

But we will let him rest in the grave, of which "nobody knows," and we can but wish that his character and example might have found a sepulcher equally unknown with that of his body; that the moral sensibilities of mankind might have been spared the contagion of his influence.

But, to speak seriously, it is mournful, deplorable, to see human beings crucifying their reason and all the better instincts of their nature in their endeavor to make them square with a system of ethics so pernicious, so stultifying and deadening as those growing out of the belief that the almighty, beneficent, and adorable God of the universe, was identified with and party to such detestable acts as everywhere characterize the history of Moses and the other Old Testament writers. But alas! for the mighty power of *habitude* of thought, or rather *feeling*, unaccompanied with *reason*. "The Church," says Orthodox, "holds to the Bible as the word of God; ministers believe and preach it, and why should these be mistaken, and you and a few others, believing with you, alone be right?" Reader! lend me your attention a moment. Did you ever reflect that *all truth is first discovered by single individuals*? Did you ever look into the order of things and perceive that *errors are first detected by individual minds*? Take, for example, the discovery of any new fact or principle; it is then *one mind* (the discoverer) against a whole world that is ignorant of the truth of what he has discovered. When Morse discovered that electricity could be made the medium of conveying intelligence along a wire, what would have been the consistency of saying, "Here now is Prof. Morse against Dr. Franklin and all the rest of the world. If his pretended discovery were true, why has not a *whole world* of persons found it out, as well as he, a single person?" The simple answer is, the world did not find it out, and Prof. Morse did; and so may one mind detect the errors of a religious system that millions may not see until pointed out to them by the mind which first discovers them.

If the Bible is the revealed word of God and the spiritual light of the world, if it is the only guide to heaven, why, in the name of all reason and humanity, do so few of the earth's inhabitants possess it? Is God incompetent to send it throughout the world? If so, where is his omnipotence? Does he lack the inclination? then where is his infinite mercy and love? According to the statistical bureau of the government of Prussia, the earth's present population is 1,288,000,000. Of this number, only 89,000,000 are Protestants, while Catholics are 170,000,000, Mahomedans 160,000,000, Asiatic religions 600,000,000, Pagans 200,000,000.

In view of these facts, what are we to think of the orthodox presumption, that, without the Bible, these different sects have been, for the past two thousand years, pouring a stream of souls, at nearly the rate of one in a second, into hell? The truth is, if the orthodox world realized the matter in all its magnitude, it is one of the most complacent, yet wicked, stupid, and abominable ideas that ever possessed the cracked brain of the lowest idiot on the face of the earth, besides being the blackest libel upon the character of God that could be perpetrated by human thoughtlessness and intellectuality.

We sincerely deplore the necessity of speaking harsh things against any class of our fellow beings, even under circumstances of as merited reprehension as enormities like these present. But we repeat: "The *reliances of error must be shaken or truth must remain silent.*"

GENERAL JOSHUA.

We could wish that the tales about seas running dry, and quails coming out of water, and such like nonsense connected with the history of Moses, might have sufficed in the making up of the falsehoods of the Old Testament; but in the inauguration of Joshua the same wondrous stories are again taken up, and carried, if possible, to an extreme more ridiculous than what precedes them. The dividing of the waters of Jordan, for the Jews to pass through into Canaan, is a lie stupid enough to shake the credulity of a goose in the truth of the Old Testament, while the calatumpian concert of the Jews, given through ram's horns, in perambulating the walls of Jericho, only lacked one thing to make it the quintessence of the sublime. Had it been joined with the dulcet notes of about fifty asses chiming in with the breathing harmonies of the horns, the din might have subdued all Canaan.

A person who can believe such foolery as this, of the falling of the walls of a city in consequence of the blast from ram's horns, and the yelling of a horde of barbarian ruffians, would reverently yield credence to the pretense of the moon being made of green cheese—to the divine inspiration of the Arabian Nights, or to any other absurdity that might be presented.

"But," says the purblind worshiper of the Bible, "you don't understand; this blowing of ram's horns had some *symbolical* significance, if we only *knew* what it was." Symbolical! to imagine some divine mysteries as a cover for such absurdities as the pretended miracles of the Bible, to pull a veil over reason and accept it blindly, is the ever-ready disposition of those who worship at the shrine of religious error, bigotry, and superstition.

DESTRUCTION OF AI.

One single circumstance shows itself in this account, which marks it as a falsehood. In all probability, Ai covered an area of not less than *two square miles*. Joshua sent five thousand men to lie in ambush on the opposite side of the city to that on which he and the main Jewish army were posted. They were probably from two to five miles distant from the city—as an ambuscade—to prevent being

seen. Joshua, after approaching on the opposite side, *fled*, to draw the Aians after him. When he had fled, the Ai army pursued. He might have been from half of a mile to a mile off from the city, when "the Lord" told him to "hold up his spear." This was to be the signal (though not agreed upon) for the ambuscade to arise and fall upon Ai. Now, then, we will allow that Joshua was only *half a mile* distant from the city when he held up the spear; allow that the ambuscade was, say, *three miles* distant on the opposite side; and there was, between Joshua and them, the space of *five and a half miles* when he held up his spear for the ambuscade to arise; besides their having to see over the city and the Ai army also. The case is the counterpart of the brazen serpent story; which, as we have seen, does not bear a very close inspection.

INSPIRED JOSHUA TRAPPED.

About the richest thing that happens in Bible events, is the deception of Joshua by the Gibeonites. Here we have the spectacle of a man whose noddle is as full of inspiration *all the time*, as an egg is of meat, duped by the cunning of one of these "heathen" tribes, who contrive, by the means, to upset both the "swearing" of Jehovah, relative to "putting out" of the Canaanite tribes, and the wit of Joshua, in affording him the opportunity of butchering them, as he and Moses had slain all the other nations with whom they had come in contact. The case is similar to that of Jethro, a plain unspiced man—teaching his inspired son-in-law, Moses, judicial economy. When Bible worshipers write books on the "internal evidence of the inspiration of the sacred (?) Scriptures," they are wont to touch extremely *delicately* upon such *lucky* disclosures as these, and make themselves jubilant on the less doubtful ones. Yet the scales of educational bias are so opaque, that persons generally think as soon of fishing for trout in a vinegar barrel, as looking for discrepancies in the Bible. If, unwittingly, they happen to begin to see one, they instantly seize upon the cudgel of orthodox faith and *belabor* their reason with it; then administering to the vision of the poor, frightened, trembling thing, (Reason,) a libation of muddy water, they close off by saying (virtually), "There! I'll teach you to trust to your own light! How dare you peep into the Canon of Inspiration, to find flaws in it! How do you expect the Jews shall ever be restored to Canaan, or the Gospel be sent to the heathen, if you should kill the Bible by understanding it!" "I won't do it ag'in! I won't do it ag'in!" bawls the culprit (Reason). "I'll keep my eyes shut, and be as blind as an oyster as long as I live, if you will let me alone!" This is a fair picture of the manner in which the orthodox world treats that God-given gift—Reason—wherever it manifests the slightest insubordination to sectarian dicta, by using its powers to investigate the claims of the Bible, as the pretended word of God. No cur was ever basted more soundly for skimming a pan of milk, or stealing a steak off a gridiron, than is Reason, by the narrow-minded bigot, for venturing to ascertain the *consistency* of the Bible and the orthodox faith.

THE SUN AND MOON STANDING STILL.

If the horrid, abominable stories about the butchering of whole nations in the Old Testament were true, we fully agree with a writer who said—"The Bible would better deserve the title of, The Word of a Demos, than the word of God!" And how any person can read the cruel, obscene, and disgusting narrations of the Old Testament, and still hold to the insane idea of its being a God-given book, is too inexplicable a matter for our comprehension.

Fully do we believe, that, at this day of light and free thought, if persons would attentively read the Old Testament, that it would open their eyes to its true character. Take the character of the Jewish God Jehovah, as displayed in the part he is made to act in the history of the Jews, and the orthodox Devil is an angel of light compared with him. It is an outrageous *blasphemy* for a human being to rest in such a damnable error, as saying that the real God of the universe was identified with such detestable acts as those characterizing the Jehovah of the Old Testament. There is no *excuse* for such idiotic stupidity. *Never* can a human being develop the feelings of fraternal love, so long as the book which he venerates as the oracle of divine truth, meets him at every page with representations of a God whose acts would become a demon. It is the solemn duty of every well-wisher to the cause of true religion—to the welfare of humanity and the adorable name of God—to do what is within his power, to do away with the influence of the Old Testament Scriptures. It is a moral sirocco, whose withering breath no general rays of the Sun of Righteousness can affect; truth, love, justice, charity, and virtue stand silent and powerless without the heart whose altar is consecrated to the Moloch of Judaism, and plead in vain for opportunity to enlighten and bless. About the year 1834, Richard Locke published a Moon-*Hoax* that had the merit of both probability and zest; pretending, as it did, to be founded upon strict scientific data; but which the sagacity of reflecting minds soon penetrated and discovered to be only a clever piece of extravagance; and while it had a thousand times more the aspect of probability and truth than the Sun and Moon Hoax in the book of Joshua, it was discredited, while the latter is *believed*, simply because recorded in the Bible. And it is no exaggeration to say, that, if the Bible stated that the moon is made of green cheese, learned divines, scientific and astute professors and savans, would gravely expatiate on the *truth* of it, and offer statistical data to show whether it was composed of new or skimmed milk, the solidity of its curd, and the per centage of

rennet it contained. If any are disposed to question this assumption, let them try the following experiment. Find an out-and-out thorough going sectarian, (of any orthodox denomination,) and put to him the question—"If the Bible had declared the moon to be made of green cheese would you believe it?" And then demand a straightforward, unequivocal answer, and, if it is answered at all, see what will be the result.

THE BATTLE.

Joshua, Chap. 10th: "And the Lord discomfited them before Israel, and slew them with a great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way that goeth up to Bethoron, and smote them to Azekah and unto Makkedah."

"And it came to pass as they fled before Israel and were in the going down to Bethoron, that the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died; they were more which died with hailstones, than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword."

"Then spake Joshua to the Lord in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel—SUN, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou MOON, in the valley of Ajalon."

"And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Joshua? So the sun stood still in the midst of the heaven, and hastened not to go down about a whole day. And there was no day like that, before it or after it, (that's so;) that the Lord *hearkened unto the voice of a man*; for the Lord fought for Israel."

"So Joshua smote all the country of the hills, and of the South, and of the vale, and of the springs, and all their kings; he left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed—AS THE LORD GOD OF ISRAEL COMMANDED."

It would seem from this account, that Joshua's ally, Jehovah, was the principal hero in the slaughter; and when he engaged in the dignified performance of *chasing* the fugitives, the Jews, being probably left in the rear—enjoyed the precious boon vouchsafed to Moses in Exodus, xxxiii: 23. After "chasing" awhile, Jehovah, bounds up into heaven, and commences throwing down upon the discomfited host, great stones, (probably some of Milton's rocks, that were hurled at Michael and his host,) which kind of artillery the account says, killed more than did the Jews' swords.

But the sun and moon story furnishes a little the largest pill for the deglutitionary powers of Orthodoxy, of anything the Bible contains. The proposing of it for solution to a Bible worshiper who is versed in modern sciences, produces paroxysms and spasms not unlike those of a violent attack of colic. A learned American Astronomer says: "It is regarded by Christian Astronomers of the present day, as an *interpolation*." A layman of P—, on the Hudson, says: "It means that Joshua commanded the right and left wings of his army to 'stand still,' denoting one wing the sun, and the other, the moon;" which tallies badly with the account, which is: "And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people" (which included the "right and left wings" of Joshua's army), "avenged themselves upon their enemies;"—it being difficult to perceive how an army could fight and stand stone-still, at the same time; and worse than all—for the standing-still army to be "in the midst of the heavens!" and at the same time fight an enemy on the earth. We once heard a man order his dog to "come and lie under a table," instead of which, he arose and made for an outside door—"Well! go minded doors then," exclaimed he: "I will be minded anyhow." In like manner, Joshua was "minded, anyhow;" for, as regards the sun's apparent diurnal motion, it has always been still.

But in one respect at least, the story is a remarkable one, and, as such, deserves serious consideration. As an out-and-out falsehood, probably it would challenge comparison with anything ever related, or, by weak brains ever believed.

GENERAL GIDEON.

Joshua we have left behind, with the orbs of day and night hanging in immobility over his head, with thousands of slaughtered victims bestrewn the earth around—the trophies of his exploits under the command of Jehovah;—and pass over to the next hero of Bible notoriety, Gideon. This man had the faculty of fighting battles upon the most economical plan of any chieftain we know of in the annals of military history. The most brilliant exploits, in routing armies by means of Pashian guns, Sharp's rifles, and the throwing of molten metal, at the present day, are mere pop-gun and fire-cracker achievements compared with the destruction which Gideon made of the Midianites through the instrumentality of a hoe-cake and the breaking of a few pitchers.

A lawyer, however, in sifting a similar case before a court of justice, would be rather apt to show up points that would stand a "smart chance" of being set aside. Let us cross-examine Gideon's case a little, and see how it fares. The account says (Judges vii: 12) that "the Midianites, and Amalekites, and all the children of the east, lay along in the valley, like grasshoppers, for multitude; and their camels were without number, as the sand by the sea-side, for multitude." Now, it will be perceived, that, in such an army as this—numbering, perhaps, 100,000 men—the chances of Gideon in *happening* to find the one that might have been *telling* his barley-cake dream, were one against one hundred thousand, or whatever number composed the army. Secondly, that the *dreamer* should have happened to tell his dream to a Daniel or Joseph, who could interpret it, is again a chance as great as

the other: to say nothing about a prophet being found among the "heathen," which is as great an absurdity as to look for a priest in purgatory. And, lastly, the supposition that an army, as *numberless* as that of the Midianites and their allies, finding out in an hour or two of time, the true interpretation of the dreamer's hoe-cake knocking a tent over, and its application to the allied host, can be judged of from the fact that the preachers of Christendom have, for two thousand years, been harping upon the dreams, visions, and prophecies of the Bible, and the majority of mankind are as unenlightened about them to-day as they are about the latest fashions on the planet Saturn.

If Gideon did not require a large army to vanquish his enemies, it certainly was not because he could not have furnished his quota in making up one: for in Judges, viii: 30, it is said that he had *seventy sons*, born of "many wives;" besides one illegitimate one, which he named Abimelech (probably in honor of his prototype, to whom Father Abraham lied, about Sarai being his sister). It is stated in Judges x: 8, that the Lord "sold" the Israelites into the hands of the Philistines and Ammonites, and that "that year, they vexed and oppressed the children of Israel eighteen years." How eighteen years could elapse in one year, involves an arithmetical problem not less mysterious than that of Paddy's pitcher, which he said "fell and broke into ten thousand quarters."

SAMSON.

Samson was a funny character. He was, emphatically, "one of the boys." And although he was the product of a *special providence*, and belonged to a nation who were interdicted intermarriage with the daughters of the "heathen," his first flirtation and marriage was with a damsel of the Philistines. His domestic felicity being embroiled somewhat by the kidnapping of his consort, Samson essayed revenge upon his persecutors by a pyrotechnic feat, of burning up the harvests of the Philistines by means of incendiary foxes. After this loss, the Philistines must have been driven on to an exclusive beef, pork, or mutton diet: for, as for a chicken, goose, or turkey living in a country where foxes were caught by hundreds by a single person, would be as impossible as to stop a rat-hole with cheese.

Samson's three hundred foxes, tied in pairs, would make a hundred and fifty; and a fire-brand tied to the tails of each brace, would have required not less than a cord of wood; and how he instructed the creatures to make for the *corn-fields*, instead of the woods, when he set them a-running, the account is mysteriously silent upon. And if their country had been as large, say as the State of Connecticut, it would have required considerable "getting around" with his troop of tail-bearers of fire, to burn all of the Philistines' corn, vineyards, and olives.

THAT JAW-BONE.

A thousand men killed with the jaw-bone of an ass! What marvellous creatures Old Testament asses were; some could talk and reason like a Cicero; and the jaw-bones of others were as formidable weapons of warfare as a whole battery of twenty-four pounders.

Either the thousand Philistines that Samson killed were soft as cheese-curd, or his jaw-bone must have been made of hardened steel, or he would not have had a piece left of it as big as a toothpick, after mauling an army of men with it. But the next marvel is, after it had "been through the wars," this wonderful bone becomes a second Hobeck-rock, and, like St. John's dragon, casts forth a stream, from which Samson slakes his thirst.

HIS SECOND WIFE.

Samson had a decided penchant for the foreign, in selecting his wives; and he was, withal, a little loose in regard to his character. Upon ensconcing himself in his bridal couch, he was beset by the Gazites, who intended making him a prisoner; but were thwarted by his escape at midnight—carrying the gates (and as *likely* the city, too,) off on his back.

We do not know that we are not singular in our ideas about this man, Samson; but we cannot but think, that had the angel who appeared to his father and mother before he was born, and who gave such *explicit directions* about how he must be managed to make him so tremendously strong, put in a recipe to prevent his being such an unparalleled liar, it would have been an excellent arrangement. As it is, he spins falsehoods by the yard to his affectionate consort, who is trying to get from him the secret of his great strength. But probably Samson's fibs were the kind of sins that Paul says were "winked at" in the early days, and if so, a little innocent lying now and then by a son of special providence, was a *variety* which went to make up the spice of life.

The last act in the drama of Samson eclipses all the wonders of its antecedents. He is placed between two pillars (that he spans with his hands) which support a building that has 3,000 persons on the roof, beside a multitude in the body of the house. How a building that had space for 3,000 persons on its roof could be constructed so as to be supported by two pillars near enough together for a man to stand between them and span them both at once, is a little in advance of the Gothic, Doric, Corinthian, or any other style of architecture now known.

If it had been built in the form of a square—with a court in the center—the two pillars could have supported but one side: if it had been built in the ordinary way, with the pillars otherwise in the center, then those on the roof could not have seen Samson when he stood between them; and if the pillars had been on the end, then, those—half those on the roof—in attempting to look over to see him, would have fallen off and broken their necks before Samson could have tumbled the building down.

SAMUEL.

This individual was much after the Moses and Joshua stamp in the matter of his barbarity. A specimen of the humanity of Jehovah and Samuel is found in 1st Sam. xv: 2, 3; also the 33 verses. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, I remember that which Amalek did to Israel, how he laid wait for him in the way, when he came up from Egypt. Now, go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass."

Reader! "The Lord," it seems, orders the Jews, through Samuel, to utterly destroy the Amalekites, for—what? Because they "lay in wait" for the Jews when they came out of Egypt. But this same Old Testament "Lord" orders the Jews to lie in wait for the Aians, and there is no mention of its being any crime, either, seeing it was the "chosen people" that were to do it. Here are the "Lord's" words to Joshua concerning the destruction of Ai (Joshua viii: 2): "Lay thee an ambuscade for the city behind it."

Reader! can you tell us why it was any worse for the Amalekites to lie in wait for the Jews (when they came out of Egypt,) than for the Jews to do the same thing to the people of Ai? Suppose you philosophize upon it a moment.

But to return to pious Samuel. Saul destroyed the Amalekites, and took Agag, the king, prisoner. Samuel came near having the lockjaw (morally,) because Saul did not kill Agag the moment he captured him; and when Samuel comes to him, he hews him in pieces, according to the following statement of "Holy (?) Writ": "And Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal."

For the Herald of Progress.

Bible Miracles.

A CRITICISM OF GERRIT SMITH'S RECENT DISCOURSE.

BROTHER DAVIS: There are some excellent thoughts in Gerrit Smith's address on Miracles, published in the Herald of May 25th, which plainly indicate that the author is progressing in his discoveries of truth as taught by nature and science *versus* theology. Like the former experience of thousands of others now in the field of Reform, Mr. Smith, after having been long mentally enveloped in the thick fogs of a dark and bewildering theology, is beginning to discover the "true light" in the distance. He already sees men as specks walking. And it is to be hoped that in spite of the strong trammels of a religious education, he will ere long find his way out entirely from the wilderness of superstition into the broad light of scientific truth. Interspersed, however, as the lecture is, with gems of logical thought, yet it must be conceded by the student of science to be, upon the whole, a strange heterogenous compound of truth and error. Some of his statements and logical inferences are so palpably and so plainly in conflict with some of his own positions, as well as the full and unprejudiced presentation of the philosophic truth in the case, that, with your permission, I propose to attempt to show their incompatibility with each other, and their nonconformity with the teachings of either (and in some cases both) science and history.

There are, in my humble conception, at least three highly mischievous errors taught in this address.

1st. Such an overweening or undue appreciation of the character or merits of the Christian Bible as involves an oversight of the many errors, evils, and crimes, sanctioned in its "holy and inspired pages."

2d. Such an invidious disparagement of other religions as excludes the acknowledgment of the fact that every important precept or religious tenet now found in the Christian Bible, was incorporated in the sacred books of other religious orders long anterior to the introduction of the Christian system, and hence, must have been borrowed by the "inspired writers" of the Christian "Holy Book" from still more ancient heathen writers; the evidences of the correctness of such a conclusion being furnished us on the pages of history in voluminous exuberance.

3d. There is apparently in many parts of the discourse, an indirect (though of course unintentional) indorsement of an error which the author himself styles "the greatest evil in the world"—that of blind devotion or adherence to a "book religion"—the logical overthrow of which seems to constitute the very pivot of his discourse.

I cannot resist the conclusion that Mr. Smith, with all his varied and erudite knowledge upon other subjects, is but superficially acquainted with his Bible as he tells us. "The religion of the Bible is the true religion. Men need no other and they need the whole of it." This unqualified declaration and high eulogy of Bible religion ("Book religion") suggests very forcibly the importance of knowing what the Bible religion is which is so exquisitely adapted to our spiritual wants as to exclude the necessity for any other. The term religion, by common consent, is made to include both the practices and precepts of its votaries. And this also is according to Webster, and according to Jesus Christ, the latter of whom tells us that a religion is to be judged by its "fruits" rather than its professions. Accepted with this definition—as Mr. Smith has omitted to define his application or special meaning of the word religion, of which there are nearly as many meanings extant as there are Christian months to chant the word—I propose to turn a few leaves of the "divinely illuminated volume" to find an answer to the question "What is the religion of the Bible?"

a question which I should have been better gratified if Mr. Smith himself had attempted to answer. I shall labor to compress my essay into a few brief sentences, though a volume would be insufficient to do the subject ample justice or elaborate it sufficiently to exhaust the supply of materials deducible from the sacred page, in proof of the erroneousness of some of his statements. I shall present the religion of the Bible as taught in its moral precepts and exemplified in the religious practices of those sainted personages who were "especially chosen by God himself" both to teach and record "the religion of the Bible and to exhibit it to the world in their practical lives"—those prophets, patriarchs, and apostles, who have always been held up by the friends of the Bible as paragons of virtue and as men "after God's own heart"—all their teachings and actions being professedly or ostensibly indorsed by him, and mostly even dictated by him.

In order to treat the subject in as succinct a manner as possible, I propose to restrict my proofs and illustrations appertaining to the practical aspects of Bible religion, to a few of the leading characters who represent the two forms of this religion—Jewish and Christian. But before presenting this branch of the subject, let us glance briefly at a few of the general features of that religion, possessed with which Mr. Smith tells us "men need no other and need the whole of it."

Now, it cannot be denied, for texts can be cited almost *ad infinitum* to prove the statement, that this religion sanctions almost every form of crime known to society, and that it presents us with the most monstrous and blasphemous representations of God—characteristics more befitting a fiend of purgatory than a Being for whom is claimed perfection in every attribute of justice and goodness.

It is seemingly a part or purpose of "the religion of the Bible," to sanction and sanctify nearly every evil which the reformers of the present day are now laboring to overthrow, and to suborn a "thus saith the Lord" for their support, some of the proof of which I design to present to the readers of the HERALD.

By referring to Nahum 1-2 it will be found that the religion of the Bible represents God as being "jealous," "fierce," "furious," "wrathful," and "vengeful." So completely was he overcome at times by his passions, according to the same text, that he "poured out his fury like fire" upon his enemies, and tore up the rocks from their resting place, which he either hurled "like all possessed" in "vengeance upon his adversaries," or threw down in malignant spite. Sometimes his "fierce anger" (Num. xxv: 4) rose to such a state of high pressure that it could only be relieved by cutting off all the heads of the people and "carrying them up before the Lord against the sun" for a spectacle on which to feast his sight.

K. GRAVES.

(To be Continued.)

The Teachings of Nature.

"Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of Nature."

(From the German.)

Next Phase of the Development of Chemistry as a Science.

Near to us as the objective world lies, and intimate as are the relations in which it stands to our corporeal existence, it is but lately that men have given it their close attention, and devoted to it their profound investigation. I mean by the objective world, that which is commonly called matter.

The corporeal world, and the changes that incessantly occur in it, have, it is true, engaged the human intellect for thousands of years, and the mind has steadily striven to gain an insight into the connection of these phenomena, and to know their causes. And it cannot be doubted that it has succeeded in attaining a tolerably thorough knowledge of a series of groups of phenomena, and in discovering the laws that prevail among them, which the present condition of Astronomy, Mechanics, Optics, Acoustics, and some other branches of Physics abundantly attest.

But the physical changes, numerous as they are remarkable, which the various substances undergo in their mutual connection, have only within a comparatively brief period become the object of scientific observation and inquiry; so that Chemistry may be regarded as one of the youngest branches of natural science. Not quite a hundred years have yet elapsed, since that element was discovered, which in the terrene economy of Nature, certainly plays the most profound and comprehensive part, and is the proximate cause of the most manifold and important results.

The history of science, however, teaches us how long she has struggled, and with what difficulties and errors man has had to contend, before he succeeded in giving even a tolerable account of phenomena which are continually falling under his eye, notwithstanding the clearest heads have, at all times, busied themselves with the solution of such problems.

For thousands of years the fall of bodies, the flowing of water, the weight of matter, the movements of planets, and the like facts, were observed, without any one suspecting that a common cause lies at the bottom of these phenomena, and that they are obedient to the same laws. And what vast periods of time had to pass away, ere the uniform action of that wonderful element was known, through which the immeasurable domain of the physical universe was opened up, ere any just conception was attained of the manner in which the sense of hearing is aroused, and the rich world of musical sounds is developed through dead matter!

And comprehensive as our knowledge of Light and Sound has become, and deeply as we may have penetrated into this and other departments of natural phenomena, there still remain in them thousands of riddles, in the solution of which our posterity may exercise all their acuteness as well as their patience. That Chemistry, which dates from but yesterday, still bears the marks of youth on her brow; and, as a science, is still involved in perplexing confusion, will not seem strange to us, if we consider in what deep ignorance, as respects himself and the outer world, man is born, and how difficult, therefore, it must be for him, even in the most favorable circumstances, to master the simplest natural truths. To this we must add the thousand false notions derived from others, the host of erroneous scholastic doctrines instilled into us from infancy, which for long periods sway the best of heads, and obstruct the progress of genuine science.

True it is, that the sum of the chemical facts which have been discovered during the course of the last and the present century, is enormous, and in this respect, Chemistry has grown to an extent hardly equalled by any other branch of science. Not only have many elements been discovered which are of great importance, and were previously unknown, but also the relations and laws of weight and volume, according to which those elements unite.

As regards insight into the connection of all these facts, that is, the theory of them—which has thus far been a favorite speculation—this must be considered as extremely defective, when compared with that thorough comprehension which we have acquired of astronomical, optical, and acoustic phenomena; and the term "science," therefore, must not be applied to Chemistry in the same sense in which we use it when speaking of those departments of knowledge.

During the last century and a half, however, there has been no lack of efforts to derive chemical phenomena from one central principle. Some have supposed they found such a principle in the assumption that bodies are brought into chemical combination by a peculiar power of attraction, styled *affinity*; others sought to refer the chemical action of substances to the universal attraction of matter, and, consequently, to identify affinity with gravitation; and still others saw electrical attractions and repulsions in chemical phenomena. No one of these hypotheses, however, has sufficed to explain satisfactorily the total body of known chemical facts, so that up to the present time, we must acknowledge, that the proximate ground of the chemical combination of substances, taken as a whole, is concealed from us.

If we are still burdened with ignorance on so important a point, it is abundantly evident that we are in no condition to say what chemistry is.

Of the substances regarded as simple, it was long believed, that precisely because of their elementary nature, they are entirely unchangeable—that is, under all possible circumstances, they continue the same, and, therefore, that every change of property in any body depends upon its separation from another, or its combination with the same; as it was generally, and still is, assumed by many, that all chemical processes consist either in the combination of dissimilar elements in apparently homogeneous substances, or in the decomposition of substances, seemingly homogeneous, into dissimilar elements—that is, in synthesis or analysis. That chemical phenomena should be developed within and in a simple substance, was reckoned among the impossibilities, if not among sheer absurdities.

As regards the so long credited unchangeability of simple substances, later investigations have placed it beyond doubt, that there are among them such as may undergo so thorough an alteration in the sum of their properties as to appear to be changed into different substances, and that without the addition or abstraction of any element.

Phosphorus, for example—a substance which is transparent and colorless, which shines brightly in the dark, is easily inflammable, is of a strong odor, is soft and readily fusible, and extremely poisonous—by being heated steadily to a certain degree, is changed into an opaque, reddish-brown substance, which is with difficulty inflamed, is incapable of emitting light in the dark, is brittle, and, as such, does not fuse, and is entirely odorless, and destitute of poisonous qualities; but on application of a stronger heat, it suddenly assumes its original condition, and this without the slightest change in its weight—which is a striking proof that these changes depend neither upon a combination nor decomposition of substances.

Besides Phosphorus, we have learned to distinguish a few other simple elements, which are susceptible of similar changes, that is, of *allotropy* (transformation); and because these, in ordinary circumstances, possess the property of solidity, chemists have believed it possible to explain the different contrasting states of a body by the hypothesis of a peculiar method of arrangement of its smallest particles, without, indeed, being able to give any more precise information of the means by which one "special arrangement of the molecules" could be distinguished from others. "When sense gives out, a timely word steps in," and most true it is, particularly in Chemistry, that since the time of Des Cartes, a great abuse has been made of molecules and their grouping, under the impression, that, through such a play of the imagination, phenomena which for us are profoundly dark, could be explained, and the understanding satisfied.

By a frank confession of the limitations of our faculties, and an open acknowledgment of the deficiencies of our knowledge, we further the progress of science infinitely more than by

the display of limping hypotheses, which are put forth as explanations of facts not yet comprehended. The starting-point of all genuine knowledge, is the clear consciousness of our ignorance, and he who does not perceive the truth of this first principle of human experience, is not now, and I fear never will be, an independent and successful inquirer.

Of one simple, gaseous element, it has very recently been successfully shown that it is susceptible of heterogeneous qualities, and may assume no less than three conditions essentially different from one another, which fact can hardly be explained on the hypothesis of a peculiar method of arrangement of its minute particles as a cause of that diversity of properties, as we cannot well speak of a "special arrangement of molecules" in gases, although by some this improbable idea has been adopted. The element in question is the most important and widely diffused of all terrene elements, namely, Oxygen, which may perhaps be regarded as the pivot about which revolves the entire world of chemical phenomena. As respects the before-mentioned heterogeneous states of this element, not only is every one of them so markedly distinguished from every other, by a multitude of properties, that one might be inclined to think himself dealing with three different elementary substances, but two of these states exhibit the greatest diversity possible between any two objects whatever: they are precise opposites of one another—that is, are related to each other as Plus to Minus, or as positive electricity to negative; so that Oxygens of the two different states, brought together in equivalent measures, reciprocally resolve themselves into ordinary, or neutral Oxygen, which last is the third modification of this element. We can therefore represent Oxygen in these three heterogeneous states by the symbols N, [ordinary, or neutral oxygen,] P, [plus oxygen,] and M, [minus oxygen.]

Oxygen, as it is when present in the atmospheric air, or as exhibited in our laboratories, is found in the N, or neutral state; and the results of the most recent investigations have rendered it in a high degree probable, if not absolutely certain, that this Oxygen, as such, is a substance entirely incapable of chemical action, that is, of entering into chemical combination with any other substance. In order to adapt it to the process of oxydation, it must first undergo that transformation of state which I have called "chemical Polarization;" in other words, N must be sundered, as it were, into P and M; or, to designate this remarkable process more pertinently, its antagonistic states must, as a *conditio sine qua non*, be developed in the neutral oxygen.

This Polarization may be effected by a variety of methods, which it is not necessary to discuss here in detail; only it may be remarked in general, that this peculiar *dualizing* of Oxygen is effected through the operation of impermissible and ponderable agents.

As to Oxygen in chemical combination, in the light of the foregoing facts, it is hardly possible to doubt that in this state it exists either as N, as P, or as M, upon which I further remark, that hitherto we have recognized P only in combinations, while on the other hand we have seen N and M in their free, or uncombined condition. In some compounds of Oxygen, N alone is present, in others P alone, or M alone, while in many N and P or N and M are found conjointly. I have hitherto styled M "Ozon," or so could name P "Antozon;" so now, for the sake of brevity, I designate the substances containing M by the general name "Ozonides," and those containing P by the term "Antozonides."

The statements just made in regard to the chemical polarity between two diverse conditions of Oxygen, would indicate that the Ozonides and Antozonides are not without influence upon each other in their contrary. As P and M may be developed from N, so N may be deduced from P and M; and if we have named the first process the chemical Polarization of Oxygen, we may style the last as its depolarization. Experience teaches us that the Ozonides and the Antozonides, if brought in contact with one another in a proper manner, in the decomposition of neutral oxygen, mutually decompose or disoxydize each other, and it was precisely this striking relation of the two series of oxydes to each other which first led me to infer that there are two chemically antagonistic or polar conditions of Oxygen. At first glance, indeed, no phenomenon could appear to the chemist more improbable than the disoxydation of a chemical compound, brought about by Oxygen itself; for this might, figuratively speaking, be called a casting out of Satan by Beelzebub. In general, such a fact would stand in the strongest opposition to the prevailing view, namely, that in order to any chemical process, at least two substances of dissimilar elements are indispensably necessary, and that different parts of one and the same element can produce no chemical effect upon one another.

As will be readily seen, however, in this very point lies the importance for theoretical chemistry of the capacity of Oxygen for polarity, and this fact stands in the most immediate relation to the question hitherto entirely unanswered: What is universally the proximate cause of the chemical combination of bodies? or—what amounts to the same thing—Upon what does their character of chemical elements depend? on an absolute diversity in elements? or upon peculiar states of matter that are subject to change?

Our scientific investigations have surely not advanced so far that we are already prepared to answer these questions, the most important in Chemistry; the capacity of simple Oxygen, meanwhile, to assume two conditions, in which it certainly appears divided against itself—that is, enters into a chemical antithesis as

great as could be displayed between any two elementary substances utterly dissimilar—is, as has been already hinted, a fact, which affords ground to the conjecture that the chemical agency of bodies is conditioned less upon any elementary diversity than upon a polarity of states, which can as well arise in one and the same substance as in heterogeneous substances.

As before remarked, neutral oxygen may issue from plus and minus oxygen, and in the former again, both the latter may be developed; so that this depolarization and polarization of Oxygen may be looked upon as the prototype of all chemical phenomena both synthetic and analytic, although in these processes, which are truly chemical, there may be no diversity of elements in the substances decomposed.

It, however, different portions of the same element, by resolution into opposite states of polarity, are rendered capable of acting upon each other chemically, if therefore, Oxygen may in one state be endowed with an eminently oxydizing quality, and in the other become a powerfully de-oxydizing agent, it must at least seem possible, that the chemical polarity in which different substances stand to one another, depends upon states similar to those into which Oxygen is capable of entering. At all events, there is no doubt that the polar states of the elements, exercise upon their chemical agency an influence that affects the volume of bodies, and that more than with all others, this is true of Oxygen. For example, N, as such, may not combine with silver, be the reason of this incapacity what it may; just as little can P, as such, enter into combination with it, whilst M, as such, readily combines with that metal, forming a super-oxyd of silver. As M, whether in combination or free, by simply being heated, is converted into N, so must the oxyd of silver to two of minus oxygen—be likewise decomposed by heat, just because by heat, M, in combination, is transformed into N, and the latter alone, for some reason unknown to us, cannot remain in combination with silver.

We must of course seek for the proximate cause of the oxydation of this metal, as also of the reduction of its oxyd, in the polar changes of state to which Oxygen has been subjected in those processes, upon whatever these changes in and of themselves may depend. But if, as experience teaches, polarity of state exercises so great an influence upon the chemical action of Oxygen, it seems to me that the conjecture, that this polarity may have place in other simple substances, is anything but rash; and I am therefore of the opinion, that it is one of the most urgent and essential tasks of chemical investigation, to subject anew the more important simple substances to an exhausting and accurate scrutiny, to determine their capacity for changes in polarity of state, and the influence of this polarity upon chemical action in elementary substances.

Such an investigation is, of course, one of the utmost difficulty, and demands, in order to success, a measure of perseverance and intuitive sagacity, which I am well aware does not belong to every one. But if the necessity and the importance of such scientific investigations be once generally felt and known, the men who are called to such labors will soon make their appearance, and discoveries in this newly entered department, of a nature to lead to such an advance of theoretical chemistry as marks an epoch, cannot long be delayed.

The time however for such investigations seems not yet to have come; the majority of chemists are now busied with problems of a quite different kind; their first object at present is to discover how the elements in chemical combinations are arranged, and what are the types or prototypes according to which Nature models her chemical structures. The processes and changes which occur in the elements themselves, in their combination with, or separation from one another, are not at present regarded as objects of investigation, as thinkers to-day are less concerned about the How of chemical phenomena than the What. Without wishing to assert the slightest claim to special prophetic gifts, I still venture to predict most confidently, that the time is not far distant, when the problems before mentioned will be the order of the day, and will most thoroughly engage the attention of all chemists.

When this day shall come, Chemistry will have entered upon a period of scientific development, which, in my judgment, will be one of the most significant it has ever traversed.

Philosophical Department.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Duty of Being Individual.

BY SARA E. PAYTON.

Persons are frequently heard to speak of the duties God demands of them, as if speaking of commercial duties, and as if their foreign relations made these imposts appropriate. They say: "If we glorify God, he will allow us to enter his heavenly kingdom;" and it seems to them proper that there should be this reciprocity of benefits. But of personal duties they have little to say, the recompense not being apparent; and there is one duty which most ignore altogether, viz.: the duty of being themselves.

This is not a duty imposed by a foreign deity, nor yet a moral obligation to any deity outside the individual spirit; but a divine requirement in the spirit, which has been there

ever since it existed. It is written within the temple of every spirit in letters of light, which all may learn to read.

The human spirit being an emanation of the Infinite Spirit, presents, of necessity, an infinite expression of its source. In vain we search the realm of mind for a token that its resources have been exhausted, and that a return to original forms has been requisite. There are generic resemblances, as in the realm of matter, but the individual has ever an identity, which, failing to respect, we fail to regard eternal principles. Yet man thoughtlessly denies this law of identity, and, except that it were immutable, would subvert it. But although its immutability saves him from self-destruction, it does not prevent him from impairing the beauty of his individualism.

Conformists say it is the part of wisdom to conform to existing customs and institutions, even though their convictions are, to an extent, violated. Is conformity the part of wisdom if there be individual loss in consequence? and can there be conformity to laws which are antagonistic to eternal law without loss to the individual? Does not the penalty of loss show that it is not the part of wisdom? Is it not the beneficent teacher leading back to the path of rectitude?

Rectitude, perfect and entire, to oneself, is rarely attained in the earth life. To enjoy an entirely independent, individual selfhood, so that one is always and under all circumstances subject only to the legislation of his own sovereignty, to be oneself and not somebody else, seems one of the most difficult of attainments here. And this is not to be wondered at when one is assailed by every earthly power from the cradle to the grave.

The parent or guardian rebukes the first manifestation of independent thought in the child. How many an innocent little spirit has been crushed in the infancy of its self-assertion, and made to feel itself an alien in the world, by being stigmatized as "oddy!" Parents are far more alarmed at indications of singularity in their children than of moral obliquity.

And if a child have vigor enough (for there is a tendency to health in the mind as in the body) to outlive the home practicing of the "regular faculty" and empirics, then society, the church and state, in turn, assail with sneers, anathemas, and statutes; or, at last, combine to extinguish the breath of one whose individualism has defied them.

What recompense is there in individualism compared to such penalties as these? Conformists ask. "It is much easier to float the way of the current, and there is nothing gained by resisting it." Others, who talk of freedom and independence, do not think them worth stemming so fearful a tide to obtain; forgetful that, although the sphere of its action is more refined, individual law is a swifter avenger than society, or church, or state.

No law outside an individual can be binding, unless there be a corresponding law within; and thus there are laws social, ecclesiastical, and civil, to which no one is amenable; but as truly as one individual can never be another individual, no power on earth or in the endless spiritual spheres can avert the penalty of an infringement of that eternal law whose office it is forever to protect and maintain inviolable the sphere of individual unfoldment.

Man fears that in the lapse of ages he may be annihilated, or else absorbed into a universal consciousness, years for knowledge of immortal unending identity, and yet spends the greater part of the rudimentary life in attempts to obliterate that which distinguishes him from the rest of mankind. How can he establish an identity which he will not distrust, while the spirit of conformity paralyzes every original power? As in the mythologic Adam, he hid from "the Lord God" of intellect, so now he hides from the demand of his spiritual nature for the continuance of individual existence, and conscious, through it, of his nakedness and poverty, counsels with his fears if he shall find himself intact when he has cast off the earthly body; or may his fears arise from an honest suspicion that there is not enough of him to be found again?

Imitators say it is right to imitate the illustrious good, and that Jesus of Nazareth is the best exemplar. But the good have become illustrious, and the Nazarene was "with the Father;" alone through inspirations of good, and these cannot be imitated. Jesus was an example of the human spirit's possibilities in this life, but, as an individual, he cannot be imitated, because the law of individuality forbids it. Men and women must learn, that, to the individual, this law is of more value than all else, and each one must hold it as more sacred than all else, if they, too, would become receptive of the good and true. Anything diverted from its inherent divine purpose, is desecrated; and there is no sacrifice which an individual can commit, greater than the perversion of the law of his being.

Jesus was true to his individuality; and John wrote of him, that God gave not the spirit by measure unto him; i. e., he opened his own spirit freely to the divine light, and he received the spirit of truth in the measure of his fidelity, which was great. He could not have received divine knowledge except by obedience to the laws which govern all mankind individually. John called Jesus a light; but we should not see his light at this distance of time, had he not been true to the path which individual law marked out for him. Nor would the countless stars that gem the firmament have ever grown large enough to lend to his own beautiful light, had not each adhered to its own orbit. Is it not fidelity to individual spheres, which is the source of the light, the beauty, and the harmony of the universe?

Those who would enter the "heavenly kingdom," must obey the law of that kingdom;

which are the individual spirit's laws, divine and eternal. If they are faithful to these, there will be nothing to pay, except such penalties as are incident to the earth life; but which bear that relation only to the interior effect of being false, which the external and transitory does to the internal and abiding.

Tidings from the Inner Life.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Pearl-Drops from Friendship's Fountain.

NUMBER FIVE.

[The following is an extract of a letter dictated by Rev. H. C. Howells, on his death-bed, to his friend, Milo A. Townsend, of New Brighton, Pa. Father Howells (as he was familiarly known) was, for many years, an active laborer in the various fields of Reform, and was a man of a singularly child-like nature, and of large affections, and an elevated mind. By hundreds is he held in remembrance as one of the true, the loving, and the just. His spirit was emancipated from the body in the spring of 1857, at Eagleswood, N. J. * * *]

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am indebted to you a letter, which I have not been able to answer heretofore; and believing that the brotherly affection, which has long existed between us, is undying, I think it well—though from much weakness I am compelled to use the hand of a dear friend—to write you a few lines from the borders of that happy Spirit Land to which I am hastening. My complaint being asthma and dropsy combined, I think it not unlikely that my stay will be very short.

I am indebted to you, my dear friend, for having first called my attention to the glorious realities of Spiritualism, which being in harmony with the spirit and love of Jesus, cheers my heart and elevates my hopes. There are two mistakes which the world is making: one is, the bold assertion that the whole Bible is the word of God, and must be received as such, on peril of salvation. This, conflicting with common sense and the best principles of our nature, has led other minds, because they will not be trammelled, to reject the whole of Scripture as unworthy of their regard.

Now, dear friend, if God has ever revealed his mind to man, most precious revelations may be found in the prophets, the psalms, the teachings of Jesus, and the writings of the apostles, I am thankful, very thankful, that now, in my weakness, when unable to read, or to hear much, that the dew-drops of divine love are brought fresh into my soul, both by day and during the sleepless hours of night, in the form of precious portions of Scripture. * * * Dear friends, adieu, till we meet all in glory! May every blessing, in time and eternity, rest upon you all. HENRY C. HOWELLS.

Friends mutually love in groups, and not a sigh is heaved that we share the blessing with others. But when we meet with the glorious being who is to us the splendid embodiment of all that is true, and good, and beautiful, and between whom and ourselves there exists that magical affinity which we call, *par excellence*, Love, then, Nature teaches us to wish to become monopolizers, and involuntarily to exclaim: "Mine, all mine, to the dear heart's core!" All other loves fade into comparative insignificance, and become to this "as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine."

Then, again, this very "civilization" which Mrs. N. so soundly berates, is not so completely uncivilized as it might be, and it seems to me that we owe much to it, and should not wholly slight its demands. They may be, sometimes, too exacting, and even galling, and yet have their foundations laid deep in that which may, on the whole, best promote and conserve the interests of society. The laws, with regard to divorces, are doubtless very troublesome and inconvenient to many an unfortunate soul, who has a moral right to take his freedom without the asking. But would it be better for the married world at large, if these laws were more lax? People generally are but very imperfectly developed—not fit to be "a law unto themselves," filled with restless desires for change and novelty, where complete satisfaction and fruition are not enjoyed. I sincerely believe that, were it not for these salutary, though sometimes irksome restraints thrown around us, or, at least, around society as it is, there would ascend from the great heart of humanity a bitterer wall than has ever yet reached the Great Father of all.

There is one other contingency which deserves to be mentioned for its practical value. It often happens that a man deliberately and perseveringly woos and wins the heart of a woman, whom he then believes he loves. Perhaps she turns from others, and lavishes her heart's wealth on him, whose proffered love gladdens her soul and beautifies her life. They are married, and she strives, to the utmost of her ability, to fill the demands of his heart. But, perchance, his natural intellectual capacities far exceed hers; or, still more fearful, the ideal, ethereal, or poetical part of his nature, may find no response in her own. Gradually, the bitter truth forces itself upon him, that she cannot be to him what he had fondly hoped and expected she would be—the sweet echo of his loftiest thoughts and emotions, his own responsive soul! This may not have been the case at marriage, but may be the result of rapid development on his part, and comparative mental inertia on hers. In the mean time, she clings to him with all the tenacity of a woman's deep and yearning love. What she

cannot fully appreciate in him, she yet admires—and, perchance, she would practice any amount of self-denial, or undergo a vast deal of labor, to attain unto the enviable standard, or "plane of development," which the exigencies of his soul demand. Then, perhaps, the boon which his heart craves, comes to him—an appreciative and melodious heart and soul. He feels the spell being laid upon him. Shall he yield to, or resist the attraction? Inclination says "Yes." Justice, in my estimation, says "No." For, in the event that he yield, he will be carried, as if encircled by a charm, with ever-increasing rapidity, over fatal falls. * * * * * MISS E. M.

Poetry.

"The truly beautiful ever leaves a long echo of harmony in the soul."

THE NORTH.

BY HOYT.

They are coming, they are coming, From the North, from the North! Their tramp, the distant drumming, Like torrents bursting forth, Swells onward, still o'erleaping Each barrier in its way. And, rising, rushing, sweeping, The North is here to-day. Ye silken vestment soldiers, Ye troops of Southern pride, How will ye meet the boulders Borne on this icy tide?

They are coming, they are coming, From the North, from the North! No soften'd airs are thrumming A dance around a hearth; The wolf hath left the forest, The bear hath left her den; The mercy thou implorest Upon thy fellow-men, Hath but the ear of battle To echo to its cry, And Death his iron rattle, But answers lack the sigh.

They are coming, they are coming, From the North, from the North! An avalanche benumbing, An iceberg sallies forth, Vain are the summer breezes, The battle strife is vain, The stalwart seaman freezes, The ship shall burst in twain, Founder'd amid the ocean, While o'er them still shall wave The flag of our devotion, To mark Succession's grave!

They are coming, they are coming, From the North, from the North! Old Plymouth Rock is humming— A new its hymn gives forth; Upon the shore of ocean I see its incense rise, The offering of devotion To Him who rules the skies; And sternly from each heart there, Upon each bended knee, I list the voice of prayer—"O God, let us be free!"

They are coming, they are coming, From the North, from the North! And epher'd years are humming— How much is Freedom worth? That prayer was book'd in heaven, And wrote among the stars, Each hath a transcript given To guard him thro' the wars. Woe to the foe that tramples Upon the grand behest! The traitorous examples Are spurn'd from Freedom's breast.

They are coming, they are coming, From the North, from the North! Their tramp, the distant drumming, Like torrents bursting forth, Swells onward, still o'erleaping Each barrier in its way, And rising, rushing, sweeping, The North is here to-day!

BE BRAVE.

BY W. F. VON VLECK.

Be brave, my Brother, nor dismayed, However fierce the foes arrayed Against you in life's battle may be— March boldly on, through life, to death, Exulting with your latest breath, Though long or short on earth your stay be.

When stronger blows the breeze of strife, The brighter burns the fire of life, And then it is the flame mounts higher, Even death, so-called, is but, in fact, Life's simple change of scene or act— The "vital spark" cannot expire.

Most abject he whom fear enthralles, Who shivering stands when duty calls, Not having strength for Truth to struggle; Who suffers when he might have joy, And thinks that all of Life's employ Is but a miserable juggle.

The wisely good are always brave, And them no tyrant can enslave, Nor lure them from their self-possession; Mankind they love, all wrong they hate, And they alone are truly great— Their cheering watchword this—Progression.

THE ETHERAL MARRIAGE.

Thou art mine, I am thine; In one melodious chime, Our souls shall vibrate in the coming time. I am thine, thou art mine, Our lives shall sweetly blend, And flow together, until time shall end! C. N. E.

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ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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A GREAT variety of important matter is in hand for an early appearance.

"THE DUTY OF BEING INDIVIDUAL," an important lesson, is well and clearly taught in an article on our third page.

GERRIT SMITH'S recent discourse upon Miracles, receives a candid criticism from the friendly pen of K. Graves, of Harveyburg, O., the first portion of whose strictures we publish in this number.

THE "PEEP INTO THE CANON OF INSPIRATION" is continued this week in a manner betokening no fears, on the part of the writer, of either Papal bulls or ecclesiastical cannonading. Most Bible commentators have differed from our correspondent. By this diversity of thought and method, our readers will, we trust, be guided to the exact truth.

We took occasion, in a recent issue of the HERALD, to reprint the last essay of Theodore Parker, from the *Album von Combe-Farin*. From the same work we translate for this week's issue an excellent article, by C. F. Schoenbein, of Basel, on "The Next Phase of Chemistry as a Science." To a thinking reader it will prove highly suggestive.

The Supreme Law of the Universe.

"Reaction must be equal to Action; and Action is life, or existence; and then Reaction is death, or non-existence. Action is the requisition of so much material to enter into the composition of a man, and its continuance in that man as long as he lives; and then Reaction must be the return of that material to its original and independent conditions when the man dies, and without this return it is not Reaction—and am I to believe there is a man in the world who can't see that?"

[Writer in the Investigator.]

We "don't see it." On the contrary, we think that if Reaction and Action were equal, absolutely, neither would exist, because equal forces neutralize each other, and give a net result of zero. Secondly, if these opposing tendencies were equal, and should perchance exist, there could never be a series of actions and reactions deploying in consecutive order. One conjunction of Action and Reaction on such terms, would be as much as Nature could afford, and she would collapse in the effort. Is it not pushing the principle out of its appropriate sphere, to transfer the physical law of the equality of Action and Reaction to the Universe at large?

Periodic Movement, Reciprocity, and Reaction upon Action, are all different expressions for the same thing. They all indicate a law of Nature, but the grasp of that law, the degree to which it approaches universality, is not known. That it is not the supreme law of the Universe can be shown. Suppose the total body of possible phenomena subject to the law of Periodic Movement. If by the ascending phase of this movement they came into being, by the descending phase they must all vanish out of it. But, according to the hypothesis, both tendencies are equal. Then the Universe could have but two stages to its existence, and should cease upon one revolution. If it transcends one revolution, it can only be because the reciprocating forces that animate it are not equal. The creative and destructive energies of Nature at every revolution leave a net residuum over to a succeeding one, and so on in an indeterminate series. This is why no two events are ever precisely identical, that even the arrangement of the clouds in heaven is never exactly repeated. In other words, the law of cyclical movement is modified by a law of endless variation. The combination of these two laws is the *Lex Legum*—the Highest Law.

All this talk about Eternal Progression is most absurd," says the writer. Let us look at the question in the light of this Highest Law, from another standpoint: Whether the Universe be finite in space and number, matters not. That Law governs it, and therefore manages it as if it were a Whole, one sphere. Now the principle on which all the motions and changes within it occur, must be such as to allow at least an endless succession of phenomena. This is universally confessed, because time is admitted to be possible. But how can an endless succession of phenomena occur in one Whole (be subject to one law) unless that Whole be simultaneously in diametrically opposite states, that is, be in part negative and in part positive to itself? Absolute polarity of states in one whole is a sine qua

non to endless succession, to the existence of Time. We mean, of course, by endless succession, one in which every event is entirely new—never happened before. If Polarity is the Highest Law of the Universe, then something new can eternally transpire, because the changes of state in a substance passing the chasm between conditions perfectly heterogeneous, may and must transcend computation. Thus the ladder of Eternal Progression is part of the constitution of the Universe. At the top of the ladder is Attraction, at the bottom sits Inertia, or Passive Resistance.

If Polarity is the supreme law of Nature, the law of Periodic Movement is subordinate to it; and hence it is that when in any department of Nature a cycle is completed, another can begin. The spiral curve is the true symbol of natural progress in which every recurring turn is an advance upon that which went before. Action and Reaction are not exactly equal. There is always enough difference between them to leave over a tertium quid.

But does any being traverse the ladder of Eternal Progression? Is any being capable of an infinity of experiences without losing its identity? Can a being begin and continue without end? Let us hear the writer referred to:

"To begin is Action, and then only to end is Reaction; to be Eternal would be Action, and then Reaction would be to be Immortal; but to be Immortal and not Eternal, would be to dislocate the equipoise, and divorce Action and Reaction—it would be Action one way and not the other."

That is it precisely. The Action of the Universe must all set one way, from Negative to Positive, or we can have no endless succession of new phenomena. The Reaction must be merged in the general stream of Action. Toward the Positive pole the Universe is wide open; toward the Negative it is infinity of Substance; and Creation is the evolution of substance into individual forms in a stream inexhaustible and never ending. Immortality is eternity of being in the Negative hemisphere of the Universe—the unconscious half—conjoined with eternity of being in the Positive hemisphere—the conscious half. To be Immortal is to be as the Universe as a whole is, eternal as unformed matter, and eternal as matter in the process of individualization.

Now if all passive substance is constantly tended, by the law of Polarity, to its absolute opposite, and is at the same time in a process of individuation, some class of beings is shut up to the ladder of Eternal Progress. It cannot be that all matter enters upon a line of endless progress, and that no individual being can never end.

We cannot in this stage of existence show that man is that being whose self is immortal, but when we can see and show that the ladder of eternal progress is a necessary part of the universal scheme of things, we can conjecture with well founded confidence who is to climb it. And if sheer metaphysical speculation is to settle the question of Immortality, we can show that endless progress for something is far more probable than annihilation for everything. The Universe is not entirely an abortion. Meanwhile, we are willing to postpone the question of an abstract immortality to the more practical one, whether man survives death. This, in our day, we can settle by the eye, the ear, the touch, and crucial experiments. And when such experiments accord with our yearning for a perfect life, and comfort us against the inevitable sorrows of our pilgrimage, and against the horrors of extinction, we shall believe in their results, even though they are incompatible with the dicta of the Philosophy of Despair. So we dismiss the twin doctrines of Endless Misery and Utter Annihilation to a common sepulcher. D. L.

WE BELIEVE IT.

A friendly correspondent writes: "Many would subscribe for your goodly HERALD, were their purses half as full as their heads and hearts are true."

We believe this, and also the accompanying assurance that when the present "hard times" disappear, and "peace again greets us with her gentle smiles," renewed interest will be felt in the cause of Progress, and in the HERALD OF PROGRESS. Still we would have our friends remember that so wide-spread a scarcity of money must seriously affect every enterprise, and it is at such occasions that new names furnished count largely, and single dollars come acceptably. Kindly remembrances by all who value the increased prosperity and usefulness of an organ of the cause of Progress, will be most serviceable just now.

LOYAL RAILROADS.

All patriotic citizens will be likely to remember for a long time to come, what railroad companies and other corporations sought at first to aid the treasonable purposes of the conspirators against our government. If we mistake not, for many years the stock of the Baltimore and Ohio Road, for example, will suffer a just depreciation, as a retribution for the avowed sympathy of its management with the rebels.

In striking contrast to the efforts of this company, is the loyal action of the Pennsylvania Central, East Pennsylvania, and other roads of the Keystone State. The proposition of the President of the latter road, E. M. Clymer Esq., of Reading, to accept government securities for the transport of troops and supplies, puts to shame the selfish policy of certain New Jersey corporations.

Travelers to and from the West will not fail to choose the Pennsylvania Central, or New York and Erie roads, to the Baltimore and Ohio, from motives of justice and patriotism, if not on account of the intrinsic advantages of either of the two former over the latter route of travel.

A New Race of Heroes.

A new chapter of fidelity and heroism is being inscribed on our nation's history. When the last war note has sounded and our citizen soldiers shall have returned to their peaceful avocations, no more glorious record will have been made, than that of the unswerving fidelity and undaunted heroism of the men in the ranks. President Lincoln's recent message to Congress contains in two lines a tribute to the standing army and navy, that tells more certainly for the success of our cause, and the sure progress of our country, than would an hundred folios of rhetoric and statistics. He says: "Not one common soldier or common sailor is known to have deserted his flag!"

Inflated officials and corrupt politicians may betray a sacred cause and foully repudiate the nation's trust, but when the "common men" (would to heaven in these times, all the country's servants came up to the standard of common men) are "true as steel," no fear but the right will come uppermost, and in the end justice be done.

Scarcely a soldier in the ranks but feels interested in the cause for which he is fighting—but espouses heartily the great principle at stake. Mark the glorious record of dying deeds and words of the few already fallen.

We have only the more recent reports to which to refer; from these we quote: Martin Uhl, of the Ohio German Rifles, shot at Great Falls, sent as a dying message to his wife the charge "not to grieve for him, that he died for liberty and his country."

At another engagement, a private cried as he fell "I am for the Union still!"

At the skirmish near Buckhannon, Corporal Jos. High, of Washington, shot in the ankle, fell exclaiming "Captain, I'm hit, but I must have another shot," and standing on one foot he loaded and fired twice before yielding to faintness. Nicholas Black, of Cincinnati, struck in the forehead by a buckshot which lodged between the skull bones, fell and rose again to send two more shots after the rebels—two more blows for freedom and the Union. Every single engagement would afford material for more extended and yet more striking illustrations, all going to show that this is the people's war, and that in the integrity and devotion to freedom which nerves the mighty army of the North, rests the real strength of our cause.

We find most appropriate confirmation of our views in the Washington correspondence of the Times, from which we quote:

"What is sublime in our new revolution is the pure self-sacrificing devotion and the moral unanimity that unite the loyal millions of the Free States. This is the pearl, richer than all his tribe. These are the omnipotent forces. Cherish and utilize these, and triumph is secure. * * * * * The great heart of the People is sound. Thank God for that! For if the salvation of the country depended on those who throng Washington, Heaven help us! There are silent, earnest men here, let us hope, who will do good work. But those who come to the surface are poor pigmies. Where is there a first class statesman? Where a commanding, creative head? Did ever nation, in trying times, suffer from such mental and moral poverty!"

We will not quote further of the dark and gloomy prognostics which the atmosphere of Washington engenders, but seize upon the writer's final and hopeful prophecy, which we hesitate not to indorse.

"Nevertheless, we shall succeed. But it will not be by the wisdom of our rulers. It will be by virtue of the moral vigor of the people, and by the action of those deep impersonal forces which have fated the cause for which we fight to conquer!"

For the Herald of Progress.

Moral Power vs. Swords.

Philosophically speaking, there is no power save that which has its origin and being in the unseen spiritual forces which move and impel all things. This is "the power behind the throne, which is greater than the throne itself." It has higher and lower manifestations. Acting through the lower faculties of men, it leads to physical combat, and the sword becomes the weapon of protection and defense. Acting through the higher—the moral and spiritual nature—its career, though silent as the growth of a flower, is, from its own intrinsic nature and invincible almightiness, destined finally to destroy all other kingdoms, and set up, instead, the Kingdom of Truth, "which shall have no end."

Did the elements of this moral or spiritual power exist in sufficient amount in the Northern States at this moment, there would be no need of taking up the sword to quell this rebellion of tyranny, or to enforce compliance with the nation's laws. A million men, standing on the same plane of development with Isaac T. Hopper, Robert Barclay, and other moral warriors, could render the atmosphere so positive by their potent moral magnetism, that rebels and tyrants would be "struck dumb" as by the flashing light of the presence of angel hosts, and be rendered powerless to hurt or destroy.

Many instances are recorded in Mrs. Child's Life of Isaac T. Hopper, where, single-handed and alone, he encountered infuriated slaveholders and their abettors, who, with pointed pistols and other weapons, threatened to take his life; and yet, by the grandeur of his moral presence, his utterly fearless manner, and the inflexibility of his will, he always came off conqueror, and rescued the poor fugitives they sought to re-enslave. Thus armed, "one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

There being but few who stand upon this lofty moral eminence, or who have attained that high plane of development which inspires the soul with an intense love of justice, therefore it is that men must fall back on the sword

as their weapon of defense. It is a necessity belonging to an undeveloped condition, but will be entirely superseded when men shall grow up to the "full stature" of true moral manhood. This shall come "in the fullness of time." The throes and convulsions through which the nations of the earth have passed, and are about to pass, shall go on with their purifying and refining work, until the "hay, wood, and stubble" of old systems are burnt up, preparatory to the inauguration of "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Welcome, then, these purifying storms! Welcome the Angel of Justice that shall sit in judgment upon the world, that thus the time may be hastened when she shall no longer wander over the earth, "having not where to lay her head." May she now descend and sway her scepter "from the sea to the mountains, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth!"

NEW BRITGTON, Pa. MILO A. TOWNSEND.

Reflections of a Business Man,
WHO FINDS HIS POWERS OF THOUGHT LESSEMED AFTER A DAY OF DISAPPOINTMENTS DURING A COMMERCIAL CRISIS.

What means this inability of thought? Is it the effect of age, or will the brain, when weary, like the muscles, refuse to act? Is the heart-ache a reality or a fiction? Or do the causes which produce panics do so by disengaging the minds of men from finding remedies for epidemic evils?

A promise unfulfilled will appall the strongest heart; inability to perform does not find excuse even with the defaulter himself, and but few can content themselves with the apology, "That circumstances beyond their control," and not their want of truth or integrity of purpose, incapacitates them from fulfilling their engagements. Even when this reply is honestly given, it is not courteously received, and a Newton would shrink from the rebuke of an unpaid barber if reminded of his promise to pay unfulfilled.

Pope says that "man is but a bundle of habits," and like a bundle of rods, when one is broken, the others lose their relative strength—sleepless nights are sure to follow unfulfilled promises, and the habit of rest disturbed breaks up the balance of Pope's man, leaving him the creature of chances rather than "God's noblest work."

Man knows himself to be, in degree, the creature of circumstances, and therefore, after using his best endeavors to control these circumstances, he should view their after effects as he would the unlooked for changes of temperature, and raise his screen rather than break his heart. Is it not his egotism and pride which deter him from rising superior to these circumstances? With a consciousness of his own rectitude, should he not be able to rise above self-persecution and rest self-satisfied despite the views of others? "He can't be wrong whose heart is in the right," and other solace-giving adages, seem to be truths when one is able to fulfill promises, and to be all that is required to render one self-satisfied and approved by others; but such adages are mere words without meaning or effect when applied to an innocent defaulter.

Why do men, who are themselves unable to fulfill, try to exact from others what they cannot perform? Is it that the undeveloped portions of our being run riot, when not regulated by well-balanced intuitions? How much easier is it for a determined man to meet enemies than creditors, be the latter ever so indulgent? He goes against God's law in the battle-field with energy and self-sufficiency, but cannot show the courage of the child in the market-place.

All Nature's functions seem to become deranged before a pressing creditor—the stoutest heart quails, and the hero becomes a coward. The same man who avoids a dun could lead an army. The soldier thinks he is impelled by duty; if this were true, why would it not apply to a debtor, and thus impel him to meet anxiously his creditors and make himself understood? Is it not rather that the action of the soldier only calls for natural developments to be applied to their accustomed uses—habits—while the honorable debtor who has habitually paid is compelled to act against his nature—habits.

SPIRIT PORTRAITS.

We have been desired by the friends of Mr. J. B. Fayette, of Oswego, to announce through the HERALD OF PROGRESS the terms and conditions under which Mr. F. now proposes to take spirit likenesses. This we have hesitated to do, not for want of confidence in the integrity of Mr. Fayette, or the friends who direct the proposed arrangement; but on account of the extreme difficulty we have believed to exist in the matter of obtaining faithful portraits of individual spirit friends, and our unwillingness to awaken so intense longing as such a proposition excites, without good prospect of a successful result.

After consultation, however, it has been determined to announce to the readers of the HERALD the fact that Mr. Fayette will give sittings for oil paintings under the following arrangement:

Name, age at departure, and length of time in the spirit world, required. Eight dollars to be forwarded with the request, and twelve more if the likeness is identified. All letters to be addressed to Miss H. M. MONTAGUE, care Dr. J. WILKIE, Oswego, N. Y.

From what we are able to gather through a correspondence with the parties, we do not hesitate to recommend all who feel able to try the experiment, to do so, that at least Mr. F. may be enabled to test the accuracy of his portraits. Any fair and legitimate effort to attain a consummation so devoutly to be de-

sired, merits our encouragement and support. At the same time we shall not hesitate, under all circumstances, and with respect to any arrangement, to denounce what we may discover to be a selfish speculation.

Public Meetings.

FOURTH OF JULY AMONG SPIRITUALISTS.
ST. CHARLES, Ill., July 6, 1861.
BRO. DAVIS: The Religio-Philosophical Society had a glorious time here on the Fourth. They issued a notice for a celebration of the anniversary of our national birthday, inviting all of our fellow citizens in this and adjoining towns to join with them in a grand "basket picnic."

The day was delightful, and the people came in from the adjacent villages and towns, and had the finest celebration ever held in this part of the country.

We assembled in a fine, shady grove, with a beautiful carpet of green-sward under our feet, at eleven o'clock, A. M., and opened the exercises of the day with a magnificent poem by Mrs. Coonley, the wife of Rev. L. K. Coonley, who is now lecturing here, and who was one of the principal speakers of the day.

We had martial music (drums and fife), brass band, and stringed instruments. The early part of the day was occupied by speaking, until the time arrived for partaking of the picnic feast, when an adjournment took place for an hour and a half.

During this interval, the assembled multitude divided off into little circles, and partook of the delicacies prepared by the good mothers and sisters the day before.

After the feast, the remainder of the day was spent in speaking, with the declaiming of poems, music, and dancing upon the green-sward.

It was an entirely new programme for a Fourth of July celebration, but it was magnificent, and a decided success. S. S. J.

P. S. Brother and Sister Coonley speak here the first half of this month, Sister Frances Lord Bond the last part of August, and Brother S. P. Leland in September. Our annual three-days' festival takes place on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the 13th, 14th, and 15th of September, in the grove and at the church, when everybody "and her husband," are expected to be present.

ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

The Religio-Philosophical Society invites all friends of Progress, far and near, to join with them in a three days Festival at the grove and at the church on the east side of the river, in St. Charles, Kane County, Illinois, 36 miles west of Chicago, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the 13th, 14th, and 15th of September.

A free platform will be maintained, upon which all persons are at liberty to express their sincere thoughts without restrictions further than the ordinary rules of decorum require, each alone being responsible for views uttered.

No pains will be spared to make all comfortable who attend. The friends in the village and adjacent towns will provide picnic refreshments. A general invitation is extended to everybody, and especially to public lecturers. By order of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

ST. CHARLES, July 6, 1861.

LECTURERS' NATIONAL CONVENTION.

We have received, and shall publish next week, in full, the call of the joint committee appointed by the Quincy, Mass., and Sturgis, Mich., Lecturers' Conference for a National Conference, to be held at Oswego, N. Y., commencing Aug. 13, 1861, to continue over the following Sunday.

The definite purpose of this conference, and the arrangements thus far made, will all appear from the call sent us by Mr. Newton, too late for insertion this week.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

William Denton will be in Chicago during July. Mrs. G. H. DALL's address is No. 6 Ashland Place, Boston. Mrs. H. W. Longfellow was fatally burned on the 9th inst., her dress taking fire from a lighted match she was using in sealing envelopes; Professor Longfellow was seriously burned in his efforts to put out the flames. Garibaldi will not come to this country, though sympathizing heartily in the cause of freedom. He is leading a simple, regular, and active out-door life, ready at any time to go to assist those who are for liberty.

BRIEF ITEMS.

—The President's recommendation to provide 400,000 men and 400,000,000 of money, is being seconded by prompt action in Congress. —A bill has been passed providing for the payment of the volunteers called out by the President's first proclamation. —A resolution has been adopted in the House to the effect that it is no part of the duty of soldiers of the United States to capture or return fugitive slaves. —The House also passed Secretary Chase's bill, empowering the President to close the ports of the seceding States; there were ten nays. —The House passed, with only five dissenting votes, the Loan bill, which authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow two hundred and fifty millions of dollars in treasury notes and stocks. —The Senate passed, with only four dissenting votes, Senator Wilson's War bill, authorizing the employment of 500,000 men and appropriating five hundred million dollars to put down the rebellion. —Fifteen hundred acres have been planted with cotton in Jamaica as an experiment.

—Vallandigham, the secession Congressman from Ohio, was hissed, groaned, and stoned out of the camp of the Ohio regiment, near Washington, recently.

—Col. Siegel, at the head of fifteen hundred Federal troops, met a large body of Missouri State troops under Governor Jackson, on the 6th, the rebel forces meeting with heavy loss.

—A movement is on foot originating at a 4th of July meeting, at Blooming Grove, Orange County, N. Y., to supply every Federal soldier with a flannel shirt. It is proposed that every family in the State provide at least one.

—In New York the property of volunteers is exempt from seizure and sale by legal process, during their absence from home in actual service.

—Nearly eight thousand dogs are killed in New York city every season. They are drowned, four hundred at a time.

—The manufacture of corks alone, in Bordeaux, France, amounts to 100,000,000 of corks per annum, worth over three quarters of a million of dollars.

—An English correspondent of the *Sunday Times* writes: "What do you think of a death from eating pork sausages? A woman who was found dead at Wallsall, last Sunday, was dissected, and where the brain and the spinal marrow join were found four hydatid sacs, composed of the egg of the tape worm, the worm having been taken into the body in process of eating sausages not properly cooked, composed of minced pork. The worm thus taken into the body forced its way into the various organs, the liver, the head, eyes, and brain, and deposited its egg, and this again forced its way wherever it could gain most nourishment. In the present instance the hydatid sac, pressing upon the brain, caused death."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

By the arrival of the steamships Great Eastern at Quebec, and the Canada at New York, we obtain European advices to the 30th of June.

—The Lord Chancellor Campbell was found dead in his bed-room on the morning of the 25th. His death is supposed to have been caused by the rupture of a blood-vessel. Sir Richard Bethel succeeds to the Chancellorship.

—The Sultan of Turkey died on the 25th ult. He is succeeded by his brother, Abdul Aziz Khan.

—The recent great fire in London destroyed property to the value of £3,000,000 and £4,000,000—nearly all insured.

—The recognition of Italy by France had been formally announced in the *Monitor*, and by Baron Ricasoli in the Italian Parliament.

—In the closing session of the French Corps Legislatif, bills were passed establishing postal service with India, China, the West Indies, and the United States. The lines to this country are to receive an annual aid of £372,000.

—The case of Patterson vs. Bonaparte was continued on the 28th. The Procurator General concluded his speech in favor of the confirmation of the judgment pronounced by the first tribunal.

—Portugal has recognized the new kingdom of Italy.

—Austria continues to concentrate troops in Hungary in anticipation of an insurrection there.

—The Empress of Austria had left for Corfu for her health, but with a presentiment that she would never return.

—The latest accounts of the Pope's health are alarming. He has an abscess in the right leg which affects his whole body. (His authority has an abscess in both legs.)

—The new Sultan of Turkey has issued a proclamation declaring that he will adhere to the present foreign policy of the Turkish Government, and will introduce great reforms in the interior policy, in favor of all subjects, whatever their religion.

Apotheosis.

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

JOHN DE GARMO.

On the morning of June 28th, Mr. JOHN DE GARMO left us for the City of Life. He is the son of Elias De Garmo, of Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. De Garmo's earth life was fifty-one years. He was truly an honest and earnest-hearted man—a willing worker in Humanity's cause. He was a good citizen, a kind father, and a tender husband. The fallen found in him a friend indeed; and the bondmen remember him with blessings; and his memory will long be sacredly cherished by those who have known him longest and best.

Mr. De Garmo was formerly a member of the Society of Friends, but he was too aspirational, too free-souled, to be creed-bound. His motto was, "What and where is truth?" and he accepted joyfully what seemed to him good and true, regardless of the hand that brought or the voice that proclaimed it.

He read the first works published in defense of the Harmonical Philosophy, and was among the early advocates of Spiritualism.

When disease laid its withering hand upon our friend, his faith in a glorious future brightened, and when death opened the gate of life, he bade adieu to wife and children, and with trust and faith unwavering joined an angel band for a morning march to the Eternal Hill.

On Sunday, the 30th ult., the friends of Mr. De Garmo assembled in and about the Methodist Church in Sterling, Ill., to pay the last tribute of respect to his remains. A discourse upon the occasion was delivered by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of Cleveland. It is the first Spiritualist funeral ever held in this section.

The innovation surprised those who cling to the customs of their fathers; but the liberal spirit manifested by the Methodist, and by most of the clergymen in the city, remind us that a progressive and tolerant religion has still a place in the hearts of the people. ***

STERLING, Ill., July 2, 1861.

Passed on to the spirit world, from Southold, N. Y., June 28d, GEORGE GORDON, son of Lewis R. and Ency S. Case, aged 11 months.

The Physician.

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

Medical Whispers.

BY THE EDITOR.

"**Frail Bodied Child.**"—M. J. BEMENT, IND. Give your little daughter's body a complete rubbing, with your hand and a coarse towel, from head to feet, three times a week; after which anoint her all over with a little olive oil.

"**Fasting Cure.**"—P. A. C., CHICAGO. When the stomach is usually weak, with weariness, in the fore part of the day, but a better state of feeling as evening approaches, we recommend the patient to eat nothing heavy till dinner. Sleep an hour in the forenoon is particularly useful.

"**A New Test for Diabetes.**"—Professor PAINE, in his *Journal of Eclectic Medicine*, says: Drop one or two drops of the urine upon a slip of clean tinned iron, hold it over a fluid lamp, evaporate the fluid, and continue the heat. If there is sugar in the urine, a rich, reddish-brown color will appear on the place from which the urine is evaporated.

"**Loss of Vision.**"—LOTTIE C. . . WILSON. No remedy is presented for your mother's eyes. It will be necessary to arouse the nerve-energy of the best eye by the use of hand magnetism. Pouring cold water on the neck, every morning, is good as a tonic, but it is not likely to do what magnetism can. Tell her to wash her forehead occasionally with warm salt water.

"**For the Liver.**"—MARY T. . . CLARKEVILLE. The system of every bilious patient is radically impaired. It must be built up by the most persistent effort of Will. In addition we prescribe a bitter medicine, as follows: Mandrake root, pulverized, one drachm; orange peel and cloves, of each one tea-spoonful, well pounded. Put in one gill of good brandy, one pint of water, and one pound of brown sugar. Stand one week; then add another pint of water. Dose: Commence with a tea-spoonful before meals.

"**Erysipelas.**"—C. W. C., OHIO. This disease is characterized by a redness and inflammation of the skin at the place attacked, accompanied in a few hours by considerable swelling and oppressive fullness.

REMEDY: The patient should have a vapor bath, producing a thorough sweat, every day—perhaps twice, if the symptoms are violent—until the inflammation is all drawn out of the head, and a balance of the system is established. If the limbs are affected with the erysipelas fire, we still urge a complete sweating of the body every day, with proper attention to diet. The patient should go from the bath to the bed, and remain well covered for half an hour. Magnetic passes should then be made from the head downwards, over the hands and feet. Drink a tumbler of buttermilk every day. Diet should not be drawn from either the fruit or animal kingdoms. The grains, made into puddings, and bread, and porridges, are the very best. The disease is not dangerous unless it is rapidly developed in the face and head—in which case no remedy is comparable to human magnetism.

"**Continued Fever.**"—MARY C. T. . . IOWA. The signs of a low, feverish, typhoidal state of the system, are: Sickness and sinking at the stomach, heat and dryness of the skin, headache frequently, pain in the bones, weariness in the limbs, tongue dry in the morning, and white coated, faintness and trembling while walking, with a costive state of the bowels, or a little relaxation.

REMEDY: For this condition we know of nothing that will compare with a daily vapor bath and magnetic operations over the entire body. It is a mistake to eat anything after dinner. For dinner you should eat a pint or so of porridge, made of Indian meal and Graham flour, nearly equal parts, with water well boiled. Milk, sugar, salt meat, fish, cheese, cakes, pies, puddings, &c., are not allowable. You must work to put power into your vital system, otherwise the fever cannot be resisted; therefore, as the nausea, and faintness, and trembling subside, let your own appetite and judgment select the most agreeable diet. Drink a tea of white (or pleurisy) root about every other day. Be very hopeful; the day of deliverance will soon dawn.

"**Cause and Cure of Freckles.**"—MARY J. M., PENNSYLVANIA, writes: "If it is not asking too much, you would very much oblige some of my friends and myself, by giving, through your 'Medical Whispers,' a recipe for the cure of freckles."

CAUSE AND REMEDY.—Scientific investigators have given the term *ephelis* as a name for freckles, and very properly, we think, because it is clear to a demonstration, that (as the term implies) the direct rays of the sun produce freckles, large brown patches, and other dusky blemishes, which appear on the face of persons of certain temperaments, who are not in perfect health. In a peculiar manner the skin is oxidized in spots, and these spots are freckles, or *ephelis*, as the ancients judiciously named them. The remedy, in addition to health, will be found in phosphorus and acetic acid. Twelve grains of phosphorus in two drachms of the acid. First dissolve the phosphorus in as little warm water as is necessary, then add the acetic acid. Keep this preparation tightly corked. First give the skin a slight coating of oil, either animal or vegetable, then apply the preparation. Great care is needed in making the application, not to get any in the mouth or eyes. Immediate exposure to the sun would prove unfavorable. One application a week is sufficient.

"Essays and Reviews."

THE NEW THEOLOGICAL CONTROVERSY.

We sometime since noticed an important English publication (republished in this country,) entitled, "Essays and Reviews." Late intelligence from England satisfies us that the work is producing an intense excitement in ecclesiastical circles there. The Bishop of Salisbury, in a letter to the Archbishop of Dorset, expresses the determination to institute legal proceedings against Dr. Rowland Williams, the author of one of the essays, in the Court of Arches—a trial, of course, not under civil, but ecclesiastical law, designed "to protect members of the Church of England against false teaching."

An American religious journal says, concerning this proposed action:

"Thus we have the satisfaction of announcing that a prominent bishop of the Church of England has determined to test the question before the ecclesiastical courts, whether a man can be a clergyman of that Church, and, at the same time, an underminer of its most cherished doctrines. The course of the bishop must commend itself very warmly to all the friends of the truth as it is in Jesus. It is, in fact, necessary as a matter of self-defense. The Church must be protected against the assaults which have been so deliberately made against her by those who are under vows to sustain her constitution and her articles. Some will, doubtless, resent the bishop's course; but those who believe in the importance of 'contending for the faith once delivered to the saints' will be with him to a man."

The *Record*, another religious journal, has the following inglorious expressions upon the same subject:

"Those who prize the value of creeds, articles, and formularies, will recognize the necessity of showing to the world that the oaths imposed on every ordained clergyman have in them a reality and a substance which are not to be trampled on with impunity. Let those who choose to assail the authority and inspiration of the Bible, do so out of the pale of the Church of England. We invoke no secular penalties on their temerity. But let us dismiss the scandal of maintaining that the Church of England harbors amongst its clergy men who make common cause with those who rake up the stale and oft-refuted objections to the Bible from Celsus to Tom Paine. Let us imitate the decision of the great Hebrew prophet, who proclaimed from the top of Carmel, 'If Jehovah be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him.'"

THE INDICTMENT DRAWN.

The London *Times* of 19th June brings us the report of the committee appointed by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, to consider the subject-matter of the obnoxious volume.

The Archdeacon Denison, chairman of the committee appointed to report "whether there are sufficient grounds for proceeding to a synodical judgment upon the book," represents the following as its leading principles:

"1. That the present advanced knowledge possessed by the world in its 'manhood,' is the standard whereby the educated intellect of the individual man, guided and governed by conscience, is to measure and determine the truth of the Bible.

"2. That where the Bible is assumed to be at variance with the conclusions of such educated intellect, the Bible must be taken in such cases to have no divine authority, but to be only a 'human utterance.'"

"3. That the principles of interpretation of the Bible hitherto universally received in the Christian Church, are untenable, and that new principles of interpretation must now be substituted, if the credit and authority of the Holy Scriptures are to be maintained."

The committee also find the following respecting the volume:

"1. In many parts of the volume statements and doctrines of the Holy Scriptures are denied, called into question, or disparaged; for example:

- (a) 'The Reality of Miracles,' including the idea of Creation as presented to us in the Bible.
- (b) 'Predictive Prophecy,' especially predictions concerning the Incarnation, person, and offices of our Lord.
- (c) 'The descent of all mankind from Adam.'
- (d) 'The Fall of Man and Original Sin.'
- (e) 'The Divine Command to sacrifice Isaac.'
- (f) 'The Incarnation of Our Lord.'
- (g) 'Salvation through the blood of Christ.'
- (h) 'The Personality of the Holy Spirit.'
- (i) 'Special or Supernatural Inspiration.'
- (k) 'Historical facts of the Old Testament, including some referred to by our blessed Lord himself.'

"2. It is urged that many passages of the Holy Scriptures may be understood and explained upon the principle called 'Ideology,' by which is meant that the reader is at liberty to accept the idea of characters and facts described in the Holy Scriptures, instead of believing in the reality of those characters and facts.

"3. It is maintained that the creeds of the Church, whether regarded as confessions of faith or as 'instruments for the interpretation of Scripture,' may now be put as ideas no longer suitable to the present advanced intellectual condition of the world.

"4. Liberty is claimed for the clergy and candidates for holy orders to subscribe articles of religion and to use formularies in public worship, without believing them according to their plain and natural meaning.

"5. Attempts are made to separate Christian holiness of life from Christian doctrine.

"We notice in many parts of the volume the absence of that spirit of humility and reverence with which human reason ought ever to approach the study of divine truth; we notice also a confusion of the dictates of the natural conscience with divine grace, and in some places a substitution of those dictates for divine grace.

"It appears to us that, while the professed intention of the volume is the 'free handling, in a becoming spirit,' of religious subjects, the general tendency and effect of the volume is

unduly to exalt the authority of human reason to lower the authority of revelation in regard to things divine and spiritual, to unsettle faith and to consign the reader to a hopeless skepticism.

The importance of the volume, coming from a source of accredited orthodoxy, may be inferred from the above bill of exceptions, drawn by leading church prelates.

The final action taken affords striking evidence of the world's progress, even as seen through ecclesiastical spectacles. Whether the matter will be again called up, and any action taken, remains to be seen. The latest report is to this effect: that on Thursday, June 20th, the question of "Essays and Reviews" again came up in the Convocation of Canterbury, upon Archbishop Denison's report that that brochure was ecclesiastically actionable. Denison himself moved to proceed to a synodical judgment on it. The motion brought forth numerous amendments, which were declared irregular—and a succeeding one, proposed and seconded severally by the Archdeacons of Stafford and Sarum, to the effect that, though there were sufficient grounds for the judgment, it was inexpedient to revive that old engine of ecclesiastical intolerance in the present circumstances of the Church, after long debate, was laid over by adjournment of the body.

Attractive Miscellany.

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

Elsie, the Maniac;

OR, BRIGHT DAYS.

BY EMMA H. COTE.

[BROTHER DAVIS: I think your "Moral Police Department" has recorded few deeds at once so unselfish, so morally heroic, and unostentatious, as the one made known in the following beautifully written narrative, by Emma H. Cote. Mrs. C. was the daughter of the late Dr. H. H. Sherwood, of New York and was a woman of a very gifted mind. The language used by Harriet Martineau in regard to a literary and philanthropic lady of Boston, might have applied, with equal truth, to Mrs. Cote: "She was a woman of rare intellectual accomplishments, full of reading, and with strong and well exercised powers of thought. She was beautiful as the day, tall in her person, and noble in her carriage, with a voice as sweet as a silver bell, and speech as clear and sparkling as a running brook."

Mrs. C. passed from the earth shores in the winter of 1855, from Staten Island.

M. A. T.]

I suppose everybody has seen bright days, marked by some peculiar beauty, stamped upon the memory by some joyous event, some thrilling incident, or blessed to us by some grave but significant lesson, destined to impress itself upon the whole life. I have had many such—they are my landmarks in the voyage of life, whose beacon lights shine out amid the storm and darkness with an unflinching brightness. I date from these days in the inner life, and all the common events of every day life group themselves around them. One of these bright days was that on which I became acquainted with the widow W., an aged woman who lives on the banks of the Monongahela, and I propose to relate an incident in her life, which, to my fancy, well deserves to be recorded. I shall relate the circumstances of my visit to her precisely as they occurred, well assured that no rhetoric mine could enhance their interest. The widow is still living, but there is little danger of her being shocked, as she probably would be, at the sight of her name in print, for she takes no newspapers, and even if she did, and were to read every word here set down, I doubt whether it would ever enter into her mind to imagine that she was herself the heroine of the story. She would probably be struck by the resemblance of the incidents to those of her own life, but she would simply set it down as a remarkable coincidence, nothing more, so unconscious is she, hid away in that nook, how beautifully, how sublimely she has fulfilled that life of charity, living in the heart of Christ.

I had a friend residing in a dilapidated little village on the banks of the beautiful Monongahela, not far from the great "Iron City," and accepted one day an invitation to visit him, in company with a lady friend. It was an autumn, Indian summer air, and the motive for the invitation at this particular time was the uncommon beauty of the weather, and the almost miraculous coloring of the foliage on the hills, bordering the lovely stream. Our friend, the presiding genius of his village, a wit and a genius, with natural endowments enough to have furnished respectably at least a dozen ordinary men, was also the most incorrigible of slovens and do-nothings, and the village was the very epitome of himself, and seemed to have grown out of him, and to dangle on to him as naturally as the long ragged gray moss on the wild, scraggy branches of the autumn pine.

His house and grounds, which were once, and still are, beautiful, in neglect and premature decay, are situated on an eminence which overlooks the little town. Nature seems to have lavished her choicest gifts on this favored spot—every line of alternate hill and dale is of exquisite grace and delicacy, and the river darkened under the shadow of a projecting cliff, or sparkling in the open sunlight, presents every variety of loveliness. I fancied, as I looked down upon the lazy little town, that its untidy community, with its gifted but hair-brained genius, was bewitched and spell-bound by the spirit of beauty, for it seemed to lie there basking in the sun, and dreaming away its life, apparently as totally untouched by the spirit of the age, as innocently unconscious of power presses and steam engines as was La Mancha of old and its Quixotic Don.

On the second day of our visit, our host having occasion, as he informed us, to visit a

* French—pronounced Cote.

widow, living about five miles distant, on some business of hers, (he being her legal adviser) proposed to us to accompany him, promising us a pleasant drive through interesting parts of the country, and a hospitable reception from his client. There were at first many serious apprehensions with regard to our mode of conveyance, for the village contained nothing so complicated in the way of machinery as a double carriage, but after a day's waiting, and any amount of scamping of men and boys in all directions, two nondescripts in the way of buggies made their appearance, and we set out. Our gentleman escort drove my city friend in one, while I, as the bravest of the ladies present, undertook a second Kosloman, accompanied by his wife.

The singular antics of this amiable animal might form the subject of a separate chapter, but as my space is limited, I do not propose to immortalize him in this narrative. The afternoon was glorious, but we make use of an adverb on every trivial occasion, and I am afraid prebensive now that it can convey no adequate idea of the bewitching loveliness of the earth and sky on this memorable day. It was autumn, as I have said, and though still early, the hoary old magician, Frost, had been there before us—had waved his enchanted wand over hill and dale, and lo! the forest of sober green had blossomed like a parterre. Diving I presume, to the peculiarly favorable disposition of the various kinds of trees on these hills, and partly, as our friend suggested, to the early appearance of the frost this season, the display was unusually splendid; certainly I had traveled a great deal through our western forests, and I had seen nothing like this in the atmosphere, its life and significance in every object, a spirit in every leaf and blade of grass, that seemed but waiting the utterance of some magic word to embody itself in human form, and speak. I asked myself in vain for the explanation of the mystery of this beauty.

There was also on this day a radiance in the atmosphere, a life and significance in every object, a spirit in every leaf and blade of grass, that seemed but waiting the utterance of some magic word to embody itself in human form, and speak. I asked myself in vain for the explanation of the mystery of this beauty. Was it only some favorable mood of my own mind that thus invested everything that I saw with a supernatural glory, or had we indeed chanced upon a spot where benignant spirits, in mighty conclave, discussed some question of human destiny. The air seemed full of listening ears, and halting often in order to enjoy the stillness, unbroken by even the slight sound of our wheels on the level road, we sat speechless, or whispered only in monosyllables, from the startling conviction that an invisible concourse surrounded us. The road, winding between hills rising on either side, presented at every turn some new beauty, and the gorgeousness of the coloring no words could describe—every shade of red, from the delicate rose to the deepest crimson; all the yellows, from the palest straw color to the darkest orange; then the green, some still fresh and tender, as in early spring, others of the richest olive; not one of the browns that was wanting; and all distributed as by the hand of an artist in the hour of inspiration.

It was indeed the hand of the Supreme Artist before whose perfect work we stand in wonder, and which we vainly strive to paint in words. Passing slowly on, we finally entered a small beach grove, and emerging on the opposite side from the road, found ourselves in front of a plain, long, farm-house. An orchard and a few grain fields surrounded the house, and a porch extending along one of its sides was full of flowers in pots, but a small garden with a half-open gate at the side of the house instantly attracted our attention, and the widow, who made her appearance at the door as we passed before it, seeing our eyes fixed in that direction, asked us to go in and help ourselves to flowers. We did not hesitate to accept and profit by her offer, for flowers are rare in the smoky city, and we learn to appreciate them accordingly.

The little garden was delicious, full of little fall flowers, and fragrant shrubs and herbs, common enough in country gardens, but which I had rarely seen since my childhood. I gathered my hands full of lavender and gold drops, and went into the house. The widow had retired to some private apartment, to transact the business with the lawyer, and my friend and myself seated ourselves in the parlor or sitting room. It was of the very plainest; a rag carpet on the floor, and every other article of furniture in keeping. There was a door ajar, apparently opening into a bedroom. Sitting quietly, arranging our flowers, and chatting in low tones, our attention was suddenly attracted by some very strange sounds, issuing from the chamber with the door ajar. We listened, and every moment more intently; for those strange, unearthly mutterings, we felt could only come from the lips of an insane person. We were breathless with a mixture of surprise and interest, and the kind of awe inspired in most persons by the spectacle of a human being in this condition. We were entirely alone, and after listening a few moments, I ventured to approach the door, pushed it open, and looked in. The room was scrupulously clean; the bare floor well scrubbed; two very common bedsteads, and two chairs. This was all the furniture the room contained. One of the beds was occupied, but by what was only to be conjectured by the voice.

All that was visible to the eye was a something coiled up in the middle of the bed, entirely covered, so that it would have been difficult to tell where the head lay. But now the mutterings became more audible, passages from Scripture, mostly sayings of Christ, generally incoherent, but occasionally with perfect distinctness, as, 'Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden;' and others of a similar character. There was something inexpressibly touching and solemn in the expressions, so uttered, and we returned to our seats with countenances thoroughly sobered, and quite disinclined for further talk.

We had hardly seated ourselves when there was a little stir in the chamber, the door opened, and there glided swiftly through the room, disappearing through another door, without once looking toward us, a little withered woman; her gray hair was cut short, and her face had that anxious preoccupied look, so common to the insane. She was come and gone before we had time for an exclamation. The widow soon after returned, and I was immediately struck by the musical tones of her voice, and the benignant and elevated expression of her features. She was very plainly, but becomingly dressed, and though a simple country woman, had unmisgivingly in her person and bearing what the French call 'fair noble.' I little thought at this moment what a life-long exercise of the pure benevolence, what an untiring succession of self-sacrificing benefactions, had stamped themselves upon that venerable countenance—what an unextinguishable glow of

clarity in her heart had shed its radiance over her features. She did not come lively talk with our gentleman friend, reminiscences of old friendship, and anecdotes of early times. The old Bible was brought down from the top of an antiquated great-grandmother looking cupboard, to show exactly her own and children's ages, and settle some disputed dates. She was just a little past seventy.

And now the supper was announced, and we were shown into the kitchen, where the table was spread. The room was large, and exquisitely clean, and the autumn day cool enough to make the fire in the large chimney even acceptable. The meal was delicious, poultry delightfully cooked, cream and fragrant coffee—in short, just what one would desire after a cool drive on an autumn day. The supper over, the party all retired again to the sitting room, excepting the widow and myself. She lingered about the hearth, and I with her. I was thinking about the apparition of the little gray woman, but not venturing to broach the subject, when again another door opened in a farther corner of the room, and she appeared. This time she darted in, glanced suspiciously around, cast I thought, a threatening look upon me, and began making the circuit of the table, grumbling in a querulous tone, something to the effect that she had eaten nothing for many years.

A maiden daughter of the widow, who had superintended the supper arrangements, now came forward, and filling a plate abundantly, seated the unfortunate at a little table, apart, where she quietly commenced eating, keeping up, however, the incessant muttering, and casting, occasionally, furtive glances at the widow and myself.

I said, turning to our hostess: "That unfortunate woman is deranged, apparently?" "Yes, poor Elsie, she has been a long time in that condition."

"A relative of yours?" I inquired. "Oh, no—not at all."

"Ah! how long has she been with you?" "Well, she has been with us now nearly forty years."

"Forty years!" repeated I, in unfeigned amazement, "but not all that time insane?" "Yes; she only came to me after she was taken in this way."

"But you say she is no relative of yours, how—?" I stopped short, not knowing how to proceed—there was, perhaps, some secret.

The widow, seeing how much my curiosity was excited, said, quietly:

"I can tell you her story in a few words. Poor Elsie came to this country, from Ireland, when she was quite young. I remember," said the widow, abstractedly, as if recalling the long past—"I remember when she was as pretty a creature as you could wish to see; blue eyes and bright curling hair, and the most beautiful complexion; she couldn't have been more than eighteen when I first knew her. She soon after married a countryman of hers, named Wilson. I didn't know much about him, but he settled in a little village close by, and seemed very happy for about three years, though they said he was sometimes gloomy and discontented, and not always very kind to Elsie. Suddenly he left her to return to Ireland, on pretense of business, promising to return soon. Time passed on, and he did not come. Elsie worked hard to support herself and her two little ones, but she seemed very anxious, and depressed in spirits. Finally, after an absence of five years, he returned. Elsie seemed rejoiced to see him, and brightened up, quite like herself again. He gave her some plausible reason for his long stay. Elsie was too glad to see him to inquire very particularly—she had come at last, and Elsie seemed so fond of him, and so thankful for his return, that matters were easily arranged. Only a few weeks to his departure! A few questions, and the door and inquired for her husband. He was at his work; the stranger took a seat, saying he would wait until his return."

"I didn't know he was married again," said he, simply, "until I inquired about him in the village yard." I knew his first wife well.

"His first wife?" echoed Elsie, with a blank look.

"Yes—surely you knew he was married before; she died about a year ago."

"The truth burst upon her—his long absence, his fits of gloom and despondency previous to his departure! A few questions, and it all came out. He was a married man when she first saw him—had deserted his first wife, and in turn, abandoned her. I think Elsie was never quite right after this first shock. She lived with him a few months after, but there was never a moment's peace between them. She left him, and he soon after returned to Ireland again. She got some people in the village to take care of her children, who were old enough to begin to be useful about the house, and she wandered about, washing out by the day generally, but getting gradually worse and worse, until she came to be what you see her now."

"Well?" said I, for the widow seemed inclined to stop, and she had not told me how she came to be there.

She read my thoughts, and continued:

"Elsie had worked for me a good deal during her husband's absence; knowing how much she needed work, I used to send for her to sew, or wash, or clean—in short, to do whatever was to be done, and so, being here so much, she got used to us, and so felt more at home here than anywhere else, and when she grew worse, she kept on coming, and would stay at first days, then weeks, until she seemed to forget to go away. Poor creature! what could we do? However, my husband became tired and dissatisfied about it, complained a great deal, and so at last said he would not have her about any longer, so he sent for the poor-master, and they came and took her away by force to the poor-house, ten miles distant—poor Elsie! But she hadn't been gone more than a week, or ten days, when my husband and I were awakened one morning, just at dawn of day, by some strange sounds in the kitchen, and a low voice talking, and a sort of scraping on the hearth; I got up softly, opened the door just a little, peeped in, and there sat poor Elsie on the hearth, trying to scrape the embers together to make a fire—such a distressed looking object, so neglected, worn, bedraggled, and travel-stained! She seemed to have grown thin and old in a week. So you see, concluded the widow, we could not turn her away again, and she has been with us ever since."

"But?" said I, almost too much astonished for utterance, "what a care, what a trouble, for forty years?"

"Well, yes, she was sometimes very troublesome. She used to get away from us into the fields, tear off her clothes, and lose them; but

she is quieter these few years past, only at night, sometimes, she is very restless."

During the whole of this narrative, Elsie sat at her table, but as the widow spoke in low tones, she could hardly have heard more than, perhaps, now and then, a sentence. She was, besides, talking to herself all the while, quoting passages of Scripture, which sometimes struck me as singularly apropos, but uttered so apparently at random, and in such an incoherent way, that it was impossible to suppose she had any design, or was herself at all aware of their profound significance.

At the moment when I said to the widow, "What a care! what a trouble for forty years?" I glanced at her; she suddenly looked up and said slowly: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

The effect of these words at this moment was electrical! They thrilled me to my fingertips! Had an angel spoken through her lips? or was this unfortunate being vaguely conscious of the sublime and Christ-like charity of which she was the object? I scrutinized her face—it was impossible to tell—there was but the unmistakable expression of hopeless insanity stamped upon every feature. I stood before this woman, so unconsciously good, so simply great, mute with emotion! What could I say? Poor wretching that I was, could I presume to utter ordinary praise of such a deed as this? Words seemed impertinent; but I thought, as we left the house: "What a meeting awaits these two women in heaven! I fancied the angels gathering round to witness it! As we wended our way homeward, the shadows of evening were falling around us; the brilliant colors on the forest leaves looked dim; their glory had departed with the sun; and I thought: How transitory is all external beauty, and how short-lived the pleasure arising therefrom—but the light of a good deed shall still shine on when the earth and all it contains shall have crumbled into dust!"

For the Herald of Progress.

Little Suggestions.

Shall we not try to be more attractive? Not merely to increase our personal beauty, though that is by no means to be neglected, as it gratifies a natural taste common to all, and wins admiration, an aliment one cannot well do without.

Graceful, winning, vivacious manners, are more indispensable. Tact has wonderful potency. Even cold hearted people win devoted friends and enthusiastic admirers by a combination of these advantages.

A cultured, well-modulated voice, full-toned, sweet, and musical, has captivated many an unwary listener.

A voice to please requires considerable compass, so as to fitly express the varying emotions of the speaker. Mere softness is insipid. Everything spoken in the same key is wearisome. The upper tones, shrill and sharp, should not be continued in exercise long at a time. Almost all voices may be much improved by skillful cultivation.

Dress is an art to be studied. A blind adherence to the prevailing mode, without regard to fitness or becomingness, is only proper in those who have neither taste nor skill.

Exquisite effects are produced by nice combinations of colors and a skillful arrangement of ornaments.

Pleasant surroundings, a neat room, with a cozy, comfortable aspect, without glare or glitter, yet with objects wherein the eye may rest with delight, an active intellect, quick to comprehend and apply varied information, familiarity with standard authors and the topics of the time, playful humor, sparkling wit, a merry laugh, clear and ringing like a bird's song, a sweet smile, that is neither a broad grin nor a silly simper, but an expression of pleasant kindness, are all attractive to me.

Still the grand magnet is a rich, generous, regal, lovely heart, active, glowing, pure, and free. No merely exterior charms, not even the most fortunate combination of them, can compete with this, as all will acknowledge who venture within the circle of its influence. It irradiates the whole being and gives a softened luster to the eye, widely different from the glistering brightness of sensuous life.

Let us never despair then, nor feel ourselves hopelessly insignificant. Even the plainest features, the most repulsive exterior, may be expressive of the sweetest and most winning loveliness, the tenderest and most generous impulses, and become attractive even to people with refined and fastidious tastes.

Whatever the exterior may be, interiorly we are generously, nobly, regally endowed. We may be angels if we are patiently persevering in the right way. So let us not be envious, but make the most of every good gift.

C. N. K.

AN OLD MAN.—What I call an old man, is one who has a smooth shining crown and a fringe of scattered white hairs; seen in the streets on sunny days, stooping as he walks, bearing a cane, moving cautiously and slowly; telling old stories, smiling at present follies; living in a narrow world of dry habits; one that remains waking when others have dropped asleep, and keeps a night-lamp flame of life burning year after year, if the lamp is not upset, and there is a careful hand held round it to prevent the puffs of wind from blowing the flame out. That's what I call an old man.—HOLMES.

PORTRAIT OF DANTE.—R. de Vericour, in his biography of Dante—the founder and creator of Italian literature—gives the following portrait of him, as sketched by Boccaccio:

"Dante was of middle height, with a slight stoop when he attained a mature age. His demeanor was noble, with an expression of gentleness and benevolence. His face was long, his nose aquiline, the eyes rather large than small, the chin somewhat long, with the under lip projecting beyond the upper one; his complexion was dark; his beard and hair thick, dark, and curly. The expression of his physiognomy was that of thoughtfulness and melancholy. In his public and domestic habits he was admirably reserved and modest."

Of Writers and Speakers.

"Our Philosophy is affirmative, and readily accepts testimony of negative facts, as every shadow points to the sun. . . . No man need be deceived. . . . When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens."

William Denton will spend July in Chicago.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will answer calls to lecture, addressed 1905 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Gibson Smith will answer calls addressed to Camden, Me.

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond will respond to calls to lecture, addressed box 878, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. M. J. Kutz will answer calls to lecture addressed Laphamsville, Kent Co., Mich.

E. Whipple will answer calls to lecture in Western Ohio and Pennsylvania up to September. Address West Williamsfield, Ashland Co., Ohio.

Mrs. H. M. Miller will receive calls to lecture inspirationally in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, Address Ashtabula, O.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell, Inspirational Speaker, will receive invitations to lecture, addressed Phoenix, New York.

Herman Snow, formerly Unitarian minister, will address Spiritualists and friends of Progress not too remote from his residence, Rockford, Ill.

Frank Chase, Impresional Medium, will answer calls to lecture on Politics and Religion. Address Sutton, N. H.

Rev. M. Taylor speaks every other Sunday, at Stockton, Me., once in two months at Troy, Me., and will answer calls for other days.

Rev. J. D. Lawyer will attend to any invitations to deliver six or more lectures on Doctrinal Christianity, directed to Coxsackie, N. Y.

Mrs. A. F. Patterson, (formerly A. F. Pease,) will respond to calls to lecture. Residence, Springfield, Ill.

W. K. Ripley speaks in Bradford, Me., each alternate Sunday; every fourth Sunday at Glenfall and Kenduskeag.

N. Frank White will lecture at Seymour, Conn., through July. All calls for the year following in the East. Address soon as above.

Frank L. Wadsworth will return East in August. Those wishing to secure his services for the fall or winter months can address him at Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Laura McAlpin will answer calls to lecture. Address care Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, O.; Henry Reed, Toledo, O.

Geo. M. Jackson, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at Prattburgh, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Mrs. J. A. Banks will answer calls to lecture, addressed Newtown, Conn.

J. H. Randall will respond to calls to lecture, addressed Whitney's Point, Broome County, N. Y. Applications for engagements at the East next fall and winter should be made soon.

Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier speaks in the East until November, when she will again visit the West, lecturing through November in Oswego, N. Y., Address J. W. Currier, box 815, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe will receive calls to hold grove or two day meetings, or to lecture in Northern Ohio during the month of August. Also to lecture in New England in the fall and winter of 1861-1862. Address care "Sunbeam," Cleveland, O.

Mrs. L. E. De Force will lecture at Providence, R. I., July; Quincy, Mass., the first Sunday of August; New Bedford, third Saratoga Springs, last of August and first of September; Putnam, Conn., second and third Sundays; Concord, N. H., two last; Portland, Maine, October.

S. P. Leland will speak at Euclid, O., July 27 and 28; Richfield, O., Aug. 3 and 4; East Norwalk, O., Aug. 10 and 11; Fremont, Ind., Aug. 17 and 18; Leominster, Mich., Aug. 24 and 25; Rockford and St. Charles, Ill., during September. Address Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. John Mayhew will speak at Grand Rapids, Wis., July 31 and Aug. 1 and 2; Needah, Aug. 4, and River Falls, Aug. 6, 7, and 8. Applications for lectures on the journey thither may be addressed care of Saul Richardson, Eastland, Mich., for the fall and winter, to Wyoming, Chicago Co., Minn., up to November 1.

Miss Emma Harding will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., in July; Cambridgeport, Quincy, New Bedford and Boston, in September and October, and at Truro on first Sundays in November. She will be happy to perform engagements in the East for the rest of the winter, and thus inform her friends in the West of her inability to return to them this year. Address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

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