to cure the tendency. For your deafness, two or three drops of "British Oil" in the cavity of the ear every morning. Use several drops at a time after a few days.

"Testimony in favor of Will-Power."—MR. DAVIS: I think your Will-Power Cure, as laid down in your new book, the Harbinger of Health, is very good. By its practice I can do about twice as much work as I could before, and I can control my nervous system perfectly, under all circumstances. I can lie down and go to sleep in five minutes, which I could not do before in an hour. I believe the powers of the human Will are almost unlimited, and that man may yet by its use be able to walk on the atmosphere or suspend himself in mid-air. Yours, for Progress, J. S.

"Two States of Mind."—Our friend, L. G., has a son, twenty-nine years of age, who is so deranged as to show two distinct states of mind—"earthly and heavenly." This condition has been upon him about eleven years.

REMEDY: The true method is magnetism. A substantial magnetic physician should be with the young man long enough to induce the magnetic state just as the period of derangement is coming on—thus checking the fluctuations of the mental force, and slowly restoring the brain to its natural balance. No medicine can be prescribed to reach such a condition. It is not reasonable to expect that the mind will be entirely relieved. His future in this world does not seem dark, except at short intervals. He will improve as age creeps on.

"Stings of the Black Scorpion."—In the American Homeopathic Review, (edited and published by J. T. Smith & Sons, 484 Broadway,) we notice a letter from a Rev. A. Abbott, who is on "duty" as a missionary in Raheore, saying that he had made use of the "stings of Black Scorpions" in upward of thirty cases for the Guinea Worm, which is thus cured in from five to twenty days. The dutiful missionary says, "The allopathic doctors have no remedy for the worms;" but the stings, "prepared homeopathically," are sure to send the worms to their long home. The funniest part of the whole is the editor's note, thus: "We know nothing of the Guinea Worm, and give the above an insertion that we may learn something about it, and also as an evidence that homeopathy is not unknown in India." Now, although the search after more knowledge is always commendable, we cannot but hope that New York physicians will let Guinea Worms alone until the African question is settled.

"The Milk Sickness."—MR. H. S., of PAINESVILLE, O., says: "Large rewards have been offered for the discovery of the cause of the disease; but it has never been satisfactorily explained. If you are possessed of the power to discover and explain its origin, you will do a great favor to do so, and make it public. You will not only benefit those who dwell in that region, but those who travel through that section of country. I believe the disease is not now as prevalent as it was twenty-five years ago."

ANSWER: While in Illinois, some four years ago, we had opportunity to make investigations in this disease, by which we ascertained that the immediate cause of the milk sickness was the absorption into the blood of the urine. Both blood and bowels became charged with ammonia. And the impression was very distinct that persons thus afflicted, by eating the butter, milk, or meat of diseased cattle, might

be cured by using daily of olive oil mixed with lime water. The vapor of vinegar, or the common steam bath, would greatly augment the cure.

"Salt and its Office."—Some modern agricultural writers have doubted the necessity of giving animals salt. The remarks as to the effect of salt upon health, by Professor Johnston, may be relished by those who still put salt in their own puddings and allow their cattle a little now and then. He says:—

"The wild buffalo frequents the salt licks of Northwestern America; the wild animals in the central parts of South Africa are a sure prey to the hunter who conceals himself behind a salt-spring; and our domestic cattle run peacefully to the hand that offers them a taste of this delicious luxury. From time immemorial, it has been known that, without salt, man would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in former times. Maggots and corruption are spoken of by ancient writers as the distressing symptoms which saltless food engenders; but no ancient or unchemical modern could explain how such sufferings arose. Now we know why the animal craves salt, why it suffers discomfort, and why it ultimately falls into disease if salt is for a time withheld. Upward of half the saline matter of the blood (75 per cent.) consists of common salt, and as this is partially discharged every day through the skin and the kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Suint the supply of salt, therefore, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist the digestion, nor allow the cartilages to be built up again as fast as they naturally waste."

[If the above singular paragraph should arrest the attention of some Anti-salter, we may expect to receive a convincing argument to the opposite of every position assumed by Prof. Johnston.—Ed.]

LATEST NEWS

From within the Temple,

[BY AIR-LINE TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.]

Cost of Peace and Unity in America.

FAILURE OF JOHN BROWN TO INFLUENCE COL. MILES.

Kentucky Troops to Move Eastward.

EMANCIPATION NOT TO INJURE THE TRAITORS.

Influences to Prevent a Revolution at the North.

AN ELECTRIC SHOCK AMONG REBELS.

The Redemption of Labor before the War Ends.

CHEERFULNESS AND SATISFACTION OF THE PRESIDENT.

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO INHERIT ETERNAL PEACE?

A member of the unseen company who was aiding the Union cause from "invisible heights near Harper's Ferry," put this question to the spirit of John Brown, who, his face touched with a gleam of beautiful sadness, replied: "Peace and eternal life will be given to the Union in exchange for all the millions of treasure and all the tears of agony which the inhabitants have wrested from the slaves. All wealth, all lands, all palaces, all luxuries earned by the slaves in hopeless bondage, must be expended in this struggle. The people will be called upon to sell all they have and give to the poor, ere the blessings of God will rest upon the continent. Slow indeed are the people to learn that the poor slaves are as much the children of God, are as truly members of His great family, and are as much entitled to the land, and air, and the fruits of their toil, as are the white millions who hypocritically profess to be followers of the arisen Christ."

UNIMPRESSIBLE UNION TROOPS AT HARPER'S FERRY.

News comes concerning the recent operations of John Brown in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. Stonewall Jackson's prayer-moods expose his entire brain to the psychological proceeding of celestial Unionists. Influenced thus after a prayer, Jackson ordered a portion of the rebel army to march on Harper's Ferry. The design, as stated in your last HERALD, was to capture a large and most important division of the Confederate army. Had Col. Miles been as impressible as Jackson was, and is, the rebel occupation of the Ferry would in twenty-four hours have resulted in one of the greatest victories since the war commenced.

COUNTERPLOT AND RETRIBUTION.

The rebels know that Heintzelman's and Sigel's legions have been operating, not to prevent the Confederate army from retreating out of Maryland, but to precede them in the direction of Richmond. "Oward!" is the battle-cry. While this aggressive movement is progressing in Virginia, a counterplot is perfected, by which the rebels now operating in Kentucky will attempt to invade Pennsylvania from the direction of the Cumberland Valley. Gov. Curtin is liable to regret recalling so large a portion of the militia, as the Confederates have not yet abandoned their design to invade the State. Let him be vigilant, for the enemy cometh like "a thief in the night."

SLAVES OF THE REBELLIOUS STATES.

The all-important question, "whether emancipation can be proclaimed and the confiscation laws of Congress enforced without interfering with the working population of the rebellious States," has been settled to the unbounded satisfaction of prominent government officers. This was achieved by the President, who has just issued a second Proclamation, to take effect on the first day of January, 1863, by which all persons held as slaves within any rebellious section of the Union shall be thenceforward and forever Free. In order that this Proclamation shall not necessarily "interfere with the slave population of the South," the President wisely provides that any State represented in good faith in Congress on the 1st of January next, shall be deemed as not having been in rebellion against the government of the United States, and the Emancipation-Confiscation Act shall, by that piece of political prestidigitation, be null and void. Thus the "negro question" is not to be touched by laws punishing treason and traitors, if the government at Washington can possibly prevent it. Thanks be to God! there are higher powers in the universe than those vested in the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy.

BRIGHT HOPES AND CLEAR SKIES.

The Achilles' heel of the rebellion is the lack of southern soldiers to meet the new Union levies about to march into the contest. Jeff. Davis begins to comprehend the future of his conspiracy. He sees that it will be paralyzed, a capite ad calcem, unless the uncovered and unprotected parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania can very soon be made the new bases of their operations. Shortly the Confederates will try the aggressive *causa sine qua non*, but the scepter of eternal Justice will smite the gigantic effort and the hand of Providence will choke the rebellion to death.

A REVOLUTION AT THE NORTH.

Friends of humanity who take as a basis the principle of Brotherly Love, need entertain no fears for the North. At least one thousand circles of working hands and true hearts hold celestial influences over the political combinations in the free States, so that in less than one year the laws of Brotherhood will overthrow much of the existing antagonisms in sectional parties, and the smile of God will once more suddenly break through one of the darkest epochs of human despair.

THE VALUE OF LATE BATTLES.

Intelligence is just received relative to recent battles. The forces and stores of the rebels have not been so badly injured in being driven from Maryland as was the Union army in its Peninsula campaign, terminating with its retreat from Richmond and the James River.

MOTIVES OF GENERAL MCCLELLAN.

Gen. McClellan is not searching for "glory" nor for "winter quarters," as his enemies continue to assert. He has but one ruling motive—to conduct the war according to established military rules. Whether victorious or defeated, his ambition is to adhere to the "best military authorities." If the Union army is finally lost, it will not be because the leading General violated any of the recognized "rules of war." To be, to do, and to die according to the "law," is an infinite comfort, as thousands who have lost their lives and their senses by employing drug-doctors and orthodox priests can testify. This explanation is deemed complete, and ought to satisfy every northern mind.

LATEST—SECOND EDITION, 11 O'CLOCK, A. M. AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

Although undazzled by their late operations in Maryland, the rebel generals say they felt an electric shock which spread throughout their armies, in the afternoon of Thursday last, the 18th, while celebrating the appointed day of thanksgiving and praise. The cause is not remote from the intervention of John Brown and associates overhead in Virginia. His work is this moment directed to the confusion and capture of Stonewall Jackson's army.

ISRAELITES ENSLAVED IN EGYPT.

"The acceptable year of the Lord" will be when America becomes the Palestine of redeemed sons and daughters of the living God. LABOR is to be emancipated before the present war terminates. The Republican administration is the accoucher, using surgical instruments, unconsciously, to hasten the new birth, when, *actum est!* the bloody work of the War will have been accomplished, and a truly progressive Future will be immediately disclosed to the American people. *Nil desperandum!*

DARK DAYS NOT YET PASSED.

Those who think the danger of foreign intervention is passed, are mistaken. Three sources are loaded with mischief to our government. The facts were vaguely stated in your last HERALD. The old Ship will need a master's hand at the helm during the ensuing sixty days. More tears than blood will flow. Let praying men go to work, and let working men pray with more industry than ever. Patriotism will mean much before the war is concluded.

VERY LATEST.

FOURTH EDITION.—1 O'CLOCK P. M.

It is decided that three southern cities shall fall, or be compelled to surrender within a few days of each other, by the combined assaults of our new iron-clads. Expect great news from Richmond, Charleston, and Savannah.

THE MIND OF THE PRESIDENT.

A clearer understanding has been given to the President. He expresses himself as perfectly satisfied with the Maryland battles, more especially with the immense army developed under the call of Gov. Curtin, showing the yet unestimated and undemonstrated resources of the vast, rich, industrious, populous North.

Progressive Literature.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Recollections of a Physician.

BY J. LEANDER STARR.

NUMBER SIX.

THE CHARCOAL WOMAN.

During my visit to the United States, referred to in No. 4 of this series, while enjoying the hospitalities of my kind friends in the city of New York, my attention, as a medical man, was called to the extraordinary phenomenon of a "charcoal woman," who had excited the astonishment of thousands, and among them, many physicians who had examined her, and I was shown an article, by Dr. Purdy, on this wonder of Nature, published in the "Transactions of the State Medical Society of New York," and which minutely, and *gravely*, described her case. The facts, as thus believed by thousands, and represented to me, were the following:

Her name is Ann Purdy, a resident of Oneida, in the State of New York; age about 37. Her face was black as a negro's, except some parts, comprised within the limits of a small oval, which exposed part of her nose, her mouth, and chin, (with a slight margin,) and which were the natural color of a white woman. Her left arm (always exposed) was, to near the shoulder, also jet black; and her left leg, from the knee down, and foot, were the same. All the rest of her person was of the natural whiteness of an ordinary woman, except a slight discoloration on parts of the right arm.

It was stated and believed that, dating back some fourteen years; there suddenly appeared on her skin, in various parts of her person, black exudations, which seemed to be black blood, and which formed a thick crust, and gradually grew thicker and thicker until it formed hard scales, which, after several months, peeled off and re-formed again rapidly. During the whole of this time, certain necessary functions of Nature, like Joshua's sun, stood still. In a paper like this it might offend the delicacy of the general reader were I to give those details which to medical minds would be of the highest interest. I would therefore limit myself to remarking that all that passed through her during this long period were pieces of black substance closely resembling charcoal, in size from two to four inches in length, and one to two inches in circumference, and some pieces of smaller size she often vomited. I was shown a full peck of these extraordinary productions!

During the whole of these fourteen years she was confined to her bed the chief part of the time, the object of the care and sympathy of all her neighbors and of thousands who had become acquainted with her case. She was fed with every delicacy, and wanted for nothing. Her general health was perfect, and she ate with an excellent appetite the good things placed before her, and had altogether a "jolly" life of it. Everything, however, turned to charcoal, and was voided through an unusual channel.

This was the case as popularly understood, and vouched for by many of my brethren in the profession. When one day dining with my friend Dr. Sayre, one of the most eminent and successful physicians in the United States, he informed me that he was in no way convinced that Miss Purdy's case was anything but a successful *kumbug*, and that he was to make a visit to her (she was then in New York city) on the morrow, and invited me to accompany him.

We went to the residence of this lady the next day, and found her, as to outward appearances, as represented. Dr. Sayre commenced by several leading questions, to which he received the usual stereotyped answers, and his suspicions were confirmed. He found all the phenomena, as regarded her general health, perfect. He gave vent, slightly, to his feelings of incredulity—unwisely, perhaps—which irritated the fair lady and her attending physician, (whose name, from delicacy, I suppress,) and Dr. S. then changed his tactics and pretended to be a convert, and then the conversation flowed on more freely. In a short time he proceeded to feel her negro leg, and fancied, from his touch, that the scales (!) were loose, and he asked her questions, during these manipulations, as to the pain, if any, caused by his pressure, and, being secretly provided with a pair of surgical scissors in his right hand, quietly glided his hand to her foot and quickly clipped off a piece of the covering, which he held up in triumph, and the cheat was exposed! He also removed lumps of charcoal which were secreted in her person. I have a piece of this covering and specimens of the lumps of charcoal.

It seems that this fair (?) lady, suffering under the feelings of mortified pride, from some causes not explained, and resolving to be well cared for and noted in the world, conceived, with the aid and connivance of a medical man, (whom his profession may not be too proud of!) this imposition. A thin layer of fine cambric was pasted on the parts intended to become black. This was daubed over very plentifully with petroleum, on which was thickly sprinkled powdered charcoal, and this gave to that part of her person which was black the appearance which had won for her for so many years the designation of "The Charcoal Woman."

She was afterwards placed in hospital and divested of all her false coverings, and is now again a plain, every-day white woman.

In bringing to a close this series of papers on subjects of some interest, I would offer a few remarks—in the spirit of kindness and frankness—in reference to the members of my profession.

The physician stands prominently in the scale of responsibility. His mission is almost Godlike. To administer to the suffering, the ill, and the dying; to bring to his aid, from the store-house of his knowledge, acquired after great research and laborious study, all that is published and known in the wide range of medical science, is his important duty; to sacrifice personal comfort and ease that he may check the progress of disease; to assuage the agitated and alarmed mind of his confiding patient—these, when faithfully and humanely exercised, render him indeed an "angel of mercy" to poor suffering humanity; and when so exercised, our patients should appreciate our offices and reciprocate our kindness, and be earnest—even eager—to acquit themselves promptly of the pecuniary obligations they incur.

But I would just—and most respectfully and deferentially so—suggest to my brethren in this noble profession that there are some remissions on their part, proceeding from no lack of knowledge or good will, which they will do well to correct, and I have often heard them alluded to by families whom I have attended. For instance: A physician is called in; he examines the case of his patient; it is perhaps a slight and ordinary fever, or derangement of the gastric organs; he prescribes the necessary medicines and retires. But after he is gone, the family of the patient is wholly ignorant of what he may be allowed to eat or drink, and they often counteract, ignorantly, all the good effects of the medicines by allowing the patient food or drink entirely unsuitable to him. The same may be said of his going out, if at all, or at what part of the day, or for what period. It is easy, during a visit, for a physician to give these simple and necessary directions.

And when the physician, from that deep knowledge which he possesses, is satisfied that no human skill can ward off the approach of death, in lieu of concealing the momentous fact from the poor soul, trembling on the verge of eternity, it is his solemn duty, with all the tact and affectionate tenderness he can command, to announce to the poor sufferer his approaching dissolution, as did the prophet Isaiah to Hezekiah when he was "sick unto death"—"Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."

For the Herald of Progress.

A Visit to Visionburg;

OR, GLIMPSSES OF A BETTER SOCIAL LIFE.

BY LOUIS.

CHAPTER VII.

Dion had preached, I thought, long enough, and as I am a practical man, and like to meet difficulties on the spot, and considering that his doctrines had already had one failure, and that society might be even less disposed than ever to adopt his theories, I put the question to him in plain terms: And how would you at this present time pretend to remedy the evils you complain of?

My dear friend, said he, "the world"—that is, the interested classes, patrician, legal, commercial, and others—has as much desire as ever to pursue in its own way that manner of life in which it happens to have been brought up, or to which it has been carefully and expensively educated, and I, for one, do not wish to interfere with it. It has got to learn the right way, and into the right way no one would pretend to bring it without its full consent. Have I not already pointed out to you that we are gradually acquiring more liberal and profitable modes of doing business? Need I indicate more clearly that we are being enlightened through our selfishness? and that even the most selfish are now among the most eager to profit by the associative spirit that is growing up to be the grand way of doing business of the new epoch? If I took a glance over the old time—which furnishes us so many themes for reflection, and the study of which you know I delight in—it was to make even more clear to you some phases of that modern progress that many now begin to divine. I wanted also to point out the why and wherefore of certain existing habits and modes of thought, and to show whence our civilization came and how much we owe to Rome of the love of human liberty and progress we now possess.

But if you mean to ask me how best to accomplish the progress we have in view, I would merely answer, by making training and education more practical—that is, better adapted to the wants of the human mind. To what condition society will ultimately attain no man is competent to judge; but to a mind unprejudiced a modification of our educational system is clearly necessary. The classical system has had its day, and to him who looks beyond the surface there are hideous tales to tell of its effects on the human mind. The study of the sciences has a natural tendency to elevate the mind to the Creator of such admirable and endless wonders; while the study of the classics has a natural tendency to attract the mind not only to the historical acts of men—their faults, follies, cruelties, and ambition—but above all to their immoralities as demonstrated in their filthy mythology, habits, manners, and customs. Nor is this all; what cannot be read openly in the college is circu-

lated from hand to hand, and the vilest books and obscenities pass secretly through every respected institution of learning among those very classes from whom we expect the highest examples of virtue! Choose between what enlightens, develops, and elevates the mind, and that which, barren of facts, wearisome, stultifies, and debases the mind. Decide between a bad system, sustained by habit, and a good one, demonstrable by proof. Already, in the very teeth of our opponents, the admission is made that the classical system is defective. They still deny, and yet yield to the demand for change. They still hug the old garment, and they yet consent to wear a portion of the new. And as better and more complete men go forth to the world out of the purified schools, so we may expect with time greater and more effectual changes.

To modify our education to meet the wants of humanity is our first consideration. Let us leave the higher schools and colleges—the people need us. They want to know how to procure an honest means of livelihood. Our training must meet that want. There are many occupations and trades, but the fundamental one is agriculture. Therefore instruction in it should always be the basis of our training. If other trades fail, the man can, with that fundamental knowledge, fall back upon the soil. So, it is said, he can now. But practically he cannot. For of what use to him are millions of waste land if he has not the knowledge necessary to turn one acre to account? That some ignorant men may have succeeded in it is little matter. The many never do. They only perish in the country, instead of the city. They merely change the locality of their destruction, and modify the causes of it. We want teachers who know more than words and a few historical facts. We want teachers to educate thinkers, not talkers. And to complete the merit of this practical teaching in the uses of common things, we should teach the laws which govern the employment of capital and labor, so that the coming man may not waste his means and energies on impious or injurious works.

You would here interrupt me. I see the drift of your question. What I mean by impious works is the misapplication of our industry and wealth to works which not only do not benefit humanity, but impoverish it. If the incompleteness of the moral systems of the old time had not tended to destroy empire after empire, that one characteristic of it, the construction of vast unproductive monuments, would have told upon their resources and sapped the foundations of their prosperity.

Suppose a man applied all his labor and capital in merely digging a large hole, walling it up, and constructing in the center an elaborately designed monument to be covered with bells, trinkets, lights, &c., to be displayed at family fête-days for his amusement, what would he gain by it? how would he live? And suppose, to keep his bells ringing, his lights shining, and trinkets bright, he has to employ one or two men? He must necessarily take them from other (profitable) occupations, and pay them to do this idle work. So that he has not only thrown away the means he had, wasted his labor unprofitably, but he is constantly throwing away more means and wasting more labor to keep up this impious amusement to the end of his life.

Now suppose this man had been a wise man, and had built houses for the poor—clean, airy, roomy, healthful—there would have been not only a return to himself in the form of rent, but a return in blessings innumerable to whole families, sheltered the year round from the inclemencies of the seasons. This profitable use of God's gifts would have been an act of piety, even had he thought of his rents more than his tenants. When, therefore, we carry the motive farther and to purer intentions, the merit and profit to humanity become greater still—inasmuch as rent is reduced to the lowest rate, and the tenants benefited still more.

CHAPTER VIII.

When a political economist studies the laws only as applicable to our existing state of society, he has to modify his findings to suit the wants of the age. The true law, as applicable to man in another and more advanced period, will not be there. Now to suppose the laws—which are believed to be suitable to our system—of confusion, fundamental, and therefore fit for all time, is ridiculous. We make our own laws not merely for the government of society, but we make them, guided by an instinct of selfishness that we take for conviction of what is right to govern society, or force it and maintain it in a given relation of man to man and of man to religion. The fictitious, or rather the artificial man, is everywhere, and varies as often as the laws vary. Many philosophers, seeing this, have imagined that the natural man was the savage; the savage, however, varies as much as the semi-civilized man, and is quite as much influenced by self-made laws and usages. Where, then, is the natural man? If there is a man living according to Nature's laws, then it is he who is so completely a law to himself that he has become another type of the unselfish—the just man of whom we have already spoken.

We have not yet arrived at this high standard. In the man-child—that is, man in the savage or rudimentary state—the necessities of existence have the first demand upon him. That he may not be destroyed as soon as created, he defends himself with all the animal means at his disposal. Sooner than die, he would destroy some of his own race. Indeed, he has hitherto lived, like many insects and animals, by preying upon his fellows. Thus he passes his youth-era until manhood approaches. Then the man in manliness gradually unfolds. The glories of intellect awaken, and

the inspired men and women give forth their oracles of incomplete wisdom. These agitate the bosom of the race and divide their thoughts. The passions rear their camps and the selfish ones impose their doctrines and one-sided interpretations, until the contest for what is called "sacred" becomes more destructive to humanity, and a deeper source of distress than even the commercial and aristocratic wars. In the tempest of fanaticism thus created out of the passions, some nobler sentiments take their growth and uplift the race. From out of the rank human animal growth, appear beings of a higher order in the distant ages, and with them improved races, whom new loves of art, and sciences, and better surroundings, have brought forth. These comprehend the new order of thought, and reason on a higher plane, until inventive genius creating the means for bringing thoughts and agitating feelings through the form of printed words, hurries on yet more rapidly the progress of the race.

In this agitation of the human mind, superstitious feelings have been first awakened. They have grown out of the fears and wants of humanity; first, perhaps, in the more susceptible organization of the woman. In time, these have become purified by the growth of moral feelings and improved intellect, until charity began faintly to appear out of the dark crucible of human sorrows, and with it a glimmering of that religious sentiment which is now pervading the nations. On this rock of charity will be reared the temple of justice, the last and least active of the sentiments of the human mind. It is now called forth by charitable feeling to the conflict of truth and light, and when triumphant will give man religion—reality in place of mockery, light in place of darkness, truth in place of mystery.

And while we are yet on the subject of education, let us not forget to teach youth to examine all things and keep to the good and true alone—to take nothing for granted that he cannot completely comprehend and receive, as it were, instinctively—and to put no blind faith on any one's real or supposed opinions, no matter what the pretext or what the pretended authority. By so doing, we shall rear a race who will acknowledge the true teacher alone and recognize him in all his simplicity and beauty. By force we raise hypocrites, unwilling believers, haters in heart, doubters in practice—as proved by their daily actions and mode of life—mockers, scoffers, and conforming apes. We must rear men, and cultivate carefully their natural gifts, so that, while studying the past and the old masters, and skillfully using their knowledge and experience as a stepping-stone to higher attainments, they may not crush out their own God-given originality and independence by a servile and consequently unworthy and inferior aping of them. Phidraas was a great sculptor; but is there nothing higher to be attained than what Phidraas did? Is it sacrilege to surpass him? Herodotus was a great historian; but shall no man write better or more truthfully than Herodotus? Pythagoras was a great moral teacher; but shall no one surpass him in virtue and truth? Modern discoveries prove that Egyptian, Indian, and Chinese history can be traced back some 15,000 years; but shall we pretend that that epoch of time to the Creator must be the limit of the race of man on earth? We, men of the race of progress, whom the great Creator has led along the Mediterranean highway, shall we, in common sense falling behind the sleepy Asiatic, continue to rivet the chains of ignorance and falsehood on the human mind? Shall we, in the name of superstition, close the mind to that openness to conviction which is the first and truest character of the just and religious mind?

And let us not forget that the energy of youth must have an outlet for good or it will break out in vice and violence. The latter traits are peculiarly the characteristics of our classical course. The book-wormed boy, the word-tormented youth, like the overtaxed mill-slave, rushes to excesses as a relief to his monotonous school existence. He becomes the plague of his teacher, who finds in him an energy of mischievous device, and callous, heartless demonism, that drives him sooner or later to a retaliation as cruel as ill-judged. Instead of the boy-man we have a boy-brute. The home-nurtured, tenderly-cared joy and hope of his parents, has imbibed the classical traits of the savagery of the Spartan. The manliness of true humanity in thought and action, which the tender care of a mother was planting in his bosom, has been obliterated by the torrent of petty rascality, unfairness, and persecution, to which he has been subjected from the first breath of school-life. He, too, in a few months of his impressionable age, will become a young Arab, swearing, lying, stealing, and given to sensual thoughts, while to the simple, honest features, will have succeeded a countenance in which meanness, mischief, and treachery predominate.

To turn this dangerous energy to useful account—this energy which, in early life, is so easily demoralized—we must direct it into channels of usefulness in which knowledge may be beneficially procured. Now the sciences are especially adapted to that end. What boy, a hammer in hand, a bag or box strapped to his back in which to deposit his botanical, mineralogical, entomological, or other discoveries, can resist the intense pleasure of thus acquiring knowledge? Energy is expended bodily, not only in walking, running, climbing, but in the application of the hammer means at his disposal. Sooner than die, he would destroy some of his own race. Indeed, he has hitherto lived, like many insects and animals, by preying upon his fellows. Thus he passes his youth-era until manhood approaches. Then the man in manliness gradually unfolds. The glories of intellect awaken, and

what a world of knowledge and wonders opened to the young mind! These are the out-door amusements. There is work enough in-doors. Manipulations in the laboratory, &c., classifications of specimens and their study, with a reasonable use of books as aids to knowledge and memory, and a skillful use of the blackboard for explanation. As far as possible, we should teach everything by seeing and feeling, and by actual demonstration. Can a child know what glass is by merely spelling the word? Do those five letters, unconnected with the object itself, give any idea of the object? Can a child know how glass is made unless you bring the materials together and give a demonstration of it? Knowledge so acquired is retained because it is a succession of demonstrated facts, and these, being formed without confusion or uncertainty in the mind, become a substantial part of the mind. But words and phrases, to which this real meaning has not been given, are confused and fleeting, and leave no more impression than a fog driven by the wind over the land. 'Tis the rain alone that enters the soil effectually and fertilizes it.

CHAPTER IX.

To these remarks I was unwilling to raise any objection, as I thought with Dion that there was much room for improvement in the training of youth. How far we should go or how exactly prune our educational system, I was not prepared to say. It seems to me that our difficulty lies in our teachers. They have first to be trained.

That is true to some extent, remarked Dion, but less so than perhaps you think. No one who teaches but is continually learning—to keep ahead of the pupils; and no one learns so well and so thoroughly as by having to teach others. I do not see why the teacher, with the advantage of age and experience, cannot begin to learn—the sciences as he teaches them. He labors only under the difficulty of acquiring slowly that which the boy or girl will acquire rapidly after him. Then the elements of science are simple, and works adapted to such teachers and teachings could soon be prepared. Let such books become our school-books for use out of doors and for in-door teaching, and accomplished men can be found to put them into forms so clear that none can misunderstand. And reflect upon the benefit such books would confer on our rising generation by the positive and healthful knowledge given of things and facts as compared with the deleterious trash written to attract or excite children and youth to the habit of reading—a habit of reading only nonsense, silly stories, ridiculous romances, and fairy tales—a habit which, so acquired, unfits the mind for the realities of life. Under this training, those passions receive that first dangerous impulse, which our school deficiencies bring out into full riot and play. In the extravagance of the fairy tale, in the silly platitudes about beautiful princes and princesses, in the monstrosities of magic and miracle, and in the cool relation of arbitrary, cruel, and barbarous deeds, in which acts of brutality and injustice are approved, is laid the foundation of that character which we thus form on the one hand and deplore on the other. We create a little, self-willed, cruel, conceited despot, and then wonder whence come these barbarisms. We instill into these feeble minds a love for crowns and coronets, precious stones and fine dressing, with the petty and ridiculous accompaniments of an imaginary court-life, and then wonder at the dreamy, impracticable creatures that grow up around us. Instead of the truths of real life, the young mind has already seized with avidity upon the falsehoods of the fictitious world, and soon begins to show those traits of greediness, envy, lying, vanity, pride, and egotism, which are the foundations of individualism and antagonism. The Arab is perfecting in the child; and when he finds in early life how false and unreasonable were his dreams, then will seize upon him that sickening of life, that rage of disappointed aspirations and cravings, that will make him oftentimes out-Arab the Arab. It has always appeared to me that we ought to save our children from this gross deception at the very commencement of their world-experience, and so interest them from the start in the golden truths and facts of real life, so magnificently abundant around us, that no pleasure shall be taken by them in futilities, and no interests be artificially created in them inconsistent with duty and equal justice to all.

In this world, I remarked, accident too much decides our destiny. It is the interest of somebody to write a foolish tale for the money it will bring. Some struggler in the city has been racking his brain how to raise the useful, and he sees no better way than to play upon the weakness, the passions, or the follies of his fellow creatures. Can we check this? Society, interposed Dion, has a right to prevent the sale of poisons, and, moreover, by forcing men so disposed to seek more healthful channels of labor would immensely benefit itself. We are a curious people. We would prevent and punish men for thinking freely in matters of religion—in believing every day to be a Sunday, as much as one day; in believing every act and thought of life a religious act and thought, as well as any set of acts or words invented by others. But we would not prevent or restrain men from acts which are positively injurious to themselves and destructive to the lives, morals, and pecuniary interests of all. We strain at gnats and swallow camels. The duty of society is to protect the liberty and rights of all from the license to vice and crime of the individual—the individual being prompted to that license by the greediness of fortune-making, and the curse of

domination or using others recklessly for his own aggrandizement.

But, I objected to my friend's theories, while I admit your good sense in not advocating absolutely the socialistic dreams of many Utopians, and in seeking to show a modification of our business transactions as indicating still further changes, and while I would not deny that men will ultimately vastly ameliorate their social condition, to the benefit of all classes, yet how do you account for the almost constant failure of all really socialistic efforts?

I am unwilling, he answered, to regard them as failures, because, when earnestly carried out, they have very generally succeeded. Failure has resulted from several causes, the principle of which is that the change has always been too great and too sudden for the artificial habits of the time; so that, when the novelty had passed, there was no longer the same accord between the parties. One main trouble is that all wish to be masters—or, in plainer words, men and women have too much of the animal about them. Then, men must be trained to work together for the general good, just as much as we now train them to work against each other for their individual good. When, therefore, they shall have acquired the former habit, they will quite naturally drop the latter, and it will then be as difficult, as perilous, as distressing to be thrown on the world, to scramble for existence like an animal, as it is now almost a necessity by reason of our little self-control. And, in our sense, we are worse than, if not inferior to the brutes. What they take of the rich, true pastures given abundantly by Nature. But we pick up or steal what really belongs to others, and is therefore so much moral filth. We clothe ourselves poorly, wearing oftentimes unwholesome and overworn materials. We eat cheaply of food unfit for the stomach, and waste and throw away much to keep up market prices. And all this meanness to make or save money!

Then we have opposition to contend with: the anti-socialist not merely refusing to enter into business transactions mutually advantageous, but intriguing against us, and at night even burning and destroying!

(To be Continued.)

True Loveliness.

"She is a lovely woman, too." I spoke this by way of parenthesis to the young friend who sat beside me. He was a stranger in the place, and I was mentioning to him the names of the different guests, as they entered the parlor.

He smiled quietly, and then shrugging his shoulders a little, said to me, "You must look at her through the eyes of affection, for to me she is anything but lovely. Just notice her figure—it has more than an inclination to be dumpty; it is dumpty and nothing else, and see her hands—her fingers are regular stubs, and red, too, as a lobster's claw; and her face, gracious heavens! she's as freckled as a plowboy, her nose a complete turn-up, and her eyes as green as the grass in May. Lovely!" and he shook his head, while a queer grimace distorted his handsome countenance.

"Yes, lovely!" I said, emphatically. "I'll introduce you to her after a while, and mark my words, before you've talked with her an hour, you will forget all about her figure, fingers, and freckles; and more than that, feel inclined to say, if she wasn't married, I'd—"

"Hold on there, C—!" he exclaimed, "you're piling it on too thick, entirely; but list, here she comes. Lovely! yes, a duck on her hand!"

I introduced them. He was too truly polite to act otherwise than gentlemanly. I sat beside them till the conversation had taken a literary turn, and then I withdrew to another part of the room, fortively watching them through. He did not leave her side for a moment, though there were beautiful and brilliant young girls about him, and dancing and waiting in each spacious room. When a lively march on the piano announced that the supper room was opened, he politely escorted her thither, and I saw no fair belle receive as delicate attention as that little homely woman.

"I shall have to look to you for some supper, if I get away to-night," I said, jocosely, to her husband, taking his arm at the time, "for your wife has made a conquest of my gallant."

"As she does of everybody," said he, in tones that betokened a heart full of honest pride, and then he looked over to her with eyes that overflowed with deep and tender affection.

"Well," I said, drily, to my young friend, as we walked home, "what do you think of Mrs. M—, now that you have devoted an evening to her?"

"O, C—, she is an angel!" He spoke enthusiastically.

"With a freckled face?"

"Hush!"

"Red fingers?"

"Be still!"

"Dumpty figure?"

"Don't; don't recall those hasty words. I blush only to think of them. You were right, all right, when you said she was a lovely woman, and yet, till now, I never thought she could be lovely without grace of figure or beauty of face. Lovely, yes, as an angel!"

friend, a trench mother. I have on her countenance and form of being things as faller felt, eye, knew dimpled her lips within her hair the homeliest ignorant of ailments in any—a tender friend, being mother, wings. I never ing myself adv—my powers, u clearly than eye heavenly magni wings all hearts, Ladies' Repu

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friend, a treacherous wife, and an inhuman mother. I have often thought, while gazing on her countenance, so radiant with the tints and forms of beauty, that if there were such things as fallen angels, she was one; for I felt, eye, knew, that for every smile that dimpled her lips, an unholy thought had birth within her heart. On the contrary, one of the homeliest women I ever knew, unlettered, ignorant of art in any form, or accomplishment in any shape, was the most truly lovely—a tender friend, a devoted wife, a self-sacrificing mother, an angel, verily, all but the wings. I never left her presence without feeling myself advanced in every Christian grace—my powers, my duties, and my destiny more clearly than ever appreciated. Ah! there is a heavenly magnetism about true loveliness that wins all hearts, and keeps them, too.

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Asa E. Simmons will speak at Lempster, N. H., on the fourth Sunday of September.
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Miss Emma Houston will lecture September 28th in New Bedford, Mass.
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William Bailey Potter, M.D., will lecture on Scientific Spiritualism in New York and New England. Address care of C. S. Hoag, Medina, N. Y.
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NEW JERSEY CENTRAL.—Foot of Cortlandt st., 6 A. M., 12 M., and 8 P. M.
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A VOICE FROM CANADA.

J. B. D. Colborne, C. W., writes: "You will no doubt be a little surprised to find that Miss Hardinge's lectures were well received in Toronto. The Globe, the leading paper in Canada, speaks very highly of every one of them. Indeed, it gives a fair and candid abstract of each. "I am sorry that the Federal arms have not been more successful of late. I cannot see why a more vigorous policy is not pursued by the Washington Government. Let Slavery fall at once. The government of the United States gains nothing in the eyes of the world by delay. Vast numbers of Canadians begin to favor the South for various reasons. Many would be more favorable to the North, if they would say to the slave, 'be free.'"

ONE ENTITLED TO SPEAK.

J. P., Winchester, Ind., writes: "Our otherwise happy and peaceful home is sad and sorrowing to-day. Mrs. P. had three brothers in the 69th Indiana Regiment, which has been terribly slaughtered in Kentucky. They have not been two weeks from their father's farm, and are now all reported killed! "Oh! how long will this state of things remain? When will the black monster, African Slavery, cease to demand our brothers and sons as victims? When will our rulers be willing to do justice to the slave, and thereby bring an end to this terrible war?"

A GENEROUS PROPOSITION.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Sept. 4th. MR. EDITOR: If you know of any more persons so appreciative of good things as Mrs. N. C., Wisconsin, and who are not well able to raise the subscription fee for the Herald of Progress, I will furnish the money necessary for two twelve month, or four six month subscriptions. Yours for humanity, J. D. [We will be happy to supply the paper in accordance with the above proposal.—Ed.]

AN APPRECIATIVE WORD.

An Indiana subscriber in renewing his subscription, says:

"I have been a reader of the Herald of Progress since its establishment, and my increasing admiration for its general tone, for the ruling spirit manifested through it, demands more explicit acknowledgment than the simple dollar inclosed. Although it contains many articles that are neither food for my stomach, nor aroma for my senses, I can readily appreciate their use and greedy appropriation by others, and can easily believe that somewhere souls may be nourished by all, or so nearly all as possible, which you publish; and I find enough adapted to my own state and appetite, and power of assimilation, to make the paper essential to my daily health, comfort, and growth. Therefore accept my thanks and most earnest word of encouragement."

For the Herald of Progress.

Mistakes about the Indians.

In the Herald of Progress of Sept. 6th, under the caption of "Efforts for the Poor Indians," there are several statements which are believed as true by the majority of unthinking people, to the prejudice of the Indian, and to the encouragement of crimes against them, for which the calamities which now afflict our country are but a just retribution, in proof of which the writer of this could furnish facts enough to make volumes, but for the present he only proposes to quote the article, with a counter statement from a credible witness:

"By the government, the Indians are certainly treated fairly, even generously; and by the white settlers they are universally tolerated with forbearance and patience, and receive more charity than abuse, more pity than misery. Ignorant and superstitious as the negro, savage as the wolf, it is impossible, either by teaching or example, to better their condition, till for subsistence they are forced to work the ground and become industrious."

The Right Rev. T. M. Clark affirmed, in a public meeting at Providence, R. I., "that there is not on the face of the globe a people that has been more thoroughly robbed of all its rights, and of all its possessions, and of everything that is dear to humanity, than the aboriginal tribes of North America. This is the fact; and we are the robbers—our fathers and we—so long as we allow ourselves to be the passive participants in their sin."

The following was sent to me in advance of its publication by the editor of the Banner of Light, as a veritable communication through a trance medium of undoubted veracity. It should be read in every meeting throughout the entire country. JOHN BRESSON.

Philip of Narragansett.

The Indian has found favor with your people here to-day. Pale faces! Philip of Narragansett pities you, though you have heaped insult and injury upon the heads of his people. Yet Philip of Narragansett returns to you after the lapse of years, in spirit, at a time when the thunders of civil war are filling the air and ringing in your ears. Aye, the first born of your land are being sacrificed, and for what? For your good deeds? your justice to the aborigines of this favored continent? Ask of your surroundings, and death and discord in more than thunder-tones will answer, No! O ye American People! the wrath of the Great Spirit is now being visited upon you for your many sins.

Think you the red man or the black man has been forgotten by the Great Spirit? Think you that the Great Spirit will not avenge the wrongs of such of his children as have languished in exile and bondage for long years? Think ye, O ye pale faces, that the Great Spirit has slumbered all these years? No. Think you the Great Spirit has no ears, and cannot hear? Think you the Great Spirit has no eyes, and cannot see? If you do, you mistake. The Great Spirit has both ears to hear and eyes to see, and he has listened and seen the misery which the white man has heaped upon the heads of that portion of his children less avowed than the pale-faced race.

The red man pities you. He sees the cloud that is settling upon your once prosperous nation. He beholds the darkness that is now coming thick and fast upon you, like a funeral pall. He beholds the doom of yonder beautiful capitol, within whose walls your chief magistrate doth sit, not in justice—it may be in judgment. He sees the downfall of your grand institutions, and that your great wigwams are about to be sacrificed. And by what? The darkness and desolation of civil war. Pale faces, the red man pities you, and if it would avail aught, would lift up his spirit in prayer in your behalf.

Long moons ago, Philip of Narragansett listened to the thunders of war among his own nation, and looked, like you, to his kindred for aid in his hour of need. But alas! the cry of the poor Indian was unheeded, and Philip of Narragansett—like thousands of his people—laid himself down to die in the shade of his own forest home. But it hath pleased the Great Spirit to relieve the Indian from his exile. The red man is about to be resurrected. The grave is opened, and the red man wakes to life again.

Many moons ago, when Columbus first stepped his foot upon the soil of America, the Indian looked upon him as a god, and wept for him when he took his departure. How have you requited his love for the discoverer of your American continent? You have held to his lips your deadly fire-water; you have exterminated him, or driven him into the wilderness, where the foot of the white man would scarcely dare to tread. But the Great Spirit is there, and he whispered to the red man, "Be silent, for the time shall come when I will avenge your wrongs!" That time is now with you. O white man! lift your thoughts heavenward for mercy and protection in your hour of deep affliction!

White man! listen, catch the sound, it may be, of your own death-knell! Hark! have you ears? If you have not, the red man has. Death! death for those who have wronged my people! Death to those institutions you have reared upon the graves of my people! White man, the Indian pities you.

THE ATLANTIC.—The October number of this monthly is exceedingly valuable. It contains the conclusion of David Gaunt, by author of Life in the Iron Mills; Continuation of Mr. Axtell; Autumnal Tints, by the late H. D. Thoreau; The Sanitary Condition of the Army, by Edward Jarvis, M. D.; Euphorion, by Bayard Taylor; House-Building, by J. Elicot Cabot; Leamington Spa, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; An Arab Welcome, by T. B. Aldrich; Elizabeth Sara Sheppard; A Niche in the Heart, by the author of "Charles Austerlitz"; Resources of the South, by E. H. Derby; The Battle Autumn of 1862, by John G. Whittier.

How to Peel Peaches.

Ripe mellow peaches—not hard ones—may be peeled quickly and without waste, as tomatoes are, by pouring boiling water over them and letting them stand from three to five minutes, or until the skin loosens, when it should be drained off and cold water poured over them to arrest the cooking.

Brief Items.

—Evidence is accumulating to show that the Indians were incited by the rebels, and that an universal rising was expected.

—In the passage respecting riches taking to itself wings and flying away, reference was had, doubtless, to the postage-stamps, which fly when dry, and only stick when well licked.

—A sensible writer in the Tribune urges the use of unbolted flour for army rations. It is a fact that many intelligent persons dread the food supplied by the government (pork and beans and fine flour) more than they do the balls of the rebels.

—The New York Herald loudly called on Gen. McClellan to assume a military dictatorship and reconstruct the Cabinet. Disappointed at finding so little attention paid to the suggestion, it turns to berating the radical press for having proposed it!

—A farmer near Boston is deserving of praise for having disposed of a wagon-load of Bartlett pears by affixing to it a placard, "Help Yourself," and leaving it in the street for the boys. We venture that load of pears paid.

—It is averred that such is the Hindoo aversion to capital punishment, that under a code imposing that penalty it is impossible to obtain a conviction at the hands of a Hindoo jury. It takes a Christian jury to do that.

—The London Saturday Review says: "It is clear that we have not yet found out what to do with our criminals. We neither reform them, nor hang them, nor keep them under lock and key, nor ship them off to the antipodes. Our moral sewerage is neither deodorized nor floated out to sea, but remains in the midst of us, polluting and poisoning our air."

—It is related of the President that on hearing an account of the Indian atrocities at the West, he exclaimed earnestly, to a north-western statesman, "Is God against us?" "No, Mr. President," was the reply, "God is not against us, but a majority of the people, I fear, begin to think that the Administration is against them. They have cheerfully contributed their sons and their money, meeting every requisition, submitting to every requirement, and making no complaints. But their implicit confidence in the Administration is giving way to doubt and dissatisfaction."

—Under the following definition of "abolitionists," from the Southern Literary Messenger, even the Springfield Republican, under its present management, would be "counted in!" "An abolitionist is any man who does not love slavery for its own sake, as a divine institution; who does not worship it as a cornerstone of civil liberty; who does not adore it as the only possible social condition on which a permanent republican government can be created; and who does not, in his inmost soul, desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth as a means of human reformation second in dignity, importance, and sacredness to the Christian religion. He who does not love African slavery with this love is an abolitionist."

—"I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush." "The fact is, husband, I was born to blush unseen."

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It will be the endeavor of the teachers of this School to place knowledge and virtue in so true a light that they may be attractions to the pupils, whose mental and moral discipline will be placed, as far as it can be done with safety, in their own hands; for it is the result of many years' observation on the writer's part—that too much, instead of too little, is attempted in our modern schools. The most judicious training of youth is that which supplies only what can be appropriated with advantage by the pupil. As each individual child differs from every other, each must have, to an extent, independent teaching; and in view of this, the system of promiscuous classification will not be adhered to. Each young person will receive, as far as the fallible human wisdom of the teacher can give it, what he or she most needs, be it more or less.

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