

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

VOL. 2, No. 9.]

{ A. J. DAVIS & COMPANY,

274 Canal St. (Up Stairs.)

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861.

{ TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,

[WHOLE NO. 61.

## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

**B**ELOW A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will expire with the next number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

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

**S**OME portion of our Editorial Staff will occasionally use the photographic characters for signatures, in order to interest our readers in the brevity, utility, and economy of the system.

**B**ETTER let no contributor conclude, because we post-pone or respectfully decline the publication of an article, that we are, therefore, prejudiced against the writer of it, nor that we necessarily entertain sentiments hostile to him. We shall make every reasonable effort to satisfy both reader and correspondent.

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## Whisperings to Correspondents.

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the better class to be granted the use of the superior furniture in the upper story.

Similar provision for the poor has been made in London and Bristol, and other cities of England, and the experiment has been successful. Rev. T. W. Conway, who has been chiefly instrumental in enlisted the cooperation of our citizens in the movement here, has taken measures to procure full information of the working of the system. A public meeting is soon to be called in this city, for the purpose of presenting the plan to the public.

For the Herald of Progress.

## A GENEROUS OLD MAN.

FRIEND DAVIS: I desire to put on record a little circumstance which transpired recently in this neighborhood.

About twenty years ago, a farmer was killed by a wagon running over his body. He lived only a few hours after the accident. In that brief time he willed that, at the death of his widow, his farm should be sold to the highest bidder, for cash twelve months from the day of sale. During the time that intervened between his death and the decease of his widow, one of his daughters married, and soon became a widow with five or six little children. In consequence of fortune not smiling upon them, she returned to the old homestead—her mother's home, a little cabin—where she managed, by incessant industry, to feed and clothe her little ones. But her mother at length passed to the Spirit Land, and the day arrived when the farm must be sold. She prevailed upon the administrator to measure off some three acres of ground where the cabin stood, so that she might buy it. The terms of sale required personal security or cash in hand; but the poor widow had neither. She was, however, a member of the Baptist Church. Nearly one hundred names were enrolled on the church book. Here, one would think, she could get favor; but not so. She then applied to an old man, who is not a member of any church, but a *liberal minded man*—one who believes in Free Speech and free investigation on all questions of interest to the People. This man informed the public, at the day of sale, of the needs of the poor widow woman. He suggested that the people should give her a chance to purchase the three acres at a moderate price. The people agreed to the proposition and price, and she accordingly obtained the piece of ground at twenty-five dollars per acre, and the good old man immediately secured it to her; for which may the good angels guide and comfort him through all life.

Now I give this example to the Church, so that they may reconcile it with their doctrine of "total depravity." How they can suffer an old non-church believer, a skeptic, to exceed them in good deeds—and at the same time preach him into hell because of his total depravity—is more than I can understand.

JAMES H. REYNOLDS.  
CLAYTON, Ind.

For the Herald of Progress.

## HUMANE TREATMENT OF A THIEF.

BRIDGEPORT, Feb. 1861.

Mr. Malcolm Mollan, keeping a boot and shoe store on Main Street, in this city, saw a man through the window take down a pair of rubber boots that were hanging outside, and appropriate them to his own use. He immediately gave chase, arrested him, and had him put in the lock-up, thinking he might be the one, or a confederate of one, who had stolen a pair a short time previous. He visited the thief in jail, and found he was not the one, but that he was a stranger in the place, and was really in want of something to wear on his feet. He gave him to understand that he would not appear against him at trial, and requested him, as soon as his case was called up and disposed of, to call at his store. The stranger did so, when Mr. Mollan presented him with a pair of good shoes, and a sum of money to help him along to his place of destination; telling him, at the same time, if he ever got short again anywhere in the vicinity of Bridgeport, to call on him, and he would lend him a helping hand. The poor man was overcome with emotion at such kind treatment from Mr. Mollan, and I venture to say he will not be found again taking that which does not belong to him.

J. D. MEAKER.

For the Herald of Progress.

## THE HONEST INDIAN.

FRIEND DAVIS: A story, related to me some fifty years since, by a gentleman acquainted with the facts, I think worthy a place in your Moral Police Department.

On some public day, town meeting or election, in Western New York, an Indian asked a white man (one of his acquaintances) for a pipe-full of tobacco. The white man thrust his hand into the pocket where he carried the precious (?) article, drew out a quantity of fine dry crumbs, and put the same into the hand of the Indian, busied, meanwhile, in discussing with a neighbor the merits and demerits of the different candidates. The next morning early, the Indian came to his residence, and handed him a quarter, saying, "Here is your money."

"How came you with my money?"

"Yesterday, when you gave me the tobacco, this money was among it. The bad man said, 'The white man gave you the money, and you may keep it to buy whisky with.' But the good man said, 'No, the white man gave you the tobacco, but not the money, as he did not know that the money was among it.' I carried it home, and the good man and the bad man kept up such a

taking all night, about the money, that I couldn't sleep; and now, when I bring him back to you, I feel good."

A READER.

For the Herald of Progress.

## CONSISTENCY.

A lady of my acquaintance, keeping a general boarding house in one of the New England cities—a *Practical Reformer*—on one occasion, true to her ideas, admitted a nurse, on attendance a few days at the house—altogether unexceptionable, only that she was a nurse—to the table with her boarders. The sensitive nerves of the ladies were terribly shocked by the circumstance, when the noble hostess gave them quietly but firmly to understand that she worked for *her living*, and if she was worthy to come to the table with them, the nurse, who only did the same, was also; that their husbands worked for their living, and yet sat at the same table with them; and the nurse, whose only sin was that she worked for *her living*, could as well do the same. The ladies recovered without the use of ammonia.

A. W. S.

## JACKSON'S WIFE SAVING THE LIFE OF AN ENEMY.

Many of our public men have been blessed with wives and mothers who were the ornaments of their sex, and their quiet and commanding influence contributed largely to the subsequent greatness of their children and husbands. Mr. Parton tells the following story of Jackson's wife.

When Gen. Jackson was a candidate for the presidency, in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his publications, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject of reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion, a newspaper published in Nashville was laid upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eye fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he read it he sent for his trusty old servant Dunwoody.

"Saddle my horse," said he to him in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him."

Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though he said not a word, she thought she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out to the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which she knew the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds, before the General rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before his horse, and cried out:

"O, General, don't go to Nashville. Let that poor editor live—let that poor editor live."

"Let me alone," he replied; "how came you to know what I am going for?"

She answered: "I saw it all in his paper after you went out. Put up your horse and come back."

He replied, furiously, "But I will go—get out of my way." Instead of doing this, she grasped his saddle with both hands. He cried to her, "I may let go my horse; I'll have his heart's blood—the villain that reviles my wife shall not live."

She grasped the reins, but the tighter, and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors for them—that he should forgive if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties, and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She would up by saying, "No, General, you shall not take the life of even my reviler—you dare not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord."

The iron-hued hero gave way before the pleading of his beloved wife, and replied: "I yield to you; but had it not been for you, and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived another hour."

## LOLA MONTEZ A BENEFACTOR.

A few years since, when Lola Montez was en route from California, she visited the camp of Gen. Walker. Her attention was directed to a lad of fourteen years of age, who, in the confusion arising from the departure of one of the Nicarguan steamers from New York some months before, was carried off and landed on the Isthmus without friends or money, and in his destitution sought employ in the camp.

After a few months he became reduced by disease, and at the time that Lola Montez saw him was in a dying condition,

and destined soon to succumb to the fatal ravages of the Isthmus fever.

The forlorn condition of the youth won the sympathy of the lady, and with that noble impulse which has so often made her name celebrated, she offered to take the boy and restore him to his friends in New York. This request was unheeded by the soldiers, as his discharge could not be given without a permit from General Walker. Lola Montez entreated and begged for the poor boy, showing them the absolute necessity of the boy's removal, or death would discharge him from their service. But it was all in vain. Her appeal to the better nature of the men is reported by our informant as being most eloquent and affecting, but they were deaf to all her entreaties. She, finding all her efforts useless, paused, and with her piercing black eyes sparkling with bold determination, raised the boy in her arms, bore him in defiance of the guard to her mule, placed him upon the animal, and with her own hand supported him, and in triumph, amid the wonderment of the camp, conveyed him to her lodgings, telling the officer in command she would take the responsibility, and leaving her compliments for General Walker, whom she said would endorse the act.

The boy was transferred to the Tennessee, his passage paid, and was landed in New York nearly recovered from his sickness. During the voyage the cholera made great ravages, and twenty persons were consigned to a watery grave. During all this scene on board, which can be better conceived than described, Lola Montez could be seen going from

berth to berth among the sick, nursing, and by her kindness of heart, comforting their dying hours with sweet words of hope and consolation, and those on board can never forget the angel visits and attentions of Lola Montez, as she moved among the distressed and dying.—*Pathfinder*.

## A PASSING INCIDENT.

As a man of generous heart, from the country, was a few days since guiding his load of hay to the market, we saw following him and gathering the wisps of hay that dropped from the load, a poor woman and two lads, the latter perhaps the ages of seven and nine years. Our attention was especially drawn to them, by observing that the man frequently took pains to throw whole handfuls of the hay down the side of the load, in order, as was quite apparent, to convey, in as quiet a manner as possible, sentiments of comfort to the hearts of these suffering poor.

As our walk lay in the direction of the market, we determined to witness the conclusion of this exhibition of sympathy and generosity. By-and-by the gleaning became so abundant that the poor woman could refrain from her expressions of gratitude no longer, and bursting into tears, she beckoned the man to stop, and then, in a manner which indicated both intelligence and a delicate sense of her wretched condition, besought him to permit a single word of thanks for his kindness.

"Madam," said the man, "I, too, have been in the vale of poverty, and seen the time when a lock of hay would have been considered a treasure. A friend, by an act of kindness, of less value in itself than the one I have done you, saved me from despair and made me hopeful for better days. Years have passed now, and a kind Providence has blessed me with a good farm and a happy home. For years, as I have walked each morning, I have seemed to hear a sweet voice whispering: 'This day remember the poor.'

As he said this, he raised his fork and threw in the woman's arms as great a quantity as she could carry, and then drove onward, with a countenance expressive of the truth. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Buffalo Christian Advocate*.

## The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

## Remarkable Facts in Indiana.

A HUMAN BODY CARRIED THROUGH THE AIR.

BRIGHTON, Ind., March 21, 1861.

DEAR HERALD: We have recently witnessed some of the most remarkable manifestations of spirit power that have ever occurred in this part of the country.

One evening last week, in the house of Mr. J. M. Hall, in this town, was displayed one of the most astonishing proofs of this power we have ever witnessed. The manifestations were given through the mediumship of Miss Emma Jones, who has recently been developed as a physical medium.

On the evening of which I speak, the circle was composed of J. M. Hall, a respectable mechanic; his wife; S. P. Leland, the well-known lecturer; J. Miller and wife; O. R. Howard and wife; the writer; and several others; among whom was a young man of a very skeptical mind, who felt more disposed to ridicule than investigate what he called a "*d-d humpin'*."

The spirits assured him that if he would sit in the circle they would show themselves, not only to him, but to every member of the circle. We asked whether it was necessary to come back.

He replied, "But I will go—get out of my way." Instead of doing this, she grasped his saddle with both hands.

He cried to her, "I may let go my horse; I'll have his heart's blood—the villain that reviles my wife shall not live."

She grasped the reins, but the tighter, and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors for them—that he should forgive if he hoped to be forgiven.

At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties, and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She would up by saying, "No, General, you shall not take the life of even my reviler—you dare not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord."

The iron-hued hero gave way before the pleading of his beloved wife, and replied: "I yield to you; but had it not been for you, and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived another hour."

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the highway of progress. And it will be profitable to pause and ask the important question, what is really meant by the progress of science? Is not science ultimately founded upon truth? Does truth ever change or progress? Do principles ever change in the progress of the world? These are significant interrogatories inseparably connected with our subject.

It has been said, that there is nothing true but science; but we know that science improves. Hence truth must also advance according to this proposition. But truth is always the same—an unchangeable principle. How then can the proposition that there is nothing true but science, be applied? We want a more definite interpretation than the one commonly applied to science before we can solve this problem. And perhaps an illustration may afford some light upon the question. For instance: Newton discovered the law of gravitation from the single fact of the falling of an apple. This incident led to one of the most brilliant discoveries in science. There is in this case a fact, and a mind to think. A number of such facts would establish a general principle, or law, that all bodies in space, when left to themselves, would descend to the earth. The principle is found to be unchangeable; but apples, stones, and all organic bodies, may change, and the facts may be more or less. But who would have discovered, that all material bodies possess the innate quality of gravitation, by the simple process of reasoning without the intervention of the fact of falling bodies?

We have now, in this single example, a discovery that a law or principle pervades all material bodies, and is as unvariable and immutable in its nature as truth itself. Hence, an unchangeable law has been discovered. A number of such laws called the laws of Nature, and are found to be invariable in their operation, and that to them all the varied phenomena in Nature owe their existence. Hence, the principles of science never change, or progress, but a greater number of facts are discovered to come under a general law. This is what we understand to be the progress of science; and here we have an illustration, that there is nothing true but science.

In mathematics, certain truths are taken for granted, or are perceived by intuition, and the remainder afterward derived from them by a process of reasoning. But in Physical Science, there is no such starting point, and it is impossible to judge of the character of a phenomenon until after it has been observed. Hence, the observation of facts, and their classification and generalization, afford the only means, or condition, of progress in Physical Science.

But there are many facts that can only be discovered by experiment. Those of Chemistry and Physiology are examples of this class—hence, experiment is also necessary to the development of some facts, before they can be observed. This leads us to the important discovery of facts for observation by experimental investigation, and in this department the moderns have alone achieved results triumphantly successful. At no period of the world's history has the progress of the sciences of Chemistry, Physiology, and Mechanics made such rapid strides as at the present time.

We have endeavored to trace the methods from the earliest times until the present, by which substantial philosophical knowledge has advanced among the nations of the earth. We have also discovered the true method of induction, and the conjunction of observed facts with distinct ideas, as the only condition of scientific progress. The history of science exhibits many instances where this condition was not recognized, and consequently there no progress was made in it. The period of the Dark Ages is the most familiar and conspicuous example of an epoch when this want of union between facts and ideas prevailed; and we know the result. Speculation, barren controversies, vain and fruitless theories, abstractions, dogmatism, metaphysics, and mythology, occupied the reasoning faculties of mankind, which are as far from real substantial science, as darkness is from light.

It was a period in which science was stationary, if indeed it did not retrograde. "And accordingly, the existence of clear ideas and distinct facts will be discernible in the history of science, whenever any marked advance takes place. Such a combination has occurred whenever any material step in general knowledge has been made—whenever any philosophical discovery arrests our attention—some man or men come before us who have possessed in an eminent degree a clearness of ideas, which belong to the subject in question; and who have applied such ideas, in a vigorous and distinct manner, to ascertain facts and exact observation." Real scientific knowledge demands the combination of right reason, or wisdom, and external facts, to reason upon. "It has been well said, that true knowledge is the interpretation of Nature; and therefore it requires both the interpreting mind and Nature for its subject; both the document, and ingenuity to read it aright. Thus invention, ingenuity, acuteness and connection of thought, are necessary on the one hand, for the progress of philosophical knowledge; and on the other, the precise and steady application of these faculties to facts well known, as well as clearly conceived.

The facts or impressions of sense on which the first successful attempts to improve Physical Science proceeded, were for a long time known before they were turned to account. The motion of the stars, the falling of material bodies, the rise of vapors, the flow of water, the change of seasons, day and night,

heat and cold, light and darkness, were as familiar to the early inhabitants of the world as they are at the present time. But the "diviner mind" was absent. All the phenomena of Nature are as familiar to the uncivilized and half civilized tribes, as they are to those of Europe or America; but they do not elaborate scientific knowledge, nor erect Physical Science. "The scientific faculty does not work" among them. Again: we have abundant proof that mere activity of mind and profound logical acumen, are equally inefficient in producing real knowledge. The Greek school of philosophy abundantly demonstrates the fact, that invention, ingenuity, reflection, connected demonstration, and extreme subtlety of thought, are all equally ineffectual in producing Physical Sciences, Logic, Algebra, Geometry, Metaphysics, and Poetry, may be obtained by these faculties alone; but Physical Science can never be developed by them without observation.

Since the true method of scientific discovery has been introduced into every department of Physical Science, the true knowledge of Nature, and of the laws by which all phenomena are governed, will be extended, and man will no longer be under the necessity of guidance by Opinion; but the real imperishable principles of science, will afford the true guidance of life. From science comes provision, or foresight, and from provision connection.

The present condition of science is the result of a long and eventful journey through the wilderness of error and naivety in the morning of life, and the abstract or metaphysical period of the middle ages, until the positive state of truth—the "promised land" has been obtained, as the richest inheritance ever conferred upon man. We now possess the treasures for which the wise and good in past ages have sought, and many of them consecrated their lives. Do we indeed realize the benefits and blessings science confers upon us? Her gifts are incomparably superior to the gold of Ophir or of California. Her treasures alone can give real satisfaction and tranquility to the mind. Fortune, fashion, and fame, the world's best admired estates, for which the youth and age sigh, the treasures of sense are insignificant and empty possessions compared to science. Science confers true dignity upon human nature, and enlarges the field of human investigation. It discloses the boundlessness of the universe and the invariability of the laws by which it is governed. Of the extent of human inquiry—how great are our faculties, how small the extent of our knowledge compared to the vast ocean of undiscovered truth before us. Pride of intellect and assumption of knowledge are effectually extinguished before the light of science. The sublime possessions of the most exalted intellect, are but a foretaste of an inexhaustible and imperishable inheritance, yet undiscovered in the future.

Again: science leads to art; art to industry; industry to civilization. Though it is indeed true that many of the arts flourished before Physical Science was developed; yet it is only through it that art becomes useful to man. Science has dispelled the gloomy forebodings that have so long tormented mankind, in regard to natural phenomena. In the light of science, an eclipse of the sun or moon is discovered to be the result of a law, as invariable as the approach of day, and no prophecy of evil turns out to be true in consequence of such an event. The angry Gods, whose frowns, in ancient times, were supposed to occasion such phenomena, are now known to exist only in the imagination. Conternation cannot follow in the wake of science. Serenity, peace, and tranquility of mind are secured amid the oscillations of society. The low and selfish aims of life are passed as the inevitable result of ignorance and want of discipline. Science has achieved for man his best estate. Compare man in his civilized condition, with the savage of the woods or the desert, and the truth of this declaration is apparent.

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

#### FREEDOM TAUGHT BY NATURE.

FRIEND HERALD: All *knotty* questions are supposed to have, at least, two sides; Human Slavery, however, is an exception, for it, like the handle of a jug, is *all on one side*; the side of wrong, injustice, and inhumanity. Its tendency is not only demoralizing to both master and slave, but its principles are contrary to the immutable Laws of Nature. Reasoning from the brute creation up to spirit intelligences, I find one and all endowed with a love for freedom and happiness. From the inhabitants of the rivers and the sea to the feathered warblers of the skies, all things that swim, creep, walk, run or fly, proclaim that the natural condition of the whole animate creation is *freedom*.

That there is a *something* wrong, either in our Theological or Political education and practice, no sane man will deny. Neighbor Bocouroux hits the nail upon the head, and I thank him for it. He says: "There is not one word to say in favor of slavery." (Neither have I.) "But I have much to say in favor of each people being content to govern itself, leaving others to do the same." That is precisely the doctrine which nature teaches. I, too, am in favor of allowing *each nation*, as well as individual, to govern only itself. And could our Southern brethren be converted to *our faith*, Human Slavery would soon be among the things that were. The slaveholder does not believe in our theory at all. He advocates the doctrine, that an All-wise God created one portion of the human family to be bondmen to another; while he is born to

rule. I do not wish to interfere with what he claims to be a God-given right, namely, the right to sell his *own children*, as does the butcher his meat from the shambles, at so much per pound. But I do most humbly protest against his interfering with my *natural rights*. I object to his enacting laws which bind me to aid and assist in hunting down his *liberty-loving, freedom-seeking sons and daughters* for the purpose of returning them to a life of slavery and prostitution. Our Southern brethren are not willing to concede to others the *right* to rule themselves. They are not willing that we should feed the hungry, or clothe the naked even much less make laws for our own protection against being stolen and enslaved. The Fugitive Slave Law deprives Northern men of the dearest boon ever conferred by God upon man. The right to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and give shelter to the dying. The slaveholder's cry of "Stop thief! stop thief!" is nearly played out.

The Fugitive Slave Law is proving to be *that last straw* which is to break the camel's back. The motto of the slave power is now, as it always has been, Rule or Ruin! As they have sown, so also may God grant they may do their own harvesting.

Thiac for Freedom, W. SAMSON.

#### RELIGIOUS ADVICE TO A SISTER.

[The following letter was sent us by a correspondent, for publication. It was suggested by the anxiety of a sister for the welfare of a brother who is indisposed to rely upon "immersion" for salvation. The sister has as yet found no better "way to life" than baptism and faith-in-Christ according to Alexander Campbell. The brother takes religion in a more natural way, and to get to the root of the matter in his sister's case, very wisely sends her a book on physical hygiene to begin with, and recommends the following up of an observance of the laws of health, by keeping an eye open to the truth from whatever direction it may come, and a heart ready for kindly deeds. The advice was so good, that we could not but publish the letter. We trust that our correspondent will not be offended at some few changes we have ventured to make in its phraseology.—Ed.]

XENIA, Ohio.

MY DEAR SISTER: As you inform me that you have made a profession of the religion of Christ, and that you hope are long your now infidel brother will embrace the only faith that will be of avail at the dying hour, permit me in all brotherly kindness to address you frankly.

You have now arrived at an age that gives you experience enough for reflection upon the true object of life, and you are aware that happiness is the sum of all human desires. It is this but the dictate of common sense that intelligent creatures should use all possible means to ascertain the way to live rightly, or to live so that we shall obtain the object of our soul's instinctive aspirations. The great question that most concerns us, of course, is how to live (i.e., how to die) and to live well. We need preparation for a good life. This should be our aim, and we should not be in continual apprehension about death and what may come thereafter. If our lives have been truthful, that is, if we have lived in obedience to the maxim, "Seek truth and do good," death will be a calm and quiet sinking to rest.

As the foundation of all excellence, or moral and mental health, is *physical health*, our first study should be ourselves, physically, that we may know how to get and keep it; for this purpose I have sent you Dr. Gleason's Lectures on this subject. These I wish you to read with studious care. Our next aim should be to make ourselves useful. A true woman should not envy the delicate ladies that have grown up in the shade and know nothing but to thrum a piano, and talk of the fashions. It is well and proper for a lady, circumstances permitting, to understand music, and it is always well to be refined; but the best music is the music of a cheerful heart, and the highest refinement is that which always prompts us to do our duty as honest laborers for the welfare of others.

Let us never be ashamed to *labor*, within doors or out, whenever and wherever duty calls. Whatever be our circumstances, nature positively demands of us *labor*, and a certain amount of physical labor, too, or disease, misery, and a premature death, must be our portion. Study cheerfulness and contentment; never allow yourself to fret or worry at disappointments, as this only makes bad worse. But cheerfulness always diffuses a halo of sunshine to its possessors. If your motto is to seek *Truth* and do *Good*, you will find it necessary to examine all things fairly, "Infidelity" not excepted, and after having thus carefully examined, it will be necessary to hold fast to what you think to be true and good. Take nothing, however, for granted, as this only makes bad worse. But cheerfulness always diffuses a halo of sunshine to its possessors. 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## THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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And any larger number sent to one Post Office at the rate of \$1.50 each.

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Single copies of the HERALD OF PROGRESS may be obtained of all the News Dealers throughout the country.

Some copies mailed from this office on application. A limited number of advertisements will be received at the rate of ten cents a line for the first insertion, and eight cents for each subsequent insertion.

BUT all notices, advertisements, or communications intended for publication, should be sent in the week preceding date of publication. The earlier the better.

All letters to be addressed to A. J. DAVIS &amp; CO., PUBLISHERS,

274 Canal Street, New York.

Office Hours, 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. Publication Office is located a few doors east of No. 418 Broadway.

Our readers will have the pleasure of hearing from Mrs. L. M. Willis again next week.

We shall soon commence the publication of a series of articles on "THE SACRED CANON."

ONE OF THE "SPIRIT MYSTERIES," in this number, exceeds, if possible, anything we have yet printed in this department.

MANY "Voices" are silent this week for want of space; but those which do "speak" in this number, are worthy of an audience.

OUR JUVENILE BOOK LIST will be continued next week. We have found more *unsectorian* works for children among the Boston Publishers.

OUR ARTICLE ON THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF "SMALL POX," with some remarks on the value of "Vaccination," will be published in our next issue.

DR. STAYMAN'S DISCOURSE ON "THE PROGRESS OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE," printed in this number, is a clear and truthful statement of history. We think that our readers will be glad to see more from the pen of this friend of Progress.

A very little maiden whispered in our ear, a few days ago: "Won't you put something in your paper for little girls to read?" Yes, Julia, and Katie, and all the rest of our little friends, will find a charming story, from "Stella," in this number, entitled "THE ROBIN SNOW," which would do all the girls and boys good to read, and many children of a larger growth.

DEMONS IN SWINE.—We read in an ancient legend of the banishment of demons from human beings, and of their setting up house-keeping in swine. It has been a matter of serious inquiry to many, what has become of the demons since that event. We think we shall be able to show that they still infest swine, and have been recently discovered in that animal by some German anatomists. So we shall publish next week a report upon the case, from an eminent scientific authority. We entitle it "The Perils of Hyphagia, or Pork-eating."

VIRTUE.

Virtue is strength of manhood—the reward

Of a tried nature by stern agonism,

Conquered from Evil, that angel of the Lord,

Who in the lone night meets us by the way—

With whom our brows' anointing is the chrism

Of earnest wrestling till the dawn of day,

Not knowing the face of God in our strong foe,

Till, half though my life, it henceforth we go;

Bearing the blessing which but so we may,

Not now soft innocence, who shrinks to feel

Love's ruder kiss, or Autumn's cooler dews,

Invites the aggressor; Virtue's many thaws,

Firm and elastic in Damascus steel,

Poi power in every limb to make the tempter reel!

## ELLA LEE.

## A SONG.

Lay her where the woodbine clingseth  
To the dark magnolia tree;  
Where the breeze low music bringeth  
From the bosom of the sea;

With a sorrowful devotion.

Lay her where the violets be—

When the leaves keep gentle motion

To the breathing of the sea.

There, there lay her,

There, leave her,

Our fair Ella,

Our young Ella,

Our lost Ella,

Ella Lee.

Ever blooming as the summer,

Ever humming like the bee,

We believed her some bright com'er

From the land where souls are free;

Oh! she was so sweet and holy,

Mortal ne'er could lovelier be;

And she left us brightly, slowly?

As the sunset leaves the sea;

Yes, we have lost her,

Ever lost her,

Our sweet Ella,

Our fair Ella,

Our young Ella,

Our lost Ella,

Ella Lee,

Lay her where the long grass sweepeth

On the bark of many a tree—

Where the lonely willow weepeth,

Like a mournful by the sea.

She was lovely, she was gentle,

As all gifted spirits be,

Folded in a linen mantle,

Slumbering near the singing sea,

We have left her,

Sadly left her,

Our fair Ella,

Our young Ella,

Our lost Ella,

Ella Lee.

## What Constitutes a Bad Man?

The philosophers of the Middle Ages were wont to study natural phenomena by analyzing the general impressions produced by them upon the senses and the mind, instead of the phenomena themselves. Thus, in place of investigating the various appearances which water assumes in different conditions, in order to ascertain the nature of water, they investigated it by analyzing mentally the sensation of *wetness*. So instead of inquiring in the external world for the nature of heat by registering and classifying the phenomena developed by that agent wherever it appears, they resorted to the sensation of *warmth*, as adequate, when analyzed, to reveal its most hidden mysteries. If again the property of *elasticity* in bodies were the subject of inquiry, as the spontaneous recovery by a body of its original shape when distorted from it, is, to the senses, the marked characteristic of this property, it was thought that the establishment of this definition was the end of all knowledge of the nature of elasticity. According to the Medieval Philosophy, therefore, water is that which produces *wetness*; heat, that which produces *warmth*; and elasticity is the spontaneous return of a thing to its original status.

The wide prevalence in the Middle Ages of so singular a method of philosophizing was due, in a great measure, to the influence of Aristotle. This truly great philosopher, trained in the school of Plato, and early impressed by his master's contests with the Sophists, with the conviction of the great importance to successful disputation of a precise use of words, and accuracy in the process of reasoning, was the first man who studied the action of the understanding systematically, in order to determine the laws of that process. The result was the production by his single brain of the Science of Logic, in absolute completeness from beginning to end. For no modern scholar has been able to add or take away essential to that science since Aristotle's day.

This philosopher was also a great student of civil society, and analyzed and described in writing the constitutions of all the great states (*i.e.*, cities) of his time. Now, the peculiar character of Logic and Political Philosophy, is that they concern *things of the mind*, and thus begin and end with definitions derived from mental action. In these two sciences, as well as in Pure Mathematics, a true definition is *truth itself*.

Moreover, the mind is forced to resort to the process of defining in order to think consecutively upon anything. A definition is thus the mind's private mark, set upon distinct classes of things, in order that they may not be confounded with one another while the mind uses them. Aristotle was an adept in definition, and his consciousness of its importance in reasoning, together with his devotion to the studies of Logic and Political Philosophy, naturally inclined him to carry this style of investigating into the realm of real, external entities. Hence, in investigating natural phenomena, he was predisposed, by previous studies, to take the *shortest route* to a definition. But this shortest route is always an analysis of the *general impression* produced upon the mind by those phenomena. This method led his mind away from *true Science*, and substituted *subjective fictions*, or definitions derived from impressions on the senses, for the Laws of Nature. It was a false method; it was evidently the Scholastic method of the Middle Ages. But the facts in the various departments of nature must be studied in themselves, and their forms, relations, and mutual connections, must be classified, in order to arrive at natural laws. No analysis of general impressions derived from those facts can possibly lead to a knowledge of those laws.

It is needless here to indicate the singular combination of events which made Aristotle, the private tutor of Alexander the Great, the intellectual dictator, for a thousand years, of the Theological schools of Europe. It suffices to remark, that the Aristotelian method of investigation held its ground in Europe, as applied to physical phenomena, till the time of Lord Bacon, whose vigorous assaults against it in the *New Organon* (New Instrument for advancing Science) effectually overthrew it, and inaugurated the reign of the Inductive Philosophy, or the ascertaining of natural laws by deducing them from phenomena themselves instead of *mental impressions of them*.

This new method of philosophizing, which has been productive of discoveries so immense in the physical sciences, has never yet, in any great degree, been employed in the study of the moral nature of man. This is because the investigation of man's moral nature has been controlled by Theology, which still clings, on all subjects, to the old Aristotelian system.

If our very brief illustration of the difference between the Aristotelian and Baconian methods, is sufficient to indicate the intrinsic value of the latter when applied out of Logic, Mathematics, and the sciences that originate and are completed in the mind itself, we will give an example of an application of each to the question of the moral evil of man's nature.

MORAL EVIL ACCORDING TO THE THEOLOGICAL METHOD.

The Theological, is the old Aristotelian method of inquiry, which consists in arriving at a definition of the object investigated by the shortest route, by making an abstraction of the general impression of the subject studied, into one general conception, the analysis of which constitutes the science of that subject. Let us apply it in the style of the theologians to the question of moral evil.

MORAL EVIL ACCORDING TO THE BACONIAN METHOD.

The investigator of human nature by the

Inductive Method, first studies the impulses to action as they actually exist in the human breast.

These impulses are revealed (1) in the action of men in masses, and (2) in their action as individuals. Consequently, he must pursue the study of man in both these fields

posterior. The theologian is quite confident that the ideal law of Right is perfectly revealed in the Bible, and that the millennium will come as soon as the whole world agrees as to what the Bible teaches, accept a common creed abstracted from its pages, and lives according to its precepts as digested in equal proportions from the Old and New Testaments.

These are certain intellectual convictions flowing more or less directly from men's ideas of what constitutes moral evil. We wish to prejudice no one in his choice between the views of it above contrasted, or between the methods of inquiry which lead to so different conclusions; still we cannot forbear expressing our preference for the Baconian, as a guide in ethics, over the Theologian. However, let every one be persuaded in his own mind.

D. L.

## Dress Reform.

The following pertinent words, addressed by Mrs. F. D. Gage to the women of Illinois, are alike applicable to all American women. They form part of a communication to the *Prairie Farmer*, and have already been copied if not endorsed by the *Home Journal*. The article was entitled

## FEMALE DRESS.

"Man, in his onward rush of business, has hardly changed the fashion of his shirt collar five times in five years. But woman changes hers once a season. What was beautiful last, is horrid this; lace and muslin, linen and cotton, worked and unworked, bordered and unbordered, broad-to-day, narrow next month, long, short, pointed, scalloped, figured, puffed, tucked, bowed, and plain, daily demanding woman's hard hand and heart to give heed to their vagaries."

"Then the sleeves of our gowns. Full Trinity Church to repletion and you shall find no two alike—yet all after the same fashion, which fashion will be ridiculous by-and-by. Yet every man marches in with much the shape to his own that his grandfather wore a century ago; he has no time for changes. But woman must wear ruffles, puffs, tights, flounce, mutton legs, zouaves, sottags, bishops, etc., etc., etc., on her arms as well as her neck! and, with such a sleeve, can she make bread handily, or reach across the table to hand a cup to her guest? what can she do with her gorgeous handbags? Her fingers must wear the badge of fashion and bondage and glitter with bands, and her hands are out of place—notwithstanding the proverb, that cats in gloves catch no mice—if she steps out of parlors."

"But a little lower down. Look at her limbs, swathed in forty yards of dry goods, layer upon layer, to catch the winds, and fetter and confine every motion. (Don't exclaim 'that is extravagant'!—stop and count up.) I have seen many a lady with seventy-five yards of cloth hanging around her. A few times I have counted it up into higher figures, and with all this weight of silk, she must send before life's fiercest gales, and bear her own share of its burdens."

"Put a man into trailing skirts, and ask him to be a merchant, bank director, railroad conductor, even a cook in a hotel or steamer, or porter, or errand boy, or waiter—let him try it one day, and my word for it he would 'pitch in' to 'Young America' on the corner for the first insult offered to the girl who dared to fit her dress to her business."

"To-day it rains, and the mud will compel one thousand (mayhap ten) white skirts to the wash-tub in this city of Chicago."

"How many in this glorious, independent country of ours that hangs on France for its styles, as a babe hangs on its mother, no one can estimate. How many ruined dresses, how many bad colds, doctors' bills, lost days, let those who dare, attempt to number!"

"Man splashes through all this with his appropriate clothing, his thick boots and rubbers, unclothed. Why may not women, at least those who must labor for their bread?"

"Now, sisters of Illinois, shall these things always be?"

"I see that the feet have made their plea for better usage, and that thick soles, and high heels, and substantial uppers, stamp along the streets under the patronage of crinoline, silk and satin. Can't we make a long pull and a strong pull, and a pull all together, and lift our skirts four inches out of the dirt?"

"Such a measure would pay off the national debt in time, provided we give all the savings to that work. If we can't adopt Dr. Austin's costume, can't we at least resolve not to wear at any given time, over thirty-six yards of dry goods?"

"Will it pay to so squander the wealth, health, happiness, comfort, energy, usefulness, and talent of woman? I say—Illinois can't afford it."

## HOW TO RAISE THE SKIRT.

The writer on fashion in the *Household Journal* gives the following sensible style of looping up the skirt, so that it hangs in festoons above the Balmoral, and is kept entirely out of the mud:

"This is a fashion imported from Canada, where, perchance, some expedient must be used for keeping up the dress without encumbering the hands that would be frostbitten, if not protected by a muff. It is managed in so simple a way we will describe it to our readers. 'Get some fine silk braid—round, if possible—and small rings; the smaller and lighter these are, the better. Cut the braid into pieces somewhat shorter than your skirt, and sew one end of each inside, near the bottom of every seam (of which there are generally eight in a silk skirt). At six and twelve inches above the seams, sew the rings, and run the braids through them. Unite one-half the braids on each side, joining them firmly to a single piece, which draw through to the right side, between the gattens and bands, fastening the end to a button, merely to prevent it from slipping through. Thus four strings are drawn together, when you pull the button, and by tying the two in front, you secure your dress at any height you like, leaving the hands perfectly free. The fashion will be found both elegant and convenient—for the

stains of mud (city mud, especially,) can hardly ever be taken out of a silk dress. When the material is very wide, strings must be put in the center of each breadth, as well as at the seams; but care must be taken not to show the stitches at the right side."

## ANOTHER METHOD.

The *Home Journal* gives the following still simpler mode which is, it says, a late English invention:

"There is a belt of black ribbon, three-quarters of an inch wide, and long enough to go round the lady's waist, with a hook at one end and an eye at the other, as a fastening; a piece of the same kind of ribbon, three yards long, is attached to the end and the middle of the belt. The belt is now put on with the hook and eye in front; and hanging down on each side is a loop of black ribbon three-quarters of a yard long. When the lady is about to go out, she puts on her belt, and puts a part of the lower portion of her dress through each loop, which is thus raised into four festoons, and all of it is above the lower edge of the petticoat. She then walks out with her hands free; her dress clean, and her conscience at ease; and if she wishes to enter a house, she can take her dress out of the loop in an instant. The looped dress is not only clean, but graceful, and it shows a white skirt, one of the most beautiful articles of ladies' apparel, to much advantage. In England, however, a white skirt is not considered indispensable; on the contrary, scarlet woolen petticoats are much worn by most fashionable people, as also are red woolen stockings. Indeed, the white cotton stockings are the exception, and not the rule, for London wear in winter."

## NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

The Eleventh National Woman's Rights Convention will be held in Cooper Institute, New York, Thursday, May 9th, morning and evening, at 10 and 7½ o'clock. Wendell Phillips, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Ernestine L. Rose, Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Aaron M. Powell, and others, will address the Convention.

If, in the language of Emerson, "Men are what their mothers made them," the vigor and virtue of a nation must depend on the character of its women. If we would build up a Free Republic, on a firm, enduring foundation, we must have a higher, nobler type of womanhood, than advancing civilization has yet produced.

If we would have a wise and just government, that shall stand the test of ages, we must secure equal political power to the women of the nation.

We invite all who are interested in the education and elevation of Woman, to aid us with their presence and their counsels.

In behalf of the National Woman's Rights Committee,

E. CADY STANTON, President.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Secretary.

## DR. JOHN F. GRAY.

Dr. John F. Gray, at present, probably, the most eminent student, practitioner and homoeopathist in the world, is about starting for a year's travel in Europe—a vacation greatly needed by his over-worked powers.

Being an admirable German scholar and as well known to the scientific men of Germany as one of their own great scholars, his visit to that country will be the most interesting portion of his year's travel. But, wherever he goes, the intelligent and the eminent will recognize in Dr. Gray one of the rare spirits of our time—as gifted and good a man, we believe, as the world has to show. May God bless and return him to us!"—*Home Journal*.

## MRS. BROWNING'S VIEW OF SESSION.

"At this point the anxiety on American affairs can take its full share of thought. My partiality for frenzies is not so absorbing, believe me, as to exclude very painful considerations on the dissolution of your great Union. But my serious fear has been, and is, not for the dissolution of the body but the death of the soul—not of a rupture of states and civil war, but for reconciliation and peace at the expense of a deadly compromise of principle. Nothing will destroy the Republic but what corrupts its conscience and disturbs its fame—for the stain upon the honor must come off upon the dag. If, on the other hand, the North stands fast on the moral ground, no glory will be like your glory; your frontiers may diminish, but your essential greatness will increase; your foes may be of your own household, but your friends must be among all just and righteous men, whether in the body or out of the body. You are 'compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses,' and can afford to risk anything except conscience."—*Independent*.

## CLERICAL POPERY.

In the *Liberator* of March 23d, a correspondent, Rev. Mr. Haven, takes that paper to task for sundry offenses, one of which is advertising "Self Contradictions of the Bible." We quote that portion of the letter:

"Is not this advertisement, which for nearly six months has met the eyes of your subscribers, entitled 'Self Contradictions of the Bible,' and in which the Book is spoken of as 'the so-called word of God,' traveling out of the record, and raising a false and impudent issue?" There is but one other paper in Boston that would publish that advertisement. That paper rejoices in the name of 'Infidel.' I commend it for its honesty."

To this Mr. Garrison makes reply as follows:

"Moreover, we are gravely called to account for publishing an advertisement, entitled 'Self Contradictions of the Bible,' the so-called Word of God!" Would it suit Mr. Haven any better to have it read thus—"Self Contradictions of the Word of God?" That 'Word' is from everlasting to everlasting—but the manuscripts of the Bible are none of them anterior to Moses! The pamphlet thus condemned is simply a comparison of Scripture with

*Scripture, without note or comment*; and yet Mr. Haven says there is but one other paper in Boston but the *Liberator*—and that an 'infidel' one—that would allow it to be advertised in its columns! We doubt the assertion; but is not this a singular compliment for a devotee of the Bible to pay to the book? In carrying out Paul's manly injunction to 'prove all things,' may not one be justified in seeing whether there are any 'Self Contradictions' in the Bible, without subjecting himself to the mad-dog cry of 'infidel'?" What have we here but the very spirit of papal Rome?"

## Brief Items.

—It is stated that nurserymen, taken aback by the countermanding of distant orders for trees, owing to the state of the times, are selling peach trees that generally bring from eight to ten dollars per hundred, for *four dollars!* This low rate is bringing a new class of customers into market, and large peach orchards are being planted in New Jersey and Delaware. It is estimated that not less than 500 acres will be planted this spring. Thus even "hard times" are converted into blessings for future years.

—Some fifty gentlemen in Brooklyn, stockholders of the Academy of Music, have united to purchase the fine picture of the White Mountains, by E. W. Nichols, and presented it to Mr. Alex. M. White, Treasurer of the Academy.

—The *Scientific American* gives the following effective specific for hard times, suggested by a mechanic of Roxbury, Conn. In answer to the common question, "How is business in your town?" He replied, "twas very bad some time ago, but we have nothing to complain of now. A few weeks ago we resolved to read no more political papers and to go to work. Since that time we had much less trouble, and a good deal better times."

—The four millions of negroes at the South, says the N. Y. *Express*, are the most civilized and most christianized of any four millions of negroes ever known to exist upon the face of this earth; and any rational person must know, if he knows anything about the negro, that if the supremacy of the white man over him were abolished, he would soon relapse into his original condition of savagery. The *Educational Journal* of Forsyth, Georgia, gives the total number of slaves connected with the different churches of the demand of Fand Pasha: How many of the eight thousand adult male Druses of Mt. Lebanon ought, in their opinion, be put to death, in revenge for the year massacre of the Christians? The bishops replied by letter, to which they affixed their signatures, saying that the larger part should be executed. With great difficulty he succeeded in reducing their demand to twelve hundred; but nothing less than the sacrifice of that number would they listen to.

—An Irishman from Newburyport has recently been taken to an asylum, having become insane in consequence of undue religious excitement. "This," says the Newburyport *Advertiser*, "is the first case of the Methodist church, and 157,000 to the Missionary and Hard Shell Baptists."

—The homestead law, which has passed both branches of the Michigan legislature, donated to the actual settlers eighty acres, instead of forty acres, as under the old law. It also throws around the State new safeguards against imposition and spoliation.

—The following are the dimensions of the fifteen-inch Columbiad at Fort Monroe, Va., cast at Pittsburgh, Pa. Total length about sixteen feet; length of bore, thirteen feet nine inches; diameter at muzzle, two feet one inch; thickness at muzzle, five inches; weight, 49,100 lbs. A usual load is 35 lbs, which carries a shell of 305 to 335 lbs., or a solid shot of 425 lbs. It is thought that with proper elevation and loading, the gun would command a range of over four miles!

—A Cincinnati paper tells the story of two workmen sent adrift in a barge on the Mississippi. One dropped on his knees and began to pray. The other continued to punch the water with his pole, and at last cried out, "Be at my will!" What's the use of praying when a fellow can tech bottom with a pole? Many Christians don't rely much on prayer as long as they can "tech bottom."

—The theaters of Paris, says "Galignani," have paid into the hands of the dramatic authors and composers, for works performed during the year 1860, the magnificent sum of fifty thousand and some odd pounds sterling. Paris is apparently the Paradise of this class of writers. We doubt if any other city can show statistics of so great an appreciation of intellectual labor.

—Religious liberty of the most unrestricted character has been proclaimed at Naples. All former concordats and treaties with Rome are abrogated, and ecclesiastical power is limited to the punishment of ecclesiastical offenses.

—The large increase of the number of Indians in England is attributed by eminent physiologists of that country to the deleterious substances mixed with food.

—Michel's work on the Sea has induced the French government to establish numerous sea-bathing establishments.

—Some friends of the horse are discussing in the English papers the question whether this animal may not be easily accustomed to walking without shoes on ordinary pavements. They contend that the natural hoof may, by practice, become strong enough to dispense with the iron shoe.

—The efficacy of prayer is claimed by the Philadelphia *Liberator* because not a drop of blood has been shed since the President's Fast Day, the 4th of January, contrary to general anticipation.

—A recent lecturer upon Turkey, says that an examination in the imperial libraries at Constantinople, declares this fact, that of the authors one hundred and forty-one are females. The subjects are mostly poetry, history, and Oriental tales. They may have little value, but this single fact convinces us that there is more literature, more mental activity, than is generally accorded to Turkish females.

—Very few people know why it is that India-rubber possesses the property of rubbing out pen and marks. It is generally supposed that it is done simply by friction, but a better explanation is, that the rubber, becoming electrified by rubbing, attracts the powder of the pencil.

—A locomotive on the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien railway, whenever the safety-valve becomes too highly charged with electricity that by touching the lever or any part of the engine, even to the tin roof of the cab, severe shocks are received. At night the manifestations are more marked than by day, and small globules resembling oxide of iron are thrown off in great numbers, with reports like the explosion of fire-crackers or percussion caps.

—A correspondent, writing from Illinois, says corn is selling for thirteen cents a bushel!

—Holman Hunt's celebrated picture, "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," was nearly destroyed by fire not long ago. The drapery by which it was surrounded, at the exhibition of the work, caught fire from the gas-lights, and the picture was in imminent danger. A lady among the visitors threw a costly India shawl to her attendant, who with it managed to put out the fire and save the picture. Mr. Hunt and the insurance company in which the picture was insured have in vain endeavored to find out the lady whose magnanimous act saved a work of art which cost five years' labor. The company with which he repaid the costly shawl, which was, of course, ruined.

—Baron Macaulay is not the first English historian of that name. About a century ago there lived one Catherine Macaulay, who wrote and published a five-volume "History of England, from the Accession of James the First to the Elevation of the House of Hanover."

—The book—clever, piquant and voluminous—was an immense success, and brought the author a profit of several thousand pounds, which aroused the envy of both Goldsmith and Johnson. Five years after Catherine Macaulay published her fifth volume, Gibbon brought out the first of his "Decline and Fall." He did not meet with the success of his female rival; yet to-day everybody reads Gibbon, and very few have ever heard of Catherine Macaulay.

—It is publicly stated that a masked ball

was recently given in Chicago to raise money to pay for an organ in one of the Episcopal churches. It did not meet with general favor, and the profits were less than \$100.

—The spirit of sectarian Christianity is illustrated by the reply made by the bishops of the different Christian sects in Syria, to the demand of Fand Pasha: How many of the eight thousand adult male Druses of Mt. Lebanon ought, in their opinion, be put to death, in revenge for the year massacre of the Christians?

—I was all in tears as you are, Madeline, when I lost my first husband," said the old dame; "but heaven came to my aid, and a little while after, thanks be to God, I hardly thought of him."

—"Did you not love him, perhaps?" bluntly answered Madeline, without ceasing to weep.

—"I loved him as one ought to love men, as one ought to love all perishable goods here below—always ready to submit to the will of the Lord, and I did for the second what I did for the first."

—"Ah! it is not thus we love a mother," cried the poor child; "we can have but one! And so I should have had but one husband, and I should have loved him dearly too! but ought I to think of that now? Who would ask of me, or of whom could I desire it? Oh! I will continue a maiden, and that is not what grieves me!"

—Encourage the attention of lovers, Madeline, they will give you other ideas. Have I not already told you, that until the age of forty, I too swore to remain faithful to Saint Catherine—that is to say, I cried very loud, because in my heart I was in a rage through fear that I must keep my word. Not that I did not have lovers! that is a kind of seed that germinates readily; but lovers who will marry—they are a very different thing! But in keeping these latter, young girls show as much wit as our cat in shelling peas. However, it is well to make the distinction, and more now than ever I ought to aid you and give you good advice, Madeline; I want to make you skillful in this business. So listen attentively. If you see a young man attempting to play nimble with you at the outset—as my grandmother used to say—one who is awkward and bashful, who speaks to you in soft language and peers at you askant with glittering eyes, beware! especially if he tries to meet you when you are alone, or to draw you to him under specious pretenses."

—"Oh! yes; I ought to distrust him!" murmured Madeline.

—Beware of him again, if he compliments you too much, if he too often praises the shape of your foot, or the whiteness of your hand; that is a mere gallant, you see. A marrying lover does not resort to such arts; he looks at your surroundings as much as at yourself—and should he not please everybody in order to reach his end? He has not the sorrowful and woe-begone air of love-sick swains, and does not always smile when he looks at you; for the thought of marriage is a serious business, and presents itself to his mind in a garb half white, half black, like the plumage of our magpie, or the robes of the Augustinians, which keeps him from laughing and singing exactly in the way fickle lovers do. What have these fellows to trouble themselves about, except to tell one another, and often several together, of their feats?

—"Oh! yes," repeated Madeline, and to herself she said: "Why did not Theresa, who knows so much about him, tell me all that before?"

—"A marrying suitor," resumed the dame, "will often speak to you of my lady, your aunt, and of your worthy uncle, as of yourself, in order to know whether you are their heiress; he will inspect your resources as well as your person, and will hold of more account your readiness to rise early in the morning than the delicate dimple on your chin: if these fine fellows admire your feet, you see, it is not really because they are small and well-shaped, but because they see they are quick and nimble, and take short steps in moving about the house, like the feet of a hen about to lay; if they are in admiration of the whiteness of your hands, they will not be scared, believe me, if they see them a little stained and blackened on the finger-beds by the pricks and rubs of your sewing and knitting needles. It is because my broom and beetle raised callous lumps on my hands, that my first husband thought of me. Profit by my experience, Madeline."

—The Turkish government had in contemplation the project of a forced loan from its subjects of twelve millions of Turkish pounds.

—It was also rumored that this government, at the instance of France and Russia,

makes sport of it perhaps, but I—I shall keep it."

Madeleine did not perceive the blunder of her impudent exclamation, till she noticed the astonished and amazed expression of Theresa, who stood motionless before her, with her eyes wide open as if they were ready to burst from her head.

"How? you have sworn it?" said she at length; "to whom? Answer, to whom and when? I wish to know! It was high time, indeed, to lay my good advice before you! You can go above now, for I foresee that your experience is as good as mine! No matter, speak!"

Then after a moment's waiting: "In truth, I am only your servant; I have no right to demand of you more than your duty—I have at least the right to seek a situation elsewhere—and so I shall do if you do not explain yourself. Let us see, Madeline," resumed she, softening her tone a little, "are you then much afraid of my reproaches, because you know my religious principles? The saints themselves have sinned—I have been young—like you. Youth must have its course. But confide in me—if not—if not, I shall not long remain with you, miss."

In spite of the mementos of the dame, in spite of her prayers, Madeleine persisted in keeping silence. She wished to keep to herself her secret, her sorrow; this sorrow seemed to her sacred, sacred like all expiations, and she instinctively shrank from the vulgar consolations that solace the soul only by degrading it. As the old church pictures we see two swords crossed in a heart, a symbol of the two-fold suffering of body and soul, so she felt two deep injuries, two wounds bleeding within, and thought to herself: "I shall die perhaps!" but she did not wish them cured.

Looking back but a month, a month in the early spring, love's favored season, there might have been found in that retreat, a beautiful and bright young maiden, welcoming to her bough the perfumed breezes of the future, enjoying the present, smiling on the past. She had a mother whom she adored—a lover in whom she trusted as in God; friendship even did not fail to bless her. To-day all her garlanded scepters are turned to dust in her hands. Her mother is dead, her lover has deceived her, her friend has taken flight turning upon her the fierce glances of a rival, and even to her old domestic, everything is about to fall her at once!

Amid these misfortunes, there came a support to the orphan, the forsaken. This assistance, this support, she found in herself: instead of yielding and withering before the blast of adversity, her judgment acquired strength and firmness by it; her character gained in energy and resolution what it had lost in its original frankness and truthfulness by the sad trial through which she had so suddenly passed.

One evening she returned to the Stone Cross, where she was sure no one expected her; there she fell on her knees; there she prayed, calling upon God for aid and guidance in her plans. She rose to her feet, if not with increased hope, at least with will firmly resolved to follow with unwavering step the path she had marked out for herself.

"Here," said she to herself, "M. de Rupereux promised me marriage. That oath which he has doubtless forgotten, God has heard; He will remember it, and I too. If M. de Rupereux does not come to me, I will go to him; I will remind him of his promise, which is sacred, for it was made on the cross; of his oath, which is sacred, because I believed in it; and if he refuse to hear me, if he repel me, I will go find his father, the grand falconer. And if he shut his door against me, I will go to Paris and cast myself at the feet of the Regent: I will say to him: 'Sir, I am Madeline des Auliers; for twenty years my father made part of your household, in the quality of serving-gentleman. He lived under your roof, he ate at your domestics; he is it is his daughter who petitions you for justice!' And if Monsieur shall hesitate by reason of the great fortune and high rank of M. de Rupereux, I will go find Madam, the duchess, and demand her assistance; she saw my mother die, she loved her; she owes her orphan daughter protection. At last, if nothing can be done, then I will turn to God; he is the God of poor maidens as well as of rich and great ladies; he possesses balm for every wound, consolation for all griefs, and he will open to me one of his holy treasures. The course she was to take was already marked out in her mind. She was resolved to follow it with constancy, with pertinacity even. Misfortunes had rendered her suspicious, suspicion compelled her to resort to dissimulation. Henceforth cunning was to lend its aid to weakness. Even in her perfect state of innocence, woman has not entirely forgotten the teachings of the Serpent.

Presently resuming his theme, the courtly gentleman artfully unrolled a long apologetic story, embroidered, beaded, and faced with sighs, significant glances, and compliments, to be taken as a corollary to his first proposition, and specially intended to prove to her that she had been his only love, and that if he had not broken sooner with the widow, it was because his delicacy forbade it, as he had received from her favors to be regarded as precious, even though the heart had little to do with them; and he strove to make Madeleine understand how binding such favors are, what durable and sacred ties they establish between two lovers, to what devotion they give rise, particularly when two souls are made for each other, when affection is mutual, and twenty other fine maxims with which seducers are familiar. But in this direction his labor was lost time; the fair girl had no intention to make trial of them.

He at length reminded her with what marks of respect he had always treated her, when, under the name of Urban Berneuil, he had introduced himself as her equal, desiring to await the decision of his happiness from herself alone and of her own free will. He reminded her of the manner in which at that time he had spoken of Madam Alphonse, the ambitious designs he attributed to her, going so far as not to visit Champfleur except in obedience to Madeline herself.

Arrived at this point in his eloquent vindication, the orator grew all at once confused.

He remembered of a sudden all the stories which honest Urban Berneuil had retailed about his young master, who was represented as dying of love, and losing sleep and reason for the fair widow. Certainly, his path was slippery and hazardous. But to call a halt, and come to a stop in this part of his amorous speech, was to give Madeline time for reflection. He must speak, speak with more heat and emphasis than ever, talk her dumb, if he could not convince her; so he continued, but beating something of a retreat in spite of himself, falling back upon his exordium rather than advancing towards his peroration; his logic had broken down; he felt it, and feared, every moment to hear Madeline cry out, "You are a liar!"

And, indeed, Madeleine recollects everything; she had not failed to notice his evasions and subterfuges, and yet calm and undisturbed she listened to him with no appearance whatever of intending to question the truth of his assertions.

The viscount at length became annoyed with this tranquillity, with this sturdy silence, which might well have for him a vexatious significance, and bringing his eloquent pica to an end, after a few words uttered at random, feeling himself tripping on the ground he had imprudently chosen:

"Of your love! Ah!" cried Madeline, the light gleaming in her eyes, "do you then still love me?"

"Have you been able to doubt it for a moment? Ah! if I had not felt for you a real, imperious, overwhelming passion, indeed, my fair child, who could have forced me to disguise myself, to change my attire and name, for fear of alarming you, to play the part of Jupiter in Alcymy, to pass my days and a part of my nights in roaming about, in playing nightingale around your dwelling, for the single purpose of catching a glimpse, now here, now there, of your pretty face, or of hearing some notes of your voice? Who could have induced me again to-day to transform myself into a veritable school-boy, to tear my flesh and stain myself with blood on the briers of this hedge, in order to get through it and reach you? Come, come, my angel, admit now that the titles and the rank of the person are known to you, that there must have been no little love at the bottom to move a man of my condition to

play such a part!"

While saying this, Rupereux had offered his arm to Madeline, who, without offering the least resistance, had suffered herself to be led toward the seat of turf set up at the foot of one of the great pear trees. When they were seated, Madeline, looking at him with a smile, turned to him with a smile on her lips: "I believe in them, and always shall believe in them, unless you give your self the lie."

Rupereux looked at her in amazement.

"I thank you," added she, "that you have reassured me; for I had great need of it. I needed to return you my confidence; now you have it unreservedly, as formerly, I ought to be persuaded—ought I not? that you are for me precisely what you first pretended to be?"

"Do not doubt it!" exclaimed the ardent young man, who felt with delight, that he was recovering the whole ground he feared he had lost. "Do not doubt it, my adored Madeline!"

"So," continued Madeline, "as you really meant what you said, your oaths were sincere! Above all others, that which one evening—at the foot of the Stone Cross—"

"Certainly, my angel! I swear to you to-day that as master falconer, I swear to you to-day on the faith of a gentleman! Far am I from retracting it, cordieu! I love you, I adore you!"

"And you will marry me?" added Madeline.

Rupereux turned a somerset, as if the ground had leaped up beneath his feet. His titles were known; it had not occurred to him that the little peasant girl could advance pretensions so audacious.

"Holà! my lady fair," said he, tossing back his head like a man just waking from sleep, "it seems to me that, on this point, our friend Urban Berneuil laid down a condition at once!"

Then with an indifferent air:

"If you so demand, I accept the obligations with the benefits attaching, and when I shall become racket-leaser to the king!"

The tears gushed from Madeline's eyes: she rose up, casting at him a sorrowful glance and with a gesture bidding him adieu.

In the brief interval necessary for him to bend over, extend his arms toward her, and catch her by her dress, as she was moving away, he held the following colloquy with himself:

"The poor girl is mad, and I cannot, even in pretense, encourage such an extravagance!"

"Some interest!" interrupted Madeline.

"Doubtless; and nothing more," replied Rupereux, with unmoved serenity. "To bring her mourning to an end, the coquet, Madam Alphonse, needed some diversion; and she deigned to cast her eyes on me. At that time I was unoccupied, my heart was free, for I had not yet known you, Madeline, and my first, my only, my true love was not born!"

After this preamble, the viscount bowed his head between his hands with a pensive air, and remained some moments silent, perhaps to gain time to prepare the second part of his discourse.

Madeleine had too good an opinion of her sex to believe that Madam Alphonse had thus cast herself at the head of M. de Rupereux; she gave but a doubtful credit to that first love, which, as she said, had fallen upon her; but she suffered none of her doubts to appear.

The course she was to take was already marked out in her mind. She was resolved to follow it with constancy, with pertinacity even.

Misfortunes had rendered her suspicious, suspicion compelled her to resort to dissimulation. Henceforth cunning was to lend its aid to weakness.

Even in her perfect state of innocence, woman has not entirely forgotten the teachings of the Serpent.

The day this debate with himself had ended, Madeline is already seated near him on the bench; he wipes away her tears and reassures her, calling the great gods to witness that his purpose has been ill interpreted by her, that he has never had in his heart any other wish than to be your husband; then he is ready to renew all his oaths, only asking as a favor to substitute for the condition imposed by Urban Berneuil a stipulation that he shall be henceforth at full liberty to pursue his suit, as a future husband should be allowed to do—within himself laughing all the while at the innocent girl, who looks for anything but such a one as he intends to be.

The day was drawing to a close; Madeline, satisfied with what she had done, her face lighted up with the last rays of the setting sun, appeared to Rupereux more beautiful than ever. Conversing upon plans for the future, they took together a last turn in the park, just then glowing with those rosy tints of the twilight, that so magically embellish the sky, the trees, and the walls. Nature has her periods of coqueting, when she draws to herself within her pale, into her circle of simple and truthful emotion, those very persons whom the vices of the world have most perverted. Rupereux, impressed at admiration at Madeline, for a moment forgets all the evil thoughts that lie hidden in his heart; for a moment, and but a moment it is true, he perceives that happiness is not where he has hitherto sought it; thoughtful and deeply affected, he plucks a flower of sweet marjoram, kisses it and presents it to the young girl; she in her turn stoops down, breaks a flower of the same kind from its stem, lays it on her heart, and presents it to Rupereux; and to her it seems that by this sweet exchange of flowers, they have bound themselves together better than by an oath.

While thus occupied, all at once from the high-road which ran along on the outside of the hedge, some peasants perched upon a loaded wain returning from the hay-field, perceived them walking side by side in the enclosure and conversing rather by looks than words.

"Ah! ah!" said one, "the wild Madeline has company to-day! God keep me! it is the old gentleman's nephew who is wounding her!"

"It is time for sharp fellows to gather about the heiress, now," answered another, with a sneer. "Good-night, children!" and turning up the road to the Pond, the wain and the villagers disappeared.

Rupereux's first movement had been to conceal himself behind the hedge; Madeline prevented it.

"What need of concealment henceforth?" said she.

"But I may compromise you."

"No—are you not to be my husband?"

The gentleman was about to bid adieu, and to get out of Bird-Meadow, was going to force a pass through the thorns which had opened before him when he entered.

"Of what use?" the young girl once more objected; "do you want to risk tearing your face again?"

"But where shall I get out?"

"By the gate, sir. Besides, are you really in so great a hurry, and will you not stop a moment in the house?"

"Oh! quite willingly!" cried the lover, pleased with such a proposition, in whose heart, doubtless, evil thoughts had again resumed their sway.

And greatly agitated, he followed her.

"The old woman is not in then?" said he, in a low voice, as he entered.

"Yes, indeed; but what matters it?" boldly answered Madeline, who had become almost audacious in the strength inspired by her great resolution and her good conscience.

And she went in.

Theresa had just lit her lamp and sat down again at her wheel, when she heard two voices whispering at the gate in the direction of the meadow. As she had seen no one enter, and believed her young mistress alone, she was at first frightened:

"Mercy! what's that? is it a lover? is it a robber?"

"No," said Madeline, coming forward, "it is a marrying man!"

And she made the young gentleman step out into her presence.

"You see, Theresa, I have profited by your good advice," she added with a mischievous expression; here is Monseigneur, the viscount de Rupereux, our neighbor; he will hereafter come here openly, and he will converse with me only in your presence, my good Theresa, for his intentions are honorable; he has told me so and I believe him."

Upon the unexpected arrival of this person, at hearing the word viscount, at the sight of one whom she had long regarded as a deceiver, a wretch, a heretic, Theresa trembled, and in utter amazement; more by reason of the weakness of her limbs than from politeness, she curtseied deeply, and at the same time made the sign of the cross; she then sank back in her chair, resumed work at her wheel, and turning to Madeline, said:

"You are mistress here, mam'zelle;" while she murmured between her teeth:

"A marrying man! wish! count upon that! simpson! simpson! such fellows never marry except at the church of Saint Marina, and with the ring of straw!"

To the old woman, whom in his correspondence he always designated as the old hussy, Rupereux made his customary three fine bows, glancing at her from the corner of his eye; then he looked about on the furniture of the room, expressing about his satisfaction at the order and neatness that prevailed in it, which seemed to Madeline a very good omen; then without any formalities he took a seat, and with his elbow on the table, exchanged a few unmeaning words with the young girl, and only to show that he considered himself as having free entry to the house; after which he took a very decided leave of her, laughing in his sleeve, rubbing his hands, and saying to himself:

"By heavens! my pretty one, you have played me a nice game! Ah! you are decidedly aspiring! Ambition will be your ruin, I assure you!"

And on her side, Madeline said to herself:

"Formerly, when I was young and without experience (it is three months since then) I asked of heaven and my mother only a rich and titled husband; then I desired simply that he should be young and handsome; I will have all that now together! Yes; for M. de Rupereux loves me; since he loves me, he will marry me; for he ought to do it, for I wish it—thousand times at once I wish it—and so it shall be!"

On both sides a determined purpose swayed the thoughts of the two lovers. The libertine wished to ruin Madeline, cost what it might. Madeline would see in the accomplished viscount only a future husband. Which of the two wills should triumph?

A terrible struggle was preparing. As soon as Rupereux had left.

"You trust then in his fine promises!" said Theresa to Madeline.

"Yes; I trust in them," the orphan girl promptly answered; "but I shall trust more firmly still in his good deeds!"

"The loves of these grand gentlemen are of short duration."

"That is the reason why I wish to make trial of marriage, which lasts forever."

"To what do you hope to bring him, Madeline?"

"I have told you—to marry me, my good Theresa."

"You are taking a bad road to it, I warn you."

"Madam! I am taking the road that leads to the church."

"God save you! but such a lover may well compromise your good name."

"Such a husband can make it good again."

"God knows how they talk in the country!"

"They will talk a good deal more on my wedding-day, I hope."

"Do you really wish it?"

"I do; for I ought to wish it, Theresa."

"Good night; and above all, I wish you good success, mam'zelle!"

"Thanks! Theresa!" answered Madeline, embracing her as they parted, as her heart went to do every evening; "thanks; for to wish otherwise would be to desire my death."

(To be continued.)

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A NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCE OF HORACE ABRAHAM ACKLEY, M. D., late of Cleveland, Ohio, since his entrance into Spiritual Life. Received through the mediumship of Samuel H. Paist, of Philadelphia. Reported and revised by HENRY T. CHILDE, M. D. Philadelphia, 1861.

We have seldom read what purports to be the experience of a human brother in the spirit world, with more interest than the one announced with the above title. The subject of it was a distinguished surgeon of Northern Ohio, widely and favorably known by his skill in his profession, as well as by his genial personal qualities.

He made himself known in August last by a communication to the Medium, requesting him to go to Cleveland in order that through him he might give some directions in regard to a son, and the disposal of certain property.

In this communication he gave his name, and stated that there was a difficulty between the guardian of the son and his mother, one being disposed to send the boy to school away from home, and the other to retain him. These points were verified by writing to Cleveland, and ascertaining the facts in the case. In a subsequent communication, the name of the guardian was given, and thus by a correspondence continued for some time between Cleveland and Philadelphia, many other facts were elicited, which seem to identify the communicating spirit by the strongest possible evidence of which the personality of an invisible agent is susceptible.

Still later, in March last—having gained a very good control over the Medium—he ventured to dictate this account of his experience, which is marked by an unpretending simplicity of statement, and a consecutive ness in the train of thought, which are highly gratifying in themselves, as well as strongly characteristic of the departed surgeon. We give a brief extract from the opening of the narrative on

## THE PROCESS OF DEATH.

The first lesson I think, every spirit learns, is one in reference to death. The general impression is, that persons suffer intensely in their last moments, and we hear much of "the agonies of death." These, however, are generally imaginary, and in most cases there is little or no consciousness of suffering; even when there is struggle, it is only an effort, painless in its character, of the spirit to burst the bonds that have bound it to the physical body: this struggle may create contortions of the body, but in most cases all consciousness of pain has passed away.

This was my own experience, and I have been told by many others here that it was theirs. I experienced but very little suffering during the last few days of my life, though at times there were struggles and my features were distorted; but I learned after my spirit had burst its barriers and was freed from its connection with the external body, that these were produced by it in its attempt to sever this connection, in all cases of premature death is always more or less difficult; the vital points of contact being suddenly broken by disease, the union in other portions of the system is necessarily severed with violence, but as far as I have learned, without consciousness of pain.

Like many others, I found that I was unable to leave the form at once. I could feel myself gradually raised from my body, and in a dreamy, half conscious state. It seemed as though I was not a united being—that I was separated into parts, and yet despite of this, there seemed to be an indissoluble connecting link. My spirit was freed a short time after the organs of my physical body had entirely ceased to perform their functions. My spiritual form was then united into one, and I was raised a short distance above the body, standing over it, by what power I was unable to tell. I could see those who were in the room around me, and knew by what was going on, that a considerable time must have elapsed since dissolution had taken place, and I presume I must have been for a time unconscious, and this I find is a common experience, not, however, universal. As consciousness returned to me, the scenes of my whole life, seemed to move before me like a panorama; every act seemed as though it were drawn in life-size and was really present—it was all there, down to the closing scenes. So rapidly did it pass, that I had little time for reflection—I seemed to be in a whirlpool of excitement; and then, just as suddenly as this panorama had been presented, it was withdrawn, and I was left, without a thought of the past or future, to contemplate my present condition. I looked around me and I thought, if there is a possibility of spirits (for I seemed half conscious now that I was a spirit), manifesting themselves to those still in the form, how gladly would I now do so, and thereby inform my friends and others of my condition, at least as far as I understood it at the time, which I confess was not very far. Everything seemed to be in a whirl of motion—scarcely had one desire come, before another was presented; I said to myself, Death is not so bad a thing after all, and I should like to see what that country is that I am going to, if I am a spirit.

I had heard the Spiritualists say that the newly-born spirits were always received in the arms, and welcomed by kind and loving guardian spirits; finding none around me, yet I had seen no spirit out of the form me, for I had concluded this was not true. Scarce had this thought passed through my mind, when two, with whom I was unacquainted, but toward whom I was attracted, appeared before me. They were men of intelligence, but like myself had given no special attention to the higher principles of spirituality; they knew my name, although I did not reveal it, and they shook hands with me in a half-fellow-well-met sort of a way that was very pleasant to me. They then conducted me from the room where I had died, and in which I had remained until this time. o o o I remained in conversation with these spirits

for some time, and then, without knowing why or how, I was attracted back to the place in which my spirit had separated itself from the form. I then found that I must have been in their company much longer than I supposed, as, contrary to the experience of many whom I have since met, I did not attend my own funeral; and I would here remark, that it is generally gratifying to a spirit to do this, and where the body can be kept for some time, they gladly embrace the opportunity of attending on this ceremony, and listening to and aiding those who officiate on such occasions."

It adds to the interest of the circumstances under which this pamphlet is produced, that the medium is blind, and had never been in Cleveland, nor ever seen or heard of the person communicating through him, till he appeared and announced his name as a spirit. We know not where, in a narrative of this nature, so much interesting matter is condensed into the compass of less than fifty pages.

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## LIFE IN THE IRON MILLS.

The *Atlantic* for April, failed to reach us at the accustomed time, and later in the month we purchased it. We have had time to read only "Life in the Iron Mills," an intensely interesting sketch or tale, brimful of soul and vigor. Its characters, Hugh Wolfe, a laborer in the foundries, with the restless spirit of a latent genius, and Deborah, a worker in the cotton mills—especially "poor Deb," with her hopeless, yet undying love, are pictures worthy of Dickens.

The author is said—*we know not how correctly*—to be a young lady of Wheeling, evincing not only familiarity with the dark, dingy work-shops that line the banks of the Ohio near Wheeling, but a thorough acquaintance with the possible experiences of laborers, doomed to a life felt all too deeply to be "all wrong." There are marks not only of genius, but of genius fired by philanthropy. We can quote but one sentence respecting an eventful night in the life of Hugh:

"Be just, not like man's law, which seizes on one isolated fact, but like God's judging angel, whose clear sad eye saw all the countless nights, when, sick with starving, his soul faint in him, before it judged him for this night, the saddest of all."

## The Two Popes.

The following parallel between Martin I, who was Pope in the seventh century, and Pius IX, the present Pope, is translated by a correspondent of the *New York Times*, from the *Nazione*, "one of the most influential journals of Italy—the organ of the Constitutional Party, and representing the views of the best minds in the most cultivated and refined province of the kingdom" [Florence.] It is a most cheering sign of progress in religious freedom, that so near the Vatican can such comparisons, so prejudicial to the interests of the Papacy can be written, and what is better, can be published to the people at large.

"Pius IX, Pontiff and heir to the usurpers of a province of the Roman Empire, saw the people impotent of the temporal dominion of the Popes, and protesting against it with arms in their hands. What did he do? He called in barbarians to disarm and slay them. He received with embraces and blessings the bombardiers of Bologna and Ancona, the murderers of Perugia, the executioners of priests and monks. St. Martin would not fight for the faith at the cost of human blood. The Pope of to-day caused hundreds to be shot in the name of God, and urged Christian against Christian on the field of battle. He says: 'I am the king, and am responsible to God alone for my acts,' and calling, in every Christian spirit, Heaven, to witness to a lie, proclaims to the world that the Faith is in danger, and calling to its defense all good Catholics, even to the exterminating, if need be, of the Italian race. And this 'Faith,' what is it? It is called the Papal Government in the Roman States, though that article is not found in the Gospel; but in the place of it is another, which says, 'My kingdom is not of this world'—words that cannot be interpreted to mean fired cannon nor Papal Zouaves."

"What a pitiful spectacle is this! The man who bears God in the Sacrament; who assumes the white robes as the image of peace and heavenly blessing; who absolves the sins of human frailty and repentant crime; who speaks in the name of the Eternal; who should embrace in Christ all those redeemed by baptism, and address to others the words of the Apostle to gain them to the fold; who placed in the Vatican to make himself a mirror of every virtue to the nation this man, shutting the book given to him by God, speaks a language that excites fear, buys muskets and cannon, pays for the extermination of countless Christians, in order that the noblest of the nation, after maintaining the Pope for eighteen centuries, may come under the yoke of barbarians! A Pope who refuses every human counsel; who invites people and monarchs to arm themselves against Italy, whilst kings and people, horrified at such excesses, flee from being accessories to so enormous a crime! A Pope who is deaf to the cry for mercy, when the world is echoing with annancties; who, whilst in all civilized countries every one can have access to the sovereign in search of justice, bars the way to his throne; who, whilst all monarchs surround themselves with honest and enlightened counselors, and give heed to the popular will expressed through the Press, denies the right of speech and petition, regards the Press as sacrilegious, holds himself infallible in all matters, and dares to give counsel to sovereigns and to nations beyond his jurisdiction—what is this Pope, and in whose name can he speak? To say that he speaks in the name of God would be absurd, because his works and his precepts are condemned in the Gospel, and the Gospel is

## Apotheosis.

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

**Departed:** From Lawrenceville, N. Y., to a higher life, March 27, 1861, LETTIE EMALINE TAYLOR, aged 18 years and 6 months.

Slowly she faded from our sight, gradually losing her interest in earthly things, till this seemed her only wish, "I long, oh I long to be there." In the chill of the early morning, the lips of each near friend were pressed to hers, and she waved us a long farewell; and, as the first faint rays of twilight rested on her pale brow, her spirit flew away to the summer land.

Now, freed from the cares and passions of life, she gazes out upon the boundless, beau-

tiful vista of immensity, and, in the society of her father and friends who have waited on the farther shore, she learns the raptures and glories of her angel home. And while, from that holy, happy group of spirit friends, who speak their souls, radiant with light and love, into hers, she learns the joys which shall forever crown her future existence—she looks upon us in this dark and stormy sphere, and bids us "come to the happy home."

Yes, dearest Emma, we will come to thee; thy life shall be our bright example in telling for a higher and yet higher life on earth, and a more glorious existence in another world. And, in the memory of the lost, we will cherish the love of the living; for when they are gone, they will seem more dear to us than now.

Good night, sister, we will meet again in the morning; our parting brief, our reunion eternal.

T. G. T.

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