

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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[WHOLE No. 101.]

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

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

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

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

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

The Physician.

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

Medical Whispers.

BY THE EDITOR.

Our New Volume, "THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH," is calculated not only to serve purposes of public use, but to facilitate our dealing with special applications for relief through these columns, thereby affording needed time for investigations in other directions, as heretofore promised. All persons, therefore, suffering with any form of disease, are recommended to provide themselves with a copy of the HARBINGER OF HEALTH, which, for one dollar only, will be sent from this office, postage paid. If, however, other and more specific directions are required, and can consistently be given, they will appear in this department, which will continue to be a constant feature of the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

"CHARITY," having an acid stomach, should, immediately before and after dining, swallow a few drops of lemon-juice. Other treatment will be found in the new medical work.

RALPH ASHWORTH, Wis.—It will not be possible for us to treat the patient whose letter you forwarded. Judging from the symptoms described, we think he could find his true remedy in the Harbinger of Health.

NOAH H. LAKE CO., O.—Tell Mrs. Hobart to bathe her disabled limb with plenty of linseed oil just before retiring for the night. The well limb should occasionally be treated in the same manner.

H. L. P., MILFORD.—Your stammering can be cured by strengthening the nerves of your brain and stomach—using the Will-power—under the treatment of Dr. A. Comstock, philosopher, a resident of Philadelphia.

E. L., KANSAS.—If your daughter should be magnetized once or twice a week, or if only very vigorously rubbed and manipulated on the back head and shoulders every night, her headache would gradually cease, her physical habits being good.

F. T. L., MASS.—Bathe the excrecence once a day with the oil of organum, or with the oil of cajaput, some fifteen or twenty times, then apply a metallic pressure at night—such as a piece of zinc or thin silver, held to the place with a tight bandage, so that the compression will urge the atoms of the accumulation back into the blood.

A. W., MECHANICSVILLE, VT.—The symptom in one so young is unfavorable, but you will find suitable treatment in the Medical Volume, which was promptly forwarded. If any new symptom should appear, and her vitality continues to sink under the cough, then send for a strong magnetizer, who should apply his power to her spine and lungs.

"Sore Throat after Reading."—Mrs. C. H. K., PITTSBURGH, PA. Sprinkle a little red pepper on a tea-spoonful of olive oil, and slowly swallow it after reading. Always keep your mouth closed when going from the house into the open air, or from one room into another of lower or higher temperature. Obey laws of diet as heretofore expressed and explained.

"Remedy for Much Toothache."—S. M. B. QUESTION: "Does an occasional chew of tobacco, taken when exposed to wet or cold, prevent the toothache?" ANSWER: Yes, but your nervous system is at the same time injured. Ques.: Having suffered much from bad teeth and toothache, I would be glad to get a remedy. Do you know of anything? Ans.: Yes. First. Use the tooth-brush faithfully with your tooth-wash, and, second, when suffering severe toothache, smoke a little powdered sulphur, through a little cotton, in the bowl of a common pipe. Don't inhale the fumes; but let them penetrate all parts of your mouth.

"Attacks of Blind Neuralgia."—C. H. B., PORTLAND, ME. If you will carefully study the philosophy of neuralgia, given in the Harbinger, the true cause of your dear wife's attacks (fits) will be explained to your judgment. The tax of reproduction was too heavy for the pneumogastric nerves. The functions of the stomach were temporarily subverted in consequence of the draft from the procreative organism. The final result is a strangulation of the nerve-forces in the stomach, heart, and lungs. Pain is the only absent symptom, to make out a case of internal neuralgia, culminating in a succession of spasmodic efforts, by which Nature attempts to restore a balance in

the circulation. No medicines will reach such a case. Magnetism and judicious pounding over the bowels and stomach, two hours after breakfast and dinner, and no supper, are the natural remedies.

How the Shakers Prevent Conception.

AN EXPLANATION IN JUSTICE TO FRIEND EVANS.

MOUNT LEBANON, JAN. 10, 1862.

A. J. DAVIS:—In the HERALD of January 4th, you refer those persons writing you for a certain means of preventing conception, to Dr. F. W. Evans for information. In so doing, you have unintentionally subjected me to a wicked and immoral imputation of the most villainous character, in the estimation of those who are ignorant of my true character, and that of the Shakers.

I am receiving several letters a day from parties who wish me to inform them how to prevent conception—all of them referring to the HERALD's advertisement.

Will you have the kindness and justice to state for the benefit of the ignorant portion of the HERALD's readers, that the only remedy I have ever known, taught, or practiced, to prevent conception, is to live a Christian life, and not only abstain from all sexual intercourse, but to not even think of or look upon a woman, to lust after her; this being the safe and certain Shaker way of meeting that question.

At the same time, I wish to express my satisfaction and respect for you in refusing to pander to the filthy lusts of either the married or unmarried, by teaching them how to separate the sexual act from its legitimate fruits—Offspring. These are "the unfruitful works of darkness" which ought to be repressed by any decent person, even in the world.

Your friend,

F. W. EVANS.

REMARKS:—We regret the injustice which our friend Evans feels was done him in the original reference. It is very embarrassing to explain one's own jokes, in order to guard a fellow-being from "wicked imputations of a most villainous character," but we hesitate not a moment in making the rough smooth, and the crooked straight in this affair. We believe that nine-tenths of our readers have sufficient intelligence to appreciate what we would have said to all who had applied for information. In referring the public to friend Evans (Shaker) for correct means of preventing conception, we supposed that we were prescribing just what is so explicitly set forth in the above letter. But if any reader could not perceive the real prescription, and should thereupon write to "Dr. Evans" for particular instructions whereby to prevent offspring, we concluded that such correspondent would receive (gratuitously) a Tract from the Society at Lebanon, setting forth the true "Doctrine of the Shakers"—a suggestion which we respectfully submit as the best way to meet the difficulty.—[Ed.]

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

R. C. P., ERIE CO., PA.—There is an important question before you, but do not expect an answer from us. Be faithful and do your whole duty.

F. W. E., LEBANON, N. Y.—Harvey's reply to V. N. may be sent to this office. We will find room for it soon.

DAVID T., PERRY CITY.—Thank you for information concerning Joseph Fraunhofer. It will be published.

"ANTE-NATAL GROWTH" is received. It is a suggestive theme, and should be carefully investigated.

"A BACHELOR TO A MAID" is received, and marked for an early appearance. "Marie" will find this correspondent a rather incorrigible bachelor.

SARAH L. F., N. H.—It is best wisely to entwine the affections around those to whom you are attracted. None are ever "lost" in the House not made with hands. This earth is nothing but a cellar-corner in that eternal mansion. Do not be over-cautions in walking on this "footstool."

H. B. D., OTTAWA, ILL.—Does the company of ignorant men and women make any difference about bringing wise or unwise spirits? ANSWER: Ignorant spirits will often communicate in the presence of wise men, but the reverse does not often occur. Mind seeks mind.

FRIEND A. B. S., OF WIS., whispers to us as follows: "Having seen a call in the HERALD for 'Psychometrists,' I would inform you that my wife, Mrs. A. B. Severance, has the gift or power to delineate character by the handwriting or any article worn or used about the person. She can be addressed at Whitewater, Walworth county, Wis."

H. W. B., NORTHFIELD.—It is all-important to speak kindly to those about you.

"A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed a heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere."

We know that you will never regret the hour when you became gentle and truth-loving.

For the Herald of Progress.

Moral Bouquet Culled in Foreign Climes.

The wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere, and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt, and from its effect upon surrounding things we are assured of its existence.

Conversation ought to be mental music, in which diversity of thoughts in the unity of humanity makes harmony for the soul.

Beyond the grave angels will not question thee as to the amount of wealth thou hast left behind thee, but what good deed thou hast done in the world to entitle thee to a home among the blessed.

The secret of beauty is rest; and calmness is an alchemy whose touch turneth all into gold. There are conditions of the mind when the adagios of Nature are preferable to the diapasons of her grandest chords.

Patience is sometimes courage in disguise; and he is the greatest hero who can suffer most silently.

It is a mockery to wear a fair outside show to meet the claims of a social ritual, whilst the inner harmony of the affections is wanting.

To the man of strong will and giant energy possibilities become probabilities, and probabilities certainties.

Brightness is adduced from gloom, and happiness from pain. The rainbow cannot appear without the cloud, but while the drops yet fall, the light shines in the darkness, and shows us every color.

The golden everlasting chain described by Homer as reaching from heaven to earth, and embracing the whole moral world, was no fable. That chain is love.

Before a good photograph can be taken, the paper must be chemically prepared. So without an inner chamber be ready to receive them, the impressions of the age will never be daguerreotyped on the heart.

Honor women! They scatter heavenly roses on the path of our earthly life; they weave the happy bonds of love; and beneath the modest veil of the graces, they nourish with a sacred hand the immortal flower of noble sentiments.

CLEF.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals.

NUMBER TWO.

READERS OF THE HERALD:—The question, "What, where, and how, is God?" propounded in my previous address to you, has been so often raised and so often let fall again without satisfactory result, that, to deem it barren of all practical value would not be unpardonable.

And yet the question will not down. Your child will ask, "Who made the stars?" and when you have answered, "God," his next question is, "Who made God?" A query so universal, does it not indicate an answer that is useful? Were it confined to the schools, did it concern the Romish Church only, like the question of "The Immaculate Purity," or the Calvinistic Church, as is the case with the "Damnation of Infants," we might with pleasant riddance hand it over to the experts in scholasticism, to be by them tortured into whatsoever fantastic image and caricature of reality should seem good, and by us, forever after let alone.

To every natural question, it seems to me, there must be an answer richly laden with present practical value. Whoso, then, finds the veritable, ever-living God, finds a mine of gold, a tower of strength, an exhaustless fountain of science and philosophy—things good to have. My friends, are they not? We all feel as though we could put a trifle more of either or all of these than we now possess, to immediate practical use, and this is my apology for interrogating myself and you as to God.

We need not be discouraged by the magnitude of the question, brethren. Suppose we do not get all the truth concerning it to-day—suppose the larger proportion thereof lies over until the next year or the year after—what then? The very little that we know of electricity, for example, we find extremely useful; why! it has even modified our theology in some degree—to the extent at least that we do not feel ourselves called upon more particularly, to pray when it thunders, than during clear weather. I fancy, could our memory run back a hundred and fifty years or so, we should find "saving grace" in the little we absolutely know of that occult force, no mean blessing. Given a knowledge of God, no greater, and what, of blessings, may we not hope for?

The great world has no God! The heathen portion thereof has idols, and the Christian at best, but a Savior. God, say some of its ablest teachers, is too vast and too abstract to be realized by us, and hence the necessity of the Man-God Jesus; that is to say, our case requires a big God for faith, and a little God (who does all the work) for practice. Now, had some conservative soul said to Franklin, or any other fearless questioner of a thunder-cloud, "Sir, lightning is too abstract, too far away, (not to say it is God's anger let loose,) for all human research; desist, therefore, I entreat you." With universal heed to such an admonition, our priceless magnetic telegraph had never been. "Too abstract," was the lightning? The very force and substance he thus denominated was within him, and as we well enough know now, it was by its ever-presence there, that he was able to commit the folly of pronouncing it an abstraction. Mournful, that in judgment of Christian theology, God without Jesus of Nazareth, should not be able to come so near the surface of the earth as a cloud whence distilleth the summer rain!

After all, the trouble is, not that we know so little about God, but that we know so much; that is to say, what we assume to know, stands directly in the way of our truly knowing. Thus, the good clergymen who tell us that God without Jesus is quite too abstract for human realization, will be found on inquiry, to be very certain that God is literally concrete, and at the same time not too discreet, seeing that the Devil (whom they also know all about) got the better of him in the affair of the apple. Do they not know that he is a monarch, that he sits upon a throne? etc., etc. Now, with such bald assumptions as these imbedded in the structure of a people's thought, the knowledge which is of demonstration must remain in abeyance.

Precisely where ultimate demonstration ends and its inevitable inference begins, shall we find God. But we are curious about the shape. We will have it that the Universal Father has a close family resemblance to our grandfather. Very possible; but who can testify to the real shape of himself, or grandfather? I know the form of the aggregation of particles which grandfather got temporarily together for the purposes of manifestation; but they did not constitute his individuality, for they are gone long ago, and grandfather still lives. In a word, I know of man precisely what he manifests of himself, no more; and just as much may be demonstrably known of God.

We can set very satisfactory limits to human power and intelligence—with an infinite margin beyond, filled with the manifestations of these attributes; is there the least offense to reason in the naming of these, superhuman, or divine? I did not make Saturn, I did not settle his mathematics; yet Saturn is there, and his place in the heavens is determinable to the fraction of an inch. Is it not a sound conclusion then, that the mathematics is as surely a divine attribute as it is a human? So of justice, so of goodness, so of love and power.

In approximate terms, God, to me, is the being whose soul is all use, and whose body is all force—law being the modality of that body, or force. Hence, "God is all in all." Whatever else may be conjectured concerning the what and whereabouts of God, this alone, as it seems to me, is demonstrably true. It is the spontaneous verdict of Prophet and Poet—the truth of God, inspired of God. This is why, in God, there can be "neither variability nor the shadow of turning." Rejecting this simple verdict, alike the award of inspiration and observation, the institutions of all the peoples, from earliest history to the present, rest upon the unsupported assumption that God is a man-monarch; and that the eternal interests of the human race have a no surer basis than that monarch's supreme pleasure. In other words, the notion is as old as the golden calf, and more universal than the wooden symbol of the crucifixion, that the complex of religious obligation proceeds, not from natural necessity, or causes inherent, but is obligatory only, by reason of potential command. The poor fool who breaks what he deems to be one of these commands does it because he verily believes that he has at the worst only to sacrifice something a little less dear than himself in order to be all right again in the sight of his Divine monarch. He has no idea that he has disturbed a natural force, his outrage against which (being the sin against its indwelling spirit) hath never forgiveness—"neither in this world nor in that which is to come."

Friends, our beloved country is sweating literal drops of precious blood to-day as the inevitable penalty of this terrible mistake concerning God. He who mistakes God, will assuredly mistake the eternal right, and the universal good with respect to himself and his brother man.

The Jews had a goat to carry off their sins; but where, to-day, is that once great nation? The Christians have saddled theirs upon a man; and what, I pray you, in these days, is the outlook from Christian pulpit and Christian throne? "A fearful looking for judgment," say you? it is already upon us. Are

we in a condition farther to increase our liabilities? Suffer, as a nation, for what we have done, and left undone we must, no "scape-goat," whether in the shape of a quadruped, biped, or constitutional compromise, can save us from that; but we may abandon the error if we will but seek for the truth—the truth, namely, that right is just as inflexible in one direction as another, and therefore, that a human right can no more be wronged or compromised, with safety to yourself, than can the right of a steam engine. This obvious truth once thoroughly seated in the consciousness, is the ax laid at the root of the entire forest of theological error—more than that; it is a crop of golden wheat, grown, ground, bolted and baked into the very bread of life in place of it.

R. T. H.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Is the Bible the Foundation of Freedom and Civilization?

MR. EDITOR: In your paper, (No. 99,) I read "D. L.'s" reply to the Christian Ambassador, on the relation of the Bible and Christianity to Freedom and Civilization. "It is well known," says the sectarian, "that in those countries where the Bible is read, studied, and believed in, there is more knowledge and greater freedom, more virtue and happiness, than in any other countries on the face of the earth." To this statement Brother Wm. Denton has made the following answer, which I beg respectfully to submit.

Yours, for the "discovery and application of Truth,"

NEMESIS.

If all this greater freedom, and virtue, and happiness, were the result of reading and believing the Bible, this would not prove it to be divine. A book may be useful, though merely human. But where is the proof that we owe our virtue, liberty, and enlightenment, to the Bible? The Abyssinians have had the Bible in their possession twice as long as the Anglo-Saxon race, and yet what are they? a miserable race of barbarians. The Greeks and Romans were as far in advance of surrounding nations as we are, or profess to be. Was it the Bible that elevated them and made their unrivaled poets, painters, sculptors, and orators? The Chinese are farther in advance of the new Hollanders than we are of the Turks; no doubt the pious among the Chinese attribute it to the sayings of Confucius, which the natives of the island continent do not possess. Some one speaks of institutions that give themselves credit for all the good that exists in spite of them. So Bible believers oppose science to the last, but when it nobly triumphs, in spite of their direct opposition, they are the first to shout glory to the Bible for what it has done.

If the Bible had been the only instrumentality employed for our elevation and enlightenment, we might have been able to tell what its simple influence on a people; but as there are a thousand instrumentalities at work, it is impossible to tell how much of our superiority it may be credited with; this we know, that when the literature of Greece and Rome was supplanted by that of the Bible and the Christian fathers, a night of mental darkness spread over the world, which was not broken up till the invention of printing and the revival of pagan literature. Where a people are much lower than the Bible plane, it may tend to elevate them; but where they are not, its influence is degrading. Many Bible believers have shown themselves to be far from being enlightened, humane, or liberal, and generally in proportion to their veneration for the Bible, and their exclusive use of it, was their bigotry and cruelty. Calvin was a Bible worshiper, and caused Servetus to be burned at the stake, because the enlightened doctor could not see the Bible with the same eyes as this tyrant of Geneva. The Catholics, who have tormented and murdered millions, are Bible believers. Who are greater upholders of the Bible than the Puritans of New England? Their famous blue laws answer, none; they whipped and even hung the Quakers who went among them preaching a nobler gospel than their own. Who, at the present time, keep nearly four millions of human beings in bondage, selling them like cattle whenever they please, and not allowing them to call their souls their own? Who but Bible believers? And who countenance them in this, sanctifying the robbery and foul wrong, and give the pretended sanction of heaven to this blackest crime? Ministers, with Bibles in their hands, who preach from "Servants, obey your masters," and place God's foot on the neck of the trembling slave.

Again it is said by sectarians that if you take away the sacred character of the Scriptures, you destroy the foundation of all religion, and the whole fabric of morality falls to the ground.

You never were more mistaken. The foundations of religion do not rest on the Bible, nor any other perishable, man-made material. Religion has its deep foundations in our nature, and was placed there by the Mighty Architect himself. It is part and parcel of our very constitution, as much as our love of the beautiful. Men were religious before the first chapter of Genesis was written, and they will be religious when the Bible is



no longer regarded as authority by a thinking soul. The Bible, Jewish ceremonies, Hindoo festivals, Methodist love-feasts, Roman Catholic processions, Quaker gatherings, are all the offspring of the natural religious sentiment; and when that sentiment is properly regulated by reason, we shall have a pure religion, a blessing to man and a glory to God.

That a great part of the religion of orthodoxy would be destroyed, there is no doubt. With its partial, cruel Deity, its irrational dogmas, its hatred of truth and its sanction of crime, the sooner the grave closes over it the better, and a worthier one takes its place. God is no Jacob, loving Joseph more than his brethren, and making him a coat of many colors. He regards the beard of the Jew no more than the shaven crown of the Chinaman. Did ever man do right? Then did his right doing bring its own reward, whether he were blessed Jew or cursed Gentile. Catholic kneeling to kiss the Pope's toe, or Yezidite offering a propitiatory sacrifice to the devil. Did ever man do wrong? Then did wrong doing bring its own punishment, certain as that sun brings light, and all the prayers of all the professors in the world could not have made it otherwise. Dark is the soul that thinks he can entice the Godhead by the splendor of his temple, or make him his peculiar friend by the abundance of his supplications or the strictness of his creed. O, blind sectarian, is the God of the universe like thee, that he should curse every one who does not travel thy path or kneel at thy shrine? Is he a man that thou shouldst style thy worshiping place his house; thy hired Sunday talker his minister; and a volume, written by men blinder than thyself, his word? Open thine eyes and be amazed at thy folly; the Indian in the wild might teach thee a worthier religion. When thy little sect has vanished from the earth, and its name is all unknown even to thyself, then God will be and all his creatures one with him.

The miserable, Jewish, "cribbed, cabined, and confined" religion, that it would destroy, is a disgrace to the age in which we dwell. It is an image, not of the infinite Father and his boundless love, but it is an image of the narrow, thread-drawn souls, that made and support it. It says with Paul: "Neither is there salvation in any other;" and exclaims to every outsider: "Thou art a base-born dog, and perdition is thy home." This religion puts more faith in a dead lie than a living truth; it makes God a tyrant and man a cowardly slave, and would damn a world to save itself. When its advocates arrive at the spirit land, and find hell-doomed infidels and Atheists occupying higher positions than themselves, they will be ready, like Jonah, to weep because God's heart is less contracted than their own.

This offspring of bigotry and pride is baptized by the name of the "Christian Religion." If it is, as certainly as we are, it is not God's religion. It is not the religion of our nature. It is not the religion for manhood; it cannot fit us for this world, much less for the next. It is a fiendish inquisitor that grips us by the throat and demands that we believe in a black devil and eternal damnation ere it let us go. It wars with the best feelings of our nature. We see in childhood the innocence of a newborn flower; but orthodoxy comes with a long, frowning face, and gravely talks of depravity and original sin, as though God had stamped all his children with the devil's seal. It seems to eternal torment the noblest names of which earth can boast: Shakespeare, Byron, Burns, Hume, Volney, Rousseau, and a host of noble men and women have gone to grace the regions of the damned, and howl their endless lives in blasphemous away; while it lifts up to heaven and makes partakers of all its glories the vilest and most abandoned wretches, if they repent and believe its unreasonable dogmas. Truly, if a want of faith in the sacred character of the Scriptures will destroy this religion, and we obtain in its place a natural, Godlike religion that will satisfy the deep and unquenchable longings of the soul, it will be a most blessed thing. To spread abroad and keep up this religion, many of whose doctrines would disgrace heathendom, to charge the battery and galvanize this corpse, millions of money are spent, printing presses are in continual operation, and thousands of men are wasting valuable lives. And we are told that if it were not for all this machinery, the whole fabric of morality would fall to the ground a shapeless ruin. Shall the sky fall because the clouds are dispersed? Shall the moon cease to shine because a smoky lamp is blown out? or the sun be blotted from the sky because a useless taper is extinguished? Shall religion die because rant and cant are destroyed? or morality be no more because sectarianism is gone? Not more foolish is a madman's dream. Sects and Bibles are things of yesterday, and will disappear to-morrow; but religion, truth, and love, are trees of God's right hand planting, and shall be green and fruitful evermore.

True religion knows no sects nor parties, no priests nor thirty-nine-articled creeds. It does not believe that all God's truth is shut up in a book, big or little, but looks for life within, without, and all God's universe about. It not only believes that God did live, but that he does live; not only that he did speak, but that he does speak to me, to thee, as unto Jesus and George Fox. It does not go with a dark-lantern to look for truth in a mummy-pit, among the skeletons of the past, but is out in the sunshine of the living present, gathering the flowers that a kind father's hand has strewn on every side. True religion needs no splendid temple, no grand display, no mitered priest, no silk-gowned, lawn-sleeved bishop, no black-coated minister; it needs no gorgeous altar, no silvered crucifix, no silk-tasseled pulpit; it needs no holy days, no holy sacraments, no holy houses. All it needs is noble, upright souls, men and women who will seek for truth as for hidden treasure, and when found and her voice heard, will obey her requirements at all hazards. In these it lives and flourishes in eternal verdure, in unfading bloom. It teaches us to develop the man within us nobly, fearlessly, and harmoniously; to worship God by a pure and holy life; and then points us in the future to a world of eternal progression, where we and all may eventually live in bliss unending. "This religion that can give sweetest pleasures while we live." And "this religion can supply solid comfort when we die." Its flower has no thorn and its honey no poison. It is the child of God and the friend of man. The dungeon, at its presence, smiles, and its gloomy portals at its touch are transformed into the pearly gates of paradise. It consecrates all places, the freestone becomes as holy as the Jewish

temple, and the plowed field as the splendid cathedral. It consecrates all useful work; plowing and sowing are as holy as singing and praying; the sound of the woodman's ax is as sacred music as the organ's chant. It consecrates all times; Monday is a Sunday, work day as rest day, all are God's, and all are good. It consecrates all persons. The plowman is a priest, and the shoemaker offers acceptable sacrifice; the leather apron and the fustian jacket are one with the priest's vesture and the fine linen of Aaron.

For the Herald of Progress.

### The want of True Sympathy.

Perhaps the above heading may impel an incredulous or half-impatient "what a trite subject!" to escape from the lips of not a few of the HERALD's intelligent readers. But, kind friends, do not too summarily pass sentence against my humble offering, merely because the "heading" has long marked out an exhausted, or a too pen-worn subject.

Now and then, during our life pilgrimage, how keenly do we feel the want of pure, unadulterated sympathy? A sentiment of fellow-feeling—a true and unalloyed congeniality of mind, of taste, of aims, or mental aspirations? True, we may form a thousand ties of friendship in accordance with the common social requirements of our present half-developed social organizations. And yet if we scrutinize closely, or minutely analyze the elements composing nine-tenths of all those friendly unions, passing under the name of friendship, we find nothing more evanescent, or nothing that is surrounded with more delusive and false glossings. How truly humiliating the confession, that deep, soul-consecrated sympathy, which looks as carefully to the true interests and social well-being of others as it does to our own success and happiness in life, is so rarely found; and yet this noble, this lofty and positively sublime sentiment, should be in possession of all soul-endowed creatures. But what are the facts? Simply this, that we may live to a "green old age," and while on our journey thitherward, mingle freely with our kind; filling our place as best we can in the great social compact, without becoming intimately associated with more than a score, if even that number, of this class of mortals.

We may even stand before the altar and promise, in the most solemn form, to love, cherish, and provide for the object of our choice, and in after years find all genuine sympathy of feeling—all real congeniality of soul—is entirely wanting. True, we may find a kind, dutiful, and affectionate wife; an indulgent, loving, and bountifully providing husband; and yet, with all these highly commendable qualities of head and heart, come to learn in due time that there is no positive alliance beyond the mere formal ties of personal interest. That there is an entire absence of those higher orders of refined and delicately cultivated sympathy, so really essential in rendering an earth-pilgrimage at all desirable. By slow degrees we come to learn that a certain element which should hold undivided sway over the inner soul—an element of semi-spiritualized life, alone capable of imparting real rest to mortal life—has no existence whatever.

True, this high order of sympathy may, perhaps, hold a place somewhat above the common grades of human intellect, inasmuch as mankind cannot touch it if they were so disposed—elevate their souls unless previously prepared by the most patient and carefully conducted soul culture. True, we must acknowledge the unpleasant fact, viz: that here and there we find individuals who are beyond doubt wholly incapacitated by some inherent mental deficiency, from elevating their souls to such ecstatic enjoyments and comities of higher-life beatifications. All such we must forgive with a tear of sorrowful regret. Still, we feel conscious that there are but few thus deprived of life's most ineffable—most spiritualized enjoyments. God, in his infinite goodness, wisdom, and equalized natural bestowments, has endowed almost every human being with an embryonic germ, that is susceptible of being cultivated up to high, if not the higher orders of sympathetic attainments.

Al! who properly estimates the enthusiastic and soul-gratifying enjoyments—the more than felicitous happiness clustering around the life-pathway of those whose souls are properly attuned for the full reception of such sublime delights, as true, unalloyed sympathy unfolds? How ineffably delightful for two or more human beings to mingle thoughts, hearts, souls, in sweet, sympathetic communion, and delve deeply into the various themes which an eager and successful pursuit of knowledge has awakened within their hearts! To sympathetically feast our inner souls upon the noble and suggestive promises which the present phase of human progress presents to our view! To hold harmonious converse in relation to the present hopeful conviction, viz: that Christianity is about to emerge from its long sleep of dogmatical intolerance and hypocritical creedism into the broad, effulgent light of a simple, but positive religion, which indisputably links the soul of man with its Omnipotent Author! Subjects of thought which should ever hold a prominent, aye the first place in the mental aspirations and practical efforts of all really good men and women.

Then how pleasing the reflection, that in cultivating this peculiar endowment—sympathy, or positive congeniality of soul—up to a standpoint of semi-perfection, we are fitting ourselves for indulging in that kind of condolence over the misfortunes and afflictions of our most endeared friends or more casual acquaintances; which, while soothing their wounded feelings, does not offend the most delicately sensitive soul by the least shadowing of ostentation or patronizing airs. If a friend, who is in full possession of this noble, this lofty and sublime mental element—true sympathy—chances to pass under the scourge of sickness, domestic misfortune, or, indeed, any of the thousand and one ills which at all times hedge around each human life, how unexpectably delightful to witness how our souls at once enter into a purer, holier, and more harmonizing coexistence! Our souls, under the elevating and purifying influences of true sympathy, seem to become one; while the welsh or unseparated party immediately feels desirous of sharing the trials, afflictions, and sorrow-draped disquietudes of the other party. Not a thought of sadness or sorrow, not a pang of distress, not an act of icicle coldness, which this world so much abounds in, is presented to the lips of our friend, but what sends an instantaneous thrill of pain, of real anguish, through our

own souls. And this is an ever-present characteristic of true sympathy. So, too, when, in moments of great rejoicing over the final deliverance of our friend, or friends, from their misfortunes, those pleasurable emotions are heightened a thousandfold, in being fully conscious that our feelings, our many acts of kindness and most solicitous attentions, have ever been fully reciprocated—that our sympathy has not been misplaced, that the outgushing emotions of our souls are fully appreciated, and that, were our relative position changed, and that, were our relative position changed, our friend would exhibit the same ennobling qualities of head and heart. Yes, how truly may it be said, that when genuine SYMPATHY has erected its shining altar within our hearts, and consequently, brought our souls completely under its benign, its God-smiled-upon influences, we then feel that self has succumbed before a higher, purer, holier, and more Christian sentiment. We know that our souls have so far emerged from the unspiritualized influences of our mere animal bodies, as to have achieved a signal victory over those groveling and sensualized passions which have not only seemingly, but in fact, held almost exclusive sway over ninety-nine hundredths of the human family since man's memorable advent into the changing vicissitudes of this mundane sphere. No mental emanation from our souls is susceptible of higher attainments, or that, when fully developed, affords more unalloyed gratification, than sympathy—than genuine congeniality.

Its possession in a high or carefully cultivated form fills our souls with ineffable delights. Transporting emotions, second alone to those celestial beatifications which a just and every-way munificent All Father has in store for all those created in his image. True sympathy is above and beyond all friendship—as that compound word is usually interpreted. It is an element of love for our kind, furnishing a warm, impassioned desire to not only witness the complete happiness of all mankind, but it irrepressibly impels us to assist in thus ameliorating the political, moral, and religious condition of our fellow-beings.

Thus I have briefly essayed to point out a few of the unspeakable blessings filling the souls of those who have become real and ever-truthful devotees at the shrine of SYMPATHY, as presented after years of careful culture.

If, then, a just, holy, and in every-way munificent God, at the moment of sending it on its earthly mission, endows the human soul with an embryonic element or faculty, that is susceptible of being cultivated up to such degrees of lofty, even sublime perfection—an element that, when properly attuned for its blessed mission, never fails in filling our souls with the most ineffable delights, and a faculty, too, that, were it to find a perfectly congenial home in every human soul, would speedily transform our present too shamefully discordant social organizations into one vast system of perfect harmony—how imperatively necessary for all God's children to so cultivate this sublime endowment of sympathy, as to insure its ultimate predominance over all selfish and unfraternal passions—thus securing both unalloyed and unchangeable happiness to every human being, and that, too, while the soul is still imprisoned in a mortal body! Let each co-helper in the consecrated cause of positive "progress," earnestly labor to enshrine true sympathy as the sovereign ruler over all human actions, motives, or aspirations.

FORWARD.

QUINCY, ILL., December 8, 1861.

Correspondence of the Herald of Progress.

### A Winter Home.

NASSAU, N. P., Dec., 1861.

MR. EDITOR: If you can find a spare corner in your valued family Journal for a few incidents of this beautiful island, please give them publicity for the benefit of those who desire to know more of it, and are looking for a winter home.

On the 10th inst. I left my home in the great city of New York, and took passage on the British steamer Karnak, Capt. — (belonging to the Cunard line, for this island). Our passengers numbered over one hundred, one-third of whom were ladies, all seeking a milder climate. In a few hours over four days we were all landed, after enjoying one of the pleasantest voyages it has ever been my lot to make. The steamer is one of the most comfortable, her officers polite and attentive, and the fare excellent. To me it seemed more like a pleasure excursion than a voyage at sea. On landing, we all repaired to the Royal Victoria Hotel, which has just been erected by the government of the island at a great outlay, and in the most substantial manner, under the immediate direction and supervision of Mr. Howell, of your city. The building is two hundred feet long, four stories high, with verandas around each story, affording one of the finest promenades. The rooms are large, airy, and well-furnished, and from any part of the building may be enjoyed a heavenly prospect. The hotel has all the modern improvements, and too much cannot be said in its favor—for certainly the whole is complete. The table is excellent, and the whole under the immediate supervision of Mr. Thompson, of New York, who has had great experience in that city in times past. Certainly a better person could not have been chosen for the place. The charges are certainly very low for this class hotel, and for the very many luxuries to be enjoyed. Several families are here for the winter, and quite a large number of young ladies and gentlemen, which renders the house attractive and lively.

A great abundance of fresh vegetables, and all kinds of fruit in the greatest perfection, are to be had for a mere trifle. The fish and turtle supplies are very abundant, and quite superior to those obtained in the New York market. The island abounds with beautiful shells, and very many other curiosities.

The town is well laid out, and built up in regular order, each house having a plot of ground filled with various shrubs and fruit-trees peculiar to the tropics. The streets are moderately wide, and kept as neat as a pin. They have the appearance of having just emerged from the laundry, being washed, starched, ironed, and ready for immediate use. The dwellings and stores are nicely painted, and every part of the town is in the most perfect order. The society is good, and great hospitality is extended to strangers. The colored population are well clad, orderly, and law-abiding citizens. Thieving is rarely known, and the whole population of the island seem to enjoy life fully. The drives for thirty miles on the island, over the best Macadamized roads (for you know the English are proverbial

for such) afford opportunity for recreation, and the charges for horses and carriages much lower than in your city. Several ships of war are lying at anchor at the present time in the harbor, one of which is the U. S. steam gunboat *Hambour*. The old Charleston and Havana steamers *Isabel*, now under the British flag and a changed name, is here, having arrived with a load of cotton from Charleston, getting out of that harbor in some mysterious manner unknown to the writer.

And now, Messrs. Editors, permit me to close this letter by saying a more delightful winter home is not easily found, or more easy of access, and for less money, with a climate unsurpassed either for invalids or persons desirous of pleasure and happiness.

Yours, very truly,

B.

For the Herald of Progress.

### Reasons why I am a Husband.

ADDRESSED TO A BACHELOR.

TO JAMES FLAGLER, DEAR SIR: You have formed some very correct conclusions (especially for a "bachelor,") touching the true marriage. (See HERALD OF PROGRESS, No. 95, page 3.) I think you ought to have a wife. I fear, however, that, so long as you are disposed to circumscribe the object of your conjugal hopes to your *ideal*, you will not succeed in forming the happy relation of husband, in the true sense of marriage, to any fair one. You seem to expect the one you select as a companion for life to make sacrifices on her part, in order to conform to your *ideal*; she must lay aside her hoops and skirts to please you; she must adapt her apparel to your wishes, as if she had nothing to do but to live for your pleasure. Did it ever strike you that a woman might have tastes and wishes of her own in this respect? Do you not know that there are no two individuals, male or female, now living, whose tastes and wishes agree in this respect? Which must yield to the other, then? Is it not a little selfish to expect everything to be yielded to us while we yield nothing? Could this yielding all on one side transpire, without a violation of that happiness which is the great object of the union? Could you respect a woman who has no more independence and self-sovereignty than would yield to such arbitrary and exacting requirements? Would you not suspect that she was over-anxious to become a wife, when she was thus willing to extinguish her own individuality in that of her lord and master? Did it ever strike you that women sometimes have wishes of their own, and that, perchance, it might become your duty to modify your wishes, perhaps your character, in order to fill the ideal of some fair one? I have rarely met with women, old or young, plain or fair, who had not wishes to gratify in the choice of a husband, and as reasonable, in the main, as those of our own sex. Now, my dear James, do bear in mind the fact that women do choose husbands as well as that men choose wives; also, that husband choosing is as much their privilege as wife choosing is ours.

James, the true marriage—the union of two hearts—is not a matter within our control. It is Nature that points out the true companions, throws around them the golden chain, draws the bond closer and closer, and finally ties the silk knot, in spite of hoops, drabbling skirts, and frivolities.

I have thought that you might be benefited by the experience of one who has been a happy husband during the last eighteen years, as shown in the reason why I am a husband. The reason is found in the answer of the truant schoolboy to his master, when he demanded the reason why he laughed in school: "I couldn't help it."

The ideal of my young and buoyant day-dreams was as fastidiously drawn by my warm and glowing fancy as your own. I assure you she was a perfection. Fancy draped her in celestial vestments, and surrounded her with celestial sunshine and celestial flowers; but the best of it was that she was to live for my happiness, that being the great end and aim of her creation. I dwelt on this ideal in the fond imagery of my day-dreams, without the thought ever once crossing my mind that it might be possible, in the course of human events, that I might in some manner, either directly or indirectly, have something to do with her happiness. Did that thought ever strike your bachelor mind, James?

On a sudden, and very unexpectedly too, I met a lady (not my ideal, by any means,) whose lofty and noble womanhood, whose pure and elevated thought, which flashed and spoke in every look and action, taught me that I could never be happy unless she became my wife. She had not a single qualification of my ideal. In her presence I forgot them all, as well as any ideal. Her pure spirit rose superior to all; I saw only that spirit, and never noticed or thought whether she possessed even one of the invaluable prerequisites of a wife, as my fancy had delineated the picture of that personage in my ideal. I am taught by this how incapable is the cold heart, unmoved by affection, to point out or to anticipate its own demands. I am also taught by it what an act of simple and selfish folly it is to erect our standard for a perfect wife, with the expectation that some fair one will voluntarily walk up and measure herself by it, and shape herself to it. I did not stop to debate the question of what sacrifices I should require, or whether she would conform to my high wishes to make me happy. My heart had but one anxiety, and that was to make her my own; and having done so (for she has been my wife eighteen years,) I had but one object, one pleasure, one hope, and that was to make her happy, not to study how she could make me happy. (That was her study.) By surrendering any of her tastes, her wishes, her rights, her privileges and prerogatives, I am quite sure that the secret of our happiness is the desire, and the constant effort, on the part of each of us, to make the other happy, even at the expense of sacrificing what some old bachelors might regard as prerogatives, and what some old maids might claim as rights.

Rights are investments for married people to quarrel about; they are the creatures of the law, and not the sacred offspring of the heart's affections. He or she who, in the choice of a wife or a husband, is perturbed by individual rights, will be sure to cavil touching those rights after the law has pronounced them husband or wife. The law recognizes such rights; true affection ignores them. The law vindicates and enforces them, but pure love knows no rights or privileges save those of

making its object happy. He or she who expects to form the connubial relation, while jealously guarding and saving individual rights, must meet with disappointment. The rights will be swallowed up, drowned, and forgotten, in the deep, pure fountains of conjugal love. If they are remembered and distinctly noted, the relation cannot be a conjugal one, but a mere empty pretense—a legal conventionalality.

CONSTANTINE, Mich., Jan. 2, 1862.

For the Herald of Progress.

### Reasons Why I am a Wife.

ADDRESSED TO MARIE, IN NO. 97 OF THE "HERALD."

A wife, in the most comprehensive signification of the word, is a woman who has found a congenial companion of the opposite sex; one who has found in this companion a reciprocation of all the rich treasures of love which her spirit had in store for its chosen object; one who, when the proper object was met, was at once married, not for time alone, but eternally; one who cannot be reached by legal enactments, either to unite when separated, or to separate when united; one that is above the conventionalisms of society, but who may be subservient to them in all cheerfulness because she is not affected by them; one that revels in a higher life than the mere pleasures or pains which are incident to her physical condition. The true wife is one that rises above all that is earthly, and blends her spirit with the divine of her opposite principle—man, or wisdom.

The reason that I am a wife is because, from maidenhood, by a gradually progressive development, I now comprehend what it is to be a wife; and my deduction is that I have had that experience which alone can constitute the true wife.

When the maiden meets an opposite upon her own plane, who, like herself, is in quest of an object to love, there will be no difficulty; she will love as naturally and beautifully as the sun's genial rays warm into life the budding flowers; and her love will find as certain reciprocation as do the flowers in the unfolding of their petals to kiss the first morning beams and the last evening rays of their God—the source of light and life.

Earth is the school where maidens may learn to become wives; and thrice happy are they who learn the lesson well, for such only are prepared to take the highest position to which woman may attain, when the golden portals are opened for her reception into the spiritual existence. As an individual, you must learn the lesson for yourself; I cannot tell you how, and I do not think any one can; but when you are developed to that position where you really sustain the relation of the true wife, you will see clearly, and not a doubt will cast a shadow over your mental comprehension of the fact.

In relation to "rights, either marital or other," true love knows no such word. The true wife loves to make her husband happy, and in doing this she is herself made happy. She anticipates all those nameless little courtesies and kindly acts which the refined are pleased to receive, and which the affectionate heart is ever happy in conferring upon the object of its love. If, from any cause, all or any of these are withheld, the husband would undoubtedly feel the want of them as he would any other necessity of his being; but if he is a true husband he will make no demands claim no rights, except such as, under favorable circumstances and conditions, he calls forth in response to his own powers of attraction. The truly married pair are governed wholly by their attractive forces in all that pertains each to the other.

Those husbands and wives whose union recognizes no higher law than mere legal contracts, have rights equal to any other contracting parties; and such need not be surprised if the parties to such contracts should claim all the rights which are recognized as belonging to them under the legal code.

ARTEMESIA.

For the Herald of Progress.

### "We, the Aristocracy."

Exactly! So says Farmer Dobbins to a group of his fellow rustics, as they jog along toward the village to raise the frame of a large store or dwelling. "The villagers can't do anything alone, but must rally into the country and call in the farmers, the bone and sinew of the land, the native-born aristocracy." The speech is heartily applauded by the brawny swains, and when they enter the despised village they pass with rude contempt the teachers, lawyers, and merchants, who must depend upon these rural nobles for help as well as for their daily bread.

"We, the aristocracy!" lips the delicate young miss, whose father has left his profitable trade of shoemaker, and commenced keeping store in such an extensive manner that everybody knows he must soon break down. Well, she must now lay aside useful and invigorating exercise, to read the fashion magazines and keep up with the times; must exchange the glow of industry and health for the sickly pallor of genteel laziness; that she may receive calls, degenerate into a heartless simper, and move in the circle of the village aristocracy.

"We, the aristocracy!" says the young girl who has been captured from her boarding school and become the wife of a wealthy New York broker. As she sits in her costly prison on Fifth avenue, she flatters her weary heart to rest by repeating to herself "We are truly the aristocracy, and all the world know it."

"We, the aristocracy!" sighs the pale college student—"The true aristocracy in the realm of mind!" And the lover of classic lore and his neighbors' poultry draws a long sigh, and a still longer whiff of tobacco smoke, and starts out on a spree with his chum, who is also, of course, one of the intellectual aristocracy.

"We, the aristocracy!" flows from the proud pen of Ralph Waldo Emerson, as through his writings he stirs the souls of those who think, and gladdens the hearts of those who feel the presence of the divine beautiful—who see in buds, leaves, and fruit, in thoughts, words, and deeds, dim shadows from the inner world. He declares the masses rude, "unmade," and wild, who should not be civilized, but schooled and disciplined by the more favored few—the aristocracy. High above them, he will

"laugh at the love and pride of man. At the scholar's schools and the learned class."



How consoling is the thought that we may all belong to the aristocracy. How truly did Dr. Franklin say that a man should thank God for pride, because it serves to make him happy. But while we clothe ourselves in imperial robes, and dwell in first-class air-castles, surrounded only by those who are like ourselves, of the aristocracy, let us remember that our worthy neighbor, whoever he may be, is also a member of the great aristocratic family of mankind.

I AND MY PEE.

For the Herald of Progress.

## Education of Children.

NO. IV.

## THE EDUCATOR.

In looking at our institutions of learning as they are, and at the general opinions of men in regard to education, it makes one sad and doubtful as to what course to pursue in attempting to work for the benefit of humanity in this direction. Men have so long leaned upon superficial authority, and ignored the teachings of Nature, and her directions in the management of children, that to attempt any reform in their instruction but subjects the educator to greater exertion and labor, and generally gives him the name of "infidel." Hence the necessity of the teacher being really good and truly faithful. He should possess a true missionary spirit—feeling a love for the employment, and anxious to work for youth's permanent good. To work thus, his own spirit must be imbued with the spirit of truth, and the light of angel liberty must pervade his entire inner being. Party, sect, and whatever fetters the free exercise of thought, should be outgrown and unrecognized in his being. Absolute authority should nowhere be recognized. The natural law of progress should be the chief article of his creed; his whole life should be redolent with love, and pure, spontaneous emotions of his soul should constantly act the prayer of life. His dignity should be the dignity of nature, caused by a self-consciousness of an internal heaven. The heart must be cleansed from impure thoughts and unholy emotions. Such a teacher will work truly for the real good of his pupils. His spiritual atmosphere and his positive goodness will exert a healthy influence upon the plastic minds that surround him. Love begets love, and, guided by wisdom, can infuse into the minds of youth the noblest aspirations and most elevated desires. Nothing but true goodness of soul can make the teacher really positive to his pupil. He may possess great knowledge of books, be master of the most abstruse sciences, yet if he is not really good, possessing the spontaneous emotions of true love for all human kind, with the spirit of the truth, which makes free, his influence will be of the negative kind, and his labors of no lasting benefit.

There is a wide difference between the feelings of a true teacher and a mechanical one. One possesses the feelings of an angel, the other the emotions of the sensual. The true teacher lives to bless, the other to gratify superficial wants. One labors to harmonize and elevate, the other to restrain and oppress. The true teacher subjects all problems to the crucible of reason and demonstration, and infuses the same spirit into the mind of his pupils; the other is satisfied with the text, and practically teaches an outside authority, and thus causes mind to revolve in a circle. One receives the joy of doing good, and the consciousness of strengthening and enlarging in his feelings, and growing nearer God and angel friends; the other the hope of release from labor, and the delight of pay in money.

Yes; the true teacher has a remuneration which men cannot give nor take away—the blessed assurance of increasing youthful enjoyment, and aiding in ameliorating the future condition of humanity.

E. C.

SOLSVILLE, N. Y.

For the Herald of Progress.

## Another Letter from Paul Pry.

MR. A. J. DAVIS, SIR: I thank you for inserting my answer to yourself and "Ce Empe" in the HERALD (see No. 94). If this was a personal matter, I should let it rest, and leave you to enjoy your assumed greater knowledge in spiritual philosophy. But I do not deem it so. I have presented to the world a phase of spiritual life, that is either true or it is not true, and it is one that I deem of so much importance that there should be no doubt as to its truthfulness or fallacy.

You are usually very clear in your writings, but I cannot make out what you really mean in your criticism upon my answer. In one sentence you seem to admit what you have denied in another. I have said that if we indulge in the use of stimulants in earth-life, we carry with us the desire into spirit-life, and as it cannot there be gratified, this desire becomes intensified so as to cause a greater or less degree of suffering. This you deny. Then you say that you have taught from the first "that the effects and consequences of an evil earth-life do continue in more or less active force after death." What do you mean by this? Is it or is not the desire for stimulants one of the effects and consequences of its use in earth-life? or is the desire, and the suffering, and the cure, all imaginary, as is the possession of money?

When I asked Doctor Johnson if he suffered, and he answered, "Put your finger in the fire, and hold it there, and you will have an idea of my sufferings," should I have told him, "Doctor you are mistaken, your sufferings are only imaginary; there is nothing in spirit-life to create a disease"? And of the cure—when he said, "Why, what is this? I am relieved from the sufferings of hell," should I have said, "Your relief is imaginary, as you have really never suffered"?

It was said by some that Dr. Ackley had cured himself of his desire for stimulants, as was set forth in the work which he had dictated. I had read the work, and thought differently, and so I called him, and he purported to come, and I believe did come, and he described his sufferings as set forth in his book, and how he sought relief by inducing those in the form to drink, that he might inhale by suction the stimulant, and told of the effort that it required to overcome the propensity; but that he had overcome it, and preferred to rely upon his own firmness rather than accept of any presumed cure. I then told him that I had not got an answer to the question for which I called him—"Have you overcome the desire

for stimulants?" He replied: "No; and when I come to earth I am obliged to avoid the influence, and often I suffer intensely when I come in contact with those who take stimulants moderately." I then asked him if he was not impairing his usefulness in relying upon his firmness to resist the temptation, when the desire itself might possibly be cured, when the desire is silent for some minutes, then reached the glass and took the contents, and his changed manner showed the relief that he felt, and which he acknowledged. What more he said need not be repeated; but most assuredly he deemed that he took with him into spirit-life the desire that he had in earth-life for the stimulant.

But to return to your criticism. You say that I "proceed upon the unphilosophical hypothesis that the causes and conditions of evil are continued in full force beyond the tomb," and again, that "the causes and desires of evil continue beyond the tomb." Excuse me, but I have neither written nor taught any such thing. I knew better than to do so before I had read a word in your "Great Harmonia." I have stated that the desire was the effect of an earth disease, (and there is no difference beyond a play upon words between them,) and that, if cured, the cure would be forever, for that there was nothing in spirit-life to create a disease. When Dr. Johnson asked if the relief would be permanent, and heard my reply, he said, "Yes, it must be so; this is an earth disease, and if cured it must be forever."

Again: You say that I have been "misled by a series of superficial experiments," and that you will leave my "mistaken efforts and telescopic charity to the tender mercies of the inquisitive 'Ce Empe'." Indeed! Where were your bowels of compassion when you penned the latter paragraph? And five hundred cases you deem a "superficial" experiment—each and every one saying that they were in a state of suffering more or less intense, and each professing to be relieved if not cured. If this does not satisfy you, it does me—that neither "Ce Empe," nor as many learned expounders of Spiritualism as he can bring to his aid, can detract from the truth I have set forth, viz: That the use of stimulants, so as to become a habit, in earth-life, carries with it into spirit-life a like desire, and is the cause of a greater or less degree of suffering; and that a liquid containing but an infinitesimal stimulant, administered through the medium, has afforded instant relief, if not a permanent cure.

You are pleased to call the beer "supernatural." Such a term would do very well for "Ce Empe" to use, but I am surprised to see it come from you. You do not believe in the supernatural; neither do I. If the beer affords the relief or the cure, it must, I suppose, arise from the stimulant it contains, and any other liquid of like properties would effect the same result. But I am not called upon—and might fail in the attempt to do it—to give the reason why it relieves or cures; I simply state the fact, and will leave it for more philosophical minds to find out the cause.

PAUL PRY.

## Doings of the Moral Police.

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

[From the Sunday Times.]

## Visit to Bellevue Hospital.

BY REBECCA.

As is well known, the occupants of this institution are sons and daughters of toil, who either have no homes or are unprovided with the means of procuring necessary treatment while sick. Some there are—and not a few have passed through its wards to their last long home—who have known days of independence and luxurious living, yet, after one and another rude jolt of fortune, they have been reduced to claiming the charity here extended.

Passing the ordeal of the rough gatekeeper's questionings, on a recent visit, we were directed to the main entrance door for visitors. Here Dr. White kindly received us, and led us to the "Examining Room"—a place through which all visitors to inmates of the institution are obliged to pass and report the nature of the supplies, eatable or drinkable, with which they intend to refresh their invalid friends. All are not aware of the strict scrutiny here practiced, and often seek to elude detection by sundry ingenious methods of concealment. For instance, four or five pounds of flour have been produced, neatly done up in brown paper, but, upon examination, were found to conceal a bottle of liquor, snugly packed in the heart of the mass. A gilt bottle of the precious "drop" was once delivered from a shoe. A pound of sand, to be passed for sugar, disguised a pint bottle of brandy. So expert are some of this class in the art of escaping detection, that even when they are admitted as patients, and have to undergo the physical examination of a physician, they frequently succeed in holding on to some treasured article. This was exemplified in the case of a man who had passed the physician's examination, had received his warm bath and a thorough change of clothing, and was about being placed in his bed, when it was discovered that he had the wherewithal to make him view his new surroundings in a pleasant light, in the shape of a soda water bottle filled with vile gin.

As we passed through the "lying-in" wards, our presence would not unfrequently be the signal for a hasty, nervous glance, followed by an immediate disappearance of the head beneath the bed-clothes, evincing the sensitive nature that would fain shrink from the curious gaze of a stranger, or perhaps a heart sickened by hope deferred in watching for some loved form. Not always do they watch in vain, for we noticed a roughly-clad though finely-formed man, who was bending with gentlest affection at the bedside of his sick wife, catching with earnestness her scarce articulate speech, all unblended as their interview was by the sacredness of privacy. Again we saw a sweet child bound across the room with a fleetness only such little limbs can know when the embrace of a sadly-missed mother awaits them. What thinks the hectic-flushed consumptive upon a neighboring bed, as she sadly turns her head away as if to shut out the sight of the ways of those who hope, and falls to contemplating her own attenuated arms and well-nigh transparent hands? What would have been her feelings could she have heard the nurse saying to us: "She cannot last many days longer; begins to have queer

notions about things to eat." Then the thought of how the death-rattle from her wasted throat would echo through the hearts of those upon the narrow beds on either side of her, stretched there by the same unrelenting disease, obtruded itself upon the fancy.

Soon, by the opening of a door, our ears were saluted by such a twittering as is comparable only to a crowded aviary, with every songster out of tune. 'Twas a sight to have made Herod relent, or drive a childless millionaire to desperation. Truly they were a regiment of raw recruits, their uniform consisting of striped purple slips, or wrappers, all neat and clean; for, in addition to the rations with which most of them are plentifully supplied when entering upon the battle of life, a thorough daily bath is given to each, a nurse being provided to perform the office until the mother is able. This is the convalescent ward, and most of the mothers are sitting up or walking about with their infants in their arms. Between two of the narrow beds we observed a youthful form hovering over the precious burden in her lap, and, as we were about passing, she lifted a pair of large, sad blue eyes, that reminded one of lakes reflecting a summer sky. Hastily gathering the folds of her coarse wrapper, she succeeded (almost) quickly enough in concealing a bosom of snow, displaying in the act a hand rivaling it in whiteness. Her hair fell in soft light curls over a brow that none but a villain could have clouded with dishonor. The delicate flush came and went as we asked to see her boy; and then could be perceived, in the full proud lip and moistened cheek, as the long, sweeping lash met it, how she had chosen rather to hide her shame within the walls of a charity hospital than sink under the censure of relatives who might call her little one a bastard.

In one of the great windows overlooking the East River sat a child nursing a child—a wee thing, only ten days old. The girlish mother looked round with a bright smile as we approached, and showed a full, ruddy, English-looking face. No sad lines told of illusions subtly cast about her unsuspecting heart, then rudely riven by a faithless lover. All was unmixt pride and love new-born, as she saw us looking down at her babe, filling its little pink cheeks from the abundant fountain which the child mother seemed not to notice or attempt to hide.

We observed on another bed near at hand two very small, square quilts, not at all of the hospital style; and upon a nearer approach discovered in each a baby, but so contrasting that we were led to ask who the mother could be. One of the little ones was a burly Dutchman, in a bright red calico dress and white bib apron, the very picture of health, while his fat rosy fist fell just above the crown of a little, dark-complexioned, jetty-haired girl, of slight frame and refined features. She was wide-awake, and peering forth from her snug nest with uneasy, weird eyes, while his expression plainly intimated that the world might wag as it would, so he got his nap out. Presently a robust, cheerful German woman stepped up, and, shaking the sleeper as if to show him off, laughed at our perplexity, and, pointing to the little girl, said:

"Ah! her not mine! Dish is mine boy! He give half his dinner to de little girl. She not long here. De mudder come sick; de chile come sick. I got plenty milk—goot milk. I take her in mine bed mit me, keep her all night! Now she get better."

We could not imagine how any extent of good management could enable her to make room for all three in the limited dimensions of the little straw bed, yet she seemed very happy in the idea of helping her sister in distress.

We were next shown a pair of twins, sleeping, healthy and beautiful, in their snug little wrappers. Still another pair attracted us—a delicate little girl and lusty brother, who was making himself more purple than handsome, as well as frightening his sister, in an effort to make his absent mother understand that being left unnoticed was not agreeable to him. A compassionate bystander lifted him up, which, for an instant, seemed to quell his determination to strain himself into fits; but upon discovering a barren resource in that particular region extensively affected by gentlemen of his quality, the commiserating party fell into disgrace at once, and was glad to be relieved of the responsibility of having him choke with rage in their arms.

Leaving the convalescent wards, of which there are two, we came upon a sweep of rooms commanding a magnificent view of the East River and its opposite shores. Here the parturition cases receive attention, and one sees, in passing from couch to couch, infants from the most recent advent up to two or three weeks of age. We were shown two mothers lying in beds but three feet apart, who had passed through their trial but a little while before, their babes differing in age five minutes.

Divided from the main hall by a portable screen is the dreaded chamber where she who is pronounced a "bad case" is consigned. Fevered, weary, and depressed, a suffering creature now tossed from side to side upon the heated surface of the solitary bed. All was over now for her, save death; for she was yet sensible of the horror of a young life within her own recoiling from the murderous instruments in desperation led to save her. We could but think, as we looked at her cheerless surroundings, that the world held some one who ought to have been near her at such a time to offer that interest and affection which is so priceless when every other earthly support fails.

We next enter the "Waiting Ward," where expectant mothers bide their time, until a young stranger, demanding a hearing in this outer world, warns them to flee to the upper room, where preparations are made to receive the new applicant. As we were leaving this ward, we encountered a beautiful young person of perhaps twenty-one or two years, tripping along the hall in slippers and white stockings, and altogether tastefully, though coarsely dressed. Her figure was so much at variance with any idea of elasticity of motion, that it made her manner more observable; and when she passed at the door of a neat little private chamber, we stopped too, and in answer to a few delicate questions as to her proprietorship of this domicile, she said: "Oh, no, indeed! I only sleep here now!" and, as she glanced around the snug apartment, continued—a deep shade of regret passing over her fine features: "I shall have to go to the wards when I am sick, like all the rest. I help a lady in the house, and am allowed to wear my own clothes."

She looked down upon her tasty wardrobe as she spoke, showing that she considered that no small satisfaction. How little does many a richer sister know of the zest which deprivation gives to even so slight a favor as the bestowal upon a feeling heart?

In the next ward our attention was arrested by the presence of one of the house physicians, who was leeching the breast of a rheumatic. The practitioner and his patient were both youthful in appearance, although the face of the latter was covered with her hands—whether to escape the scrutiny of ourselves, her physician, or to shut out the disgusting sight of the cold, slimy reptiles that were fast gorging themselves at her tender breast, we could not judge. To be thus exposed, not only to every eye, but to the experimental philosophy of these young students, is one of the most repulsive features of hospital experience. There are those, however, who appear to have no objection to making an exhibition of their sufferings, or attracting observation.

The matron turned to a very uneasy-looking pile of bedclothes with the question: "How is the big baby to-day?"

"Oh! the love of God be with ye, missus! I'm dreadful cold!"

It appears that this poor creature, who weighs over two hundred pounds, either is or fancies herself to be helpless, and believes that every breath of fresh air she takes goes immediately through her, inflating her immense body like a pair of bellows. The nurse has to wash and attend to her like a baby, and assured us, in her hearing, that she was "tired out of her." Her weakness of mind in fancying herself a sufferer was discussed freely by her associates, which seemed to make her very nervous, and she looked up with a tearful face, and remarked:

"Ah! I would give all the world to be well, or only to sit up!"

We listened to the story of a wretched, remorseful creature, who, in the years of her bloom and youth, had left her first and kind husband and the duties of a mother, to follow one who had afterwards deserted her. "For nine long years" she had led a reckless life, and now her prayer was to live, that she might retrace her steps; but there was no hope, and she knew that death was near—had indeed already claimed her.

Another sad tale was told us of a life of broken trust and shame led by one who had come here to die. Youth and innocence were her only riches, when golden inducements, accompanied by the offer of an establishment suited to refined aspirations, were held out to her by a man of wealth and position in this city, having, withal, a grown-up family. His arguments at last led her to lose sight of the sin of guilty association, and she became the victim of its consequences. One shock following another soon undermined her dearly-bought domestic peace, till naught was left her but a home of poverty, occasionally relieved by the hand that but late was so lavish. One little girl, her darling and companion in these changes, was seized with illness. Night and day the lonely mother watched over her last treasure, but all was vain. It grew worse, and the truth could no longer be evaded; she must lose this also. Surely his heart will now be touched, she thought, as she felt the necessity that will not be put aside—the necessity for sympathy when the heart is breaking! and to him she will go for it, though it takes her into the sacred precinct of his family circle.

The night winds howled, and the tempest of rain beat through the thin raiment into her very skin, as she fled in the darkness from her little tenement to the rich man's door. She stood upon the threshold, and in an instant they were face to face—for he was just emerging, amply protected from the blast, to step into his carriage in waiting to convey him to a reunion of congenial spirits.

He fell back a step, and with an imprecation exclaimed:

"J—, is this you again?"

She glanced up the hall, and seeing his wife approaching, her courage failed her, and she hurriedly told him their child was dying. She could not find strength to say more, or to sacrifice his injured wife's feelings, but allowed herself to be pushed aside with the words: "I'll see to it."

In the morning he came, but it was to bury their child and her last hope forever. How near is this true story to that which is often set down as highly-wrought fiction!

In going through the surgical wards are the true martyrs to be met. Young and old, deprived of limbs, of features, of motion, even of the very power of speech—some the result of sudden and fearful accident, others the gradual failing of a badly developed mechanism. Here was the victim of match-factory labor, whose sloughed jaw had to be replaced from the shoulder. The disfigured creature is cheerful in the hopes of reassuming a natural expression by means of artificial teeth.

A case of compound fracture of the arm only drew forth a lament for the family that so much needed its care and labor.

Beneath a huge framework, resembling a wagon-top in dimensions and shape, over which the bedclothes were spread in such a way as not to touch the patient, lay a burnt form, resembling more freshly-slaughtered beef than anything else, the surface of the body being literally marbled with scarlet, purple, and white.

A girl of eighteen reclined upon a mattress, knitting lace. She had suffered amputation of one leg, and appeared more despirited than the rest. When we spoke encouragingly of the perfection to which the construction of artificial limbs had been brought, her desponding reply reminded us that it was "no such easy matter for poor girls to jump into cork legs." Her feelings contrasted strongly with those of another similar sufferer, who had to be disposed under a protecting framework like the burnt body. She had but recently lost one limb, and was recruiting her strength to undergo the amputation of the remaining one. The simple occasion of all this dismemberment was a misstep, which caused her to fall forward, striking both her knee-joints upon the sharp edge of the stone hearth. We never met anything more singularly elevated than the mind of this mere child of sixteen, buoyed up as it was by the truest Christian patience. Her face beamed with intellectual strength, however uncultivated, and she seemed to cover regret for her irreparable loss by unbounded thankfulness for that which remained—her hands, and above all, her eyes, wherewith she could yet sew and read.

We were next conducted into the lower wards, where the temporarily insane are treated,

Here our attention was attracted by a beautiful Jewess. Certainly nothing in her words or manner would lead one to suspect her subject to any disorder, much less one of the mind. Although the mother of fifteen children, she would be taken to be little over twenty. Her hair, of that raven hue almost indescribable, with eyes soft and black, set off a clear olive complexion. She thinks highly of "Christians," and prefers being in one of their institutions. She is well treated by the ward nurse, whom she pats on the shoulder, and says, in broken English, "So clean here—so good nurse!"

Through a loop-hole we had one sickening glance into a delirium-tremens cell. The slave of fire-water sat crouched in a heap, and glared at us through eyes bleared and blood-shot.

Crossing the yard we were shown a long line of prison women from Blackwell's Island, working with good will at the laundry. We were told that they had been sent up for drinking, and, in many cases, regretted the expiration of their term, when they would again be exposed to former filthy and villainous surroundings. Surely the heart prayer of many such must be, "Lead us not into temptation." Yet, after all, they are often committed for the same offense many times successively, showing that though "the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak." But it would weary the reader to paint in detail all the scenes which alternately interest and shock the feelings of the visitor amid such surroundings; and while we are grateful that the benevolent spirit of our people has provided even this refuge for poverty and suffering, we cannot suppress a double feeling of thankfulness to the goodness which saves us from the bitter and painful experiences which fall to the lot of many, and are borne, as Christ bore his cross, to the grave.

## Practical Goodness.

Not many years ago, a pious and destitute widow was left without the slightest means of support, and with a large family dependent on her exertions for bread. She supposed that opening a fancy store on a small scale, she might be able to obtain a scanty livelihood for herself and children, and she called on a gentleman of large fortune, distinguished for piety and philanthropy, and for the large sums which he had bestowed upon different institutions of charity. She asked of him to be permitted to purchase a small stock of silk goods, for which she would pay him in regular instalments, reserving to herself such profits as would enable her to live. The business was declined. The philanthropist was too poor—even to trust her. He turned a deaf ear to her importunities. Her claims, and those of her starving children, failed to move him. She left him in despair.

A friend, to whom she had related the story of her sufferings, told her that there was an individual on whose generosity she thought she might rely. His name was mentioned, but the poor woman was incredulous when she was told that he was a play-actor. What could she hope from such a man, when she had failed to move the philanthropist, the man whose piety and generosity had become by-words? But the sad prospect of being thrown upon the cold charity of the public induced her to make the application. She called upon the actor, and told him the story of her misfortunes. He was moved at the recital, and being assured by the same evidence which the philanthropist had disregarded, of the truth of her story, the excellence of her private character, and her destitute condition, he immediately presented her with, we believe, \$500, a sum sufficient to enable her to establish herself in business. The money was given, to be repaid, if she were able, and if not, to be forgotten, and the only conditions annexed to the benefaction were, that she would preserve entire silence upon the subject. She endeavored to do so, but could not; and notwithstanding the injunction of secrecy which had been imposed upon her, she deemed it but a small repayment of her deep debt of gratitude, to make known to the public the kindness of her disinterested benefactor, and called upon the editor of a newspaper, to carry her intentions into effect. The circumstances came to the ears of the alleviator of her distresses, and he peremptorily required that nothing should be said on the subject. We have taken it on ourselves to give the above facts to the public, and we can vouch for their truth; but we have foreborne, and shall forbear, to mention names.—Boston Investigator.

## The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

## Another Remarkable Prophecy.

The following extract is taken from a volume, published in Boston by Bela Marsh, in 1859, entitled: "Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams." It is the Spirit of Washington speaking:

We are able to discern the period rapidly approximating when man will take up arms against his fellow-man, and go forth to contend with the enemies of Republican Liberty, and to assert, at the point of the bayonet, those rights, of which so large a portion of their fellow-creatures are deprived. Again will the soil of America be saturated with the blood of freedom-loving children, and her noble monuments, those sublime attestations of patriotic will and determination, will tremble from base to summit, with the heavy roar of artillery, and the thunder of cannon. The trials of that internal war will far exceed those of the War of the Revolution, while the cause contended for will equal, if not excel, in sublimity and power, that for which the children of '76 fought.

But when the battle-smoke shall disappear, and the cannon's fearful tones are heard no more, then will mankind more fully realize the blessings outflowing from the mighty struggle in which they so valiantly contended! No longer will their eyes meet with those bound in the chains of physical slavery, or their ears listen to the heaving sobs of the oppressed child of God. But over a land dedicated to the principles of impartial liberty, the King of Day will rise and set, and hearts now oppressed with care and sorrow will rejoice in the blessings of uninterrupted freedom.



In this eventful revolution, what the patriots of the past failed to accomplish, their descendants will perform, with the timely assistance of invisible powers. By their sides the heavenly hosts will labor, imparting courage and fortitude in each hour of despondency, and urging them onward to a speedy and magnificent triumph. Deploring, as we do, the existence of Slavery, and the means to be employed to purge it from America, yet our sympathies will culminate to the cause of Right and Justice and give strength to those

Who seek to set the captive free,  
And crush the monster—Slavery.

The picture which I have presented is, indeed, a hideous one. You may think I speak with too much assurance when I thus boldly prophesy the dissolution of the American Confederacy, and, through it, the destruction of that gigantic structure, Human Slavery! But this knowledge was not the result of a moment's or an hour's gleaming, but nearly half a century's existence in the Seraph Life. I have carefully watched my country's rising progress, and I am thoroughly convinced that it cannot always exist under the present Federal Constitution, and the pressure of that most terrible sin, Slavery!

You, respected friend and Brother, have been called to many important offices in the councils of the nation. With the spirit of unflinching firmness have you sought to guide it aright, and to maintain the honest, well-intended principles of the founders of the Government. Persecutions you dared, threats you defied. Fearlessly you strove for the triumph of humanity's principles, for which a just reward will be meted out to you in this your everlasting home, and glory and unalloyed happiness will illumine your celestial pathway through the spheres of progression.

Let us hope and pray for the deliverance of our beloved country; and also, while we hope and pray, let us remember to act! Let us enlist in this war of principle, and with unswerving fortitude and devotion—the spirit of love reigning in our hearts—carry it forward until we have attained a conquest over Slavery, and every evil which follows in its train.

## Poetry.

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

For the Herald of Progress,  
A TRIBUTE  
TO THE LIFE OF FRANCIS JACKSON.

BY A. B. D.

["Disregarding the self-evident Declaration of 1776, repeated in her own Constitution of 1780, that 'all men are born free and equal,' Massachusetts has since, in the face of those solemn declarations, deliberately entered into a conspiracy with other States, to aid in enslaving millions of innocent persons. I have long labored to help my native State out of her deep iniquity and her barefaced hypocrisy in this matter. I now enter my last protest against her inconsistency, her injustice, and her cruelty, towards an unoffending people. God save the fugitive slaves that escape to her borders, whatever may become of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.—FRANCIS JACKSON'S last Will and Testament.]

### I.

How charged with Truth's electric force  
Are these brave words of him who felt  
The wrongs by Power and Passion dealt,  
Unto a race in whose veins course  
Their only crime—from sacred source.

### II.

Though thou art gone, most noble soul,  
These words will still reverberate—  
Strong undertones, which, soon or late,  
The hosts of liberty shall roll  
Through every land, from pole to pole.

### III.

Blest be thy rest! for thou hast striven  
Most nobly with a giant wrong  
Ignobly suffered overlong;  
The succor to God's prophet's given  
Hath won the good man's meed in heaven.

### IV.

Sustained by God's good angels, thou  
Couldst face the frowns of Pride and Power,  
To aid, in many an evil hour,  
That martyr who wears even now  
The hero's laurels on his brow.

### V.

Though men may now ignore thy claim,  
The thanks of millions yet to be,  
"Redeemed from color's infamy,"  
Will make for thee an envied fame,  
And put false pride of race to shame.

### VI.

All generous lovers of mankind  
The curse of slavery bemoan,  
And work not for the slave alone;  
The chains which but his body bind  
Confine and curse the master's mind.

### VII.

What hardened hearts and darkened minds  
Are those, in which the peaceful Dove  
Can find no resting place; and Love,  
The sweet, transforming angel, pines,  
A pilgrim at deserted shrines!

### VIII.

Oh, shall Progression's golden car  
Be hindered here, or backward roll?  
Must all the high hopes of the soul  
Be quenched in gloom, as falls afar  
The nation's bright, ascending star?  
MASSACHUSETTS, Dec. 1861.

\* WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

In the fruit-germs of spring, imperfections appear  
That are lost in their growth through the ripening year;  
And the thought that is crude in the morning of youth,  
Is unfolded by time to a crystal of truth.  
So the evils in life—the rough paths we endure—  
Emerge from the Wrong to the Perfect and Pure.  
J. B. L.

## HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1862.

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An article on "The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals," on our first page, will discover to the reader some of the cornerstones of a religion and morality that will need no revising.

Read the "Reasons why I am a Husband," and the "Reasons why I am a Wife," (on page second.) They afford glimpses of that rare felicity called "heaven on earth."

Under the head of "Voices from the People," will be found a careful estimate of the degree to which the Bible contributes to Civilization.

Note the "Doings of the Moral Police."

## The Central Principles.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15, 1862.  
MR. EDITOR: It is frequently affirmed in your columns that "PROGRESS IS HEAVEN'S CENTRAL LAW." . . . Granting this to be so, I would like to know what you consider the Central Principle of the human mind. There should be some analogy between the constitution of the human spirit and that of the Divine Mind. . . . Please impart your answer as soon as convenient, and oblige  
A SINCERE FRIEND.

### ANSWER.

This question is so full of sublime suggestiveness, and the importance of a correct solution is so momentous to every truth-lover and practical reformer, that we cannot but wish we had more time and space to bestow upon it. But being quite limited this week in the latter particular, and yet not feeling at liberty to delay a reply to so excellent a question, we proceed at once to treat the subject with brevity.

The human mind, like the material and spiritual universe, is constructed upon musical principles. The discords and imperfect notes in the world of matter are made known to man's mind in consequence of these principles; and without them—i. e., the immanent principles of perfect harmony or music—man could not know anything discordant or inharmonious. The standard of consciousness, and the infallible laws of reason or judgment must be inherent to the constitution of the mind. If man's mind was *naturally* and organically discordant—that is to say, in other terms, if the infallible principles of Music (or of Heaven) were not wrought into the very inmost essences of the human spirit—then, manifestly, his mind, which includes both his consciousness and his faculties of reasoning, could have no sense of accord and harmonious proportions. Therefore, from the fact that man is exquisitely and *naturally* conscious of discordant sounds and of anti-musical proportions—the same in matter about him, as in the operations and manifestations of his own spirit—we are philosophically and spiritually authorized to conclude that his mind is constructed, like the stupendous universe itself, upon the impersonal principles of perfect Music.

The central law of the spiritual universe—which perpetually flows from and incessantly returns to the Divine Mind—we are moved to name the LAW OF PROGRESSION. The primary law is Association, and the final or ultimate law is Development. The pivotal principle, on which the whole system revolves, is "Progression," while the two wings, or twin-laws, of the infinite movement, are the perpetual causes of Motion, Life, Sensation, and Intelligence.

The analogy and the truth are not less conspicuous to the philosophical thinker when he approaches and observes the constitution of man's mind. In former classifications, to which we adhere with ever-renewing confidence, we have thus named the actuating principles (i. e., the loves) of the spirit: (1.) Self-love; (2.) Conjugal Love; (3.) Parental Love; (4.) Fraternal Love; (5.) Filial Love; (6.) Universal Love. These are the radical involuntary essential constituents, or vital forces, of man's inmost spiritual constitution. Without these he could feel nothing; know nothing. The development and manifestations of form and judgment are from

the essences of the internal invisible, but producing principles. These six principles are arranged on musical laws, and their operations are, or should be, and ultimately will be, in accordance with music or harmony. We will indicate, by difference in type, the distinction between the major and minor Principles in man's spirit, thus:

1. Self Love.
2. Conjugal Love.
3. Parental Love.
4. Fraternal Love.
5. Filial Love.
6. Universal Love.

In the above table it will be observed that there are three major and three minor principles in man's involuntary constitution. The action and reaction, or attractions and repulsions, of these involuntary forces, result in a constant disturbance of rest or equilibrium; and the result of such constant disturbance is expressed in all the diversities of human sensation, emotion, thought, and action. In order to understand which is the central of the three minor principles, let your eye glance over the scale, which instantly informs you that PARENTAL LOVE (the affection for offspring) is the central principle of the minor loves of mankind. So, also, to ascertain the Central of the major principles, fix your eye on the name in largest type, and the following answer stands out in bold relief:

1. Conjugal Love.
2. FRATERNAL LOVE.
3. Universal Love.

Here, then, is our first important conclusion, viz: the central principle of all growth and progress in man's spirit is "FRATERNAL LOVE. Glorious gospel of Brotherhood! This explanation covers all the phases of religious and national experience. Every political party, every religious sect, every artistic organization, every financial combination, every State, every municipal corporation, every enterprise in the vitals of society, is predicated on the central principle of attraction—namely, FRATERNAL LOVE. The priesthood, the legal profession, the medical schools, are based on "Fraternity." The teaching of Jesus was all to the effect that, being bound to one faith and to one Father, "Ye are all brethren." Every religious teacher has inculcated the principle of BROTHERHOOD. Sisters of Charity! Brothers in Jesus! Brothers and Sisters in the Temperance Cause, in the Anti-Slavery Cause, in Spiritualism, &c., &c. Thus the Central principle perpetually urges itself to the surface; and we, in applying the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, should work from the heart of FRATERNAL LOVE.

Having given the key to the solution of the whole question, we have but to give the scale of the Thinking-principles in Man's mind, to make the truth yet more vivid and conspicuous: (1.) Use; (2.) Justice; (3.) Power; (4.) Beauty; (5.) Aspiration; (6.) Harmony. Now let us arrange these Wisdom-principles according to their major and minor importance, indicating the distinction by type:

1. Use.
2. Justice.
3. Power.
4. Beauty.
5. Aspiration.
6. Harmony.

[In this scale the minor principles of Wisdom—in small type—are (1.) Use; (2.) Power; (3.) Aspiration. The Central principle in this trinity of minor voluntary powers in man's mind is "POWER." From this we are authorized to conclude that "power" is not the best and most influential principle, either in private life or in the application of any law or rule to human society. We are rather constrained to conclude that the use of "power" (or force) is best only in a minor, or subordinate sense, and while under the sway of discordant circumstances. This conclusion is both general and particular in its application, and should, therefore, influence public functionaries as much as persons in the affairs of daily life. By glancing for a moment at the scale again, you will perceive that the major principles are also three, the Central being indicated by the largest type:

1. Justice.
2. BEAUTY.
3. Harmony.

This scale gives the whole gospel of the Harmonial Dispensation, in contradistinction to that of Adam, Noah, Moses, Jesus, or of any other branch of human history in any age. In Wisdom, BEAUTY is the Central principle of all true reform and progress. What "Beauty" is we will not stop to define, believing that most of our readers have imbibed the spirit of former definitions. (See *Harmonia*, vols. 2 and 4.)

In the prosecution of all true reform in this age, it is essential that the teacher and practitioner be duly inspired by the Central principle of his involuntary hemi-

sphere, which is FRATERNAL LOVE; and it is equally necessary, in dealing with the errors and misfortunes of his fellow men, that he be led by the Central principle of Wisdom, which is "BEAUTY." This principle, which is the voluntary and executive law of proportion and equilibrium, will, in unison with Fraternal Love, accomplish all the ends of "Justice" on the one hand, and of "Harmony" on the other. Justice and Harmony are the wings of Wisdom—the twin principles of all musical accord in soul, in society, and in the universe; therefore, let all reformers, who think they stand upon the Harmonial Platform, take heed every moment lest they retard the growth of these principles among men.

### To Editors.

The attention of all editors and publishers into whose hands this sheet may fall, is invited to our proposal on the eighth page.

Such as may comply with the offers there made will please be particular in sending marked copies of their papers to this office.

## THE NEW DISPENSATION.

### THE WAR FOR

### Freedom and Progress.

"Through the years and the centuries, through evil agents, through thins and atoms, A GREAT AND BENEFICENT TENDENCY INEXORABLY STRAITS."

### THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE AGE:

### ONWARD TO HARMONY!

[From the Tribune.]

### "ON TO FREEDOM!"

"There has been the cry, 'On to Richmond!' and still another cry, 'On to England!' Better than either is the cry, 'On to Freedom!'"—CHARLES SUMNER.

On to Freedom! On to Freedom!

'Tis the everlasting cry

Of the floods that strive with ocean.

Of the storms that smite the sky,

Of the atoms in the whirlwind,

Of the seed beneath the ground,

Of each living thing in Nature

That is bound!

'Twas the cry that led from Egypt,

Through the desert wilds of Edom:

Out of Darkness—out of Bondage—

"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"

O thou stony-hearted Pharaoh!

Vainly warrest thou with God!

Moveless, at thy palace portals,

Moses waits, with lifted rod!

O thou poor barbarian Xerxes!

Vainly o'er the Pontic main

Flingest thou, to curb its utterance,

Scourge or chain!

For the cry that led from Egypt,

Over desert wilds of Edom,

Speaks alike through Greek and Hebrew:

"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"

In the Roman streets, from Gracchus,

Hark! I hear that cry out-swelling!

In the German woods, from Hermann;

And on Swiss hills, from Tell!

Up from Spartacus, the Bondman,

When his tyrants' yoke he clave;

And from stalwart Wat the Tyler,

Saxon slave!

Still the old, old cry of Egypt,

Struggling out from wilds of Edom,

Sounding down through all the ages:

"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"

God's own mandate: "On to Freedom!"

Gospel-cry of laboring Time!

Uttering still, through seers and heroes,

Words of hope and faith sublime!

From our Sydneys, and our Hampdens,

And our Washingtons they come;

And we cannot, and we dare not

Make them dumb!

Out of all the shames of Egypt,

Out of all the snares of Edom,

Out of Darkness—out of Bondage—

"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"

A. J. H. DUGANNE.

### Wait a Little Longer.

The promise now is, that within a month from the present date something effectual will be done to crush out the rebellion. Whether this promised advance is the result of the increased pertinacity of the North, of the financial necessities of the case, or of the "original plan," of which so much has been said, we care not, so long as the cry: "Wait a little longer" be not again repeated.

Certain it is that at no period since the fall of Sumter till now have there been more cumulative and convincing evidences of a possibility—we may even say probability—that decisive blows will be struck, even though somebody be injured.

The change in the War Department is variously construed, some alleging that it indicates a more conservative policy respecting slavery—others, that it is but the beginning of a series of changes which will result in placing Gen. Fremont in his true position before the country. Time will soon reveal the real purposes of the movement, and either bring to our ears fresh evidences of a determination to put down the rebellion at all hazards, or bring discouragement and sadness to every loyal heart.

### An Apt Reply.

A petition purporting to set forth the necessity of emancipation is in circulation for signatures, having already been signed by Wm. C. Bryant, Wm. Curtis Noyes, Edgar Ketchum, and others, together with Wm. Goodell, Oliver Johnson, and Geo. B. Cheever. Some of the gentlemen named are accustomed to better company.

[Daily World.]

It is very true that some of us who signed the emancipation petition have been accustomed to better company; but a common cause

### The Foulest Treason.

The honest people of this country must by this time perceive that they have two foes to combat. The rebellious Confederates of the South, and the traitorous speculators, contractors, and government spendthrifts of the North. The mighty effort to resist the lawless purposes of the former, have been up to the present time rendered well-nigh powerless by the treachery of the latter. For of the two, the Northern traitor is the deeper-dyed foe to liberty and right. The Confederate has persuaded himself by specious reasoning to believe his cause most righteous and meritorious. The speculating contractor has not the shadow of a pretext for his robbery of the Government, beyond his own selfish moneyed interest.

What the present Administration, tied neck and heels to an organized band of pilfering speculators and wholesale highwaymen, can or will do, time alone will determine.

There is evident occasion for the most earnest solicitude on the part of every honest member of society. We have reason to fear that, with the allied powers of "slavery" and "money," liberty, national integrity, and social safety, will all be lost together.

How fearful is the condition of things exposed in the following extracts from the speech of Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, in the House of Representatives. Mr. D. is a member of the Committee of Investigation on Government Contracts, and speaks "as by authority."

"The very first contract entered into by this Government, after the troops had left their homes to come here, in April last, to defend the Capital, by which they were to be fed, was a contract entered into for cattle. It was not made with a man whose business it was to supply cattle to the market, not with a man who knew the price of beef in the markets of the country, but was entered into by the Government here with a man well known in this and in the other branch of Congress, for the last ten years, as an old stipendiary—one of the class of men who, in times past, made their money by such operations as buying the certificates of members for books at a discount, and then charging the full amount. This contract was made so that the first twenty-two hundred head of cattle furnished was charged at a rate which enabled their original contractor to sub-let it, in twenty-four hours, to a man in New York who did know the price of beef, so that he put into his pocket, without stirring from his chair, thirty-two thousand dollars, and the men who actually furnished the cattle in question put into their pockets twenty-six thousand dollars more, so that the contract under which these twenty-two hundred head of cattle were furnished to the army was so made that the profit of fifty-eight thousand dollars was realized over the fair market price."

"A regiment of cavalry lately reached Louisville, one thousand strong, and the board of army officers there, appointed for the purpose, have condemned four hundred and eighty-five out of the thousand horses as utterly worthless. The man who examined these horses declared, upon his oath, that there was not one of them worth twenty dollars. They were blind, spavined, ring-boned, afflicted with the heaves, with the glanders, and with every disease that horse-flesh is heir to. These four hundred and eighty-five horses cost the Government, before they were mustered into the service, fifty-eight thousand two hundred dollars, besides more than an additional thousand dollars to transport them from Pennsylvania to Louisville, where they were condemned and cast off."

"There are eighty-three regiments of cavalry to-day, one thousand strong. It takes two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to put one of these regiments on foot before it moves. Twenty millions of dollars have thus been expended on these cavalry regiments before they left the encampments where they were mustered into service, and hundreds and hundreds of these horses have been condemned and sent back to Elmira, and to Annapolis, and to this city, to spend the winter. Any day hundreds of them can be seen round this city, chained to trees, where they were left to starve to death. Gangs of two hundred horses, in various places, have been thus left to die and rot, till the Committee on the District of Columbia have called for a measure of legislation to protect the city from the danger to be apprehended from these horse Golgothas."

"There are outstanding contracts for the manufacture of Springfield muskets, the first one of which cannot be delivered in six months from this day. There is a contract for the supply of one million and ninety thousand muskets at twenty-one dollars a piece, when the same quality of muskets are manufactured at Springfield for thirteen and a half a piece; and an ex-member of Congress is now in Massachusetts, trying to get machinery made by which he will be able to manufacture in some six months hence, at twenty-one dollars a piece, those rifled muskets manufactured to-day in that armory for thirteen dollars and a half. Providence, before six months, will dispose of this war, or he will dispose of us. Not one of those muskets thus contracted for will be of the slightest service in this emergency, or before the Providence of God, whether for good or for evil, will dispose of it."

"Two millions of dollars were intrusted to a poor, unfortunate, honest, but entirely incompetent editor of a paper in New York, to disburse it in the best manner he could. Straightaway this gentleman began to purchase linen pantaloons, straw hats, London porter,



dried herrings, and such like provisions for the army, till he expended in this way three hundred and ninety thousand dollars of the money, and then he got scared and quit. There is an appropriation also for the supply of wood. This contractor is pledged to the payment of seven dollars a cord for all the wood delivered to the different commands; wood collected after the labor of the soldiers themselves had cut down the trees to clear the ground for their batteries, and then this contractor employs the army wagons to draw it to the several camps, and he has no further trouble than to draw his seven dollars for a cord, leaving the Government to draw the wood.

"What it may cost to put down the rebellion I care very little, provided always that it be put down effectually. But, sir, faith without money is dead, and I am free to confess that my faith sometimes fails me. I mean my faith in men, not my faith in the cause. When the history of these times shall be written, it will be a question upon whom the guilt will rest most heavily—upon him who has conspired to destroy, or upon him who has proved incompetent to preserve, the institutions bequeathed to us by our fathers. It is no wonder that the public treasury trembles and staggers like a strong man with too great a burthen upon him. A strong man in an air-exhausted receiver is not more helpless to-day than is the treasury of this Government beneath the exhausting process to which it is subjected.

"I have no desire to hasten the movement of the army, or to criticize the conduct of its leaders; but in view of the stupendous drafts upon the Treasury, I must say that I long for the day of striking the blow which will bring this rebellion to an end. Sixty days longer of this state of things will bring about a result one way or another. It is impossible that the Treasury of the United States can meet, and continue to meet, this state of things sixty days longer; and an ignominious peace must be submitted to unless we see to it that the credit of the country is sustained, too, by the conviction going forth from this hall to the country, that we will treat as traitors, not only those who are bold and manly enough to meet us face to face in the field of strife, but all those also, who clandestinely and stealthily suck the life-blood from us in the mighty struggle."

#### Abolitionists and the War.

The address of William Lloyd Garrison, at Cooper Institute, on the 14th inst., was an able and eloquent vindication of Abolitionists from the charge of complicity with the rebellion. Mr. Garrison declared himself an original, uncompromising, irrepressible, out-and-out, unmistakable, Garrisonian Abolitionist! This he declared to mean

"One whose patriotic creed is the Declaration of American Independence; whose line of measurement is the golden rule; whose gospel of humanity is the Sermon on the Mount; and whose language is that of Ireland's liberator, O'Connell: I care not what creed or color Slavery may assume, whether it be personal or political, mental or corporeal, intellectual or spiritual, I am for its instant—its total abolition. I am for justice in the name of humanity and according to the law of the living God."

Alluding to the pro-Slavery interpretation of the Constitution, he said:

"Therefore, I adopted the language of the Prophet Isaiah in regard to that Constitution, and pronounced it to be a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. Was I not justified as a Christian man? Well; but the New York Journal of Commerce says that there seems to be a great change wrought in my mind, for I no longer place this motto at the head of my paper, and have taken it down. Yes, a very great change has come to pass. Benedict, you know, says in the play: 'When I said I will die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to get married.' And when I said that I would not sustain the Constitution because it was a covenant with death and an agreement with hell, I had no thought at that time that death and hell would secede from the Constitution."

Mr. Garrison contended for emancipation as the only safe and sure method of securing a permanent peace.

#### Letter from Father Robinson to the President.

HOLLEY, N. Y., Dec. 3, 1861.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, HONORED SIR: I appeal as a humble citizen once again to the Government to end this cruel war. It has the power under the Constitution, which the President, Cabinet, Congress, and Americans generally reverence so much—the letter, I fear, rather than the spirit. As many professed Christians worship the moral Bible, the form rather than the spirit of it—the "golden rule," Justice—so many Americans worship the form of the political bible, and the slaveholders' interpretation of it, more than its essence—liberty and justice. For these only was it "ordained." The fathers gave us a free, not a slave Constitution. They "forbade its recognition of property in man." They gave us a government for Freedom, not Slavery.

It is a base slander upon their venerable memories to charge them with the folly of fighting the Revolution's battles for liberty, then, right upon the heel of the great success, establishing the worst form of irresponsible despotism. No, no. They found Slavery in the States, and left it where found. It is and was outside of the Constitution, and had it not been for the slave power, that always had the control of the government, it would have there remained till decay and death ensued outside the camp. Had the provisions of the Constitution and its guarantees been faithfully enforced—freedom of speech, of the press, a republican form of government for every State in the Union—Slavery would have long since gone to the wall!

I challenge the President, I challenge Senator Trumbull, who, too, is a Constitution-worshiper—any man, in Congress or out of it—anywhere to show, by the Constitution itself, that the power over any part of Slavery was ever "delegated to the United States by the States," except the foreign slave trade, and

that the United States disposed of by declaring it piracy. All else of Slavery was "reserved to the States respectively, or to the people," like all other undelimited powers. The United States have no business with it aside from this: only to remove it when it becomes dangerous to public liberty and order—a public nuisance to be abated. That time has at length arrived. Its work was for Freedom, not Slavery, to establish—to guarantee a republican government to the whole family of States. Neither yourself nor predecessors have done it. One of your Generals (Phelps) is right in this.

If the slaveholders' laborers, who work without wages, "escaping from such service or labor," could have been caught and "returned" as well and a little better by State than by United States laws, you never would have had a national fugitive slave law. They would have said: Hands off! You are assuming "powers not delegated to the United States by the States, but reserved to them"—and they would be right, because constitutional.

I undertake to say further—that not only is there no law for Slavery in the Constitution, but that there is no law whatever anywhere for it but the law of force, and, in the nature of things, it can live in no other element.

Kentucky was admitted first with a government of sprouts of the lash, rather than one of the people of the ballot; a brood of vipers followed—Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Florida, and Texas, and are now helping, might and main, to sting the mother to death by whom they have been pampered and nourished. We have allowed the culprit to misconstrue, misapply, and pervert the organic law of freedom, to trench itself in the vital forces of the Republic. This system of brute force has hitherto been content to despoil, maltreat, mob, and kill individuals, suppress free speech, and gag the press, fourteen having been broken up and destroyed by pro-slavery violence for the exercise of constitutional right. But at length in its arrogance it has inaugurated a mob on a grand scale—a mob against the Government.

You are sworn to support the Constitution; you are conscientious and tenacious. We, the people, have a right to require you to enforce its provisions. What if rebel slaveholders had the poor privilege of the three-fifths rule—of casting three votes where freemen might five—what then? Have they not refused, ye, disdained to improve even that provision, discarding, too, all others? How many Congressmen are now from seceded States under the Constitution? Take that instrument; what does treason consist in under it? Why, "levying war against the United States, and giving aid and comfort to its enemies." Have the rebels not done that? What is the penalty for treason? Death! What rights, then, have they under the Constitution, which you are sworn to execute, but to dangle at the end of a rope? Let the Constitution interpret itself, and not adopt the interpretation of modern slaveholders. It is high time.

Let us have a definite policy from headquarters. Let us have the Government on the side of the Constitution, on the side of Freedom, not Slavery—joining hands with Jeff. Davis and his rebel crew. We have a right to expect it. We, the people, are paying more than a million dollars a day for this, thus far, worse than aimless war. Let us cast off our folly, and take issue with the traitors. Let it suffice for them to fight for Slavery, while we fight a few battles for Freedom. Most of the families all over the loyal States have more or less immediate or remote representatives in the Union army. We have there a son and three grandsons at least. We claim a right to speak and demand a definite purpose of the Government—the application of the best instrumentalities for the speedy close of the war.

Great confidence is reposed in Governor Seward. He promised the people at Boston and other places, during the pending campaign which resulted in your Honor's election, "that with this victory should come the end of the power of Slavery in the United States." Has that been the fruit of the victory? Far from it thus far. Union slaveholders are as intent on saving Slavery as are the rebels under Davis. Schemes are planned in Western Virginia, Eastern Tennessee, etc., to perpetuate Slavery—kill the rebellion but save Slavery alive, that Slave Democracy may rise again to power in the Government.

We read with eagerness the messages of the President to discern his policy, and we are forced to the painful conclusion that the Executive has no ambition beyond restoring the Government as it was, Slavery and all, steeped in human gore as it! Indeed, sir, multitudes of the people who helped elect you, even, believe that many a slaveholding Union man, such, for instance, as Hon. J. Holt, of Kentucky, has more influence with the Administration, fighting for the Union, with Slavery, than ten men like Gerrit Smith and Wendell Phillips, contending for Union and Liberty! Why not escape from these toils of white Unionists, whose chief aim is to place their slave institution where it will be safest, whether in the Federal or in the Confederate camp? Why not leave these to their fate, and receive, instead, the black men, who, with outstretched arms, are waiting to embrace your ensigns—to help fight the battles of Union and Freedom? They are under the Constitution which you revere so much. Indeed, you can as well make a king as a slave; you have no right or power to make or recognize either. The great American family are all "persons" without distinction of color, condition, or race; and persons collectively are people. Our colored population are a portion of the people in this government of the people. They

were born and reared here, and by the bleaching process through the Slavery mill, many regiments might be mustered into the service of the Union, as white as the proudest, high-nosed, white aristocrat, North or South. I have looked into slaverydom, and know what I affirm better than by hearsay.

The Government is as much bound to call on this portion of the people for recruits, as any other—as on white mothers' sons, yea more. This war is waged on their account, and they ought to have a large share in it, and would have but for the frowns of the slave power. Strike down this chief prop of the rebellion, and in an instant the mighty fabric of iniquity will crumble into ruins, and the rebellion with it.

In conclusion, let me say, that while I write, the angelic spirit of the Father of his Country whispers in my ear: "It is among my first wishes that some feasible plan may be devised whereby Slavery might be abolished!" In the Providence of God, in the progress of human events, and in the operation of natural laws, a practical "plan" for that great work has been "devised," prepared at our hands. Will the Government employ it and thus satisfy the "first wishes" of the great statesman and hero, lay a foundation for speedy and permanent peace, wipe out the history of our shame, and enter upon the career of glory that awaits us? Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

C. ROBINSON.

#### Persons and Events.

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

#### PERSONAL ITEMS.

Miss Emma Hardinge is giving a course of very able, interesting, and scientific lectures at Clinton Hall, in this city. S. B. Brittan, Jr., Master's Mate on board the United States Gunship Essex, now on the Mississippi, records some interesting items of occurrences within his observation, which are communicated to the *Banner of Light*. The Chambers Brothers, well-known Edinburgh publishers, contemplate removing their establishment to London. Prof. Agassiz thus modestly speaks of his labors for science: "I have devoted my whole life to the study of Nature, and yet a single sentence may express all I have done. I have shown that there is a correspondence between the succession of fishes in geological times and the different stages of their growth in the egg. That is all."

D. U. Martin, the wherry and berry man, is now mining in California, and subsists almost entirely on grapes and apples. The same fruits formed his diet on his sea voyage from here to the Isthmus, and bananas and oranges on the Pacific side. William Wells Brown is delivering a lecture on "Wit and Humor," that is favorably mentioned by the press. The venerable Josiah Quincy was recently severely injured by a fall in his own house. The hip bone was fractured, and a long confinement is feared as a consequence. Chas. F. Adams, Jr., holds the position of first lieutenant in a Massachusetts cavalry regiment. President Lincoln attended the lecture of Horace Greeley, at the Smithsonian, recently. The anti-slavery sentiments of the address were loudly applauded, and the name of Fremont called out enthusiastic cheers. Francis Todd, who died recently at Newburyport, is the man who caused the imprisonment of Wm. Lloyd Garrison at Baltimore, in 1830, for his exposure of the slave trade, in which Todd was engaged. The world owes Mr. Todd something for the inhumanity which helped make a Garrison. Rev. Dr. Williams, one of the writers of "Essays and Reviews," is now being tried for heresy before the Court of Arches in England. Rev. H. Garnett returned from his visit to England, Tuesday, Dec. 31st, after an absence of four months. Rev. T. L. Harris is pastor of the "Christian Congregation," and preaches in the large Chapel of the University, Washington Square, N. Y. William Denton, the able Spiritual and scientific lecturer, is about to give a course of lectures at Putneyville, in this state. Mazzini is dangerously ill in England, and several of his friends at Genoa and Milan have been summoned to his bedside.

Madame Ristori, the great Italian tragic actress, is playing at St. Petersburg. Mr. Thurlow Weed writes home from London that the last use which Prince Albert made of his pen was at the Queen's request, to soften the dispatch sent to Lord Lyons about the Mason and Slidell question. Matilda Heron's new comedy, "The Belle of the Season," has met with an unequalled success in Boston. She opens here with it March 10th at the Winter Garden. Dr. Windship, the strong man, was to lecture in Boston recently, but had just commenced when he felt a fainting fit and had to be carried from the room. This is the second attack he has had in public. Brig. Gen. Rosecrans, after a brief visit to his family in this city, is summoned by telegraphic dispatch to Western Virginia. Dr. Van Wyck, father of the Hon. C. H. Van Wyck, died on Thursday morning, Jan. 9th, at his residence in Bloomingburg, N. Y. The Empress Eugénie spends the winter at Nice and Monaco. Henry Ward Beecher says of William Lloyd Garrison: "This man has stood fearless and faithful amid universal defections for many years; but the days are soon coming when men will mention his name only with praise. The Hutchinsons, it is stated, have received passes to cross the Potomac and visit the camps, where they propose to sing to the soldiers for a month to come. Better than to enlist. Lewis Gaylord Clark has withdrawn from the Knickerbocker, and will soon issue "Clark's Knickerbocker Magazine," with the old title and vignette, and free from politics. Col. Sam Colt, the inventor of Colt's revolvers, died a few days since, at Hartford, Ct. Orrin Abbott has been appointed Assistant to the Sergeant-at-Arms of the New York State Senate. Edwin M. Stanton has been confirmed as Secretary of War in place of Mr. Cameron, who has been nominated Minister to Russia. Cassius M. Clay will return to take part in the contest in Kentucky. Prof. Clarence Butler, who recently escaped from a Texas mob, after the rope had been placed about his neck, is giving lectures on Political and Reli-

gious Freedom, in New England. The Lowell Daily Citizen, speaking in high terms of his lectures in that city, says: "He has gifts for lecturing which few can equal. He commands the use of language in a most remarkable degree. His discourse in the afternoon, both oratorically and rhetorically considered, could hardly be surpassed."

#### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Under the instructions of Secretary Chase one item of \$50,000 is saved to the Government by the discharge of some eighty employees in the New York Custom House.

—The distress in Lyons is so great, says a local paper, that seven hundred young men have enlisted in the army to avoid starvation. This is a very different kind of patriotism from that which has brought together half a million of men under the banner of the American Union—most of whom left comfortable homes and remunerative employments to enter our army.

The following "notice" has been placarded on the walls of the State House at Columbus, Ohio: "All the defeated candidates for the several legislative offices will meet at the Rotunda of the State House, on Monday morning, January 6th, for the purpose of forming a brigade, to be tendered to the President for the three years' service. All being good Union men, no declination will be received."

—The by-laws of a church-yard in Philadelphia provide that the body of no person executed for crime, nor the body of any colored person shall be interred therein, thereby placing upon a level the man who has imbrued his hands in his brother's blood, and the humble Christian with a black face.

—The colored population of Canada are invited to join "Her Majesty's Loyal Volunteer Militia." The Tribune comments: "Wouldn't it be curious to see these fugitives from the blessings of slavery employed by England, the great Abolitionist power, in a war for the establishment of Jeff. Davis's negro despotism? 'Tis a queer world."

#### Notices of New Books.

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

THE GOOD TIME COMING; An Essay by AUGUSTUS WATTERS. Published for the Author. Price 15 cents.

This neat and attractive pamphlet gives evidence of faith in the ultimate ends of great natural principles—that Science will abolish the age of superstition, and Reason overthrow all the impediments to universal peace. The author intelligently teaches the blessed gospel of Brotherhood, and believes in a millennium as the natural result of laws inherent in mankind. He thinks that the reality will exceed the picture of Pope:

"Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!  
Oh spring to light! auspicious hour, be born!  
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
And leap exultant like the bounding roe.  
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear—  
No face be sullied by a single tear.  
No more shall nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;  
No fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,  
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;  
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.  
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son  
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun.  
His vines a shadow to his race shall yield,  
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;  
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,  
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
O'erflow thy courts; the light himself shall shine  
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!"

THE MOVEMENT CURE IN EVERY CHRONIC DISEASE: A summary of its Principles, Processes, and Results. By GEO. H. TAYLOR, M. D., author of An Exposition of the Movement Cure; Physician of the Remedial Hygienic Institute, No. 67 West Thirty-eighth street, New York City.

Here is a plain, straightforward, honest pamphlet, on one of the wisest methods of curing the sick. We have before expressed our admiration of the general principles involved in this theory and practice. Movements are adapted to the condition and physical needs of the patient, and a renewed energy of parts almost dead, or useless, is the slow but lasting consequence. "Motion," according to our philosophy, is the beginning of "life." This is just as true of an organ or muscle in man's body as in the great universe of matter. "Throw physic to the dogs" is our advice to all men. If any part of your body or soul needs life, give it motion, action, and you will soon receive the tokens and boon of health.

ANTI-TABACCO JOURNAL, for November and December, edited by Rev. George Trask, comes with the following contents: A Journal of my War on Tobacco; Tobacco and the Cross; A Tale of Blighted Promise; "Now, Robert, drop that odious pipe;" Forty-four Objections to Tobacco; An Englishman's Objections; Efficacy of Prayer; Immorality of Raising Tobacco; "Give me a Quid;" A Nonpareil Cigar for Young Gentry. SOLDIERS' DEPARTMENT.—Shaker Poem; Fremont's Proclamation; American Democracy.

Concerning the "Fitchburg Army and Navy Tracts," prepared by Mr. Trask, a correspondent says: "Unique productions! Like their author, 'rough and ready'; but genial as the sun, while they are keen as a briar. They are not so captivating to superfine tastes as the productions of our rich Tract Societies, which pass under the supervision of committees, and are rounded and polished by their cautious touches. The author 'fights on his own hook,' in his own style. He likes modern gunnery. In battling the sins of the times

and the vices of camps, he uses the rough bore and the Minié ball; hence his shot strikes and rattles all before it.

"Many soldiers are stupefied by narcotics; and, as 'God does not convert sinners when dead, when drunk, or asleep,' these Tracts bid them awake, drop their cups and pipes, and understand what they are about, whilst seeking salvation, and pave the way for 'religious reading of the beautiful type.' Success to these productions. As they attack vices which destroy our soldiers faster than rebel missiles, may God raise up friends to enable the author to send them to all our camps in abundance."

AN HISTORICAL ESSAY ON MEDICATED INHALATION, and Letters on Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Loss of Voice, Nasal Catarrh, Weak Lungs, etc. By N. B. WOLFE, M. D., Cincinnati, O.

This is an interesting and highly suggestive pamphlet, and must be particularly gratifying to readers with throat and lung affections. There is no remedy suggested as within every person's reach; but the numerous reasons and are given to establish the Doctor's claims and remedies. He does not hesitate to give "Hypophosphates of lime and soda," a particular notice:

"Recently, another professional offspring has been put forth by Dr. Churchill, who, in the exuberance of parental pride, exclaims, 'Eureka!'—which, like its elder brothers, claims to be a specific, only a little more so, as it is claimed to cure the worst cases of consumption with more ease than the simpler manifestations of the disease; but to put him right on the record, we will quote Dr. Churchill's own words as they appear in *Galignani's Messenger*: 'Contrary to the opinion generally received, the third stage of Consumption is, all other circumstances being equal, more amenable to treatment than the second.' All this is to be done by dosing through the stomach with the hypophosphates of soda and lime. Rejoice, O invalid! it is not too late; here is a medicine, prepared by Dr. Churchill, expressly for late cases; the more advanced the better for the display of his remedies! Benefactor! Upon the same pedestal where stands the doctor who could cure nothing but 'Fits,' let him rest his claim for posthumous honors, who treats the third stage of consumption with more complacency than he does the first."

Medicated inhalation is a great improvement upon all the drug-and-syrup inventions of the day. But we return to bodily exercise, mental cheerfulness, deep-breathing, and the will-power, as the truest remedies.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. American Edition. Vol. LIII, No. DLIV. Leonard Scott & Co., New York, 79 Fulton St.

Contents: 1. Captain Clutterbuck's Champagne—A West Indian Reminiscence, Part iii; 2. Augustus Welby Pugin; 3. Chronicles of Carlingford: The Doctor's Family—Part iii; 4. Wassail: A Christmas Story—Part i; 5. A Word from a New Dictionary—"Flunkysm;" 6. Fechter in Hamlet and Othello; 7. A Month with "The Rebels;" 8. Some Account of Both Sides of the War.

The present number of Blackwood is of peculiar interest, as indicating unmistakably the feeling of the English Aristocracy toward the Union. It is exhibited in the last two articles, which are written thoroughly in the interest of Rebellion, though under a decent varnish of pretended impartiality.

What an exhibition of English intelligence in regard to the real condition of the North do we find in the following extract:

"For this war the North is content to see extinguished that freedom which was her boast, and for which she claimed to be born—for this, to the sword has been committed the rule of the disposing majority. There is no place for the man who writes or speaks aught distasteful to the many-headed tyrant; nay, in some cities even to be reserved and moderate is to be suspected and watched. Mob rule and anarchy are terrible, but their duration is commonly brief; far worse is the Government of ambitious men, who are content to be dragged at the heels of popular passion, and reign but to execute the wild will of the blinded multitude. So, for this war in the boasted seat of freedom and independence, a secret police nightly arrests, without cause assigned, suspension of writs of 'habeas corpus' warnings, suspensions, and suppression of newspapers, are common and acknowledged. The seizure of the property of the Southern States men, unreasoning cries for foreign aid—which would pass unnoticed if the offspring of newspapers or pot-house politicians—are significant when in the mouths of ministers of state."

And what a luminous and truthful exhibition of the freedom, (I) order, (I) and security, (I) prevalent in the South, do we have here:

"Add that in the presence of actual war, beleaguered, threatened with the fate of conquered nations, the Government has had recourse to no exceptional proceedings—that the liberty of individuals is respected—that the press is free—that newspapers (e. g., the Charleston Mercury) publish without molestation the sharpest diatribes on the authorities and on the conduct of the war, though it should be noticed that their complaints are generally to the effect that the policy adopted is defensive, and not aggressive. Crime and violence were never so rare. The cities on Sundays present an appearance almost of Scottish tranquillity—though in most cases large bodies of troops are cantoned in the immediate neighborhood. The vast slave population, so far from proving the cause of embarrassment or weakness, have enabled the cultivation of the soil to proceed: while so many of the white population have joined the army, the women live with unlocked doors on the plantations. In all ranks of civil and military life, there reigns, with the sternest resolution, an absolute confidence of their ultimate success."

English Toryism and Southern Slavery are in natural alliance; who can complain? By all means read Blackwood for December.



## 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."

For the Herald of Progress.

## Regina Lyle.

BY CLARA WESTWORTH.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE FRUIT OF THE GREAT UPAS TREE.

"Can't thou, and honor'd with a Christian name, Say what is woman born and feel no shame? Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead Expedience as a warrant for the deed?"

COWPER'S CHARITY.

"Every sense

Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense;  
And each frail fiber of her brain  
(As bow-strings, when relaxed by rain,  
The erring arrow launch aside)  
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide."

Byron.

That which had not been awarded to the sisterly solicitude of Agnes Lyle, that for which the search of years had been in vain, had been granted to the tender, pitying heart of my beloved John. In wandering over the streets and by-ways of the city of Brotherly Love, in visiting its various institutions of learning, and places of public resort, he chanced one day, urged by an irresistible impulse, to turn his steps towards the Asylum for the Insane, beautifully situated some miles from the great, heaving, commercial mart. He was acquainted with one of the resident physicians, and by his kind attention was shown all over the spacious grounds, and through the commodious building. Cleanliness and order reigned in every department; and the faces of some of the patients were so mild and intelligent as almost to produce a doubt respecting their mental condition. Accompanied by Dr. Rawdon, John passed through the different wards, and was made acquainted with the sad history of some of the inmates. But towards one pale and melancholy creature he felt peculiarly attracted, and when he heard her name and the account she gave of herself, in the incoherent mutterings of her insanity, a light broke in upon him, that in a short time brought certainty as the sure return of his untiring investigations. This poor woman, some seven years before, had been brought to the asylum by some benevolent ladies, who, from their own generous hearts and bountiful means, paid for her maintenance, and provided her with the necessary clothing; but she was ever harmless, obedient, and docile; but she spoke incessantly of a grand mansion in some Southern state; of a cruel betrayal of her love and trust; of a concealed marriage certificate, and a little child. She told of long and weary wanderings, and on one scene of fearful retrospection she dwelt with all the fixed insanity of grief and madness; it was that of a forcible ejection from the house she had learnt to call her own. In one day she had lost name and a wife's fair honor; her child was branded with disgrace, and she cast forth a blighted thing, upon the pitiless and scorching world. With a complexion of transparent whiteness, and features regular and beautiful even amid their wan attenuation, she persisted in calling herself a slave; in declaring that the taint of the African was in her veins; that it shone from brow and lip, and cheek; that it gleamed amid the jetty darkness of her soft and waving hair, this brand of the outcast race!

"Of course," said Dr. R., "we must make all due allowances for the vagaries of the mind diseased; but it may be that her story in part has reason in it; she gives names and dates with seeming accuracy, and does not averse one hair's breadth from her narration. It is consistently one time like the other. She is a remarkable patient, for she is never violent, never raves loudly, or gesticulates, as do many in her state. It is a peculiar case. Some great sudden shock must have unsettled her reason; and I fear it will never return until the hour of dissolution. Though she seems to remember the past, she retains no recollection of persons lately seen. The kind ladies whose protégé she is, she turns from with a vacant look, never recognizing them or remembering their names. But she gives us very little trouble, and follows the injunctions of nurse and physician with all the gettoness of a child. There is a song she is very fond of singing, entitled 'The Slave Mother's Lament,' and she brings tears to the eyes of visitors when she sings it before them."

And the good Doctor led John to see this interesting woman. At the first sight of the pale face and emaciated form he started back with an exclamation of surprise and pain, for the demented being before him, with her large, dark, flicker-eyes, her dishevelled hair, and bent, though yet majestic figure, was the image of the Regina he loved and deemed forever lost! Already the mention of her name had inspired him with strange emotions; and as he questioned her, and listened intent to her rambling, disconnected talk, the certainty that she was my unhappy mother grew upon him, and inspired him with a blissful hope for her and for myself.

Tenderly holding my hand, John related minutely every detail of that first interview, all my poor mother said—how with deep sighs and with hand pressed to her heart she told him of her sorrows; speaking of Bellevue and Barton Lee, her husband; of her fond sister, Agnes, and the little girl, Regina; of the master's marriage with a lady proud of her aristocratic descent; and how she was cast forth

to perish by the wayside. She spoke not with the vehemence of passion; all the fire and energy seemed to have left her soul and speech forever; but she told the sad story in an even, almost placid tone, rocking herself gently, and only then infusing somewhat more of power in her manner when she mentioned the perjured husband and tyrannical master. "He bought me," she said, "bought me for gold as men buy cattle or merchandise. He called me his fairy Violet. I was his wife—sacredly wedded in the eyes of God—by his ordained minister. But Barton Lee was possessed—possessed of two devils—ambition and the love of the wine-cup. One demon conflicted with the other. In the eyes of men, he was a gallant gentleman—perfect, accomplished, courteous. But I tell you, young man, he was possessed by devils. He married me, I swear it to you. But he kept it a secret from pride, for I was a slave, and the daughter of a slave. My ancestors were chiefs in old Africa. We all became the white man's prey. One day the two devils that possessed him made a compact, and I was to be the sacrifice. It was done; he married another, and I was cast out with my babe. He lives in splendor, and I am here, waiting, waiting, waiting for another life, where I shall be crowned, and he lie in the dust at my feet. Ha! ha!" and she laughed mockingly and low; "won't that be glorious? The ladder reversed—I on the summit, the proud man groveling below? It will be, for the white angel tells me so; and I am waiting, waiting, young man, for the time to come."

"In this strain she continued at length," said John, "and all efforts to arouse her mind to present occurrences were futile. She turned persistently to the past; though I wept from sympathy, she heeded not my tears, nor my mention of familiar names—yours and that of Agnes Lyle; she took no interest in aught save that pertaining to the past. I soon made my arrangements; I lost no time in setting out for S— and having an interview with Mrs. Lyle. I told her of the providential discovery I had made, and together we returned to Philadelphia and sought the dear sufferer. I had seen your Aunt Agnes under the influence of the grief and terror occasioned by your flight, Regina, and I never thought the stately lady could so completely lose her sovereign self-control. Then she wept and raved, and called so wildly upon you, that we feared for her reason; but when she found herself in the presence of the long-lost sister, no words of mine can give you the idea of her overwhelming sorrow and despair. She kissed the hands and feet, the loosely-flowing hair, the dress and scarf she wore, even the faded artificial flowers on her breast! With piteous entreaty she plead for recognition, for a smile of welcome, a fond word. In vain. Violet did not hear, or could not comprehend her meaning. After repeated efforts in various ways, the attempt was abandoned, and Agnes reconciled herself to remain unrecognized and forever uncalled by a sister's name. We took her from the hospital; passively and indifferently she left, without a murmur of regret, or an awakened gleam of hope. We took her to S—; in the house that Agnes inhabits, a room has been appropriated to her use, and there, for more than a year, she has lived, unchanged, and devoted to the memories of the past; ever speaking of the dread by-gone days without alteration of tone or manner, ever invoking the retributions of the coming world, with a calmness that is oft more fearful to witness than the most violent demonstrations of passion. You weep, Regina," and John wiped the streaming tears from his own eyes; "you sorrow for the mother you have no recollection of; who will never fold you to her heart in the sweet knowledge of that motherhood. But oh think, dearest, how much better it is even thus, than to deem her a wanderer, exposed to all the privations of a friendless lot; or to have found her sleeping in a nameless grave! She is your own honored—most cruelly injured mother; as such, we will love and cherish her."

"And you, you found her?" I sobbed; "the angels led your willing feet and great self-sacrificing heart. Oh, bless you, John!"

And more than ever I loved him; higher than before I enthroned him, my best earthly friend and helper.

But I knew not then the full extent of his self-abnegating goodness; inadvertently the confession fell from the lips of Charity, who, flushing painfully, would gladly have retraced the words that informed me of the amount of my indebtedness to John. To his efforts, joined to the limited means of my benevolent aunt, my mother owed her subsistence; from the proceeds of his hard toil a portion was set aside for her support. The noble son and true disciple of Jesus of Nazareth, leaving his lucrative and more congenial trade in the city, had returned to the fisher's vocation in order to soothe the declining years and lessen the heart loneliness of his mother. For weeks before his father's death he had devoted himself to the laborious tasks and monotonous routine of that village life. For duty's sake he had hushed the whispering monitions of his genius, and bade the uprisings of man's holiest ambition to be still; content to walk in the thorny path of self-sacrifice, so that it gave joy and peace to one human heart. The mother, appreciating all his goodness, never could comprehend in its infinite sorrows that gifted soul, so richly dowered with inspiration's loftiest fervency.

She loved and idolized him, but could not follow to the regions of his thought; and I felt how keenly that yearning and sensitive spirit must have suffered from the want of soul-companionship. That I was capable of understanding and sharing his thought—that I had power by the efficacy of material means

to aid in the fulfillment of his heart's desire, I rejoiced with an exceeding gladness, with the purest and deepest joy of my long-saddened life.

How I yearned for her who had given me life—for the dear, oft-dreamt-of mother! How wildly throbbed my heart with the recurring bitter feelings, as I thought of him, my father—author of so many life-long miseries; and then, at the remembrance of my sister Althea, how before her benign and radiant image fled afar the prowling demons of revenge and hatred, how pityingly melted upon my heart, dissolved in tenderest woe! Yes, she was drawing me upward by the silver chords of sympathy; by the same links that stretch from the Great Creative Center to the remotest universe, and to the lowliest of earth. By the o'ersweeping inspiration and the melodies of love that breathed divinely over the inner shrines of being, I knew that I was changing, advancing, catching gleams of a light unseen before—bathing in celestial sun-rays—drinking deep of life-streams, of the crystal fountains of eternal truth.

Oh, thanks, thanks, Great Giver! for the holy ministrations of thy chosen angel, Sorrow! Blessed be every purifying trial, thrice exalted every heart-pang that enfranchised my soul from the bondage of sense and error! Not away from earth's true and pure affections does the teaching angel lead—for the love that is imperishable cannot be touched by the all-transforming wand of time; the true, the beautiful, the real, lives on, despite of the overthrow of dynasties, the changes of the globe. But the illusive veil is rent from the face of alluring falsehoods; the borrowed garb is torn from the repulsive forms of simulated love and pretended friendship. Not one glory-tint has fled the aspect of the lovely earth; still, as of yore, the flowers breathe their incense-worship; and the stars impart mysterious truths of which human intellect can gain but the remotest gleam. Things divine and immutable remain eternally delightful—ever clad in their first robes of youth and light; the idols of the baser worship fall; the falsely-crowned are exiled from the empire of the soul; vain worldly scepters break and crumble into dust; but the thrones of gained, toiled-for wisdom, the powers of self-government, are ever divinely guarded by the flaming Seraphim!

Once again, on bended knee, with prayerful, uplifted heart, I thank thee, God! for all thy parent-gifts! for joy and sorrow, discipline and compensation; for the darkened years and the worn rest of love and home; for the present trial and the future's unfailing recompense—for myself and all that live! Blessed be thy name, O Life-spirit! Awakener of Souls! best Father! tender, pitying Mother of the world!

In a few days, accompanied by John and Charity (she shut up the house, for curiosity and sympathy were strong, and she determined to witness the meeting with my aunt and restored but unfortunate mother,) we left for S—. Dear, good Charity! she was tormented with an insatiable desire to know the relation in which I stood to her son; the sense of propriety restrained her somewhat, but on the morning of our departure she could no longer control herself.

"See here, Jinnie, my darlin' gal," she said, drawing me aside, "and don't be a-gettin' vexed at the old woman, but my heart's so full—I'm almost bustin' with the perplexity. Jinnie, dear, do say—do you love my John?"

And in her eager anxiety she put her face close to mine, and held my arm firmly in her grasp.

"Whisper, my lambkin, whisper, please!" she entreated.

I smiled, and calmly made answer: "Of course I love him, mother."

"Oh, oh!" groaned she, "but ye may mean in the old-fashioned way, brother and sister-like. But Jinnie, couldn't ye make up yer mind to marry our John? That's what I mean, my pretty."

"I'll wait till he asks me, mother, and then you shall know," I said, kissing her cheek and brow. She flushed up with pleasure and surprise, and allowed me to go my way.

I cannot recount to you my sorrowful meeting with my mother; it was like no other meeting of those so near and so long parted; language fails me; and before the truth that is so far stranger than fiction, descriptive power fades; the best interpreter of sorrow is the kindred heart that has passed a like ordeal. Suffice it that my mother knew me not, that no light of recognition beamed from her unsteady eye; she clasped me not to her bosom, nor welcomed the lost one of years with the kiss of joy or the benediction of peace. My aunt Agnes acted the mother's part; I was taken to her loving breast; I was greeted by her mingling smiles and tears, and caressed by her fond lips. Then, too, I gathered all the necessary details linking the past of woe and crime with the present's wretchedness.

How my cheeks burned for shame at the recital of a father's atrocious conduct. What floods of tears I shed over the bowed, unconscious head of my once beautiful mother! How again and again I cursed the blighting Upas tree, whose poison-fruit falls even on the hearth-stones of the distant innocent! How fervently I prayed for heaven's swift-coming retributive justice to wipe out the plague-spot of Slavery from the land! And with humbled heart I implored the good Father for e'en the lowliest mission in this lofty cause!

My aunt with many tears related to me her story and that of Violet; they were fair and beautiful as loveliest Northern dames, for in their blood there was the very slightest admixture of the colored taint; they were the daughters of a Northern planter, and their mother had been fair and lovely as themselves.

Nevertheless they were born beneath the curse of Slavery, and doomed to its inexorable fate, despite their beauty, talents, and advantages of education, which, in a refined spirit of torture, had been permitted them to acquire.

Violet became my father's wife in form and law! but the ceremony was secretly performed, and the minister who received their marriage vows was never heard from. Barton Lee was then young, and his impulses were not always on the side of wrong. He gave Agnes her freedom, and with the sum of money generously bestowed upon her she took up her abode in a free State of the West, and there contracted a marriage with one who had won her heart, and with whom she lived happily for several years, until the great sorrow that befell my mother, in revealing the origin of both sisters, brought misery and disenchantment to her home. From fear and shrinking delicacy, she, in all other things so strictly truthful and honorable, had kept from her husband's knowledge the stigma on her birth and name; her dread of even freemen's prejudices was so strong it overcame her scruples in this one respect. Her husband, accusing her of willful deception, abandoned her, shortly after the death of her child; and insidious and utterly false reports, circulated through the agency of Barton Lee, caused friends and neighbors to look upon Agnes with suspicion and distrust. She left her home, resumed the name she once bore, and with desperate resolve returned to —, to confront my father with the accusations of an unjustly injured, deeply wronged woman. My poor mother, who so long had deemed herself the lawful mistress of the mansion, the honored mother of his child, found herself at once betrayed, outcast, and forsaken. Little had she cared for the supercilious scorn of the neighboring ladies who had disdained to notice her, secure as the poor dreamer thought herself in the exclusive possession of a husband's love. But as the years sped on, ambition awoke in the breast of Barton Lee; the world's prejudices resumed their sway. Violet had been known and marked as a slave; she could not be the mother of the heirs to the great Lee estate; he became indifferent, moody, irritable, and she was chosen as the offering to his Moloch idols. With scorn, contempt, and violence, he had thrust her from his gates; and to Agnes' remonstrances he replied in most insulting terms, employing direct threats towards her. It was then that the slumbering spirit of her race awoke, and beneath the influence of a sudden raging impulse, she drew a dagger, and would have stabbed the exultant betrayer on the spot, had he not quickly disarmed her. The brave woman was imprisoned for many days in a remote apartment on the plantation; but finally she escaped, rejoined the already half-demented Violet, who had lain concealed in a negro hut in the vicinity. Together they left that Southern land, so blest by God and Nature's pteousness, and so accursed by the oppressive spirit of man, and safely they reached the boundaries of freedom. But as the time sped on, the wavering intellect of Violet Lyle became totally extinguished, the memory of the past alone remaining. In those days she was possessed with the insatiable desire of travel; she would leave their stopping place for days, and then return, faint, weary, but seemingly not discouraged in the aimless search. Of myself she took but little notice, and the entire care of my helpless infancy devolved on the devoted Agnes. One night she disappeared, and vain was the pursuit, continued in person and by trusty emissaries for many, many months. The faithful sister having wandered from place to place in obedience to the poor lunatic's caprice, after vainly seeking for her in every town and hamlet of that neighborhood, at last came to New England, attracted thither by the far-spread fame of the liberality of its people. She found the sequestered sea-side village; was charmed by its romantic beauty; and becoming acquainted with honest Tom Wakeley and Charity, she was pleased with their unsophisticated manners and impressed of strong truthfulness. She resolved that I should grow up in this aparted place, untroubled by the knowledge of my birth and color, undisturbed by the dreams of ambition and the aspirations of the cultured life of heart and intellect.

To her morbidly sensitive view it was best that I should ignore the intercourse of finer minds, and dwell in complete ignorance of the great world, with its contrasting lights and shadows. That I would bend to circumstance, and never aspiring to a higher future, wed with some fisher lad, seemed to her the best expiation of our inherited sins of pride and ambition, and the safest plan of life for me.

I told her my story in return, and great indeed was her sorrow and amazement. The first wife (recognized as such by the world) of Barton Lee had died of rapid decline, a childless, grief-stricken woman, whose pride and once haughty vengeance he had humbled to the dust, so it was related; and now this other and better lady—the pure Althea! Agnes wept with a true woman's sympathy.

"The good Father has placed you in your allotted station at last," she said. "He disposes of all things; I, poor, weak, erring being, deemed my course wise and good. Forgive me, Regina, for I acted for your soul's highest good. I would have kept from you forever the blighting knowledge of what the world calls a stain. In the eyes of God and selected just men you are the offspring of a hallowed affection, and the taint of color will not weigh against you in the balance of eternal laws. You are independent, young, talented, and beautiful! My beloved child, what will you do with these great gifts?"

"Follow your Christian example, dearest

aunt, and dedicate my life to the service of the poor and needy, as I know you do," I replied, kissing the soft, white hand.

"And you will join me, heart and soul, in the sacred work of emancipation?—like me, will you labor with hand and brain for the enslaved? reserving a portion of your wealth for the breaking of the bondman's chain, the rending asunder of the fetters that wear away the lives of noble men and sorrowing women? Oh, Regina, that money, coined from the heart-agonies of the slave, shall it return to bless and free them?" She spoke with a beautiful enthusiasm, and the light of her eye was that of loftiest humanitarian love.

"It shall be done!" I fervently made answer, "though Mrs. Lee assured me that the curse is not upon the gold she willed me. From her ancestral house in England it has descended to her; nevertheless its greater portion shall be applied as you see fitting. I thank God that I have power to do some little good on earth."

"And will this labor of love and sacrifice be sufficient to your heart, my child?" she queried fondly.

I colored 'neath her searching eyes; then I smiled, and said proudly, "My heart has found a resting place, dear aunt."

"Where, my loved Regina?" she anxiously inquired.

"With him who was once a dear brother, now the chosen of my soul; with John Wakeley, the poor fisherman!"

She clasped me in her arms, kissed me with a fervent blessing, and wept sweet tears of thankfulness and joy.

"I have long prayed for this!" she said at last, "and he is truly worthy; your equal in spirit, and your soul's true mate. God bless you and him forever."

(To be Continued.)

## Apotheosis.

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

Departed: From McHenry, Ill., Dec. 18, 1861, DELIA BRECHER, wife of Hiram Kellogg, aged 52 years.

The home of her childhood was in Truxton, Cortland Co., N. Y., where she was instructed in the principles of the Congregational religion, by her grandfather, Rev. O. Hitchcock, at whose residence she found a home until the time of her marriage. The strict conventionalism of this sect did not long confine her, and she consequently united herself to the Baptist Church, being one of its most consistent members. Highly respected by all, her fine sense of justice and right ever calling for the love and admiration which such principles ever command, she was the counselor, adviser, and friend, not only of the chosen few within the church, but of all who wore the garb of humanity.

About nine years since, the angel world drew aside its curtain and invited her attention. Gladly and joyously did she behold its golden beauties; and she stood with one hand open and reaching for blessings, not only for herself, but others, while the other hand freely gave the gift of love to the asking, pleading hearts here. It is in vain to describe her approach to the Summer Land, from which she was to return, but as a spirit. The hand of disease was laid heavily upon her, yet it seemed to her strong spirit but a feather's weight. She walked through burning coals, yet kept her eye ever upon the sunlight in the distance; and, as we stood powerless beside her, we saw her conqueror over all; and we can truly say:

Naught but Heaven should claim our sister,  
Take her from our arms away;  
None but angels' voices call her,  
Far from earth and us to stray.

Yet we gaze along her pathway,  
Star-gemmed, flower-wreathed, beauteous, ay,  
Then we look to earth and sadden  
For one lingering, heavenly ray.

Sister, wilt thou, when thou pass'st  
Through the portals, "leave ajar  
Heaven's door," that we may wander  
With thee in those realms afar?

Standing waiting is thy husband,  
Sister, brother, sons, and friends;  
Come then, lead us, we'll be guided  
'Yond the earth's remotest ends.

Hush! forgive! we ask, but vainly,  
For the gift thou'st bought so dear;  
But we'll watch and patient wait thee,  
When from Heaven thou comest near.

The funeral address was delivered by the writer.

MRS. L. G. BARNES.

Departed: From mortal life for the celestial spheres, Mrs. PHRBE F. DAVIS, of Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y., after a long and painful illness of nearly thirty years. For two decades or more she was not able to walk across the room. Tedious days and nights were hers. In the midst of her sufferings the Spiritual Philosophy came to her relief, and unfolded to her spirit a new faith, which was to her like a bright shining light in a dark place.

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AND  
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