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# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE. WISDOM. LIBERTY.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

VOL. 3, No 28.]

[A. J. DAVIS & CO.,  
274 Canal St.]

NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING AUGUST 30, 1862.

[TWO DOLLARS  
per Year.]

[WHOLE No. 132.]

## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

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

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

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

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."

H. H. C., NEW ORLEANS.—The way of the war is "hard," like that of the transgressor.

AUSTIN, E. S., WOODSTOCK, VT.—It is refreshing to get a line from you. Will you not sometimes favor us with your pen?

W. P., IOWA.—You must not be disappointed if mediums for "physical manifestations" should not multiply before the war is ended.

E. R. S., N. H.—Let no thought of final defeat occupy the place of hope. A victory for mankind may be defeat in the eyes of the law.

J. M. C., N. Y.—The world is stirred to its very depths. But a deeper commotion is yet to come. A great State-storm is as certain as it is necessary.

T. J. M., BROOKLYN.—Labor will come hard at first, but you will be happier while so employed, than in eating viands purchased by the wealth of a gambler.

"Gus," NEW YORK.—He was a member of the Seventh Regiment, N. Y. S. M. We do not know where he now is. Probably in the army still.

Mrs. N. C., WISCONSIN, in renewing her subscription, says: "I cannot do without the HERALD OF PROGRESS in these hard times of war. I worked one week and went ten miles for this dollar! My husband and boys have all gone to the war and I am alone to take care of the little ones." We could not afford to lose such an appreciative reader, even though the hard earned dollar failed to come to hand. The paper will be sent regularly during the war.

G. C. H., NEW YORK.—The Government colonization scheme is not aided by Redpath, who, in a letter to the *Tribune*, Aug. 16, thus protests: "I desire to say that I know this Central American scheme to be a business speculation, projected by men who have a tract of land to sell which they cannot otherwise dispose of; and that any attempt to connect the Haytian movement in any manner with it is a fraud intended to cover their designs, and will be resisted accordingly."

Respectfully, JAMES REDPATH.

W. P. ANDERSON, the spirit portrait painter, writing from Providence, R. I., (Aug. 22d), says: "This morning a dear friend of mine handed me a back number of the HERALD OF PROGRESS in which I see a note from O. H. Hall, North Groton, N. H., in regard to two dollars which he says he sent me for a picture, and adds that he has not heard from me. He should have written me immediately and informed me of the fact (if such it was). I think him very unkind in pursuing the course he did. I inclose him two dollars this morning. His two dollars I do not remember to have received. I do not doubt he sent them, but I am changing my address so often that some of my letters are mis-sent."

THE HOMESTEAD LAW.—The following letter from Speaker Grow, interpreting this law, will explain itself:

"SPEAKER'S ROOM, June 20, 1862.

"DEAR SIR.—No one person can take, under the Homestead Act, over a quarter section, and that he can take without any reference to how much land he owns, if he occupies and cultivates as required by law. But if he lives on less than a quarter section, he can take adjoining, provided that (which) he takes with what he has shall not exceed a quarter section. Your owning land in Kansas does not prevent your settling on and cultivating either an adjoining quarter section, or any other elsewhere.

Yours truly, G. A. Grow.

## THEY NEVER FAIL.

They never fail who die  
In a great cause; the blood may soak their gore;  
Their heads may sicken in the sun; their limbs  
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—  
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years  
Elope, and others share as dark a doom,  
They but augment the deep and sweeping  
thoughts  
Which overpower all others, and conduct  
The world at last to Freedom. [BYRON.]

## Doings of the Moral Police.

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

[From the *Phrenological Journal*.]

## Grace Darling and her Island Home.

In the German Ocean, near the north-east coast of England, there is a group of islands called the Farne Islands. At low tide twenty-five of these appear above the water, but at high tide most of them are completely hidden from view. The traveler, unless he saw the brilliant light from the lighthouses of two of them, would certainly think they were destitute of human beings, and still less that those dreary spots had ever been blessed by woman's smile and illumined by the halo of her affection. Without soil, presenting a surface of bare rocks, canopied by the blue vault of heaven, it would seem as if not even the sea-gulls would wish to alight there. Probably before the year 1837 comparatively very few individuals were familiar with the name or locality of these islands; and had it not been for a fair, gentle, yet heroic being, whose name should be inscribed on memory's tablet in undying characters, these islands might have remained comparatively unknown.

It was a bright afternoon in July, 1861, when our party left Newcastle, England—a place famous for the magnificent bridge of George Stephenson, 120 feet high, under which ships pass with ease, also for its grindstones, coal and iron—to sail on the river Tyne, thence on the German Ocean for Scotland. Though smaller than our American rivers, those of England are well improved. On this noble stream we find sailing vessels of every variety; especially as we pass South Shields, a great coal region and shipping port, and Tynemouth, a famous watering-place. Emerging from the mouth of the Tyne we are upon the German Ocean, as smooth on this fine afternoon as if the oracles of Delphi had smiled propitiously on our voyage. You may judge that we felt some trepidation at finding ourselves on these waters, having recently visited Hartlepool, a seaport some twenty miles southward, where, in one storm last spring, eighty ships were wrecked and nearly all the passengers drowned.

Some fifty miles north of the mouth of the Tyne, the Farne Islands are situated, and you may imagine my feelings as we approached the birthplace and early home of Grace Darling. I well remember how in childhood the story of her life and heroism touched my soul as the news was wafted over the Atlantic and echoed to every coast; and these recollections were refreshed, when recently I saw a beautiful drawing of her face in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, near London, and the picture affected me more than any other in the gallery. I was spell-bound for the moment, for it revived all the associations of her heroism. It was a face so sweet, so ethereal in expression, with so much more of heaven in it than of earth, that a casual observer, even, would never pass it unnoticed. With Grace Darling it was the soul that lit her features with a glowing light, for there is a beauty of the soul that makes indelible impressions on the countenance after the features have lost the regularity of youth and beauty of outline. Why is it that we like to visit the birthplaces of our heroes and heroines, where their childhood was nurtured, and where their successful achievements made their names imperishable? and why does it give us a sad pleasure to drop reverential tears on their graves? Because illustrious virtue by its godlike qualities consecrates the barren rock and makes the dreary waste resplendent with a beauty not its own.

The father of Grace was a lighthouse keeper on one of the Farne Islands, as his father had been before him. Grace, the seventh child of the family, was born in 1815, and passed her childhood on this lonely island. For objects of contemplation she had the sea birds, the encircling ocean, the shifting clouds by day and the starry vault by night—or the moaning winds or the howling storm which seemed in the thunder of its power to rock the foundations of the island speck on which she dwelt. There are some persons so constituted that they derive more knowledge from Nature than from books.

But let us recall the deed of heroism as history records it: One dark, stormy night in the month of September, 1838, the *Forfarshire* steamer, carrying forty-one passengers and a crew of twenty-two men, started from Hull for Dundee. A leakage in her boiler, which had been insufficiently repaired prior to her starting, reappeared, increasing rapidly until the fires were extinguished and her engine ceased to move. The captain endeavored to prevent the boat from drifting ashore, but it was tossed about at the mercy of the storm, and was finally driven upon the rocks, while the efforts of the captain to steer it between the islands and the shore were unavailing. At four o'clock in the morning, the fog being dense and the rain descending in torrents, she struck a precipitous rock, where the water is said to be 100 fathoms deep. Some of the passengers were so terrified that they immediately left the ship in a small boat. Some fell into the angry vortex and perished. A heavy sea broke the ship into two pieces. Those who were in the cabin were at once irretrievably lost, while four passengers and five of the crew, who were

on the other part of the vessel, which still adhered to the rock, remained till morning, exposed to the relentless fury of the waves, staring death in the face, expecting every moment to be swept into eternity. The long hours passed away till seven o'clock in the morning, when, by the aid of a glass, the wreck was seen by the Darling family. The father, mother, and Grace were the only occupants of the lighthouse at the time. William Darling, born and bred on these islands, accustomed all of his life to the mysteries of the deep, from the rippling, dancing wave, as it reflected the sunlight in rainbow colors, to the deep bass-toned roaring of the furious breakers, as they rose mountain-high, threatening to carry off the rocky foundations of his humble abode—he, a child of the sea, was now afraid of his own foster-mother, the ocean. Though in his nature kind and sympathetic, he was disinclined to brave the furies of that storm. But the gentle, modest Grace, twenty-two years of age only, to whom, perhaps, the opportunity to develop the strongest yearnings of her soul to do good had never before come, said: "Let us go, father; I can help you now, and we will save—we must save—these helpless beings!"

With the mother's assistance, the father and daughter were launched forth upon the deep at the ebb-tide, knowing full well that unless they had extra assistance on their return they could not stem the returning tide, which would probably be at its height, and consequently they would be obliged to moor their own little boat (a mile from their own island) to the rock where the shipwrecked mariners were awaiting their destiny. We can well imagine the feelings of that wife and mother as they left her to encounter the waves.

A thrill of joy went through those desolate hearts as they saw their deliverers approaching. The survivors, nine in number, were taken from the rock to the lighthouse, and had to remain there from Friday till Sunday on account of the roughness of the sea; also a boat's crew, that came to the lighthouse from Sunderland for their rescue, were obliged to remain there several days, making, in all, twenty persons who were entertained in their little abode, the mother and daughter cheerfully giving up their beds to the passengers, while the crew slept on the floor around the fire.

Fame soon began to weave a chaplet for the brow of Grace. But she bore her honors modestly. Many visited that humble abode to see the unassuming heroine, but it was not hers long to enjoy the homage which the world was willing to bestow; for consumption, that terrible yet insidious disease, marked her for its victim; it became evident that her work was finished, and she breathed out her pure, gentle life, only five years after she became known to the world. She was buried in her own parish, Bamborough, on the mainland, opposite the lighthouse. The gentry and noblemen of the neighborhood attended her remains to their last resting-place. But she will never be forgotten so long as there is an instinct in the human soul to appreciate genuine heroism and goodness. Some might feel that England ought to rear a monument to her memory on Langstone Island, where the lighthouse stands; but as long as there is a wave of the ocean to beat upon those rocks, so long will a glorious funeral dirge be sung to her memory—a requiem to her worth more sublime and enduring than the measured melodies of Mozart.

Those who have never seen the ocean, especially in a storm, might say, "Oh, any kind-hearted woman would have done the same," and will never appreciate that act in its fullest, highest aspect. I, who have been cradled on an island around which the ocean beat the symphonies of my childhood, was electrified when I first heard the tale. And now, when I see these rocks, and perceive more plainly the really imminent danger those brave hearts encountered, it seems to me that Grace Darling, as she came from that peaceful fireside and descended into the little boat, taking the oar and risking her own life to rescue human beings that she had never seen before, was a sublime act of moral heroism, honorable alike to her womanhood and her humanity, and it is with great pleasure that I point to the life of this English girl by way of inciting my young countrywomen to noble deeds for the happiness of others.

My true ideal of woman is the blending of affection and courage. Our Savior had these two attributes in a pre-eminent degree, and every human being who is deficient in either, lacks an indispensable requisite to perfection of character.

The portrait of Grace Darling, of which I have spoken, gives her a predominance of the mental temperament, benevolence, intuition, spirituality, refinement, sensitiveness, imitation, ideality, and strong social feelings. Had she been born on the classic soil of Italy, her name might have been wafted on the pinions of Fame as a poet or artist; but the chimera of her childhood were the waves and the storms, and from these she drank her inspirations, and under their influence was her nature developed. Some say there is no disinterested benevolence. Methinks Grace Darling's magnanimous deed sprang impulsively from a kind spirit, unconscious of its depth and of the opinions of the world. She did not stop to reason. Her generous impulses, her intuitions, were better than reason. She did not stop to argue—her keen sympathies were more telling than arguments, her enthusiasm as boundless as the deep. She

had doubtless felt the want of ordinary privileges, but her privations had developed her soul—for from sorrow in some form every great and noble spirit is born. As no flower blossoms without a preparation, so no heroic deed springs into life except from a nature prepared for it by circumstances waiting only for a favorable opportunity for its manifestation; else how is it that a whole nation will pour out its sympathies for the woes of others at a single call? Some natures are more receptive than others, and are more rich in their ministrations of wisdom and goodness, as some flowers in the same field receive more dew than others, and give forth more aroma or perfume to the world. *Au revoir.* MATER.

## The War for Progress.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE AGE:  
ONWARD TO FREEDOM!

"Through the years and the centuries, through  
evil agents, through things and atoms, A GREAT AND  
BENEFICENT TENDENCY IRRESISTIBLY STREAMS."

## The Approaching Crisis.

THE PRAYER OF TWENTY MILLIONS.

HORACE GREELEY TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

DEAR SIR: I do not intrude to tell you—for you must know already—that a great proportion of those who triumphed in your election, and of all who desire the unqualified suppression of the rebellion now desolating our country, are sorely disappointed and deeply pained by the policy you seem to be pursuing with regard to the slaves of rebels. I write only to set succinctly and unmistakably before you what we require, what we think we have a right to expect, and of what we complain.

I. We require of you, as the first servant of the Republic, charged especially and preeminently with this duty, that you EXECUTE THE LAWS. Most emphatically do we demand that such laws as have been recently enacted, which therefore may fairly be presumed to embody the present will and to be dictated by the present needs of the Republic, and which, after due consideration, have received your personal sanction, shall by you be carried into full effect, and that you publicly and decisively instruct your subordinates that such laws exist, that they are binding on all functionaries and citizens, and that they are to be obeyed to the letter.

II. We think you are strangely and disastrously remiss in the discharge of your official and imperative duty with regard to the emancipating provisions of the new Confiscation Act. Those provisions were designed to fight slavery with liberty. They prescribe that men loyal to the Union, and willing to shed their blood in her behalf, shall no longer be held, with the nation's consent, in bondage to persistent, malignant traitors, who for twenty years have been plotting and for sixteen months have been fighting to divide and destroy our country. Why these traitors should be treated with tenderness by you, to the prejudice of the dearest rights of loyal men, we cannot conceive.

III. We think you are unduly influenced by the counsels, the representations, the menaces, of certain fossil politicians hailing from the Border Slave States. Knowing well that the heartily, unconditionally loyal portion of the white citizens of those States do not expect nor desire that slavery shall be upheld to the prejudice of the Union, (for the truth of which we appeal not only to every Republican residing in those States, but to such eminent loyalists as H. Winter Davis, Parson Brownlow, the Union Central Committee of Baltimore, and the *Nashville Union*.) we ask you to consider that slavery is everywhere the inciting cause and sustaining base of treason: the most slaveholding sections of Maryland and Delaware being this day, though under the Union flag, in full sympathy with the rebellion, while the free-labor portions of Tennessee and of Texas, though writhing under the bloody heel of treason, are unconquerably loyal to the Union. So emphatically is this the case, that a most intelligent Union banker of Baltimore recently avowed his confident belief that a majority of the present Legislature of Maryland, though elected as and still professing to be Unionists, are at heart desirous of the triumph of the Jeff. Davis' conspiracy, and when asked how they could be won back to loyalty, replied, "Only by the complete abolition of slavery." It seems to us the most obvious truth, that whatever strengthens or fortifies slavery in the Border States strengthens also treason, and drives home the wedge intended to divide the Union. Had you from the first refused to recognize in those States, as here, any other than unconditional loyalty—that which stands for the Union, whatever may become of slavery—those States would have been and would be far more helpful and less troublesome to the defenders of the Union than they have been or now are.

IV. We think timid counsels in such a crisis calculated to prove perilous, and probably disastrous. It is the duty of a government so wantonly, wickedly assailed by rebellion as ours has been, to oppose force to force in a defiant, dauntless spirit. It cannot afford to temporize with traitors nor with semi-traitors.

It must not bribe them to behave themselves, nor make them fair promises in the hope of disarming their causeless hostility. Representing a brave and high-spirited people, it can afford to forfeit anything else better than its own self-respect or their admiring confidence. For our government even to seek, after war has been made on it, to dispel the affected apprehensions of armed traitors that their cherished privileges may be assailed by it, is to invite insult and encourage hopes of its own downfall. The rush to arms of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, is the true answer at once to the rebel raids of John Morgan and the traitorous sophistries of Beriah Magoffin.

V. We complain that the Union cause has suffered and is now suffering immensely from mistaken deference to rebel slavery. Had you, sir, in your inaugural address, unmistakably given notice, that, in case the rebellion already commenced were persisted in, and your efforts to preserve the Union and enforce the laws should be resisted by armed force, you would recognize no loyal person as rightfully held in slavery by a traitor, we believe the rebellion would therein have received a staggering, if not fatal blow. At that moment, according to the returns of the most recent elections, the Unionists were a large majority of the voters of the Slave States. But they were composed in good part of the aged, the feeble, the wealthy, the timid—the young, the reckless, the aspiring, the adventurous, had already been largely lured by the gamblers and negro-traders, the politicians by trade and the conspirators by instinct, into the toils of treason. Had you then proclaimed that rebellion would strike the shackles from the slaves of every traitor, the wealthy and the cautious would have been supplied with a powerful inducement to remain loyal. As it was, every coward in the South soon became a traitor from fear; for loyalty was perilous, while treason seemed comparatively safe. Hence the boasted unanimity of the South—a unanimity based on rebel terrorism and the fact that immunity and safety were found on that side, danger and probable death on ours. The rebels from the first have been eager to confiscate, imprison, scourge, and kill: we have fought wolves with the devices of sheep. The result is just what might have been expected. Tens of thousands are fighting in the rebel ranks to-day whose original bias and natural leanings would have led them into ours.

VI. We complain that the Confiscation Act which you approved is habitually disregarded by your Generals, and that no word of rebuke for them from you has yet reached the public ear. Fremont's proclamation and Hunter's order favoring emancipation were promptly annulled by you; while Halleck's No. 3, forbidding fugitives from slavery to rebels to come within his lines—an order as unumitary as inhuman, and which received the hearty approbation of every traitor in America—with scores of like tendency, has never provoked even your remonstrance. We complain that the officers of your armies have habitually repelled rather than invited the approach of slaves who would have gladly taken the risks of escaping from their rebel masters to our camps, bringing intelligence often of inestimable value to the Union cause. We complain that those who have thus escaped to us, avowing a willingness to do for us whatever might be required, have been brutally and madly repulsed, and often surrendered to be scourged, maimed, and tortured by the ruffian traitors, who pretend to own them. We complain that a large proportion of our regular army officers, with many of the volunteers, evince far more solicitude to uphold slavery than to put down the rebellion. And finally, we complain that you, Mr. President, elected as a Republican, knowing well what an abomination slavery is, and how emphatically it is the core and essence of this atrocious rebellion, seem never to interfere with these atrocities, and never give a direction to your military subordinates, which does not appear to have been conceived in the interest of slavery rather than of freedom.

VII. Let me call your attention to the recent tragedy in New Orleans, whereof the facts are obtained entirely through pro-slavery channels. A considerable body of resolute, able-bodied men, held in slavery by two rebel sugar-planters in defiance of the Confiscation Act which you have approved, left plantations thirty miles distant and made their way to the great mart of the South-West, which they knew to be in the undisputed possession of the Union forces. They made their way safely and quietly through thirty miles of rebel territory, expecting to find freedom under the protection of our flag. Whether they had or had not heard of the passage of the Confiscation Act, they reasoned logically that we could not kill them for deserting the service of their life-long oppressors, who had through treason become our implacable enemies. They came to us for liberty and protection, for which they were willing to render their best service: they met with hostility, captivity, and murder. The barking of the base curs of slavery in this quarter deceives no one—not even themselves. They say, indeed, that the negroes had no right to appear in New-Orleans armed with their implements of daily labor in the cane-field; but no one doubts that they would gladly have laid these down if assured that they should be free. They were set upon and maimed, captured and killed, because they sought the benefit of that act of Congress which they may not specifically have heard of, but which



was none the less the law of the land—which they had a clear right to the benefit of—which it was somebody's duty to publish far and wide, in order that so many as possible should be impelled to desert from serving rebels and the rebellion and come over to the side of the Union. They sought their liberty in strict accordance with the law of the land—they were butchered or re-enslaved for so doing by the help of Union soldiers enlisted to fight against slaveholding treason. It was somebody's fault that they were so murdered—if others shall hereafter suffer in like manner, in default of explicit and public direction to your Generals that they are to recognize and obey the Confiscation Act, the world will lay the blame on you. Whether you will choose to bear it through future history and at the bar of God, I will not judge. I can only hope.

VIII. On the face of this wide earth, Mr. President, there is not one disinterested, determined, intelligent champion of the Union cause, who does not feel that all attempts to put down the rebellion and at the same time uphold its inciting cause are preposterous and futile—that the rebellion, if crushed out tomorrow, would be renewed within a year if slavery were left in full vigor—that army officers who remain to this day devoted to slavery can at best be but half-way loyal to the Union—and that every hour of deference to slavery is an hour of added and deepened peril to the Union. I appeal to the testimony of your Embassadors in Europe. It is freely at your service, not at mine. Ask them to tell you candidly whether the seeming subservency of your policy to the slaveholding, slavery-upholding interest, is not the perplexity, the despair of statesmen of all parties, and be admonished by the general answer!

IX. I close as I began, with the statement that what an immense majority of the loyal millions of your countrymen require of you is a frank, declared, unqualified, ungrudging execution of the laws of the land, more especially of the Confiscation Act. That Act gives freedom to the slaves of rebels coming within our lines, or whom those lines may at any time inclose—we ask you to render it due obedience by publicly requiring all your subordinates to recognize and obey it. The rebels are everywhere using the late anti-negro riots in the North, as they have long used your officers' treatment of negroes in the South, to convince the slaves that they have nothing to hope from a Union success—that we mean in that case to sell them into a bitter bondage to defray the cost of the war. Let them impress this as a truth on the great mass of their ignorant and credulous bondmen, and the Union will never be restored—never. We cannot conquer ten millions of people united in solid phalanx against us, powerfully aided by Northern sympathizers and European allies. We must have scouts, guides, spies, cooks, teamsters, diggers and choppers from the blacks of the South, whether we allow them to fight for us or not, or we shall be baffled and repelled. As one of the millions who would gladly have avoided this struggle at any sacrifice but that of principle and honor, but who now feel that the triumph of the Union is indispensable not only to the existence of our country but to the well-being of mankind, I entreat you to render a hearty and unequivocal obedience to the law of the land. Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

New York, August 19, 1862.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22, 1862.

HON. HORACE GREELEY, DEAR SIR: I have just received yours of the 19th instant, addressed to myself through the New York Tribune.

If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them.

If there be any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them.

If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution.

The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be—the Union as it was.

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them.

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery.

If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause.

I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish, that all men, everywhere, could be free.

Yours, A. LINCOLN.

#### MR. GREELEY'S RESPONSE.

DEAR SIR: Although I did not anticipate nor seek any reply to my former letter unless through your official acts, I thank you for having accorded one, since it enables me to say explicitly that nothing was further from my thought than to impeach in any manner the sincerity or the intensity of your devotion to the saving of the Union. I never doubted, and have no friend who doubts, that you desire before and above all else, to re-establish the now derided authority and vindicate the territorial integrity of the Republic. I intended to raise only this question: Do you propose to do this by recognizing, obeying, and enforcing the laws, or by ignoring, disregarding, and in effect defying them?

I stand upon the law of the land. The humblest has a clear right to invoke its protection and support against even the highest. That law—in strict accordance with the law of Nations, of Nature, and of God—declares that every traitor now engaged in the infernal work of destroying our country has forfeited thereby all claim or color of right lawfully to hold human beings in slavery. I ask of you a clear and public recognition that this law is to be obeyed wherever the national authority is respected. I cite to you instances wherein men fleeing from bondage to traitors to the protection of our flag have been assaulted, wounded, and murdered by soldiers of the Union—unpunished and unrebuked by your General commanding—to prove that it is your duty to take action in the premises—action that will cause the law to be proclaimed and obeyed wherever your authority or that of the Union is recognized as paramount. The rebellion is strengthened, the national cause is imperiled, by every hour's delay to strike treason thus staggering blow.

When Fremont proclaimed freedom to the slaves of rebels, you constrained him to modify his proclamation into rigid accordance with the terms of the existing law. It was your clear right to do so. I now ask of you conformity to the principle so sternly enforced upon him. I ask you to instruct your Generals and Commodores that no loyal person—certainly none willing to render service to the national cause—is henceforth to be regarded as the slave of any traitor. While no rightful government was ever before assailed by so wanton and wicked a rebellion as that of the slaveholders against our national life, I am sure none ever before hesitated at so simple and primary an act of self defense as to relieve those who would serve and save it from chattel servitude to those who are wading through seas of blood to subvert and destroy it. Future generations will with difficulty realize that there could have been hesitation on this point. Sixty years of general and boundless subservency to the slave power do not adequately explain it.

Mr. President, I beseech you to open your eyes to the fact that the devotees of slavery everywhere—just as much in Maryland as in Mississippi, in Washington as in Richmond—are to-day your enemies, and the implacable foe of every effort to re-establish the national authority by the discarding of its assailants. Their President is not Abraham Lincoln, but Jefferson Davis. You may draft them to serve in the war, but they will only fight under the rebel flag. There is not in New York to-day a man who really believes in slavery, loves it, and desires its perpetuation, who heartily desires the crushing out of the rebellion. He would much rather save the Republic by buying up and pensioning off its assailants. His "Union as it was" is a Union of which you were not President, and no one who truly wished freedom to all ever could be.

If these are truths, Mr. President, they are surely of the gravest importance. You cannot safely approach the great and good end you so intently meditate by shutting your eyes to them. Your deadly foe is not blinded by any mist in which your eyes may be enveloped. He walks straight to his goal, knowing well his weak point, and most unwillingly betraying his fear that you too may see and take advantage of it. God grant that his apprehension may prove prophetic.

That you may not unseasonably perceive these vital truths as they will shine forth on the pages of history—that they may be read by our children irradiated by the glory of our national salvation, not rendered lurid by the blood-red glow of national conflagration and ruin—that you may promptly and practically realize that slavery is to be vanquished only by liberty—is the fervent and anxious prayer of Yours, truly, HORACE GREELEY.

New York, Aug 24th, 1862.

#### The Abolitionists and the Administration.

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS TO HORACE GREELEY.

SIR: You misrepresent me when you say that I "discourage enlistments in the Union armies;" though, for aught I know, the garbled extracts and lying versions of New York papers may make me do that and many other things of which I never thought. You know by experience that the American Press in general neither tries nor means to speak truth about abolitionists of any type. I have never discouraged enlistments. In the Union army are my kindred and some of my dearest friends. Others rest in fresh and honorable graves. No one of these ever heard a word from me to discourage his enlisting. I had the honor, last March, to address the 14th Massachusetts at Fort Albany, and this very week the 33d Massachusetts at Camp Cameron. No man in either regiment heard anything from my lips to discourage his whole-souled service of the Union.

Allow me to state my own position. From 1843 to 1861 I was a disunionist, and sought to break this Union, convinced that disunion was the only righteous path, and the best one for the white man and the black. I sought disunion not through conspiracy and violence, but by means which the Constitution itself warranted and protected. I rejoice in these efforts. They were wise and useful. Sumter changed the whole question. After that, peace and justice both forbade disunion. I now believe three things:

1. The destruction of slavery is inevitable, whichever section conquers in this struggle.

2. There never can be peace or union till slavery is destroyed.

3. There never can be peace till one government rules from the Gulf to the Lakes; and having wronged the negro for two centuries, we owe him the preservation of the Union to guard his transition from slavery to freedom, and make it short, easy, and perfect.

Believing these three things, I accept Webster's sentiment, "Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable." Gladly would I serve that Union—giving it musket, sword, voice, pen—the best I have. But the Union, which has for twenty-five years barred me from its highest privileges by demanding an oath to a pro-slavery Constitution, still shuts that door in my face; and this Administration clings to a policy which, I think, makes every life now lost in Virginia, and every dollar now spent there, utter waste. I cannot conscientiously support such a Union and Administration. But there is room for honest difference of opinion. Others can support it. To such I

say: Go—give to the Union your best blood, your heartiest support.

Is there, then, no place left for me? Yes, I believe in the Union. But government and the Union are one thing. This Administration is another. Whether the Administration will ever pilot us through our troubles I have serious doubts: that it never will unless it changes its present policy, I am quite certain. Where, then, is my place under a republican government, which only reflects and executes public opinion? I believe in getting through this war by the machinery of regular government, not by any Cromwell stalking into the Senate Chamber or the White House. Where, then, is my post, especially under an Administration that arrogantly sits waiting, begging to be told what to do? I must educate, arouse, and mature a public opinion that shall compel the Administration to adopt and support it in pursuing the policy I can aid. This I do by frankly and candidly criticising its present policy, civil and military. 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### Observations of Deaths.







## Affairs in Richmond.

A lady recently arrived from the South gives interesting information (published in the *New York Times*) of the condition of things at the Confederate capital. She represents the city as in a deplorable state. Business matters are not thought of, only so far as the question how to prolong life and overcome the enemy is concerned. There is an utter disregard of sanitary regulations, and great suffering in consequence. Food is very scarce and high. The only vegetable she had eaten since June was a little cabbage, and these sold at \$2.50 a head! Tea is worth fifteen dollars a pound, and coffee from four to six dollars. Flour only is abundant, and they fear this supply will be exhausted.

Jeff Davis, whose headquarters were opposite her house, is very devoted, prays long and loudly, and save his rebellious career, seems a consistent Christian! The rebels are *feverishly, terribly in earnest*. From all that she has seen and heard during her sojourn among them, it is her belief that nothing less than the utter extermination of the leaders of this rebellion will ever bring them to submit to the good old government. But she says there is no danger of the South ever arming the slaves for the purpose of fighting her battles. On the contrary, they invariably exercise the most scrupulous care to prevent arms of any kind from falling into the hands of the negroes. The latter do all the drudgery, build all the fortifications, &c., but as to their fighting, that is out of the question. So far as social life is concerned, everything there is dead. No mirth or festivity of any kind. No spirit or inclination to enjoy the companionship of friends. Churches are the only places where people meet, except it be in the drill-room or around the couch of the dying. There are no funerals, except occasionally upon the decease of a very wealthy or noted personage.

## Discharged.

Mr. D. Plumb—the abolitionist whose arrest we recorded last week—has been discharged by orders from Washington, on giving assurance as follows. (We quote from Mr. Plumb's letter to the *Tribune*.)

- "1. To support, protect, and defend the government, as established by the Constitution. This I can heartily do, as I always have done, believing that the Constitution is armed with power not only to put down the rebellion, but also slavery.
- "2. Not to discourage enlistments. Instead of offering such discouragement, I would have the government to adopt such a policy as would stimulate enlistments in the highest degree.
- "3. Not to give aid or comfort to the enemy. So far from giving him 'aid or comfort,' I would hurl a more swift, sweeping, and terrible destruction upon him than has yet been employed by the government."

## Prophecy in New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 1862.

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: The following communication was received through a medium in my office in May last. I was to-day, by the same intelligence, requested to forward it to you for publication.

"You may announce to all concerned that those who in a higher sphere can trace causes to their remote and certain effects; have been induced by their deep interest in the health and welfare of the citizens of New Orleans and its vicinity, and of the army of heroic volunteers and soldiers of the United States there located, that there will be no epidemic, yellow fever, or other unusual disease, prevailing in that place during the year 1862; that the season will be diversified with rain, pleasant breezes, a pure, agreeable state of atmosphere, and a state of unusual general health. (Signed,) B. . . ."

## Persons and Events.

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

## PERSONAL ITEMS.

—ANTHONY BURNS, of Fugitive Slave Law notoriety, died at St. Catherine's, C. W., July 27th.

—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was chosen orator by one of the literary societies of Williams' College at the late commencement. This is the oldest orthodox college in Massachusetts.

—WILLIAM A. JACKSON, late coachman of Jeff. Davis, is advertised to address the citizens of Boston, on the War.

—GEN. CORCORAN was awarded a most flattering reception in this city on his return. It is thought he will have no difficulty in raising a brigade.

—The wife of the poet, COVENTRY PATMORE, died recently at Hampstead, near London, aged thirty-eight years.

—CASSIUS M. CLAY is in Kentucky, and is, it is said, soon to be assigned a command there.

—GEN. STONE, who has been confined in Fort Lafayette for several months, has been released, and is residing with his family in this city.

—SPEAKER GROW has been unanimously re-nominated for Congress from the new Fifth District of Pennsylvania.

—REV. E. CASE, Jr., in a communication to the *Christian Ambassador*, thus explains his whereabouts for the year past: "You may feel surprised when I tell you that I have been a soldier in the United States army of the West. I have been there and have served my country faithfully and from a sense of duty for nearly a year past, and have got an honorable discharge."

—It is said that the second son of the Emperor of Russia is to visit the United States at an early day, by invitation of Minister Cameron. He will be enthusiastically received. The young grand-duke is named ALEXANDER ALEXANDROWITZ, and is seventeen years of age.

—GOV. SPRAGUE, of Rhode Island, has called an extra session of the General Assembly of that State to consider the question of enlistment and bounties to volunteers. The Governor thinks the heavy bounties offered liable to create dissatisfaction among the old troops. There is certainly much ground for complaint by those now in the field.

—SENATOR POMEROY, of Kansas, has been appointed commissioner of African colonization by the President, and is to have, as his representative, exclusive jurisdiction in the premises. He has issued a proclamation to colored citizens in relation to the movement.

—The State Department has received official news of the death of DR. CHARLES C. BROWNELL, volunteer botanist in the expedition to the sources of the Nile, under Mr. Petherick. He died of fever when the expedition had reached within about 500 miles of the equator.

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

—It is reported that the gunboat Tuscarora left Kingston on the 13th inst., in obedience to an intimation from the collector of customs.

—A conference on the subject of cotton supply had taken place in London. Representatives were present from Italy, Portugal, Spain, India, Australia, and several South American States, all making favorable representations as to the production of cotton.

—It is supposed the Prince of Wales will marry Princess Alexandrina, of Denmark, next year.

—Distress in the cotton districts is increasing.

—Garibaldi is still accumulating volunteers. In a recent speech he says: "The present state of affairs cannot continue. I go against the government because it will not let me go to Rome. I go against France because she defends the Pope. I will have Rome at any price. Rome or death. If I succeed, so much the better; if not, I will destroy the Italy which I made myself."

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The enlargement of the Erie Canal is now considered complete.

—At a mass meeting of Breckinridge Democrats, in Philadelphia, Charles Jared Ingersoll uttered sentiments so reasonable that he has since been arrested and put under bonds. The meeting, which hesitated not to denounce the government, gave enthusiastic cheers for McClellan.

—The New Orleans *Delta* of the 12th inst. says that the French Consul, Count Mejan, is not pleased with Gen. Butler's Order No. 21, requiring all persons to deliver up their arms to the commandant. Count Mejan desires that all French subjects be permitted to retain their private arms, as he thinks the United States authorities cannot extend adequate protection to them "at all times and in all places."

—Since the Battle of Cedar Mountain, the rebel forces under Stonewall Jackson have been seeking to overthrow the Federals under Gen. Pope. Severe skirmishing has been had, but the retreat of our army has been successful, and it is now fully reinforced, and will doubtless assume the aggressive.

—Most distressing accounts reach us of an outbreak among the Sioux Indians in Minnesota. Incited, it is believed, by rebel agents, they have attacked and murdered many families of settlers, and attacked the garrison at Fort Ridgely. The number of killed is given as high as 500, which, we hope, is an exaggeration.

—A disgraceful riot has occurred in Spinnola's Brigade, at East New York, caused by liquor.

—Gen. Boyle, Provost-Marshal of Louisville, has ordered that the large number of slaves from the rebel States, now confined in jail, belonging to rebel owners, be employed in preparing the Union defenses. Slaves belonging to disloyal citizens in Kentucky are also being used for the same purpose.

The *Sunday Times* has the following inquiry from a correspondent: "My father was the first victim to the cholera in 1830, and my aunt is a Puseyite. Am I liable to be drafted?"

—By a recent decision Calvinistic sermons are declared worth fifty dollars each.

—The new Croton Reservoir in Central Park covers nearly one hundred acres, and will be when filled forty feet deep. It will hold a billion gallons of water, and cost \$500,000 for the land and \$1,000,000 for the work.

—The watering-places, notwithstanding the boast of the southern chivalry that they supported these places, were never so full as this year. Another bogus pretense of the South is exploded.

—It is now said that only Shakers, and not Quakers, are exempt from the draft.

—Dr. Hunt, of Buffalo, now with the army, gives an account of a touching case of homesickness developed into insanity. The soldier was furloughed. Had he been kept in camp, suicide would doubtless have been the result.

—One of the Boston recruits the other day said: "Would to God the President might say, 'Write Liberty to all' on your banners; then I would give my life without reservation." This instance is not exceptional—it is to be found among all the people.

—A subterranean railway is now in an advanced state of construction, running about four and a half miles under the City of London.

—Even the enemy bear testimony to the valuable services of negroes to the Union cause. The *Petersburg Express* complains that a well-laid plan for the capture of some of McClellan's men, who had invaded Prince George County, was frustrated "through the perfidy of a negro."

—A bust of Schiller has been erected in the Central Park.

—Those who are not in the neighborhood of bakers and cannot procure the fermentation called yeast, may make a better substitute as follows: Boil one pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar and a little salt, in two gallons of water for an hour. When milk-warm, bottle and cork it close, and it will be ready for use in twenty-four hours.

—A painter without arms, a Mr. Fela, in Belgium, is exciting general admiration by the excellence of his works now at the exhibition of the Brussels Academy. He was born without arms, and paints with his feet.

## The Physician.

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

## Medical Whispers.

BY THE EDITOR.

J. D. H. FAIRLAND, IND.—We do not see any harm in the prescribed remedy for you. It will not be likely to cure you.

DAVID B., ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY, N. Y.—There is nothing given us for you; probably because your physical condition cannot be just now helped by any medicine. Something may come for you hereafter.

W. W. P., DELAWARE, O.—The discolored skin cannot be restored by any chemical preparation. If a wound should be made for that purpose the scar would remain as long as you live, and the appearance would not be improved.

—Weak eyes would be improved by anything that gives strength to the digestive system, and purity to the blood and other fluids. It would not injure weak eyes to take gymnastic exercises.

P. K., GRAMPAN HILLS, PA.—Your symptoms will not yield to medicines, unless you should travel or take a voyage. Your liver, stomach, and kidneys, are implicated. You need a change of food, different air, and different employment for a season.

"Catarrh."—A. V. E., DAVENPORT, IOWA. You will find all necessary directions for the curing of this disease in the "Harbinger." You should strive to overcome it before it becomes parent to another disease.

"Fever Intermittent."—A. S. G., PENNSYLVANIA. If you went from Vermont to Indiana, the fever will find food in your blood, unless you avoid fat pork, grease, and all rich meats, except "fish or fowl." The latter will help you sometimes. Drink plentifully of sassafras-tea once a week. When possible take a hot-water bath. When feverish, take a few grains of red pepper in water with your meals.

"Remedy for Weakness."—CHARLES BOLLES, DUNN CO., WIS.—It will be good for you to make and take the following: Elecampane, 8 ounces; wild cherry bark, 6 ounces; rhubarb, 1 ounce; golden seal, 2 ounces. Boil in three gallons of water to two quarts. Strain, and add 1 pound of white sugar. When cold, add 1 pint of good brandy. Dose: take a wine-glassful every morning with an uncooked egg, both well mixed together.

"Medicine in a Laugh."—The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half-way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

"Membranous Weakness."—A. S. L., TOWNSEND, MASS.—Your disease is membranous. The coatings of the stomach and bowels are debilitated. A thick mucous is formed in the duodenum and extends downward through the small intestines.

REMEDY: Bathe your stomach in cold water every morning before washing your face. After breakfast begin to press and knead your bowels, breathe deeply meanwhile, and put on the will power. Human magnetism will help you sometimes. Any operator who is impressed to try your case. You can become quite sound by applying remedies prescribed in the "Harbinger."

"The Jerking Disease."—H. H. W., JOB DAVIES COUNTY, ILL. The disease of your daughter, like the similar affection of others in your county, is lodged in the back and top portions of the brain; from thence it extends down the spinal cord, and branches off into the involuntary nervous system. In the absence of human magnetism, which is the natural antidote, the best plan is the wet-sheet and packing, as used by hydropathists. She should first take a warm foot-bath, and then get into a wet sheet, and be packed in it for about thirty minutes, every other day for two weeks.

"Slaveholder's Therapeutics."—The following notes of Southern medical practice are instructive. The slave's name was "Charlotte." She was affected and treated as follows: On Tuesday she came to me and said she had a bile under her arm, which gave her fever. Ordered poultice and a dose of salts. Next morning palt quicker and weaker. Salts had acted freely. Next evening, my wife told me she was brought to the yard, and she thought her quite an ill negro. Saw her, and found my wife's opinion correct, and that she had begun to do what was proper, viz., give her flaxseed tea with a little tartar. Found to bleed her impossible: the golden time had passed. She complained of violent headache. Ordered mustard poultice back of the neck. Finding next day that the disease was very obstinate, pult increasing in swiftness, and symptoms more aggravating, I put on a blister and commenced with small doses of calomel, nitrate and opium, continuing the flax tea and tartar. Saturday, the fourth day, no better; applied blister again and added a little more calomel. Symptoms increasing worse, and now pult 120. Fifth day applied another blister and the same prescriptions as the day before. Sixth day no better. Saw Dr. H. M. Fuller and got his advice. Recommended stimulants composed of ammonia and pepper, and said I must depend principally on the blisters which I have done, but see as yet no earthly benefit derived from anything yet made use of. Seventh day another blister and pepper tea more freely; her breathing more difficult and some reluctance to swallow; a vacant look and somewhat deaf. Eighth day weaker and worse; tried another blister and had to give her wine whey to hold her up, with the ammonia and pepper tea; but all in vain; she kept growing weaker and weaker until about nine o'clock at night, she died. Thus terminated the case which has caused me more anxiety and concern than any case of a colored person I have ever attended.

## Dr. Hallock on the American Crisis.

NUMBER THREE.

## CASTE.

The ulcer which is eating out the national vitality is caste. It is the most specious form that moral disease can assume. It hides itself within the best words that men can utter, and lies veiled within the praise which greets good deeds. It takes the name of religion, and does penance for salvation; of charity, and visits the poor; of patriotism, and makes laws for the nation.

Lift the veil, look inside of the words, and we shall see that it lurks everywhere. It is in the heart of the writer—and the reader will hardly find himself exempt. Its action scarcely intermits as he pens this sentence of confession. The race, throughout all its generations, has been cradled in it. In the old world, everywhere, it is openly maintained. In England, as in India, it is the established order of life.

In the New World we have advanced no farther than to a denial of the theory; which theory, nevertheless, has openly prevailed, whilst the aforesaid denial has been shamelessly recanted, not alone by daily practice, but in open words. In every way we have tried to refute the old "self-evident truth." John is compared with James, and marked inequalities are apparent. The doctrine, therefore, cannot be true. To be sure, the eternal God-word of the primary "declaration" took good care to state in what the equality of John and James consists, but the nation, for so long, has had a *cast* in its eye that the definition stands without the line of vision.

Caste is the instinct of independence inverted. Its efflorescence is slavery; its fruitage, civil war. Its trunk is government and its roots are our institutions.

"The time is urgent for a searching look into the nature of these. We need to know what has been their results, and no claim of sacredness or fear of denunciation should frighten us from the investigation. The fact that the Republic in less than a hundred years from its birth is threatened with death by its own hands, shows how active the cause of the insanity must be."

I charge it upon our institutions, and I begin with what we call our religion. The first act is the establishment of caste. The first object is the highest place. It may be said that this is simply spiritual caste, having reference only to another life; but we have only to consult common experience and the laws of spiritual and physical relation, to see that the objective life of a man is but a reflection of his subjective life—his spiritual state. Who, but the miserable dupe himself, does not see that the humility of the new-born saint is the shallowest pride? He looks over a multitude of lost souls, in the belief that he has just secured the salvation of his own; and for a man to suppose he has got that advantage over his fellows and not be vain of it is not in human nature. The folly is the natural effect of the falsehood. "He that seeks to save his soul shall lose it," was an axiom in the religion of Jesus; in ours, so little is it respected, that we have lost not only soul in our hot haste, but with it have gone bodies innumerable and the nation is like to follow.

This business of saving one's soul, so long since seen to be destructive, is the primary meanness out of which springs every form of mischief. Practically, what a man means by "his soul," is himself—he seeks to save himself. It is this seeking, it is not the fact of salvation that is against law. As a result, we have an aristocracy of saintship, and a royal family of bishops and priests.

Now, when such machinery as the popular religion has instituted, grapples with plain democracy, one or the other must surely fall. The effect upon the nation is to put it in the position of a house divided against itself. Our state-idea and our church-idea are in perpetual antagonism. Our state-idea—the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence—did not originate in the church as we know. From the crucifixion to the revolution it has bred no man competent to the utterance of it. The fact that this American idea originated with those who rejected the church-idea is significant. Also this: The state-idea is of native growth, whilst the church-idea is an importation. Our religion, like our fashions, comes from the Old World, and it fits us somewhat as a Parisian boot may be supposed to fit a Yankee plowman. It has pinched the life of liberty out of us, and now that there is imminent need of locomotion we are laid up with our corsets.

Now, no true friend of freedom will question the right of any to their religious faith. With the individual who supports the church of England or the church of Rome, I have only the right of entreaty, of expostulation. I may ask him, as I do now, most solemnly and kindly, to consider how utterly at variance is the church he believes in with the state he lives in—the state a democracy the church a despotism! Most especially I ask the young men and women of to-day who are attracted to these popular religions (as most are) by the mere force of fashion, to consider whether to save their church is not to lose their country? The Jews saved their religion. It has come down to our time through generation after generation of stock-jobbers and usurers; its solemn Sabbaths and its appointed fasts are intertwined with the events of passing history; but the Jewish state, that glorious Jerusalem whose impending ruin the good Jesus could not contemplate without a tear—where is it? The question is, are these imported institu-

tions of religion worth the price of our native country? I do not put religion in the balance, I do not weigh justice against duty; but that thing of creeds and ceremonies and surplises—that machinery, which, in its name, manufactures titled dignitaries—that institutional royalty which proclaimed, less than two years since, that the only equality of man "is equal freedom to obey the will of God," and was only frightened out of its effort to enforce the proclamation by the "inconsiderate" and "irregular" bombardment of Sumter—that, weigh that—that imported Old-world insolence of authority—that prop of European despotism which demands that we obey the will of God as expounded by itself, against a land of freedom, and decide; for between the two lies no middle ground.

In that system, God is the arch-aristocrat, and his appropriate representative on earth is an *Archbishop*. The shadow of this imperious hierarchy has been upon the nation from the first. It darkened the Constitution in 1787; it severed the bond from its preamble; it turned the instrument against its avowed object; it betrayed the compact of freedom to the uses of slavery; and to this hour it justifies the treason.

You doubt this? Hear the *Independent* for August 21st: "We charge the thousand millions of money spent in this war to you—*Heralds, Journals of Commerce, and Observers*—who have not dared to build this Republic upon the rock of equity and impartial liberty. We charge you—ministers of the gospel and doctors of divinity—with the indirect loss of ten thousand additional millions, all gone from the hard earnings of the people, to suppress a rebellion which you, if you had been faithful, could have prevented."

It is no marvel that this "impartial liberty," after eighty years from its conception, should be fighting its way into this world. The miracle is, that there is enough of vitality in it to show fight. The institutional religion of all the nations is against it. The very genius of theology is opposed to it. And at home every popular institution that Freedom has fostered, has proved itself a traitor to the "impartial liberty" which gave it birth. There is not one in which the fundamental basis of the nation—the doctrine of "impartial liberty"—is not looked upon with loathing—not one by which it is not repudiated and despised.

Now, friends, as I draw toward the conclusion of these my articles on the American crisis, let me approach your ears closely as I state the moral. I assume that you are not personally wedded to the popular religious faith. On the contrary, I have reason to suppose that you have reached to a higher truth in theology and a purer idea in religion than is embraced in the formula of any church. Why, then, have you a pew in the church? Why is it that its titled dignitaries must baptize your children, marry your sons and daughters, pray for your sick, and bury your dead? Why must the school you select be the pet of a bishop, or have a doctor of divinity for its patron? Have you considered where Jefferson Davis and all his prominent coadjutors and sympathizers were trained up in the way they are going? Are you thoughtful that the Northern college, the Northern Church, and the military school at West Point, in the free State of New York, as truly fitted these men for their insane career, as though the destruction of human liberty had been the end and aim of both church and school from the beginning?

There they stand on their "bad eminence," the finished, faithful graduates of our institutions, civil, political, and religious. Is it possible, think you, for the same influences brought to bear upon your children, to produce results substantially different? Have you considered upon what husks of learning, what shams in religion, and upon what lies in political science these men must have led before they were fitted for the final murder of liberty?—how all things noble and all things sacred were systematically made to bow to the insane delusion of caste?

Knowing these things, admitting to yourselves the truth of what I say, are you to go on from year to year, as heretofore, playing into the hands of these institutions through the sacrifice of your children? What is your excuse? The temporal welfare of your children—"their position in society" in this democratic country, yourself a democrat! Yourself assured of the utter falseness of "the position," you send them to church and college to gain. You call Jefferson Davis a traitor. Is he more false to the country he was bound by oath to serve, than you are in this, to the truth you know?

Have you duly reflected that in this matter of educating with reference to a position, you are entailing a curse? Is not the evidence before you that this thing called "equality of rights" is immortal and cannot die? You see, that, in spite of church, and college, and military school; in spite of *Journals of Commerce* and *New York Observer*; in spite of imbeciles in the government, open rebellion in the field, and traitors everywhere, this idea grows, gains friends, gathers strength; will your children, think you, be better able to compete with it in its manhood, than those who now hold "the position in society" you covet for them, are able to do in its present infancy?

"I speak as unto wise men" whose paternal affection has beclouded judgment; or, perchance, who have been led captive by "silly women" in this matter. A "position in society" for your children!—a position that is gained at the expense of all that is useful and truly noble, of what value is it? Look upon those who hold such positions, and then answer: and as you answer so act. Be true yourself, to what you know is true in itself. For you to rejoice in the sunshine of this new day, while you consign your offspring to the darkness of perverted institutions, is treason to both.

R. T. H.



## Progressive Literature.

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

## LINES.

Addressed to a lady on the 23rd anniversary of her birth-day—a beautiful lady, who often boasted to the author that she had never been in love.

BY J. LEANDER STARR.

Love, once the dial-plate of Time  
So covered with rich clustering flowers.  
That he no more could see through them  
The flight of passing happy hours;  
And when he tried the wreathed bands  
To Flora's lap again restore,  
He broke off both the dial's hands,  
And thus the hours could count no more.  
Then forth appeared with mien so bright,  
Obedient to their ready word,  
A lady known as *Queen of Night*,  
And stood beside the enraptured god.  
"If by thy skill thou canst but show,  
From beauty here—so rare of birth—  
How many arrows from thy bow  
Will count the years she's passed on earth."  
"The compensation great shall be—  
The dial which thou hast before—  
(And now so much desired by thee.)  
We'll perfect to thee then restore."  
Then Cupid fixed his steadfast gaze  
Upon her features bland and fair,  
And laughing said, in courtly phrase,  
"The years she's lived I'll soon read there."  
"Those liquid eyes are sportive youth,  
Their bright glance to the young belongs;  
Her mouth is lovely—rich—in truth,  
Those lips should chant but angels' songs!"  
"Her classic forehead knows not age,  
Ringlets like these young maidens wear;  
Her sunny smile can care assuage;  
And see! her form is faultless fair."  
Then from his quiver arrows light  
Successful touched his matchless bow;  
When three and twenty sped their flight,  
Decisive that her age he knew.  
But when upon his bow once more  
The arrow, poised, now gently lay,  
He vowed a heart unpierced before  
Should yield at last and own his way!  
As on the arrow sped, and true,  
The arching god exclaimed with glee:  
"Fair lady, thus I've conquered you,  
And now more beautiful shalt thou be!"  
"Each feature which before was fair  
Shall lovelier be since thou art mine,  
And beautiful as thou dost appear,  
Henceforth no charms shall rival thine."  
Then, radiant, claimed he quick from Fate  
The boon he asked and now had won;  
Nor e'er could hours so fascinate  
As those which flowers had smiled upon.  
Time onward flies—each blissful hour,  
No care nor carking sorrow tells;  
In sweet embrace in beauty's bower  
Young Love with Luna ever dwells.

\* She had appeared at a fancy ball as *Luna*.

A Sketch of Rosa Bonheur,  
THE GREAT FRENCH ARTIST.

About forty-five years ago there lived in Bordeaux a young painter named Raymond Bonheur, whose talents and industry secured the promise that he would one day become a great painter. But, although heaven had endowed him with genius, heaven had decreed that none of the glorious triumphs of art should be his, but that his life should be one long self-sacrifice. He was the sole support of an aged father and mother; it was impossible for him to abstract from the inexorable exactions of daily bread the time to acquire talent and fame. So our great artist folded the wings of inspiration, and turning art into a trade became a teacher of drawing. He soon obtained a sufficient number of scholars to insure ease and comfort to the declining years of his parents, and in their happiness, in their affection, found consolation for the sacrifices he had made. He had not been more than two years in the exercise of his calling before one day at a school in which he taught, he encountered a gentle, modest, retiring girl, whose soft brown eyes and low, soft voice, suggested to him that his home might still be made brighter and happier than it was by this new tie, this warmer affection. The young girl was the resident teacher of music in the school, an orphan; her only inheritance had been toil, her only dowry was her musical talent. Still, both were young, both gentle, loving hearts, lowly and contented with little; both had talents which afforded them a living, and so, trusting and courageous, they looked life in the face and married.

M. and Mme. Bonheur proved true prophets with regard to the happiness of their union. Both had to toil for the support of the family, but love never forsok it, and the old people when they died blessed their daughter-in-law as fervently as they did their own son. Mme. Bonheur, while teaching her husband's tolls for their daily bread, was not spared her hard woman's duties. She became the mother of four children, one of whom, born in 1822, was Rosa Bonheur. The young mother nursed her little brood with tenderness and care, but not even the second sight given to maternal love could see the fairies sitting by her children's cradles endowing all with genius that was to give all renown, but was to make Rosa, her eldest daughter, famous throughout the world.

Not long, however, was this gentle mother allowed to watch them. Scarcely had Rosa attained her tenth year before her mother was laid in the grave. This was almost a fatal blow to Raymond. His wife had consoled him for his lost aspirations, and seeing her toll cheerfully, he had himself plodded on without

repining. But she was gone and he was alone with four children, so young that to a father they were rather a burthen than a pleasure. He took a distaste to his occupation, soon even Bordeaux, his native city, disgusted him, and he resolved to go to Paris. It was a serious matter for a man as poor as he was to undertake such a journey, but by dint of selling his furniture and two or three pictures he had found time to paint, he realized a sufficient sum of money, and was at length established in the sixth story of a small house in the Champs Elysees in Paris. He had brought with him, to take care of his children, his foster mother, who loved him and his children as if they were all her own, and who took charge of the humble household.

Once settled here, Raymond Bonheur, though tempted by the atmosphere of art by which he was surrounded, sternly set to work to pursue the trade that was to give bread and education to his children. His two eldest sons were placed in a school, in which his drawing lessons were taken as a compensation for their board and education, whilst the youngest daughter, Juliette, still an infant, remained at home, in charge of the old nurse. As for Rosa, she was the most difficult of manna for the whole family. Noisy, careless, mischievous, she was not to be ruled; ignorant beyond her age, she was not to be persuaded of the necessity of learning. She was, however, at length entered as a pupil in the school kept by the Sisters in the Convent at Chaillot. But on her road thither the green woods of Boulogne, the heights of Passy, whence she could behold the beautiful hills and trees of Mont-don, with the sun glancing on the silvery waters of the Seine, were too tempting; and, instead of Holy Sisters and spelling books, the young scapegrace sought the charms of Nature, hearing voices that none others could hear in the whispering of the trees and the singing of the birds, seeing in the grazing cattle and the bleating sheep what no other eye could discern. For hours she would lay under the trees gazing around her; for hours she would remain there alone, silent and serious, lost in thought. With this manner of proceeding it is not to be wondered at that she made slow progress in her studies. With great difficulty she accomplished knowing how to read and write; she was always the last in every class; never knew her lessons; was forever being scolded; and was pronounced by the sisters a hopeless dunce. In despair, her father, seeing how limited were her intellectual endowments, took her from school and apprenticed her to a dressmaker. What this wild child of Nature must have suffered during the week—she was put down eight hours a day to sew—it is impossible to imagine; but so changed was she when her father came to see her that he immediately took her away and placed her in a boarding-school, paying for her in his usual manner, by extra toil. Here Rosa was happier, though exceedingly unruly, and always getting herself and her school-mates into scrapes. She contrived to learn a little more, but her copy-books, atlases, her slate, were often covered with sketches of dogs, cats, cows, trees, and even donkeys, than filled with her school tasks. Her father, who gave the drawing lessons, at length discovered that his daughter's talent was inherited from him, and that she was destined to be an artist. At sixteen, Rosa Bonheur determined to dedicate herself entirely to art, left school and came home. Here, allowed to follow her tastes, she studied with intense ardor. Taking advantage of the liberality of French institutions, she established her easel in the gallery of the Louvre beneath the pictures of the great masters, and turned all her energies and attention to historical painting.

For more than two years was Rosa Bonheur persuaded that her vocation was grand, classical, historical painting, when all at once she was arrested in her career by the difficulties which her sex and her youth threw in her way. She remembered her school sketches, and gradually her taste changed; the old masters were forsaken, and Nature and the models, as God created them, became the subjects of her pencil.

Still living in Paris, as poverty compelled Rosa Bonheur to do, there were difficulties still; true she could stray to the Bois de Boulogne, and up on a little balcony of a sixth story she established, in a shed of her own making, a goat and a sheep. When all living models failed, she had recourse to Paul Potter and Albert Cuyp, in the Louvre.

It was not until the year 1841 that Rosa Bonheur ventured on sending two small pictures to the exhibition. They were admitted, but attracted little attention. Still amongst picture-dealers Rosa Bonheur began to obtain a reputation; she painted many small pictures for them, for which she was paid tolerably well. Meantime she continued her studies, and in 1848 sent a picture to the exhibition, which was much admired and obtained favorable notices from the press. By this time Rosa had laid aside sufficient money to enable her to satisfy one of the yearnings of her heart, that is, to go to the real province of her art—the country. Accordingly she left Paris, was absent some months, and returned with the picture that established first her fame as a great artist—"The Contal Bulls." It obtained from the art-jury of the exhibition the gold medal, and at the same time Horace Vernet, from the civil list, presented her with a magnificent porcelain vase of Sevres porcelain. The picture was bought by an English amateur for fifteen thousand francs.

Her next great picture was produced in 1849, but between these two great triumphs of her genius lay a domestic catastrophe, which has left its impression on her whole life. Her father terminated his long martyrdom called life in the year 1848. Of all his children, Rosa had learned to love him best; congeniality of taste, sympathy of character, had drawn them closely together; in Rosa's genius and fame he had seen his own ambitions realized. Generous to a fault, Rosa's earnings had all contributed to the welfare of her family and to the solace of her father's declining years. She mourned deeply for her father, who had been to her a comrade, companion and friend, her only consolation being to plunge deeper in the study of her art.

The picture of 1849 was the celebrated one known as the "Oxen of Nivernais." This wonderful painting placed Rosa Bonheur at the head of the French artists; but in her peculiar style she stood almost alone. At length, in 1853, came the world-renowned "Horse Fair." Rosa Bonheur watched her models for this production for a whole year. Dressed in a blue peasant blouse and trousers, her hair cut short round her head, with a straw hat

placed carelessly on one side, she frequented the horse-fairs and market-places, being everywhere taken for a farmer's boy. The picture was paid by an English spectator 40,000 francs, a sum which he has doubled by placing the picture on exhibition in England and America. Rosa Bonheur again received the medal from the jury, her sex forbidding her (said the jury) to receive the cross of the Legion of Honor, which she had well merited. It seems strange that when vivandieres and Sisters of Charity have received this mark of distinction, that a great artist was not allowed to possess it; but women have to break through, by perseverance and talent, long dark centuries of prejudice and stupidity even in France, where, intellectually, she is freer than elsewhere.

Rosa Bonheur has established herself in the Rue d'Assas, in Paris. Here she occupies a magnificent mansion, with a large courtyard in front, and an extensive garden at the back. Her studio is on the ground-floor, and all around the courtyard are the abodes of her living quadruped models, excepting a few favorite sheep, goats, and dogs, that run wild about the studio. At the back, instead of a flower-garden, Rosa Bonheur has half an acre of pasture-land, where her most precious models, such as cows, calves, and horses, enjoy themselves to their hearts' content, chewing the cud of sweet fancies in the very heart of Paris.

Rosa Bonheur herself is small, not attaining middle height. Her figure is slender but muscular, lithe and active, her features are well-defined, her mouth especially admirably chiselled. Her forehead is high and well-developed, but the great charms of her face are her large, wondrous, brilliant brown eyes, resembling those the poets give to Juno when they call her the ox-eyed Juno. Her hair, of a dark brown, thick and curly, she wears cut short round her head, like a boy's. Her usual dress is a short cloth jacket, with a silk skirt, and most irreproachable collar and cuffs. Rosa Bonheur, however, is not insensible to the charms of dress, and when out of her atelier, indulges in all the whims and elegancies of fashion. She has never married, nor ever been connected with a love story. She has given her love to art, and the affection of her family has, with this, sufficed her. Her eldest brother, Auguste, is a landscape-painter. Isidor, her second brother, is a sculptor of animals. Her youngest sister, Juliette, now Mme. Peyrot, is a painter of flowers and still life.

All Rosa Bonheur's pictures—and she has painted many, and still paints—are bought before they are finished. Her fortune must now be immense. She has lately bought a country-house near Fontainebleau, her health requiring relaxation from labor, the atmosphere of her studio, and the excitement of Paris.

## The Forged Check.

The tall white pine trees in front of the antique red-brick house were motionless in the balmy air; the sunshine lay in latticed gleams athwart the piazza floor, and far off, on upland meadows, the voice of the distant reapers floated down, like sounds in a dream, to the ear of Ellice May, as she sat in the doorway, her work lying idly in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the hazy August hills. Beautiful eyes they were—soft, large, and intensely black, fringed with dark lashes that almost shadowed her cheek. There was something eastern in the style of Ellice May's beauty—the olive cheek stained with rose, the small, scarlet mouth, and the serene, straight features. As for the little hands—taper-fingered and pink-tipped—they certainly seemed made expressly to beckon dark-skinned slaves and wield a jeweled scepter. Nature owns no law of climate, and sometimes you are startled by finding this Arabian Nights type of face among dove-eyed New England damsels, just as a fiery pomegranate blooms amidst meek blue-bells and mountain-daisies on a farmhouse window-ledge.

"Now, don't look off into vacancy so provoking, Ellice!" said a tall, handsome man, who was leaning against one of the columns of the piazza. "Do be gracious to a fellow who has driven all the way from town this broiling day just to catch a glimpse of your bright eyes!"

Ellice turned her head and smiled, but thoughtfully still: it was plain she was thinking of something else.

"How do you like my new pair of grays, Ellice?" pursued her companion. "I bought them with a special eye to your preferences. See them! I can tell you there's blood there!"

"They are very pretty," said Ellice, quietly. "Very pretty! and that all you have to say? Ellice, what ails you to-day? I don't believe you care half as much for me as you used. Give me one of your old smiles, now—do—or I shall fancy that you haven't entirely forgotten your old penchant for Hugh Irving. I met him just below the turn of the road as I drove over—didn't stop to speak, however. By-the-way, Ellice, I've done a pretty smart stroke of business to-day, that I imagine, will put Hugh Irving effectually down for the present."

"What do you mean, Frazer?" said Ellice, suddenly rousing herself from her temporary abstraction.

"I mean that we manœuvred the mortgage on the old Irving place into our hands a week or two ago, and I foreclosed to-day at twelve o'clock, just half an hour after it became due."

"Foreclosed it?"  
"Yes, and I defy Mr. Hugh to help himself. Of course they had no idea of the thing; I kept it prodigiously close, for I have always wanted a chance to break Hugh Irving's pride, and fortune has favored me! I should not wonder if he were en route this moment to give directions to that old-time lawyer of his, blessedly unconscious! The Irving place must go, for it will be next to an impossibility for them to raise the money at so short a notice; and, with all the rest, it won't be a bad arrangement for me, pecuniarily speaking."

But Ellice had risen from her seat with reddened cheeks, and eyes that were literally wells of angry sparkle.

"Frazer Martin, you are not in earnest?"  
"Never more so in my life, my love!"

"You would not stoop to such a dishonorable, under-handed proceeding, surely?"  
"Not at all dishonorable, Ellice; only a trick of the trade. To be sure it isn't generally done; but I would stretch a point or two to make Hugh Irving feel my power."

"Despicable! base!" reiterated Ellice, wringing her hands passionately. "Frazer, I never would have believed this of you!"  
"Scold away, darling!" said Martin, carelessly touching her braids of shining black hair, as you might pet a child. "You've no idea how sweet you look with those cheeks blazing and the great eyes dilated. I like to see you get excited!"

"If it is really so, Frazer," pursued the girl, eagerly, "go immediately and undo the work of evil. Do not let Hugh Irving suffer for a mere legal technicality. Remember that the place is his home—his all. Hasten back to the city, for Heaven's sake!"

"Never!" said Martin, decidedly, and with an almost demonic light in his eye. "I tell you, Ellice, I *love* the man, and I will not 'bait' my hold upon him!"

"Then, Frazer," said Ellice, calmly, "our engagement is at an end. I will never marry a man who has taught me to despise him!"  
"Now, my darling, don't talk so," said Frazer Martin, coaxingly. "You know very well that you love me—that you are my affianced wife. Tell the truth, now; own up that you only want to tease me!"

He would have passed his arm about her waist, but she drew back with dignity.

"I might have loved you once, Frazer, or fancied that I did; but your own words have dispelled the illusion. Henceforward you are no more than the merest stranger to me."

Martin's handsome brow darkened.  
"Are you serious, Ellice May?"  
"I am."

"And you really dismiss me from your presence?"  
"I do."

"Very well. I accept the dismissal. Return to your first love, if you choose; but remember, my little fair one, that you cannot smile me back again when you are wearied of playing the coquette. Make your election now or never!"

"It is made; good evening, Mr. Martin," said Ellice, calmly. And calmly she stood there, her white dress fluttering in the sunset breeze, while Martin twitched the reins of his splendid grays from the post and sprang into his carriage, driving off like a whirlwind.

Noble little Ellice! she was true to her womanhood, true to herself; and even at the time when Hugh Irving lost his ancestral patrimony he gained a wife who had learned to love him for himself alone. It was a ray of hope in the darkness, and with a brave heart he set to work to build up the fallen fabric of fortune once more.

"Quite romantic, upon my word!" sneered Frazer Martin, as he read the marriage of Hugh Irving and Ellice May in the newspapers. "Just as they can afford! But," he added, between his clenched teeth, "if the days of Faust were here once more, I would sell myself to the evil one, soul and body, for the chance of striking that man's cup of happiness to the ground."

Twenty years had wrought but little change in the dark beauty of Ellice Irving. One or two threads of silver had, perhaps, interwoven themselves in the abundant braids of ebony hair, and the peach-blossom color of girlhood had given place to a softer rose on her cheek; but Ellice was lovely still as she stood, in the frosty October twilight, shading her eyes with one fair jeweled hand, while the other pushed aside the crimson trails of the frost-touched vine which hung over the piazza pillars. Looking for her husband. Ah! there was no loving eye to watch for Frazer Martin's erring footsteps!

At length he came, welcomed home by the glow of fire-light and the merry voices of little children, and the peaceful calm of Ellice's smile! The world called Hugh Irving a fortunate man, because he had prospered exceedingly in its paths of commerce; but what would the world have said could it have peeped into his bright home-circle? There must yet be an undiscovered word to express such bliss.

"But, Hugh, something has annoyed you; you look grave and thoughtful," said Mrs. Irving, when at length the noisy crew of little ones had been safely piloted to bed, and husband and wife were sitting together—Hugh in a velvet easy chair, and Ellice on a low ottoman beside him, her cheek resting on his knee, as she had been used to sit in the days of bridehood.

"You are a veritable witch, Ellice!" said Hugh, laughing. "I believe you know every thought that crosses my mind. Yes, dearest, I have been excessively annoyed!"

"Tell me about it, Hugh; you know you never have to tell me anything."

She put her little hand caressingly into his; he stooped and kissed the diamond-sparkling fingers.

"I have an opportunity to-day, Ellice, to pay off a very old debt—to pay it with interest. What do you advise?"

"Don't talk in riddles, you provoking fellow! Speak out plainly, or I never shall be able to comprehend you," said Mrs. Irving.

"Listen, then, my dear wife," said Hugh, suddenly growing grave, almost stern in his manner. "You know that I have been in the habit of depositing, from time to time, any unappropriated sums of money in the Bank, at New York. Well, I had occasion, not long since, to send for a supply. It was duly forwarded to-day, with a notice that I had slightly overdrawn my account. I knew this to be impossible, as the balance lying there was nearly ten thousand dollars, and my order was but for five. On examining the statement of accounts sent on with the funds, I discovered that a check for five thousand dollars, bearing my signature, had been presented and cashed some six months previously. Now I had never heard of the thing, nor signed any such check!"

"Well?" said Ellice, her lips apart, and her eyes fixed earnestly on her husband's grave face.

"And the name of the man who presented this check—this forged check, remember—was Frazer Martin!"

Ellice grew pale, and clasped her hands tightly together. "Good heaven, Hugh!—can this thing be possible?"

"Not merely possible, love, but certain. A fit winding up of his career of recklessness and dissipation," said Irving, bitterly.

"But, Hugh, what measures have you taken?" asked Ellice, who seemed scarcely able to realize the stupendous fraud.

"None, as yet; but at the earliest practicable hour to-morrow morning I shall set the officers of the law upon the track of this undetected felon."

"What is the consequence, Hugh?"  
"Imprisonment for life!" was the stern answer.

Ellice trembled, and half opened her lips, but there was no gleam of encouragement in the dark brow of her husband.

"Oh, Hugh, dear Hugh, to think that I might have been the wife of this wretched man!"  
Mr. Irving passed his hand fondly over his wife's hair, and drew her closer toward him, as if he would avert the merest thought of danger from her.

"If you please, ma'am," said a servant, putting his head in at the door, "would you step into the hall a minute? The housekeeper wants to speak a word with you?"

Mrs. Irving rose and passed quietly out of the room. Hugh remained in his old position, gazing into the fire with set teeth and corrugated brow. In a moment his wife returned, with a white, shocked face.

"Hugh—husband—I have a sad story to tell you. The servants have brought in a poor, foot-sore creature, wearied with travel, and I fear, on the verge of fever. He fell on the wayside, a little way below, and Bruce found him as he came back from stabling your horses. He is worn to a skeleton with fatigue and privation—shall we take him in?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Irving, rousing himself with an effort from the train of thought in which he had been well-nigh absorbed; "let the servants see that he has every care."

"But, Hugh, dearest," pleaded the wife, looking with griefed, terrified eyes into his own. "will you come and see him? We have laid him on the sofa in the ante-room."

"If you wish it, my dear, certainly," said Mr. Irving. "Why, what is the matter?—you tremble like a leaf?"

"Oh, my husband!" murmured Ellice, pausing as their feet touched the threshold of the door, "only remember the Bible words: 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

Hugh Irving had not time to ask an explanation of her words ere he found himself in the ante-room, from which the servants had all been dismissed. There, upon the sofa, lay a wild-eyed man, with dusty garb and bleeding feet, his clothes in tatters, and his face shadowed by a beard of several days' growth.

As Mr. Irving approached, he gave a faint cry, and endeavored to spring from his couch, like one who would flee, but weakness and approaching illness overpowered him, and he sank back on the sofa, covering his face with his skeleton hands. And, as he did so, Hugh Irving knew that he stood in the ghastly presence of his deadliest foe, Frazer Martin.

"Have they come to arrest me?" shrieked the poor, half-delirious creature. "I have fled long, but I was not fast enough for them. I am weak and ill. I think I am going to die. But send him away. Don't let him see me. I knew it would be detected, but I thought I could replace the money before he knew it! I did not dream that it would all be swallowed up in that miserable speculation. Is it he, or only another troubled vision?"

"It is I, Frazer Martin!" returned Hugh, coldly. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"I can say nothing. I have no excuse to plead; but for God's sake do not deliver me into the hands of the law! I would have weak beyond its reach, but you see how weak I am! Have mercy on me! Oh, Hugh Irving, for her sake be charitable to me! I shall soon be beyond the reach of earthly aid or pardon!"

His piteously-implored voice—almost absent in its entreaty—jagged on Irving's ear. He turned to Ellice, who stood silently at his side.

"Ellice, if I pursue the plans I had arranged, the officers of justice will be here at noon to-morrow; if not—"

"But you will not, dearest Hugh!" cried his wife, whose quick eye had detected the retreating change in his face. "You will forgive, as we ourselves hope one day to be forgiven! For my sake, dear love!"

"For your sake, sweet wife, and heaven's!"  
And Frazer Martin knew that he was safe.

The next morning Mr. Irving entered the darkened room where lay the rival of his youth—the dogging enemy of riper years. The dim eyes of the sick man turned wistfully toward him, as the feeble hand was stretched forth.

"Do not fear, Frazer," said Hugh, encouragingly. "I have sent a letter to the bank, enclosing the amount by which my account is overdrawn. Rest in peace, for no act of mine shall ever disturb your safety!"

A sudden flash mounted to the wan cheek where health's rosy tide should never mantle more.

"It is most generous—noble—of you, Irving, and I feel acutely how little it is deserved. No revenge could bow to my heart like this. I shall not live long, but it would have been hard to end my days in a prison-cell. Ellice—for I may call you once more by the sweet old name of your youth—I am glad you married Hugh Irving. He is worthy of you—I never was."

A few days afterward he died, holding with his last grasp Hugh Irving's hand, and only relaxing the chill pressure when, at last, his soul passed out into the great Unknown, where neither friendship nor enmity could follow him.

The five thousand dollars—need we say it?—was never missed; but in its stead there came a deep peace far more precious to Hugh and Ellice than the gold of Ophir or diamonds from Golconda. The sun of Frazer Martin's life had not gone down upon their wrath.

## A Beautiful Excuse.

Every reader must be delighted with the beautiful excuse, which, among others, Sir Thomas More makes why he did not publish his Utopia sooner. It shows us how important that great man considered an attentive performance of the minor duties of life to be.

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Mrs. H. M. F. Brown will speak at Chicago, Aug. 31.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney will make engagements for lecturing. Address Lawrence, Mass.

W. F. Jamieson, Trance Speaker, Paw Paw, Mich.

Miss L. E. A. DeForce can be addressed care of Mrs. Eliza Tolls, Vincennes, Ind., until October.

J. M. Peebles is located at Battle Creek, Mich., speaking there the last two Sundays in each month.

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond may be addressed, during the summer, Fond du Lac, Wis.

J. H. Randall will speak on Sundays. Address Scitico, Conn.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will speak at Cicero, N. Y., Aug. 31.

Dr. H. F. Gardner may be addressed, 46 Essex Street, Boston, Mass.

E. Whipple may be addressed for the summer and fall, Vandalia, Cass Co., Mich.

Austen E. Simmons may be addressed Woodstock, Vt.

Rev. H. S. Marble will answer invitations to lecture, addressed Iowa City, Iowa.

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

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will lecture during August and September, in Lowell, Portland, Bangor, and vicinity. Address box 315, Lowell, Mass.

William Bailey Potter, M. D., will lecture on Scientific Spiritualism in New York and New England. Address care of C. S. Hoag, Medina, N. Y.

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

Dr. O. S. Leavitt, agent for the Industrial University, may be addressed during the month of August at Detroit.

M. Taylor speaks every other Sunday at Stockton, Me., and for other engagements may be addressed at Stockton or Bradford, Me.

Sophia L. Chappell will speak in Binghamton, Cortlandville, Hunt's Corners, and Lisle, N. Y., during August.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe will spend the summer and autumn in Iowa and Minnesota. Address, till further notice, Independence, Iowa, care of "Rising Tide."

Mrs. S. E. Warner is engaged to lecture two Sundays in each month in Berlin, and Omro, Wis. Will answer calls to go elsewhere the remainder of the time. Post Office address, box 14, Berlin, Wis.

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

Miss Emma Houston will lecture August 31st, and Sept. 7th and 14th, in Sutton, N. H.; 21st and 28th in New Bedford, Mass.

Leo Miller will speak in Paltineville, New York, every other Sunday during the present summer. Persons in Central and Western New York desiring his services may address him as above.

F. L. Wadsworth speaks in Plymouth, Mass., August 31; Quincy, during the month of September; Chippewa, during October; Boston, Nov. 2 and 9; Taunton, Nov. 16, 22, and 30. Address as above.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Scott Hatch may be addressed during the month of August at Lake Mills, Wis., for lectures at the principal places along the line of Northern Indiana, Cleveland and Toledo, Lake Shore, N. Y. Central, and Boston and Worcester Railroad.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., during August; address care of F. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. In Boston, two first Sundays of October; and in Philadelphia, during November. Address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., from whence letters will be forwarded.

K. Graves will answer calls to lecture on the origin of religious ideas, the analogy of all religions, the true religion as contrasted with the false, the origin of the Jewish and Christian religions, as also the origin of the Jewish nation. Likewise on phonography and phrenology. Address Harveysburg, O.

N. Frank White may be addressed through August, Quincy, Mass.; Sept. 7th to 14th, New Bedford, Mass.; Sept. 21st to 28th, Taunton, Mass. Applications for the coming winter should be made immediately. Address as above.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will labor in Central and Southern New Jersey and Pennsylvania during the fall and winter. Friends in Monmouth, Burlington, and Camden Counties, N. J., please address till further notice in care of Dr. A. C. Stiles, Hammoncton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, of Ohio, will answer calls to lecture on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsylvania and New York. Also, to attend funerals, and make clairvoyant examinations of and prescriptions for the sick. They are to hold a grove meeting in Centreville, Pa., about the 12th of September, of which due notice will be given. Address Elmira, N. Y., in care of William B. Hatch.

Dr. James Cooper will speak at the monthly meeting of the Friends of Progress at Greensboro, Ind., Saturday evening and Sunday, Sept. 6th and 7th; at Cadiz, Ind., Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8th and 9th; at Mechanicsburg, Ind., Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 10th and 11th; at Anderson, Ind., 12th; at Chesterfield, Saturday evening and Sunday, 13th and 14th; Morristown, 15th and 16th; Fort Recovery, Mercer Co., O., on Saturday evening and Sunday, 27th and 28th. Subscriptions taken for Herald of Progress, and books for sale.

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HUDSON RIVER R. R.—Leave Chambers Street Depot. Express Trains 7 and 11 A. M., 3:15, 5 and 10:15 P. M.

NEW JERSEY R. R.—Leave foot of Cortlandt Street for Philadelphia 7 and 10 A. M., 4, 6, and 11 P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.—Foot of Cortlandt St. for Philadelphia and the West, 7 A. M. and 6 P. M.; via Allentown, 8 P. M.

NEW JERSEY CENTRAL.—Foot of Cortlandt St., 6 A. M., 12 M., and 8 P. M.

NEW HAVEN R. R.—Leave corner 27th Street and 4th Avenue for New Haven, 7 A. M., 12:15, 3 (Ex.), 3:50, 4:30 and 8 (Ex.) P. M.; for Boston, 8 A. M., and 3 and 8 P. M.

HARLEM R. R.—Leave corner 26th Street and 4th Avenue, for Albany, 10 A. M.

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Day Boat—Daniel Drew—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, Jay Street Pier and 30th Street, 7 A. M.

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JOSEPH BRIGHAM, OF QUINCY.

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## Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

**Departed:** From Highland, Ill., on Thursday morning, August 7th, 1862, J. KASPAR BAER—known to the readers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS by the signature "Arkios"—aged over 80 years.

Mr. Baer was a native of Canton Zurich, Switzerland, and for the last four years a resident of Highland, where he held the position of principal of a school of 300 scholars.

In his early years he showed great inclination to become a teacher, and his parents did their best to aid him. His eldest brother, Jacob Baer, was at that time a professor in one of the (higher) common schools in Mannedorf, on the Zurich Sea, and was respected as one of the first teachers in Canton Zurich. From this brother our departed friend obtained the rudiments of a thorough education.

In 1835, Mr. Scherr, Superintendent of Schools in Kunsnacht, made a visit to the higher schools in Mannedorf, and paid great attention to the abilities and accomplishments of J. K. Baer, and expressed to his brother and teacher the wish that he might be sent to the Teachers' Seminary in Kunsnacht.

In Kunsnacht, young Baer saw and heard Mr. Scherr, the first of living teachers, and soon becoming one of the most prominent students was engaged by the Director of the Institution as assistant teacher. On examination for this position, he received—what one seldom ever gets—"very able" in all departments.

Unsatisfied with even these attainments, Mr. Baer went abroad in order to attain a higher degree of knowledge and spent two years in the Academy at Lausanne. In 1844 he became teacher of teachers in an institution in Kunsnacht, especially in languages and history. Failing health induced him to leave this institution and to retire into Zurich. He had scarcely recovered his health when supreme direction of a female institution in Zurich was offered to him, and again he came before the public.

A biography of the deceased far-famed Zschokke was demanded, and his relatives found J. K. Baer able to accomplish this task. In 1855 he went to Texas, where he resided two years, then removed to New Orleans. From thence, under Providential guidance, in 1858 he arrived at Highland, where he remained till the last day of his life. Here he planted the seed of the good which will bless his remembrance. What he effected as a teacher survives him especially in the memory of children. Thus lived and passed away one in whom was no guile.

A. SUPPGER.

HIGHLAND, ILL.

For the Herald of Progress.

**Departed:** On the morning of July 16th, IDA CLENA, only daughter of J. W. and Charlotte R. Moore, of this city, aged three and a half years. Little Ida was not only the joy of the home-circle, but a favorite with all who knew her. The deep affections of her nature had thrown a sacred charm around her dear young life.

"None saw her but to love her—None knew her but to praise."

Her pure young soul flowed out in childish song, and all who heard her simple strains of worship were made glad by her cheerful presence.

She has joined the company above, making the fifth child in Mr. Moore's family thus translated to the Spirit-Land. To the bereaved parents how consoling must be, in this season of fresh trial, the light of Spiritual truth! We have laid her away amid the drooping foliage, where the soft breath of summer fans the flower-gemmed tomb. 'Tis but the casket that molds—she shines as a star in glory! To the broken family-circle let us say: It is enough, be comforted.

Weep not when flowers of deathless bloom  
Are borne by angel hands away,  
Their withered leaves may deck the tomb,  
But still they shine in endless day.

Give to the earth its kindred dust,  
It shall enrich and cause to rise  
From barren soil the holiest trust  
That ever spanned the circling skies.

Though we hear no more the patter  
Of the feet that ran to meet us,  
And the warbling bird is silent—  
It shall come again to greet us.

Its overshadowing spirit-presence,  
Though not seen by mortal vision,  
Still shall be the light that guides us  
To its home in realms elysian.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. M. J. WILCOXSON.  
Banner of Light please copy.

## Not Dead.

We find in the *Liberator* a tribute from the pen of HENRY C. WRIGHT to the memory of a noble woman recently departed. The closing paragraph we copy:

"Died at Greenfield, Kilgobbin, County Dublin, on Wednesday, 16th July, Hannah Webb—&c. No! no! 'Hannah Webb—the beloved and loving' wife of Richard D. Webb—is not dead, nor does she sleep. She has but cast off the outer garment of her being. The physical medium, through which that great, loving, womanly soul was made manifest to the exterior senses of all around her, is dead, and is now returning to its original elements; but the woman, the wife, the mother, the friend, so loved, so cherished, so revered in all relations, is not dead. I enter the presence of her husband and children; I see not her bright, sunny face, with material eyes; I hear not her tones of affection and words of

power; nor am I conscious of her corporeal presence; but 'I cannot make her dead.' I am conscious of her presence, as a living, loving, thinking, social being, perfectly understanding and sympathizing with the loved ones with whom her existence and destiny will ever be blended. Her immortality, her eternal life, is, with me, a living and a sublime reality—is blended with the daily and hourly life of the loved ones she has left in bodily form in her home. In the great anti-slavery movement in this land, and in the struggle for liberty, and against slavery in every form, throughout the world, 'I cannot make her dead.' No! Hannah Webb—the true, loving, devoted wife, the tender, wise, and ever-watchful mother, the all-trusted and ever-sympathizing friend, the world-wide philanthropist, the great heroic martyr to her self-sacrificing, all-hoping, all-confiding, all-enduring love for human beings, and sympathy for human suffering, 'I cannot make her dead.' She lives and labors, and reigns over human hearts, as one of earth's truest saviors, and most loved and honored queens."

## Public Meetings.

**First Quarterly Meeting of the "Association of Spiritualist Teachers."**

The Association of Spiritualist Teachers will hold their first quarterly meeting at Marsh's Hall, 14 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass., commencing on Tuesday, Sept. 30th, 1862, (time changed from the original appointment) at 10 A. M., continuing through Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1st and 2d. The members of this Association cordially invite all reform lecturers or teachers to meet and cooperate with them. Says section twelve of the statement of principles and aims: "As we include every thought, word, or work, that can improve the race or enhance its happiness in the word 'Spiritualism,' we seek the association of every earnest thinker and capable worker in the cause of humanity." To fraternize and unite is one of the leading objects of the meetings. It is proposed in connection with the above appointed meetings of the Association to hold public meetings at Lyceum Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings—1st and 2d—of which more specific notice will be given.

F. L. WADSWORTH,

Cod. Sec. of A. of S. T.

P. S.—Lecturers visiting Boston to attend the meetings of the Association will find pleasant rooms and board at Hattie Denham's, 75 Beech St.

F. L. W.

**Vermont Convention of Spiritualists.**  
This Convention will be held at Rockingham Center, Vt., on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of September, 1862.

An earnest invitation is extended to all.

AUSTEN E. SIMMONS.

## The Lynn Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Massachusetts, it will be remembered are invited to a picnic at Dun-geon Rock or Pirate's Cave, Lynn, Mass., on Tuesday, Sept. 2. Good speakers and good music will be provided. Dr. H. F. Gardner will manage the affair. Fare from Boston 40 cts., trip ticket; children 25 cts.

## Anti-Slavery Convention.

A mass Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at Ellenville, (Ulster Co., N. Y.) in Warren's Hall, to commence on Thursday evening, Aug. 28, and continue through Friday and Saturday, the 29th and 30th. Able and eloquent speakers will address the convention, among whom will be Parker Pillsbury, Ernestine L. Rose, Susan B. Anthony, Aaron M. Powell, James M. De Garmo, and others.

## Beecher on the Chapins.

Henry Ward Beecher concludes a recent article in the *Independent* on the Chapin family as follows:

"Some years ago we chanced to call Rev E. H. Chapin 'Brother Chapin.' This shocking courtesy toward a heretic brought down on us a suitable admonition from a pious contemporary. But it seems that it was blood that spoke. For in 1841 a daughter of the good Deacon Chapin made herself our grand ancestress by marrying a Foote. Hence came our sainted mother. Chapin blood is in our veins. We are prepared now to give a reason for our long liking of the Massachusetts House in Springfield. It is kept by the Chapins. We shall be there. And if good old Deacon Chapin does not peep in, or at least rap out a welcome, there is no use in having a modern doctrine and economy of intermeddling spirits!"

## An Angelic "Slave-Catcher."

In Genesis, 46th chapter and 9th verse, we read:

"The angel of the Lord said: Return to thy mistress and submit to her bonds."  
[Chicago Times.]

Ah, yes; Abraham, Hagar's master, was a loyal man, and believed in the "enforcement of the laws." The Book of Exodus, on the other hand, tells us that Moses, the servant of the Lord, abducted over 600,000 slaves from an obdurate and stiff-necked old rebel named Pharaoh, after he had polluted him with frogs, bit him with vermin, stung him with flies, covered him with boils, and pelted him with hail-stones; and when the old secessionist tried to chase them, the Lord opened the Red Sea and told them to skedaddle.

[Nashville Union.]

THE *Electric* for September opens with a portrait of the Empress of Russia, taken from a recent photograph. The selections comprise articles from Chambers' Journal, Westminster, Fraser's, North British, British Quarterly, Bentley's Miscellany, and other foreign magazines. The selection is varied and valuable. The *Electric* contains 144 large pages, each number, and is furnished at \$5 per year. W. H. Bidwell, 5 Beekman St.

## Negro Colonization.

Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, has been appointed by the President to superintend the colonization of free blacks to Central America as proposed to a delegation of blacks some weeks ago by Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Pomeroy has published an address to the persons interested, in which he tells them that he will set out on the first of October next, with one hundred families; he proposes to settle them at Chiriqui, and he calls for volunteers, to consist of mechanics and laborers "of African descent," no white person being allowed as a member of the projected colony.

To pay the expenses of this experiment Congress made an appropriation at its last session. As, however, many more than the one hundred families asked for may come forward, there is likely to be an opportunity for those who believe that the negro and not the slave is the plague-spot of our body politic, to aid with their means the exportation to the new colonies of those who may want to go. More than this, those persons whose hatred of negroes has heretofore led them to incite mobs to injure them, will find here a safety-valve for their wrath; and will be able, instead of killing or mistreating these people, to help, with what money they can spare, to send them out of the country.

Chiriqui, the region which has been selected for this experiment in colonization, lies in Costa Rica, one of the most flourishing of the Central American states, and is indifferently the name of a lagoon, a river, and an archipelago. The archipelago separates the lagoon from the Caribbean Sea. The lagoon has three entrances from the sea, and is capable of accommodating ships of the largest class. It extends for ninety miles along the coast, and from forty to fifty miles inland.

Mr. Pomeroy brings to this attempt some familiarity with the art of forming new settlements, gained in Kansas, of which he was one of the founders. He is, we believe, an honest, earnest, and kind-hearted man, a thorough lover of freedom, and a man of business habits. It is reported that the steamer Vanderbilt, now the property of the government, is to be the vehicle of this new exodus.

[Evening Post.]

## Thousands of Loyalists without Muskets.

"As we advance," says W. A. C. in his letter to a morning paper, "thousands of Southerners sit through our lines and make for Washington. They are blacker than you and I, perhaps, and they creep timidly, as if in doubt whether safer at the muzzle or the breech of Union muskets; but they come sincerely willing to be our friends if we will let them. Many of these are stalwart fellows, with muscles aching for something to do; the nation aches for defenders. Why may not that and these, here and now, make a bargain? Why coddle an insane whim any longer when three hundred lives a day is the price? The negroes here have the muscle and can stand this exposure; their lives are not very valuable to the world; they are densely, fearfully ignorant—as ignorant as the white citizens here, almost, except perhaps in political matters; why not let them fight for their native land, and oblige them to it, if it comes to that? Pennsylvania father, your son here has been fighting a year, and is tired—he wants to come home and rest; have you any objection to his accepting a sable substitute?—the only one accessible—or will you insist that he shall still wear out his life as a substitute for Sambo?"

Michigan mother, your son will be drafted next week; have you any objection to a negro taking the musket and leaving him with you? If we were drowning, or our house were burning, none of us would decline anybody's assistance. We may not be drowning, or we may be; at least, we are in fearfully deep water. Shall we punctiliously refuse to grasp the proffered rope till we make sure that the hand that holds the other end is of orthodox complexion? Shame on our national condescension! Must we be thrashed into common sense? When shall we learn the two simple lessons: first, that tolerance of treason anywhere is treason to loyalty everywhere; and second, in the language of the *Tribune*, to 'treat henceforward all Unionists as if they were white men and all rebels as if they were negroes?'"

## Brief Items.

—A gentleman who has recently arrived from Mobile states that there is not a single carpet to be found in any house in that city, every one having been given up last winter to be used as blankets by the army.

—The Franklin Literary Society of the Presbyterian College at Canonsburg, Pa., where Vallandigham graduated, has recently expelled him by a unanimous vote.

—It is said that the ladies of Somerville, Mass., are so decidedly plucky that they recently became very impatient as to the apparent tardiness of the men of that town in reference to the recruiting business, and called a meeting among themselves, at which the following resolution was adopted without a dissentient voice: "Resolved, If the men of Somerville will not enlist to rescue our country from her extreme peril, the women will, and when they go will leave their superfluous garments to those who choose ignominious ease at home."

—The Cincinnati *Gazette* says that the surplus produce of Ohio for this year will exceed the interest on one thousand million of dollars, and will exceed the interest on the national debt made by the war in the year from its commencement. What a noble illustration of the resources of a State in which the laboring class are not depressed by caste, and where industry is not degrading!

The English public have pretended to be shocked at the alleged inhumanity of certain acts of the Government and the Federal officers in the prosecution of the war against the rebels. A recently-published account of the torture and butchery of the Chinese Mandarins by the English and French authorities, presents a record of horrors unparalleled in the history of warfare, and as far transcending any act of our Government in this war as the torture of the Spanish Inquisition exceeds the dunce-block of the school-room. England has several large beams to remove before she can see the mote clearly.

—A physician, speaking of the frail constitution of the women of the present day, says we ought to take great care of our grandmothers, for we shall never get any more.

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