

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

MRS. A. POST

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## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will soon expire, and that he is invited promptly to renew it, to insure the uninterrupted mailing of the paper, and save extra labor at this office. Renewals will in all cases be dated and receipted for from the expiring number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription. The Editor will be accessible to his friends and the public only on each Saturday, at the publication office, a few doors east of Broadway.

## Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

D. M. H., BRIDGEWATER, MASS.—Our impressions on the subject are given in *Harmonia*, vol. 4.

L. H., CALIFORNIA.—"The Outcast's Soliloquy" is received.

"A STRUGGLER," LEDYARD, CT.—We think your condition will be whispered to in our next installment of "Medical Whisperings."

P. A. S., CLEVELAND, O.—The subject of "Regeneration" would not now attract many readers. The Bibles of the Orient are not perfectly translated. Best copies are very expensive.

S. DUFFEE.—We get no information for you. In these days of great trial and "great mystery," the element of "time" must be allowed to do its perfect work. Perhaps the day of satisfaction will not be long deferred.

S. J. P., GENEVA, O.—Your efforts for the expansion of our subscription list will be rewarded. We believe that good would accrue to humanity if the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* could be more extensively circulated.

C. B. P., NEWPORT, R. I.—Thank you for No. 33. Some say that you "handle sacred subjects without gloves." Gloves are superfluous when the hands are clean and healthy. We like your "Glimpses."

J. C., ELMONTE, CAL.—As in numerous other instances, we duplicate your address, and hope the second book will reach you. Ere long we hope to have a California agency, at which all our publications can be procured without the present expense, delay, and risk.

Mrs. E. O. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Tumors in the uterus, or on parts adjacent, can be removed by *absorption*. Frequent hot water sitz-baths; occasional use of electro-magnetism; manipulations and persistent pressings; and twice a week external rubbing with diluted castile soap.

L. M. S., CINCINNATI, O.—The departed fathers of this republic are doing all that is required of them. The country is not to be saved by *generalship*, nor by *Congress*, nor by *Wisdom* in the present rulers, but by an *IDEA*, which will possess the people only after much punishment and misfortune.

"CATHARINE," OSWEGO, N. Y.—Yes, faithful friend, the best bridal gift is a book of light concerning the laws of life and the conditions of happiness. Such a book is the "*Harbinger of Health*." Dr. Gray's address is No. 18 East 20th street, this city. There is no certain way to get letters to friends in Louisiana.

J. D., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—"The Individual" referred to in the *Whisper* does not bear your name. Your questions, however, are important, and, if answered, as perhaps they may be, many minds might be benefited. There was no intention to wound the feelings or self-respect of any "individual." The counsel given concerns "C. M. C.," and *vitality* no one else.

ISAAC AND ELIZABETH, CANIZ, HARRISON CO., O.—Thanks for the expression of your kindly sentiments. In spiritual teachings you will find day by day more truth and higher motives for a better life on earth. Do not expect us to leave "home" long enough to visit your vicinity at present. It will be best for you, Elizabeth, to study the *Harbinger of Health*, and regulate your habits of eating and drinking by its teachings.

S. J. J., TEMPERANCEVILLE, O.—It seems absurd that you should report "life" to be something so wholly different from your Brother's account of it. Your disagreements remind us of the talk of two neighboring cronies whose experiences are thus given in rhyme:

One said, with brow of wrinkled care,  
"Life's cup, at first, was sweet and fair;  
On our young lips, with laughter gay,  
Its cream of brimming nectar lay;  
But rapid then it grew and staid,  
And trow as a twice told tale;  
And here, in weary age and pain,  
Its bitter dregs alone remain."

The other, with contented eye,  
Laid down her work, and made reply:

"Yes, life was bright at morning tide,  
Yet, when the foam and sparkle died,  
More rich, methought, and purer, too,  
Its well concocted essence grew;  
E'en now, tho' low its spirit drains,  
And little in the cup remains,  
There's sugar at the bottom still—  
And we may taste it if we will."

## Progressive Literature.

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

### THE DUMB GIRL.

She is my only girl;  
I asked for her as some most precious thing,  
For all unfinished was Love's jeweled ring.  
Till set with this fair pearl;  
The shade that Time brought forth I could not see;  
How pure, how perfect, seemed the gift to me!

Oh, many a soft old tune  
I used to sing unto that deadened ear,  
And suffered not the lightest footstep near.  
Lest she might wake too soon;  
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay—  
Ah! needless care! I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I believed  
That this one daughter might not speak to me;  
I waited and I watched, God knows how patiently!  
How willingly deceived!  
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,  
And tended Hope until it pined to death.

Oh! if she could but hear  
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach  
To call me *mother*, in the broken speech  
That thrills the mother's ear!  
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred  
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries  
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,  
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;  
Or lift those earnest eyes  
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,  
Then move her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watched her looking up  
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,  
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,  
That I could almost hope  
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,  
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,  
The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,  
All the grand music to which Nature moves,  
Are wasted melody  
To her; the world of sound a tuneless void—  
While even *Science* hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair,  
Her blue eyes beautiful of finest mold,  
The soft, white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,  
Ripples her shining hair,  
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,  
For He who made it kept the master-key.

Will He the mind within  
Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free,  
E'en that *His* still, small voice and step might be  
Heard at its inner shrine,  
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?  
Then should I grieve? O murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense  
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play,  
Whose voiceless eloquence  
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear  
That e'en her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!  
And when his sons are playing merrily,  
She comes and leans her head upon his knee.  
Oh! at such times I know—  
By his full eye and tones subdued and mild—  
How his heart yearns toward his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft,  
Even now, how could I say she did not speak!  
What real language lights her eye and cheek,  
And renders thanks to Him who left  
Unto her soul yet open avenues  
For joy to enter, and for love to use.

And God in love doth give  
To her a beauty of His own,  
And we a deeper tenderness have known  
Through that for which we grieve.  
Yet shall the soul be melted from her ear,  
Yes, and my voice shall fill it—but not here.

When that new sense is given,  
Than the rich songs of heaven—  
To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,  
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound!

For the Herald of Progress.

## Recollections of a Physician.

BY J. LEANDER STARR.

NUMBER FIVE.

### THE SOMNAMBULIST.

Charles Emory was, in his youth, what the Yankees call a "smart" boy. He was attentive and studious; and when, at sixteen years of age, he was placed in the counting-house of Messrs. Dives, Cross & Co., a leading firm in London, as junior clerk, his parents predicted he would do credit to his position. Charles certainly had great application, and early won the favor of the head of the firm, a methodical, close-fisted old fellow, so that in a much shorter time than such advancement is usually achieved in slow, plodding London, he rose, step by step, to the post of confidential clerk, and the sudden death of the junior partner of the house, Mr. Matzell, who was drowned by the upsetting of a boat one Sunday, while sailing on the Thames, tended to his still further advancement.

Charles Emory now became the "Co." of this rich and well-known firm. He now felt authorized to marry a lady to whom he had been long betrothed, and which union had been from prudence deferred until this goal of his ambitious hopes had been reached.

The object of his early love was the only daughter of the rector of his parish; and Miss Bloomingdale was a cultivated young lady, in every way worthy of his choice, and the marriage took place soon after Charles' name appeared as the new member of the firm of Dives, Cross & Co., with the full consent and in the presence of the happy parents of both bride and groom.

Some twelve months after this event Charles complained of occasional headaches, which he had never before been subject to, and began to talk in his sleep. I had for many years been the regular physician of his family, and the father of this rising young man often spoke to me, in moments of uneasiness, of his son, (he was, he it knows, his only son,) with pardonable pride, and all I saw of Charles was favorable to his character of prudence and energy and his devotion to the "old firm chance." He made no pretension to intellectual superiority, or to any high order of literary attainments. He was solidly educated, and had a well-balanced and eminently practical mind. While attentive to business and diligent in all his expenditures, there never crossed a shade of meanness over his bright character, and to his friends he was hospitable and kind, even generous, and always ready to do his chief merit lay in his judicious, serene, and unostentatious charities towards the worthy poor.

He did nothing from ostentation. About three years after his marriage, Mrs. Emory called on me one day, and with great anxiety related to me that her husband was a confirmed *somnambulist*, and she feared that the risks he ran in some of these unconscious adventures might some day prove fatal. She said that soon after he commenced to talk in his sleep, at first vaguely and unintelligibly, he began to talk, when asleep, more coherently. He related, in a full and connected manner, what passed before him in dreams, revealing clearly, and in a way to be understood, his own secrets and those of his friends. He had since commenced walking in his sleep, and there could now be no mistake in the fact that he was a *somnambulist*. How little is this phenomena of sleep known! Science seems to have been kept at bay as regards the philosophy of dreams and *somnambulism*. Even theorists hesitate to approach so difficult a theme. The best writers I have consulted on the subject give but a very meagre definition of the phenomena of *somnambulism*. An authority on medical science says: "The mind is fixed in the same manner as if dreaming upon its own impressions as possessing a real and present existence in external things; but the bodily organs are more under the control of the will, so that the individual acts under the influence of his erroneous conceptions, and holds conversation in regard to them."

I asked Mrs. Emory to state to me clearly all the erratic course of her husband since he had become subject to *somnambulism*. She related to me the following: They went to Gravesend last month for a few days, and were the guests of a friend of theirs who had a beautiful residence near the sea. During the first day of their arrival Mr. Mott had invited Mr. Emory to see, from the roof, the extensive view of the Thames, with its countless number of ships coming in from the sea, and bearing to London the wealth of all the nations of the earth; and while there he had pointed out to him a nest of young robins which were domiciled on the roof. That night Mrs. Emory laid awake for two hours after retiring, while her husband slept soundly. Soon after midnight he arose, and, putting on his loose dressing-gown and slippers, ascended to the roof. His wife followed him and saw him take three of the young robins and fold them gently in the skirt of his dressing-gown and descend to his own room, when he carefully folded the robe and placed it on a chair and went to bed. Next morning, when he was awake, she told him of his adventure, of which he was utterly incredulous until she gently unfolded his dressing-gown and there showed him the little birds he had purloined.

One night, when the moon was bright and the air warm and pleasant, he arose and went to the sea and took a bath, returning home quite naked, and retired to bed. Next morning great was his surprise at finding in his room none of the clothes he had taken off the previous evening on retiring; and as they could nowhere be found, he was forced to get others.

The next night the same thing occurred;

but the third night Mrs. Emory hired a man to watch outside his bed-room door and quietly follow him wherever he might go. The bathing was resumed; but before going into the water, Charles had removed an immense rock—which, in his wakeful moments, he could not have moved—and placed his clothes under it, and, after bathing, returned home naked as usual. After he had left, the man collected from under the rock three complete suits of clothing, found secreted there, and carried them to Mr. Emory's room, explaining the incident to his wife.

A few nights after these adventures they returned to London, and in the intervening period no very strange freaks were performed, except that one night his wife was awakened by her husband mimicking the manners of physicians, and repeating, *verbatim*, a number of their prescriptions, in *Latin*; and on two successive nights he sat down to write as if instructing himself in penmanship, and wrote most beautifully, when, on the succeeding days, awake, he could write but in his ordinary most illegible hand, and he was furious when any one proposed to him that he should learn to write.

It was about a week after Mr. and Mrs. Emory had returned to London from their visit to Gravesend. His *somnambulism* was now well known to all the household, including the servants, who numbered eight in all. On this evening the servants' hall was the scene of a little sly festivity. A supper was laid out at 11 o'clock, and with the addition of some neighboring servants a cozy little party of twelve were seated at table in the servants' hall, in all the merriment and glee of a happy banquet-scene, when a man, dressed in a long, flowing white dressing-gown, was seen to enter and seat himself at the festive board without uttering a word. All were in silent awe, and not a word was spoken. Soon Mr. Emory helped himself from the dishes nearest to him, and poured out two glasses of his own best wine, which the butler had produced for the occasion of this social feast, and seemed to be really enjoying himself. He then sang, in a clear voice, and with a cultivated taste, three verses of a song then much applauded in society, and recently brought out. His servants had never heard him sing before, but had often heard him declare that he could not sing. The *somnambulist* then retired, as quietly as he had entered, and sought his own room. The silence of the servants' hall was now broken, and the strange visit of their master afforded conversation for the remainder of the evening.

The following night he rose and went to the stables and there saddled his favorite horse and rode for an hour in Regent's Park, and returned, unsaddled his horse, and retired to his bed again.

In all these cases he had not the faintest recollection in the morning what he had done in his sleep during the night, and was even angry when he was told of it, remarking that it could not be.

Two events, however, which he could not disbelieve, startled him much and puzzled him sorely.

One was the following: The eve of his wife's birthday she begged him to write some lines on the occasion and present to her next morning. He sat down and composed two verses, and being called away to the drawing-room, where he remained late, he did not return to the library, but retired to his bed-room. His wife, late in the evening, saw the unfinished poem, and felt hurt that it should have been allowed to remain in that state. About an hour after midnight Mr. Emory arose and descended to the library, where his wife followed him and saw him seat himself at the table, and add fourteen verses to his unfinished composition and then retire to his room. When shown this, and its beauty of style and thought commented on next morning, he was literally amazed.

The other event was his perfect fluency one night, while asleep, in speaking to some imaginary listener in Spanish—a language of which he knew but very little, and never had before attempted to speak it.

When Mrs. Emory had related to me all these incidents, I advised her as to the importance of urging him to take regular exercise every day on horseback, and to have intelligent friends around him, and promote cheerful conversation, especially during the evenings; and I gave her directions as to such slight medicine as he should take to relieve the brain from over-pressure occasioned by deep thought, &c.

But, with all this advice, and all the care and caution of his devoted wife, who was most tenderly attached to him, fully three months

longer rolled on without any check to these *somnambulist* freaks, and his wife became fatigued with endless watching, and deeply anxious. I then decided on an experiment to cure, or at least arrest this malady, and my argument was that if I could control his faculties of reason *while in this state of somnambulism*, by implanting at such moment any feeling of dread or alarm, I might thus check their further action. I accordingly, one night, had a large tub (holding thirty gallons of cold water) filled to the brim, so soon as he had retired to his room for the night, placed immediately outside and close to his door, so that he could not possibly avoid it. Mrs. Emory had, at the same time, taken the precaution to have her maids all in attendance near, with warm blankets, towels, &c., and we all awaited the result.

The clock had just struck two hours after midnight, when we heard his door gently open, and in an instant a splash and a cry for help, which brought us all to his assistance. His good wife got dry clothes on him, and made him comfortable, and he slept soundly the remainder of the night; but the *fright* broke up forever his propensities as a *somnambulist*, and from that memorable night he was never again known to walk in his sleep.

For the Herald of Progress.

## A Visit to Visionburg;

OR,  
GLIMPSES OF A BETTER SOCIAL LIFE.

BY LOUIS.

### CHAPTER IV.

The argument in favor of a classical education has the same fallacious weakness about it that characterizes all reasoning in favor of acquired habits—common sense is thrust out by sophistry. When feudalism drove out of northern Europe all that was intelligent and free in the laws and usages of Rome—leaving Italy for centuries its last and only stronghold—scholars of every kind necessarily retained and promulgated the language in which almost all the knowledge of the period was written. Students from every country traveled to the Peninsula to finish there an artistic, scientific, or clerical education. This habit of studying Latin has survived, by habit and ignorance, all the necessities which then demanded it. The journey to Italy has long ago ceased to be made. The languages of Germany, France, England, Spain, &c., have become even richer in expression than the really dead Latin, and the most learned works on every branch of knowledge abound in them. Schools, far more eminent than are now to be found in Italy, have long existed in every one of those countries. What more do you want? For what do you want Latin? If the Romans had used the hieroglyphics of Egypt, or the arrow-headed characters of Persia, on the monuments of their great men, or had inscribed the mysteries of their limited scientific and religious knowledge in those "sacred" characters, should we not have abused them for pedants or mischievous blockheads? We have for centuries done much the same thing. No physician of reputation would dare to write a common-sense prescription in English, although from the ignorance of the druggist it might cost a life. And how many have been sacrificed to this love of gibberish and mystification? and how many have listened, open-mouthed and full of reverence, to the uncomprehended mutterings of a mountebank? Fancy Henry Ward Beecher learnedly expounding in Arabic or Sanscrit! How edifying! Children and old women might be wonder-struck and over-awed by this mystery of darkness; but people of thought, men and women who come seeking intellectual and religious light, who want to know and to feel—must they be sent away hungry and thirsting, perplexed, harassed, perhaps cursing in their secret inmost thoughts this mockery of mystification? Must a cloud of verbose sound hide from them the fountain of life and contentment? If we want Latin, and if we want Greek, we want them far less than modern languages, because communicating less to the mind; we want, also, the Arabic, and the Sanscrit, and the Chinese, but only for their special purposes. But when we force every one to waste their youthful energies over barren words, at an age when a knowledge of things ought to be taught, we crush the mental caliber, dwarf the man, and produce a species of intellectual insanity and intellectual imbecility. If our colleges and universities have sent out our greatest men, they have done so less by the talents they have given them than by the opportunity which those who

could afford to go to them have of entering public life. If any remark at all is true, it is rather of the vast multitude of incapables which the classical training produces. An unusually strong constitution and an unusually strong memory may survive the sedentary and word-wearing training; but the majority are wrecked, stultified, and the proof is in the energy with which they throw aside, if they have the means, all studious habits, and seek relief in follies, and vices, and other "eccentricities." Then, again, the very business habits of these public men show their incapacity. Procrastination is their habit; falsehood their practice; indifference their duty; business is always pressing upon them—they do not press it on. The unconscious word-training, together with the unconscious habits, vices, principles, history, and mythology of the ancients, is stamped in indelible characters upon them.

If we wanted to make a true man, we would prefer training him to a perfect knowledge of his labor or business practically, than educate him in a knowledge of words. Illiterate, he would be more sure of being honest, particularly if he well understood his art, as skill in it would insure a love for it. It is this training, combined with the word-art properly applied, that must rear humanity out of the mire of ignorance and unskillfulness of common things. Science, heretofore mystified, like religion, law, and art, is the very bread of intellectual life to youth. A practical demonstration of a truth in Nature, so easily lost to a man, is retained by the child and comprehended with a facility that approaches the marvelous. We have only to direct the same energies aright which we now waste on words and the vices they daily bring before us, and we shall rear more earnest, and honest, and intellectual men. Hair-splitting and quibbling about words and phrases is not acuteness, much less true knowledge or capacity.

This course of education, then, you think, has built up our cities? Dion remarked that he regarded it as a part of the system which had had the most pernicious influence, and he looked to an improvement in our school system as the true stepping-stone of moral and intellectual progress. He thought no child, male or female, but would benefit by a practical knowledge of the proper cultivation of the soil, the study of horticulture, botany, mineralogy, geology, chemistry, &c. It would always be a resource of knowledge acquired to fall back upon, if, in the pursuit of existence in the city, fortune failed. But out of a few words of Latin or Greek, what kind of living can a man make? I could not answer otherwise than in the negative. I had tried it myself once, and it had proved not only faithless, but injurious.

While, however, we are improving your education and training, he resumed, we may simultaneously progress by the adoption of those business-like changes which more particularly characterize our age. All the professions have their side of imposture and charlatanism. By reducing science, like religion, law, and art, to practice, we may expect less pretension and mystery, and more substantial results. The city, now the seat of vice, crime, and pauperism, the refuge of the ignorant and destitute, and the trap of virtue, industry, and intelligence, may be limited to its true uses as the emporium for commerce, the arts, and manufactures. The country may be embellished by sharing in the benefits of the arts and literature. But to do this we must change the habits of its now scattered population, show them the benefits of concentration, and the application of union, knowledge, and intelligence, to the true conquest of the soil. As yet its life is but a modification of the wild life of the Indian—the life of self, egotism, of antagonism, of ignorance, educational and by habit.

You would make perfections of us all, and render life monotonous by the very evenness of its way. Dion laughed his quiet laugh and shook his head. The world, said he, is a mass of endless, unceasing variety; it is a mass of perfectly-ordered, harmonious inequality. Will that satisfy you? Do you think your variety of tiresome, suicide-provoking confusion and struggling, need be less monotonous than my ever-industrious, improving, labor-dividing association, with its rich and peaceful results? The very variety you speak of, which produces so much nausea, ennui, and fatal effects to rich and poor, is the grossest of all monotonies. It is this very heaviness of existence to the many that is the peculiar characteristic of our present as of our past social existence. It would require a miracle to make it more so. The few who learn to enjoy life and cast away its burden of monotony are those who have found out the secret of perpetually renewing existence by doing good and producing good results. We all need to find this out. It consists not in the painful pleasure of giving alms to a degraded creature, but in placing that creature on a true equality of independence—raising him from his humiliation that is crushing him, elevating him above the degradation that is breeding curses in his heart on the heads equally of the giver and the receiver!

CHAPTER V.

The more we know, the more we improve, and the more we remove that monotony from among us which we complain of so much. You will admit that, to be usefully occupied and to be constantly acquiring knowledge, is to banish ennui. That is the object we have in view. But your antagonistic system, carried to its extreme limits, is the necessary producer of the monotony you dread. All classes of our society suffer more or less from it. Some are too rich, and have nothing to do but to "waste time?" too ignorant to know

how to enjoy life. Some are too poor, and are dying to find work—too starved and anxious to enjoy life. Multitudes have to do work for which they are unfitted, and other multitudes are so over-worked that they cannot find, even if they were permitted, a moment to relieve their over-taxed energies. Even the Sabbath, that glorious holiday created expressly for the refreshment of all these wearied souls, has been made a day of gloom and long prayers (see Christ's warning, Matt. chap. vi. 5, 6, 7, 8) by the consent of that rich, idle, and professional class, which has been rioting in mere pleasure for six idle days! The Jews were equally sufferers with ourselves in keeping, and breaking that day, as the prophets tell us. The Christians did well in trying to modify the practice to the real wants of humanity. We, earnest reformers, in our admiration for the ordinance, and forgetting or ignoring its misapplication, have sought to go back to the strict letter of the law, and with no better result. And these evils of our unocial system, breeding sameness of occupation in every branch of industry and among every class, shut out nineteen-twentieths of us from any chance of healthful change and relief. Sick at heart with ennui, uncertainty, hope deferred, or excess of labor, the majority seek greedily those excesses in the gratification of the passions and appetites which lead to rapid bodily and mental destruction.

Your picture is by no means inviting, and somewhat, I think over-drawn. The majority appear to me to be happy and comfortable. If you look only at the children, said he, playing in the street, or to parties going on picnics, or to the theater, you may be right; but the evidences of this distress lie deeper, and may be seen at a glance in the countenances of men. How so—what do those countenances express? Express! Why, the inexplicable! That is just the trouble with them. The face should be the index of the mind. It is not so. It is the index of perplexity. At rare intervals it is so decidedly villainous, that we say at once, A villain! or it is so caudally, timidly, or sorrowfully honest, that we cheerfully acknowledge the true man. Nevertheless, the majority have a grimace so inexpressive, indefinable, equivocal, denoting so evidently the anxieties, perplexities, and uncertainties of their mental status, that our study only reveals in this general undevelopment of man the effects of those meannesses to which our material interests still debase us.

In man there are other traits of character besides cunning. In man there are other necessities besides mere eating. In man there are other arts besides fighting. Unless those other faculties of the man are equally cultivated, he is not a man but in form. If he only occupies himself with those faculties which liken him to the animal, he is only an animal man, and his face possesses the same lack of the distinctive mark or expression of human or many character which we see in brutes.

If all the faculties and sentiments of the true man were actively developed—and we have many such cases—and yet conscientiousness was inactive, the character would be a feeble and incomplete one. Most of the grand religious systems of the world have been founded by fanatics deficient in an active justice, prompting to a conscientious consideration for all others at all times. With that great sentiment, which is the pivot of the human mind, man never seeks to raise himself, or distinguish himself, or work for his own glorification; but on the contrary, ever strives to raise other men up, and place them on a perfect equality with himself. He seeks not to govern, but to cooperate with—not to depreciate or despise, but to aid and encourage. He comes to them with good tidings of great joy, and proclaims to all the children of God that they are free! It is in this respect that Christ stands out prominently before all teachers and leaders. If there has been any failure of truthfulness and true humanity in Christianity, the fault has lain in the ignorance of the dark ages and not in the good Teacher. He was the embodiment of the anti-self. He was the disinterested—the "just." He was the brother always—in teaching, in working. What belonged to him, belonged to all; and hence, his common-sense doctrine; his "way of life" in accordance with natural law—the law of God—produced among the simple-hearted people, publicans and sinners, such conviction, that multitudes were said to have been converted "by miracle." And these multitudes, influenced by this miracle of common sense, sought to lead a true and better life by living as he did, in fraternal association.

I yield, I replied, my dear Dion, to your admiration of the Christ; but have you not exaggerated the associative results of his teaching, and belittled the character and influence of other great teachers?

Not at all. We know by history that the disciples had everything in common; and this is sustained not only by the very character of the teaching and the words of the teacher, but is confirmed by the decrees of the Roman authorities and the statements of their historians. The trading classes and aristocracy of the time accustomed to govern men and pay them wages, at competition rates, could not brook this dangerous innovation which "threatened the very foundations of society;" and thus it was that in the "name of law and order" this "vile sect" of low and vulgar people—this herd of "communists," "socialists," "publicans and sinners"—were ordered to conform to the "holy religion" of the time. The consequences of non-conforming, we all know. These horrors need not be related again. But we may add, that when this principle of association was broken up, the "sect," from being practical, every-day Christians, became mere praying, one-day, or Sunday Christians, and

the origin, or cause, of the successive persecutions was carefully hidden from the knowledge of the "people," lest by knowledge they should become wise. Now all sects boast their martyrs, and few know the real from the false.

CHAPTER VI.

In respect to other teachers, I may remark that those who have had the greatest influence on the world, have been generally in the most dangerous. Self is predominant in all. Conscientiousness—consideration for others—is wanting. The more perfect the teacher, the less oftentimes the influence; for the teaching was either not perfectly in accord with God's laws in every respect, or was so entirely neglected in practice, even by the teacher and his disciples, that it was not appreciated as was Christianity by the people—the publicans and sinners. Christ, the master mind, the true man, did not merely teach, but practiced what he taught; and in that lay the greatest part of his power, in inculcating conviction of the truths he taught. He thus appealed not only to the reason of his hearers, but he strengthened that reason by reconciling the worldly interests of each individual with the welfare of the whole people. Compared with this practical demonstration of the truths he taught, of what avail were the merely pretty words and phrases of other teachers? Even though they taught the very same doctrines, those doctrines necessarily fell dead among an ignorant people. Prophets might have taught to the end of time to "love God," to "love your neighbor," and even to "give of all you have to spare to the poor," and yet not a disciple be found to understand the meaning of either doctrine. "God" has been in all time represented in the unlovable aspect of a terrible and jealous God. The "neighbor," as your own kindred—another mode of loving oneself—and "giving to the poor," the degrading conceit of alms-giving. In the practical demonstrations of Christ, each of these virtues implies and envelops the other, and there is no love of God or the neighbor without that effectual care of all which that love clearly indicates. All else is but mockery. Neither ravings, nor lamentations, nor howlings, nor seclusions, nor preachings, nor prayers, nor fanaticisms, nor sophistries can avail against the law of our being—that simple law of love which is actually in accordance with our true worldly interests!

But we have been taught, I interposed, self-sacrifice, mortifications, . . . Stop! When, Dion replied, the practice of true Christianity virtue was wiped out by persecution, the new teachers accommodated their doctrines to the wants of their persecutors. Having lost the true coinage, they put forth a counterfeit; afraid any longer to teach the reality, they taught a mockery; and that mockery was in the nature of things a compromise between the old superstition and the new truths. In this world, the law is progress. Things do not go by leaps and miracles, but by sure and certain steps are evolved from the imperfect to the more perfect. Miracles are of rare occurrence, and are always in accordance with natural law. But they demand a miracle maker, and one susceptible of receiving the miracle. The more perfect the moral tone of the man, and the divine, or, vulgarly called, magnetic power, the greater the effect produced by the transmission of that subtle element from one to the other. Hence the healthy man transmits of his healthy forces to the sick and cures him; and hence, a variety of other manifestations and even "greater miracles," which the teacher taught, should be performed by others after him.

If we could imagine a continuation of the early Christian manner of life—the "new life" promised—without the interference of persecutions, the world would have presented many centuries ago, a very high condition of civilization. The leading minds, while they would have erred (on the selfish side) somewhat, would long ago have demonstrated the laws governing the new condition of things. Instead of the dark conceits, the volubrious sophistries, the learned whimsicalities, the scientific plausibilities, and the pious unreasonings, written with a view to reconcile the false life with the true life, we should have had steady progress in all good things, openness of conviction to all truths, an incessant search of the Scriptures, and no persecutions of any man for opinion's sake. Mystery or darkness would never have obscured light or truth.

I may remark that just as much as the physiognomy of men denotes the equivocal character of the perplexed mind of the dark ages, so also the false practice of things is everywhere outwardly displayed in the habits and habiliments of men. The instinct of what is false, impelled by conceit and the desire of exclusiveness, or selfish distinction, prompts to the assumption of some masquerade show. The "fakir," or holy man of India, is an example. In him there is the "merit" of mortification in constant suffering; "merit" of idleness—living upon his fellow creatures; the "merit" of humility—in quaintness, anility, or filthiness of dress—all of which are only a manifestation of intense vanity and pride, wrought by false teaching into fanaticism or insanity. While an active conscientiousness prompts to regarding and treating others as good as oneself, and is the very pivot of the mental system, the conceits of pride and vanity, but particularly the former, are the brazen steps down which all false religious systems drag themselves into the mire of hatred, legal persecution, and violence. According to pride, everybody is a sinner but oneself; everybody is a sinner, damned to eternity, who does submit to its domination; no one can be saved out of its "church!"

(To be Continued.)

The Life of Birds.

BY REV. T. W. HIGGINSON.

When one thinks of a bird, one fancies a soft, swift, aimless, joyous thing, full of nervous energy and arrowy motions—a song with wings. So remote from our mode of existence, they seem accidental exiles from an unknown globe, banished where none can understand their language; and men only stare at their darting, inexplicable ways, as at the gyrations of the circus. Watch their little traits for hours, and it only tantalizes curiosity. Every man's secret is penetrable, if his neighbor be sharp-sighted. Dickens for instance, can take a poor condemned wretch, stance, can take a poor condemned wretch, like Fagin, whose emotions neither he nor his reader has experienced, and can paint him in colors that each beholder feels as if he personally had been the man. But this bird that hovers and alights beside me, peers up at me, takes its food, then looks again, attitude, jerking, flitting its tail with a thousand inquisitive and fantastic motions—although I have power to grasp it in my hands and crush its life out, yet I cannot gain its secret; and, in the center of its conscientiousness, it seems as if it were not steadily bear in mind, says Darwin, with a noble scientific humility, "how profoundly ignorant we are of the condition of existence of every animal."

What "sympathetic penetration" can fathom the life, for instance, of yonder mysterious, almost voiceless Humming-bird, smallest of feathered things, and loneliest, whirring among birds, insect-like, and among insects, bird-like, his path untraceable, his home unseen? An image of airy motion, yet it sometimes seems as if there were nothing joyous in him. He seems like some exiled pigmy prince, banished, but still regal, and doomed to wings. Did gems turn to flowers, flowers to feathers, in that long-past dynasty of Humming-birds? It is strange to come upon his tiny nest, in some gray and tangled swamp, with this brilliant atom perched disconsolately near it, upon some mossy twig; it is like visiting Cinderella among her ashes. And from Humming-bird to Eagle, the daily existence of every bird is a remote and bewitching mystery.

Pythagoras has been charged, both before and since the days of Malvolio, with holding that "the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a fowl!"—that delinquent men must revisit earth as women, and delinquent women as birds. Malvolio thought nobly of the soul, and in no way approved his opinion; but I remember that Harriet Rohan, in her school-days, accepted this, her destiny, with glee. "When I saw the Oriole," she wrote to me, "from his nest among the plum-trees in the garden, sail over the air and high above the Gothic arches of the elm, a stream of flashing light, or watched him swinging silently on pendant twigs, I did not dream how near skin we were. Or when a Humming-bird, a winged drop of gorgeous sheen and gloss, a living gem, poised on his wings, thrust his dark, slender, honey-seeking bill into the white blossoms of a little bush beside my window, I should have thought it no such a bad thing to be a bird, even if one next became a bat, like the colony in our caves, that dart and drop, and skim, and skurry, all the length of moonless nights, in such ecstasies of dusky joy." Was this weird creature, the bat, in very truth a bird, in some far primordial time? and does he fancy in unquiet dreams at nightfall that he is one still? I wonder whether he can enjoy the winged brotherhood into which he has thrust himself—a victim, perhaps, of some rash, quadruped-ambition—an Icarus doomed forever not to fall.

I think that, if required, on pain of death, to name instantly the most perfect thing in the universe, I should risk my fate on a bird's egg. There is, first, its exquisite fragility of material, strong only by the mathematical precision of that form so daintily molded. There is its absolute purity from external stain, since that thin barrier remains impassable until the whole is in ruins—a purity recognized in the household proverb of "An apple, an egg, and a nut." Then, its range of tints, so varied, so subdued, and so beautiful—whether of pure white, like the Martin's or pure green, like the Robin's or dotted and mottled into the loveliest of browns, like the Red Thrush's, or aquamarine, with stains of moss-agate, like the Chipping-sparrow's or blotched with long, weird ink-marks on a pale ground, like the Oriole's, as if it bore inscribed some magic clue to the bird's darting flight and pensile nest. Above all, the associations and predictions of this little wonder—that one may bear home between his fingers all that winged splendor, all that celestial melody, coiled in mystery within these tiny walls! Even the chrysalis is less amazing, for its form always preserves some trace, however fantastic, of perfect insect, and it is but moulting a skin; but this egg appears to the eye like a separate unit from some other kingdom of Nature, claiming more kindred with the very stones than with feathery existence; and it is as if a pearl opened and an angel sang.

The nest which is to contain these fair things is a wondrous study also, from the coarse masonry of the Robin to the soft structure of the Humming-bird, a baby-house among nests. Among all created things, the birds come nearer to man in their domesticity. Their unions are usually in pairs, and for life; and with them, unlike the practice of most quadrupeds, the male labors for the young. He chooses the locality of the nest, aids in its construction, and fights for it if needful. He sometimes assists in hatching the eggs. He feeds the brood with exhausting labor, day by day, yonder Robin, whose winged picturesque day is spent in putting worms into insatiable beaks, at the rate of one morsel in every three minutes. He has to teach them to fly, as among the Swallows, or even to hunt, as among the Hawks. His life is anchored to his home. Yonder Oriole fills with light and melody the thousand branches of a neighborhood; and yet the center for all this divergent splendor is always that one drooping dome upon one chosen tree. This he helped to build in May, consecrating cotton as if he were a Union provost-martial, and singing many songs, with his mouth full of plunder; and there he watches over his household all through the leafy June, perched often upon the airy cradle-edge, and swaying with it in the summer-wind. And from this deep nest, after the pretty eggs are hatched, will he and his mate extract every fragment of the shell,

leaving it, like all other nests, save those of birds of prey, clean and pure, when the young are flown. This they do chiefly from an instinct of delicacy; since wood-birds are not wont to use the same nest a second time, even if they rear several broods in a season.

The subdued tints and notes which almost always mark the female sex among birds—unlike insects and human beings, of which the female is often more showy than the male—seem designed to secure their safety while sitting on the nest, while the brighter colors and louder song of the male enable his domestic circle to detect his whereabouts more easily. It is commonly noticed, in the same way, that ground-birds have more neutral tints than those which build ovens of reach. With the aid of these advantages, it is astonishing how well these roving creatures keep their secrets, and what sharp eyes are needed to spy out their habitations—while it always seems as if the empty last-year's nests were very plenty. Some, indeed, are very elaborately concealed, as of the Golden-crowned Thrush, called, for this reason, the Oven-bird—the Meadow-lark, with its burrowed gallery among the grass—and the Kingfisher, which mines four feet into the earth. But most of the rarer nests would hardly be discovered, only that the maternal instinct seems sometimes so overloaded by Nature as to defeat itself, and the bird flies and chirps in agony when she might pass unnoticed by keeping still. The most marked exception which I have noticed is the Red Thrush, which, in this respect, as in others, has the most high-bred manners among all our birds: both male and female sometimes sit in perfect silence through the bushes, and show solicitude only in a sob which is scarcely audible.

Passing along the shore-path by my lake, one day in June, I heard a great sound of scuffling and yelping before me, as if dogs were hunting rabbits or woodchucks. On approaching, I saw no sign of such disturbances, and presently a Partridge came running at me through the trees with ruff and tail expanded, bill wide open, and hissing like a Goose—then turned suddenly, and with ruff and tail furled, but with no pretense of lameness, scudded off through the woods in a circle—then at me again fiercely, approaching within two yards, and spreading all her furlowels, to intimidate, as before—then, taking in sail, went off again, always at the same rate of speed, yelping like an angry squirrel, squealing like a pig, occasionally clucking like a hen, and, in general, so filling the woods with bustle and disturbance, that there seemed no room for anything else. Quite overawed by the display, I stood watching her for some time, then entered the underbrush, where the little invisible brood had been unceasingly piping, in their baby way. So motionless were they, that, for all their noise, I stood with my feet among them for some minutes without finding it possible to detect them. When found and taken from the ground, which they so closely resembled, they made no attempt to escape; but when replaced, they presently ran away fast, as if conscious that the first policy had failed, and that their mother had retreated. Such is the summer-life of these little things; but come again in the fall, when the wild autumnal winds go marching through the woods, and a dozen pairs of strong wings will thrill like thunder through the arches of the trees, as the full-grown brood whirrs away around you.

Not only have we scarcely any species of birds which are thoroughly and unquestionably identical with European species, but there are certain general variations of habit. For instance, in regard to migration. This is, of course, a universal instinct, since even tropical birds migrate for short distances from the equator, so essential to their existence do these wanderings seem. But in New England, among birds as among men, the roving habit seems unusually strong, and abodes are shifted very rapidly. The whole number of species observed in Massachusetts is about the same as in England—some three hundred in all. But of this number, in England, about a hundred habitually winter on the island, and half that number even in the Hebrides, some birds actually breeding in Scotland during January and February, incredible as it may seem. Their habits can, therefore, be observed through a long period of the year; while with us the bright army comes and encamps for a month or two, and then vanishes. You must attend their dress-parades while they last; for you will have but few opportunities, and their domestic life must commonly be studied during a few weeks of the season, or not at all.

Wonderful as the instinct of migration seems, it is not, perhaps, so altogether amazing in itself as in some of its attendant details. To a great extent, birds follow the opening foliage northward, and flee from its fading, south; they must keep near the food on which they live, and secure due shelter for their eggs. Our earliest visitors shrink from trusting the bare trees with their nests; the Song-sparrow seeks the ground; the Blue-bird finds a box or a hole somewhere; the Red-wing haunts the marshy thickets, safer in spring than at any other season; and even the sociable Robin prefers a pine-tree to an apple-tree, if resolved to begin housekeeping prematurely. The movements of birds are chiefly timed by the advance of vegetation; and the thing most thoroughly surprising about them is not the general fact of the change of latitude, but their accuracy in hitting the precise locality. That the same Cat-bird should find its way back every spring to almost the same branch of yonder larch-tree—that is the thing astonishing to me. In England a lame Redstart was observed in the same garden for sixteen successive years; and the astonishing precision of course which enables some birds of small size to fly from Australia to New Zealand in a day—probably the longest single flight ever undertaken—is only a part of the same mysterious instinct of direction.

In comparing modes of flight, the most surprising, of course, is that of the Swallow tribe, remarkable not merely for its velocity, but for the amazing boldness and instantaneousness of the angles it makes; so that eminent European mechanicians have speculated in vain upon the methods used in its locomotion, and prizes have been offered by mechanical exhibitions, to him who could best explain it. With impetuous dash, they sweep through our perilous streets, these wild hunters of the air, "so near, and yet so far;" they bathe flying, and flying they feed their young. In my immediate vicinity, the Chimney-Swallow is not now common, nor the Sand-Swallow; but the Cliff-Swallow, that strange emigrant from the Far West, the Barn-Swal-





gress into hopeless ruins, and reconstructing the Administration from resurrected loyalists!

TRIUMPHS OF GEN. MCCLELLAN. The pluck, superior generalship, victorious retreats, protracted sieges, audacious energy, kind heartedness, and consummate military abilities of Gen. McClellan, begin to shine forth. At last he is "ready." He has never been beaten, and his men believe that victories will crown all his movements henceforth.

FRANCE, SPAIN, MEXICO, AMERICA. Advice from the interior are to the effect that the French Government is this moment contemplating intervention through the indication of Mexican and Spanish sympathizers with the Confederates.

MOVEMENTS OF REBEL RANGS. The Confederate "Merrimac" at Richmond is capable of encountering great opposition; but it cannot move with speed enough to catch the "Monitor" if a retreat of our gunboats from before the rebel capital should be found necessary. Let our army and navy go forward. "Onward to Richmond!"

PENNSYLVANIA NOT YET SAFE. Although the rebel invasion of Maryland is just now unsuccessful, owing to the assumed loyalty of the majority of the inhabitants, the rebels do not yield their design of capturing important cities in Pennsylvania. The whereabouts of a large rebel force in Virginia is not known to our generals. A grand surprise is at hand.

THE NEGRO QUESTION UNSOLVED. The all-important question, "whether Emancipation can be proclaimed and the Confiscation laws of Congress enforced without interfering with the working population of the rebellious States," is agitating the thoughts of prominent government officers, but, up to 12 M., no definite results had been reached.

Prince's Gardens. We have received the 48th Catalogue of Messrs. Prince & Co., proprietors of the Linnean Gardens and Nurseries at Flushing, L. I. The edition before us comprises a catalogue of small fruits, select strawberries, &c., the latter list containing the names of over two hundred and fifty varieties! In all departments of fruits, flowers, trees, and shrubs, these enterprising Florists will furnish the rarest descriptions, and the most extensive assortments. Their various catalogues, both retail and wholesale, can be had by sending stamps as above.

Chapin and Beecher. We gave, a week or two since, a sentence from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, expressing good feeling toward Rev. Dr. Chapin, and declaring it was Chapin blood in his veins which moved him to call Dr. C. "Brother." The following is one of Chapin's utterances in regard to Beecher: "There is our large-souled Brother who preaches in Brooklyn, and who will permit every honest man to call him Brother, however much he may differ in opinion from him—why, his great heart, at every pulsation, leaps sixty degrees beyond the logical limits of his creed. The voice is Jacob's voice, though the hands are the hands of Esau."

A Word for Cora Wilburn. BROTHER DAVIS: Having just re-read your brief notice in behalf of the above-named author, and having become perfectly cognizant of the facts in the case, I wish, unhesitatingly, to add a word by way of reminder to the charitable and well-circumstanced among your readers. Owing, doubtless, to the embarrassed state of the country, your request for aid, though promptly responded to by many, has not been fully met.

When I recall the ready response given by the liberal people of America to the "Appeal" of her great men in behalf of the noble and self-sacrificing Alphonse de Lamartine, years ago, I cannot believe that they will or can afford to lose the active labors of one—his equal in goodness, his superior in liberality—who is so well qualified to reach and influence the erring as is Cora Wilburn.

Let the duty fall equally. Let us either sustain the reform press so nobly that it can fully reward those of acknowledged ability who devote their time to our exclusive benefit and pleasure, or give directly to their aid as freely as we would sustain public speakers.

Our sister is upright, unassuming, and devoted, and in aiding her we most effectually aid the cause of truth and Progress.

A. HARLOW, M. D. CHAGRIN FALLS, O., Sept. 8, 1862. [We shall hope to hear from Dr. Harlow after he reaches the seat of war.—Ed.]

The undersigned, having been appointed surgeon to one of the Ohio regiments, the pleasing and interesting correspondence with his numerous friends and patrons must, though reluctantly on his part, be for the present necessarily suspended. When the angel of peace shall once more spread his balmy wings over our beloved country, he hopes to renew his former acquaintance with many with whom our friendship and esteem will be both mutual and lasting.

A. HARLOW, M. D. CHAGRIN FALLS, O., Sept. 8, 1862. [We shall hope to hear from Dr. Harlow after he reaches the seat of war.—Ed.]

BISHOP HENRI, (Roman Catholic) of Milwaukee, recently maintained in a sermon, at the funeral of Capt. O'Brien of the Third Wisconsin, that our success was absolutely necessary, not only to prevent the extension, but to put an end to the existence of that great and crying shame upon all Christendom, the peculiar institution of the South.

An American Negro in Paris.

Let me state one encouraging case of negro capacity on the score of intellect, which has just occurred here. At the Ecole des Freres a young American negro of about twenty-one has just obtained the first prize at the Concours Generale of Schools. He came over here some years ago with a southerner, and being free, applied for instruction at the School of the Priests, which he obtained, going through the regular course of studies. He now graduates with honors. They say he made a touching speech, in which he told his story and expressed his gratitude to his instructors. He stated strongly his aversion to the institution of slavery, and his appreciation of the freedom and of the benefits of the instruction he had enjoyed. He was warmly applauded by the audience.—Paris Cor. Evening Post.

Public Meetings. Spiritual Teachers.

The first quarterly meeting of the Association of Spiritual Teachers will convene at Marsh's Hall, 14 Bromfield St., Boston, Tuesday, Sept. 30th, to continue three days.

Yearly Meeting.

The yearly meeting of the Friends of Progress will be held in Greensboro, Henry Co., Indiana, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of October, 1862. Seldon J. Finney, of Geneva, Ohio, and Mrs. Mary Thomas, of Cincinnati, will attend it. Other speakers are expected. By order of the Committee.

SETH HINSHAW, Senior. For the Herald of Progress.

The Vermont Convention.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS ON PUBLIC ASSEMBLIES.

MESSRS. DAVIS & CO.: The Eighth Annual Convention of Spiritualists in Vermont is adjourned, and we are once more in our homes. I believe it has never been claimed, even by those who love publicity best, that great assemblies are places of rarest joy. When very young, I remember hearing the worshippers of Christ sing of a place "where congregations never break up and Sabbaths never end." My fallen (?) state at this early period suggested the manifest impropriety of keeping people so long in duration. This rebellious feeling is common to all, hence, it is with a feeling of relief, modified with regrets, that we turn away from great crowds to live truly again. Individual friendship is a pearl of great price, but the magnetism of a crowd is terrible. One needs to have his nerves sheathed with brass (pardon me) if he builds his shrine in the solemn assemblies of the Lord, or in the cheerful meetings of Reformers. It is quite an experiment to incorporate oneself for three days and three nights with a Convention in the country; it is far worse than a similar trial in a city, where huge walls of brick and mortar make us oblivious to sight and sound as we near the small hours of the night; in the country we have the natural clash of opinion from "early morn till dewy eve," then an evening session; then, instead of "balmy sleep, tired Nature's sweet restorer," we extemporize places of rest and amusement with all due deference for the rules of society. We then invoke the god of dreams to come to our relief, but he doesn't attend conventions; he doesn't hear us; instead of aid from him, we hear the voices of those who fear not the "cannon's opening roar," who chat fearlessly all night long; who truly "take no thought for the morrow," mingling in the "fray," we have the oft-repeated snoring of "whiskered pandours and fierce hussars," who can sleep at our expense; then there are whisperings and sighings in the next apartment, and on the whole, Messrs. Editors, we live rather fast by night and day at our Conventions.

Forgive me, gentle reader; I didn't mean to be merry when I began to write, but permit me to urge that our Conventions are not quiet homes, where men and women, in their normal condition, would like to take up residence for a year. They appear to be episodes, and once a year they are often enough for ordinary mortals to be baptized in a cloud. As a general thing our best minds are not always represented in conventions, whilst fanaticism and ancient idolatry appear in full regalia and seem to have a good time.

We have yet among us those who attempt to illumine our minds with "views" of Christ only, with explanations of Scripture, (Jewish,) and with long histories of their special missions, etc.; and, as our conventions are free, a rare opportunity has been afforded us to hear the "whole story," and whilst we learn to be patient and calm, even fanatics are in a good school—for it is a certain law in human nature that a fanatic is rebuked by the presence of a compeer, even as he is admonished by the silence of the wise.

We are in favor of Conventions, notwithstanding the attrition of spirit and the irritation of mind which inevitably follow. We must all grow wise and calm at these assemblies, and some perfect gems fall in pleasant places, some links in the chain of friendship are brightened, and some error is laid away in the charnel-house.

There has been a decided improvement in the tone of our yearly meetings since they were organized—in short, we may truly claim that our Vermont friends are advancing in freedom; that they are finding sacred revelations where once they only saw the profane. Indeed, we must claim for the credit of the Green Mountain State that our chief fanatics are imported from other States, where the air is less pure. We will care for them as tenderly as we can.

Some familiar faces were not with us this year at our annual meeting. We missed their bright eyes and glowing hearts, their good

counsel and their eloquence; and as we think of the good and true, present and absent in the body, we will ever pray that our lives may be fashioned from the fairest models, that our aspirations may be with the good and true, that we may be found living eloquently and dying gloriously. AUSTEN E. SIMMONS. WOODSTOCK, Vt., Sept. 13th, 1862.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—REV. W. H. HOISINGTON, the blind preacher, is now at the West on a lecturing tour. His lecture on Ancient Egypt is highly spoken of by the critics.

—MONSIEUR D. COSWAY, author of "The Rejected Stone," &c., is the editor of a new Boston paper, *The Commonwealth*.

—J. APPLETON OAKSMITH, the slave-trader, has escaped from the Suffolk jail.

—COM. WILKES has been assigned the charge of a flying squadron in the West Indian waters, to intercept the operations of English and other vessels seeking to run the blockade.

—GEN. BUTLER has organized one colored regiment at New Orleans, the darkest of the members of which, he is reported to have said, are "about the color of the late Daniel Webster."

—MRS. TOWNSEND speaks in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday the 21st.

—H. B. STORER addressed the Lyceum Church, Boston, on the 7th inst., upon the moral value of the war. A full report is published by the *Banner* this week.

—A. W. FENNO is enjoying a successful season as "Leading Man" and Stage Manager at Grover's Theatre, Washington.

—GEN. BANKS is remaining in Washington slightly indisposed, but his real detention is owing to a desire on the part of the government for his counsels. He will certainly be placed in a highly responsible position before long.

—GILES B. STYEBING is speaking on the War in the western part of this State.

—WM. H. FISH has removed from Cortlandville to Vernon, Otsego Co., N. Y.

—REV. T. L. CUYLER says: "Perhaps it is not too much to say, that, during the last year, more souls have gone into eternity, and fewer have gone into the church of Christ, than in any year our country has yet seen."

—REV. J. SELLA MARTIN, of Boston, has recently, through the efforts of some English friends, purchased the freedom of his sister and her two children.

—JOHN P. HALE, during a recent speech in Boston, said: "I don't know what to think of the war. I don't know when it will end. But I will say, and perhaps I may be sent to Fort Warren for it, that nothing has equalled the energy of the rebels except the weakness with which we have opposed them."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Our European dates are to the 4th inst. —A report prevailed that Thurlow Weed is engaged with an important mission to the British government.

—The London journals generally take a very gloomy view of American affairs for the Federal government.

—The *Post* says the North must either do as England did in 1788, or imitate Russia in her government of Poland.

—The *Daily News* argues that it is absolutely essential that the South should be compelled to acknowledge the superiority of the North, and submit to the terms that the North may dictate.

—The *Times* and *Daily News* criticize Mr. Lincoln's address to the negroes relative to colonization.

—Pearson Hall, a ship owner, who has been active in running the American blockade, has suspended payment in consequence of difficulties in realizing returns from the "chivalry."

—Queen Victoria has gone to Germany.

—The rebel pirate steamer, "290," is reported to have received from the steamer *Bahama*, off the Western Isles, iron plates, munitions of war, &c., to enable her to intercept northern vessels as they approach the coast, and in the absence of any port to go into, to take and destroy all ships and cargoes.

—The London *Daily News* editorially shows how false, thus far, have been the predictions of the *Times* on American affairs, and how unjust and partial have been its comments.

—The Peace Society of London has issued an address to the people of the United States, urging that the time has come when an attempt should be made to arrest the destructive conflict that is being carried on. It depreciates any interference with American affairs but such as would prove acceptable to Americans, but says: "Surely, the idea of friendly mediation may be entertained without any derogation of national dignity."

—The French Government have ordered their forces to undertake no operations in the interior of Mexico until the middle of October. The departure of troops for Rome has been commanded.

—Intelligence from Italy concerning Garibaldi's capture represents his wounds—bayonet wounds in the thigh and foot—as not dangerous, and progressing favorably. It is presumed he will be tried and sentenced, but pardoned on account of past services. One rumor says the government contemplates sending him to America. The fight was long and desperate. The volunteers made a resistance which was not to be expected from such raw and inexperienced troops. The number of killed is not great, but there are more than 300 wounded on both sides. Menotti Garibaldi was wounded. The position was carried at the point of the bayonet. As every issue was guarded, retreat was impossible, and the result was the unconditional surrender of all.

—Popular demonstrations in favor of Garibaldi had occurred in several places, but had been put down.

—The newspapers generally think the event must hasten the solution of the Roman question, and cause the French to withdraw from Rome.

—The blockade of Sicily has been raised, and the state of siege removed.

—M. Kossuth has addressed a letter to the Italian journals, dated Lausanne, 28th ult., in which he expresses his strong disapproval of Garibaldi's conduct, and advises the Hungarians not to obey his appeal to arms, since the General is not in arms against Austria, but against the Emperor of the French, which would be the ruin of Italy.

—An extraordinary Council of Ministers was held at Turin to take into consideration Garibaldi's case. The opinion which prevailed at the Council was that justice should take its course. Two of the Ministers were in favor of granting him an amnesty. Nothing has been decided as yet as to the form of his trial.

—The London *Times* says that Garibaldi is the undeniable founder of Italian unity. It adds: "He must not stand as a criminal before Italian judges upon the very grounds of a blow struck for Italy. The way to obviate so jarring a spectacle would be for Garibaldi to pledge himself to his old friend and comrade, Victor Emmanuel, on his parole to leave Europe for an indefinite term."

Later—London, Sept. 7.

—The *Herald's* Paris correspondent says no doubt is entertained there that, unless Rome is evacuated, there will be a terrible outbreak in Italy.

—The physicians attending Garibaldi had issued a bulletin, stating that his sufferings were not very acute, and that his symptoms generally were favorable.

—There was a rumor that Victor Emmanuel contemplated a personal visit to Garibaldi inognito, and it was anticipated, that, as the marriage of Victor Emmanuel's daughter with the King of Portugal was to take place on the 16th inst., he would take that opportunity to exercise the prerogative of mercy and pardon Garibaldi.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The omission of all mention of Gen. Sigel in the report of Gen. Pope of the late battles, has been observed and commented on. Gen. Pope now says "he made special mention of Gen. Sigel's services in his official report, and that the published report is a garbled abstract." Who did it?

—The recent success of the Federal troops was purchased as usual at the price of a General. Major General Reno falling by the bullet of a sharpshooter.

—A volunteer from the town of Medford, Massachusetts, is said to be 67 years old. When asked by the medical director his age, he remarked, that "he was rising forty-five." He is said to be a hale, athletic man.

—Indian outbreaks are apprehended in Dakota and Omaha territories, also Upper Michigan. Troops are ordered out to prevent a repetition of the outrages which have already been committed by the savages.

—A lady in Milan, Dutchess county, N. Y., went upon the stand at a war meeting in that town, a few days since, and delivered an address. Sixteen young men enlisted.

—A correspondent of the *Post* in hospital service thus writes of the death of a soldier: "I parted with him late in the evening, taking a lock of his hair for his sisters. His last words were: 'I shall soon be at rest.' In answer to my question whether he would like to see the chaplain, he said: 'He can do me no good. My work is done. We must do our own work. I have sought peace, and hope I am ready for a better world.' I never saw a more placid countenance."

—At time of going to press reliable reports from the field of battle are too indefinite for clear conclusions as to the result. It is certain that heavy fighting has been done, and more will come. Thus far a general result favorable to the Union cause seems certain.

—It is costing government \$50,000 per month to feed the starving rebels of New Orleans.

—During the late excitement respecting the advance of the rebels upon Pennsylvania, much of the treasure and many of the valuable papers of Philadelphia and Harrisburg were brought to this city for safe keeping.

—The editor of the *Saratoga Republican* tells the following at his own expense: Yesterday, wishing, like others, to evince our patriotism, we informed the six composers in our office that if they would enlist we would pay them half wages while they were gone to the war. They replied: "That is more than we ever had before," and the whole crowd have enlisted. "That's what's the matter."

—I cannot remember a night so dark as to hinder or prevent the coming day; nor a storm so furious and dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and cloudless sky.—JOHN BROWN, while in prison.

—The first annual exhibition of the Anglo-African Institute for the Encouragement of Industry and Art has been postponed until May, 1863.

—A minister in Beverly, Mass., who happened to have a few sleepy hearers of the masculine gender, in reproving their somnolency, stated that throughout the whole twenty-seven years of his ministry, he never yet had seen a woman asleep in meeting.

—A curious petition was discussed in the French Senate last month. A. M. Leon Valery prayed for the restoration of the old "turning boxes," in which women who wished to get rid of newly-born children might deposit them for nurture in an hospital without making themselves known.

—Punch thus deduces a moral from Dr. Lushington's recent award in the matter of *Essays and Reviews*: "Parsons! believe in a general way, and be specially careful of what you say."

—An incendiary scroffe lately set fire to the house of a farmer in Morlaas, France. A neighbor declared that while at work in an adjacent field he saw a brilliant body like a shooting star falling from the sky, striking upon the house, and that in a few minutes the thatch was in a blaze. The farmer lost all his property with his house.

Instructive Miscellany.

(From the Ladies' Repository.) The New England Conscript. BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

"And so you think," said I, "that our authorities will really proceed to drafting?" "Of course; what can they do if volunteers in sufficient numbers to supply the recent demand of the President do not come forward?"

"But it is so dreadful. It seems almost like slavery, or, at best, like rebel strategy. I do not like it at all. It is not like the Free North. We shall not conguer with such tyrannical means resorted to."

"But the Free North has once before resorted to such means, and it seems to me perfectly legitimate to raise forces in that way, when it is the ultimate resort."

"But what right, really, has the government to coerce and lay violent hands on a free citizen?"

"The right which an individual has to defend himself against assault by the surest means in his power."

"I do not see the analogy, I confess."

"Strictly speaking, there is none. I will better it by saying the right which a father has to compel the needed and just services of his child when they are not voluntarily rendered."

"Umph; you don't pretend that the government sustains the same relationship to you that your parents did?"

"In a sense, precisely."

"How do you show that?"

"In this way. The government watches over my rights and liberties, and defends them when they are assailed by others. It guards my property so that I feel no apprehension that it will be wrested from me by the dishonest or unscrupulous. I can go thousands of miles away, and a little piece of parchment which I hold secures me in the possession of this house, for instance, or that land, even though I should not see it or hear from it again in twenty years."

"Well, what of that? It is the parchment, not the government, to which you are indebted for that."

"But do you suppose the parchment would be worth a straw were it not made potent by government?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well, then, if government does so much for me, watching over and protecting my interests all my lifetime, has it not, in its turn, a just right to demand that I shall defend it as I would a kind parent? Does not less than the royal law require that I should do all I can to sustain and uphold it?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But, after all, I think I could never be reconciled to having my brother, or father, or any one near to me, drafted for the war."

"Oh, that is another thing. Yet, let me tell you, you are under great obligations to this same conscript law which you so much dislike."

"I under obligations to it! How so, pray?"

"Oh, you owe the small matter of a father to the conscription of 1812."

"A father! what do you mean?"

"That your father was a conscript, or rather a substitute."

"I never knew it."

"Very likely. There are many things which, wise as this little head is, you never knew. It is true, nevertheless."

"But a substitute! that is horrid. It seems like selling one's self for money. I am ashamed of it. A substitute!"

"You need not be ashamed in any case, and especially in this. Your father sold himself for love, not money."

"For love! Oh, that's delightful! Do pray tell me all about it, there's a dear!"

"Sold himself for the love of the *beauz yeux* and the loving heart of your mother."

"But the story—the story—I am all anxiety for that."

"Sold himself, the brave young hero! and yet gave himself away, and his heart into the bargain, without money and without price."

"My dear, must I tell you that my curiosity is rampant and my patience exhausted?"

"Well, then, I must relieve you. But I must begin, after the fashion of all good storytellers, at the beginning, and tell you how the war of 1812, after having exhausted the voluntary system, at length determined that drafting was necessary, and that the ranks of the army must be filled by conscription. Of course there was in many instances a wild scattering among the youth and young householders of the country, to escape this dreaded mode of massing men and muscle wherewith to whip Old England. Not that many loyal men had any objection to Johnny Bull's being soundly thrashed; on the contrary, the majority rather gloried in the idea, feeling, as we do now, in this crisis of our nation's history, that nothing would do the overbearing bully so much good—conduce so much to his spiritual health—as a thorough and most unmerciful drubbing; but, like the guest's hidden to the feast, one had bought a yoke of oxen, another a farm, another a wife, and therefore they begged to be excused."

"Among this class was a young man by the name of Alfred Foxcroft; not that he had bought either a farm, an ox, or a wife, but he would rather witness the desirable feat of whipping said growling mastiff than assist in its performance."

"He was a student in Harvard College, a somewhat green and shame-faced youth, but, nevertheless, with the making of a hero in his breast. The day for the drafting came, and the students were summoned to the gathering place, but, when their names were called over, Alfred was missing, nor could he, after much searching, be found. So the requisite number of men was obtained without him, and the recruiting force marched away."

"It was a fine moonlight evening, and Alfred sat, like a certain royal fugitive, quietly perched among the branches of an old oak tree, that, at this distant day, still lifts its gallant branches to the sky, and battles with the storms of time, though hundreds of years have rolled over its head."

"The truth is, he had set there snugly hidden since early dawn; the pocket-full of crackers with which he had commenced the day was long since exhausted, and he had begun seriously to consider the feasibility of clambering down to seek both food and safe lodgment. But how was he to effect this? To go

back to the college while the recruiting force was in the neighborhood was quite out of the question; he might be nabbed at any moment; and to get out of town, when he had every reason to suppose many lynx-eyes were on the look-out for him, was not yet solved, when an incident occurred which bade fair to keep him fast in his sheltering nook another half hour.

"Two young girls, accompanied by a young man, approached, and finally stopped nearly under the tree, and commenced a conversation, which was not so low but he could distinctly hear every word they said. They were strangers, but he soon made them out. It was a young man and the young girl to whom he was betrothed. They had come to this secluded spot to speak their farewells, and to utter those words so dear yet so sad to the heart, and which so many thousands are, all over the loyal North, perhaps at this moment uttering. The betrothed maiden was tearful and almost silent, but the sister seemed radiant with excitement and resolution. She stood out in the moonshine, and her face shone clear and beautiful in its rays.

"Oh, Charles, if I were only a man how gladly would I take your place, for I do glory in the cause in which you are going to fight! But I am only a poor little girl with a very brave heart and a very weak hand, so I can't go, you see, that's out of the question. You go, you go, but I don't want to have you go, and Hepsy don't want you to go; she is crying her eyes out already, and, for my part, I am determined to find out some way to keep you at home."

"You can't do it, Kate, and there's no use in trying. The only way is to look the matter in the face and bear it. It's rather hard on a fellow, I know, who is just going to be married, to go off and stay two years, and perhaps be shot, or have a great bayonet-hole in his breast, just where the image of his little wife that was to be, is cuddled down. But it can't be helped, I tell you, so what's the use of making it harder for a fellow?"

"Have the poor fellow rather broke down, and Hepsy burst out in great sobs.

"Now, Hepsy, don't!" exclaimed Kate; "he shan't go; I'll find some way to keep him, if I'm a woman. I'll go to the Colonel—you have a Colonel, haven't you?—and I'll get on both my knees, and I'll tell him you don't want to go, and that you have a little white that don't want you to go, and a little sister that don't want you to go; and I'll say, 'I shall always love you if you will only let him stay at home; but if you don't, I shall always hate you, for you have no right to take my brother away from me and from his little wife, who can't live without him. I'll hate the British just as much as you please, and I'll stand by the eagle and the stars and stripes forever and ever, only let my brother stay at home!'"

"Kate stopped, half laughing and half crying, while Charles turned away his head with a little impatient sigh.

"It's no use, Kate, I tell you again. What must be must be, and I've got to go. Only one thing could keep me."

"And what's that?" exclaimed Kate, the color rushing to her cheeks, and her hands involuntarily clasping.

"A substitute."

"Is that all? Then why don't you get a substitute?"

"A substitute costs money, and that you know I haven't got."

"Well, it's really enough had. Here's my gold cross with mother's hair set in the face, and my earrings that grandmother left me, and my beautiful shawl that uncle Nathan brought from the Indies. You shall have them all, and everything else I possess, to sell!"

Charles shook his head. "Ah, my poor Kate! your gold cross, and your earrings, and even your India shawl, would go very little way in providing money for a substitute—so let us waste no more time in thinking of it."

Kate bowed her head, and was for a few moments lost in reflection, many clinging shadows flitting in the clear moonlight over her pretty features. At length, seizing her brother's arm, she said:

"I have thought of another thing; we shan't need any money for a substitute. I will give myself. I know two or three persons who like me. I don't like them, to be sure; but I will go to one of them and say: 'I will be your wife if you will only save my brother. See, I shall not make a disagreeable or ill-favored wife. I am pretty—everybody calls me so; I am good-hearted and loving, and I am a neat-handed housekeeper, and all these advantages shall be yours when you return, if you will only enlist as a substitute for my brother. I promise you, on this gold cross of my mother's, with her sacred hair in its center, that I will become your true and loving wife, if you will only save my brother!'"

She stopped, too excited to say more.

Charles looked with love and admiration on the sweet, glowing face of the young girl, but shook his head.

"You are a darling sister, with a heart of gold; but this plan is the worst of all. But we must go home. My knapsack is to be packed, and all must be ready for me to leave early in the morning. Come, Hepsy! come, Katy, dear!"

And the little company walked silently away, and soon disappeared in the shadow of the roadside trees.

The knapsack was packed, the soldier's little kit of tin-ware, knife, and spoon, was slung to it, and the brother and sister and betrothed sat down to take their last meal together. Kate was now the most silent, if not the saddest of the party, and while Hepsy and Charles, in low, stifled tones, exchanged their many endearments and promises for the future, Kate sat, gazing on her untaught sinner and said nothing. Suddenly a loud knocking came at the door.

"Come in!" cried Charles, in the fashion of the times, without rising from his seat.

The door opened, and an old sergeant, who had through the day been active in the drafting service, stood before them.

"Good evening. How'd it do? Does the new recruit, Charles Lateman, live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, that's for you!" said the old soldier, throwing a letter on the table and himself into a chair.

Charles read it at first very slowly, then went over again in an eager, excited manner.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, trembling

and weak, looking at the sergeant, in strange consternation.

"What it seems, neighbor, I guess," answered the old man.

"It is a regular and formal discharge."

"Of course, that's what it is; there ain't anything strange in that, is there?"

"Yes; but how did it come about?"

"Oh! that's what you want to know, is it? Well, a substitute offered himself, and though he hadn't your fine military whiskers, I concluded to accept him. His face 'll soon get matter—I enlisted him, and here I am with your discharge; there ain't no harm in that, is there? Good evening; I must go and look after my recruits, or maybe some 'em 'll be giving me the slip, and I don't want to go over the business again. I tell you, this drafting's 'tarnal hard business. Good evening."

His hand was on the latch, when, "By the by, the bookee?" he exclaimed, "If I didn't come plaguey nigh forgetting—and I reckon, arter all, this is about the most important!" And, taking another letter from his pocket, he looked at it and then at the two girls. "Is either of these young gals your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is her name Kate Lateman?"

"Yes, sir, and this is she," said Charles pointing to Kate, who sat pale with happiness and emotion.

"Oh! 'tis, is it? Well, this is for you, miss," said he, throwing the second letter upon the table.

"Come, sergeant," said Charles, "sit by and take supper with us. Here's some good cold beef and some fine cider."

"Sartin' sartin! there's no harm in that. They can't make you enlist again because you gave the old sergeant a supper."

The old man drew up near the table, and while Charles endeavored to draw out of him some explanation of his discharge, Kate sat down to read her letter, and Hepsy moved briskly about re-arranging the table, and every minute stopping behind Charles to give him a little love-pat on the shoulder or a pinch on the cheek, interrupting his questions by little merry conceits, and, in short, playing all sorts of delightful and joyous pranks, as unlike the former Hepsy as possible.

"Come, sergeant," said she, at length, pouring him out a glass of cider, "you must drink all our healths, welcome bearer of good tidings as you are; and Charles shall drink yours, as well as success to the good cause."

The old soldier took the glass, looking out from under his bushy eyebrows, with a pleasant expression, as the laughing girl darted around the room and performed her various useful and ornamental feats.

"She'd make a nice soldier's wife, she would, and beat all the suters in the camp, with her brisk little ways," said the old man, with a little nod, and smacking his lips, as he tasted his cider. "Here's to your health, sir, and to yours, miss, and—"

The old soldier suddenly interrupted himself at seeing Kate, agitated and trembling, crush the letter in her hand, and gaze fixedly on the table.

"What is the matter?" said Charles. "Kate, darling sister, what alarms you so? Let me see your letter. Selfish egotist that I am, I forget all but myself. Let me see—let me see! Who has dared to write this to my sister, and raked hotly to his face. What does this mean?"

"I know," said Kate. "Read the letter aloud. I am perfectly willing. Great Father! what shall I do?"

Charles read aloud:

"MISS LATEMAN: I have learned your name and I hasten to relieve your distress. I require no pledge and no money; I set out with no conditions; I become a substitute for your brother, freely. You need him, and no one has need of me. I am alone in the world, and if I die there will be no one to mourn me. But I am respectable, honest, and true, and wonder if you will, I gave my heart to you when I saw you weep this evening. I send you a ring which belonged to my mother. If you do not scorn me, you will take from your neck the little gold cross which I saw glittering in the moonlight, and which contains your mother's hair. You will carry it to the oak tree under which you stood this evening, and place it in the notch of the lower branches. To-morrow morning I will take it away. Then you will wait two years, and, if I am not dead, I will report myself on that spot. You will remember that you have made o'h upon that cross."

And—

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Charles, excitedly; "how did he know? Sergeant, do you understand this?"

"Umph! I reckon the young man sat picket-guard over you."

"Why, then, did he not come frankly and see us? What sort of a way is this of contriving a favor?"

"Oh!" replied the sergeant, with a shrug, "every one has his own crotchets. One is afraid of being received like a mosquito that you brush off your nose; another is timid and afraid to speak, but knows how to write, and so chooses that way of telling his mind. One is romantic and likes to do things kinder as they do in books, you know, and so we go."

Charles leaned his head on his hand for a few moments, and a fixed determination grew over his face.

"Sergeant," said he, "give me your hand, I will not accept this substitute; my sister shall not be sacrificed; I will go with you—stay!"

He took his discharge and was about tearing it in two.

Kate seized his hand.

"But if I am satisfied! If I wish it!" said she, "and really there is something very beautiful in all this; he goes away without exacting any conditions; he is unfortunate; he has no friends to mourn for him; and then I have only this means of keeping you; and then I have a great, earnest longing to be loved—yes, I have! It is true. And this young man has acted with great discretion and judgment, for if he had shown himself I dare say I should never, never have been able to let him go; I will carry him, my cross; but I wish to know—"

"A little?"

"Well, he is not bandy-legged nor hump-backed, is he?"

"What nonsense! Do you think the American army is made up of hump-backs and bandy-legs? Do you suppose an old soldier like me would enlist such fellows? Every recruit must be sound in mind and limb, and

of a manly figure. That's what my recruits must be."

"Is this man a true and honest fellow?" inquired Charles.

"Sartin' sartin! I swear to it!"

"Well, then," said Kate, detaching from her neck the cross with its little velvet band, "tell him that what he has done is well and noble, and place this cross, with your own hand, in the notch of the great oak, and you can feel here; but never lose by it of him if you can help it; do you hear? And, by and by, when the two years are out, bring him to me, and be able to say, here he is, he is worthy of you; he is a brave soldier and a good patriot; he has done his duty."

Charles and Hepsy stood gazing into the inspired face of the young girl, without the power of uttering a word. The old sergeant took off his cap and a tear glittered on his gray eyelash as he took the cross reverently in his hand.

"Enough! it shall be done," and he left the house without another word being spoken.

His place was now taken by the sister-in-law. She was no longer the same. A strange look of awe and solemnity rested on her now pale features. The very character of her person seemed changed. There was unworldly dignity and seriousness in her clear voice as she said:

"Congratulations, Hepsy; I also am betrothed. Here is in the hands of an American soldier. Here on my finger is his, whom I religiously trust one day to marry."

It is not my design to follow the young recruit through the perils of the war to whose changing fortunes he had so generously devoted himself. A year after his enlistment a second drafting was found necessary, and Charles again found himself a conscript.

This time there was no substitute, and he was obliged to join the army and march to distant fields. Nor would he have remained behind. The country was roused to the greatest pitch of indignation, and the great test which the British—the burning of Washington—old and young men were ready and anxious to lend their aid in driving out the ruthless barbarians.

You would hardly believe now, when all England is up in arms on account of our war to defend the government, lavishing all sorts of insulting epithets upon us for our barbarous and unchristianlike conduct, that England herself had burned down not only Washington, with all its public buildings, but a large number of other towns along the Atlantic coast; burned them, too, without the least provocation.

No; nor would you think that they had employed the savage Indians to scalp and murder our women and children, and burn down their villages. But do go on about Charles Lateman. You say he went to the war after all?"

Yes, and at the battle of Plattsburg he was wounded, and fell in the thickest of the fight. He would have been trampled to death under the feet of the combatants, had not an officer of his regiment, a young lieutenant, risked his own life to save him. They were surrounded, but heaving down the enemy at right and left, with his sword, he dragged the wounded soldier from the midst of the enemy, who, filled with admiration at his dauntless bravery, forbore to molest him. You know how the battle of Plattsburg ended. It was one of a series of victories won in the North, and helped to shed glory over our national arms.

Charles Lateman lay long ill of his wound, and was carefully tended by the young lieutenant, who had rescued him, until a truce at arms enabled him to obtain a furlough and accompany the wounded soldier home. The journey was long and painful; but, under the care of his new friend, and with a strong constitution, Charles grew every day stronger. The joyful prospect of soon seeing his sister and betrothed added new energy to his weakened frame, and by the time he reached home he was strictly convalescent.

To describe the joy of Kate and Hepsy at seeing him home once more, and out of danger, is quite impossible. Of course the entire culinary abilities of the two young housekeepers were brought into requisition to do honor to the occasion, but as I never had the slightest facility for describing good dinners or suppers, and, besides, you to please them out in the way he was suited to your own ideas of the rural luxury and splendor of those somewhat cramped but glorious days.

The lieutenant, who was without a home, was very naturally persuaded to spend his furlough in the quiet little family. Very naturally, too, the charming Kate, who had lost none of her girlish manner, became a very attractive person in his eyes. The young girl herself could not but feel a strong attachment to the young officer who had saved her brother's life; but whatever might have been her feelings, in no degree did she swerve from her fidelity to the unknown youth who had so generously become her brother's substitute, and whose betrothal ring she wore upon her finger.

"You will always have my deep and true attachment, as the rescuer of my brother," she said in reply to his suit for her hand, "but more than that I cannot give—I am betrothed to another."

"But you have never seen him; you do not love him, and it cannot be that you care for me, or you would not for a mere myth, as he seems to me, deny all the deepest feelings of your heart."

"But I am engaged to him if I never have seen him, and whatever might have been my reply under other circumstances, I can give no other now."

There was a sadness in her voice and expression which betrayed more to the young man than she was aware. There was a glow upon his cheek and a light in his eye as he continued to urge his suit.

"But you don't hear from him. It is now nearly two years since he enlisted, and surely if he were alive you would have received some sign."

Kate was very pale, and her voice was low and full of emotion as she looked in his face and said:

"It is kind to make my trial harder than I can bear. I have my own struggles, but they will be borne, and I religiously intend to keep my faith with him whose ring I wear. It will be two years to-morrow night since he sent it to me and charged me to meet him at the great oak tree on that evening. I shall wait him there, and, if he comes back with my cross and claims me, I shall be his wife."

A glorious smile beamed over the face of the young lieutenant, and, lifting his hand to his breast, he drew forth the cross.

The eyes of Kate fell on it. "My cross!" she exclaimed, bewildered and astonished; "where did you get it?"

"We will not wait, darling, until to-morrow evening, nor seek the old oak tree to keep our trysts."

"And you are my brother's substitute?" and a glow of happiness and surprise overspread her features.

"I am; and you are my promised wife. Are you willing to redeem the vow you made upon this little cross?"

Kate laid her hand in his, and her reply may be guessed when I tell you that they were married two weeks after.

"And these were my father and mother?"

"Your father and mother, darling, and a very happy couple they were."

"What a romance in real life! But where was the old sergeant whom my mother commissioned to bring back her betrothed husband?"

"Under the sod, dear, on the plains of Plattsburg."

"Poor old man! what a pity!"

"Say, rather, patriot and hero! he died for his country."

(From the Home Journal.)  
**A Reform Dress.**

NOVEL AND VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS.  
BY S. P. WILLER.

In returning to my lodgings, from a small party, toward midnight, the other evening, and having occasion to take a Sixth Avenue car for a part of the distance, I was struck with the novelty of a young lady's getting in at one of the crossings, proceeding on her way unaccompanied, and finally debarking at a street below, evidently going to her home after a visit, entirely alone. This was the more extraordinary to me, chancing to know the lady by sight, and being quite aware that she was of one of the highest-bred families of the city, and an exceedingly high-spirited as well as

modest girl, and seeing now that she was simply making the best of the reduced fortunes of war-time, and the absence of her brother with the army—taking passage in a street-car, at a late hour, instead of being dependent upon a carriage or waiting for company.

But why should not a young lady, or any lady, go where she pleases, on the public thoroughfares of the city, by night as well as by day? With policemen always within call, and especially with the readiness of every gentleman, old or young, to spring to the service of a lady, what possible harm could come to any modest woman who should chance to be making her way by cars or omnibuses alone? Among the male habits that are to accrue to women from the war, will not this freedom of locomotion be one of the most valuable?

We have long thought that the division of the sexes, as a division of the feminine and masculine in spirit and character, was exceedingly arbitrary. There are men who are poetically effeminate as there are women who are heroically masculine. The *Louisville Journal* gives the following account of a Kentucky heroine.

"If brave men lived before the days of Agamemnon, heroic women have lived since. Joan Pucelle. When the marauding band under Corban were on their way to Mount Sterling, the thieves went to the house of Mr. Oldom, he being absent at the time, and plundered him of all his horses, and among them a valuable and beautiful animal, the favorite of his daughter Cornelia. She resisted this outrage as long as she could, but finding her efforts in vain, she sprang upon another horse and started post-haste toward the town to give the alarm. Her first animal gave out, when she seized another, and meeting the messenger from Middleton, she sent him as fast as his horse could carry him to convey the necessary warning to Mount Sterling, where he arrived most opportunely. Miss Oldom then retraced her way toward home, taking with her a double-barreled shot-gun. She found a pair of saddle-bags on the road belonging to a rebel officer, which contained a pair of revolvers, and soon she came up with the advancing marauders and ordered them to halt. The captain, thinking to create a diversion from the paltry in dispute, said he would relieve the young lady of the trouble of carrying his saddle-bags, but she refused to do any deed of conveyance or re-conveyance until she gained her horse. Finally, finding that persuasion would not gain her ends, she leveled the shotgun at the ruder, commanded him as Damon did the traveler, 'down from his horse,' and threatened to fire if he did not comply. Her indomitable spirit at last prevailed, and the robbers, seeing something in her eye that spoke a terrible menace, surrendered her favorite steed. When she had regained his back and patted him on the neck, he gave a neigh of mingled triumph and recognition, and she turned his head homeward and entered off as leisurely as if she were taking her morning exercise."

In Massachusetts, it appears, there is a corps of female cavalry, who ride astride, with trousers and spurs. The *Konigsberg Gazette* publishes a letter, from which the following is an extract, describing these:

"As an evidence of the martial spirit of the American people, it may be cited that in Berkshire county, in the State of Massachusetts, there is a troop of cavalry composed entirely of young ladies of the best families. It is a rigidly select corps—no one being allowed to join who is deficient in figure or stature, or whose skill in equitation is not of the first order. The company numbers over sixty uniformed members. Miss Pomeroy is the captain, and Miss Kipp the lieutenant. I had the honor of seeing Miss Captain Pomeroy, who is a tall, comely young lady, highly educated, with a martial enthusiasm that reminded me of the Countess Emily Piater. She was elegantly dressed in a dark blue coat with plain gilt buttons, light blue pantaloons strapped under the spurred boots, buff cassimere vest with plain gilt buttons, and black hat. This uniform, which is worn alike by officers and privates, is quite expensive, costing nearly eighty dollars of our money; but it is exceedingly beautiful. I am informed that the troop exercises as lancers, and performs the evolutions creditably. It is a 'Home Guard,' by which term is meant a corps for local service exclusively.

"Whether this organization is really useful in a military sense or not, it is decidedly popular with the young ladies, because it gives them an excellent opportunity of wearing a highly attractive style of male attire. Besides that, it has already, I think, proved the truth of the Duchess de Berri's theory, that ladies can ride astride with more safety, comfort, and grace than they can on the side-saddle. After seeing Miss Captain Pomeroy on horseback, riding like a gallant cavalier, I felt that woman's rights, so far as the dress question is concerned, were fully conceded at least in Berkshire, which is by far the most refined and enlightened region in all America, and not surpassed by any portion of Europe."

While cultivating the tastes of our sex, practicing our trades, following our vocations and amusements—as the ladies are now going to do to a much greater extent than ever before—they will suffer, as usual, from the inconveniences and incumbrances of female costume. The question will occur, whether there is not a certain compromise between the two, a mingling of the masculine and feminine attire, which might accommodate the new desuetude of belle-slip—something which would not seem to be wholly assuming the masculine, while it still gave the wearer the male privileges as to movement and decoloration. Why should not some dress be invented or adopted which is thus avowedly neutral, and which shall be a kind of uniform of *romances*—to be admired and respected, as representing a class? The advantages of the army might first adopt and consecrate it.

There is a rescue of a certain female beauty from maltreatment, which might as well be suggested in this connection—the adoption of a costume which shall serve both one purpose and the other. As every artist knows, Nature has made symmetry of limb almost a universality with women. There are few who would not look well in the becoming kilt of the Scotch Highlander, for instance; and it is evidently the design of Nature that the shape of the leg shall be seen. But though, in the crossing of streets and the going up of stairs, the stocking, with the present fashion, is visible enough, that stocking is *generally* concealed by the crinoline skirt, at the same time that it is inevitably made dirty by the skirt's inappropriate length. It seems such a pity that your attention should be called both to a beauty and to the profaning of it—that the one article of dress to which purity is most important, the white stocking of the lady, should be the most invariably polluted in our sight!

Now the long gaiter, reaching from the instep to the knee of a shapely limb, is exceedingly becoming, whether made of Scotch plaid, or of patent leather, or of any colored cloth; and it may be worn with the balmarol or kilt, with the jacket and cap of the Hussar, or with the frock of the officer's uniform, so as to be perfectly convenient. We do not see, in fact, why there should not be a standard *third dress* thus permanently established, giving much greater liberty to the female sex, and enabling them to supply the deficits of the "times" with far more readiness.

And to look beyond the costume of the matter—are the ladies aware how greatly the destiny of their sex is to be amplified and dignified, when love and petticoats are to be no longer considered necessary to its dignified fulfillment? How many are the women who are gifted with the energies and talents of men, and who, though they make very respectable mothers, would make much better editors or treasurers, artists or secretaries, authors or merchants! Love and matrimony are by no means necessary to all; and, with liberty to choose, how often would they gladly select *other professions*, and excel in them! I am greatly inclined to think that there are to be some novel results of character from the new combinations of genius with feminine purity and patience; and that some of the most distinguished Americans of the coming day are to be of this *third sex*—the gifted who shall have put by the petticoat and the cradle as belongings that chance to be needless.

**The Conversational Voice.**

The comfort and happiness of home and home intercourse, most certainly depend very much upon the kindly and affectional training of the voice. Trouble, and care, and vexation will, and must, of course, come; but let them not creep into our voices. Let only our kinder and happier feelings be vocal in our homes. Let them be so, if for no other reason, for the *little children's sake*. These sensitive little beings are exceedingly susceptible to the tones. Let us have consideration for them. They hear so much that we have forgotten to hear. For, as we advance in years, our life becomes more interior. We are attracted from outward noise and sounds. We think, we reflect, we begin gradually to deal with the past, as they have formerly vividly lived in the present. Our ear grows dull to external sound. It is turned inward and listens chiefly to the echoes of past voices. We catch no more the merry laughter of children. We hear no more the note of the morning-bird. The brook that used to prattle so gaily to us, rushes by unheeded—we have forgotten to hear such things. But little children, remember, sensitively hear them all! Mark how, at every sound, the young child starts, and turns, and listens. And thus, with equal sensitiveness, does it catch the tones of human voices. How were it possible, therefore, that the sharp and hasty word, the fretful and complaining tone, should not startle and pain, even depress the sensitive little being, whose harp of life is so newly and delicately strung; vibrating even to the gentle breeze, and thrilling sensitively, ever, to the tones of such voices as sweep across it. Let us be kind and cheerful-spoken, then, in our homes.—*Once a Month.*

**Employments for Women.**

Mr. Orange Judd, of the *American Agriculturist*, writing from Germany, says: "I have noticed here, and, indeed, all through England, France, and Switzerland, that women fill very many stations occupied by men in our country, such, for example, as clerks in all kinds of retail establishments, and in railway stations, etc., etc."

It may say that the employment of women as clerks in shops is the rule, the employment of men the exception. The war, at best, will disturb the natural equalization of sexes; the European practice should and must come into vogue in our country, and at no time could the 'reform' be better inaugurated than now, when a million or more men are away in the army."

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New Publications.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—The August number of this Quarterly has the following reviews: History, Philosophy, and Mr. Goldwin Smith; Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman Christianity; British Alpine Botany; Edward Irving; Essayists, Old and New; Lord Stanhope's Life of Pitt; Mr. St. John's Borneo; and Lord Canning.

L. SCOTT & Co., American publishers, 79 Fulton street. \$3 per year.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—This American reprint for July has reached our table from the publishing house of L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street. It contains the following articles: Memoirs of Sir Marc Isambard Brunei; Sussex; Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury; The Volunteers and National Defense; English Poetry, from Dryden to Cowper; The International Exhibition; The Hawaiian Islands; and The Bicentenary.

For the Herald of Progress. The Kindergarten.

WHAT IS IT?

MR. DAVIS, DEAR SIR:—In answer to your question on this subject, I reply: The system is called the child-garden because the children are considered plants to be reared, trained, and cultivated according to their innate nature. Its first principles were enunciated by Pestalozzi years ago, in his "Book to Mothers," but it was reserved for Friedrich Froebel to perfect the tools and methods by which this system can be carried out.

The next most important feature of this system is "object-teaching," in which real things, or, in their lieu, pictures, are used instead of books. The very great advantage of this idea need not be dwelt upon, as it will be obvious to all who understand child-nature. Miss E. P. Peabody, who has had one of these schools in successful operation for a year in Boston, says: "I was obliged to modify Froebel's plan. It was impossible to have accommodations for growing plants or keeping animals in the neighborhood of the common where my children generally live."

Yours truly, F. V. HALLOCK. New York, Sept., 1862.

For the Herald of Progress.

Associates Wanted.

It is believed (1st) that the first principle of common honesty consists in every human being, man and woman, producing what they consume, or its equivalent. (2d) That all usury, [Any interest.—Bible,] whether ten per cent, or one per cent, is a violation of the above principle.

The subscriber and some others of his acquaintance are very desirous of living, as neighbors, among persons holding to and willing to adopt in practice toward each other the above articles of faith.

Let us avail ourselves of the advantages of the recent Homestead Bill, and settle together or purchase in small quantities and settle on the Illinois Central Railroad lands. Everything to be private property, or individual ownership, as a rule, at the commencement; joint ownership the exception, to be extended only as a cautious experience may warrant.

All who would practically adopt the above articles of faith, without regard to religious belief, would cooperate and fellowship as brothers, and with them we would wish to cooperate to redress these great evils, while we must consider all others as on the side of our oppressors and legalized spoilers.

Spiritual and Physiological Analogies.

To the Editor of the Spiritual Magazine:

DEAR SIR: Allow me to call the attention of your readers to an analogy between the moral and physiological worlds, or, rather, between spiritual and physiological processes, which opens out a beautiful hope of a glorious future for the now suffering sons of men.

"Now what must be our course as individuals in order to come to God? As I believe, from without—inwardly. If we review the experiences of our consciousness, full well must we be aware that our eyes, as those of the fool, have been in the ends of the earth, and that we have looked for the sources of our happiness without instead of within.

"Two million acres of land have already been negotiated for, and Senator Pomeroy goes clothed with ample power to negotiate for all that is needed. The government will give to each adult unmarried man 20 acres, to every family of five persons 40 acres, to every family of over five persons 80 acres.

Yes, in a truer sense than holy Job received his losses back again when he had been robbed of all externals and driven inwardly. His new sons and daughters, excellent and fair though they might be, could never altogether supply the place of those he had lost before.

Considerable light may, I think, be thrown on the subject by considering the analysis of ordinary and mesmeric sleep. The subject of the mesmeric operator finds that his eyes become heavy, he cannot but close them; his ears grow dull of hearing, his circulation grows languid, his powers become faint and dim, he becomes insensible to all around save the operator; he sees, hears, talks, feels, will through him alone.

"We have here a close and striking analogy to ordinary sleep and dreams, but all know that as we pass into sleep the senses are locked up, the outer world recedes, and our hold upon consciousness becomes increasingly feeble till it slips from our grasp; but so long as sleep is imperfect, or any of the natural powers continue operative, our dreams are (to a certain extent at least) dependent on our physical and mental states, and on outward accident. It is only when free from all perturbation and disturbing influences, when the whole natural man is hushed into profound repose, that the realities of the upper world can be intuited; that it is sufficiently sensitive to receive, unimpeded by baser matter, the effluvia of its love and wisdom; and that the indwelling spirit, partially freed, can hold intercourse with kindred spirits divested of their corporeal investiture.

Is there not considerable analogy between the moral progress from without, inwardly described in the first extract, and the physical progress, if I may be allowed the expression, or, rather, physiological progress, which is described in the second, as it occurs in the mesmeric process, and in sleep? In both or in all the hold on externals is given up, in the first with full purpose, intent, and wide awake consciousness; in the second in submission to the will of another, physiologically expressed; in the last, in submission to the summons of exhaustion, and, perhaps, the mesmerism of Nature.

In all there is the rise to a higher life. In the first with the retention of all the powers of our present life, in full rapport and harmony with external nature; in the others by a temporary passage from the present to another life, and a suspension of our external relations. Does not the hope dawn upon us, while we consider this beautiful analogy, that when our spiritual self-surrender shall be perfect, our moral harmony complete, the beauties of the now unseen world shall shine in upon this lower world, inspiring without extinguishing them—revealing the spirit without deforming the body?—nay, rather through its instrumentality.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully yours, HAYLE, M. D. 2 ELDON SQUARE, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Colonization Scheme.

Senator Pomeroy still contemplates making the experiment of Central American Colonization, under the President's plan. If objection is made on the part of the Chiriqui government—which is not anticipated now that a more thorough understanding is had—or if the resources of the country prove unfavorable, other Central American States will be visited.

The expedition will be well-supplied with provisions furnished by government, which will be dealt out like soldiers' rations during the voyage and thereafter, until the first crop shall have been gathered. It is the intention to make the colony immediately self-supporting. To this end agricultural and mining implements, with saw-mills, and a few domestic animals, will be taken.

Two million acres of land have already been negotiated for, and Senator Pomeroy goes clothed with ample power to negotiate for all that is needed. The government will give to each adult unmarried man 20 acres, to every family of five persons 40 acres, to every family of over five persons 80 acres.

Chiriqui Lagoon is where Columbus landed on his second trip, and got gold by digging up Indian graves. Much gold is believed to be in the mountains, and is known to be in the streams which take their rise there.

Senator Pomeroy has received more than one thousand letters, from all parts of the North, written by persons making inquiries or offering to join the expedition. The Rev. Highland Garnet, the colored preacher, will join the party, and Fred. Douglass will send two sons.

A Holy War.

Sir: A chaplain in the army writes home that if England interferes in this war, he should wish to enlist as a soldier, for he thinks that such a war would be a "holy war" on our part. Now, perhaps, a woman's ideas of what would constitute a "holy war" would not be worth so much as a chaplain's, but I do think that a war which would give every man and every woman a right to themselves—which would prevent children from being sold away from their parents—would be a very holy war; and if our government will declare that such is its determination, and wishes for women to help the fight, I, for one, will enlist, and bring many recruits with me.—A WOMAN.

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A suggestion is all that some minds require, whereas others demand constant and patient explanation. Who shall dare to say that each is not equally essential to the great plan of the universe? If this attempt at something like an improvement on the present methods of instruction should be deemed presumptuous, it is hoped that the writer will be excused on the ground of extreme love of the subject.

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