

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

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## 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 sects and creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

## Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

C. J. M., NEW YORK.—You can see him at our office about 12 o'clock Wednesday next.

A. K., GNADENHUTTEN, O.—We commend to your attention the first volume of the "Harmonia."

E. C., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The article signed "G. W." is adapted to the English public. No doubt your friend is much interested.

M. B., HINSDALE, MASS.—Your review of Flagler's Vision we think adapted to his private eye. Shall we hand it to him?

J. D., ALBION, MICH.—Your statement of "facts" is received. We sympathize with you in your struggles for moral independence in the midst of conservatism.

J. G., GAGE'S LAKE, ILL.—Thank you for the report of the School-house Conference. Please do not weary in well thinking, plain talking, and steady doing.

M. M. H., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—If you will visit this office next Wednesday, you will have the opportunity of seeing and speaking with "M. F. D." She will be glad to meet her friends.

J. W. D., PEKIN, ILL.—We think your communication is calculated to influence the thinking to investigate. Its publication will doubtless interest persons who live in the vicinity of the former member of the M. E. Church.

C. W. B., ATTICA, IND.—We thank you for your letter furnishing the facts relative to a certain lecturer who found Spiritualism to be such "a gigantic evil." We shall make no public use of your testimony.

Mrs. ELIJAH B., NEW LYME, O.—We do not promise to answer any question, either Medical or otherwise, but are willing and glad to hear from our friends and readers. If a reply is given, we make no charge for it. We cannot obligate ourselves to answer any one.

J. H. W. T., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The characters you mention are too unreliable to merit the support of reformers. They cannot much longer receive the confidence of Spiritualists. We think you can do much by verbally cautioning the audiences you address.

D. H., M. D., PLAINFIELD.—We will give 33 1-3 per cent, and on large cash orders pay express charges. The "Peep into the Sacred Canon" has not been published in book form. "Hints towards Physical Perfection" can be ordered from this office—price \$1, postage 18 cts.

J. V. W., CHICAGO, ILL.—Your letter, just received, contains imputations of prejudice which we have not entertained. We think the public would be much interested in statements from those who have been so fortunate as to get such tests from you. We are always ready to publish authentic facts.

H. H. W., JOE DAVIES & CO., ILL.—With satisfaction we received and read your explanation of the count of the investigating committee. In our opinion, the "jerks" are displays of epidemic psychology. The feelings disarrange the normal condition of the involuntary nervous system. Of all fanaticisms, the religious is the intensest and most unhealthy. Let the friends of Spiritualism bring their common sense to bear against such displays of ignorance and superstition.

For the Herald of Progress.

## USE AND SELF-CULTURE.

Drown not thine own great thoughts in those of other men;  
Nor let conceit inspire an egotistic pen;  
Cull gems from Nature, Science, all mankind have known,  
Then add some thought of inspiration all thy own.

Nor yet delay for some immense Herculean stride,  
The task beyond thy strength, thy wisdom should divide;  
Toil gently on, nor faint, though progress seem but slow—  
The more thy powers are weak, the more they need to grow.

And weak or strong, 'tis thine to guard them from abuse,  
Adapt thy culture to the sacred law of use;  
The richest gifts of genius, talent, power, or grace,  
Are those which most subserve the welfare of the race.

J. S. H.

## Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

### Poison-Nut—Strychnine—Nux Vomica.

The system of Homeopathy is almost the only theory that gives curative agents with regard to mind and disposition. In this system the writer has some knowledge and experience, and he proposes to give in this communication some of the leading cases in which Nux Vomica is curative.

The temperament to which it is best suited is the bilious and nervous, and the state of mentality that in which sadness, chagrin, anxiety, and a general derangement of the powers of the mind, predominates.

In its employment in that troublesome affliction, piles, of whatever kind, I have never known it to fail, even in cases that have been hopelessly treated by practitioners of other schools for years.

One or two drops of the strongest preparation by Homeopathy, introduced into a half tumbler of water, taking a tea-spoonful three times a day, will so certainly cure, that it may be termed specific to the complaint.

It is equally efficacious, taken in the same manner, in the determination of blood to the head, and all the consequences arising from it.

It is nearly specific in the first stage of bronchial catarrh with dry coryza and dry cough. It is one of the best remedies in affections of the bile, such as nausea, vomiting, eructations, and in the retching of drunkards.

I have seen the best results in its administration in colic of the abdomen, with cutting, pinching, and gripping, attended at times with desire to vomit. It has proved equally effective in constipation, sometimes accompanied with a rush of blood to the head.

It has been used successfully in paralysis of the lower extremities and of one half of the body.

But the administration of this remedy is attended with the greatest advantage in that affection termed lumbago, or rheumatism of the back, and in diseases of the kidneys.

These affections seize the individual in a walking or other posture, so severely as not to be able to move for some time. The pains are so severe that instances have been known in which the patient has been almost mad. The pain at first is seated just outside the kidney, and usually occupies the space of a silver dollar. It occasionally attacks in the night, in bed. Whether the disease be within or without, the relief by this agent is almost instantaneous.

The kidneys of the structure are more taxed to perform their duties than any other organs of the frame. There is not probably a man that has arrived to full maturity but what has weak or diseased kidneys.

The attacks in the back without, are most frequent among those whose frame is fully developed, and who perspire freely on motion. These should wear a flannel bandage around the back throughout the year. In both of these cases, nux should be at hand and immediately administered to save from the most painful and lamentable consequences. J. C.

For the Herald of Progress.

### Erysipelas Cured by Human Magnetism.

FRIEND DAVIS: In the spring of 1856, when making a pedestrian tour through the Eastern and Middle States, and while on my route from Washington to Rochester, N. Y., I fell a victim to a most violent attack of erysipelas. It was on the 22d of March when the disease first made its appearance, and my day's travel lay between Hagerstown, Md., and Chambersburg, Pa. The snow was at least a foot in depth on an average, and in places it had drifted so as to cover the fences on both sides of the road; and this day was warm, and the snow was soft and splashy. For two or three days previous, the water had soaked through my boots, and I had traveled with wet feet without feeling much the worse for it; but this day proved disastrous. About ten o'clock my head began to swim with dizziness, a blur came over my eyes, and an extremely itching sensation made its appearance at my nose and ears. Rubbing my face with my hands only afforded temporary relief, when the dizziness would be redoubled, and the itching would turn into burning; and at last, by walking with my hat in hand, I had nearly become rid of the dizziness, but my nose and ears had become sore, and inflamed, and swollen. On entering a small town about twelve o'clock, I stopped at a hotel for a dinner, when I fell insensible upon the bar-room floor. I was taken to a bed, where I lay comfortably until the next morning, when I took the stage for Chambersburg, where I expected to stop a few weeks. On arriving at that place, I applied to a physician, to ascertain the nature of my affliction; he immediately pronounced it erysipelas, a disease very common in that section of coun-

try, and which, as he owned, baffled the skill of every physician. He would do all he could for me; and he gave me an ointment, which, he said, would disperse it, and, perhaps, drive it away; perhaps, and it did scatter it, and, like fire, it nearly burned me up. My head swelled to nearly the dimensions of three ordinary heads; and I laid myself down to die, among strangers, a youth, in a strange section, and a thousand miles from home. One long week I lay upon my back, without seeing the light of day, no friendly voice to comfort me, no sympathy, and, worse than all, an empty purse. I only expected death; and to die was more than death to me, for I had no hope that man was immortal!

In this hour and time of trial, a German, with a heart full of sympathy, who had heard of me and the condition I was in, called upon me. He asked me if I felt strong enough to walk. I thought I did. He helped me to dress, and bound up my head with a large handkerchief. I took his arm, and he took me where, he said, I would be cured; and I went willingly, with my lips uttering, "that I might as well die one way as another."

He took me into the house of a poor German tailor. I was seated, and the man told me I had the erysipelas. I asked him if he could cure me; he said he could, if I had faith in Christ, and would do as he (the tailor) told me. I gave him the lie about my faith in Jesus, and told him I would do his bidding. He forbade my eating anything but cooling food, or drinking any other than cool drinks, and ordered me not to wash my face during the time of healing, nor to take a particle of medicine; and he pronounced my ointment a humbug, and every doctor a quack!

He then commenced operations by making motions about my head and face with his hands, and blowing lightly into my face with his mouth. By repeating these operations, day by day the swelling subsided, and the disease gradually disappeared; and in one week's time from the moment that he commenced to treat me, I was a healthy man, or boy, for I was then but eighteen years of age. The cure was wonderful, and to me it seemed like the work of magic. The outside of my face came off like the peel of an onion; I was a new man, and my countenance was lit up with joy; for magnetism had saved me from an early grave. Thus I feel a greater debt toward the magnetic power than toward anything else on earth. I pray that Father God and Mother Nature will bless those Dutchmen forever!

For some weeks afterwards I remained in Chambersburg, and worked in the office of the Valley Spirit, as a compositor. If any of the employees who were there at that time should by chance see this, they will remember the circumstances in which they first saw me, how I was cured of erysipelas, and also remember the many pleasant hours which they passed with him who experienced in their presence the saddest affliction of his life.

Yours, for Truth and Progress,

JOHN W. EVERTS.

## Sleep.

The first sensation of drowsiness is Nature's call for sleep. Waking shows the body is rested. After the degree of strength of which the state of the system is capable is restored by sleep, longer stay in bed only relaxes. He perverts reason, who, by habit of artificial excitement, keeps awake so late that he is not ready to rise by daybreak—Nature's undoubted signal for quitting repose, obedience to which secures a desire to rest at the fit hour. Some people close their shutters against it. George III. consulted his household physicians, separately, as to the modes of life conducive to health and longevity; as to the importance of early rising, there was full coincidence. Old people, examined as to the cause of their longevity, all agree that they have been in the habit of going to bed early, and rising early. In debilitated people, a degree of fever, or something resembling it, comes on towards evening; going very early to bed is of great consequence to them. Rising an hour or two earlier than usual, often gives a vigor which nothing else can produce. Many people, at waking, feel a disposition to rise; they lose it by indulging in a lethargic state, or lolling awhile. We lose vigor by lying in bed in health, longer than for sleep; the mind is less tranquil; the body is less disposed for refreshing sleep; appetite and digestion are lessened. After long or late mental exertion, sleep is a watch; the thoughts continue themselves, effecting useless fatigue. Some people cannot go to sleep; others wake too early. Without spirit to rise they hope to find refreshment in an additional nap; another and another leaves them more languid; they fancy themselves unfit for exertion until they have taken a breakfast which they make no effort to merit. Nothing breaks up the strength sooner than want of sleep at the hour Nature obviously designed for repose, marked as well by the regular return of day and night as by our own feelings, if not prevented by artificial habits. Labor, which is light in the day, is burdensome in the night. The accumulated stimuli of the day are sufficient for the temporary exhaustion of the system; the rest of the night, is requisite to recruit us for each successive day.

## Progressive Literature.

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

[From Harper's Monthly Magazine.]

### The Voice of God in Nature.

ILLUSTRATED IN A "DRAWN GAME."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

I.

Judge Calthorpe, of Calthorpeville, drew down his eyebrows into a letter V, and looked at me steadily with a searching smile. You would have thought I was the witness of the opposite counsel standing my cross-examination; but no, I was Judge Calthorpe's son.

"I think I heard you use the word 'Nature'?" said the Judge, presently.

"I did use the word, Sir."

"Repeat the sentence in which it occurred, if you please."

"I said that I was by nature a mathematician; that Nature pointed out engineering or architecture as my proper career; and that Nature revolted against my assuming a profession like the clerical, for which I had neither fitness nor desire."

"Hm. A young man who uses a word thrice in one sentence is to be supposed fully acquainted with its force. You may define the expression for me, John."

At the age of sixteen we do not find it easy to define. We take words at the value of their face, not knowing, until a later period, how delicately language and commercial paper vibrate above or below par. I was no broker in the common currency of speech, and embodying the idea in a more respectful form, told my father so.

"Well, Sir! I will tell you what Nature is. Nature is evil. Nature is disease. Nature is wrong in every form, askew, awry, depraved. At your mother's knee you learned your hymns; have you forgotten them?"

"We are by Nature all unclean, and all our works are guilt."

That's what Nature is. Nature makes men lie—they all go astray as soon as they are born—doing it. Nature makes men murderers—bateful and hating one another. Nature makes them unfilial—disobedient to parents. She would make you an ungrateful son if she could. Perhaps she can; but—"

The Judge's brows relaxed from that analytic smile which had been cutting into my boy-preferences with such merciless logic, and became smooth as the sea always is while a typhoon is blowing. Force in abundance, but no visible swell. I had learned to know that calmness well, though I could not define Nature.

I said not a word. I was aware he would speak by-and-by. At last the utterance came.

"You have now before you the opportunities for a liberal education. Next week Hinnom College opens. Its president was my classmate. There you will have every facility for preparing yourself to enter the noblest of careers. Latin and Greek are taught in Hinnom College by the first professors in our land. Your favorite mathematics are not slighted. The Oriental professor, whom I know intimately, will give you private instructions in Hebrew. By this very morning's post I received a letter from him offering you board in his family during your entire college course. At the end of the four years in Hinnom you may enter the Theological Seminary on a footing unknown to the ordinary candidate for orders. You may pass out from the Seminary into a work—a glory—such as angels themselves might be proud of—of pride, indeed—for it is their work."

"On the other hand, Frank Snedecker, the coach-builder, wants a boy to learn his trade. I heard him ask the postmaster where he could find a good one, as I stood at the delivery this morning. You may be that boy. These two courses are open to you. And these alone."

I heard my father with a dim sense of his meaning—of its being some one else than he who spoke, some one else who was spoken to than I. I was habitually too quick-tempered; perhaps that was the reason I did not answer him directly. I could not command my voice at all. It lay in cottony husks at the bottom of my throat. But I burned to the roots of my hair; clenched my fists and trembled. It was well I could not speak. A boy with my immense pride and shallower passion would have blurted out, on the spur of the moment, something strong enough to make my father relentless forever. But then, again, perhaps such a boy could not have had such a father.

I waited for minutes; and meanwhile, he, not observing me at all, pursued the tenor of his own undisturbed thought. Just as I had controlled my voice sufficiently to begin framing a reply, that thought of his came round its cycle to the old subject. For the first time since a dear aunt of mine was buried I saw his lip quiver, and he spoke even tenderly, saying:

"And I, with my white head, may sit between you in the slip, and hear you preach!"

The picture of me—Judge Calthorpe's son—the head of Arlington Academy Geometry class; the darling of a mother, whose affection for her last-born had made luxury a necessity to me; me—John Calthorpe in every relation of life—standing at a vice with my coarse blue sleeves rolled to the shoulder, a paper cap on my head, shaving a spoke with grimy, knotted fingers, while a coarse voice, in bad grammar, called me peremptorily to hurry—was just then sliding panoramically

past my eyes. So vivid that I had a curse on my boy lips—so vivid that I would not have heard my father's curse, had he caught mine and answered it back. But not so vivid that this rare tenderness of the Judge, my father, failed to dissipate it like mist, and instantly there melted to his love a response which he could not have burned from me by his wrath.

Those trembling lips of his said:

"And I, with my white head, may sit between you in the slip and hear you preach."

I answered, gently,

"Yes, father, you shall."

I know now that I committed a sin. At the time I did not know it. I simply felt a self-abasement, a sinking in my own self-respect, which I translated into the idea of self-sacrifice, which I even praised my own heart for as an offering of my whole bright future on the altar of filial duty. And that duty then seemed to me the highest duty. I thought dimly of those who had given up houses and lands for the sake of the ministry. Those others who had abandoned even father and mother to go where God had called them, were quite forgotten by me. And to a boy of sixteen, who looks only on those duties which are plainly tangible and conventional, how could the fact that God calls his engineers to engineering quite as loudly as he calls his clergyment to preaching forcibly present itself at such a moment? So then, being as I was, perhaps my sin was less. But a sin still. At the very instant that I submitted my own clear perception of constitutional fitness to my father's iron will, the atmosphere within my soul began to be indistinctly troubled with the first vibrations of a voice that for years grew stronger and plainer, that at last said, unmistakably:

"John Calthorpe! You are not in John Calthorpe's place!"

The very next day I set out for Hinnom College. I passed my examination creditably. I ordered my trunks to the whitewashed room at the head of the last flight of three precipitous stairs. I took my first dinner at the table of Professor Sansamon—sitting down resolutely in the seat where I was to board, under the calm gaze of the Oriental Literature eye, for the next four years. And afterward, when I saw the Engineering Department file one by one into its recitation-room—when through the wide-opened door I beheld the black-board covered with problems from that Analytic Geometry which I longed for as the Howadij thirsts for the palm-trees and the well—do you fancy or not that I felt a struggle tearing me as I sauntered into the room next door, where Professor Jones was about giving his lecture on the Greek Particles?

Well, if I did, no trace of it was sent home in my first letter. With the Greeks I became as a Greek. In Rome—represented by Room No. 6 and the Satires of Juvenal—I did as the Romans did. And when I wrote to my father, I told him the course seemed likely to prove pleasant.

For I did not hate him for his sternness. I could not bear the thought of shaking such a wiry purpose as his with the pangs it would have to suffer if I communicated my weak, momentary misgivings.

He lived in a day when a man might do what he would with his own, and his children were his own to a degree unknown to our time. My eldest brother had been trained to the practice of the paternal law, because Judge Calthorpe had decided, before his birth, upon making the first son a lawyer. The next child was a mere unavailable girl—what could be done with her? She played on the piano, learned French, and crocheted slippers for the Judge's domestic feet, to be donated when they had exchanged the tribunal floor for the fender. The Judge found that unavailable girl a bitter pill; but took it, bowing to the will of fate, and waited calmly for the next boy. He came, and was made a merchant. He was born a merchant, according to the schedule of Judge Calthorpe. In process of time I entered the world. If I had come two years earlier I had been the merchant. But No. 3 (always allowing that he turned out Christianly) was to be the clergyman of the family. I was, therefore, the clergyman from the first hour I saw daylight. For our family, like a railroad, had its time-table. As on the iron thoroughfare No. 1 is a luggage train, No. 2 express, No. 3 accommodation, so on the thoroughfare of flesh and blood Judge Calthorpe's first was legal, his second mercantile, his third clerical. If it escaped him that the Great Superintendent at the starting-point might have made other arrangements—might have dispatched into life the clergyman first, then the lawyer, then perhaps an engineer—he was, I hope, no more to blame for not reading the divine lettering on the new-comer than all his neighbors, who quite as signally failed to decipher the inscriptions on their consignments. Let us make the excuse we always make for ancestral mistakes—the excuse our children are already beginning to make for us—it was a less enlightened day, you know. Like Shem and Japheth, I go reverently back a few years' paces, and throw over my father's error the blanket of an *incognito*. For I will not deceive you by pretending that his name was really Judge Calthorpe.

Let us pass over the four years of life from freshman to graduation—the succeeding three, wherein I heard lectures on the important bearings on the Hiphil Conjugation applied to the verb *qatal*, and befooled the margin of a note-book, which ought to have chronicled the growth of the Church from Mosheim's preface to his finale, with diagrams analyzing the curve of our eloquent professor's left arm. In those days I was not a bad man. Not an unprincipled one. Not a slave to the great or petty vices of the young. I even contrived to arouse an enthusiasm for my destined



profession which far surpassed that of many among my young brethren still more plainly called. And night and morning I fervently uttered the prayers my mother taught me. I hope I was at least a Christian. I tried to be.

Still I was a man without a purpose. A man with a destination only. Sent—not going to my end. And extinguish my old wishes as I might—put out of sight my old schemes—I could not replace them with new ones. The best I could do was to be passive—empty of all cares or expectations.

The day of my ordination came. My father had now begun to be a little deaf, and I secured him a place as near the chancel as possible. With his white head erect, his clear gray eyes warmed by a triumphant fire, he sat, as Jacob did, leaning on the top of his staff, his lips full of solemn blessing, and never looked away from the altar till the ceremony was done. Beside him my dear, gentle mother, her nut-brown hair here and there silver-streaked, her eyes fuller of tenderness than of triumph, of tears than either, bent her head in the prayers, and tremulously uttered the responses. In the same slip sat my sister and my brothers, the lawyer and the merchant.

I knew they were all wrapped up in me, and in the solemnities of that hour, as one soul. I knew that the great hope of their lives was on the edge of realization. I knew that retreat was impossible to me, unless I broke the hearts that, in their sterner or milder fashions, had been cherishing me since I drew the first breath of life.

The last words of the Epistle died away. The Bishop began his examination of the candidates. The question came to me:

"Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration—to serve God for the promoting of his glory and the edifying of his people?"

Then, for the first time, that voice which had been indistinctly murmuring within me through all those seven years assumed palpable shape and roundness:

"Say No! John Calthorpe."

They tell me that I was deadly pale. It was modesty, a proper self-distrust, the people thought, that made me so. I was praised for my hesitation; I was esteemed above all my brethren as the man who held the highest notion of his vast responsibility. But could my heart have been thrown open then to their eye as it were to the eye of One? Could they have seen the fight going on within me between Truth and Casuistry? Could they have known how I trembled, thinking of the deadly sin they commit who lie to God?

I looked through the dim, unreal shapes that seemed to flicker about the chancel from another world; I saw my father quite as pale as I, and waiting with held breath to hear my answer; my mother with her head bowed on the rail, not daring to hear it; my sister, my brothers, gazing at me fixedly. I must speak! Was I not moved by the Holy Ghost?—was not filial piety, the form of one of his most powerful motions? Praying in a silent agony: "If this be perjury, O God forgive me!" I answered the bishop:

"I trust so."

But another question. As if designedly to torture—as if those earlier souls who built up the Rubric had caught prophetic glimpses of just such cases as mine—had resolved on one more effort to sift them out of their unbending place—yes, at any hazard of pain, were determined to save them from the crime of shutting their ears to God's voice—of an avowal in heaven's sight that human pushing was divine leading:

"Do you think that you are truly called, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and according to the canons of this Church, to the ministry of the same?"

Before I replied, Renwick, the candidate on the left of me, pulled me by the sleeve, and whispered:

"Answer! Are you ill? The bishop wonders at you—see him look!"

Desperately I sealed my sin again. My tongue moved mechanically, my temples were wet, my eyes half blind, as I muttered:

"I think so."

After it was all over I passed out of that dreadful place, still feeling the touch of the bishop's hands—not like the rest, in mild benediction—but as a dreadful weight of curses never to be shaken off. My father caught me in his arms, and, for the first time since I climbed upon his knee, kissed my cheek.

"God be with you in your great work!" said he, his lips trembling and his eyes filling. That was the dreadful burden of my soul! God would be with me! And I had done a thing which made me wish that he could withdraw into some unapproachable farness of the universe, never again to be with me, who had bid him bear witness to my lie! My mother and sister fell upon my bosom, without words of any sort—with tears alone, that wet me as they fell. And those tears, so sweet to them, were a bitter, blighting dew to me! My brothers wrung both my hands, and called that the gladdest day of their lives!

But in a week I named all those feelings morbid. It is strange how persistence in one course makes the man over again. I had taken an irrevocable step, and in seven days looked back at the former John Calthorpe as a strange, unintelligible being, a creature of whims, whom I, grown quite sensible, had nothing to do with. The wife once a mother is never able to understand the feeling of the childless again. And I, who had passed through fearfuller pangs than maternity to begot the new John Calthorpe, utterly forgot that boyish soul which once pretended to know heaven's biddings and forbiddings. Anybody might be a minister, anybody a mathematician, anybody a merchant, anybody a mechanic. Education—Will—those were the only elements to be considered in making the map of a life's direction. So I said; and I did think so then.

"Now, John," spoke my father, one evening during the month of rest, after the ordination, which I passed at home, "you have conquered self—you have become true to heaven. I always knew you were able to be a minister. You were a Christian, I hoped; you were talented, I had no doubt. And having gained a victory over the childish fear of self-sacrifice, your Father in heaven has surely a crown in reserve for you. Having only done your duty, you do not merit it from him; but from your earthly father you deserve at least a recognition of your obedience. I have only to use my influence that you may be called to the rectory of St. Matthias in the town of Seabrink. I will use it. The church is large, all your

strength will be called forth by the place; but I know you can sustain yourself there. Ten days after I received the call to Seabrink. Within the next forty-eight hours I had accepted it, and was on my way thither.

## II.

Seabrink, as its name indicates, is close on the ocean shore. There, whale-ships fit out; thence they start; thither they return. Seabrink furnishes the hard hands that are to pull the ropes—the fearful eyes that strain to see those ropes dwindling to a spider's line against the far off sky—the laughing faces and the eyes distilling a far pleasanter kind of moisture which welcome the ships home again. Seabrink is proud of her oil—or was. It is twenty years since I went to live there, and I have been absent from there ten. There is quite long enough for the rich gentlemen of the greasy fleet, who now have cottages at Bayside, to forget that they ever knew anything of the natural history of the whale beyond the information given by Mrs. Trimmer. But the captains, taking their "on shore" the ship owners, up to their necks in the lucrative wallow of oil-accounts—the tattooed sailors, handling their wives' broomsticks "to show how whales are won," and exhibiting carved teeth or right whalebone in the bosom of their families—all these, yes, and the littlest urchins, who were budding into coxswains or harpooners, felt a pride in Seabrink and its oil such as the Consuls felt in Rome.

The rector of St. Matthias had no sinecure. There were actual and possible widows to be comforted—widows with no dear grave to weep over save the broad, unmonumented sea. Fatherless ones to be clothed and schooled. Parishioners to visit socially in their houses—public spiritedly in their counting rooms—clerically at all times and places. I had plenty to do. That voice of my earlier life, with its inevitable question of fitness for the field, was stunned by the hammers of ship-carpenters, the yo-heave-o of the sailors, and the cry of longshoremen. I was in the place; I must do its duties.

At Seabrink there was no rectory proper. The last incumbent of St. Matthias had been a family man, and kept house in the town. I being quite alone, did not care to burden myself with a bachelor menage, and took board in a private family.

My hostess was a sea-captain's widow. Her husband's ship, with every soul on board, had perished ten years before, striking a reef in the South Pacific. Mrs. Seacroft—a son aged nineteen, whom I warned to from the beginning because his mother called him "Johnny," as mine did me—a daughter, whose name was Bessie, and whose years were seventeen, these three and myself made the household.

I was as comfortably situated as a reasonable man could ask to be. The front parlor, known in those latitudes as the "keeping room," had been turned into a study for me. Its furniture, intellectual and material, were the gift of my father. On either hand, as I entered, stood a handsome walnut case, containing theological works, old and new; opposite the door, and close by a window, with a cheerful out-look toward the sea, was my desk—that anvil where I was to hammer out my future sermons. And case was not neglected. Luxurious lounges, arm-chairs, book-supporters for reading without manual labor—these, with countless other little conveniences, perfectly unobtrusive till they were wanted, and then so agreeable that they seemed the most prominent objects in the room, made my study quite a paradise.

I domiciled myself in this room—well, with what sort of a feeling do you think? I can compare it to nothing save that of a young bride who has married for position, from esteem, and who enters the tapestried saloons of her unloved husband, glances at the massive burnished chandeliers, gazes long and wistfully at the copy of the Fornarina, who was loved and did love, hanging in the pier, and with dainty foot sinking into the velvet medallion carpet, saunters listlessly to the nearest ottoman, and throws herself down with a languid sense of meretricious hollowiness in everything, saying in her soul of souls, "All this is my price."

Thus I looked at my handsome study. It was my price for being a minister. There were other men who would make better ministers for this town of Seabrink; there was an empty place among the great body of mathematicians, mechanics, architects, engineers, which would be filled by some one else far less fit for it than I; and heaven, as by a plain writing on my forehead, had told me to be the mathematician, the mechanic, the architect, the engineer. I had taken the place I ought not—I had left the place I should have filled. I was the minister. This study, and all that it meant of seclusion, rest, quiet, was my price.

I am ashamed to tell you how little I cared for all this revelation. Perhaps I ought not to be so ashamed, for it flashed upon me in an instant, and then was gone. Once more came back to me the old arguments—"filial duty"—"education the only direction of talent," etc., etc., etc.

At this moment how I hate that "etc." for it means so many arguments of the devil.

Let me not pretend that I gave up the pursuit of mathematics. My mind was full of them. They obtruded themselves upon the discussion of St. Paul's finest invectives; they mingled unasked with the narrative of St. Matthew; they found improper room in the mild beseechings of St. John. They were a madness with me! Because I had now no right to make them my chief study—because now I could never become great through them. I bid Mrs. Mary Somerville's translation of Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste" beneath two reams of sermon-paper in my desk. The hiding was absurd. At this moment I do not know what it was for. Nobody opened the desk but myself. If an intruder had found it, there was nothing defamatory to the clerical character in a report that it had been found. And whenever I flagged in my sermon writing, I lifted the paper carefully, let the lid of the desk rest on my head, and read the problems of the universe by stealth.

But at evening, when worn out with the labors of the day, I had another, a most notable recreation. Johnny Seacroft played a fair game of chess. I began by inviting him into my study of a winter night, once a week. If I had sent him a card to Almack's, supposing him an Englishman—to the Tuilleries as a Frenchman—to the presence of the Tycoon, had he chanced to be a Japanese—I doubt

whether he could have evinced more appreciation of the honor. He was clerk in the counting house from which his father's ship used to sail. I was minister of his parish—a young man, but one who had seen the world and tasted the sweets of a liberal education—one who had already attained place and dignity. What immeasurable influence such a young man as I possess over such a young man as John Seacroft! How the more favored spirit is looked up to like a star! How is every motion of the higher youth noticed, recorded, remembered by the lower! When we think how much vaunter power twenty-five has over nineteen than sixty or even eighty years possess with any of his juniors, we do not wonder that our elder brother was best known to the world as a young man.

I suppose that John Seacroft, on the spur of the moment, would have consented to die for me if asked. At any rate, he was overcome with humiliation the first time he found he had really checkedmate in chess, and was about making a confused promise never to do so again, when I stopped him. "No, John, you shall come often, and let me beat you—let me teach you whatever I know also, and go we shall be even."

Chess being the very incarnation of mathematics—mathematical principles made aggressive and triumphant instead of lying passive to be attacked by school-boys, interested me abundantly.

Little by little increased the frequency of John Seacroft's visits to my room. Gradually the afternoon as well as the evening was absorbed into the vortex of the chess fascination. At last we might be found playing in the morning. "It is only nine o'clock," he would say, "and the Messrs. Toughpeny always allow me half an hour for father's sake; let's stay and finish this game." I was his minister, and should have dismissed him by his post. But I was not God's minister, so I kept on playing.

I did not know it then, but the Messrs. Toughpeny grumbled a great deal at the remoteness of the young man. He was advised, he was threatened, he was cursed; for the tongues of oil-men are not also oil necessarily. And one morning while I was head and ears in a problem of the Chess Monthly, and my sermon for the confirmation just coming on the next Sunday lay half finished on my desk—John Seacroft, for the first time, burst in without knocking.

"I'm in hell!" said he, passionately, falling into the chair nearest me, and grasping the arms of mine with hands that shook as in a fever-fit.

"Why, John, what has happened?" I threw the chess-problem down; there was a greater problem before me.

Happened? Ruin has happened! Disgrace, shame, despair have happened! My mother and sister are without the means of living. I have lost my clerkship!

I felt a miserable sense of cold rebuke stealing over my heart like a fog. I thought that I caught a glimpse of the reasons for John's dismissal; I durst not ask him if I were right.

"Oh! this is too hard, too hard! I can't bear it! How can I tell mother? How can I tell Bess? It will kill them. The firm were well disposed to me. My father had been their friend for years. For his sake they would have given me every advantage. On my next birthday I should have been promoted. And—poor—poor mother—and Bessie, used to sit whole winter evenings talking around the fire about how I should get to be partner some day; and we'd still live together as we do now, and all be so comfortable—so happy I can't bear it! I can't!"

John had continued in this way without minding my silence for several minutes, and now his voice failed him. He looked with an agonized wistfulness into my face, as if he would wring from me some little drop of the hope and help which were all drained dry in him. I must speak. I took him by the hand and tried to talk calmly.

"My dear boy, it is not as desperate as you think. Many a young man has fallen into these troubles only to rise again better and stronger. I shall go to the head of the firm and use all my influence with him to take you back. I think I can set the case before him in such a light that he will see the fairness of giving you one more chance."

"Don't believe it, Mr. Calthorpe! Toughpeny has a will like iron and a heart like ice. Since the day he began life as an errand-boy, brushing up offices, building fires, he was never one moment behind time. He cannot understand carelessness—negligence is crime with him. And day after day I have been late at business. He has warned me many times before. I have had full notice of the way it would turn out, and I am a fool! This morning, as I entered the office, he looked coldly over his glasses, first at me, then at the clock. It was fifteen minutes after nine. I made a motion to open the gate and go into my desk; he put out his hand and bolted it. Then, without speaking a word, he motioned me to a stool outside the cashier's place. I sat down without knowing where I was, and in two minutes more he handed me my due salary between the rails—paid up to last night."

"That is right, sir, is it?" said he.

"I ran my eyes over the bills, and answered. 'Yes.' If he had asked me whether it were right to kill me I would have said yes still. For I was hardly awake."

"Then, sir, we are square on our final account." He spoke coolly. "I have no further need of you. You may go, sir."

"And I know he never will take me back. I tell you, Mr. Calthorpe, when I think of mother and Bess, I am in hell!"

"Don't say so, my boy. You're young to trouble yet, and it seems desperate to you. You'll live to laugh at this—it won't kill you—won't even hurt you—disagreeable as it is for the time. Have you said anything about your dismissal to your mother and sister?"

"How could I—how can I tell them?"

"Don't. I will go out directly and find Mr. Toughpeny. I'll do my best with him to have you taken back. Perhaps he'll consent immediately. It he does, then your mother and Bessie need know nothing about the dismissal. If he refuses, why there are other places in the world besides Mr. Toughpeny's, where a young man can get on in life, and we'll look around for them."

"But my mother, my sister, how will they live in the meantime?"

"Put yourself at no uneasiness, they have plenty of friends, and God is the father of the fatherless, the widow's judge."

"Well, sir, for God's sake do your best! I am going out to a friend's. I can't meet mo-

ther and Bess till I know one way or the other. And I'll come around about dinner-time to hear the worst."

"The best, John, my boy!"

He looked at me doubtfully, tried to smile, and went out leaving me alone in my study. I had spoken so bravely to the poor fellow. Really I must have done him some good. I congratulated, prided myself on it. I made not such a bad spiritual adviser, after all.

I took up the chess-problem once more. While to play and mate in four moves. Him—White Queen to knight third; Black K to Kt. fourth. Him—yes, very good. Kt. to Q. B. third.

The next instant the book went spinning across the room. I rose and paced my study from corner to corner. I who had shut my eyes to God's light—I who had sold my soul for those chairs, that desk, that library, to a father's will—I who had dared to put forth my hand and grasp the ark like Uzzah—I, without the priestly soul, with a soul plainly stamped by heaven for other uses—I, with that unfinished sermon on my portfolio—chess, Laplace, everything but the ministry in my head, and blood on my hands! It was I who had ruined John Seacroft! I remembered the Judge's words, "God be with thee, my son!" He was with me, how horribly!

I put on my hat and gloves. In five minutes I was at the counting-room of Messrs. Toughpeny. For an hour more I was closeted with the senior partner. He heard me with gentlemanly deference, with an air of the old experienced man listening to the young and inexperienced one whose cloth entitled him to respect. Could I account for the remoteness of the boy? I might, he thought, as I lived in the same house with him. I had fought down too many self-reprovals already in my life to blush as I evaded this question; but my soul was chill with a deathly shame when I said,

"The young man is young. He has no bad habits; does not drink or keep late hours. Growing years will make him feel more responsibility. Try him once more, and I will personally charge myself with his regularity of behavior."

Mr. Toughpeny bowed stiffly. He expressed by that bow much that he did not hint in words—to the effect that he had led a forty-years' business life, and was quite conversant with the doctrine of verbal warranties.

"Much as I would like to, my dear sir, I can promise you nothing certainly," said he, calmly, after a moment's pause. "My brothers are to be consulted. I will confer with them and see that you have our conclusions—shall we say at six this evening?"

"That will be convenient to me, sir. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Calthorpe." And the head of the firm bowed me politely out of the office parlor, returning before the green baize door flew shut again to as deep an immersion in his last ship's accounts as if we had not just been debating the whole future of a young life.

At noon John Seacroft came breathlessly to my study. Closing the door he whispered almost at my ear—for his poor mother, he seemed to feel, might hear her son's trouble even through the walls—

"Any news, Mr. Calthorpe?"

"I have been to see the firm, my dear boy. They received me very kindly, and promised to take the matter into consideration, giving me the decision to-night. Keep up your heart, my dear boy!"

John Seacroft's mouth twitched with pain, his great blue eyes grew feminine in their wet woefulness, he straightened himself up, commanded his voice, and said, gravely,

"I shall never be taken back again, sir. Never! Before I could answer him he was out of the room."

At dinner his place was vacant. Mrs. Seacroft, who loved him like her soul, and could not bear to miss him from her sight a moment during his leisure, looked anxiously at his vacant chair, and asked me if I knew where he was. Again I replied evasively, shunning the mention of a great misery. He said this morning that he was going to a friend's, I told her.

Bessie, a sweet, brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, whose whole life was in loving and being loved, was more roguishly vivacious than usual. I could not bear the sight of her. I rose hurriedly from my half-finished dinner and returned to the study. But carried thither myself, also the One whom my father had prayed might be always with me, and was wretched the rest of the afternoon.

At six o'clock a boy came to me from Mr. Toughpeny's. The short note he brought informed me that the firm, moved by my kind solicitations, had resolved to give John Seacroft one more chance. In my ecstasy I presented the boy with all my silver change. As soon as he was gone I danced around my study table like a madman. And then I went off to look up John Seacroft.

He was not in the house; his mother, with a troubled look, was waiting tea for him. I went out and took a walk through the principal streets of Seabrink, wandered along the wharves, looked in at the public library, which was one of his favorite resorts. He was visible nowhere.

Feeling certain that he had by this time reached home, for it was now forty minutes past our usual tea hour, I returned to the house. It was a golden afternoon of later May, full of the smell of honeysuckles and the shimmer of green leaves. The fresh grassy yard was striped with motley bars slanting through the pickets from the dropping sun. The whole air and life of all around me was so glad that I sprang up the steps to the porch three at a time, sure, in my sympathetic cheerfulness of soul, that I should see John Seacroft in the entry.

Instead, his mother met me. The cloudy care had deepened on her forehead, her hand shook as it took mine wistfully, and asked, below her breath,

"Have you seen John?"

"No, not yet. Don't be alarmed. He will be in presently."

"Do you know what a fright I had just now! I went into his closet to put up the last basket of stockings I had just finished darning, and found that his valise, which always used to lie on the floor, was gone. I was so foolish as to suppose he had left us! My heart quite stopped beating. I haven't dared to look in his clothes-press yet, but I suppose it's all right."

"Of course it is. You've been working too hard, and are nervous."

Just then came a scream which I shall hear

to my dying day. A piteous, despairing scream. The scream of a woman in irreconcilable pain and terror. Mrs. Seacroft turned to rush up stairs, but half-way Bessie met her. The blood was all gone from the girl's face—her very lips were white, her eyes dreamy. She held in her fingers a little fragment of white paper.

Mrs. Seacroft snatched it from her and reached it down to me.

"Read it to me!" said she in a husky voice, and put one arm around Bessie, while with the other she clasped the railing of the balustrade.

I did not realize what I was doing as mechanically I went over it aloud:

"My DARLING MOTHER AND SISTER!"—so the scrap ran—"I have been dismissed from my clerkship. I have nothing left in this world to help you with but my hands. Disgraced, degraded, in a very hell of wretchedness, I have resolved that the folly which ruined me shall not hurt you more than I can prevent. I have shipped on board the whaling vessel Cumberland, and when you read this will be at sea. You shall hear from me by the first ship we meet—at our next port anyhow. Pray for me, forgive me, love me always, darling—darling ones. Your son and brother will never forget you."

JOHN SEACROFT.

"P. S. I leave orders with Messrs. Forward & Sons, who own the Cumberland, to pay you my wages regularly. I have plenty of clothes for the three years which the voyage may take before I get back."

"Can't we stop the vessel?" asked Mrs. Seacroft, quietly.

"It sailed at three o'clock this afternoon. I saw the advertisement up this morning."

"I am willing to pay for a steam-tug. Why can't one go after him—dear, sweet boy?" Mrs. Seacroft smiled saying this, as if some heavenly hope were dawning on her.

"I will go and see," I replied. Mrs. Seacroft sat down on the stairs and drew Bessie's head to her breast, as I put on my hat and went into the street again.

Arriving at the wharf, I found that a tug had taken out the Cumberland. The only tug in all the little harbor, with the exception of one which had been chartered for a coast voyage the day before. By this time the Cumberland was doubtless twenty miles beyond the Ogre Shoals—so they told me—in other words, fifty miles from Seabrink. Her tug would not be back till twelve that night; the wind was fair for the Cumberland; already she had every stitch set there could be no question, and when the steamer returned catching her would be impossible.

I got back to the house, how, and in what state of mind, God knows alone. They were still sitting on the stairs, motionless, where I left them. I told them all I had to tell, and Mrs. Seacroft answered:

"I shall never see him again. His father lies in the sea—there will he lie. I have feared it night and day these ten years. Now it has come true. O God! O God!"

Bessie alone spoke not a word, but with a face still white as marble, helped her mother up stairs, loosed her dress, and laid her on the bed.

## III.

After the worst was known, and no provision for it found possible, I shut myself in my study again. For two or three days next succeeding Mrs. Seacroft's great trouble she remained in her room. Bessie staid with her, and we three never met save when I went up to that sorrowful bed-chamber, trying to comfort the comfortless. For my part I took all my meals in my study, waited on by the one elderly New England woman who did Mrs. Seacroft's heavier housework.

It was Tuesday when John went away. The remainder of that week I performed not one slightest clerical duty outside the house. On Friday evening Mr. Seacroft came down to supper. For the first time in four years she wore a widow's cap. This Bessie afterward told me, adding (as indeed I was able to see at the time) that it was no ostentatious act of grief, but an assumption of those associations of the last sorrow which had now been revived again.

After supper—a silent, wretched one it was—I went back to my study, and remembered that next Sunday was confirmation. My sermon—stopped in the midst of a sentence—lay just as it was when John first broke in at my door. What had I been doing that week? Chess—chess! The mathematical researches which should have been my life, my profession, which were now my recreation, my tempters, my sin, they were admittedly attended to. An orderly solution of three problems—all ready for mailing to the monthly lying on my table—stared me in the face! I turned to the desk where my sermon lay, and dipped my pen in the inkstand.

I could not think of the next word!

For the last week I had felt very strangely. In solving the chess problems I had wondered to notice the unusual clearness of my mind, at the very moment, too, when my head was so hot, my feet quite numb and icy, when every now and then an uncontrollable quick shivering came over me. I had remarked how much longer than formerly it took me to get warm after retiring to bed. I had once or twice seen the air grow quite dim, quite tremulous before me, as I sat thinking in my study chair. All these symptoms I had referred to the sympathy I felt with the two and women—the pained affection I had borne the son.

But now, standing at my desk, I experienced a dizziness, a nausea, which would resolve itself into nothing like a contagion between the mind and body. I turned away from the poor, imperfect sermon, and sat down in my easy chair.

The thoughts which rushed over me for the next hour, who can chronicle? Not I! I seemed to review my whole life from the hour I promised my father to enter the ministry. That is the only statement I can give of them.

The last thing which I now remember is this short sentence: "God have mercy on an accused, perjured man!" Whether I said them myself, or some other voice said them above me, is not now plain to me. And then in agony and dimness I lay stretched at full length on the study floor.

## IV.

When I next awoke I was prostrate—unable to stir hand or foot. A great chess-board—vast as the mosaic pavement of some old cathedral—lay before me on a level with my face. I thought I was in pain, some one



whom I did not see seemed saying that mournfully at my ear. But I did not feel it. I was engrossed in an imitable calculation. At my feet stood a hideous, specter-like man, but emotionless. In body spare almost to boniness; in face cold as a flint in mid-December; and he was playing with me, as in the ancient picture, for my soul!

White to play and mate in four moves. As I said, my hands were powerless, but the pieces on the board moved at my will. When I half-determined to play a knight, that warrior rose and flickered undecidedly in air above the board. So with every other piece. At last, after long and dreadful consideration, I concluded to play the bishop. It advanced three squares. My grizzly antagonist, without a word or look, shoved forward a pawn. I moved the bishop again. The pawn still followed him.

Then I perceived a curious fact about those pieces. The game and its conclusion was destined to lie between that bishop and that pawn. I looked through the future, and saw a fateful determinacy in this relation.

Still more I saw. The bishop, from being a mere gigantic miter, carved in ivory, developed his shape into myself. His face, his body, his mind, were mine. He wore the same clerical habiliments as I. He became my own personality as a hypocritical assumer of the ministerial garb and functions. I beheld his internal nature—and, oh how base! I loathed him—down to the dregs of my life I loathed him, though I had to play him.

Yet more. The pawn was not a spindle based upon a circle. No! It was John Seacroft! Like him in every lineament as he broke through my study-door that fatal Tuesday, saying: "I am in hell!"

If I took that pawn—and perhaps I might—*he* was lost. If I sacrificed my bishop I lost my soul. A long struggle followed this perception. As I went through it, I am sure I heard a voice, like my mother's, say, at my ear:

"Ten minutes' more such spasm will kill him!" Another woman's, too—a younger—answering: "Yes!" and joining with the first in bitter weeping. That last seemed a later voice, one less known, yet known still.

At length self-love, self-preservation, conquered. I was about to move the bishop, it might be for the decisive time, when a little white hand fitted before me, and the whole board, pieces and all, was swept away. The specter cast on me a look of baffled malignity, and was gone from my feet. The great space around me suddenly grew dark.

When I saw again, I was weaker, if possible, than before. The quilt of a bed, a white, snowy quilt, came too far over my chin, and I could not motion to have it tucked down. I probably looked the desire, for the same white hand I had seen before answered it by the necessary act. A sweet blue-eyed face beamed over me with an anxiety which, in my utter weakness, struck me like a great pain. I tried to speak, but my tongue would not move. Was I lying on my death-bed, carried to heaven by angels? Ah, no! not I!

A voice called: "Come quick! he is better!" It was Bessie's voice. And again I felt the pain of a too strong emotion, as in an instant Judge Calthorpe bent over my bedside, eyeing me with even womanly tenderness. Then my mother kissed me; then my sister; and at last my brothers clasped me silently by the one poor gaunt hand which lay motionless upon the quilt.

A week passed before I could bear all which they had to tell me. That week is now such a memory as he must have who in heaven looks back upon his first few days among the blessed, when he was hardly able to bear the great joy, the bland, eternal, satisfying light, and so was surrounded by sweet woman-angels, who reassured him, smoothed his brow, hot in its first astonishment, and, little by little, led him up to the possibilities of his new life.

At length they told me everything. I had been found in the study, quite senseless, in a fainting-fit from which no stimulus could arouse me. I was still breathing. That and my feeble, irregular pulse, were all the signs left in me of existence.

Mrs. Seacroft and Bessie, aided by their stalwart Yankee woman, these three alone had carried me to my chamber. Then, calling in the doctor, they had got me to bed, had me prescribed for, and written to my family to come on immediately.

Father, mother, sister, brothers, were at the house in three days after. For two weeks I was quite delirious. My whole raving ran upon the subjects of chess, Laplace, mathematics in general, John Seacroft and my ruin of him, my ministry, and its wickedness. At noon of the fourteenth day the doctor said that if I did not rally in three hours they must all prepare for the worst. Hearing this announcement, my family had gone into an adjoining room, to pray together, with what broken speech was left them, for mercy on their youngest born. Bessie alone, her face pale as death, staid with the doctor by my bedside.

My fever mounted higher. My eyes assumed a fearful fixity toward the foot of the bed. The doctor shook his head and sighed. Bessie Seacroft bent closer over me, and heard me whisper:

"Bishop! pawn! bishop! pawn!" Of a sudden she put her hand to her forehead. After thinking a moment, she cried out: "It is that quilt which is killing him! Look, doctor, look!"

"How?" said the doctor, as his eye followed her finger.

"Don't you see? It is patch-work! His mind takes those white and red squares for a chess-board. He is playing a game on it; it is that which is wearing out his soul!"

"Perhaps?" said the doctor, again, somewhat doubtfully.

There was no "perhaps" with Bessie. She snatched the corner of the quilt and tore it from my bed. In three minutes more a smooth white counterpane had replaced it; and, with a gentle dew on my forehead, I slept like a child. Here was the hand I saw in the agony of that last move.

I was saved: the doctor owned it! and Bessie Seacroft had saved me!

For two days more I slumbered quietly. My breathing and my pulse became even and even; my fever fell as the mercury falls before the crisp, fresh days of middle September. At last I woke, and looked for the first time intelligently into the nearest face. That face was Bessie's still. And then she called, and I heard her—knew her:

"Come quick! he is better!"

## V.

I was able to rise. The softest arm-chair had been brought up from the study, and I sat in it with my feet on a cushion of crimson wool, which Bessie and sister Kate had been knitting for me together since the day I first looked up into their eyes and knew them.

I am twenty-four years old this day. It is just eight years since I sat in Judge Calthorpe's office, and heard him say:

"I, with my white head, may sit below you in the slip, and hear you preach."

His head is whiter still, and he sits beside me now. In the past eight years how many children have been made fatherless! In the flowing gratefulness of my fresh entrance into life, I think of that, and am so glad to have him here still!

He is not so stern as he was eight years ago. So, after thinking over the matter for a while in my poor, weak head, I feel willing to tell him my heart, and begin:

"Father, there is something I want very much to say to you."

"John, there is something I want very much to say to you, and I wonder if it is not the same thing?"

"You speak first, then. Just now I feel better able to listen than talk, unless my voice is quite necessary."

"You are not in your place in the ministry?"

"My very thought."

"Then, perhaps, I can say all that you would. I have sinned against you, my son. In that I did it ignorantly. God pardon me! I knew you were not a bad man—indeed, that you were a religious one. But I did not know that something far else was necessary to the making of a minister. Intellectual constitution—indomitable desire—spontaneousness—I thought the only obstacle that lay between you and the pulpit was an unmanly diffidence—a fear, perhaps, of the self-abnegation required by the office. I believed it my duty to overcome this for you—that some day you would be the happier, better man for my firmness. That firmness of mine was ignorance—obstinacy!"

"Father! don't speak so!"

"Don't interrupt me, sir! Oh, my dear, let me shake up your pillow for you! Is your head all right? Well, now hear me while I go on. I have seen my error. I ask—you—to—forgive me—yes, to forgive me for it! I have a proposal to make you. I will offer you amends for my mistake as far as in me lies. I will support you—my means, thank God! are now ample for it—till you have completed your education for an engineering, a mathematical professorship—anything you may feel fit for and desire. On the ground of ill-health (and you certainly need a year's relaxation), you may honorably leave your charge. And as honorably you may never come back to it. Does that meet your views?"

"Yes, sir. God bless you!" my voice choked, and for five minutes I could not utter a syllable. This was too much to believe!

My father broke the pause.

"Is that all you wished to tell me?"

"Yes—no—well, not quite all. Do you know who saved me from dying?"

"I do. It was that noble girl, the daughter of your landlady."

"Yes, sir—Bessie Seacroft. But for her I should never have talked with you again. There was something which I wished to speak of, connected with her. Perhaps, though, since you have been so kind as to hear a great deal from me already, I had better tell you that another time."

"No time so good as now. Go on, sir."

"Well, sir. While I was trying to be a minister I sometimes suffered miserably. Bessie Seacroft's face and voice, Bessie Seacroft's soul—for I think I saw that under her mere outside—came in to me every now and then, as odors of the yellow jasmine float to the senses of monks, with their hair-cloth on, through the grates of tropical convents. I was miserable; yet I was happier for Bessie Seacroft. At that time I felt that I had no right to be happy, and deadened that sense of her within me from principle. Now I have an idea, through what you told me, that it will not be wrong for me to be entirely happy; and that sense re-awakes within me again. She saved me, and I am sure that I love her! Yet, if I leave the ministry, I shall be without a support for her; and I tell you there is a dreadful temptation to stay in the office for which I am not fitted, that I may marry her. And now I have told you all."

"I will provide for both you and your wife," answered the Judge, with a solemn quietness which most people would probably have called impassive.

I was silent again for a long time. Before I could speak the door trembled under a light knock.

"Come in!" I spoke faintly.

Bessie Seacroft entered. And simultaneously the Judge rose.

"I must go and see your mother," said he. He gave me a peculiar look as he went out. I knew he was a man who could not bear to see a single moment unimproved.

"Sit down there, Bessie; Judge Calthorpe has left a nice chair for you."

"I had rather sit on the cushion," answered Bessie, "if I do not crowd your feet. It seems more natural for a girl to sit at her minister's foot-stool. Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, you know."

She laughed as she spoke, yet there was that in her face which told me Gamaliel never knew such a tribute from the Apostle to the Gentiles. Not that she might be taught, but because she was happiest there, did she bend and sit down on that tuft of crimson.

"But suppose, Bessie, that I were not your minister, would you take that seat then?"

"It would hardly be proper," replied the girl, blushing clear to the ripples of her waving brown hair.

"I am not going to be your minister, not any minister at all, as soon as I get strong enough to be moved from here."

Bessie stood up and looked me blankly in the face.

"Yes, it is true. I have decided that it is not right for me to be a clergyman any more. I am not fitted for it, not called to it. Half the reason of my sickness was because I felt this. The other half, because John went away; and I remembered that I had not set him the example his minister ought to be able to. My father has promised to take care of me till I can do for myself in some other profession, something for which I am fitted by my love for mathematics. I shall be a mathematical professor, or an engineer. Bessie, I know that story of the quilt. I was playing a terrible

chess game. I will tell you of it by-and-by, when I am stronger. You saved my life, Bessie Seacroft! Was it just as you would save the life of any man? Because I was your minister? Or do you love me? Could you love me even as an engineer, if I took you away into some Western wilderness where they were going to run a railroad?"

Bessie again grew pale as when she watched me: I feared she would faint, and felt how terrible it would be for me not to help her. I could not rise from my chair.

But no. Her true woman's soul rose within her, over her weakness, like a sun over the first mountain mist.

"I would love you," said she, gently, "wherever you might go."

## VI.

I had been married three years. I was assistant to the chief engineer on a road which before long will bring to the great metropolis, the center of wealth and need, the whole riches of the Western earth. Ever since our marriage, Mrs. Seacroft had been living with Bessie and me.

Just at this particular moment, and it was now after midnight, we had neither of us seen her since eight o'clock, when she left the parlor of the hotel to put to bed our boy, John Calthorpe, Jr. Bessie had staid with me to read and knit while I finished the important business letters which I must write before retiring. For although I was on furlough from the road, there was no vacation for my correspondence. We were in Seabrink again—visiting, for the first time since our marriage, the poor poor brother had sailed from on his desperate voyage. At Rio he had written a letter to us. Evidently he was trying to be happy, and in spite of the dreary absence of home comforts, preserved the strongest hope that his voyage would be a successful one. It was now quite time for his return. Messrs. Forward & Sons were expecting the Cumberland every day. To meet her and him we had returned to Seabrink. On the thought of her sailor boy, Mrs. Seacroft was now slumbering as on a rose-pillow.

The place recalled old associations. As I put the last flourish to my fifth letter, I stopped, and, after folding it, stuck my pen behind my ear.

"Do you know, wife dear," said I, "what my whole life makes me think of?"

"What, John?"

"The game of chess I was playing in the old house when you swept the patchwork board away."

"How so?"

"The great move I have made thus far has been to ruin brother John by my example. Then you played. You took me with yourself—with you, the queen—and instead of ruining me as I deserved, made me a winner for life. As yet, in the sight of God and Fate, I merit a defeat. The game is still drawn. Do you believe in compensation?"

"No, John, I do not."

"Don't you believe in the sinner getting his punishment and the righteous his reward?"

"I believe the righteous will get his reward because he loves righteousness. The sinner, if he repents, and loves the right, too, will be forgiven the wrong he once did, and get the reward of his love. I believe in no blind, unreasoning compensation."

"Ah, dear I have a fear sometimes. If the doctrine of compensation be true, what have I ever done to repay your magnanimity in loving me after all my sin? Hark! What a awful sound that bell has!"

"It is nothing but St. Matthias' clock striking one, and telling us to go to bed."

"It is the church where I used to preach, and its bell is a terrible remembrance to me."

"You are nervous; you have written too long."

"Perhaps that is it. I feel a dreadful restlessness. There is something about the sound of a clock striking one after midnight that to me seems appalling beyond all description. Up there alone in the darkness with God and those spirits who are fabled to haunt belfries, all the men, women, and children, who are its hearers in the daytime, fast asleep fathoms below, toward the pavement. Who hears it? An outcast lying on the stones, a thief, a suicide, the broken-hearted watcher at a dying bed, two or three belated workers in warm homes like us. Still it has something to say: 'Klang! ang, ang, ang!' The weird dimming dies away in ripples on the far-off shores of the pool of darkness, and who is the wiser for it? What does it mean? And why does it not say more? The suggestive reticence of that one stroke is what makes it terrible! Like a man turning over in the depth of his middle sleep and uttering one deep groan. If his wife is awake to hear him, what a world of indistinct horror (foreshadowed, untold, perhaps never to be told) does that groan imply to her! That is the best description I can give you of the one stroke's power over me, uttering so little, yet necessarily knowing, meaning so much. Had I the making over of the world of tragedy, one o'clock, not midnight, should be the hour of bane and blessing!"

"You frighten me, husband. I have not heard you talk so since we feared for your life! Your eyes have such a strange, haggard, far-off look. You must not work so much, at least not at night."

At this moment the only other clock-tower in Seabrink, (the tower of the old Puritan church, which, because it was the oldest in Seabrink, felt its right secure to regulate the time of day and night, keeping conservatively ten minutes behind the newer bell,) solemnly gave forth its voice, One.

I shuddered. My wife caught my hand and looked at me with her blue eyes brimful of anxiety.

"Bessie," said I, "I seemed to understand that stroke. It said, 'Go!'"

"Go whither, darling?"

"I do not know. The command was as clear as in my boyhood Judge Calthorpe's voice used to be to me. It was, I am sure it was a premonition. Are you willing to go out and walk with me a little while? If this feeling of mine is a mere vagary, why, then, the fresh night air will cool my head and make me more disposed to sleep. But if it be something more, if it should prove to be an intimation with a purpose, perhaps we shall never forgive ourselves for not minding it."

Without a word of complaint Bessie laid down her knitting, put on her hat and cloak, and in five minutes more we were wandering through the streets of Seabrink. Aimlessly it

must have seemed to her, almost so to me, indeed, yet we kept on.

Gradually the strong desire shaped itself in me to revisit the old scenes of my unworthy ministry. I would afflict myself with the penance of bitter memories, and sought, as the wont was of the stern old Romans with certain criminals, to crucify myself on the very scene of my guilt.

So, in the first place, I drew Bessie through the side street where we once had lived together to the house itself. Even in the darkness it seemed very much changed. The climbing vines that once wreathed the porch-pillars were gone. Weeds, too coarse and ragged for even the charitable starlight to soften them, grew up untroubled in the front-yard. There was a general air of desolation around the whole establishment, which told us that the present inmates were not women—certainly not such women as used to live there.

I fixed my eyes on the window at the right of the front door. "There I played chess!" said I, bitterly. "It was my study."

"And there, darling," said Bessie, pressing closer to my side, "I sat on the little crimson cushion and knew that you loved me!"

As we spoke these words we both came closer to the fence and gazed more earnestly.

"Was that a man?"

"I thought so, too," answered Bessie, trembling all over.

I drew as near to the window as I could without opening the gate, and it was a man! He stood on the porch, with my study-window flung wide open before him, and was looking in, while his palms, broadened under his weight, rested on the stone sill.

"Halloa!" cried I; what are you doing there, sir?"

He never answered a word, but running to the side of the porch jumped off among the neglected lilac bushes, and was out through a side gate before I could give the alarm. We saw him shoot like a deer down the silent, somber street, and on Bessie's account, being unable to follow him, I ventured through the gate, shut the blinds of my old study, and having done this kindness to the stranger, again we wandered away.

"Was it a burglar do you think, John?"

"Very likely, dear. There is one good result of obeying the intimation."

The street was called "Wharf." Wharf street led down to the harbor. We pursued it almost without a word till the sea was right before us, and we saw the stars go flickering in long, distorted silver lines, on the curve of its ripples. At the pier in front of us a great ship was moored. Its sails all furled, like dead men in white, lay motionless along the yards, and no sign of life, not even a sleepy watchman, was visible on the deck from stern to stem.

But as we gazed, trying to descry the vessel's name and nature, a dark figure slunk out from behind the shadow of the mainmast. For a moment he wandered irresolutely about the waist, and then, as with a sudden impulse, walked straight to the side. The next instant with a leap he went over. I turned to Bessie and kissed her.

"That was what 'One o'clock' meant! darling," said I. "Don't be afraid for me. Stay here quietly. I am a good swimmer, you know. I shall save that man."

I kicked off my boots, tore my coat and vest from me as if they had been paper. From the time that I threw the vest into Bessie's arms there seemed hardly a second's interval before I was breasting the salt wash of the dock toward that one black, bobbing, bubbling spot against the ship's water line.

With a superhuman strength and fearlessness (God gave it me!) I had the man by the shoulders. I threw myself on my back, struck out with the sinews of my legs tense as iron, and crying into his ear, "I'll kill you if you try to get away from me!" drew him little by little up to the steps which ascended the pier. As I lifted him on to the first ozy plank the stem of the vessel was straight above me. "The Cumberland of Seabrink!"

We stood on the wharf. We three, I still gripping the saved man and Bessie.

She was the first to look close upon his face. And with a scream, "My brother! my brother!" she fell at our feet.

"You have killed her, John!" said I, fiercely.

"I have killed everybody!" he answered, hoarsely. "I have broken my mother's heart. I have ruined myself. I am a dead man walking! I tried to put an end to that farce, and you wouldn't let me!"

"Your mother is not dead," John, I replied, still grasping him.

"Not dead?" he murmured, dreamily.

"No! at this moment she is sleeping in visions of your return. She is at the Seabrink Hotel, with Bessie and me."

John Seacroft sat down beside his unconscious sister and began crying, with great heavings of the breast, like a passionate child.

"I asked where she was gone. Nobody told me," said John, the moment he could command his voice. "I went to the house tonight, as soon as we were fastened in the pier. Everything was changed. I knew instantly she was not there. I could not bear it. I was in the same hall I went away in! As a common sailor I left the port; as a common sailor I have returned. Promotion takes years and years. I bring you all nothing. What am I to you?"

"You are our brother!" said I, tremulously, and clasped him to my bosom.

Just then, while I dared for the first time to let go of John and was about to run for water, Bessie revived, thrust out her little hand to touch his neck, and murmured,

"Our brother! brother!"

## SEQUEL.

Turn to the fifteenth chapter of Luke, if you do not know, if you have never seen in your own family, how a prodigal returns. So John Seacroft came back to his mother. So I, after my long punishment for his ruin, came back to her—to Bessie—to Heaven.

This day John Seacroft is my next in command on that famous Western Road. Both of us mathematicians have found our place at last. Both of us run also—for each of us sees a dear wife smiling at him, as in the sight of the white-haired old Judge, the gentle mothers, the brothers, the sister, he kisses a John, Jun., crowing on his knee.

And although the blind fate of compensation looks at me approvingly, and whispers to pride that I have saved John Seacroft as Bessie saved me, I know that in God's sight

the work that beloved woman has wrought for my soul makes the relation between Bessie and me—as it is in all true marriage—still a *Draven Game*!

## Laws and Systems.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

## Philosophical Essays on Christianity.

Translated by MRS. EDWIN JAMES from *Etudes Philosophiques sur le Christianisme*, par AUGUSTE NICHOLAS.

NUMBER THREE.

The fall of the first man, the transmission of his transgression to all his race, and the promise of a Liberator, is the foundation of all national tradition. The more extraordinary these traditions, the more universal is the belief in them; thus, our natural causes for doubt turn rather to be causes for credence. "The belief that man is fallen and degenerate, is that of every ancient people. 'Aurea prima aetate' is the device of all nations." This avowal of Voltaire is worth an entire chapter of proofs.

The state of innocence and happiness in which the first man was created, is figured (as is well known) under the type of the Golden Age; in every page of the classic poets, it is the starting-point of all mythology (see Virgil's *Georgics*, Book I.; Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, Book I.). Virgil, indeed, has actually paraphrased the grand and simple words of Genesis (chap. iii, verse 17). Two well-known mythological fables are evidently an allegory of the fall and promise of rehabilitation:

Pandora, a young woman endowed by heaven with every beauty and grace, is made the depository of a box, with the command to keep it closed. Overcome by curiosity, she disobeys, and instantly all the evils come out of the box, and spread themselves abroad through the earth. At the bottom of the box, nevertheless, remains Hope.

Prometheus, that grand personification of humanity, desired to find out the secret of the Divinity; his punishment was immediate, but there was left him the hope of deliverance. Eschylus has written three tragedies on the subject—the first entitled, "Prometheus the Fire-stealer"; the second, "Prometheus Chained"; the third, "Prometheus Delivered." In the second play, Mercury is made to say to the tormented man: "Believe not that thy torture will end until a God shall offer himself to replace thee in thy sufferings, and shall descend from the spheres of light into the dreary realms of Pluto."

And Prometheus, after his liberation, speaking of his deliverer, calls him, "this dear son of a hostile father." In this fable, also, the woman, Io, partakes the destiny of the man, and it is from her alone that the Liberator is to be born; he is to be of miraculous origin, as Io is called in Eschylus: "The chaste Virgin," therefore her son is to be the son of God. Let us add the result: Prometheus, reconciled at last with Jupiter through the mediation of the son of this god, is represented finally in the heavenly courts with a crown of olives on his head. Touching figure of the rehabilitation of humanity! In the Egyptian fable of Isis, the goddess is said to struggle with the serpent, Typhon, and finally to overcome him in the person of Orus, her son. A savant of the seventeenth century, remarkably learned in Druidical tradition, tells us the Gauls adored in the secret of their sanctuaries the goddess Isis, or the Virgin from whom a son was expected. This fact has been verified by a recent discovery of an inscription on a pagan temple at Chalons sur Marne, France, thus:

VIRGINI PARTURUM  
DRUIDES.

Plato likewise frequently expresses in his discourses the doctrine of a mediator, whom he calls, "Logos" the Word, through whom a rapport was to be established between man and God. "At the beginning of this discourse (says he), let us invoke God the Savior, that by a marvelous and extraordinary teaching he may save us, by showing us the true doctrine." Again: "Pray to his Father, whom we all know as clearly as it is possible for men to do."

The Persians likewise teach that Meschia and Meschiane, the first man and woman, were originally pure; but Ahriman, being jealous of their happiness, addressed them in the form of a serpent, presented them fruits, and persuaded them to become his servants; their nature, therefore, became corrupt, and this corruption infected their posterity. We also read in the *Zend Books* of a "Word," proceeding from the Great First Cause, named Mithra, who acts as mediator between Ormuzd and Ahriman; and this mediator, says Zerdusht, author of the Magoussiah, shall be born of a Virgin. These traditions had taught all the Eastern nations to expect a Messiah; and the Hindus expected an incarnation of Vishnu to save them from the great serpent, Kaly. The Chinese traditions also mention the primal innocence and the revolt of man, the deluge, and also the arrival of a hero named Kiuntse—which means *Pastor*, or *Prince*; and to him also they give the names: Most Holy, Universal Teacher, and Sovereign Truth; they speak also of his contests and sufferings. It is well worthy of remark that, in China, as in Greece, that High Philosophy and tradition agree. Confucius, like Plato and Socrates, expected "that a Holy One should be sent from Heaven, and that 'he should have all power in hea-

\* Elias Schedes.







engagements in history, it will be found to be the greatest battle ever fought on this continent, and equal to some of the most famous battles on the European. It is a sad, fearful page to go upon our national records, to be remembered, oh how painfully! by many thousands, whose terribly stricken hearts may the angels tenderly heal.

## Persons and Events.

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

### PERSONAL ITEMS.

—Mr. BUCKLE, author of "History of Civilization," it is said, proposes to visit the United States, of which his next volume will treat.

—JENNY LIND is arranging for a visit to this country.

—M. VICTOR HUGO has received eighty thousand dollars for the copyright of "Les Misérables." What profitable misery!

—Miss CATHERINE BECKER and her niece, a daughter of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, were confirmed at Dr. Huntington's church, in Boston, a few Sundays since.

—SIDNEY HOWARD GAY takes the place of Mr. Greeley's principal assistant in the editorial management of the *Tribune*, made vacant by the retirement of Mr. Dana.

—Moses Y. BEACH has volunteered to pay the expenses of a Roman Catholic school for one year in Wallingford, Conn., the town in which he resides.

—Mrs. LYDIA JANE PIERSON, a well-known authoress, died at her residence near Adrian, Mich., a few days since. She was a native of Middletown, Conn.

—Mrs. SWISSHELM, editor of the *St. Cloud Democrat*, is lecturing in Minnesota on "Woman's Wages as Wife and Mother," and "Woman and the War."

—The *Pine and Palm* will hereafter be edited exclusively by JAMES REDPATH and GEORGE LAWRENCE, JR., and will be an impersonal journal.

—Miss ANNA E. DICKINSON, a young lady of Quaker parentage, and but nineteen years of age, has been lecturing in Philadelphia and vicinity with excellent success, on "The National Crisis."

—M. MAURICE DUDEYANT, dit SAND—which name he adopts from his celebrated mother's *nom de plume*, and makes available in getting a hearing before the public—publishes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* his second article, entitled "Six mille lieues à tout vapeur," in which he devotes eighteen pages to his experiences in America, which he visited in company with Prince Napoleon.

—Miss LOUISA LANDER, sister of the late Gen. Lander, has taken a studio at No. 650 Broadway, with the intention of remaining in the city a short time.

—A son of the late JULIEN intends giving monster concerts after his father's style in London and Paris.

—A late letter from our gifted countryman, Mr. WILLIAM W. STORY, announces that he is about to send his statues of Cleopatra and the Sybil to the London Exhibition.—*Post*.

—DANIEL WEBSTER, warden of the Connecticut State Prison, was recently killed by Gerald Toole, a prisoner under his charge.

—A Miss EVANS, a handsome young English lady, only sixteen years old, is now lecturing in Dublin to crowded audiences, in favor of total abstinence.

—WASHINGTON IRVING is said to have "loved and lost," in his youth, a beautiful young lady named Matilda Hoffman, sister of the poet Charles Fenno Hoffman. She died at eighteen, of consumption.

—MAJOR GENERAL E. A. HITCHCOCK is now installed as consulting military officer in the War Department at Washington.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS has been invited to repeat his lecture on the War at Cincinnati.

—ABRAM WAKEMAN has entered upon his duties as postmaster of New York. Mr. Taylor returns to his former place as assistant. The office is to be enlarged.

—QUEEN VICTORIA is reported as withdrawing herself more and more from the world, and devoting her time to religious duties, acts of benevolence, &c.

—Kossuth still resides in London, where his sons have recently graduated from the University. He is now sixty years of age. He is still working for Hungary, and expects aid from Napoleon III, if ever that potentate interferes in the affairs of Southern Europe.

—ADAM ISAACS MENKEN has been divorced by the McHenry County Circuit Court of Illinois, from John C. Heenan, to whom Eastern journals refused to believe her to have been married.

—FANNY FERN, it is reported, has separated from her husband, JAMES PARTON.

—CHARLES A. DANA has retired from his editorial connection with the *N. Y. Tribune*. It is to be hoped that journal will not lose in consistent fidelity to principle by the change.

—The death of ABEL TOMPKINS, a prominent Boston bookseller and publisher, especially of Universalist works, is announced. He was widely known and esteemed by the denomination to which he belonged.

—J. H. TOOMEY has been giving a course of lectures before the Syracuse Commercial College.

—Miss KATE DEAN, a vocalist who possesses rare talents, which have been highly cultivated, has gone among the camps, and cheered the hearts of officers and men by singing patriotic (probably not anti-slavery) songs.

—Rev. GEORGE GORDON, imprisoned in Ohio for aiding a fugitive slave, has been pardoned by the President. It is thought he will not avail himself of the pardon, from conscientious scruples.

—Messrs. SAMUEL and BENJAMIN F. BOWLES of the Springfield Republican, have sailed for Europe.

—BRIGADIER GENERAL DOUBLERDAY, in command of the military defenses of the Potomac, has issued a circular to the regiments in his brigade, forbidding the commanders from delivering up negroes, unless the claimants show authority from him.

—W. H. RUSSELL, the London *Times* correspondent, was ejected from a war steamer accompanying the Southern expedition, and has now left for home. The *Times* will probably declare war.

—Mr. EDWIN JAMES, the celebrated criminal lawyer of England, has commenced practice in this city.

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The Connecticut election has resulted in a triumphant Union vote.

—The *Daily Tribune* has just entered upon its twenty-second year.

—A reception was given to the survivors of the Cumberland and Congress, at the Academy of Music on Wednesday evening, April 10, the proceeds to go to the needy tars. The occasion was an enthusiastic ovation.

—The President has suspended all enlisting or recruiting, whether of regulars or volunteers, until further orders from the War Department.

—The battle of Pittsburg Landing was commenced on Sunday morning by the rebels, and they, the attacking party, were beaten. It is said that every battle fought on Sunday in this war has been lost by that side whose attack brought on the engagement on that day.

—A bill has been introduced in the Ohio Legislature to prevent the marriage of second cousins, by punishing the magistrate or clergyman who solemnizes such marriages by the imposition of a fine of \$100. The bill, after earnest debate, was laid upon the table.

—The Jewish Passover commences on the 14th inst. In preparing for the festival, large quantities of unleavened bread are prepared. Our Israelitish friends, however, do not adopt the Grahamite bread, but use the finest quality of flour, mixed with water, and baked, or thoroughly dried. New York has used 800 barns.

—A school for newsboys has just been established in Cincinnati. A teacher is employed to give regular instruction, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction is at the head of the movement.

—Nearly 900,000 persons, four and a half per cent. of our population, are, says the *London Spectator*, now receiving parish relief; a terrible background to all our pictures of English prosperity.

—Make truth credible and children will believe it; make goodness lovely and they will love it; make holiness cheerful and they will be glad in it; but remind them of themselves by threats or exhortations, and you impair the force of their unconscious affections—your words pass over them only to be forgotten.

Reported for the Herald of Progress.

### Amusements.

#### "OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS."

We witnessed the performance of this very brilliant and amusing comedy of Boucicault, at Wallack's Theater, on Friday evening, April 4th, and if you have never done likewise, we advise you to at your earliest opportunity. The plot or plots, for there are several, are very intricate and most ingeniously tangled, especially after their various threads pass into the hands of poor, dear, simple, mis-managing old Jesse Rural (Blake) who, while endeavoring to arrange matters satisfactorily to all parties, contrives to aid and abet the most opposite schemes with entire unconsciousness, bringing about a series of most unexpected dilemmas and results.

But to the story. Old Rural, the minister, who had charge of the education of the Coke brothers, Tom and Littleton, being also the friend of their dead parents, comes to London with Tom, the economical squire, to settle a misunderstanding between him and Littleton, the spendthrift lawyer. Bob Young, the servant of Littleton, (Fisher) on the lookout for duns, sees the two visitors coming and warns his master of their probable errand. Littleton retires with his friend, Lord Charles Roebuck, (Floyd) to the mansion of Lord Pompton, a Tory politician, the father of Lord C.; and now commence the intrigues.

Lord P. intends his son to marry Lady Alice Hawthorne, (Mrs. Hoey) a dashing young widow, who, discovering that her friend Miss Rocket, (Mary Gannon) is very much in love with Lord C., who returns it, has invited Colonel Rocket and his daughter to dine that same day at the Pomptons'. Lord Charles, after a little persuasion, induces Littleton Coke to take the lady Alice and a seat in Parliament off his hands, as he is too much in love to be ambitious.

The dialogue between these two, Lady A. and Coke, is spirited and witty, but somewhat strained and artificial. The arrival of Tom Coke with old Rural is announced, and the latter, discovering Littleton, attempts at once to reconcile the brothers, but unsuccessfully, as L. considers himself too badly treated to forgive his brother, which obstinacy Lady Alice punishes by taking Tom's arm down to dinner. Tom is already in love with her, and this widens the breach between the brothers.

After dinner, Lord Pompton, discovering the politics and poverty of the Rockets, requests his son to discontinue his intimacy with them, and desires them to leave his house the next morning. This throws the lovers into consternation, and excites the indignation of the Colonel, who resolves to get in his candidate for Parliament instead of Lord Charles.

The Colonel, through Old Rural, offers his influence and the hospitality of his house to Littleton Coke, who, by agreement, the opposing candidate. Old R. mistakes the offer for that of Miss Rocket's hand, having previously fallen into the error of believing his favorite in love with Miss R. It is arranged that these two shall ride down to the villa with Lord Charles dressed as a postillion, and Lady Alice accompanies them for the purpose of using her influence in electioneering for Littleton, with whom she is by this time very much in love, when lo! Bob, the crafty servant, who has performed various and sundry services for the parties already, brings things to a sudden crisis by sending to the *Morning Post* an announcement of the double elopement of Lady Alice Hawthorne with her cousin, Lord Charles Roebuck, and of Miss Rocket with Littleton Coke, Esq. The arrival at the Colonel's villa of everybody connected with the affair is the prelude to a general attack on poor Rural, who is considered, although

innocent to the very last, as the plotter of all the mischief.

Blake's acting throughout, and particularly at this juncture, is masterly. The final denouement is of course favorable. It is needless to say that Mrs. Vernon as the fashionable lady, caring more for her poodle than her son, was admirable, nor that Mark Smith was a capital country squire, (we are trying to forget the Cock-tail guards,) nor that Norton was quite à la militaire, nor that Mrs. Hoey acted well and dressed to perfection; (she always does you know;) but if we could whisper in her ear we would ask her to leave out just one little sentence in a play pretty nearly free from coarse allusions.

When we see at the head of a bill, "Mr. Wallack, Manager and Proprietor—Mr. Lester Wallack, stage manager," is not that enough, and as much as to say everything and everybody are well managed? We think so. SPECTATOR.

### A NEW STAR.

Mr. Augustus Watters, a young elocutionist of rare promise, is giving select entertainments in this city. We had the pleasure, a few evenings since, of listening to one of his readings and recitations, and enjoyed an intellectual entertainment not often surpassed. Mr. Watters is neither very young nor very old, nor has he marvelous capacities—that we could discover—in any direction. He evidently possesses, however, what is better—excellent common sense, with a poetic temperament, and a mind well-cultivated by thought and reading. He has versatile powers as an imitator, and is quick to perceive those finer points in a production which escape the superficial eye. His association with authors is an interior reunion, which renders him keenly alive to the spirit of a poem or inspiration. His rendering of "The Kingdom" (dictated by the spirit of Poe,) and of "The Raven," left the impression that an author could not wish for his choicest productions a better interpreter than Mr. Watters.

He gives another entertainment—a Matinee—at Cooper Institute, Room 24, on Saturday, April 19, at 2½ p. m. Tickets for gentlemen and lady, or two ladies, 25 cents. Those fond of intellectual feasts will not be disappointed if they attend.

## Public Meetings.

### Lectures in Battle Creek, Mich.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH. }  
March 30, 1862. }

BRO. A. J. DAVIS:—Will you say to your congregation, through the *HERALD*, that the cause of "Human Progress" is onward in this place. During the past six months Bro. F. L. Wadsworth has spoken to us every Sunday to increasing audiences, and with increasing interest. We feel that with some of our speakers at least, nothing is lost by protracted engagements. With Bro. Wadsworth it has not been the simple delivery of a few well prepared and oft repeated lectures, constituting the entire stock in trade, but with a thorough knowledge of the philosophy he teaches—a just perception of the true incentives to action—and with an intimate acquaintance with human nature, he has each day led us into new fields of thought, and higher up the plane of being.

At the close of our engagement the following resolution was offered and adopted:

Resolved, That we have listened with great pleasure and profit to the lectures and teachings of Bro. F. L. Wadsworth, during the six months he has labored with us. By his genial nature and kindly feelings he has gained our entire confidence and friendship, while, by the depth, soundness, and practical bearing of his addresses, he has won admiration and respect. We sincerely bid him God-speed in his future efforts to reform and bless the world. May God and his angels ever watch over and bless him in his journeyings through life.

R. B. MERRITT,  
E. C. MANCHESTER,  
ALBERT A. WHITNEY,  
Trustees.

### Convention at East Randolph, N. Y.

The undersigned committee hereby extend a cordial invitation to Spiritual lecturers, mediums, believers, reformers, and all inquirers after truth to assemble in conference at East Randolph, N. Y., on Friday, at 10 o'clock, A. M., April 25, 1862, and continue a series of meetings on Saturday and Sunday, the 26th and 27th.

Accommodations will be provided for all speakers, mediums, and as many others as possible.

A small door fee will be taken at one of the sessions each day, to help needy speakers who may favor the convention with desirable services.

The platform will be open for free discussion from all classes of persons in harmony with such rules as the convention may adopt. Ashbel Bushnell, Mary J. Huntington, J. E. Weedon, Amy Morgan, Ichabod Tuttle.

## 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."

For the Herald of Progress.

DEPARTED: To his home in the angel-world, the dearly beloved angel-spirit of RANNAOAKE, infant son of Robert and Mary Greer Givings, of 121 Fourth street, Williamsburg, N. Y. He took his departure from the earth-form on the 2d instant, where he had sojourned for the short space of seven months and sixteen days. "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

## The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

Thrice blessed would it be for us, could we but realize that within the physical universe and its laws, is the spiritual, the controlling universe, even as within the body or external man exists his varied acting power. Somehow, we forget that infinity must be as deep as it is broad; and so conceive of God as a power outside of Nature, directing its motions after the manner of a steamboat pilot who governs his craft from an elevated lookout whence is conveniently observed both the direction of the boat and the course to steer.

Infinity, as I think of it, is illimitable depth and expense. By depth it meant an endless series of evolutions. By expense, indefinite surface extension. From its depths or ceaseless power of evolution, I infer that new creations are incessantly evolved, rolling as spheres into the eternally extending space. I look upon man as an epitome of this. So far as reason and observation have been able to trace him, his life is manifest in consecutive evolutions, each creating or writing its history upon the surface; that is to say, in space, ever anew. We read clearly now, this history of evolution, or power in man of outworking, and since we find that death does not impair it, the conclusion seems rational that the series is eternal. In other words, that there is infinite depth or power of evolution in man; and if in man, then in nature or the universe as we say. And do we not find it everywhere expressing itself in like manner? These elements of infinity, depth and breadth, correspond to feminine and masculine. Depth is the feminine or womb principle or power, which gives birth, while breadth or the masculine principle is growth or elimination.

This is but a feeble effort to state the whisplings of what seems to me a great truth whose voice I think will be ever louder, clearer and more musical to the ear that is faithfully turned in the direction of Nature. At present, we catch but here and there a note of her eternal anthem, our sense of hearing being demoralized by the more imposing strains of the church organ.

Certain it is, above, or outside of the breadth or surface of what we call infinite space there is no evidence of Divine Omnipotence, whilst the infinite depth is full of it. Every germ, whether of plant or animal, instinctively expresses the method of the infinite, inner God. Unobstructed, a grain of mustard seed would cover the breadth of infinity with evolutions of itself. Then again, all the powers that we are acquainted with are inner, and invisible to eyes of ours. We verify them only by their surface manifestation; and we know too, that the deeper or more interiorly we trace the creative powers or forces, the nearer we approach unity; that is to say, the lines of causation or creation are seen to converge. Analyze, for example, the vegetable and animal growths of your farm. Their variety, phenomenally considered, is beyond computation. Analysis reduces them to a few primary elements, as you name them, and these you find in the soil; and again the elements of that complicated structure in the underlying rock. Agassiz shows with the force of self-evident truth that but four ideas underlie all the forms of animal life now existing or ever known to have existed. That the vast varieties now inhabiting the earth are intellectual evolutions of these four primary ideas, the types of which are to be found in the earliest or lowest stratum of the earth's crust in which the remains of animal life have yet been found.

Do you say all this is barren and profitless? If we are to make progress upon a railway even, or a turnpike, there must be something solid, against which the force we employ is to react. Were the road underneath, upon patent friction rollers as well as the cars, sixty miles in sixty minutes would be a miracle revived. Well, we all feel the need of progress in morals. Humanity is instinctively desirous to move on, and we are possessed of a great variety of expensive machinery constructed with express intention to that end. But it all reacts against a book—no, against the misinterpretations of a book. Does a churchman require higher authority for any act of his than a text of scripture? When occasion requires, how like a mantle he wraps it about his meanness.

With such a basis to react against, moral progress is impossible. We shall only continue repeating the same acts and quoting the same texts of scripture in justification, *ad infinitum*. The churchman who does the right, cites the chapter and verse which demands the doing of it; and he who persists in the wrong justifies himself, and at the same time, overthrows both chapter and churchman with a rebutting text. The goal we have reached in morals, amply illustrates the motive power invoked; it has carried us in a circle to the place of beginning. The machinery revolves rapidly enough upon its axis, but our progress, nevertheless, is like the voyage of Don Quixotte upon the enchanted river. In imagination and by authority of church proclamation we have reached the very zenith of morality, when in fact we are landed in the primeval infancy of the world. The Mormons have gone back to the Patriarchs, as we know, and pretty well back of them too; and so have the pious slaveholders, with their numerous and respectable apologists. For example: One of the great lights of Episcopacy in this city, was good enough to inform us publicly but the other day, that, with bible-slavery he could be well content. There was a doleful admission of abuse of privilege in our American bondage to be sure, but a return to the text which authorized a Jew to pin his bond-

man's ear to his door-post in token of everlasting servitude in case he refused to depart and leave his wife and children with his master, would calm the Episcopal conscience and make both church and state all right again. This being the moral and intellectual status of a Divinity Doctor, what, think you, must be that of his numerous patients?

And all this cruel stupidity because of the assumption that God is located somewhere outside of the universe and has written a few scraps of Hebrew for its everlasting guidance.

This is why the necessity is pressing that we find the divine plan within the universe; the world can no longer be governed by Hebrew. Though the church tries hard to stand still, the world moves. Certain powers inevitably carry us on. Louder than any thunder from the Vatican, louder and more eloquent than any orator that ever mounted pulpit or political platform, is a DUMB HUMAN NEED. Sure to gain audience at last, sure to conquer in the end, though its march to victory be over prostrate church and empty throne; over priest and book; over politician and stock-jobber. And it is nothing but book that prevents priest, politician and stock-jobber, from seeing this. A bit of pasteboard no larger than your hand, held before your eyes, will prevent your seeing the sun at noonday. The New England Primer, itself but the distorted shadow of a book, effectually shaded two whole generations from a sight of God.

I repeat, the world can no longer be governed by Hebrew. Human needs—what we call rights of man—are above all books. These cannot be successfully repressed by texts of Scripture. Silenced in one country, they break out with increased force in another. Stified by one generation, they become the watchword of the next. Could the world have been longer governed as of old, this war had not been. "Servants, obey your masters in the Lord"—call that the word of God if you will, but against the irrepressible instinct on the part of the servant to be his own master, that "word" must fail. We have been taught, and the teaching still goes on, that whatever the life may have been, repentance and faith makes all right in the end, through forgiveness of the God who is outside of the universe; but that God and that forgiveness have only a paper basis; they are without verification, and experience shows that trust in them is vain—vain because the divine plan manifest in and by the universe does not let us off so easily. It demands restitution as well as repentance. It has no forgiveness. Having fallen into the water, repenting of your sin for having gone pleasure-sailing on the Sabbath does not save you from drowning. And how often, think you, did we better know, or more honestly report ourselves, should we write the word repentance, disappointment?

The bare fact that men, at work, body and soul, for the destruction of democracy, the perpetuity of despotism, and the right of ownership in human beings, can, with all earnestness, invoke the aid of the same monarch God to whom prayer for their overthrow is addressed with like sincerity, ought to suggest a query. Certain it is, when we appeal to the Divinity in Nature, the argument, as against these men and their efforts, is with us. When we go to the book which contains all that is claimed to be known of the outside Divinity, it is partly on one side and partly on the other. It is Moses and Paul against Jesus, the sayings of each, by common consent being alike "the word of God." The only weapons effective against Wendell Phillips, for example, are Moses and a rotten egg! You cannot marshal your humanity against him; you cannot bring to bear so poor a defense as political economy and the best ways for making money. The self-evident truths of Nature are with him, and not with you; but you can sandwich a brickbat or a bad egg between Moses and Paul and hurl them at him; you may break his skull with the Bible; but his truth is from behind the ramparts of Nature, invincible to brickbats.

Thus you see, God in Nature, outworking Divine ideas in space and time, and Dr. Lord in pulpit, belching forth Moses in defense of Mammon, are moral motors leading to results exactly opposite. But it will be said that this doctrine of God interior, is Pantheism, and the logical sequence of it is Optimism; and much saintly horror will be excited by these dreadful words. But I am after things, not words; and if the Divine being in Nature "is manifest by the things which do appear," (and certainly all the suffering from neglect of law is here,) if we are really subject to this Divine Being whose body is the universe and whose will is its complex of immutable law; why, rolling up the eyes at certain words, is a piece of unnecessary posturing. We shall find that to misapply the true thing is far less mischievous than to call the nothing by whatever name. The word which we reverence so highly, expresses but a tradition which leads the instinct of reverence directly away from its natural object. It demands a withdrawal of reverence from all worshipful things, that its attention may be fixed upon an enthroned monarch. Thus we may not worship the Divine paternity as expressed by earthly parentage; the heart must repress the impulse of gratefulness for the divine love manifest in the human, the intellect must look with cold complacency upon the divine order of Nature; we must stand unmoved in her temple, whose every stone is a miracle; unmindful of her voice, whose every tone is a blessing; that we may fall down before a symbolic cross, as the real evidence of a divine plan for human good; before a priest as the only animate exponent of the Divine will and purpose; and before a book as the one only Divine message and sole indicator of "the unknown God." R. T. H.



## Philosophical Department.

"Let truth be ascertained by experiment, and not by the authority of tradition."

For the Herald of Progress.

## Important Communications from five Representative Spirits.

## THE RELATIONSHIP OF BODY, SOUL AND SPIRIT.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF JOHN C. GREENE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD OF PROGRESS: The following is the second of a series of communications, purporting to come from a band of spirits before alluded to, which the writer took down as it was pronounced by John C. Greene, whilst in an unconscious trance state (into which he had passed from a mesmeric sleep) in the spring of the year 1860.

Yours truly, THOMAS R. HAROLD.

Newport, R. I., 3d mo., 1st, 1862.

## NUMBER TWO.

## SEMI-INTELLECTUAL.

April 30, 1860.—"Semi-intellectual" is a life of spirituality flowing into the organs of man's intellect, and there demonstrating his being in the material existence and spiritual immortality. It is between intellect and spirit, being a little more than intellect and a little less than spirit, imparting a sympathy instead of all cold intellectuality. As Plural has shown to you material life, so will I show you spiritual life, as I understand it. The soul and spirit of man communicate thus: Thought rises in emanation, and spirit becomes its absorbent, immediately followed by a vibration of much space, or all space, in one sense of the word. But as we concentrate the thought into one spirit that runs in friendship or relationship, that brings them in rapport with you, kindred spirits always attract kindred spirits, both in the material and spirit world. Others can come, the world of spirit life being just as free as the material life. As the Divine Spirit turns none away, all will communicate for their own good, although it may seem to be for mischief. In communicating with spirits, none should be rejected, not even the worst pirates or murderers that ever existed. They all have a hell or probation to pass through ere they become regenerated and fitted for a higher life, and must work out their nature, as they are destined to progress as well as the higher. Hence the deepest blood-stained spirit that ever existed, has an equal right to be heard and assisted, as the most philosophical or perfect man or spirit. If this is not so, Nature's laws are not thoroughly carried out, and this makes God a partial being. But as spirit is not partial, like flesh, we know there is no partiality in the divine law or government. The spirit element is ever active and moving onward, although it may in the material man seem to stand still. For spirit is eternal, and has ever been in action, and must forever continue to move and progress onward.

Again I say, no spirit should ever be turned away, but should be treated kindly, however brutal or wicked he may seem. They should receive both the sympathy of the medium and of the circle present, by which means they may be greatly assisted. The faults of the spirit that has communicated mischievously to you, originated from his parents or his organization—their cause having been daguerreotypied upon the spirit whilst in his mother's womb. The spirit that is born with the child has a greater effect on its destiny in the spirit world than its education on earth, although it carries its earthly proclivities with it. These causes and effects must be understood, in order to understand the law of progression. The law of our progression depends upon our sympathy in spirit, or our organization. If we would have the soul's growth respond to the light of the spirit, we should work gratefully, truthfully, and trustfully, for our own progress and that of those around us, whether of the mundane or spiritual spheres. For God designed in his wisdom and love that we should all be the children of sympathy and friendship to each other. Whatever God designed in spirit, man's individuality cannot rend asunder. For in harmony and equal development of spirit has he created all growth of soul. In that soul has he put the knowledge that the spirit has accepted, in order to develop and to cultivate that organization, or soul, or body of man. For so sure as his designs are not carried out in this cultivation, it would bring infidelity and annihilation so far as the divine influence did not carry out its foreordained intentions. The spirits of all men are equal, but the daguerreotype on the spirit of individual souls causes them to be colored accordingly by the soul and its surroundings. When persons are surrounded by bad influences, it is difficult to prevent the soul from being tainted with them, and consequently, through the soul the spirit partakes of the same impurities. For whatever is accepted in the soul is daguerreotypied in the spirit, so close is their sympathy. It is hard to draw the line between the mingling of soul and spirit, so close is their affinity whilst in the flesh.

In the spirit life, the soul is to the spirit what the body is to the soul in the earth life. It is the spirit body in spirit life. When the earth body passes away, soul emanates therefrom in the same shape, and passes to the spirit world, the spirit being in the soul, or inner man, as "Plural" meant to be understood. The body is made of coarser matter than the soul; the spirit still finer, being the very essence of life. The soul is as the tree, the spirit as the sap.

May 1, 1860.—The soul's growth is like the outbursting of a bud to the tree. As the divine essence flows into it, it expands into leaf. As the changes of the soul vary and the spirit flows into its expansion, thus its reflective powers vibrate in time and in eternity. As soul is ever changing, materially and spiritually, so goes on the progression of all matter in the universe. Everything is continually revolving and drawn onward by, or to, higher qualities of magnetism, leaving the grosser to assist in advancing states of being still more gross. There can be no stillness or cessation to the soul, more than to the spirit. The spirit eternally vibrates to the soul, to qualify it for its immortal condition. Without the soul, the spirit could not contain itself, either in

time or eternity. It would be like fluid in a broken vessel, and would, as it were, escape.

May 2, 1860.—As soul ever depends upon the vegetable magnetism, so does spirit depend upon divine magnetism to flow into the center of the soul's magnetism, drawing it onward in its upward progression. Soul cannot live without vegetable magnetism, more than the spirit can live without divine magnetism. Vegetable matter or magnetism penetrates all worlds, whether mundane or spiritual. The vegetable magnetism passes in the atmosphere to the spiritual world, as we call it, and as much finer in quality as the spirits are, some finer and some coarser. The reality of the vegetable as well as of the animal, and all other mundane things, exists more vividly in the spirit world than in this.

May 3, 1860.—When the soul enters into spirit life, it has a representation of qualities of magnetism, or matter which its earthly career had attracted to it. That attraction has qualified its spiritual quality or reflection. For, whatever the soul's attraction has been, has been affectional to that soul. And whatever is affectional to the soul, is in harmony with the divine unfoldment of the spirit within the soul. And in this way we see how spirit collects soul matter. There is the same method in the spirit's collecting soul matter, as there is in the sun's giving out magnetism to the earth to produce the vegetable growth. The spirit gives out its finer magnetism to the soul, the same as the sun gives out its to the earth, thus making the soul's growth as the sun does vegetable growth. The soul is receptive to the spirit, and is the negative, the spirit being the positive—the sun is positive and the earth negative.

The feminine soul matter is finer than the masculine, as is the spirit finer in the feminine than in the masculine sex. If we concede the masculine, or soul battery, to be an attractive element to spirit battery, and connect the two poles, they act as a battery of unfoldment or progress, the soul communing with the spirit, and vice versa.

May 4.—Life is the attracting principle of soul matter or individual growth. Life is a principle which is active or divine within itself, a universe of divinity. Deity speaking from a finer to a rougher or coarser condition. As the conditions and shapes of matter are formed within and from Deity, so is the spirit the essential attraction of matter. The spirit is the central point and matter is attractive to it, soul matter first and physical next, which is coarser than either. The principle holds good throughout the universe of life. There cannot be a man formed until the finest elements are first formed, and these attract the coarser; and this is so with everything, both animate and inanimate. The earth is as coarse as it ever was, and so is vegetation, excepting so far as culture has rendered it finer. In early ages the lower and coarser animals had the earth to themselves, hence grew larger, and coarser, &c.

On the surroundings and conditions of the parents depends what the child shall be when it is born, and so in its cultivation or education. As a general rule the child is a mere creature of circumstances, molded by its surroundings to any shape, good or bad. We can throw influences on the child that may be beneficial or injurious to its intellectual and educational growth, or, in other words, soul and spirit growth.

As everything depends entirely upon our own spirit and soul, here in the material world, so it depends in the spirit world. Whatever we are here in spirit and soul we shall be hereafter precisely the same, having the power to progress in the spirit as well as the earth-life. The earth is the first state of the soul's growth, and there is the same resemblance in the spirit life. There the spirit reflects the same on the soul as on earth, only with finer magnetism. Without the soul, the spirit could not communicate, hence it drew around it the coarser magnetism, and made a personal individuality for communication. On the same plan, it never loses its communicative soul element in the spirit life; for what it has once formed it never loses. The old body of earth is cast off to mingle with other and coarser magnetisms in vegetable life, but the soul, being the finest magnetism, remains connected with the spirit. Thus the spirit and soul flow out of the coarser cells of the vegetable magnetism, and these make an individual immortal spirit. If spirit did not take the soul with it, there would be no individuality for spirits to communicate through.

Spirit would be a mere essence, floating about, as it were, without communicating—a mere thing of life without consciousness. The soul is the spirit body, not only in earth, but in immortal life throughout. God's soul is all matter. God's spirit is all intelligence. This comprehends the universe, past, present, and to come, in all and every phase and condition. All live and move and have their being in God, as the great first cause is designated. Whatever the absorbent is, is the negative. Whatever the giver is, is the positive. The spirit gives the soul its growth and intelligence, and hence the spirit is positive or masculine, the soul negative or feminine. God is the Father, Earth the Mother.

May 5, 1860.—Life has gone through many changes and formed many objects in coming to its standard of communication. As spirits could never have spoken a word without matter, it has now arrived to its development in matter, and communicates its word through organs that it has formed from change to change, from time immemorial. It is held by orthodoxy, that man's change of heart produces conviction, and a higher state of man's moral belief in tradition of faith. I will now draw the line between faith and spirit conviction. As soul is an outer memory to spirit impression, it is outer and the spirit is inner. The spirit has no memory until it reflects upon the soul. Hence the soul daguerreotypies the external or mundane memory on the spirit. This makes the religious, and moral, and philosophical principle of conviction. Conscience is produced by action of the outer memory of the soul communicating to the inner memory, daguerreotypying itself upon the spirit and conveying the conviction of the good or evil of one's acts, according to the education, light or darkness of each individual. We can make our own light within, dark or light, as we will. Suppose I, being steeped in passion, external memory, kill a man. My internal external memory could not control the external to stop the act, for passion goes beyond, or is stronger than the spirit's communication to

the inner soul. The spirit, for instance, say that act is wrong! The passionate overcomes the spiritual, and hence becomes the master of the inner memory or conscience; hence it does the act without the inner memory having consciousness of the act until after it is committed, and is reflected upon, when its remorse causes compunction of conscience by its action on the external or soul memory.

All spirits, until connected with soul, or physical matter, are alike pure. It is the external that denies the internal memory, and brings, as it were, a cloud into the inner soul, and the light of the spirit cannot, in consequence, shine or reflect its light on the soul's memory until it becomes cleansed from the foulness that shuts it out. The spirit is, as it were, the sun—the earth the soul—the cloud that intervenes and shuts out the rays of the sun from the earth is similar to the sin and wickedness that darkly intervenes and shuts out from the soul the constant and ever radiating light of the spirit, which is ever and always perfect and the same, from the beginning of time through the countless ages of eternity.

I have in representation brought before the vision of the medium a dark soul with a spirit pure and light of course. The soul looks to the medium like a piece of dark, grayish colored canvas full of little sieve-holes. We will suppose this a murderer ready to kill his fellow man. The spirit passes through the soul in small particles of light. These have not sufficient power to reflect through the soul matter, so that it can see itself and cause it to forego its design. The fatal act is committed. And now these little streams of light flow out more distinctly, the clouds, as it were, seem breaking away, and the soul is now coming to consciousness. It sees the act before him in stronger spirit light, because the spirit is better able to control the soul and its consciousness, or its internal and external memory. Just as soon as the murderer's act is accomplished, the passionate or animal magnetisms relax, and then the spirit has the power or means of reflecting its light upon the individual soul that has committed the act.

Soul memory, intuition, and instinct, are in reality about the same thing. The spirit acts upon the soul. The soul acts upon the organs, and the organs of the brain act in rapport with the external memory, and the external memory prompts the animal magnetism and propensities to commit the act. Man is the passionate. The spirit is the communication of the spirit. The spirit is always pure, but owing to the darkness of the soul it cannot always daguerreotype its purity on the soul's memory.

I have now brought before the medium a very pure soul of man. The spirit is in such close affinity with the soul, that it (the soul) is in form sparkling and bright, and of a crystal and silvery aspect. That we may consider a very refined condition of spirit life, being unfolded in the seventh circle, or sphere of the soul's development or individual unfolding or change of progress, but still it can go higher, there being no limits to progression. We class spirits as you class men in the world, according to their development and unfolding of spiritual nature. Spirit life is a condition in reality, neither high nor low, but there is a great difference in the nature of spirit magnetisms. Each quality of magnetism within the soul depends upon its qualification, both here in the mundane and in the spiritual world, for its progress and surroundings. The clearer the soul matter, the more active is the spirit within it. In advanced spirits the magnetisms of the soul are, as it were, porous, and free from obstructions, through which the spirit magnetisms penetrate and circulate freely, and illuminate and enlighten the soul matter, or magnetism. At every change the coarser magnetisms go to make up grosser or less developed spirit magnetisms, which are replaced by the finer magnetisms of more developed spirits, who, in turn, lose nothing, receiving from still more developed, and so on through all space and eternity. What one gives is made up by another, and so on as far as we know, from the lowest magnetism on earth to the highest in what you call heaven.

May 6th, 1860.—If we throw a stone in the water, the circles of waves grow finer and finer as they expand and recede from the center. So with the soul; as it expands from the center, or spirit, its circular formations grow finer and finer.

The soul is in circular sevens. Seven circles, and seven circles in each circle. Beyond and onward from these are still other circles—Divine circles. (The animal has his conscious existence in both worlds—just as man, except its conscious speech.)

May 7, 1860.—Light is life, life is spirit—light is the illumination of man, and life is the crown of his being. Life without the light would be no existence, but with the light, life is demonstrated with existence; without the light, there would be perfect darkness, as the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. So much for the old. We say the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness becomes illuminated by the light, and its comprehension is more ready. As it is the glory of the light to penetrate the deep abysses of man's soul being, so it is the desire of the soul being to comprehend it. In this we see that a spirit is not willing to live in darkness; hence he illuminates the soul, and becomes a progressive and ever-changing being in his onward progress to a higher and more sublime quality of spirit and soul life. The spirit that enlightens and gives life to every created thing, is a portion of the Divine essence, and is perfect in its character, let it appear when and where it will. It is only its surroundings that partake of darkness. The heart being the central function from which flows out the streams of animal life, it becomes the seat of sympathy and feeling, as the brain or intellect does of reason. Consequently, when the affections are appealed to or touched, the emotion first strikes and affects the heart, which thence carries or flows its sympathies to the higher or moral love or philoprogenitive and sympathetic portion of the brain. When man's soul or individuality passes out of the mundane sphere, it depends upon its soul magnetism what kind of a being, whether moral or immoral, how fast he progresses. A good spirit or soul will progress more rapidly when first passed out than a bad man, because a good man's magnetisms, that hover around his death-bed, are broken from the sympathy of his friends, who give him up because they feel that he has gone to happiness, whereas the friends of the evil man still hold in sympathy with his magnetism,

and thus keep him groveling about the earth longer than if they did not, so that Nature's law favors, as it were, the friendless bad man, over him who has many friends, as the last is not held by earthly magnetisms to earth, and can more readily commence his spiritual progress. The general belief, and especially a sympathetic belief of mortals, that any bad man has gone to hell, will tend to keep his spirit hovering around earth and prevent its progress. Mortals should therefore not harshly judge any one, but hope for the progress and happiness of all the departed, and by so doing they loosen their hold on earth and help them to rise. It is often said, when a good man dies, we should not wish to hold him back, or mourn for him, our loss being his gain. This feeling releases his spirit or soul, as it were, from earth, and he has nothing to hold him back in his progress onward, except his natural affections and sympathies for his relatives and friends, which do somewhat retard his progress from voluntary and natural emotions, pleasing in their nature and useful to his loved friends on earth, his loss being their spiritual gain, provided they heed their mental or spiritual impressions. If not, the self-sacrificing labors of the spirit are thrown away, neither party being benefited thereby, excepting so far as the law of God causes every good act and desire within the soul to produce its own internal reward. If we understand the laws of life and the illumination of light, we shall cease to regard what is called death with terror, but welcome it as a peaceful messenger, ushering into the soul to develop and flow off in its expanding being to light divine.

QUESTION: "What is Truth?"  
ANSWER: Truth is the revolution which gives the conjugal quality its ever two co-eternal principles, uniting them in the law or being and harmonizing them in the law of existence. Male is Wisdom, Female is Love, Spirit is Law, and Truth is God.

## Strangers' Guide

AND

## N. Y. CITY DIRECTORY

Prepared expressly for this Journal.

Those who visit the metropolis during the pleasant season are often at a loss to know where to obtain information which will guide them to the various points of attraction found in and near so large and wealthy a city. It is to meet this demand that we have expended the labor necessary to gather and condense the information here appended, and which we trust may prove a valuable "guide-board" to those of our readers who visit the city, and useful also to citizens for reference.

Any of our friends in possession of useful data not here given will confer a favor by supplying it.

## PARKS AND PUBLIC SQUARES.

Battery, with Castle Garden, lower end of Broadway. Bowling Green, entrance of Broadway, near Battery. The Park, opposite Broadway from Nos. 229 to 271. St. John's Park, bet. Light, Varick and Hudson Sts. Washington Sq. west of Broadway, bet. 4th & 8th Sts. Union Square, Broadway, from No. 800 to 17th Street. Gramercy Park, bet. 20th & 21st Sts. and 3d & 4th avs. Stuyvesant Park, 2d av. bet. 15th and 17th Sts. Tompkins Sq. bet. Aves. A and B and 7th and 10th Sts. Madison Sq., Junction Broadway & 5th av. and 23d St. Central Park, 5th to 8th avs., and 59th to 110th Sts. Reached by 3d, 4th, 6th, or 8th av. horse cars—most conveniently by the 6th and 8th, which leave head of Canal St., cor. Broadway, and also head of Barclay St., cor. Broadway, adjoining Astor House, every 3 minutes; fare 5 cents.

## GALLERIES OF ART.

International Art Institution, 694 Broadway. Collection of Paintings, 548 Broadway. Goupil's Gallery, 772 Broadway. Private Galleries are open on certain fixed days, for details of which inquire of the janitor, at the Artists' Studio building, 10th St., near 6th av. N. Y. Historical Society Rooms, 2d av. cor. 10th St. Brady's National Photograph Gallery, 785 Broadway. Gurney's Photograph Gallery, 707 Broadway.

## LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

Historical Society, 2d av. cor. 10th St. N. Y. University, east side Washington Square, Columbia College, 49th St. nr 5th av. Free Academy, 23d St. and Lexington av. New Bible House, 8th and 9th Sts. and 3d and 4th avs. N. Y. Hospital, Broadway, bet. Duane and Worth Sts. Orphan Asylum, in Bloomingdale, nr 80th St. Insane Asylum, Bloomingdale rd, 7 miles fm City Hall. Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Wash'n Heights nr 150th St. Institution for the Blind, 9th av. bet. 33d and 34th Sts. Peace House of Industry, 5 P's, nr Centre & Pearl Sts. Odd Fellow's Hall, cor. Grand and Centre Sts. Homeopathic Dispensary, 15 East Eleventh St.

## PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Merchants' Exchange, Wall St. Custom House, Wall St. City Hall and Court Houses, in the Park. Post-office, Nassau, Cedar, and Liberty Sts. The Tombs, Centre, Franklin, and Leonard Sts.

## PROMINENT CHURCHES.

Grace Church, 804 Broadway—Episcopal. Trinity, Broadway opposite Wall Street—Episcopal. Rev. Dr. Chapin's, 548 Broadway—Universalist. Dr. Osgood's, 728 Broadway—Unitarian. Dr. Bellows', 249 Fourth av. cor. 20th St.—Unitarian. Dr. Cheever's, Union Square—Presbyterian. Dr. Hawkes', 267 Fourth Avenue—Episcopal. Dr. Tynge's, Stuyvesant Sq. and E. 16th St.—Episcopal. Rev. H. W. Beecher's, Brooklyn, nr Fulton Ferry. Rev. T. L. Harris, University Hall, Washington Sq. Rev. G. T. Flinders, 2d av. & 11th St.—Universalist.

## OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY, on Gowanus Heights, L. I., is reached by ferry from foot of Whitehall St., near the Battery, to Atlantic St. or Hamilton av. Brooklyn. Thence by horse car to the Cemetery. Fare, ferriage 2 cents, cars 5 cents. Cards of admission obtained at the office of the Company, 30 Broadway. THE PUBLIC CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS, including the Penitentiary, Lunatic Asylum, Depot for Sick Emigrants, and the House of Refuge, are located on Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands. They are reached severally by ferries from foot of 11th, 10th, and 12th Sts. The shortest route to those streets is by 2d or 3d av. horse cars. Fare 6 cents, ferriage free. HUNTERMAN is accessible by Harlem Railroad; fare 12½ cents. THE STAIR or TOWER CHURCH may be reached at any time, on application to the Sexton at the Church. Fee voluntary, if any is given.

## SUNDAY CONCERTS.

Good Music may be enjoyed by lovers of this art if they will attend service at Trinity Church, Broadway, opposite head of Wall St. on Sunday at 10½ A. M. or 3 P. M. Mass is performed by a choir of artists at the Catholic Churches on West 16th St., near 6th av. and on East 28th St., near 3d av. every Sunday morning at 10½ A. M. Admittance 10 cents, which is paid to the sexton after he has shown a visitor to a seat. Vesper Service is performed at the 16th St. Church at 4 P. M., and at the 28th St. Church at 4¼, free. The music is generally very fine, and visitors are expected to drop a small silver coin into the plate. At the Unitarian Church over which Dr. Osgood officiates, No. 728 Broadway, a new form of Vesper Service has been introduced. It is held on the first and third Sundays of each month at 7:30 P. M. QUARTER CHURCH, made up of efficient vocalists, may be heard at all the churches named in this list.

## PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

Academy of Music, East 14th St. cor. Lexington av. Wallack's Theater, Broadway and Thirteenth St. Laura Keane's Theater, 624 Broadway. Winter Garden, 667 Broadway. Bowers Theater, 48 Bowersy. New Bowersy Theater, 52 Bowersy. German Theater, 57 Bowersy. Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway. Barnum's Museum, 218 Broadway.

## MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANTS.

Mrs. Sawyer, Clairvoyant and Medical Medium, 84 High St., Brooklyn. Mrs. W. R. Hayden, 66 West 14th St., west corner 6th avenue. Mrs. M. Drew, 67 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn. Hours from 9 to 5. Mrs. C. E. Dorman, 8 New Street, Newark, N. J. Mrs. D. C. Price, 50 W. 10th St., 2 blocks west of 6th av. 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Mrs. Mary A. Fish, 344 2d av.

## MAGNETIC &amp; ELECTRIC PHYSICIANS.

James A. Neal, 371 Fourth St. Hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M. Prof. S. B. Brittan and Dr. John Scott, 407 4th St. Dr. N. Palmer, 60 Amity Street. Mrs. P. A. Ferguson, Tower, 152 East 33d Street. J. E. F. Clark (Electric) 84 West 26th St. Mrs. M. C. Scott, 99 East 28th Street, near 3d av. Dr. W. Reynolds, 287 Bowersy. Hours 2 to 5 P. M. Mrs. Towne, Milton Village, Ulster County, residence of Beverly Quick. Dr. L. Wheeler, 175 W. Bleeker St. 5½ to 11 A. M. 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Mrs. Forest Whiting, No. 69 3d av. 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M. Mrs. Alma D. Giddings, 238 Greene St. Mrs. Ward (Electric) 195 Nassau St., Brooklyn. Take Flushing avenue cars from Fulton Ferry.

## SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

SUNDAY CONFERENCE, Dodworth's Hall, 3 P. M. LAMARINE HALL, cor. 20th St. and 8th av. Sunday 10½ A. M. Conference every Wednesday 7½ P. M. DODWORTH'S HALL, 806 Broadway, Sunday, 10½ A. M. 3 and 7½ P. M.

## PUBLIC MEDIUMS.

Mrs. W. R. Hayden, 66 West 14th St., west corner 6th avenue. J. B. Conklin, 599 Broadway. 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Mrs. M. L. Van Houghton, Test and Medical, 54 Great Jones St. All hours. Mrs. E. C. Morris, 599 Broadway. Office hours 9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7 to 9. Mrs. H. S. Seymour, Psychometrist and Impressionist Medium, 21 West 13th St., between 5th and 6th avs. Hours from 9 to 2 and 6 to 8. Circles every Thursday evening. A fee of 15 cents expected. Mrs. Johnson, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 335 Grand St. Mrs. Sarah E. Wilcox, Test & Healing, 558 Broome St. Mrs. R. A. Beck, Test, Developing, and Healing Medium, 27 Fourth St., N. Y. 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Mrs. A. W. Delafosse, Test and Clairvoyant, 176 Varick. 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Mrs. Gookin, Developing and Clairvoyant, 1151 Broadway, (old No. 995.) Circles every Tuesday evening. Mrs. Forest Whiting, Healing and Developing, No. 69 3d avenue, below 12th St. Mrs. E. Lyon, Writing and Trance Test Medium, 183 Eighth Avenue. Mrs. Fitch, Clairvoyant and Trance Healing Medium, 407 Fifth Street, New York.

## PRINCIPAL FERRIES.

To Brooklyn, from Whitehall St. to Hamilton av. and Atlantic St.; from Wall St. to Montague; from Fulton St. to Fulton St.; from Governor St. to Bridge St. near the Navy Yard; from Catherine Street to Main Street. To Williamsburgh, from Roosevelt St. to South 7th St. from Grand St. to South 7th and Grand Sts.; from East Houston St. to Grand St. To Greenpoint, from 10th and 23d Sts. To Jersey City, N. J. from Cortlandt St. To Hoboken, from Barclay, Canal, and Christopher Sts. To Weehawken, from Christopher St. To Long Dock N. Y. & Erie R. R., from Chambers St. Staten Island, in Whitehall St. nr Battery, every kb.

## EXPRESS OFFICES.

Adams' Express Co. 59 and 442 Broadway. American and Kinsley's, 72 and 416 Broadway. Harnden's, National, and Hope, 74 and 442 Broadway. United States, 82, 251 and 416 Broadway. Manhattan City, for baggage, 276 Canal St.

## FARES.

To the Central Park, or any point below it, by the 3d, 6th, or 8th av. cars, 5 cents. To Yorkville and Harlem, by 2d or 3d av. cars, 6 cents. Anywhere on the route of 9th or 4th av. cars, 3 cents. To 23d St. cor. 5th av. or any point below it on the 8th av. Bleeker St. and Broadway below Bleeker, 5 cents in the Knickerbocker line of stages. These are distinguished by their color—dark blue. Other lines of omnibuses, through Broadway and the various avenues and leading streets of the city charge six cents, payable on entering. Ferries to Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, generally 2 cents, or 16 tickets for 25 cents.

For public hacks the legalized rates are: For any distance not exceeding one mile, 30 cents for one passenger, 75 for two, and 38 for each additional one. For any distance exceeding one mile, but less than two, 75 cents is allowed for one fare, and ½ of a dollar for each additional person. Every passenger is allowed one trunk, portmanteau, or box. \$1 per hour is the time tariff.

## CARTAGE AND PORTERAGE.

Heavy parcels are carried upon drays. The carmen who own them are allowed charge ¼ of a dollar per mile. Household furniture 30 cents, and 50 cts. extra for loading, unloading, and housing it. There are City Expresses having offices in various locations, that carry parcels and packages generally from place to place within the business limits of the city for 25 cents each. Porterage is 12 cents for a package carried a distance of half a mile or less, and 25 cents if taken on a wheelbarrow or hand-cart. If half a mile is exceeded, 30 per cent. is added to the tariff, and so on.







## Ready next Week. THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL.

FOR  
1862.

COMPRISING

An Almanac, A Spiritual Register,  
AND A

### GENERAL CALENDAR OF REFORM.

The Publishers of the PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL take pleasure in announcing the appearance of this useful Handbook for Spiritualists and Reformers. It is a fresh, live compendium of valuable facts and data, comprehensive and liberal in spirit.

This little book contains more names, and more classes of progressive men and women, than was ever before published in one volume. It is designed as the first of a yearly series; future numbers to be issued on the first of January of each year.

It should be in the hands of every reader of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, and will prove an excellent pamphlet for wide distribution.

The following extract from the Preface will serve to define the purpose of the PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL:

"The object of this little ANNUAL is neither to build up a sect, nor to herald the operations of a clique. It is designed to impart information concerning principal persons and important movements in the different departments of thought and reform: at once affording proof of the world's progress, and suggesting, by a broad and catholic spirit, the real unity of all Progressive Movements—the true fraternity of all Reformers."

"This, our Progressive Catalogue, is designed to be enough broad and impartial to include the names of the Leaders, Speakers, Writers, and Workers, in the several fields of Inspiration, Philanthropy, Science, and General Reform."

"We have proceeded on the blessed conviction that no truly enlightened friend of Truth and Progress in one department can long continue unsympathetic toward other and different efforts for the world's spiritualization and happiness. The progressive Spiritualists of America have no creed as the basis of their association or action. They are confined to the boundary of no sectarian authority. Among them are many of the most earnest and energetic friends of Human Progress. Hence they are pre-eminently disposed to institute multifarious and unselfish efforts for mankind's amelioration and improvement."

"In the light of a faith thus comprehensive and fraternal, we have sought to compile the PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL, and in this spirit we trust it will be acceptable to all those who 'love their fellow men.'"

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THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL contains 70 pages, 12mo, and will be sent by mail, postpaid, for 15 cents. Ten copies for \$1.00.

Friends of Progress will aid the cause by giving this ANNUAL an extensive circulation.

Orders should be addressed to  
A. J. DAVIS & CO.,  
274 Canal Street, New York.

## A Remarkable Case of Spirit Healing, THROUGH THE HANDS OF MR. JAMES A. NEAL.

Mr. Editor: The following case of cure, performed through the agency of Dr. James A. Neal, 371 Fourth street, this city, is so remarkable and so worthy of record, that I respectfully request space in your journal for its recital. I do this with the hope that through its publication, other sufferers may be led to the same "good Samaritan" and thereby obtain relief, and get strength to "go on their way rejoicing." I have also the hope that it may meet the eye of some of those who still disbelieve the "ministry of angels," and be the means of leading them into the "more excellent way."

John T. Bligh, the subject of this cure, is the son of a respectable physician, long a resident and practitioner at Claysville, N. Y., and was himself partially educated in the classic mysteries of Allopathy. Going west in search of fortune, he became mate on board of one of our western steamboats, which position he held for many years, subject to all the exposures, fluctuations, and temptations of river life, until his health broke down, and he was compelled to abandon it. At Louisville, Ky., he became, in November, 1860, an inmate of the "Sisters of Mercy Hospital," where his disease was pronounced chronic inflammation of the bladder; and he remained there under treatment five months, when his funds being exhausted, he was compelled to leave, which he did about April 20, 1861, being then worse than when he entered the Institution. He was informed by the physicians in attendance there, that his case was incurable. From Louisville he found his way to this city, and was, through the kindness of the officers of that best of modern Hospitals—St. Luke's—admitted a patient there some time in August last. There he had all the comforts and kindness which so distinguish that Institution, and the medical skill of Doctors Bumstead, Buck, and Peters, who are considered as being in the front rank of Allopathic science. The treatment there was by blistering, cauterization, injection, and medication. After six months' treatment, his case was abandoned as incurable, and he was discharged without any permanent benefit. During his residence at the hospital he was a great sufferer from pains arising from the disease and from the mode of treatment. He could not retain the urine, and at times was compelled to void it every five or ten minutes, and ordinarily from thirty to forty times a day. When the writer (who saw him constantly during his stay at St. Luke's) first became acquainted with his case, he could rarely endure an interval of over a quarter of an hour. Before leaving the hospital, he was candidly told by the Home Physician that nothing could be done for him—that he might live many years, but could not reasonably expect to be any better.

After he left St. Luke's, the writer, feeling interested in him, and anxious, if possible, to aid him in some way that might prove permanently advantageous, took him to Dr. Neal. After explaining the circumstances of his case, his lack of pecuniary means, away from home, &c., the Doctor kindly volunteered to treat him for a mere pittance, and on the following day (March 4) he commenced. Up to the present time (twenty-five days) he has had seventeen operations, or rather applications. Dr. Neal's method of treatment is simply the application of the hands. It is no part of my business to explain this, nor yet to attempt any vindication of it. I was myself as ignorant of it, until the case of Mr. Bligh brought it to my notice, as an unborn child. I simply desire to state facts, and let the result speak for the truth. Mr. Bligh is now beside me. He is nearly, if not quite as well as he ever was in his life, and only wants a little time and nourishment to make him a robust, hearty man.

When he went to Dr. Neal, he was thin and emaciated, weak and trembling in his limbs, suffering intensely from pain, low spirited and hopeless, scarcely able to walk a quarter of a mile, without energy or purpose. He is now, in three weeks and four days, gaining flesh rapidly, is bright and cheerful, can walk five miles without discomfort, has energy and ambition, stands firm and erect, and is intending to go to work to-morrow at regular employment. His urine, which was scalding, dark, and muddy, now flows freely, painlessly, clear, and natural, and does not require to be voided more frequently than is ordinary with healthy persons. He is constantly and regularly improving. The facts above stated, up to the time when I saw Mr. Bligh in St. Luke's, I take from his own narrative, and I believe his statement. Since his admission to St. Luke's in August last, I give what I "have seen and do know," and every item can be verified by applying at the hospital. The physicians named are not at all reflected upon. They deservedly stand high in the community. The hospital is the best in the country, if not in the world. But it appears that what science, with all her best appliances, could not accomplish, but gave up as hopeless, has been effected through this unassuming and excellent man in a few weeks. Through his marvelous power of "Healing," a fellow man, a brother, is saved from the very jaws of ruin and despair! If this should be the means of leading but one poor sufferer to the same fountain of health, you and I, Mr. Editor, will be more than rewarded in the consciousness of having assisted, although indirectly, in an act of mercy.

Yours, for the sake of suffering humanity,  
JOHN F. CLARK.

THE PATIENT'S TESTIMONY.—This is to certify that I have read the above communication, and have much pleasure in endorsing it in every particular as a faithful relation of my case, the treatment received, and of my cure by Dr. J. A. Neal. It is not in any manner overstated. On the other hand, it fails to convey more than a faint idea of my sufferings, and the relief and comfort which I now experience.

JOHN T. BLIGH.  
New York, March 30th, 1862.

### Circular to the Philanthropic.

A great calamity has fallen upon the town of Gloucester, Mass., in consequence of severe gales at sea, which have resulted in the loss of many vessels with their entire crews, thereby leaving in this community a large number of families who need assistance from the benevolent in this season of their distress. The losses at sea attendant upon the fishing business were quite heavy during the month of January last, consisting of four vessels, two of them with their entire crews. In addition to this, by the severe gales of February 24th and 25th, our fleet received great damage, and we have lost fifteen vessels more, (thirteen of them, with their entire crews,) and still another is missing, with but faint hopes of her safety.

Thus the disasters of the present season involve the loss to Gloucester of twenty vessels, one hundred and forty men, and an amount in property from ninety to one hundred thousand dollars.

This terrible bereavement has cast a gloom over our community, and carried sorrow and mourning to many hearts. There are seventy-five widows, and one hundred and sixty fatherless children, who, by this dispensation, need charity for their temporary support. Our people are doing all in their power to alleviate the distress, and contribute to the comfort of the needy and unfortunate.

We need some help from abroad. The undersigned, a committee chosen at a public meeting of the citizens of Gloucester, holden on the 20th instant, have deemed it proper to issue this circular, asking aid, in this hour of adversity, from such communities and individuals as may feel disposed to regard our appeal.

The contributions asked for are entirely designed for the relief of suffering families, who, by this misfortune, are left without protectors, or the present means of subsistence, and their case certainly commends itself to the sympathy and consideration of all who learn this sad story.

Will you please take such action in reference to this circular as you may deem expedient, and any contributions for the object above named will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged by any member of the Committee.  
Joshua P. Trask, Gloucester; Eppes W. Merchant, Gloucester; Joseph O. Proctor, Gloucester; Gorham P. Low, Gloucester; Wm. Parsons, 2d, Gloucester; George Garland, Gloucester; James W. Pattillo, Gloucester; Edward Babson, Gloucester; John Pew, Gloucester; George H. Rogers, Boston; Reuben Ropes, New York; Ripley Ropes, Salem; Cyrus Story, Jr., Gloucester; S. Cunningham, Gloucester; Wm. A. Pew, Gloucester; Addison Gilbert, Gloucester; Benj. H. Corliss, Gloucester.

GLoucester, Mass., March 22, 1862.  
The above circular makes the strongest possible appeal to the active sympathies of all charitable persons. We hope a generous public will fully respond with willing hearts to this appeal, and contribute each his or her mite to aid these destitute families.

Those who may feel a desire to render such aid, can remit to us, and we will forward the amount received without delay to Mr. Joshua P. Trask, of Gloucester. The names of the donors will be published in this paper, when desired.

### A FINE LIFE-LIKE MEDALLION LIKENESS

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H. L. TRYON, 382 Sixth Avenue.

### PHOTOGRAPHS OF

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.  
MEADE, BROTHERS, 233 Broadway, opposite Park Barracks, have taken three splendid Photographs of Mr. Davis. Copies for sale, from 25 cents to \$1.00.

### Military and Collegiate Institute.

THE EAGLEWOOD COLLEGIATE AND MILITARY SCHOOL is now in successful operation, with a corps of efficient Teachers in the various departments. Military discipline and instruction in horsemanship are added to the former advantages enjoyed at the "Eaglewood School," for physical training.  
M. N. WISEWELL, Principal,  
96tf  
Eaglewood, Perth Amboy, N. J.

### Medical.

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