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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 expiration 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 personal use) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."

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

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

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

MARY M. B., NEW YORK.—"Death, by a spirit," is received.

H. A., FAYETTE, IOWA.—We can no longer supply vol. 2, unbound.

"A STUDENT," CONN.—We have your answer to the question, "Is there an Omnipotent Power?"

MRS. EDWIN J., NEW YORK.—We shall soon admit your contribution, entitled "The Death-Trap." Thank you for it.

POEMS DECLINED.—Lines in Response to C. W. V.; "The Suspense of War"; "A Mother's Dream"; "A Criticism"; "Onward."

C. B. P., NEWPORT, R. I.—Your chapters on "Ancient Glories," Nos. 43 and 44, are received. No. 43 will appear in our next.

L. G. B.—We are glad you have heard "The Call of May." We may not print the lines, but the spirit in which they were written is ever genial and welcome.

S. E. P., PETERBORO, N. H.—Your contribution is received. Thanks for that and for the fragrance-breathing blossoms, which came to us as a benediction fresh from the heart of May.

A. H., CHAGRIN FALLS, O.—The communication from your friend has good suggestions. Our reason for declining it was that the style is rather too ordinary.

E. L. W., MADISON.—Your friendly lines have performed their mission of encouragement, and we need not give them to the public. Thanks for your appreciation.

"EMMIE."—Your contribution on "Death" abounds in good thoughts and solid argument. But would not a prose form be better? It could easily be changed. Shall we return it to you for this purpose?

L. M. W., COLD WATER, MICH.—"Savanarola" is received. Thanks for the continuation of your series. May kindly influences from the high and holy Home blend with Earth's balm and beauty, to bless and elevate your aspiring spirit.

CHARLOTTE F. K., NEW HAVEN.—Gage's Lake is in Illinois. The meeting in a school-house, reported for our columns by J. G., was one of the signs of the times. If you wish to reach the reporter of said meeting, address Mr. John Gage, Waukegan, Ill.

S. J. F., GENEVA, O.—The editorial drawer is larger than the capacity of our Journal. Therefore, although your paper might not appear for a few weeks, it would be both welcome and safe in our possession. Let us have the offspring of your thought and inspiration.

M. S. B., NORTH EATON.—In all your struggles with grim poverty, let the consciousness of having done right console and strengthen you. A reward is waiting for the world's faithful workers, however limited may seem their sphere of effort. Never despair.

"nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

For the Herald of Progress.
Correction.

BRO. DAVIS: I am made in my last communication in the HERALD to exhibit some rather awkward historical blunders.

I certainly did not intend to say that Elephanta is in Judea. But your printer knocked my I out, and put in a J; inverted my n into a u, and thus made India read Judea.

Instead of giving the names of Christnu's parents as Naveda and Uria, I intended them to read Nanda and Maia. "The River Jamma" should read, "The River Jamna;" "Epidamias" should be "Epidarmia;" and "Sentonius" should read "Seutonius."

HARVEYSBURG, O. K. GRAVES.
[Correspondents will please observe that it is important to correct printing to write with great care—especially the names of persons and places.—Ed.]

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Oh, Brother man! fold to thy heart thy Brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.
WHITTIER.

For the Herald of Progress.

Morning Visions.

In a well-located and comfortably-arranged apartment, a small knot of inquiring minds were gathered together for the purpose of acquiring knowledge through interchange of thought and sentiment. The conversation turned upon the subject of open communion between the human and the angel or spirit world. After a somewhat protracted discussion, in which each individual took part, it was unanimously decided that the opportunity should then and there be cultivated, to obtain an interview with those whose existence is passed in the so-called higher life.

At one end of the room, resting against the wall, stood the life-size portrait of a beautiful female: one who in early life, before the age of thirty years, had passed away to dwell in her angel home, and had left a happy young family to buffet the tide of earth's adversities without the care or guidance of a mother.

It was made known to a susceptible person among the inquiring group, that they were favored with the real presence of this gifted mind—one who, in her angel home, had attained to a spiritual elevation far beyond that she had been able to reach in earth-life—and that she would manifest to them the extent of this change by causing it to appear upon the portrait before them. Whilst they might now, upon the picture, view her features and expression as they were at the period when the portrait was painted, they should very soon see in the same picture the expression of her later and higher condition.

It was also added that it did not signify if the portrait itself should be acted upon, or if a psychological influence should be exercised upon the minds of those present—in either case the real presence of an invisible intelligence and will would be experienced.

The quiet calm that reigned among the group, spoke how unanimously this truth was acquiesced in.

In appearance, a gradual change now came over the picture. The divine supervened upon the human. Celestial calmness, heavenly aspiration, divine radiance, shone forth from the face with unspeakable effect upon the gathered circle. Murmurs of approbation manifested themselves, and a universal thanksgiving welled up from their hearts, that such an opportunity and enjoyment had been theirs to participate in.

From among their number a single voice spoke, to the effect that the nations of earth might well welcome the conflict which is at the present time engaging this country, as it inaugurates outwardly the dawn of the day, which, ere its sun shall have set, will find the women of earth possessed of the same celestial developments as that manifested upon the countenance before them.

Instantly, and by all in the group, there was felt a voice whose language was in telegrams over the fibers of their several natures, and which spoke in words according to the natural organization of each. The purport of the message was as follows:

You demand the freedom of the negro, and in your discussions the question arises what shall be done with them if set free: the answer is, *do right*, and permit results to evolve in the course of divine destiny.

The freedom of the negro is a first step towards UNIVERSAL FREEDOM; therefore, go on with the glorious work.

Would you have woman attain to the condition indicated upon the *tableau* which is before you, let woman be FREE!

Do right! and permit results to evolve in the course of divine destiny. P. H. G.

WISDOM will never let us stand with any man or men on an unfriendly footing. We refuse sympathy and intimacy with people as if we waited for some better sympathy and intimacy to come. But whence and when? To-morrow will be like to-day. Life wastes itself whilst we are preparing to live. Our friends and fellow-workers die off from us. Scarcely can we say, We see new men, new women, approaching us. We are too old to regard fashion, too old to expect patronage of any greater or more powerful. Let us suck the sweetness of those affections and consuetudes that grow near us. These old shoes are easy to the feet. Undoubtedly, we can easily pick faults in our company, can easily whisper names prouder, and that tickle the fancy more. Every man's imagination bath its friends; and life would be dearer with such companions. But, if you cannot have them on good mutual terms, you cannot have them. If not the Deity, but our ambition, hews and shapes the new relations, their virtue escapes, as strawberries lose their flavor in garden-beds.—EMERSON.

REAL virtue is most loved where it is most nearly seen, and no respect which it commands from strangers, can ever equal the never-ceasing admiration it excites in the daily intercourse of domestic life.—PLUTARCH.

Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

Drugs and Drugging.

"Good master doctor,
And precious master apothecary, I do pray ye
To give me leave to live a little longer!
Ye stand before me like my mourning weeds."

MR. EDITOR: While you give an "open ring and fair play" to those who seem to have what may be called a *diathesis* for medicine, let me hope that I may find a place in your columns for my protest against the pill-box, and all forms of drugs and drugging. My opinion is that dosing, as a *habit*, is an evil, and all those tendencies of allopathy, homeopathy, or any other "pathy," which recommend "something to take" as a medicine, are to be classed with the preaching of hell-fire as a remedy for total depravity. One prescribes strychnine, a deadly poison, as a cure for the piles, and another prescribes eternal damnation as a check against sinners and sin.

Information, a knowledge of Nature's laws, is what is most needed, not medicine or nuxvomica carrying in the pocket; or, as one writer recommends, that this poison should always "be at hand, and immediately administered, to save from the most painful and lamentable consequences."

The pill is sugared to make it palatable, and the poison is put into infinitesimal doses, because there is a charm in their nothingness. Multitudes swallow the little pills because they are little, and bewitched with the idea that they must "take something," they supply their pockets with "nuxvomica," or some other poison, so as to have it "always at hand," and swallow at any time, because it is so very small. For twenty-nine years I have been practically familiar with homeopathy, and here are my objections to it as a system of drugging:

1. It gives a fanciful theory of disease. Hahnemann says that *psora*, or the *itch*, is the fundamental cause of all forms of disease.

2. Hahnemann and homeopathy maintain that there is no *recuperative power* in the animal organism whatever; no curative principle in the VITAL FORCES; but that the power which cures is always in the medicine.

3. Homeopathy teaches that the *power*, the curative principle in medicine, is increased by attenuation—that is, a grain of "nuxvomica" is more powerful if diluted in a pint of water, more still diluted in a quart, and so on from a gallon to a barrel, a pond or the ocean full, *ad infinitum*.

4. The homeopathic axiom, *similia similibus curantur*, is fallacious. It never was or never can be acted upon to any extent, for the reason that there are no articles used as medicines which really produce effects *similar* to any disease, except such diseases as they themselves produce; nor do homeopaths attempt to carry out this absurdity. A foul breath is not cured by inhaling a stench. A fire is not put out by adding turpentine or gunpowder.

5. Remedies prescribed by homeopathy are fanciful and often disgusting. Dr. Mure, President of the Homeopathic College at Rio Janeiro, in his work called "Pathogenesis," announces with evident satisfaction a discovery he had made of a sovereign cure for hereditary *psora*, or *itch*; and he proceeds to say that the remedy is "*pediculus capitis*, the common louse."

6. And, finally, I object to homeopathy as a system of dosing, because the invalid is thus diverted from a knowledge of Nature's laws. Taught to carry "nuxvomica" in his pocket, he feels comparatively safe, while he lives in the constant violation of the laws of health. But the true doctrine teaches that when health is lost by transgressing the laws of life, it can be gained only by the reformation of bad habits. Hence it seems to me that all these recommendations of pills and powders, under the auspices of homeopathy or spiritualism, are to be deprecated. Rather let the invalid be instructed how he may assist the self-healing energies of his own nature; let him be made to see that if ever cured he must be self-cured—the power which cures is in the stomach, the lungs, and the vital forces of his own system.

Nature performs the cure and the pill-box gets the credit of it. All the cases dosed by nuxvomica or other nostrums, which have recovered, would have been cured by Nature's self-healing energies, had they never been interfered with by the doctors. When any cure occurs after swallowing the drug, it cannot be demonstrated to have been made by the medicine. The patient recovers in despite of the pills and powders. Many forms of disease terminate by conditions of the system of their own limitation, like mumps and measles. And, moreover, all forms of disease are periodical—the patient is well or sick, alternately; and when he swallows nuxvomica, previously to the approach of his well period, he erroneously

imagines that the medicine was the cause of his recovery.

In the good time that is coming, I am hopeful that the work and office of the doctor will be not to prescribe medicine, but to TEACH (as the word signifies) the laws of life. Ignorance of these laws, and their violation, precedes all cases of disease. Hence, what is needed is not more nuxvomica, more drugs, more nostrums, but more information, more wisdom, more knowledge.

"Joy, joy, bright as the morning,
Now, now on me will pour;
Hope, hope sweet is dawning,
No! I will not dose any more."

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.
BOSTON, April 20, 1862.

Testimony of William Howitt.

CAUSE OF HEALTH AND VIGOR.

The following, from the *Manchester (Eng.) Alliance News*, describes the habits of a distinguished literary veteran, William Howitt, who has maintained remarkable health and vigor, both of mind and body:

I am temperate because I have seen and felt the good policy of it. As a literary man, if I had fallen in with ordinary literary habits, I should not have been sitting here to write about the advantages of temperance. If I had lived as the majority of literary men of this age, as "a man about town," if I had lived in town, and kept the usual late hours, and passed evening after evening in hot, crowded rooms, breathing the deadly poison of physical effluvia, gas, and air deprived of its ozone; if I had sat over the bottle at late suppers, foolishly called dinners; and, in short, had "jollified" as my literary contemporaries call it, I should have been gone thirty years ago.

As it is, I have seen numbers of literary men, much younger than myself, dying off like rotten sheep—some of them in their very early youth, few of them becoming old. They have acquired great reputations; for, if you take notice, they who collect about the press, and jollify with one another, and cry up one another as prodigies, are the men who become most popular; and "verily they have their reward."

They reap much money, and much temporary fame, but at what price do they purchase it? At the cost of bodily as well as mental comfort; at the cost of life itself. For my part, seeing the victims to "fast life" daily falling around me, I have willingly abandoned the temporary advantages of such a life, and preferred less popularity, less gains; the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body; the blessings of a quiet, domestic life, and a more restricted but not less enjoyable circle of society.

I am now fast approaching my seventieth year. I cannot, indeed, say that I have reached this period, active and vigorous as I am, without the assistance of doctors. I have had the constant attendance of these four famous ones: Temperance, Exercise, Good Air, and Good Hours.

And now a word on work. Those who imagine that I only wag a goose-quill mistake a little. In that department, indeed, I have perhaps done as much work as any man living. Often, in early years, I labored assiduously sixteen hours a day. I never omit walking three or four miles, or more, in all weather. I work hard in my garden, and could tire down a tolerable man at that sort of thing. During my two years' travel in Australia, when about sixty, I walked, often under a burning sun of 120 or 130 degrees at noon, my twenty miles a day for days and weeks together; worked at digging gold, in great heat, and against young, active men, my twelve hours a day, sometimes standing in a brook. I waded through rivers—for neither man nor Nature had made many bridges—and let my clothes dry upon my back; washed my own linen, and made and baked my own bread before I ate it; slept occasionally under the forest tree; and through it all was as hearty as a roach!

And how did I manage all this, not only with ease, but with enjoyment? Simply because I avoided spirituous liquors as I would avoid the poison of an asp. The horrors which I saw there from the drinking of spirits were enough to make a man of the least sense sober. The extent to which spirit-drinking was carried may be judged of by the unexampled fact that one year during my stay, £900,000 were paid for duty on spirits alone, and that for a population of only 250,000 souls! Well, then, I think I have a claim to recommend to my fellow-workmen abstinence from beer, spirits, and tobacco, as the great copartner—as the very right hand of cooperation. They are all poisoners of the blood; they are all burnt-offerings unto death; they are all destroyers of the bottom of our pocket; and what is worse, destroyers of the peace of families, the constitutions of men, the domestic comfort and virtue of women, the physical stamina and the very life of children. They slay the morals of society, the intellects and the souls of men. As I read daily the police reports and the proceedings of our criminal courts, I trace the wide-spread pestilence of spirits, beer, and tobacco, in almost every outrage and misery. All these inflame the passions or becloud the intellect; they originate robbery of masters, and robbery of all kinds. They strip their practitioners of health, cloths, morals, and sanity; they convert them into madmen and devils. They fire the brain with frenzy, and arm the hand with bludgeons and knives against their own wives and children. The great bulk of the

crimes and calamities of society flow from the tap and the spigot!

By this indulgence—surely the most marvellous of infatuations!—an absurd appetite "set on fire of hell," the people encourage the Government to plunder them most cruelly, in the shape of excise duties. To furnish the Government with this duty, our working millions abandon every duty of their own. They set up over themselves a most terrible tyranny. They keep open gin-shops at every corner, even on Sunday evenings, when book-shops and simple refreshment-rooms are not allowed to be open.

Brotherhood.

"Let no man call God his Father
Who calls not man his brother."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Proposed Industrial University.

A few days since I arrived here for the purpose of aiding in the establishment of a self-sustaining institution of learning and industry on a domain of about 4,000 acres of land, owned by Ira Porter, Esq. I do not think a better location could be had for the purpose anywhere. Mr. Porter liberally proposes to put in this domain at \$25,000, and the improvements I would suppose must have cost nearly that sum, consisting of two steam circular saw-mills, of the best construction, now in running order, one large, new three-story building, with piazza in front, beautifully situated, with several comfortable dwellings, now ready for new occupants, with valuable work at the harbor at the outlet of Black Lake, about seven miles north of Grand Haven, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, in the county of Muskegon, Michigan.

Mr. Porter will take \$15,000 in the stock of the company, leaving \$10,000 to be paid by other stockholders, in payments running from one to four years. He will start one of the mills in a few weeks to run out some lumber on his own account from logs already secured, when the domain will be turned over to the organization, which, from present indications, will then be completed.

A joint-stock company is proposed of say \$100,000, with the privilege of extension, is desired, under the general laws of Michigan relating to educational institutions. It is intended to carry on the business of agriculture on a large scale, in the most thorough and scientific manner, with such other pursuits, mechanical and manufacturing, as may be found profitable, using very little, if any hand-labor, and relying almost entirely upon the labor of students, say eight hours a day in summer and six in winter, leaving them from six to eight hours daily for study. In return for this labor we propose to board and clothe them, furnishing medical attendance, school-books, &c., carrying them through a full course of education in all that men and women could reasonably expect to acquire in any institution of learning, including the languages and mathematics, as usually taught in our colleges, the sciences, with the practical adaptation to the business of life, and even the professions, if desired. We expect to be able to receive a limited number of students by the 15th of May. A gentleman now here, having had large experience in preparing young men for college, will remain until professors of languages and mathematics are secured.

It is proposed that the stock of the institution be held as far as possible by the resident members. Of these, we require about twenty to thirty families. We desire a tanner, with the implements of his trade, a carpenter, a millwright, shoe and harness-maker, a foundryman and several machinists, a tinner and coppersmith, one or two blacksmiths, a woolen manufacturer with a set of wool-carding and spinning-machines, male and female physician and surgeon, architect and teacher of draughting, civil engineer and teacher of mathematics, a gardener, seedsman and nurseryman, a dairyman, a wagon-maker, ship-builder, brick-mason and brick-maker, cabinet-maker and painter, printer, farrier, book-binder, pattern-maker, &c. It is desirable that all these should be somewhat accustomed to farm labor, or at least be willing to labor in the field when required. Having had large experience in the employment of work-people, we believe that, with good management, a fair dividend may be made on our stock, but we would not advise any one to join us merely for the purpose of making money. We hope to demonstrate that universities may be made *entirely self-sustaining*, against the opinion of the knowing ones to the contrary, and that at least one institution not controlled by a false theology in this country may live, and flourish, and do vast good to humanity. For this we may have to work hard, live without ostentation, and make some sacrifices.

We ought to accustom ourselves to economy, if for no other purpose than that we may be able to relieve those who, by extravagance, may have come to want, and our students will

be greatly benefited by our example in this respect. Their food and raiment should be as good as we and our children use, sufficient for all but what may be called for by the capriciousness of fashion or a taste vitiated by an effeminate indulgence.

Students will be expected to labor as faithfully and diligently as they would if working for hire, and they will of course be expected to conform cheerfully with the rules which it may be found necessary to adopt for the government of the institution. It will probably be necessary to take students on probation of, say three months, when, if found to have sufficient capacity and application, and without moral disqualification they will take the uniform and enter their names for a definite period as students; if not bearing the requisite examination, they will be discharged, as at West Point. It is useless to expend time and labor in attempting to thoroughly educate many of the ill-begotten specimens of humanity who often make their way through our colleges and universities.

We do not propose to establish an institution for the purpose of teaching socialism, as many seem to suppose; it is merely a company for carrying on farming, manufacturing, and education, by a limited number of stockholders, under the direction of officers, like a banking or railroad company. Some of the families of the resident proprietors may desire to reside in a unitary building, as families reside at the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York, for the sake either of economy or the greater comforts and conveniences which they may thus enjoy, while others may choose to be in separate dwellings. Facilities will be afforded for either. There are now several vacant dwellings on the domain, probably sufficient for those pioneer members who may join us this year.

We do not propose to establish an institution for the promulgation of any theological doctrine whatever. It is our wish to consecrate it to free speech and free thought, progress and industry. No religious tests will be required, either of members or students, and each public teacher may inculcate such religious views in his public discourses as he may think proper.

There will, of course, be unbelievers—those who think we cannot succeed; that we cannot afford to feed, clothe, and educate young men and women for their labor. Without going into an argument with them at this time on the subject, we may ask them to give us at least their good wishes and a fair trial. We may, however, remark that vast numbers of persons in our country are enabled to live on the wages received for ten hours' daily labor when they are unable to get work more than half the time. Their living, too, is far more expensive to them generally than the living of our students will be to us; they purchase at high prices, while we will produce nearly everything—food, clothing, &c.—while our teachers will labor with the pupils, and thus at least pay for their plain and economical support. It then comes to this: If people can be supported by the product of five hours' labor, buying at high rates, cannot our students be supported for eight hours' labor, with food and clothing at first cost? By their labor their food will be grown, their clothing manufactured, and buildings erected.

These lands were originally selected mainly on account of the valuable lumber upon them, but they are well adapted to tillage, and particularly to fruit. The western winds are so tempered by Lake Michigan that peach-buds have never been killed here, and the small fruits do remarkably well. For root-culture it is unequalled. Like much of the soil of Michigan it is rather light and sandy, but being without boulders it is well adapted to steam culture, and such soils make the most ready response to the applications of science. We hope to make our institution the most useful agricultural college of the West, by making known the best methods of making those lands highly productive which unskilled farmers have too lightly valued.

By the judicious application of machinery recently brought into successful use in other places, the land can be so cleared as to be ready for immediate tillage, without the obstruction of stumps; and the cord wood, railroad ties, fencing posts, and other lumber which can be easily secured, and for which there is a ready and unlimited market, will more than pay the expense of clearing, bringing immediate returns for the support of the institution, while the crops from the lands brought into subsequent culture, under proper scientific management, will, it is believed, be profitable. Two or three vessels will be required constantly in conveying the products of our forests to market, while using only a moderate force in clearing.

It is desired that those persons who apply for admission, either as students or members, may be as explicit in their letters as possible in regard to their qualifications. Nothing is too trifling to be stated, as we would know all about them that we can. In the language of Mr. Porter, "we propose no paradise for lazy dreamers. We want self-denying, industrious men and women, who see the mischief, and have the stability of purpose and courage to supply the remedy. We realize that each human being must have food and raiment, and also a nameless catalogue of supplies for his or her personal wants; that these cannot be produced without human labor, nor procured for use but by earning, begging, or stealing them; hence, all who neither earn nor beg what they consume, are thieves and robbers, climbing into respectability upon the false institutions of a bogus Christianity; that unless labor can be made honorable, and consuming idleness brought to its merited dis-

grace, 'the good time coming' will be long delayed."

It is very probable that many who are admirably qualified for members may not have the means necessary to bear their due proportion of the financial burden required at the commencement of the enterprise, in which case, it is confidently believed that the friends of the cause throughout the wide domain of Liberalism may be successfully appealed to for temporary aid in the shape of loans on the stock. But since it is determined that the institution shall be entirely self-supporting, it is not intended to make any calls on the public, as the sectarians do, for direct donations for the establishment of our university; but contributions to our library, and for expenses merely in perfecting our organization, will be gladly received, and such bequests as may be left to it would be sacredly devoted to the special purposes which donors might indicate.

The articles of organization have not been completed, and it is very possible some variation may be made from what is here indicated. Mr. Porter is about leaving for the purpose of moving his family here, and to consult with some friends of the cause in other places, when the articles of the company will probably be completed and printed. I wish the above to be received as an individual communication, aiming to give a fair view of the plans which he and I have considered proper and feasible. I cannot speak of Ira Porter too warmly. For more than twenty years he has had a measure of this kind near to his heart. His long business experience, great practical sagacity, and philanthropic spirit will render him invaluable to us as a resident member; while his ability as a writer and a public speaker, his purity of character, his indomitable industry and perseverance, the simplicity and urbanity of his manners, must endear him to all with whom he has intercourse.

By reference to the HERALD OF PROGRESS for December 21, 1861, it will be seen that an article, entitled "The New Industrial Education," by Mr. D. J. Mandell, embodies an article of mine, which led to a correspondence with Mr. Porter, and the selection of this location. From long experience as a teacher, and then as a manufacturer, I became confirmed in the opinion that some measure of this kind was greatly needed and would succeed, if rightly conducted. In a consultation of several days with Mr. Porter we have concluded that, whether we are the suitable parties for the undertaking or not, it should be attempted, and we shall be perfectly ready to retire and give place at any time to those better qualified for the great work when they shall appear. It will be enough for us if the work which we have been attempting to inaugurate shall go forward.

Letters to me (inclosing stamp) directed to Muskegon, Mich., will be responded to.

O. S. LEAVITT.

Philosophical Department.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals.

NUMBER TWENTY.

WORSHIP.

Nature shows us in all her subordinate processes, that manhood is her ultimate object with respect to the human race. To secure this result all her forces, or rather the Divine force in all its modes of manifestation through her, is required. A partial application of these powers can secure but a partial result. For example, a great mathematician may not be a great man. One may be good, without being very great, &c. To be both great and good, that is to say, to be fully a man, requisition must be made upon all the powers which bear upon the growth.

Hence the universality of the religious instinct as expressed in codes of morality, forms of faith, and worship of the Unseen. From the success attendant upon the faithful application of what forces in Nature man has already verified, it may be inferred that a further discovery and a like faithfulness will lead to like happy results. Worship—supreme reverence for the highest—is a part of human nature. Suppose the ability to give it natural expression, who can doubt that an immense advantage would accrue? Very well; being a natural instinct, it must have its natural laws. What are those laws? To do a natural thing unnaturally (as was seen in the art structure of the Devil) is to mar our own work. In the matter of worship, it is to make an idolater. It is to debase manhood. It incites selfishness. It deifies a monster, and makes the hope of reward or the fear of punishment the ground of intercession and reason for worship. Being against Nature, all this must lead to loss. Nature, setting out to make a man of you, and finding you prostrate at the feet of your own selfishness, is obliged to take another course. Be sure of this, you cannot escape her; she will bring you back to her own appointed heaven; but your path will lead through hell. She will see to it that you are educated, but the devil will be your school-master, and the expense of your education will be coined out of the very life-sweat of your own soul. Unnatural worship, then, that is to say, the power of reverence exercised without regard to the laws of its action, may be known in that it degrades manhood.

Observe a man growing narrower in sympathy, shrinking from human contact, running away from the world, in order to improve his holiness and deepen his devotion; and rest as-

sured there is an idol God and a false worship at the bottom of it. The fact is plain enough. It would be difficult for the apostle of any creed logically to separate its God from the attributes it ascribes to him; but where logic fails, the false worship succeeds to admiration. Logically, God is everywhere; practically, he is only in Utah or some mountain-cave, or, as more recently, he is at home in Westchester County. The omnipresent God of the Church creeds, is practically condensed to the dimensions of a man, the area of Judea, and the times of the Apostles: with what result, open your eyes and see. Run the scale down from Jesus of Nazareth to Pio Nono. Lower still—down to a Protestant apostolic representative, prone upon his bed, his hide anointed with mutton-tallow, and his wife at night prayer with her face to the wall, in a corner of the room, awaiting the influx of a new body.

Nature drops us into the world as a flock of sheep drop their lambs, in whatever pasture the shepherd has placed them. Like these, it is our business to grow where we are, to fatten on the pasture afforded us. This leaping the fences of society and running into the woods in order to be holy—to serve God by cutting yourself loose from man—is simply setting at defiance the law of God as expressed in Nature. It is giving all one's fellow-creatures over to the devil. It is virtually saying: "Your majesty, I hand the world over to you, do with it as seems best, without hindrance or even protest from me; only, don't jump my ditch; I ask but that this little spot shall be sacred from your incursions, in order that I and my appointed ones can serve God under easy circumstances, and work out an eternal salvation with light strain upon the muscles of our devoted souls."

Of course the devil accepts the compromise; agrees to respect the enchanted island, the world is shut out, and the worship begins. How it ends, we have sorry examples in abundance. Brother, mine, do you suppose God is rendered uncomfortable by your idol worship? When you bow down before a book or a priest, a piece of carved wood or painted canvass, do you imagine that you excite the divine jealousy? or when you strike an attitude and utter certain laudatory and supplicatory words in a measured tone, do you think yourself performing divine worship? "Oh! I reform it altogether." It is you who are injured by the idolatry and unmanly worship, not God.

Here is a test. Natural reverence worthily bestowed, always elevates. It lifts the worshiper nearer the plane of its object. Its vigor and purity are in the ratio of comprehension or appreciation of its object by the inspired soul. Now, consider, what must be the cause and the mode of such worship, with the omnipresent God for its object? Manifestly, if he is everywhere, so is his temple, and so must be his worship; if he is in everything, then is each a symbol, or expression of the divine presence; a knowledge of which, is the only natural stimulus of devotion. Access to the omnipresent God is to be realized in no other way. No true worshiper can desire to be more than in the presence of the divine, no more is possible to any soul; and, to be conscious of the divine omnipresence, is to appreciate the divine significance of things. The reverence, or worship, thence arising, is spontaneous and inevitable. The fact of this inevitable spontaneity is seen everywhere and every day. It is the ground of all man-worship, of all idol-worship, either of which is but the arrest of a true germ, in its natural growth destined to clasp its tendrils around the Infinite.

Give yourself no trouble then concerning your worship. Your soul is related to it, as certainly as your lungs are related to the air, or as perfume is natural to a flower. Find the highest good, the purest wisdom, the absolute truth, and your soul will expand in the love thereof, as naturally as your eye delights in beauty, or your ear in music.

It is not the going to church, that, of itself, belittles a man; it is not the reading of a book, listening to a discourse, eating a bit of bread, and drinking a spoonful of wine, &c.; these are all well in themselves; it is the constituting of them, acts of worship, or duties paid to God, that creates the mischief. It is the putting of right things to wrong use; and this cannot be done in any case without loss to the doer.

It cannot be denied that relatively noble men do all these things, and perhaps have full faith in their utility. But it is also not to be denied, that all their true greatness is wholly independent of their prescribed forms of faith and worship. Whenever they rise to the upper level of humanity, they invariably sink their idolatry. When, as some do, they resume that again, they inevitably sink themselves.

There is meaning in the ancient admonition: "Acquaint thyself with God and be at peace with him." Truly so, the greater our knowledge, the more intimate this acquaintance, the greater our peace. But believing in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, is not making acquaintance with God; it cannot be, though every word were truth. You have not made the acquaintance of Sir Isaac Newton until you understand him. How men have understood their Old and New Testaments let their creeds and cruelties answer. We have not yet outlived the curse of resorting to the book in order to find the eternal truth of things; nor shall we until the process is reversed, and we appeal to the ever-present right, as a test for the truth of the book. Our religion stands on its head. We read God in the light of the book, instead of reading the book in the light of God. In this way we become exceedingly learned in our misapprehension of both. Every hour thus employed, plunges us into deeper darkness. Pursue it

zealously, and the chances are even whether you land in mutton-tallow as a means of grace, or in French philosophy as the beginning and end of wisdom.

R. T. H.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Demoniacal Epidemic in Savoy.

FRIEND DAVIS: In reading the *Revue Spirite* for April, a very interesting journal of spiritual and psychological matters, published in Paris, I find an article upon a "Demoniacal Epidemic," as it is termed, which has lately taken place at Savoy. It presents several interesting features, and thinking it might please some of your readers, I have translated it for the benefit of those who may not see that valuable journal—yet who will be gratified to know that the deepest interest is felt throughout Europe in our true, beautiful, and all-radiant faith.

Your advanced readers will see at once that these manifestations are but the infancy of Spiritualism, and though sad and somber, they are but as shadows in the Spiritual valleys—the lofty heights and hill tops of a pure Spiritualism, being ever bathed in golden sunshine.

But Europe is awake. In beautiful Italy the spirits are working bravely, though in an atmosphere of superstition more fatal to intellectual freedom and progress than the Upas-blast to human life; but the "cry is still they come." A society of Spiritualists has been organized at Vienna, under the auspices of the French society. An edition of 10,000 of Kardec's work on Spiritualism has been exhausted; it has, also, been translated into German, Russian, and Polish. Mlle. Clemence Guerin has issued a biographical essay upon A. J. Davis, and the spirit of Joan of Arc has dictated her life, through Mlle. Ermace Dufaux, a medium of but fourteen years. Dr. LeGrand, Vice-consul of France, has written a letter upon Spiritualism. The Church is bringing its heaviest artillery to bear, but the little "Monitor," *Spiritualism*, will send the splinters flying from her old wooden walls.

"En Avant!" is the motto of *La Belle France*, and "By St. Paul, the work goes bravely on!"

Yours truly, A. W. FENNO.

The journals have spoken several times of an epidemic monomania that has appeared in a part of High Savoy, and against which all the efforts of medicine and religion (meaning theology) have been exerted in vain. The only means that have produced results at all satisfactory, is the removing of individuals attacked to different cities. We have received on the subject the following letter from Captain B—, member of the Spiritual Society of Paris, at this time at Annecy:

ANNECY, March 7, 1862.

MONS. LE PRESIDENT: Thinking I might render myself useful to the society, I have the honor of sending you a pamphlet that has been handed to me, by my friend, Dr. Caille, who has been charged by the minister to follow up the inquiries made by M. Constant, Inspector of Lunatic Asylums, on the numerous cases of demonomania observed in the Commune of Morzine, District of Thonon, High Savoy. This unhappy population is still under the influence of obsession, and in spite of the exorcisms and medical treatment, and the measures taken by the authorities having charge of the hospital of the Department, the cases, though somewhat diminished, have not ceased; the evil still exists; that is to say, is only in abeyance. The Cure, wishing to exorcise the unhappy ones, mostly children, had them taken to the church by powerful men, but no sooner had he pronounced a few Latin words than a frightful scene took place—the children uttering fearful cries, leaping furiously, and falling into convulsions. Such was the excitement that it was necessary to send for the gendarmes and infantry to keep order.

I have not been able to procure all the information I could wish, but it seems to me these things are serious enough for your examination. Dr. Arthaud, of Lyons, has read the report of the Medical Society of this city, which report is printed in the *Medical Gazette* of Lyons, which you can procure from your correspondent. We have in the hospital of this city two women of Morzine who are under treatment. Dr. Caille concludes it is an epidemic nervous affection that defies all medical treatment and exorcism, and the isolation of the patient is alone productive of a beneficial result.

All the unhappy obsessed pronounce in their cries ordinary words; they make prodigious leaps over tables, and climb trees to their very tops, sometimes prophesying.

If these things presented themselves in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the convents, it is not less true that in our day they offer to us a subject of study. It is now five years since the first case was observed.

I have the honor to send you all the documents and information I have been enabled to procure.

Yours, &c., B.

The following communications on this subject have been given at the sittings of the Society of Paris by the guardian spirits of the circle:

"It is not to the physicians, but to the magnetizers—the Spiritualists and the spirits—that you must send to disperse the legion of bad spirits wandering on your planet. For a long time these unhappy people, tainted by their impure contact, have suffered both in body and morals. Where is the remedy? ask you. Good will come of evil; for man, frightened by these manifestations, will well come with transport the good spirits who succeed them, as the day succeeds the night. This poor population are ignorant of all intellectual labor, and not having received communication from intelligent spirits, or have not perceived them. The initiation of this impure crowd of spirits has opened eyes that were firmly closed, and the disorders and acts of madness are but the prelude of the initiation of all who wish to participate in the great spiritual light. Exclaim not against this cruel fashion or man-

ifestation. Everything has its purpose, and suffering brings forth good fruit, as the storm destroys the harvest in one country, while it fertilizes another."

(GROGRES.)

[Medium, MADAM COSTEL.]

"The cases of demonomania taking place at the present time at Savoy, have appeared in other countries in Europe, particularly in Germany, but principally in the East. The seeming anomalies are more characteristic than you think; in effect, it reveals to the attentive observer a situation analogous to those manifestations in the last years of Paganism. No one forgets that when Christ, our well-beloved master, was incarnated in Judea, under the features of Jesus, the carpenter's son, this country had been overrun by legions of bad spirits, who had taken possession, as at the present day, of the classes of society most ignorant, seizing on the feeblest and least informed; in a word, of the classes having the care of cattle and laboring in the fields. Do you not perceive a very great analogy between the manifestations of the present and other days? and here is a profound teaching, and you must conclude that the time predicated approaches nearer and nearer when the Son of Man shall return to chase away this new crowd of impure spirits; when he will strike them to the earth and renew the Christian faith, giving his high and divine sanction to the consoling revelations and regenerating teachings of Spiritualism."

"But to return to these actual cases of demonomania. It is necessary to recall to the learned that the physicians of the age of Augustus followed the prescriptions of Hippocrates in treating the unhappy possessed, but all their science was shattered before this unknown power; also at the present day your inspectors of epidemics, your most distinguished doctors of Savoy, your wise doctors of a pure materialism, are stranded before this malady, entirely moral; this epidemic, entirely spiritual. But what imports it, my friends, to you, whom grace has newly touched? You know well that all these evils are curable to those who have faith. Hope, then, and wait with confidence the coming of him who has already redeemed humanity. The hour approaches. The spirit persecutor is already incarnated, and soon there will be the clear presentation of the doctrine: 'Without charity there can be no health.' ERASTE."

[Medium, MADAM D'ANNELE.]

The article concludes with the following remarks from the pen of the able editor of the *Revue*, Mons. Allen Kardec, author of "*Le Spiritisme à sa plus simple Expression*," "*Qu'est que le Spiritisme*," "*Le Livre des Esprits*," et "*Le Livre des Médiuns*":

From what has preceded, we are inclined to believe these effects are not from any affection, but an occult influence, and we have reason to believe that we have had numerous cases identical, and that the teachings of Spiritualism are able to meet all cases of obsession. It has been demonstrated by experience that malevolent spirits move both the mind and body with which they identify themselves, and which they use as if it were their own, provoking ridiculous cries, acts, and disordered movements, which have all the appearance of madness and monomania. An explanation can be found in our "*Book of Mediums*," chapter, "*Obsession*," and in a following article, where we cite several cases which demonstrate incontrovertibly the manner. In effect, it is a sort of madness, and we may give this name to all the states where the spirit acts not freely. In this point of view, drunkenness is accidental madness.

It is necessary, then, to distinguish between madness pathological and madness obsessional. The first is produced by disorder in the organs and manifestations of thought. Observe, in this state the spirit is not mad; it holds possession of all its faculties; but the instrument through which it manifests itself being disordered, the thought, or expression of thought, is incoherent.

The obsessed madness is not an organic injury. It is the spirit itself that is affected by its subjection to a strange spirit, who has mastery and dominion. In the first place, it is necessary to heal the sick organs; in the second, it is sufficient to deliver the sick spirit from its impure keeper, in order to render it free. The cases are similar, and are often taken for genuine madness, which are but obsession, for which it is necessary to employ moral means, not medicines. By physical treatment and by contact with true madmen, we are enabled to tell the true madness, and where it does not exist.

Spiritualism has opened a new horizon to all the sciences, bringing the clearest light on a subject formerly so obscure—mental maladies—and showing the cause which, until our day, has not been taken into account—the real cause, proved by experience, of which we have so lately learned the truth. But how to have this admitted by those who are ready to send to the lunatic asylums, all who have the weakness to believe they have a soul, and that soul plays a part in the vital functions, and that it outlives the body.

Thank God, for the good of humanity, Spiritual ideas are making more progress among our physicians than we could have hoped, and we are enabled to see in the future, not far distant, the time when our physicians will leave the ranks of materialism.

The isolated cases of physical obsession, or subjugation, seem like a flight of locusts; a troop of bad spirits take possession of a certain number of individuals, and these, spreading and producing a moral epidemic, ignorance, feebleness of the faculties, and want of intellectual culture, places them in a position naturally to be taken. This is why spirits show the preference to a certain class; while persons of intelligence and superiority are almost entirely exempt. It is probably, as says Eraste, an epidemic of the same class as raged in the days of Christ, which is so often spoken of in the Gospels.

But why was his word sufficient to cast out what we still call demons? That proves that the evil is only to be removed by moral influence; and none will deny the moral influence of Christ. How, then, says one, we have employed the moral influence, and it avails nothing; if it has nothing produced, then the remedy was nothing, and it is necessary to try some other.

Study Spiritualism, and you will learn the reason. Spiritualism alone, in showing the true cause of this evil, gives the true means to combat scourges of this nature. When we say study, we mean to study earnestly and

seriously, not in the hopes of finding a common recipe, to be used on the first occasion. These cases, probably, the time of our recognition of the action of the invisible world in the phenomena of Nature. The time has come, and Science possesses the key to many of these mysteries, and seeks to throw down the most formidable barrier that opposes its progress—materialism, which narrows the circle of observation, in place of enlarging it.

My Spiritual Experiences.

EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS, DEAR SIR: You have more than once expressed a desire that I should give you a few facts. I have hitherto hesitated to comply with your request, believing that I could relate no unusual occurrence worth noting. It has, however, struck me that what I have to communicate may add a little to the weight of evidence already accumulated in favor of the cause of Spiritualism. If so, you are welcome to my experiences.

When in Paris, in 1860, I was acquainted with a lady who was a devoted Spiritualist. I attended (as an unbeliever), my first circle at her house. The moment I placed my hands on the table, I felt the trembling, and knew when the raps were about to take place, and also was frequently impressed with the answers to questions which were afterwards rapped out by the spirits. They said, at that seance, that I was a medium.

The same evening I had two or three friends with me in the house, to whom I related the events of the morning. They begged me to sit at a table, and consequently three ladies—including myself—and one gentleman, formed a circle.

None of my friends had ever seen anything of the kind before. The moment our hands were on the table there was a violent trembling, followed by loud raps, as if made by a stick, and the table obeyed my request to follow me, fall on the floor, rise up again, and even to raise itself a short distance from the ground. All this time our hands were lightly touching the top of it.

My next experience was rather a curious one. It was at the house of the same lady I first spoke of. Some one at the table asked me to call a merry spirit. Being a young Spiritualist then, I did not see any harm in doing so, as I should now. I therefore wished for one; when lo! the table asked for music. A lady of the company went to the piano and played a polka; then, to our surprise, the table started off and danced most gracefully, turning to either side as the measure changed, as I have seen opera-dancers do. A waltz being then played, the table changed-time, and waltzed. On being asked who he was, he said he was an opera-dancer named "Jannetons," much to the horror of the lady of the house, who was very pious.

Another time I was sitting with a lady, and writing and drawing for her. She said: "What would I give to be able to do as you do?" (though my mediumship is not in this respect very powerful.)

I laid my hand on her arm, and it was instantly moved. The spirits told her, however, through my hand, in writing, that she would not be able to exercise this power herself, under three months. This was verified, she has since told me, to a day. She now draws wonderfully.

My next principal experience was at "Boulogne-sur-Mer," in France, where I was persuaded to make a circle composed of skeptics, and even scoffers. We were eight; raps and tremblings came, when, after a time, some of the circle began to laugh and declare they had made these manifestations by tricks. Knowing this to be untrue, I left the table much displeased. Three persons, however, remained sitting, and after some time I reluctantly joined them.

We had scarcely sat five minutes when loud raps came on the walls all round the room, but not one could see get on the table. At last I was impressed to say that "the spirits would not rap on the table, lest it should be again said, 'We did it,' upon which loud and repeated raps in the wainscot confirmed what I said, and sent my merry skeptics frightened to bed.

I have a few more experiences, which I will make the subject of another letter if these are thought sufficiently interesting. They have at least the merit of being "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

I remain truly yours, M. A. J.
New York, April 21, 1862.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Objections to Spiritualism Reviewed.

The first and strongest objection made to Spiritualism is its tendency to produce insanity. A recent writer upon this subject says: "I have a special reason for deprecating this terrible hallucination of modern times. It lost me a very dear and sweet friend. A young lady, whom I had learned to esteem for her virtues and intelligence, became one evening an innocent and skeptical participant in a spiritualistic circle. As the mystic agency progressed, her incredulous levity gave way to wonder, which was quickly succeeded by symptoms of alarm. She left the table a firm believer in Spiritualism. In a few months' space a rigidity was communicated to the muscles of her frame, and a terrible, unearthly expression to her countenance. Her appetite became impaired, her sleep was disturbed by unholy visions, and her body wasted away with a disease that defied all

medical skill. The more she drooped and decayed away, the clearer and brighter became her powers of spiritual intercommunication. At last the cord that bound her reason to her rioting fancy was snapped asunder, and the poor girl went mad. Thus was untuned and blasted her joyous maidenhood by this demoniac fallacy. She is now in the insane asylum, and she will soon die, and thus add one more victim to the many thousands who have perished by this damning heresy of modern Spiritualism."

A knowledge of the laws of hereditary transmission, and of predisposition to disease, would explain why she and many others are thrown out of balance by a powerful magnetic influence. They are mentally too weak to withstand the flood of spiritual truth and light which bursts upon their long-fettered minds, and have not strength enough to emancipate themselves, except by casting off the forms, and thus rendering forever the bands of prejudice and conventionalities, to content against which they had hitherto struggled in vain.

By the same laws are the frail trees of the forest blown down and uprooted before the mighty tempest, which, like the earthquake, abates none of its fury, though thousands of human beings may be overwhelmed and lost.

If the improvement of the condition of our earth, by the action of physical laws, is not without destruction of life and terrible devastations—such as earthquakes, storms, fires, and floods produce—should we expect entire freedom from devastations in the province of mind, when it is shaken by the upheavings of a new and more spiritual formation of truth? Every new invention and improvement for the benefit of man has caused more or less suffering, insanity, and death, by close thought, and by dangerous but necessary experiments. In the same way must the progress of mind be made; and the same law is imperative, both in mind and in matter, that whoever or whatever does not conform to or obey the laws of progress, must perish!

The second objection which is often made to Spiritualism is that no truths of science are revealed by the numerous mediums. The same writer as quoted above, says: "Not a fact, not a scientific discovery do we owe to this brotherhood of visionaries. If the spiritual eye is not impeded by the densest and most opaque object, why do they not reveal the treasures, however deeply concealed beneath the earth's surface? We have seen no record in the annals of Spiritualism of the most adroit and favored medium acquiring wealth through the aid of a benevolent spirit."

Spiritualism, as the word implies, is not what many would have it, *Materialism*, and its office is not so much to reveal material facts as spiritual principles, and like the teachings of Jesus, "they are not of this world." The objector might as well say of Jesus that he taught no new sciences nor revealed the fact of the New World, or gave any knowledge of the construction of the compass by which it might be discovered; neither did he instruct them in the mighty art of printing, or any of the many useful inventions made since his day. He only taught them to be kind and charitable to one another; that there was a kingdom above; and that all should pray for this heavenly kingdom to come on earth, that we might become obedient to the same laws which govern the celestial spheres. And I have failed to see wherein Spiritual doctrines differ from those of this acknowledged divine teacher.

From what we read and know of the lives of all great inventors and discoverers, we are convinced that their minds were first impressed from scientific and progressed minds of a sphere higher than the earth. In the history and biography of these benefactors of our race, there is sufficient evidence to prove that the power and influence which often compelled them, as it were, against their own judgment, to do and execute things so strange and apparently impossible, were owing to spirits, whose invisible but potent power urged them onward in the paths of progress, enabling them to persevere against all opposition and persecution, until success crowned their efforts, and their names were inscribed "among the immortal few that were not born to die." Such were Socrates, Luther, Columbus, Wesley, Washington, and many others, who acknowledged having been guided and directed by spirit influence.

I might bring ample testimony from the Bible, of angel ministrations to the people of past ages; and I would say to those who think these things too old to be true now, that a truth, or law of Nature, never changes, but is the same in its operations from eternity to eternity—like conditions ever producing like phenomena.

I do not consider it an objection to Spiritualism that mediums do not use the gift of clairvoyance for the purpose of procuring mineral wealth, but apply it rather in discovering and driving from the human system the diseases and discords all the gold of earth would fail to relieve.

No doubt our objector would gladly become a medium if he thought thereby to be put in possession of the secret treasures of earth; but the pearl of spiritual truth is of little value in his eyes.

If I understand the teachings of Spiritualism, as presented in the inspired writings of the "Great Harmony," it is this: "That man is not living under a curse from Deity, on account of an alleged transgression of the first human pair, called Adam and Eve; and that the earth was never cursed for man's sake to bring forth thorns and thistles; but that it was never as near perfection as now; and that it has been improving and unfolding in higher forms of life from almost an eternity past; and that labor and 'sweat of the brow,' so far from being a curse to man, is his highest prerogative, and the only sure way to happiness and perfection. It follows, necessarily, that as there is no curse or 'original sin' to be saved from, Jesus cannot be the Savior of the sins of the world. Jesus was a spiritual teacher and moral reformer, and a true type of perfected man. All are sons of God, who, like him, fully obey the divine will. What is termed in the Bible, God and Devil, are but the contraction and personification of good and evil. The principle of good is positive, and evil only negative. The perpetual antagonism of these two elements of our existence and progression, and is in accordance with the antagonism existing throughout all the different elements of Nature in different degrees of unfolding. This, to say the least, is a far more rational view of God and his dealings towards his children here, than the belief that

man shall so frustrate his plans in the creation that he will repent having made him. Just so long as mankind are taught that Jesus is security for all the sins they may commit, by merely turning and saying, 'I am sorry,' just so long will they cast the part of the Prodigal Son, and will waste their substance and energies, not knowing that each one must 'work out their own salvation' by the right use of their one or ten talents and faculties, and that judgments and rewards are ever 'as their works shall be.' L. HUTCHISON.

AURORA, CAL., 1862.

THE SEARCHER.

BY C. S. L.

He who would know of human needs, must live life's varied phases for himself, nor shrink from the deep trials which will surely come. To all who can feel strongly and can think; For whose owns a soul which can uplift. By force of thought, the veil which hides from sight

Mind and its might, its trials and its hopes. Owns, too, a deep and forceful sensitiveness, Which makes him sharer of all others' lives. And when his sympathies are strongly drawn, Makes him feel sorrows which are not his own; For they come o'er him like a darkening cloud, And he himself knows not their origin. But deems them omens and presentiments. The while they are but proofs of sympathy. Which, better known, more wisely understood, Will influence every progress-loving soul. Yet not to suffering, only to extend Love, will, and help, to those who need them most.

Though for a time the sympathetic seer May suffer for himself and others, too, Yet doth he own interior blessedness. Which poorly were exchanged for sensual good; A deep and calm abiding of his soul. In the deep wisdom of interior light, A strong laudation evermore ascends From his most hid, most inner consciousness, Unto the Parent One—the Primal Soul—For life's great gifts, and greater prophecies Of what it yet shall be, when, turn of past, Transition shall be made unto a good, Earthly, yet still of Heaven, a deep-sprung good, Which shall not be exhausted, but shall grow Stronger and holier, until all needs Shall be satisfied—until all souls Shall know themselves, their duty, and their God.

For the Herald of Progress.

Plain Letter to a Biblical Editor.

DEAR SIR:—Presuming that the discussion of all subjects mooted by you in your editorials, is allowable in the columns of your paper, I feel moved to offer a few strictures on your editorial headed, "Reform and the Bible."

I am not disposed to deny that many "anti-biblical" Reformers have benefited but little from their new philosophy—all this may be, and yet their belief, or unbelief, may nevertheless be true. Very many of the Puritans in Cromwell's army, were, in point of morals, little better than the cavaliers in the army of either Charles. So has it always been in the transition state from old to new beliefs, and from the false to the true.

That the Bible contains much that is true and valuable, I readily concede; that it has been one among many agents which have contributed to the advancement of the race in certain stages of its progress, I also believe; but that it also contains much pernicious error, both of precept and recorded example, is to me equally clear. A large portion of it, for instance, is devoted to the recording of scenes of rapine and slaughter perpetrated, as said, by God's chosen people (?) upon nations not much inferior to themselves in point of civilization, whom they regarded as heathen—God's enemies—"having no rights that they were bound to respect"—and this said to be by the express command and authority of God himself! From these records all persecuting zealots, from Constantine to the Puritans, found a warrant for their bloody and inhuman deeds. How natural their reasoning from these premises! If God's chosen or elect were commanded to slaughter and exterminate his enemies—we, who are God's people, ought therefore to slay God's enemies, and it is our duty! Thus reasoned the founders of the Inquisition, of the Star Chamber, the Spaniards, the Puritans in America, Louis XIII and Alva in the Netherlands, and those who, in our day, supplicate the Deity to remove by death such noble men as Theodore Parker. History, we are told, is philosophy teaching by example. Let us listen to its teachings. No less than 34,658 persons were burned to death by order of the Inquisition between the years of 1481 and 1759; besides ten times as many who were condemned to the galleys, or to perpetual imprisonment! Of the numbers who perished in the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew, no reliable estimate can be made! In the religious wars in France, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, over a million lives were sacrificed! In the Netherlands, from the promulgation of the edict of Charles V, more than 100,000 persons were hanged, beheaded, buried alive or burned on account of religion! Of the atrocities committed by Cromwell in Ireland, of the inhuman cruelty of the Spaniards to the Mexicans and Peruvians, of the persecutions in America by the Puritans, I forbear to speak.

"Suffer not a witch to live," is an injunction of Scripture. In obedience to its requirements, 30,000 poor old women suffered an ignominious and cruel death! Now, the very existence of such a thing is scouted by the learned of the very Church foremost in the onslaught, as a delusion—the offspring of superstition and ignorance. Again: polygamy, slavery, and war, were practiced by God's chosen people, with his sanction and approbation; is it not a matter of history that the former continued to be practiced in the Church as late as the seventh century, while the others are practiced more or less by most Christian nations? Now, is it not evident that if the people of Christian countries, instead of being taught that this book was infallible, had regarded it simply as a "record of the social and religious history, condition, opinions, and ethics of a portion of mankind in ages far less enlightened than the present," would they have committed those crimes which stain the pages of history, and which cause us, their descendants, to blush that we are such?

Another thought presents itself here. If, as you say, the belief in the Bible as an inspired book is so effectual in restraining men from vice, why is it that nine-tenths of the criminals in our prisons are so pertinacious in their assertion of this belief?

That the Bible is contradictory in its teachings, is evident from the multiplicity of sects, each of which maintain from its pages, doctrines diametrically opposed to each other; that its teachings conflict with the truths of science, can be no longer denied; that it fills many a heart with anguish and despair, those who mourn for their loved ones, either living or dead, who cannot or do not comply with some of its teachings, can testify.

I conclude by suggesting whether it is philosophical to ignore human nature, the law of progress, and all the other agencies which have contributed to our as yet very imperfect civilization, and attribute it all to a book, the teachings of which are constantly varying, each generation interpreting it according to its moral and spiritual plane of development. NORTHFORD, LONG ISLAND. B.

For the Herald of Progress.

Rise and Fall of the Human Race.

EDITORS OF THE HERALD: The following peculiar abstract of the past and future conditions of our race, given by Charles Fourier, (1803,) may be of interest and benefit to many of your readers, showing the gradual growth and fall of society in its rational course of development. ARKTOIS.

COURSE OF LIFE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

ASCENDING PHASES.

Childhood.

- 1st phase. Eden. (Orderless series.)
- 2d. Savagism.
- 3d. Patriarchalism.
- 4th. Barbarism.

Our present state, with reminiscences of Barbarism and traces of Patriarchalism.

- 5th. Civilism.
- 6th. Garantism.

7th. Rough-hewn series. Simple association.

Adolescence.

- 8th. Simply complexed series.
- 9th to 16th. Ascending complex series.
- Summit—Pivotal Period.

DESCENDING PHASES.

Decline.

- 17th to 24th. Descending complex series.
- 25th. Simply complexed series.

Old Age.

- 26th. Rough-hewn series. Simple association.
- 27th. Garantism.
- 28th. Civilism.
- 29th. Barbarism.
- 30th. Patriarchalism.
- 31st. Savagism.
- 32d. Orderless series.

Expiration of the human race after a duration of about 80,000 years.

Gradual destruction of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

For the Herald of Progress.

Interesting Letter from Germany.

DRESDEN, March 31, 1862.

EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS:—Although I have not yet fulfilled my promise to write occasionally for your paper, I have not been unmindful of it. In the first months of my sojourn in Germany I had a good excuse for not writing, as I felt myself a perfect stranger in my fatherland, having been absent so long. I was completely bewildered and wanted to first obtain a clear understanding of what met me on every hand. Though the world moves somewhat slowly this side of the Atlantic, still twelve years is rather a good long space of time in our century, even in Europe, and may change the aspect of things and the minds of men considerably.

When last I left Germany in the spring of 1849, reaction, following the revolutionary outburst of 1848, was setting in full tide, and we all thought the nations would take a good long nap to recover from the exhaustion consequent on that great exertion. As to outward appearances, everything justified this assumption. France seems content under the rule of Napoleon, and in Germany, princes great and small sit upon their thrones undisturbed. But their task is not so easy now as it was before 1848—the people have not forgotten what they dreamt of at that time, nor have monarchs quite forgotten what frightened them then; they did not dare to take away all they had granted.

All the German states have at least the show of a representation of the people, the restrictions on the press are no more so stringent, and within the given limits the patriots have faithfully labored, with great care and caution, and with almost sublime patience, to educate the people for ultimate self-government, which now finds vent in the longing for greater unity in Germany and a strong nationality—that is the first step!

Where formerly there was division, jealousy, and strife between the different states, there reigns now brotherly feeling and harmony. Germans from the North and South, East and West, have learned to meet in great masses without quarreling—the right to assemble for social purposes is one of the conquests of 1848 preserved—they meet as singing societies, turners, or shooting clubs. This year there will be a great assembly of marksmen in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, where many thousands will congregate and many a patriotic word will be spoken. Two years ago there was an association formed called "Nationalverein" which now counts 25,000 members. It comprises liberals of all the states, who, by strictly "lawful" means, further everything destined to elevate the people and make them a nation; men of high social standing are at the head of this association; even Ernest, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg (brother of the late Prince Albert) is

* I am myself for unlimited freedom; for if human nature can show itself without restraint, we only learn what it is capable of, for good as well as evil, and apply the remedy—universal education.

one of the greatest liberals; it was said of him he was the only democrat in his states, but I suppose his example has not been without followers. The most prevalent idea now is, to do away with the old "Bundestag," and form a sort of confederation of constitutional and monarchical states, leaving the geographical features pretty much as they are, but uniting under one strong leadership, Prussia for instance. There is no definite programme yet, but everybody feels that the condition of Germany cannot remain as it is, and even the courts themselves put forth propositions as to the future organization. The fear of Napoleon has quickened their wits, for everybody is conscious that Germany, in case of an attack, does not possess an organization strong enough to repulse an enemy.

Whether the leading democrats do not consider the preservation of the monarchical form as only the crutches they mean to dispense with when the nation is strong enough for self-government, is their secret, at all events only in upholding monarchy for the present are they permitted to go on as they do. With a great many it may be a sincere conviction, that a form of government similar to that of England is better adapted for a people that has been so long under despotic rule, than the republican form of government. The present unhappy strife in the United States has done a good deal to shake the faith of even intelligent people in the superiority of republicanism, as they fail to clearly understand what is the real cause of the disruption.

The King of Prussia has so far disappointed the hopes of the liberals, and shown himself no fit person to take the lead in this popular movement; he cannot forget his despotic antecedents, and with a very ill grace performs the part of a constitutional monarch. The coronation in Königsberg, last fall, seems to have upset the last gleam of his common sense, as his subsequent actions show. I cannot help thinking him possessed of great benevolence and kindness of heart. I never saw a face so stern in its features—no soft line around the mouth, but over which the eyes pour out such a perfect flood of sunshine. No doubt he means well, but he does not understand the signs of the times; some centuries ago he might have made an excellent king, but now his refractory, grown-up children, irritate him and spoil his temper.

Your readers may well expect something different in a correspondence than a political review, as they may gather as much from the newspapers, but still, I found that I did not get the clue to the now prevailing sort of things in Germany, by what I read in the papers in America, and it took me awhile here to become initiated and to see that something was going on, and what it was. I thought it might be well to send this little political exposé, by way of preface, so that your readers may form some idea under what political influences the spiritual development is going on here. I think it is not needful for me to discuss which is more favorable to the development of the mind, the republican form of government or the monarchical. So far as truth is better than error, it is very well that people in America know that men (and women, too) are born free and equal; it is very hard to root out the prejudice from the minds of many that they are, by reason of their birth, better than others—it hampers and hinders their spiritual development.* Of course the individual is not hindered from freeing himself internally, or in thought, from all shackles and prejudices, even when surrounded by them, and may attain to high moral excellence and cultivation; but where we find this here, it is always coupled with a strong love of liberty as the basis of character. Europe has been the theater of civilization so long, that we find here concentrated what science and art have achieved; but I got rid of the illusion here in Germany, that art, in itself, although divine in its essence and inspiration, has a corresponding ennobling influence on the masses; but it is only when the soil is prepared by principles of truth and justice, it seems to me, that there will be felt the divine influence of art in its full force—it must be understood by the heart; as it is now, it serves to form the taste of people; it refines them to a certain degree; they become good critics for works of art; but as to a permanent influence on their lives, it is very seldom met with. Even the facility with which the richer classes can enjoy the luxuries of art, takes away the zest for it, and in some sense enervates. Over-refinement is very disgusting to a healthy nature, and a rough backwoodsman compared to a highly polished gentleman of the *salon* is certainly a more refreshing sight in the eye of God.

But this letter is getting rather long, and I have not got out of my general remarks to the more special items of what I saw and heard, and what surrounds me now in the charming city of Dresden. Lovely spring is coming on leisurely. Summer does not take us by surprise here; we have our regular three months of spring as they are marked in the almanac. Now the trees are putting forth their green buds, but it will take a month at least before they will bloom and be covered with foliage, while the meadows are green already and dotted with flowers. The sweet-scented violets made their appearance a fortnight ago, and on fine Sunday afternoons you will see young and old, in long procession, leave the city in every direction, to enjoy Nature in the beautiful surroundings of Dresden, the villages and fine sites all along the banks of the Elbe, and the lovely valleys of a few tributary rivulets, are crowded with people of all ranks of society, but especially from the working classes, as Sunday is their only day for enjoyment. Certainly the Germans are great lovers of Nature and natural scenery, and they think it pleases God better to see them enjoy his beautiful world, and bask in his sunshine on a Sunday afternoon, than to sit in a dark, gloomy church, and sing his praise. To see the happiness and contentment on every face, even those furrowed with daily care, you would not deem them great sinners that they desert his house, as some of the old Puritans across the water may do. I was once in a village in New Jersey, in a young ladies' seminary, and asked the Principal, on a fine Sunday afternoon in fall, whether we might not take a walk after church. "Bless my soul," said she, "that has not been done since the village has stood! Of late there have some of the young men in the village began to set a

Extracts from the Speech of Wendell Phillips, AT THE LATE ANTI-SLAVERY ANNI- VERSARY.

As an Abolitionist, I know that events are grinding out the freedom of the negro; but the question that troubles me is—into that grave into which slavery is entering, are freedom and free institutions to drop with it? That question is answered when you tell me how you are to get rid of it. That holds in its circumference the fate of you and me, of our nation, and free institutions. I want you, therefore, to wake up this people to two questions: First, the right that rebellion has given us to crush out Slavery, and (I am not going to stop with the question whether the negro will work or not) what we shall do with the negro. What shall we do without him? is a graver question. What shall we do with him? I am a graduate of Harvard; my friend here (Mr. Tilton) is a graduate of some other college, I suppose; on every platform, the graduates of colleges will be making speeches this week. Shall any one of us prove that those colleges graduate men able to take care of themselves one whit better than the speech of that graduate of the plantation (William Wells Brown) proves that his fellow-laborers are able to take care of themselves? [Loud applause.] If any blue-eyed Saxon doubter, graduate of a New England College, still cherishes a doubt, I commend to him the task of answering that speech. But, beyond that question, the American people are to wake up to an understanding of the right which they now hold in their hands to abolish slavery. It is a constitutional right. People are greatly afraid—the New York Herald is greatly afraid that we are not going according to the Constitution. Well, what is the Constitution? It says, "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." That is, I cannot be hung without a grand jury, a petit jury, and a sheriff. That is peace. But, to-day, Congress says to Erenk Sigel, "Hang McCulloch!" There is grand jury, petit jury, and sheriff, all in one. To-day, Congress says to Gen. Grant, "Take ten thousand lives at Pittsburg!" That is due process of war; that is the war power; the other was the peace power. It is equally constitutional, because it is necessary. Congress says to the Government, "You shall put your hand into every man's pocket by making certain pieces of paper legal tender; and if this war continues ten years, you shall take one dollar out of every ten, from every man's pocket." It is constitutional, because it is necessary. The Government says, "Go down to Charleston, and fill that harbor with stones, and make the city a desert—sow it with salt if you please!"—and I sometimes wish they would—and that is constitutional, because it is the war power. But the New York Herald says, if Congress, having shot McCulloch, by due process of war, executed by a Minie rifle—having suspended the habeas corpus—having taken every tenth dollar out of every man's pocket—having filled that Charleston harbor with stones, goes on shore, and with the sword cuts the supposed cobweb—it is only a supposed cobweb that binds the negro to his master—that is unconstitutional! In other words, there is no right now, except the right of a man to his negro.

I am by no means certain, as our friend (Rev. Mr. Hatfield) expressed himself, that freedom and the Union will outlive this struggle. The habeas corpus suspended; a despotic government for the next fifteen years; an army of seven hundred thousand men disbanded; ten thousand officers entering the political arena—the professions, law, medicine, and the counting-house, filled—where are they to go but into politics? If Hamilton and Aaron Burr had come back, after the Revolution, and found no space for them in the courts of Albany, where would they have gone? Could this Government have borne the ambition, and popularity, and ability of those men, and survived? I doubt it. We just survived. If Burr had been landless, and without business, with the army behind him, the Constitution of '89 might never have seen our day. Ten thousand officers are to come from this army in just that state; a debt of from one to two thousand million of dollars is to rest upon the people. The three great elements that make the curse of republics—military spirit, debt, and despotism—the medicine of states—we have got to endure them for ten or fifteen years, in order to civilize the South. I trust in God we can do it, and yet survive. I trust we have got intelligence and virtue enough in the North to absorb the barbarism of fifteen states, and not be poisoned. But I am not certain; and every man who can shorten the time of peril is a public benefactor. If you lessen it one year, it is excellent; if you lessen it five years, it is salvation. Everybody in Washington looks forward to ten years of military despotism. It is medicine! I am anxious to go back to common diet. I am anxiously waiting. "Every hour," as Napoleon said, "is an opportunity for misfortune." Every year educates us in despotism. Shorten the time! Summon the slave of the Carolinas to the contest! Give your army emancipation! Announce Liberty as the normal law of the Republic at once! [Applause.] I do not say it for the negro's sake; his fate is settled. I am now speaking as a citizen. I consider that the negro may fold his arms on the safe land, and watch us as we struggle in the ocean of difficulty. Slavery is not the question to-day; but the question is, how to get rid of slavery in such a way that we can save the nation. Go out, therefore, every one of you, into your circles! Hold up the arms of the Government! Say to Lincoln, "Amen to your Message to the Border States! Go an arrow's flight beyond it, and we shall have a more devout Amen!" Say to the Secretary of War: "God bless you, that you have armed the black at last! Now add to this proclamation—that to every negro who takes up arms on the side of the Republic we pledge liberty!" [Applause.] Hasten the Government, in order to save it. There is no doubt of events. The fate of the man half way down Niagara is certain—he must go down. We shall annihilate slavery; I am not questioning that. What I want is, that the Government shall so act, and act so speedily, as to rid us, as soon as possible, of the dangers that threaten the triumph and unity of the nation. For that purpose, send up delegations to Washington to urge the Government forward. Why, I found delegations in every committee-

room at Washington; Willard's was crowded with delegations; the streets swarmed with delegations, anxious to know whether patent medicines, scented soaps, and silver spoons, were to be taxed [laughter]; anxious to know whether printing paper was to be taxed; but there was not a man—not one—who had gone up to Washington to hurry the Cabinet, to uphold and strengthen it on the great question of the liberty of a race, which holds within its circumference the perpetuation of the nation. Montgomery Blair says the post-office follows the flag. Secretary Chase says trade follows the flag. The nation listens to hear Lincoln add: Liberty follows the flag! [Loud and prolonged applause.]

Triumph of Free Homes.

The following letter, though written for one only, contains much that is of widest interest:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
May 16th, 1862.

DEAR ***: I have just signed the enrolled copy of the Homestead Act, which will be a law so soon as the signatures of the President of the Senate and that of the President of the United States are attached. The long struggle of land for the landless is at last consummated.

Ten years ago the 12th of this month, the first Homestead Bill passed the House, and it has been steadily pressed upon the attention of Congress ever since. Its friends are more indebted for success to the unwavering support given it by the Tribune than to anything else.

The bill passed is a complete Homestead Act. The following is a synopsis of its provisions:

All the lands owned by the Government are open to settlement under it in quantities not exceeding one hundred and sixty acres to each person.

Any person who is a citizen of the United States, or has declared his intention to become such, who is twenty-one years old, or the head of a family, or has served in the military or naval service of the country during this rebellion, can make the entry on payment of ten dollars, and the fees of the Register and Receiver of the Land Office. That is all the settler has to pay at any time.

The act takes effect the 1st of January next, and requires a residence and cultivation of five years to perfect the title.

Any person can enter, under this act, land on which he has a preemption claim.

This Congress is redeeming in good faith all its pledges to the people. What you said of it a few days ago was eminently just. It may seem to the country to move slowly, but no Congress before it has, in the same time, accomplished so much for the future greatness and glory of the Republic.

The National Capital free forever.

Slavery forever prohibited in all Territories.

The public domain set apart and consecrated to free homes and free men.

The Pacific Railroad authorized.

The policy of gradual emancipation inaugurated; beside war measures.

Yours truly, G. A. Grow.

Working Women.

We find the following graceful and merited tribute to "Western women" in "Jennie June's" department of the *Sunday Times*. The writer has, by a residence among the women of the West, been brought into sympathy with the class of whom she writes, while, by virtue of her present residence, she is entitled to speak freely, even though a few years since her own name would properly have belonged in the list.

Such records, and the unwritten lives of many other intellectual working-women, are valuable as demonstrating what women can and will do when relieved from the monotony of a dull and ceaseless routine, and are taught how to direct their energies so as to make the best use of time, a gift so precious, yet so lightly esteemed.

WESTERN WOMEN.

"The war has sufficiently shown the courage, energy, and patriotism of western men; but western women deserve no less a share in the admiration which is bestowed upon them. Their labors put the best of us to shame, and should make some of our sickly, nervous, complaining women at the East, who scarcely ever lift a hand to help themselves, much less others, and whose highest ambition is to 'board' in order to escape trouble, hide their heads in dismay at their own childish incompetency.

"One, whom we personally know, lives in the city of Chicago and acts as her husband's book-keeper, he having been unfortunate in business. This lady rises by five in the morning, gets the breakfast, does her own marketing (keeping no 'help'), and is at her husband's store by seven o'clock. There she is closely occupied until afternoon, when she returns home, eats her lunch, sews, mends for the family (she has three children, all of whom are called 'out of hand,') milks—perhaps churns—gets supper, and finds time to go to the theater occasionally, and to write more or less for half-a-dozen newspapers in Chicago and New York.

"Another, whom we have also known, though not so intimately, did the work of her own house (famous she was for her good dinners, too) and acted as the so-called 'associate,' really principal editor and principal contributor, to her husband's widely-known and influential weekly journal. This lady is now one of the active nurses of a western hospital, but still attends faithfully to her husband's interests, and to her literary and editorial duties.

"Mrs. Frances D. Gage is a third specimen of a transplanted western woman, whose strong intellect has received a powerful stimulus from the practical direction which has been given to her thoughts and efforts. She can wash, and churn, and brew, and bake, and clean until the pine boards shine brighter than polished mahogany, and then sit down and wield a pen, which has lost none of its point or force from her previous encounter with hard realities, but has gained infinitely in the directness with which it can tell plain, homely truths, and write kind, encouraging words, for the benefit of those who have difficulties to face and know not how to meet them."

The Skeleton of John Brown's Son.

When the Massachusetts Second came here, the negroes told them that the "mummy," as they called it, of John Brown's son, who was killed in the engine-house, was preserved in the office of Dr. Maguire, who is medical director in the rebel army. The soldiers immediately took possession of it, and placed it under the charge of the post surgeon, who desires to keep it as a medical preparation. The arteries are injected and the muscles displayed in the usual manner. My first impression was that it should be given over to the family for decent interment; but a medical friend suggests to me, that, so long as it can be visited, as doubtless it will be, when the surgeon takes it to the North, by thousands, it will tell the tale of the horrid brutality with which it was treated by the Virginia savages. The skin was stripped off and tanned. It was then prepared as an anatomical specimen. The physician who achieved the job became mad and died, the blacks say and believe, as a judgment from heaven.—*Correspondent of the Evening Post, from Winchester, Va.*

General Lincoln.

The President is entitled to all the honors of a successful campaign, and to the bestowment of the formal title of full General as the result of his visit to Fortress Monroe. A week's operations under his own eye, and the energy of his Secretary of War, were enough to destroy the Merrimac, the terror of the nation, and reduce Norfolk and its surrounding fortifications to the just authority of the United States. The active part taken by the President in the choice of the point for debarking our forces on the enemy's shore, and his continued presence, until the veteran Wool occupied the stronghold of rebellion, will form quite an interesting episode in the history of this war of slavery against freedom.

Sensible.

A writer to a London paper proposes that the £200,000 which it is thought the different Albert Memorials will cost, be devoted to buying American sewing machines for the twenty thousand poor needle-women in England. The correspondent in conclusion says: "I have no connection with sewing machines, and am by no means wedded to them. Other forms of benevolence and beneficence—dear twin-sisters—may be much to be preferred. Almost anything is better than call worship."

A Word for Radicals.

The *Evening Post* offers a word of sound philosophy and good sense as follows:

"Our imperative conviction is, that the most effective mode of crushing the rebellion is to strike our blows at the weakest point of the enemy, which was also the cause of the war; but that shall not hinder us from seconding other blows which may be less effective. If the events of the time do not move as rapidly as we might wish in the direction we might wish, they are yet in the hands of a Divine Providence, which is shaping them unerringly toward the overthrow of the gigantic curse of human bondage."

Colonization.

A Virginia letter-writer says:

"An impression prevails generally among the negroes in this vicinity, that after our troops get to Richmond their masters are never coming back, and that they need not run North, but can stay here and occupy the country and raise their own provisions. 'Yis,' said an old fellow, 'dis is jes de place for us, and me, and my wife, and seven chil'n, don't want to go 'way.' Many white people would think well of colonizing the African upon his master's deserted land."

Break the Spell!

In a recent discourse, Rev. Dr. Cheever uttered the following:

"A helpless man was once seen by an armed hunter, the victim of that mysterious fascination with which the snake holds the object it is about to strike, trembling and yet unable to stir. Did he stop to wake him, and bid him flee, or ask him if he might fire at the object of his terror? Nay, but shot the snake in the head and instantly killed him. Our nation has been fascinated with the serpent of slavery; and they are the true generals, who shoot the monster dead upon the spot. They are not to ask permission of the nation whether they may strike a deadly blow at the demon ready to take the life of the nation, and whose pernicious eye has shot the palsy of its poison into the nation's heart. The law of God, justice, freedom and the Constitution is to be instantly obeyed by the first man into whose hands God has put the weapon and the power; and let him strike the blow and save the nation. When the monster is writhing in his death agonies, and the nation has recovered from its palsy, it will bless the deliverer who struck the fatal blow, and will treat with deserved contempt the men who endeavored to prevent it."

A Dignified Refusal.

A London correspondent writes to a New York journal as follows:

"Mr. George Peabody is said to have recently declined to recognize his election to the Reform Club, a notification of which was sent him. It is well known that, on several occasions hitherto, when his name has been proposed, he has been rejected. Now that the *Court Journal* has indorsed him as one of the wealthiest men in the kingdom, they consider him worthy of their association. His declaration of the proposed honor meets with the universal approbation of his countrymen here."

Almost to a Point.

"The N. Y. Times" mentions the fact that Mr. Overbaugh, an engraver, of this city, has engraved the Lord's Prayer upon a space the size of one twelfth of a three-cent piece."

It is fortunate the skillful artist had Jesus' prayer to work at. With a more modern production, we fear it would have been reduced to too fine a point!

Mrs. Abbott, Developing Medium, has returned to the city, and may be found for a few weeks at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Waverly Place.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—ELLSWORTH'S REGIMENT OF FIRE ZOUAVES have been disbanded.

—MRS. GEN. FREMONT, the "Little Corporal," as she is called, is her husband's hardest working clerk.

—QUEEN VICTORIA has given to every servant in her household a photograph of herself and her late husband, taken at the time of their marriage.

—MR. T. B. ALDRICH, the poet, has written a romance, entitled "Out of His Head," which is about to be published by Carleton.

—MR. MORTIMER THOMPSON (Doesticks) has taken the editorial chair of the New York *Illustrated News*.

—JOHN DREW, the celebrated Irish comedian, died at Philadelphia on the 21st of May.

—THEODORE WINTHROP, in "Love and Skates," uttered this noble truth: "A brave, able, self-respecting manhood, is fair profit for any man's first thirty years of life."

—GEORGE KINNEY, Esq., father of the well-remembered poetess, JULIA H. KINNEY SCOTT, died in Sheshquin, Pa., on the 30th ult., in the 74th year of his age.

—CAPT. BEN. PRICE, of this city, well known for his efforts in behalf of Land Reform, who was supposed to have been killed at the battle of Williamsburg, was only wounded and taken prisoner.

—MR. NOELL, of Missouri, a pro-slavery man and slaveholder, has made an able argument in the House of Representatives, in favor of a stringent Confiscation Bill. His position startled the timid Republicans.

—PARSON BROWLOW has been delivering addresses to crowded houses in this city.

—THE WORDEN testimonial subscription has reached the sum of six thousand dollars. Mr. Ericsson's name is on the list.

—WALKER, WISE & CO., of Boston, have just published "The Master," a story which will particularly interest musical people, one of the principal characters being an old musical enthusiast. Mrs. Mary Denison is the author of the new novel.

—MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY, the author of "The Rejected Stone," has in the press of Ticknor & Field another book, entitled "The Golden Horn."

—THE SULTAN OF TURKEY lately sent for the editor of a leading Constantinople newspaper, and requested him to discuss public affairs more frequently and freely in his journal.

—MR. MACREADY writes to a friend that he fears he will be never able to read in public again; and that he has no "tones left to answer the emotions which seek for expression through the voice."

—WHITTIER has written, under the title of "Astrea at the Capitol," a splendid piece of verse on the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, to appear in the June *Atlantic*.

—HON. PETER TEN BROECK, of Franklinville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., has been authorized by the Legislature to found and endow an institution of learning. He will, at his own expense, erect a substantial and elegant edifice, and is also by will to bequeath to it a sufficient fund to render it self-sustaining, permanent, and forever free.

—HAMILTON E. TOULÉ, the American engineer by whose ingenuity the Great Eastern was supplied with steering apparatus on her bad voyage, and saved from destruction, failing to receive the least acknowledgment of his services from the owners of the Great Eastern, has determined to take legal proceedings against her while she is in port, for salvage, or for professional services.

—E. P. CHRISTY, the founder of the celebrated Ethiopian troupe, died a few days since from injuries received by throwing himself from a second story window, during a temporary derangement caused by anxiety respecting his large property and the war.

—MRS. S. M. PAYNE, of Washington, who has a private hospital for sick or wounded soldiers as wish homeopathic treatment, calls for aid from those interested in extending the advantages of this treatment to our suffering soldiers. Donations in money or goods may be sent, directed to the Mount Pleasant Hospital, on Seventh street, Washington, D. C. We trust a liberal response will save many from that last enemy of sick soldiers—the drug doctor.

—The trustees of the Rev. MR. CHAPIN'S church have acquiesced in his request for a year's absence in Europe, and have generously voted to continue his salary and fill his pulpit in his absence.

—CAPT. ERICSSON has planned a large sea-going Monitor, with a single turret, plated with iron 24 inches thick, and armed with two guns, carrying a ball 1,000 pounds in weight. Two at least of these formidable vessels will probably be ordered. The Monitor is regarded as the best of all iron-clad floating things yet tested.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—Among the passengers by the Scotia are Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Florence, who return home after a very successful professional tour in England.

—The U. S. Frigate Constellation, 22 guns, Commander Hatches, from Cadiz, anchored in Algiers Roadstead on the 30th of April, and remained there on the 4th inst., together with the sloop-of-war Tuscarora.

—The U. S. sloop Iro, nine guns, arrived at Cadiz on the 28th ult., from the Mediterranean and Algiers.

—The privateer Sumter was still at Gibraltar on the 4th inst.

—A royal decree convokes the Prussian Parliament on the 19th inst.

—Cardinal Wiseman had arrived at the Tuilleries, on his way to Rome.

—The Herald's Paris correspondent says the prevalent belief is, that the solution of the Roman question is more distant than the present aspect of affairs would lead people to suppose.

—The French forces are advancing on Mexico, but so far, it does not appear that they have even reached Puebla. Almonte has been proclaimed President in Vera Cruz, Orizaba, and Cordova. Orizaba made the first movement, when Gen. Taboada, five officers, one sergeant, and twenty-seven privates, elected Almonte to be the Supreme Ruler of the country. Thereupon, on the 21st of April, Almonte issued a proclamation "to the peaceful inhabitants of Orizaba," in which he returned

thanks for the confidence reposed in him; exhorted them to have confidence in the powerful cooperation of the French troops; promised them exemption from the forced loan of \$200,000 that Juarez had prepared to enforce upon them; and consoled them with the pledge that Juarez's rule would soon disappear, and that they would be addressed again without delay from the City of Mexico, "by their fellow-countryman and best friend, Juan N. Almonte."

—President Juarez had retired from the City of Mexico with his Cabinet, and at latest dates was at Queretaro.

—On the 3d of May the City of Vera Cruz formally revolted against the government of Juarez, and proclaimed Almonte.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The Tribune's correspondent says: "There is very high authority for the opinion that the Fugitive Slave Law does not extend to the District of Columbia. Members of the Cabinet, and Senators whose legal knowledge and acuteness are of the first order, agree in this."

—An attempt was made in Washington to kidnap some of the negroes following the 78th New York Regiment passing through the city. The soldiers resisted successfully with muskets, which luckily were unloaded.

—The Commissioners of the Central Park have tendered the use of the building within the grounds under their charge to the Common Council, as a "Home" for wounded soldiers. The Sisters of Charity from Font Hill, under Mother Jerome, will act as the nurses at the Home.

—Three outspoken Union men have been found in Norfolk by our troops. One of them was worth \$30,000 a year ago, every dollar of which the rebel government confiscated. He took to the woods and swamps south of Norfolk; and upon hearing that the old flag waved once more over his native city, he returned. Meeting an old Northern friend on the streets, he threw himself into his arms, and fell to the ground a shrieking maniac. The convulsion of joy was too much for mind and body, enfeebled by his starving life in the woods, and he is now a lunatic.

—A Williamsburg correspondent writes: "Our generals have obtained no satisfactory intelligence, save from the ingenious contrabands, scores of whom hovered about headquarters, and imparted in their curious way, all they could of the rebel movements."

—The Ocean House, at Shrewsbury river, N. J., has been destroyed by fire.

—Authorized permits to commit matrimony are no longer to be had in Richmond.

—Fifteen hundred sick and wounded soldiers now remain in the hospital at Yorktown.

—Letter-writers from Gen. McClellan's army say that intelligent contrabands grow numerous as they approach Richmond, and their statements continue to be found correct.

—An important engagement has occurred in Gen. Fremont's Department, at Bull Mountain. Gens. Schenck and Milroy met a superior force, and though they ultimately withdrew, the objects of the engagement were accomplished, with a loss of 200 killed and wounded.

—Gen. Fremont's headquarters are thus described by the Post correspondent: "On the slope of a hill-side, near the bottom-land, is pitched the small round tent of the Commanding General. No waving standard or displays marked the headquarters. In a little place hardly larger than a sentry-box, seated before a rough table, we found General Fremont, the noble man as simple and unostentatious as his surroundings. He has been there only a few days, and it is singular to see the enthusiasm of thousands of men who never set eyes on him before."

—The temporal emperor of Japan has married the daughter of the spiritual emperor, the united ages of bride and bridegroom amounting to only thirty-two years.

—The account given by the Virginians who own hundreds of slaves, is that they cannot now be made to work at all. The owners themselves look upon slavery as having received its death-blow in the state, and should the war continue, they expect that Congress will pass a general emancipation law, as in the District of Columbia.

—The returned prisoners, who, when first taken, were pro-slavery democrats, have, almost without exception, become abolitionists.

—At an immense mass-meeting of the colored people of Chicago, recently, the following resolution, among others, was unanimously adopted: "Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting (and we speak advisedly for the masses of our people) that abolition of slavery in the Southern States will result in the general migration of the colored people of the North to the South."

—A Southern religious paper says: "Lincoln is filled with abject fear, drunk half the time, occasionally foolishly facetious, whistling to keep his courage up!"

—Suicide is said to be contagious. Napoleon has just ordered the destruction of a sentry-box, in which several soldiers had successfully destroyed themselves.

—The extent of the submarine telegraph cables now in use is 3,700 miles. The longest line is from Alexandria to Malta, 1,535 miles.

—The fair of the New York State Agricultural Society has been appointed to be held at Rochester on the 30th of September, to continue four days. The New Jersey State Fair will be held at Newark, and the Canada West Exhibition at the same date.

Apotheosis.

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

Departed: To the Summer Land, from Dayton, O., on the morning of May 16th, FLETCHER ELMES, infant son of Fletcher V. and Laura Cuppy.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being, seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
Oh blest departed one!

Thou wert so like a form of light,
That Heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
O'er thy sweet innocence!

And oh, sometimes, in visions blest,
Sweet one! thou'lt visit our repose,
And bear from thine own world of rest
A balm for all our woes!" L. C.
DAYTON, May 18, 1862.

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 signposts; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

Blue Yarn Stockings.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

"What have you there, Katie?" asked a young man, in the familiar tone of an intimate acquaintance, touching, as he spoke, a small bundle on Miss Katie's arm.

"Guess."

A smile, sweet but serious, went rippling for an instant about her lips, and then faded off. Her calm eyes, clear and strong, looked steadily into her companion's face. They had met casually, and were standing on the street.

"Zephyr?"

And he pushed his fingers into the bundle.

"No."

"I give it up."

"Blue yarn."

There was a lifting of the eyebrows, and a half-amused expression about the young man's mouth. "Blue yarn and knitting-needles?"

"Yes."

Katie's voice was firm. She did not shrink from the covert satire that lurked in his tone and manner.

"No."

"Yes."

They gazed steadily at each other for some moments, and then the young man gave way to a brief fit of laughter.

"Blue yarn and knitting-needles! Ha! ha! Soldiers' stockings, of course!"

"Of course."

There was no smile on Katie's face, no playful light in her eyes, but a deepening shadow. The levity shown by her friend was in such contrast to the state of mind in which she happened to be, that it hurt instead of amused her—hurt, because he was more than a common acquaintance.

From the beginning of our troubles, Katie Maxwell's heart had been in them. Her father was a man of the true stamp, loyal to his country, clear-seeing in regard to the issues at stake, brave, and self-sacrificing. He had dispensed liberally of his means in the outfit of men for the war; and more than this, he had given two sons, yet of tender age, to the defense of his country. Katie was living, therefore, in the very atmosphere of patriotism. She drank in with every breath the spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice. "What can I do?" was the question oftenest on her lips; and when the call came for our women to supply stockings for the soldiers in time for the approaching winter campaign, she was among the first of those who responded. It was only on the morning of this day that the Quartermaster-General's appeal had gone forth, and already she had supplied herself with blue yarn and knitting-needles.

"I didn't believe you were such a little—"

The young man had uttered so much of his reply to Katie's "Of course," when she lifted her hand with a sudden impulse, and said, almost sternly:

"Take care, George!"

"Take care!—of what?"

He affected to be still amused.

"Take care how you trifle with things that should be held out of the region of trifling."

"Soldiers' blue yarn stockings, for instance—ha! ha!"

"Laugh if you will, but bear in mind one thing."

"What?"

"That I am in no laughing mood."

Her clear, strong eyes, rested firmly on his, with something of a rebuke in their expression.

"Tut, tut, Katie! don't look at me so seriously. But, indeed, I can't help laughing. You knitting blue yarn stockings! Well, it is funny!"

"Good morning, George."

She was turning away.

"Good morning, Katie," was answered lightly. "I'll call around this evening to see how the stockings are coming on."

When Katie Maxwell left home an hour before her step was light and her countenance glowing with her heart's enthusiasm. But she walked now with her eyes cast down, and a veil of unquiet thought shadowing her countenance. This interview with one in whom her heart was deeply interested had ruffled the surface of her smoothly-gliding thoughts. The cause of her country, and the needs of those who were offering their lives in its defense, were things so full of sober reality in her regard, that the light words of George Mason had jarred her feelings, and not only jarred them, but awakened doubts and questionings of the most painful character.

Katie Maxwell sat down alone in her own room, with her hands crossed on her lap, and her eyes fixed in thought. She had tossed the small bundle of yarn upon the bed, and laid aside her bonnet and cloak. Now she was looking certain new questions which had come up right in the face. Was there in the heart of George Mason a true loyalty to his country? That was one of the questions. It had never presented itself in distinct form until now. He was in good health, strong, and of manly presence. No imperative cause held him at home. During the summer he had visited Niagara, taken a trip down the St. Lawrence, enjoyed the White Mountains, and, in a general way, managed to take a good share of pleasure to himself.

The state of the times never seemed to trouble him. It would all come out right in the end, he did not hesitate to affirm; but not a hand did he lift in defense of his country, not a sacrifice did he make for her safety.

And yet he criticized sharply official acts and army movements, sneering at Generals, and condemned as weak or venal patriotic men in high places, who were giving not only their noblest efforts but their very lives to the cause. All this, yet were his hands held back from the work.

Occasionally these things had pressed themselves on the mind of Katie Maxwell, but she had put them aside as unwelcome. Now they were before her in bold relief.

"He is not against his country. He is no traitor. He is sound in principles."

Such were the thought-answers given to the accusing thoughts that shaped themselves in her mind.

"If for his country, why, in this time of peril, does he sit with folded hands?" was replied.

Is he afraid to look danger in the face? to endure suffering? If he loved his country he would, self-forgetting, spring to her defense as hundreds of thousands of true-hearted men are doing."

Moved by this thought-utterance, Katie arose, and stood with her slight form drawn to its full erectness, her hands clenched, and her eyes flashing.

"And, not enough that he holds off, like a coward or an ease-loving imbecile, he must assail, with covert sneers, the acts of those who would minister to the wants of men whose brave acts shame him! Loyal to his country! Is that loyalty? Do such things help or harm? Do friends hurt and hinder? Sound in principle! I am afraid not. By their fruits ye shall know them. Where are his fruits?"

Katie stood for a little while, quivering under strong excitement. Then, sitting down, she crouched as one whose thoughts were pressing back upon the mind like heavy burdens. There was a dull sense of pain at her heart. George Mason had been dear to her. But the shadow of a cloud had fallen upon the beauty of her idol. It had been gathering like a thin, almost viewless vapor for some time past; and now, compacting itself almost in an instant, it was dark enough to hide the sunlight.

Gradually the brave, true-hearted girl—for she was brave and true-hearted—rose into the serene atmosphere from which she had fallen. The pain left her heart, though a pressure as of a weight lay still on her bosom. The smile that played about her lips as she joined the family circle, not long afterward, was more fleeting than usual; but no one remarked the soberer cast of her countenance as it died away. Her skin of blue yarn was speedily wound into a ball, and the requisite number of stitches cast on to her needle, and then away went her busy fingers—not busier than her thoughts.

"What's the matter, Katie?"

The unusual silence of her daughter had attracted Mrs. Maxwell's attention, and she had been, unnoted by Katie, examining her face.

The maiden started at the question, and colored just a little as she glanced up at her mother.

"You look sober."

"Do I?"

Katie forced herself to smile.

"Perhaps I feel so." Then, after a pause, she added, "I don't think this kind of work very favorable to high spirits. I can't help thinking of Frank and Willie. Poor boys! Are they not soldiers?"

"Dear brave boys!" said the mother, with feeling. "Yes, they are soldiers—true soldiers, I trust."

"But what a change for them, mother! Home life and camp life—could anything be more different?"

"Life's highest enjoyment is in the mind, Katie. They are doing their duty, and that consciousness will more than compensate for loss of ease and bodily comfort. How cheerfully and bravely they write home to us! No complainings—no looking back—no coward fears! What a thrill went over me as I came to the closing word of Willie's last letter: 'For God and my country first, and next for you, my darling mother!'"

And the words thrill me over and over again, as I think of them, with a new and deep emotion.

Katie turned her face a little farther away from her mother, and bent a little lower over her knitting. Often had the contrast between the spirit of her brothers—boys still—and that of George Mason presented itself; now it stood out before her in sharp relief.

As she sat, working in silence—for she did not respond to her mother's last remark—her thoughts went back in review. She conned over well-remembered sentiments which Mason had uttered in her presence, and saw in them a lukewarmness, if not a downright indifference, to the great issues at stake, felt before—now perceived distinctly. Her father talked of scarcely anything but the state of the country; George found many themes of interest outside of this absorbing question, and when he did converse on matters of public concern, it was with so little earnestness and comprehensive intelligence, that she always experienced a feeling of dissatisfaction.

The light tone of ridicule with which he had treated Katie's declaration that she was going to knit stockings for the soldiers, hurt her at the time, for her mind was in a glow of earnest enthusiasm, and the pain that followed quickened all her perceptions. The incident pushed young Mason back from the very near position in which he had for some time stood, and gave Katie an opportunity to look at him with less embarrassment and a more discriminating inspection. Before, there had been a strong sphere of attraction when she thought of him; now, she was sensible of a counteracting repulsion. Language that seemed to mean little when spoken, remembered now, had marked significance.

It was observed by both Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell that Katie was unusually absent-minded at tea-time. Mr. Maxwell talked about national affairs, as was his custom, and Katie listened attentively, as was her wont. Among other things, he said:

"In love of country—which involves an unselfish regard for the good of all in the country—every virtue is included. The man who is not a true patriot cannot be a true citizen nor a true Christian; for love of country is that vessel in the natural mind down into which flows a love of God's kingdom; and he who loves and seeks to establish that which is highest as God's universal kingdom to the earth, helps to establish all that is lowest. In times like these, when our national existence is threatened by a force of giant magnitude and intense purpose—when all that we hold dear as a people is threatened with destruction—there must be, in any man who can look on quietly and take his ease—who can be lukewarm, or put even straw in his hindrance in the way of any patriotic end, however humbly exhibited—a leaven of selfishness so vital with its own mean life that it will pervade the whole character, and give its quality to every action. I hold such men—and they are all around us—at a distance. I mark them as born of base elements. I do not mean to trust them in future. If I were a maiden, and had a lover, and if that lover were not for his country—outspoken and outacting, full of ardor and among the first to spring to her defense—I would turn from him. The man who is not true to his country—and the indifferent are not true—will be false to all obligations in the hour of trial. Trust no man who is not ready, in this hour, to do his utmost."

These arguments made no impression upon her affectionate heart. She accordingly staid and watched with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him; he grew worse and worse, and finally died.

Those who went round with the death-carts had visited the chamber and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She said she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct.

The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it.

The half hour came round, and again were heard the solemn words:

"Bring out your dead!"

The wife again resisted their importunities, but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one, but the health of the town required punctual obedience to the orders they received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by prompt removal of the dead, and an immediate fumigation of the infected apartments.

She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears, continually saying: "I am sure he is not dead!"

The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea, but finally, overcome by her tears, again departed.

With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore him. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreadful half hour came round, and found him as cold and rigid

Katie listened, and her soul was fired. She drank in fully of her father's spirit. That evening as she sat knitting alone in the parlor, she heard the bell ring, and knew by the sound whose hand had pulled the wire. Her fingers grew unsteady, and she began to drop stitches. So she let the stocking upon which she was at work fall into her lap.

She sat very still now, her heart beating strongly. The heavy tread of George Mason was in the hall. Then the door opened, and the young man entered.

She did not rise. In fact, so strong was her inward disturbance, that she felt the necessity for remaining as externally quiet as possible, in order to keep from betraying her actual state of mind.

"Good evening," said Mason, almost gayly, as he stepped into the room. Then pausing suddenly, and lifting both hands in mock surprise, he exclaimed:

"Blue yarn and soldiers' stockings! Oh, Katie Maxwell!"

Katie did not move nor reply. Her heart was fluttering when he came in, but in an instant it regained an even beat. There was more in his tones than even in his words. The clear, strong eyes were on his face.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, gayly, now advancing until he had come within a few feet of the maiden.

Then she rose, and moved back a pace or two, with a strange, cold dignity of manner that surprised her visitor.

"What a good actress you would make!" he said, still speaking lightly, for he did not think her in earnest. "A Goddess of Liberty! Here is my cane; raise your stocking, and the representation will be perfect."

"I am not acting, George."

She spoke with an air of severity that sobered him.

"You are not?"

"No; I cautioned you this morning about trifling with things that should be held out of the region of trifling," she answered, steadily.

"If you are not sufficiently inspired with love of country to lift an arm in her defense, don't I pray you, hinder, with light words, even the feeble service that a weak woman's hands may render. I am not a man, and cannot, therefore, fight for liberty and good government; but what I am able to do I am doing; from a state of mind hurt by levity. I am in earnest; and if you are not, it is time that you looked down into your heart and made some effort to understand its springs of action. You are of man's estate, you are in good health, you are not trampled by any legal or social hindrances. Why, then, are you not in the field, George Mason? I have asked myself an hundred times this question, and can come to no satisfactory answer."

Katie Maxwell stood before the young man like one inspired, her eyes flashing, her face in a glow, her lips firmly set, but arched, her slender form drawn up to its full height, almost imperiously.

"In the field?" he said, in astonishment, and not without confusion of manner.

"Yes, in the field! In arms for your country!"

He shrugged his shoulders with an affected indifference that was mingled with something of contempt, saying blindly—for he did not give himself space to reflect:

"I've no particular fancy for salt pork, hard tack, and Minnie bullets."

"Nor I for cowards!" exclaimed Katie, borne away by her feelings; and she pointed sternly to the door.

The young man went out. As he shut the door, she sank into the chair from which she had arisen, weak and quivering. The blue yarn stocking did not grow under her hand that night; but her fingers moved with unwearied diligence through all the next day, and a soldier's sock, thick, and soft, and warm, was laid beside her father's plate when he came to the evening meal.

Very sweet to her were the approving sentences that fell from his lips, and they had balm in them for the pain which had wrought at her heart for many hours.

Only a day or two the pain lasted. Then it died out; and even as it died there were whispers on the air touching George Mason, that as they came to her ears, impelled her to say:

"Thank God that he is nothing to me!"

Rescue from Premature Burial.

One of my father's brothers, says Mrs. Childs, residing in Boston, at the time when the yellow fever prevailed to such a frightful extent, became a victim of the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, the wife sent the children into the country, and she remained to tend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her and no benefit to him.

These arguments made no impression upon her affectionate heart. She accordingly staid and watched with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him; he grew worse and worse, and finally died.

Those who went round with the death-carts had visited the chamber and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She said she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct.

The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it.

The half hour came round, and again were heard the solemn words:

"Bring out your dead!"

The wife again resisted their importunities, but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one, but the health of the town required punctual obedience to the orders they received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by prompt removal of the dead, and an immediate fumigation of the infected apartments.

She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears, continually saying: "I am sure he is not dead!"

The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea, but finally, overcome by her tears, again departed.

With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore him. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreadful half hour came round, and found him as cold and rigid

as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messenger thought a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will, but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances she answered:

"If you bury him, you shall bury me with him."

At last, by dint of reasoning on the case, they obtained from her a promise that if he showed no signs of life before they again came around, she would make no opposition to the removal.

Having gained the respite, she hung the watch upon the bed-post, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She kept kegs of hot water about him, forced hot brandy into his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch, and in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her—she dropped the head she had been sustaining—her hand trembled violently, and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head had been slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils.

Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened—and when the death men came again, they found him sitting up in bed.

He recovered.

Temperance in All Things.

The following sensible thoughts are from an article by Mrs. Rev. B. Peters, published in the *Ridgeway Gazette*:

"I like to see embroidery upon the children of the wealthy, if it has been the means of giving employment to some poor woman. But to see elaborate needle-work upon a child whose heart and mind have been neglected that the mother might have time to accomplish the intricate pattern, makes my soul sick. I have seen wives and mothers who neglected their reading, their house, their children, who appeared at the breakfast-table often with disheveled hair, in a torn and soiled wrapper, without a collar, and who still retained this beautiful outfit through the entire day in order to work, in a piece of cotton cloth, about two thousand and one little holes which they cut with their own scissors. If that is not intemperance, and a very bad kind of intemperance, what is it?"

"While the drunkard is under the influence of his potations, he is often good natured; but in my experience, I scarcely ever knew an intemperate embroiderer to retain her amiability if her husband or brother interrupted her operations with, 'Here, do sew this strap or button on,' or if her child comes to her, 'Mother, tie my hood,' or 'Mother, my shoe-string's lost.' Ten to one this last sets her frantic, for I notice most intemperate embroiderers are 'so nervous.'"

"Another intemperance to which women are addicted is the house-cleaning intemperance. Some are so excessively neat and orderly that they are never at rest. They cannot bear to have any one walk briskly around the room or dance for fear of raising a dust. You must not look out of the windows, for fear your breath will soil them. You must not read, for you may forget to fold up the papers or neglect to put the books in their proper places. They do not like callers in wet weather, for fear they will bring in the snow or the mud. They object to company in dry weather, because they bring in dust, etc."

The Negativism of Macaulay.

The one great defect in Macaulay's life and writings, is his negativism, to use no stronger word, on the subject of evangelical religion. Not that he ever impeaches its sacredness—no enemy of religion can claim his championship; he was at once too refined and too reverent for infidelity, but he nowhere upholds divine presence or prescience, nowhere speaks of the precepts of Christianity as if they were divinely sanctioned, nowhere gives to its cloud of witnesses the adhesion of his honored name. Did it never occur to him that men were deeper than they seemed, and restless about that future into which he is so strangely averse to pry? Did the solemn problems of the soul—the what of its purpose, the whither of its destiny—never perplex and trouble him? Did it never strike him that there was a Providence at work when his hero was saved from assassination? When the fierce winds scattered the Armada? When the fetters were broken which Rome had forged and fastened? When from the struggles of years rose up the slow and stately growth of English freedom? Why did he always brand vice as an injury or an error? Did he never feel it to be a sin? Alas! that on the matters on which these questions touch his writings make no sign. Of course, no one expected the historian to become a preacher, nor the essayist a theologian; but that there should be a studious avoidance of those great, deep, awful matters, which have to do with the Eternal, and that, in a history in which religion, in some phase or other, was the inspiration of the events which he records, is a fact which no Christian heart can think of without surprise and sorrow. Into the secret history of the inner man we may not enter, and we gladly hope, from small, but significant indications which a searcher may discover in his writings, as well as from intimations published shortly after his death, that if there had rested any cloud on his experience, the sun of righteousness dispersed it—that he anchored his personal hope on that "dear name" which his earliest rhymes had sung.—PUNSON.

A Presentation at the Queen's Drawing Room.

On getting out of the carriage everything in the shape of a cloak, or scarf, even of lace, must be left behind. The train is folded carefully over the left arm and the wearer enters the long gallery at St. James's, where she waits until her turn comes for presentation. She then proceeds to the presence-chamber, which is entered by two doors. She goes in, by that indicated to her, and, on finding herself in the presence-chamber, lets down her train, which is instantly spread out by the

lords-in-waiting with their wands, so that the lady walks easily forward to the Queen. The card on which the lady's name is inscribed is then handed to another lord-in-waiting, who reads the name aloud to the Queen. When she arrives just before her Majesty, she should curtsy very low, so low as almost, but not quite, to kneel to the Queen, who, if the lady presented be a peeress, or a peer's daughter, kisses her forehead; if merely a commoner, holds out her right hand to be kissed by the lady presented, who, having done so, rises, and makes curseys severally to any members of the Royal Family present, then passes on, keeping her face toward the Queen, and backing out to the door appointed for those who go out of the presence-chamber.

The Tailor and Dean Swift.

A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of the Dean, took it into his head that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and especially the Book of Revelations. Quitting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop and his family was likely to famish.

His monomania was well known to Dean Swift, who benevolently watched for some convenient opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. One night the tailor, as he fancied, got a revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and the next morning took up his line of march for the deanery. The Dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself in an attitude of solemnity, and his eyes fixed on the tenth chapter of Revelations, he waited his approach.

The door opened, and the tailor announced in an unearthly voice the message: "Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you—"

"Come in, my friend," said the Dean, "I am in great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty."

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, strengthened greatly his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

"My friend," said the Dean, "I have just been reading the tenth chapter of Revelations, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with, and you are the very man to help me out. Here is the account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot on the sea and the other on the earth, and lifted up his hands to heaven. Now my knowledge of mathematics," continued the Dean, "has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of the angel; but I am in a great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches, and as that is in your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me."

This sudden exposition came like an electric shock to the poor tailor. He rushed from the house, ran to his shop, and a sudden revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation thoroughly cured of his prophetic revelations by the wit of the Dean.

Casting our Shadows.

"If people's tempers should cast out shadows what would they be?" said Augustine, as he lay on the grass and looked at Amy's shadow on the fence. "Joe Smith's would be a fist doubled up, and Sam Stearn's a bear, for he is always growling, and sister Esther's a streak of sunshine, and cousin Julia's a sweet little dove, and mine"—here Augustine stopped.

According to Augustine, then, our inner selves are casting their shadows; that is, I suppose we are throwing off impressions of what we really are on all around us, and in fact, we can no more help doing so than we can fold up our real shadows and tuck them away in a drawer.

Suppose we follow out Augustine's idea, and ask, "And mine—what shadow would my temper cast?" It might surprise and possibly frighten us, although it might in some measure help us to see ourselves as others see us. The fact is, our associates know us better than we know ourselves; they see our shadows, which, though they may sometimes be longer or shorter than we really are, the outlines, in the main, are all correct; for our shadow is, after all, the image of ourself.

We sometimes hear of people who are "afraid of their shadows," and it seems cowardly and foolish; but if Augustine's idea should come to pass, a great many would have reason to be frightened by the image of their inner selves, so deformed and unsightly it might be, or so disagreeable, that nobody would wish to take a second look.

Now, it is this shadowing out of what we really are, in spite of ourselves, which makes it such a sober and responsible business to be living, and which makes it so immeasurably important to be living right; for other people are constantly seeing and feeling our influence, whatever it may be. Every child at school is throwing off a good or bad impression upon the schoolmate next to her. Every child at home is casting off kind and gentle influences in the little circle around him; or, it may be, he is like the image of a fist doubled up, or a claw scratching, or like a vinegar-cruet, pouring out only the sour. How is this? Let the children look to this point.

The Sacramento Flood.

When the flood was at its height in the city, a small boy made his appearance at the counter of the What Cheer House, wet from head to foot, and inquired:

"Can my mother and I come into this house?"

The clerk asked: "Where is your mother?"

"She is out here," said the boy, "on some plank."

"Yes," said the clerk, "bring her in."

The little fellow, hat in hand, started for the door. He had gone but a few steps, when, returning to the counter, he said: "I must tell you, sir, we have no money."

"No matter," said the clerk, "come in."

Brave little hero! He had saved his dear mother from a watery grave by getting her on some planks and floating her to the door of the hotel, and when he had gotten permission to enter the house, and remembered they had no money, his more than manly heart refused the generous

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THE LAWRENCE TENEMENT HOUSES IN BOSTON.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, from whom we have before quoted, (F. W. B.) has an interesting statement respecting the model lodging houses erected under the will of the late Abbot Lawrence. It will interest our readers.

"Outside barbarians may fail to see the aptness with which a New Yorker can apply the word humanitarian to the erection of model lodging houses. But those who remember the frequent catastrophes occurring in the metropolis—where tenement houses are turned into toasting-forks and griddons, and women and children, their inmates, are called to pass through the fire to the Moloch of Mammon—will not discover any affectation of language in my application of the word. The whole country recognized and applauded, at the time, the well-directed wisdom of the late Hon. Abbot Lawrence, in bequeathing the sum of fifty thousand dollars to trustees, with instructions to erect therewith such buildings as, by their arrangement, location, and economy, could be occupied beneficially by persons of slender means in the city of Boston. Although nearly ten years have passed since Mr. Lawrence died, the practical fulfillment of his wish has only within a few months been realized. Delays, partially connected with the settlement of the estate, and partially growing out of the care necessary in selecting and purchasing a suitable site, have hindered the execution of the project. It is now, however, measurably *un fait accompli*, and, as briefly as possible, I will describe the Lawrence Model Lodging House on Kneeland Place:

"The location is admirably situated. Kneeland Place is between Washington Street and Harrison Avenue, one or two squares from Boylston street, and, consequently, not far from the lower end of the Common. Comparative strangers in Boston will understand the locality when I say that it is not far from the Adams House, the Winthrop House, and the Rowe Street Baptist Church (Dr. Stow's.) The building, now completed and fully occupied, is five stories high, has a front of sixty-three feet on Kneeland Place, and is forty-one feet in depth, with an outlet in the rear upon an alley of sixteen feet, beyond which a second building, of similar proportions, is hereafter to be erected. The structure is of brick, with granite and free-stone trimmings, and is surmounted by a tasteful roof, in the French style lately adopted on some of our own Fifth Avenue mansions. There are four tenements on each floor, with four rooms and all the necessary closets attached to each. Each tenement is divided from the other by a brick wall, and entered from a fire-proof entry-way, built of brick. The stair-cases are of iron, and there are two on each floor. The hall floors are of brick, no wood being visible in the halls except that connected with the doors and windows. Each tenement has its own hall door, with bell-pull, and, in most cases, a neat name-plate, and also the number of the tenement, which prevents the possibility of mistake or trouble in finding the persons wanted. The halls are abundantly wide and light, and are lit at night by gas brackets from the wall. Such of the occupants as arrange for meters with the gas company find all the appliances, except the common fixtures, ready to their hands. All the rooms and some of the closets are lighted by windows sufficiently numerous, either for light or ventilation. The water-closets are of the modern style, and are the only partially dark portions of the tenements. Each tenement has its own water-closet. I should add that these closets are freely ventilated by openings which communicate with the roof.

"The tenements consist of a living-room, twelve by fourteen feet; two bedrooms, eight feet by eight feet six inches; a sink-room, or kitchen, six feet by seven feet six inches, literally a little hot-house; a store-closet, four feet six inches square; a room for wood and coal, four feet six inches by four feet; two small clothes-closets, and a water-closet and hall. With slight variations, each tenement, of the twenty in the building, is of this character and capacity. In the basement there is a store-cellar for each tenement, designated by its number, and a general bath-room supplied with hot and cold water. Here are also receptacles for the ashes, conducted down from all the tenements by flues ingeniously contrived for the convenience and safety of those using fire on the premises. The basement is perfectly dry, and well lighted and ventilated by windows. The top of the roof is flat, and arranged for clothes-drying purposes. Every story is eight feet six inches high in the clear.

"These tenements are sufficiently roomy for the accommodation of small families without servants. In one of them I found the family comprised the father, mother, three children, and a servant. This was the most crowded settlement in the building; but as compared with New York cell-pots, dignified by the term tenement houses, life must have been luxurious to this family-man in his four rooms. The tenants of the Lawrence House are mostly clerks, mechanics, and railroad employes, whose incomes vary from \$450 to \$1,000 per annum. Their tenements cost them from two and a quarter to three and a quarter dollars a week, according to location in the building. They pay their rent weekly in advance, and their punctuality, thus far practiced without an exception, is stimulated by the knowledge that constant applications are pending for the rooms of those who forfeit the right to keep them by misconduct or irregularity. Under the established rules, the house has been kept constantly full and increasingly popular. Costing, with the land it stands upon, about \$30,000, it is calculated that the investment returns, above all expenses, about six per cent. per annum, which money is benevolently disposed of again under the provisions of Mr. Lawrence's will. If, however, the figures I heard named as the cost of building the house are truthful (\$28,000), I have no hesitation in saying that somebody made four or five thousand dollars out of the job.

"The building is, unquestionably, as near fire-proof as any such structure can be made. There is, nevertheless, one radical error in the construction, which must be pointed out and should be remedied. The stair balusters, although of iron, and quite tasteful, are barely thirty inches high, and present no sort of obstacle to an adult's falling over into the inevitable well-hole, which has so long been the curse of tenement houses in New York and all other cities. Of course, no one means to fall over, or expects to do so silly a thing, but we all know how easy it is to meet with accidents, and where an additional foot of iron railing will remove even the appearance of danger, it should be supplied; and, in the case of the Lawrence Houses, I doubt not will be promptly furnished.

"Upon the whole—unless, indeed, New York has secretly and suddenly made a stride forward in building tenement houses without my knowledge—the Lawrence Model Lodging-Houses place Boston in advance of us in a particular which is not creditable to our humanity, and the sooner we learn the fact, and acknowledge it practically, the better it will be for our city. Surely, no New Yorker need aspire to a prouder memorial than the erection of a number of such buildings would supply. They will enable any man to appropriate the Horatian boast—

"Eregi monumentum aere perennius."

And, were good deeds the single test of excellence, such a work would seem to cover a multitude of sins. As it is, one who was fortunate in knowing Abbot Lawrence in life, and who has some acquaintance with his many kindly generousities, yet hazards the prediction that his most durable monument will, in this truly philanthropic act, be erected in thousands of humble hearts made happy by the movement he initiated for improving the houses of the poor."

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A Few Questions for those who Think.

1. If our Bible was infallibly inspired in the original manuscripts, should it not have been infallibly translated, in order to become an infallible book to us? Now if it was infallibly translated, why, in the name of common sense, do our ministers and commentators continually mock us with new translations of certain parts? Is it not in order to get rid of certain disagreeable contradictions which they find, to other parts, or to their own particular creeds founded on it? Can infallibility be improved upon?

2. If the New Testament be superior in doctrine, tone, and sentiment to the Old, (which all must acknowledge or they can't be called Christians,) then was the Old *all right*? And if it was not *all right*, was it from God in any infallible sense?

3. Can an infallible book cultivate hundreds of different creeds and prove them all?

4. Can an infallible book, "plain and easy to be understood," call for ten thousand wordy priests, at a salary of from two hundred to five thousand dollars a year, to expound it—while the poor ye have always with you, and while "love is the fulfilling of the law"?

5. If all who are saved are saved by the grace of God, and that God is Love, does it not follow as certainly as that two and two make four, that all who are lost, are lost because God had no grace to save them with? and if so, why torment the unsaved before their time?

6. If all men are to be rewarded according to their works, will any two receive just the same reward, seeing that no two act just alike? Then does it not follow that there must be just as many heavens, or conditions in the future, as there are grades of character among men? If so, does not heaven and hell represent the two extremes? and progression, or growth in grace, represent all the conditions between?

7. If all men are to be judged by their deeds, and not by their professions, nor by their long prayers, nor by their much going to meeting, what must soon become of our time-serving, unchristian, unmerciful church?

"Suppose ye," says Christ, "that I am come to give peace on the earth? I tell you, nay; but rather division: I am come to send fire on the earth, and what will I, if it be already kindled? When ye see a cloud rise out of the west, straightway ye say, There cometh a shower; and so it is. And when ye see the south wind blow, ye say, There will be heat; and it cometh to pass. Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern this time? Yea, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?"

Now, hush! ye priests! do not despise the little tiny raps. To listening souls, so sweet a sound ne'er parted mortal lips. These gentle raps have touched a chord strung in the human breast. Whose vibrations will fill the world till every soul is blest.

HAMILTON.

Modern Heroines.

Not alone with the names of heroes and military chieftains is the page of our nation's history being rapidly filled. A noble list of worthy, self-denying women, is being recorded in indelible characters upon the scroll of fame. And when the history of this war shall have been written, and its events are made familiar in daily lessons to our country's children, the names of the heroic, benevolent, and self-sacrificing women who have acted well their part, will be remembered as deserving to rank among the nation's saviors.

From the *Home Journal* we clip the following

MERITED TRIBUTE.

"Among the young and noble hearted who have fallen the untimely victims of this rebellion, may be numbered Miss SARIE CURTIS, a lovely and accomplished young lady, only twenty years of age, and eldest daughter of Major-General Samuel R. Curtis, now, and at the time of the death of his beloved daughter, serving at the head of the gallant army of the South-west, in Arkansas. Miss Curtis left her home in Keokuk last summer, to be near her father and brothers, who are both in the army, resided in St. Louis while her father was in command there, and when the General took command of a corps *d'envers* to expel Price and his rebels from Missouri, she followed as far as Rolla, the terminus of the south-west branch of the Pacific Railroad. While there, her brother, Captain Curtis, was taken sick, and she, remaining to nurse him, fell ill herself of the typhoid fever, so prevalent in the vicinity of large bodies of troops. She was removed to St. Louis, where she revived for a few days, but suffered a relapse, and died on the 26th of March, two weeks

after her return from Rolla. Miss Curtis, with many of the noble women of America, was devoted to the cause of the Union. While in Keokuk, she was secretary of the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society, and silently but fearlessly labored in camp and in hospital for the sick and wounded. But the fatal contagion cut her down in the sweet bloom of life's morning, deprived a home of its chief joy, society of one of its brightest ornaments, and the world of a true woman. A grateful country, so prompt to extend to the brave general on the distant battle-field the well-deserved reward of victory, will not deny him their sympathy in this his hour of affliction and sorrow."

From the *Pooria Transcript*.

A Woman Appointed Major.

Gov. Yates has paid a rather unusual but well-merited compliment to Mrs. Reynolds, wife of Lieutenant Reynolds, of company A, Seventeenth Illinois, and a resident of this city. Mrs. Reynolds has accompanied her husband through the greater part of the campaign through which the Seventeenth has passed, sharing with him the dangers and privations of a soldier's life. She was present at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and like a ministering angel, attended to the wants of many of the wounded and dying soldiers as she could, thus winning the gratitude and esteem of the brave fellows by whom she was surrounded.

Gov. Yates, hearing of her heroic and praiseworthy conduct, presented her with a commission as Major in the army, the document conferring the well-merited honor being made out with all due formality, and having attached the great seal of the State. Probably no lady in America will ever again have such a distinguished military honor conferred upon her. Mrs. Reynolds is now in this city, and leaves to join her regiment in a day or two.

A Noble Woman.

Mrs. General H. W. L. Wallace, of Ottawa, went up to Pittsburg, on one of the first boats after the battle, having heard that her husband was wounded. When she arrived she found him already dead. For a brief season she yielded to the great grief of her bereaved soul, and wept over her dead, refusing to be comforted. But when she saw all round on the boat the men who had fought and fallen with him there yet alive, in pain and thirst, with none to help them, she turned from her dead to the living, and all night long went from man to man, with water and words of comfort and the holy succor that must come out of such an inspiration in such a place. Many incidents of nobleness and unselfishness have come to our knowledge, during the progress of this war, but no one has touched us more tenderly, or excited more deeply our admiration, than this.—*New Covenant*.

Notices of New Books.

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

LAST POEMS BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. With a memorial, by THEODORE TILTON. New York: James Miller (successor to C. S. Francis & Co.) 522 Broadway.

We welcome this neat little blue and gold volume, the *last poems* of a revered and beloved authoress, edited by the careful hand of her devoted friend, Mr. Tilton. The following letter, written by Mrs. L. M. Child to the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, is a brief but just review of the character and works of Mrs. Browning, and of the biographical sketch which accompanies the present volume:

"I am glad your brave-hearted, talented friend, Theodore Tilton, has presented the public with a collection of Mrs. Browning's Last Poems, and that he has accompanied them with a Memorial of the author, written in a manner so worthy of its theme. Its loyal defence and whole-hearted admiration are such as an appreciative son might bestow on the genius and virtues of a highly endowed mother. Some will consider it too enthusiastic; and it might be open to that charge, were it not for the fact that it is hardly possible to overrate the intellectual and moral greatness of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. I have always thought the most perfect ideal of human character was a harmonious proportion of manly and womanly elements; and Mrs. Browning appears to have been preëminently a manifestation of this ideal. She was manly in her large, comprehensive views of things, womanly in her plenitude of love and sympathy.

"The short poems collected in this volume were written for various periodicals, several of them for the *Independent*. Whatever their subject, whether love or grief, children or nations, they all bear the impress of her strong character; for even her 'carving on cherry stones' always revealed 'the mallet hand.' Every utterance is that of a full, deep soul. Yet her learning is incidentally betrayed, never with ostentation. Her mind was full of it, and it could not otherwise than run over whenever the waters were stirred, though it were only by the play of a gold-fish. A few weeks after her spirit had gone to a higher plane of existence, her husband reverently took up the books which had been her companions through years of physical debility; and, looking over the copious comments written on the margins of Greek and Hebrew volumes, he said, with saddened tenderness, 'And all this learning was borne so modestly.'

"There is something peculiarly charming in the domestic history of this woman, whose thoughts dived so deep and soared so high. In all the 'Loves of the Poets' there is nothing that approaches it in beauty and completeness. It is more elevated and inspiring than Petrarch's graceful variations on the theme of downcast eyes and golden hair; it is more human and tender than Dante's worship of his beatified Beatrice. The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Browning was a true union of hearts and minds; and the picture of their home, so English in its character, is all the more lovely for its external framework of Italy's sun-lighted vines.

"Mrs. Browning has left an unstained record in her life and her writings. All that she uttered tended to make the souls of men and women larger, nobler, and purer."

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.—The May number of this valuable monthly has the following contents:

Mr. L.'s Narrative Continued; A Glimpse at Once-a-Week; The Friend of God; Newspapers and Ghosts; Joseph Barber's Experience in America; Professional Mediumship; Internal Respiration—its loss, and what it involved; Notices of Books, &c.

We continue to furnish this London publication, but our correspondents will remember that the copies we import for sale are late in reaching us, and understand any delay that may occur in filling orders. Price 20 cents per number.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for May has the following contents:

A Visit to Rugby—the famous school; Sensation Novels, being a criticism on Dickens' 'Great Expectations'; Wilkie Collins' 'Woman in White'; Caxtonia, part IV; No. 6 on the Management of Money, addressed chiefly to the young; the Renewal of Life; Chronicles of Carlingford; the First Guild Day; the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and President Andrew Jackson, a Review of Paxton's Biography. Every article invites perusal.

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