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[WHOLE No. 137]

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 existing number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.
The Editor will be accessible to his friends and the public only on each Saturday, at the publication office, a few doors east of Broadway.
The real name of each contributor must be imparted to the Editor; though, of course, it will be withheld from the public, if desired.
Non-official letters and unbusiness correspondence (which the writers design for only the editor's personal use) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."
We are earnestly laboring to pulverize all sectarian creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

J. W. S., DECATUR, WIS.—The poem, through M. H. M., "To a Mother from her Spirit Daughter," is accepted for publication.
P. A. S., CELINA, O.—Your lines, entitled "The Beautiful," will in due time find place in our columns.
POEMS DECLINED.—"Slavery the sin of America," "Evening Thoughts," "The Outcast's Soliloquy," "I Asked the Murmuring Waters," "My Parents' Tomb," "The Moral Hero."
"AFTON," N. Y.—Your "Symbolical Lesson," good friend, has a subtle meaning which would be useful but for the mystical garb in which it is almost too closely wrapped.
C. H. AND A. E., VICTORIA.—We sympathize with you, dear friends, in your unhappy experience, as well as in those which yield true and lasting joy. But we are of the opinion that your cause would be best served by withholding your recent letters from immediate publication in our columns.

For the Herald of Progress.

Considerations.

We should judge of men by their treatment of others, not by the treatment they receive from others.
We make our characters or mar them; our reputations are largely in the hands of our friends.
Extravagance is inconsistent with generosity, since in most cases it proceeds from selfishness. But economy is the legitimate offspring of charity—saving, that it may have to give.
It is said, "Youth makes its wishes hopes, and its hopes certainties." Only when centered in truth and virtue are they insured against disappointment.
The human spirit is like volatile essences. It loses strength if left open. "Gird up the loins of your mind—be sober, be vigilant."
A habit of criticizing the peculiarities of those we live with, tends to obliterate the delicate lines, which, like the lines of latitude, exist between vulgar familiarity and respect.
Often than we notice, our sins are the result of impatience.
"Tis not ours to separate the sheep from the goats, proceeding to send the latter into everlasting Coventry," and awarding smiles of recognition and pleasure only to the former.
Greatly blinded to their true interest are men when an envious curiosity leads them to sacrifice self-respect. "Know thyself."
We tire of well-doing and we relax; taking advantage of our loosely buckled armor, the enemy wounds us. Then we are reminded that our moral ammunition should not all be expended in offensive operations, lest the soul be left undefended in the face of a foe who seems always prepared for an assault.
If we have not a sincere humility, most likely we shall unduly wish to see others humbled. It is hard for evil-minded persons, especially if their best feelings have been often outraged, to believe in purely disinterested motives. So long as they are evil, they can hardly bear or believe that any should be good. ALTER EGO.

For the Herald of Progress.

RECEPTION.

BY DE YRKE VINCING.

To lure the innocent from Virtue's light Into the dark abodes of death and blight; To wantonly or ruthlessly deceive The heart that in thy truth could but believe— Is in itself a deep and dark disgrace, Which time and penance never can erase, Nor cold Oblivion's faded tide efface.

Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

Uses of Belladonna, or Deadly Nightshade.

The uses of this agent in one of the reformed practices of medicine are numerous and valuable. According to Hahnemann it was successfully used by him as a prophylactic against genuine erysipelatosus smooth and glossy scarlet fever.

From his time to the present it is found to be the sheet-anchor of the physician when this disease is established with all its complications, and especially where the throat is invaded.

It acts especially upon the nerves, and is one of the best remedies in diseases of the head from dentition. I have known it to act like a charm in convulsions from this cause.

It is, with one or two exceptions, one of the best remedies in *inflammatory affections* that can be conceived of, either involving the whole structure or particular parts of it. Its curative properties are fully established in inflammation of the liver, brain, throat, and abdomen.

In conjunction with aconite (three drops of each in a table-spoonful of water, given alternately every three hours,) it is the best known remedy for abdominal pains caused by bile and colic.

It may be employed with excellent results in hemorrhages, spasmodic diseases, and in congestions of the chest, head, and uterus, in the ordinary small doses.

It is quite specific (in my hands) for a peculiar affection of the knee-joint, particularly the right. This affection is termed by some a rheumatic or arthritic attack.

One of the most curious properties of this agent is, that in cases of the most delicate pain, seated in almost any part of the structure, it almost invariably subdues it. It is suitable in delirium, constant or intermittent, and is indicated in rage or anger. It controls pains in the forehead and hysterical headache, obscuration of sight and roaring in the ears. It relieves oppression of the chest, which is characterized by labored, irregular, hurried or slow breathing. It controls with certainty the spasms of children. It is exceedingly useful in apoplexy and in nervous or partial paralysis.

It is found to have a powerful action on the skin; consequently, all of the affections of it, such as boils, swellings, eruptions of various kinds, measles, &c., are more or less modified or controlled by it.

It cures dry cough with tickling in the throat, and nocturnal cough with tearing in the chest. In Jahr's new manual, by Hemptle, it is recommended as curative in pneumonia, rush of blood to the chest, and beatings in the same, &c.

Herring recommends its use in rheumatism, effects of liquors and coffee, asthma, gastritis, nephritis, scrofula, &c., in addition.

In allopathy it is used as a narcotic, and in medicinal doses as an anodyne. It is stated to be curative in neuralgia, tic douloureux, hooping-cough, nervous palpitations, spasmodic stricture of the urethra, chronic arthritis, and flying pains of rheumatism.

This substance also has a very marked control over the eye, especially the pupil. In allopathy it is outwardly applied in operations upon the eye, and in homeopathy it is given in scrofulous, arthritic, rheumatic, syphilitic, and erysipelatosus ophthalmia.

In fine, the range of curative actions of this agent cannot be enumerated in so small a compass as this communication.

It is more particularly adapted to plethoric persons disposed to phlegmonous inflammations, and diseases of children, females, and young persons of mild temper, blue eyes, blonde hair, delicate skin, and red complexion.

J. COVERT.

Good for Measles.

The following, furnished by a Mr. Swift, of Detroit, seems like a simple and harmless means of facilitating the culmination of this disease, and is easily tried:

"As there is a great deal of the measles among children throughout the country, I wish to make known a plan that will speedily cure and keep the disease on the surface of the skin until it turns, and will bring it out when it has turned in, or struck in. Though simple, it is sure: Take a pint of oats and put them into a tight vessel. Pour on boiling water, and let it stand a short time; then give it the person to drink. It must be pretty warm. In fifteen minutes you will see a change for the better."
—Exchange.

Rights of Human Nature.

"Know thyself. 'Tis the sublime of man. Our noon-tide majesty, to know ourselves! This fraternizes man—this constitutes His charities and his bearings."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Soldier's Catechism.

BY J. H. V.

LESSON I.

OF GOVERNMENT.

Catechist. Soldier, for what do you fight?
Soldier. I fight for the government.
Cat. Does not your enemy the same?

Sol. Yes; but my government is based upon natural justice and his is opposed to this. **Cat.** What mean you by natural justice?

Sol. I mean "the law of Nature which God at man's creation infused into him for his preservation and direction."

Cat. Are you sure that all the laws of your government are based upon this law of Nature?

Sol. I know no others—for "all laws derive their force from the law of Nature, and those which do not are accounted as no laws."

Cat. You quote from Jacob's Law Dictionary; have you any other authority?

Sol. It is the dictate of common sense, and all honest jurists of all ages have affirmed it. **Cat.** Can you give the words of any other?

Sol. Blackstone says: "This law of Nature being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God himself, is of course superior in obligation to any other. It is binding over all the globe, in all countries and at all times. No human laws are of any validity if contrary to this, and such as are valid derive all their force, and all their authority, mediately or immediately from this original."

Cat. This seems to be self-evident; but would it not in some cases justify rebellion?

Sol. It would against all assumed governments or enactments not derived from this law of Nature, but never against a government founded upon the laws of Nature.

Cat. Suppose there should be laws enacted by your government contrary to this natural justice?

Sol. They would be null and void from the beginning, and those enacting or enforcing them, knowing their character, would be traitors to the government.

Cat. Are not the objects sought by all governments the same?

Sol. By no means: they are sometimes directly opposite, as when one seeks to protect the people in the enjoyment of their natural and inalienable rights, and the other seeks to destroy these by the establishment or perpetuation of slavery.

Cat. Was there ever a government founded solely upon the desire to perpetuate slavery?

Sol. Probably not; but the present rebellion originated in this desire, and has professedly based a government upon slavery as its chief corner-stone.

Cat. Do you consider all those who seek to perpetuate slavery in league with this rebellion and opposed to your government?

Sol. It is impossible that they should be otherwise, for my government is based upon natural justice, and seeks liberty; the rebellion is necessarily made up of all those who oppose these.

Cat. Do you make no distinction between those who thus oppose your government by seeking to protect and perpetuate slavery inside of it and those who do so outside of it under another government?

Sol. None whatever in spirit, for the one is breeding treason, the other employing it. Slavery must inevitably culminate in active treason against a government founded upon natural liberty.

Cat. Are all slaveholders traitors to your government?

Sol. All acts of enslavement are treasonable of necessity, and so far as any person engages in them willingly, he is a traitor in fact, whether he intends to be or not.

Cat. Why do you make the line between liberty and slavery identical with that between loyalty and treason?

Sol. Because common sense permits it to be nowhere else, and history finds it there only. **Cat.** Do you then consider that by putting down slavery you are putting down the rebellion?

Sol. Certainly; for slavery is the cause and end of the rebellion. So long as it is permitted to exist anywhere under the government, it will, of necessity, tend to subvert and overthrow it. Slavery is itself the most complete subversion of the government, for it is the direct reverse of it.

Cat. What, then, is the true motto of a loyal army in the present war?

Sol. GOD AND LIBERTY!

Cat. Did you mean this when you said, "I fight for the government"?

Sol. I did. My government is founded upon the law of God and for the establishment of liberty and justice.

Cat. In fighting for your government and for liberty, why do you not act upon the assumption that your government is for the white man, and that the black man may be enslaved without infringing upon the natural rights of the white man?

Sol. Because that assumption is a lie and impossible in the nature of things. **Cat.** How so?

Sol. My government assumes to be a democracy based upon principles—principles of natural right, absolute and universal, and which alone make true government possible. Slavery is wholly inconsistent with these, and one or the other must inevitably go down. The white man cannot be free where the black man is a slave.

Cat. You are right in striking against the slavery of the black man; fight for the liberty of the white man.

LESSON II.

OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Catechist. For what did our fathers come to this country?
Soldier. The more full enjoyment of their natural rights.

Cat. Why did they finally separate from the mother country?

Sol. Because that country had long manifested a purpose to deprive them of some of these rights.

Cat. What great truths did they declare to be self-evident?

Sol. "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Cat. By what authority was this Declaration of Independence made?

Sol. By "the representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies."

Cat. When thus adopted, what did it legally become?

Sol. It became the fundamental law of the land.

Cat. And what of those truths thus declared self-evident?

Sol. They became irrepealable portions of that fundamental law.

Cat. Is all self-evident truth irrepealable?

Sol. It is.

Cat. And a portion of the fundamental law of every country?

Sol. It necessarily becomes such when its nature is once thus acknowledged, and no power can thereafter annul it.

Cat. Was not the Declaration of Independence a legal act of emancipation to every slave in the country?

Sol. It was such in justice and law, and it forever makes slavery illegal in the country.

Cat. Why, then, were not the existing slaves actually emancipated under it?

Sol. For the same reason that they were not actually set free by the decision of Lord Mansfield in the Somerset case of 1772.

Cat. Was that decision applicable to the American Colonies?

Sol. It was, for the reason, first, that it was made upon "common-law" grounds; and, second, that the terms of all the existing colonial charters require all legislation under them to be "consonant to reason, and not repugnant, but conformable, as nearly as circumstances would allow, to the laws, statutes, and rights of the realm of England."

Cat. Do you recollect the words of Lord Mansfield in the Somerset case?

Sol. "Slavery is an institution so odious that nothing can be suffered to support it but positive law." **Cat.** Has there ever been any positive law for the establishment of slavery in the Colonies or States?

Sol. It has been repeatedly admitted by slaveholders themselves, in the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, that "none could be found."

Cat. Suppose such a law should be enacted by any State or by Congress, what would be its legal force?

Sol. It would be absolutely null and void.

Cat. Because contrary to natural justice, or the law of Nature; 2d. Because it is a part of the fundamental law of the land that all men are created equal and possess the *inalienable* right to liberty.

Cat. What do you mean by an "inalienable right"?

Sol. A right conferred by the Creator and inherent in man under all circumstances and conditions.

Cat. Do you mean to say that all men have rights which no society or human enactments can take from them?

Sol. I affirm, in the language of John Quincy Adams, that "every individual of the human race comes into the world with rights, which, if the whole aggregate of human power were concentrated into one arm, it could not take away." The Declaration of Independence recognizes no despotism, monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic. It declares that individual man is possessed of rights of which no government can deprive him.

Cat. What evidence have we that the terms of the Declaration of Independence were meant to apply to negroes in bondage as well as to others?

Sol. The language itself necessarily implies this, for the words are "ALL MEN," and to suppose exceptions would directly deny the only and obvious idea conveyed.

Cat. How do you show by the Declaration of Independence that to fight for liberty is to fight for the government?

Sol. The Declaration affirms that liberty is one of the inalienable rights of all men, and that "to secure these rights governments are instituted among men;" therefore in fighting to secure the liberty of any human being, I am fighting for the objects of the government.

Cat. What, then, do you say of the slaveholder, who seeks to deprive men of these inalienable rights?

Sol. He is necessarily a traitor to the government, be his professions of loyalty what they may.

Cat. The Declaration of Independence asserts that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and are therefore voluntary. Does not this justify the present rebellion?

Sol. By no means; for this rebellion arose against a voluntary government and the expressed will of the people; its purpose is to perpetuate slavery, and therefore destroy the inalienable rights of men. It is, therefore, a felonious offense against a just government, and can no more be justified by the Declaration of Independence than if it were the act of a single individual criminal against a government seeking to restrain his crimes or protect others against them.

Cat. Has not this government itself proved false to its fundamental law by submitting to and even abetting the destruction of the natural rights of men?

Sol. It may have been so subverted from its original purpose in some cases by traitors who have administered it, but the government itself is fundamentally right and must be brought back to its primitive intention.

Cat. How do you propose to do this?

Sol. By destroying all the traitors and elements of treason.

Cat. Would you, then, destroy slavery and the slaveholder?

Sol. I would, and make the slave a free man, and the master a loyal citizen or a dead corpse.

Cat. It is the will of God. He has no attributes that can take sides against you in such a work.

LESSON III.

OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Catechist. What are the objects of the Constitution of the United States?

Soldier. "To form a more perfect union;" "to establish justice;" "to secure the blessings of liberty;" "to provide for the general welfare."

Cat. How does slavery affect these expressed objects of the Constitution?

Sol. It was in the beginning and has ever been the greatest enemy to the Union, which it now proposes to destroy by open and armed rebellion. It is the complete subversion of all justice, the opposite of liberty, and utterly inconsistent with the general welfare.

Cat. Can slavery, then, be constitutional?

Sol. No more than Satan can be a member of the church of God.

Cat. Are there not in the Constitution clauses expressly recognizing the legal existence of slavery?

Sol. Slavery had no legal existence what-ever when the Constitution was adopted, and ever when the Constitution was most conscientiously and

fastidiously excluded from the whole instrument."

Cat. Are there not clauses plainly referring to it?

Sol. There is not a word in the Constitution apparently bearing upon the condition of slavery, nor is there a provision but would be susceptible of practical execution if there were not a slave in the land.

Cat. Are there not a few clauses which we have reason to believe the framers of the Constitution designedly or by consent meant should be construed for a time to favor slavery?

Sol. There are two or three such clauses, but inasmuch as slavery itself had no legal existence, was opposed to natural justice, the overthrow of inalienable rights, opposed to the existing fundamental law of the land, and to all the expressed objects of the Constitution, we are bound by all the laws of judicial interpretation to construe those clauses to favor liberty. Particular clauses cannot be construed to contravene general purposes. "Certainly if one section, however explicit its terms, if taken literally, would contravene the general object of the statute, it should be restrained so as to conform to that object."

(Chief Justice Parker, 1 Pickering 258.)

Cat. Is not the understanding of the framers and the uniform interpretation of the officers of the government to be accepted by us as the real meaning of the Constitution itself?

Sol. Not when that understanding is a manifest violation of natural justice and the existing fundamental law of the land as the self-evident truth of the Declaration of Independence. Not when that understanding and interpretation be wholly inconsistent with every expressed object of the Constitution; and especially not when the results of such a wicked understanding and illegal interpretation have culminated in open rebellion against the Constitution itself.

Cat. Do you then regard slavery as an enemy to the Constitution?

Sol. I cannot otherwise, for such it actually is.

Cat. Would it not then be constitutional to strike it down by all means?

Sol. Certainly, loyalty to the Constitution necessitates the death of slavery.

Cat. In fighting against slavery and for liberty, do you not then fight for the Constitution and the Union?

Sol. I believe I do, and my motto shall be, LIBERTY UNDER THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

Cat. Your motto is divine, your cause will succeed.

LESSON IV. OF CITIZENSHIP.

Catechist. Who are citizens of the United States?

Sol. All those who adopted the Constitution, with all their descendants, and all such as have since been naturalized, with their offspring.

Cat. Who were the adopters of the Constitution?

Sol. "The people of the United States," which, of course, means all the then existing inhabitants.

Cat. Did this include persons of color, and those then in actual slavery?

Sol. As no exceptions are made for color, and as no slavery is recognized, all such persons must be considered as included within the terms, "the people of these United States," and must, therefore, be reckoned as citizens.

Cat. May not State laws affect the status of an individual as to the United States?

Sol. The Constitution and laws of Congress under it are the supreme law of the land, and to suppose a State, or subordinate law, capable of affecting the status of an individual, relative to the supreme law, would be an absurdity.

Cat. May not persons be reduced to slavery by State laws?

Sol. Not if they are citizens of the United States; for otherwise the State or subordinate law could determine upon whom the supreme law should not take effect, and therefore the State could completely nullify the supreme law of the United States by taking all its inhabitants out of its jurisdiction and out of the Union.

Cat. Cannot the supreme law reduce a person to slavery, and therefore deprive him of citizenship?

Sol. It can do so only in punishment for crime, whereby the individual shall have been duly convicted, because such an act would imply absolute and despotic power vested in the government. Whereas the government itself is limited by the laws of natural justice and by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution.

Cat. On what grounds may the government claim the loyalty and support of the citizen?

Sol. Only on the ground that it acknowledges his natural rights and seeks to protect him in their enjoyment.

Cat. Are not the obligations of the government and of the citizen reciprocally mutual?

Sol. They are so.

Cat. Can there, then, be any slavery under a just government?

Sol. No more than there can be disloyalty towards such a government on the part of true citizens.

Cat. What, then, is the duty of a true soldier?

Sol. To regard all the native-born inhabitants of his country as fellow citizens, and those who treat them otherwise as enemies to his country.

Cat. Do you say that all those native-born inhabitants of your country now held in actual slavery are citizens of the United States, and entitled to equal protection with yourself?

Sol. Certainly I do. Cat. And what do you say of the free inhabitants of those States who have voted and resolved to go out of the Union?

Sol. They can no more renounce their citizenship, or throw off their obligations to the supreme law of the land, than that law can renounce them; but, by rebellion and treason, they may forfeit all claims to protection, and merit only imprisonment and death at the hands of every true citizen.

Cat. Do you think that to rescue a citizen, black or white, actually slave or free, from these traitors, is to render service to your country?

Sol. I do think it is to render most acceptable service, both to my country and to my God.

Cat. You are right, and shall have your reward from both.

LESSON V. OF LIBERTY.

Catechist. What is the most instinctive and sacred right of man?

Sol. Natural Liberty.

Cat. What do you mean by natural liberty?

Sol. That every human being is the sole possessor of all the faculties and powers that God has given him, and has an equal right with all others to use these and all the surrounding gifts of nature according to his own free will, subject only to such restraints as the laws of God impose, and the laws of man which are in conformity with the laws of God.

Cat. Why cannot the laws of man make a slave?

Sol. Because the laws of God forbid it.

Cat. How do the laws of God forbid slavery?

Sol. To make a slave is to strike down every right, or rather, to presume that some men have no rights whatever; to suppose that God created some men with no rights, is monstrous; to suppose He created some with the right to own themselves, and others without this right, but to be owned as slaves by these, is to suppose both God and men monsters.

Cat. How does natural justice forbid slavery?

Sol. Natural justice is the mutual and reciprocal obligation of man to man, each to respect the same rights in the other that he claims for himself. This obligation grows not out of the will of man, but the will of God in the nature of things. Once broken, and there can be no law but anarchy or tyranny.

Cat. What great law enunciated by Christ renders slavery impossible?

Sol. All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, and strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two hang all the law and the prophets.

Cat. Jesus recognized the perfect equality of men by saying, Call no man master, and by all the acts and precepts of his life! You have now shown that Nature, Justice, and true Religion, in short, that God and all that He has created and sanctioned, are opposed to slavery; and in the former lessons you have shown that the government of your country is fundamentally opposed to it; that the Declaration of Independence is opposed to it; that the Constitution is opposed to it; that the rights of the citizen make it impossible. Are not you, then, opposed to it?

Sol. I am, with all my might.

Cat. And what should now most of all fire you against it, and cause you to seek its immediate and unconditional abolition by all the means in your power?

Sol. The fact that it has been the sole cause, and now constitutes the animus and support of this most infernal rebellion against my government, against the Declaration of Independence, against the Constitution, against the citizen, against justice, humanity, and religion.

Cat. Are you ready, then, to acknowledge that this is a war for human rights, for liberty, for justice, for true religion, for God and humanity?

Sol. I know it is such in the nature of things, and he who seeks to evade or conceal the acknowledgment of it is a traitor to the true cause.

Cat. You then believe it the duty of the President of the United States, and the commander-in-chief of the armies of your country, to proclaim liberty to all the inhabitants thereof?

Sol. I do believe that every consideration of duty and interest demands the issue of such a proclamation, and when it comes—and come it must—the unrestrained breath of liberty will sweep away the storm-clouds of rebellion, and the light of justice be as the noon-day, and peace and plenty pervade the whole land as it never has before.

Cat. Do you then look forward to the establishment of a great and glorious nation wherein dwelleth righteousness?

Sol. I do; for God has promised it by all the past history of the country, and this war is the most promising step towards its accomplishment.

Cat. You are right. Such is the divinely appointed destiny of this chosen people, but like the Jews, we have been stiff-necked and sought to foster a parasite which has eaten into our vitals, and must and shall now be expelled.

Upon the day of his death, Horace Mann said to his students: "The most of you have always been good since you have been here, and I cannot tell you how much I thank you for it; but tell those few poor thoughtless boys, that I would willingly die a thousand deaths like this to make any one of them a good man."

Sight and Insight. Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit Land. NUMBER FIFTY-ONE.

All readers of the Bible are aware that its dreams make an essential part of the "Word;" that no less did the Hebrew God appear in dreams than did the Gentile God to the sleepers on the "sacred beds," or ram-skins, in some of the Gentile temples. Let us understand, then, that the Word is very much made up from Dream-land, and of such stuff as dreams are made—not that truth may not come in the "revealed Word" that way, but that it may not be so infallible in its compass as the snoring patriarchs of old Jewry as to be altogether sufficient for the needs of the nineteenth century. We do not doubt that the spirit world does sometimes dip into this by dreams and visions, though often maddled by the digestive and circulatory systems. We have "God's Word" through Abimelech in a dream. Jacob "saw in a dream the rams which were ring-streaked, speckled, and grizzled," sleeping, it may have been, on one of those ram-skins, or sacred beds, to which came the visions of the night in the temple of Belus, and to the divining "fleece" of Gideon. Jacob's dream, though of a mixed character, as dreams are rather prone to be, being "ring-streaked, speckled, and grizzled," was rather worldly-wise to the doing of Laban out of his cattle.

This curious manifestation of the spirit for Jacob to profit withal was as per covenant of the patriarch with God when he appeared through the mediumistic Stone of Bethel—"I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar and vowedst a vow unto me." This covenant, or "pact," on Jacob's part, was, "If God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's in peace, then shall the Lord be my God. And this Stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house." God performed his part by appearing to Jacob in the dream, and showed him how to engineer Laban's cattle to himself without a *quid pro quo*.

Such an act in the middle ages, or even in modern orthodoxy, would be termed selling one's soul to the devil, and the medium, if not of Stone, would have been destroyed as a sorcerer or a witch till within the last one hundred and fifty years. It must be confessed that the "revealed Word" in Jacob's dream is a curious exhibition of the Lord's work, and marvelous in our eyes—a patriarchal mode of thimble-rigging, with extraordinary manifestations of the "little joker," to the utter astonishment of Laban and his sons, who became very blank on beholding all their property transferred to Jacob by the operation of God as a prestidigitator, "saying Jacob hath taken away all that was our father's, and hath gotten all this glory. And Jacob believed the countenance of Laban, and beheld it was not towards him as before." But Jacob counter-charged Laban with deception and change of wages, and indeed there was ground, for Laban had put Leah, thus engineering Jacob to marry them both—the one for beauty, the other for kin, after the fashion of Thomas Bolus.

Then "God came to Laban in a dream." There was also divination in the dreams of Joseph, in those of the butler and baker of Pharaoh, and in those of Pharaoh himself. It is declared, that, "if there be a prophet among you, I, the Lord, will make myself known unto him in a vision, will speak unto him in a dream." There was divination by the dream which tumbled the barley-cake into the host of Midian. It was in a dream that God conversed with Solomon, and Job declares that "God speaketh in a dream, in a vision of the night." This, then, is the way of the Word; but the same Word says, in Ecclesiastes, "In the multitude of dreams are many words and divers vanities."

The later prophets also let fly at the Word in dreams. Says Jeremiah, "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream, and he that hath my Word, let him speak my Word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord. We infer from this that Jeremiah was a "Wide Awake," and that the Word by dreams was only "chaff." The wide awake Lord was "against them that prophesy false dreams and do tell them, and cause me people to err by their lies, saith the Lord." But notwithstanding this denouncing of the chaff by the prophet's wide awake Lord, Daniel divined by dreams, both by his own and by those of the heathen round about. If the record be true, Daniel had a greater scope of night vision than the other wise men, for whereas these could only divine after the dream was told, Daniel could lay hold of the root of the matter by larger mediumistic unfolding. His spirit had a brighter growth by abstaining from the king's table and wine, and by partaking of more spiritual manna. This, added to his natal proclivity of soul toward the opening heavens, gave him superior "understanding in all visions and dreams;" for the grace of divination, or interpretation of dreams, would not be so likely to abound with a stomach surcharged with "hog and hominy" and libations of wine as with one more spiritually dieted.

So, too, of every phase of Spiritualism. Hence Daniel read the Word in superior light. True, Belshazzar, gross in his way of life, was a seeing medium, and saw the spirit hand which wrote upon the wall, but which could not be seen and read of all men, nor be divined by the wise men of his plane; hence Daniel, "in whom is the spirit of the holy Gods," was

found necessary to show whereunto the hand pointed.

He was also fruitful in other visions, presenting considerable variety of scene; nor was the magnetic chain of being, extending to "the God of heaven," severed in the furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated.

So, too, the angel of the Lord appeared unto Joseph in a dream, to tell him "not to fear to take unto thee Mary, thy wife;" also "being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod." Pilate's wife was also visited in a dream. Saul, however, in Samuel's time, was not so fortunate, for though the Lord's anointed, yet the Lord departed from him. "And when Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets;" for "Saul had put away those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land," thus cutting the wires between the two worlds, so that the Lord could not appear except by the way of the witch of Endor. Job was so scared by dreams and visions, either by the Lord or by Satan, walking to and fro and up and down his soul, that he chose strangling and death rather than life.

Upon the whole, the "Word" fashioned in dreams, is denounced by the "Word" wide awake; but this is understandable on the score that each one supposed his own gifts of the spirit to be the better way for the coming of the Lord. It is somewhat seen in the various ways of the modern Word, some preferring trance, some inspirational, and some physical manifestations, while we have stomach for them all, and, like Oliver Twist, are ready for more.

So, too, in Rhabdomancy, or divination by the Rod, or Staff, the inspirational and trance prophets denounced this mode of seeking the Lord, just as we have heard the same kind of mediums in our day underrating those who were the way of life for the physical manifestations, and, vice versa, the fact-seekers belittling the trance, the inspiration, or influx of the holy ghost. These last being spoken of disparagingly, as uttering the "Word" with "their eyes rolled up." The one is rather the deductive way—though, if rightly mated, they are the complements of each other. The way of facts, or the inductive mode, belongs rather to the intellectual "hard-shells," who cannot receive that the world rests upon the back of a tortoise unless they can behold the substratum of such turtle-wise phenomena. Agassiz is elucidating one sphere of this problem, while the geologists are gauging the substrata of rocks, and building their house thereon, to the very general upsetting of the old Word and to the *scan mag.* of all the old theologians. While we confess to a partial leaning to facts as a foundation status for the soul—this once secured, the soul may then take root and its branches shoot forth for nutriment in all the opening heavens. Root and branch, earth and heaven, become then interblent in the fuller unfolding consciousness. But the fragmentists of old and modern times have taken but sections of the circle, and then cry to here! and lo there! for their Lord not half made up. The miracle-mongers of old time were seekers for facts, though they did not know how to cement them by principles after they had got them; hence their superstitious way of referring them to the Lord, and of their being liable to misdirection by each priestly prestidigitator who monopolized the manipulation of the mysteries. But freedom of search in all the phenomena of life has ever led to something better, if pursued in the proper spirit to benefit mankind. If only open to an initiated few, the mass of the people remain besotted in the darkest sloughs of ignorance and superstition, abased in cowardice and imbecility with an ignoble fear of the Lord or the Devil, though the twin are generally one in the darkened mind of orthodoxy.

As alchemy led to chemistry, which "God's Word" knew nothing about, nor of any other scientific unfoldings, so the study of miraculous phenomena, not compassable to the old mind, finds them to be necessarily no miracles, but within the category of the more imponderable series of natural causation; for the spirit world being within the domain of all being, or Nature, it is not exactly apt to use the term supernatural.

And now to our point of the ancient manifestations of the Word, physical, in signs and wonders, as miraculous phenomena, and trance and inspirational, as "the Burden of the Lord," "the Spirit of the Lord," and "the Word of the Lord came unto me." Both phases make up the old Word of God, and both are in keeping with the modern Word, some preferring the one way—and some the other, as we have already seen. Some of the later Hebrew prophets, being trance and inspirational, mathematized the signs and wonders in the physical manifestations of facts. Thus of the divining Rod, or Staff, which had been so much in vogue in all Jewry, is condemned by Hosea as causing the people to err. "My people ask counsel of their stocks, and their Staff declareth unto them."

But Jacob divined by the Rod, or Staff, as in vogue among the Chaldeans as one of their earliest ways of seeking the Lord, and, say our authors of the "Occult Sciences," "it was the practice of the Hebrews, only instead of characters they peeled their Rods on one side and drew the presage from their manner of falling. . . . And it is a question whether arrows, rods, or stones, were not used indifferently."

Besides Jacob's divination by the Stone of Bethel, in which his familiar God dwelt with whom he covenanted, so also did he peel certain Rods, and he found his familiar in the

Rods to be the same with whom he had interchanged the vows at Bethel. It was the same familiar Lord who came in Jacob's dream, and when he appeared at Bethel, Jacob "was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God and this the gate of heaven." Thus it would appear that the Dreams, the Rods, and the Stones, were indifferently "the gate of heaven," or the way of manifesting by his God. The manifestation by the Rods had a good deal to do with transforming Laban's cattle. It was with this Rod, or Staff, that he passed over the Jordan, and he worshipped it at his dying day, as rendered in some translations.

It was by the divination of the Rod that "it became a serpent, and Moses fled before it;" and then the Lord told him to "take it by the tail, and it became a Rod in his hand," so that by this physical manifestation "they may believe that the Lord God of their fathers—the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob—hath appeared unto thee."

Hosea, who received the Word subjectively, did not like to have the Word declared by the Rod, or Staff. But Moses, when he sent Joshua "to fight with Amelec," stood upon the top of the hill with "the Rod of God" in his hand, as the Mosaic way of the Word.

So, too, when the Lord was to manifest before Pharaoh, who would say, "Shew a miracle," Aaron was to take the Rod and cast it before Pharaoh, when the Lord would transform it into a serpent. Whether this was done "by some devilish contrivance" of the prestidigitator, or by some mesmeric or spiritual process of unfleshy spirits, the two worlds so lap each other in some of these respects as to make it impossible to decide. So we say with Josephus, let every one believe as he pleases, only it is difficult to see the difference between the Mosaic Rod and the Lord who performed by "the wise men and sorcerers" of Pharaoh in the various divinations by the Rod or otherwise.

There was divination by the Rod in Leviticus "concerning the tithe of the herd, or of the flock of whatsoever pasceth under the Rod, the tenth being holy unto the Lord." The names, too, of the children of Israel, were to be written on Rods as being holy unto the Lord, to be laid up in the Tabernacle before the Lord as a witness. There it was that the Lord performed by Aaron's Rod, causing it to bud, to bloom, and yield almonds. No wonder that the Lord's work is marvelous in our eyes. This Rod, too, was "to be kept for a token against the rebels." It was with this Rod that Moses smote the rock to the gushing out of the waters.

So, too, David sang the praises of the Rod and Staff: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. * * * The rod of thine inheritance thou hast redeemed. * * * The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion." We should infer that the way of using the Rod was "after the manner of Egypt," as in the words, "He shall smite thee with a rod and shall lift up his staff against thee, after the manner of Egypt. . . . and his rod upon the sea, so shall he lift it up after the manner of Egypt," and the many metaphorical references to the Rod, show that it was generally received as the Staff of accomplishment for divining the way to the Lord. Jeremiah claims that the portion of Jacob was "the rod of his inheritance, and the Lord of hosts his name;" hence when Jacob worshipped this Rod, as in some translations, it was as to the worship to the Lord of hosts. It would appear that the Stock and Stone worshippers of Jeremiah's day had based themselves on "the portion of Jacob," or "the rod of inheritance," as making good their own similar worship; but Jeremiah, an inspirational medium, unfavorable to the divination by Stocks and Stones as a way of the Lord, yet like some of the moderns, still holding a lurking reverence for the old patriarch, denied that "the rod of inheritance" was like "the stock, a doctrine of vanity." Time had consecrated the hereditary Rod or Staff, "the portion of Jacob," with its name inscribed as the Lord of hosts. It was attempted to invest this with a mystical halo while the divination by stocks and stones should be undignified, like the rapping and tipping tables, as strange Gods coming newly up; hence the word in Micah comes according to "the inheritance of Jacob," the veritable Rod. "The Lord's voice crieth unto the city, and the man of wisdom shall see thy name; hear ye the Rod and who hath appointed it." Thus we see that while some of the prophets were willing to divine by the Rod of Jacob, they rather sibi the Stocks and Stones as an improper way for the coming of the Lord.

There was rivalry among the old Jewry mediums. While some would have the Word to be only by influx and a "Thus saith the Lord," others were equally strenuous in having it to be only by "facts," or, as they were then called, "signs, wonders, and miracles." So when "the Lord sent a prophet unto the children of Israel" with a "Thus saith the Lord God," Gideon doubted, for he exclaimed: "Oh my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why, then, has all this befallen us? and where be all his miracles which our fathers told us of?" referring to the trial of miracle-working between Moses and his brother magicians of Pharaoh. Gideon refused to take "God's Word" unless it was indorsed by a miracle or physical manifestation, and he said to the Lord: "If now I have found grace in thy sight, then show me a sign that thou talkest with me." And now, how did God, the angel, or the ghost, give a convincing test to Gideon? By the divining Rod or Staff; for "then the angel of the Lord put forth the end of the Staff that was in his hand, and touched the flesh and unleavened cakes; and there rose up fire out of the rock, and consumed

the flesh and the unleavened cakes. Then the Lord departed out of his sight. Gideon was also a seeing medium, and exclaims: "Alas! O Lord God! for because I have seen an angel face to face?" and as it is a part of the Word that no man shall see God's face and live, the Lord nullified that by saying: "Thou shalt not die." This Lord of Gideon, the God of Israel, then asks reward for himself in the *quid pro quo* of a bullock-offering, while the God of Isaiah, also the God of Israel, cries out against these "vain oblations." So, too, the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, by Jeremiah, says: "I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of Egypt concerning burnt-offerings and sacrifices." Verily, verily, the word in old Jewry has rather a zig-zag direction, presenting something of the Dadaism labyrinth with our priesthoods groveling therein, like the blind old Cyclops, round their cave, while modern Spiritualism gives us the key for the unlocking of all the devious ways of the ancient Word.

Elisha also practiced divination by the Staff of Rod, and sought to raise a child to life by laying his Staff upon it. This failing, he took the more direct mesmeric way for the finding of the Lord by placing mouth to mouth, eyes to eyes, and hands to hands, when the child revived, as in numberless cases of the present day. He also used the divining Rod in causing the ax to swim. He divined by arrows, as was in vogue among the ancients, using "the arrow of the Lord's deliverance," and saying "unto the king of Israel, Smithe upon the ground; and he smote thrice and stayed; and the man of God was wroth with him, and said, Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it; whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice."

It is impossible not to see from the modern unfolding that what pulpit and Sunday-school are shrouding as "God's Word," is simply divination by the various mediums of old time. We are assured that the divining Rod, Staff, or Arrow, has not lost all its original virtue—that it is now in use, though obscurely so, even in New England. We do not know of what wood the Hebrew Rod of God was made, nor how far-reaching were its properties by which "the man of God" could cause "the iron to swim." Witch-hazel appears to be the Rod of God in New England. By this metals are sought and wells dug; and as truth is said to be at the bottom of wells, it may be that the Rod of God has some affinity for the same. We have read in the London Quarterly Review that "the divining Rod is a fixed fact, account for it how we may." If, then, the early New England broomsticks were made from witch-hazel, it will account for the witches riding through the air thereon, as was charged upon those of Salem when warred upon by orthodoxy, while permitting their own Elisha to go to heaven with "a chariot of fire and horses, by a whirlwind," though it was feared that "the spirit of the Lord had taken him up, and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley."

After Elisha had thus gone up in the whirlwind, or "spirit of the Lord," there came forth some little children out of the city, who must have been amused with the fire chariot and whirlwind of Elisha's translation, for they called upon Elisha to do likewise, to "go up;" not to stand upon the order of his going but go at once, even mocking him for the "old Uncle Ned" appearance of his head. This from the irreverent little scamps excited the fierce anger of the man of God, and he "cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she bears out of the wood and tare forty and two children of them." Fortunately the astronomical interpretation of the "Word" may be a means of relieving the prophet from invoking the "bears from the wood" as being only an allegory of the constellated Bears; for much of the Bible, as will hereafter be seen, is curiously blended with astronomical personations in oriental "riddles," "dark sayings," and "parables." But besides the Staff and bears, music was a way of the Lord to Elisha, for it came to pass when the minstrel played that the hand of the Lord came upon him.

Isaiah refers to the Staff as a symbol of God when he threatens that the "Staff" shall be taken from Jerusalem and Judah. But Isaiah being a trance or inspirational medium, derides "the portion of Jacob, the Rod of inheritance, the Staff of accomplishments," as being on a par with stocks and stones for the manifestation of the Lord—"as if the Rod should shake itself against them that lift it up, or as if the Staff should lift up itself as if it were no wood, and the Staff in their hand is mine indignation." Thus was "the portion of Jacob," the Rod of God which Moses carried in his hand, adjudged a place, by this later prophet, among the refuse lumber as compared with the inspirational burden of the Lord. "Therefore thus saith the Lord God of hosts, be not afraid of the Assyrian; he shall smite thee with a Rod, and shall lift up his Staff against thee after the manner of Egypt and his Rod upon the Sea, so shall he lift it up after the manner of Egypt." It will be recollected that it was on this same wise, "after the manner of Egypt," that the Lord commanded Moses, saying, "lift thou up thy Rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea, and divide it." Thus it was that the Lord divided the sea by the Rod "after the manner of Egypt," according as Moses had been instructed, "in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," for "Moses stretched out his hand over the sea, and the Lord caused the sea to go by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry." Thus was the potency of the Rod manifested in the hands of Moses in the begetting of physical manifestations, but it would appear from Isaiah and other later mediums, that it

had gone out of the Rod or Staff in their day, for they deemed the manifestation of the Lord by wood and stones to be equivalent to his manifestation by the "Staff of accomplishment, the portion of Jacob, the Rod of inheritance." Yet it was only by the divination of this Rod that Moses was able to prevail against Ameer. When the Rod was up, "Israel prevailed." When it was down, "Ameer prevailed;" equivalent to "Heads I win, tails you loose." However, even Isaiah would permit the Lord to use the Staff under pressing exigencies: "And in battles of shaking, will be fight with it in every place where the grounded Staff shall pass."

The Mysteries of Man.

"And God said . . . let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the face of the earth." (Gen. 1:26.) In the first section of this article, printed in a former number, the position was assumed that intelligence supposes freedom of will and power of action. Let us now seek if it be possible to find the limitations of human intelligence.

God has been denominated, THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE; this is the predicate upon which we must build an argument for the divine origin of all things.

"Of man, what see we but his station here, From which to reason or to which refer? Through worlds unnumbered tho' the God be known, 'Tis ours to trace Him only in our own."

But we beg leave to suggest that it is barely possible man has failed to see his true "station here," and that therefore his *à posteriori* reasonings hereupon may be slightly erroneous. A waggy critic once remarked, that ever since God created man in his own image, man has created (in his own imagination) a God after his own heart; and we fear there is more truth than poetry in the suggestion. We have said there is much disbelief in the "free agency" of man. This is seen among all classes in the accrediting to or charging upon God an unwarrantable agency in human affairs. Righteous men in straitened circumstances, while braving the difficulties of life, are wont to see in success—the happy escape of accident—the intervention of what they are pleased to call "Providence." Do they forget that they themselves, while in rapport with the great Ordainer of the Universe, are a part of that Providence which propels or prevents?

We hazard the statement that man is himself a "cause"—the controller of mundane causes—and capable of modifying even the "Great First Cause." Fatalism, so-called, is a pernicious phase of disbelief in the properties and powers of man. It ignores the truth declared in the Scripture quoted at the beginning of this article, which gives to man "dominion over all the earth." Man should most certainly claim all to which he is entitled; if he is not necessarily "order of Nature," but a "stupendous antagonism" let him confront in the path of duty the fatalities of law, with a steadfast faith in the universe to back him. Man's primal disobedience is well described as a "fall." Woman is declared as fallen under the dominion of man, and man as fallen under the dominion of his own lust. He has fled the throne, and yielded up the scepter; but the throne and the scepter remain to be won.

Jesus Christ was the first mortal man who ascended the throne and waved the scepter over the elements of earth. As proof of the rightful powers of man, his influence over Nature, we refer to the history of Jesus. In the dark wilds of Nature, astray from the path of innocence and truth, the true source of evil, like the source of the Nile, is hidden from mortal vision. "What can we reason but from what we know?" "Darkness covers the earth," and what avails the artificial light of any man's "fleshy wisdom," since man's true position with respect to God and the universe can never be shown except by the breaking of the day which shall illuminate the whole world—the rising of the sun of righteousness "with healing in his wings." Thus the limit of intelligence is the spiritual horizon of evil. "If the light come to us, we see; else not."

O'er the gateway of what world, at the arcanum of what heaven, hath God written, "Behold, the man has become as one of us." "Whoever," says Emerson, "has had experience of the moral sentiment, cannot choose but believe in unlimited power." "Do the works," said Christ, "and ye shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." The evil is, human purposes are soul-absorbing. There is an exultation in the triumph over matter which is not good. Men build palaces of stones and piles of marble where they need only tents and pavilions, since "life is but the journey of a day—some breakfast, and then away."

But there are glimmerings of dawn—the herald of universal illumination, which, by its life and beauty, attracts while it unfolds the soul of man. ALGER EGGER.

"Thou mayest not know."

EQUALITY.—"A man of small business often keeps one or two clerks, while his wife, with many heavy and pressing duties, keeps no servant whatever. If a man is unwilling to become a drudge himself, let him not make one of his wife. All we ask is equality. Let husband and wife cast in their lot together, and if poverty stare them in the face, let not its principal evils be felt by her alone. Let their sacrifices and self-denials be of a similar character."—Mrs. J. E. JONES.

Laws and Systems.

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

States of Bondage and States of Freedom.

THE BASIS OF NATIONAL UNITY.

"The Union, it must and shall be preserved," is a phrase which very frequently meets the eye and the ear at this time and in this country. Go where we will, we cannot escape from it. It is blazoned on our banners, it caps our journals, it is woven into our songs, and is bawled out by our orators. Whatever may be our opinion of the wisdom of the maxim, there can be no doubt whatever of its power. It has been the inspiration of perhaps the mightiest war that has been undertaken since the Crusades. In the effort to put the idea into practice, our whole country bristles with bayonets. It has turned the most peaceful of citizens into the most warlike of men. It has transformed even Shakers and Quakers into soldiers, and ministers of the Gospel into commanders of brigades. It has made generals out of lawyers, colonels out of bar-keepers, majors out of barbers, and staff-officers out of dry goods' salesmen. Alas! it has also carried mourning and tribulation into thousands of homes; it has changed laughter into sighing, and the dance and the song into the low wailing which knows no comfort. It has hung our harp upon the willows for the remainder of our century. It might be well, perhaps, if we can get our reason sufficiently cool amid this dread roar of battle to lay hold of this war-promoting watchword and see how much of truth and wisdom there is in it.

We hope the expression of our thoughts may not consign us to Fort Lafayette or the tender mercies of Provost Marshal Kennedy and his "Cell No. 4," but we cannot avoid saying that the idea of compelling Union by force would be to us a most comical, if alas! it had not turned out the most sorrowful of errors. Wherever there is harmony, there is, must be union; wherever there is not, there never can be, though the entire force of the universe be employed to bind together ever so tightly the discordant parts.

It did not require a very deeply-discerning eye to discover that no real Union has ever existed between the Northern and Southern States of this Republic, though their representatives have sat in the same Congress, and their valleys have been fertilized by the same rivers flowing from the same grand chain of mountains, which stretch their rocky peaks through each. A schoolboy studying the speeches of Webster and Calhoun, could hardly fail to perceive the utter absence of any true national unity between the now contending sections. They were bound together by the ties of the Constitution and by ties of commercial interest, but from the start each section has been developing political principles directly antagonistic, until at last the antagonism has become so fierce that an open rupture has occurred. A man would not have required to be much of a seer to have predicted the present crisis from the commencement of this century. How could it be expected that societies based upon principles diametrically opposite, coming, too, within the range of a heated religious and ethical controversy, should pull together long in harmony—especially where each has been protected by State rights, which lack but the merest shadow of being sovereign? The vital element in Southern society is the aristocratic idea, which has been steadily gravitating from the dominance of race to the dominance of class; while, on the other hand, it is the growth of the democratic principle which has given such vigorous life to the Northern. In the South, by the bare enslavement beyond hope of redemption of almost its entire laboring population, labor has been degraded; while in the North, by the abundant opportunities for progress given to strong arms by high wages and free schools, and the controlling influence they have exercised in our legislation through the practice of universal suffrage, labor has been exalted. But it is absurd to suppose that the North can ever rightly develop the democratic idea, which appears to be the only basis of its national unity, if it is closely leagued under a single government with a confederacy of States whose chief corner-stone is slavery. If the whole of the States of our former Republic are ever to consolidate themselves again into a single nation, it can only be done by the complete triumph over the entire country, of either one or the other of the belligerent principles. If we are to have a single nation, either the democratic or the aristocratic idea must entirely prevail; either slavery or freedom must be the corner-stone of our empire. It is in the highest degree absurd to imagine there can ever be unity where the underlying foundations of each section are so directly antithetical. More especially is this the case in a country of the singular history of ours. We have neither community of race or religion, or even climate, to help to consolidate us into a single nation. We are composed of more races, creeds, and tongues, than there are colors in the rainbow. The Teuton, the Celt, the Gaul, the Anglo-Saxon, the Hebrew, the Italian, besides dribbles from a score of other races, are mingled into our citizenship. We lack, too, the crystallizing power of a national creed; we bow the knee at a hundred different shrines, or at no shrine at all. What is there, then, to bind the single States firmly together and make them a single people, but a great common principle giving birth to institutions and social organizations of close similarity.

We have no hesitation, then, in openly protesting against this war having for its watchword, "The Union as it was and the Constitution as it is." We never wish to see any such sham Union, any such cat-and-dog confederacy restored. If by any possibility it could be reorganized on a precisely similar basis, the child is born who would see it again ruptured with a tenfold display of venom and wickedness. It is a philosophical as well as political impossibility that two directly antagonistic principles can grow and spread together in harmony. The spirits of liberty and slavery will never agree. Justice will never join hands with injustice. Truth will never pipe the lute of peace to falsehood. What would we have, then? Are we in favor of prosecuting this war with the trumpet-cry of the total abolition of slavery and freedom for all mankind? There would, no doubt, be lightning in such a war-whoop, and from its inspiration victory might perch high upon our banners. But in waging war with such a watchword, we would have the singular inconsistency of fighting for liberty and tyranny at the same time. While we would embazon our banners freedom to the black, we would at the same hour thunder from our artillery subjugation to the white; for there cannot be the shadow of a drub, now, that the revolted States detest us and our government, and that the restoration of our flag could only be effected by bayonets pointed at the heart of a subdued but brave people. No—we would rather liberty should fight slavery with other weapons than Minié rifles and parks of artillery. We have faith yet in the ultimate triumph of right and justice. The Lord reigneth. Amid the smoke and flame of this day of battle, when the air is heavy with sulphurous smoke, and a victorious general would be almost worshipped, we proclaim that righteous ideas are more potent than armed battalions, and words of truth than iron-mailed frigates. The still small voice of the Lord ringeth with ever-increasing echo throughout eternity; the roar of artillery dieth away before its smoke has vanished.

Seeing, then, that there is not, never was, never can be any real union between the Free and the Slave States of this republic, on account of the direct antagonism of these separate principles, we are firm in the belief that our best and highest interest lies in separation. In the Free States of the North are all the elements of a glorious nation. We have a territory wide and fertile enough to give ample development to our largest material growth for ages to come. We have a people singularly quick, intelligent, and ambitious. We have institutions thoroughly democratic, aiming to extend the blessing of a high civilization down to the lowest classes in our community. We will have for our great national principle and crystallizing idea, "Liberty, and the untrammelled pursuit of the highest good, the birthright of all mankind," and that too without any alliance with the opposite principle which has heretofore so crippled the development and poisoned the life of our democratic and national idea.

We know it can be urged that it is a high duty which we owe to the enslaved negro to embrace the opportunity which this war offers to break his fetters. Whether we could succeed in such a crusade is a matter of serious doubt. In attempting to march our armies southward we have met with an opposition which has mowed down our ranks like corn before the shearer, and covered our flag with anything but victory. We have certainly no good reason to suppose, from our past experience, that so brave a people, animated with so hostile a spirit, and having such a vast extent of territory, together with a climate and soil so deadly to an invading army, could ever be conquered. But even granting that they could, and that by the triumphant march of our armies from Virginia to Florida we would be enabled to emancipate every slave in the land, we question if the policy would be either wise or humane. We love liberty as ardently as Patrick Henry and hate slavery as intensely as Wendell Phillips, but we incline to the opinion that a sudden and violent wrenching of the chains of the slaves in the Southern States, and endowing them with immediate and absolute freedom, would be to the poor untutored negroes themselves anything but a blessing. There is a certain degree of moral and intellectual culture required before liberty can be considered a desirable boon. So oppressive and brutalizing has been the system of African slavery on this continent that it is perhaps but a small minority of the slave population who have reached that mental and spiritual ripeness requisite to fit them for a rational enjoyment of freedom. Besides, the prejudice against their race is so fierce and devilish among the vast majority of our people, that it is a question if their immediate emancipation would not bring upon them a catalogue of woes even greater than what they would be rescued from. But if the Free States form themselves into a separate nation, thoroughly inspired with a pure love of the sweet spirit of liberty, it is safe to prophesy, that, cut off from the contaminating alliance with slavery, they will quickly become educated in sentiments of justice towards the negro race, so that when they become gradually freed they will possess a real as well as nominal liberty. We would of course have no unholy fugitive slave law to obey, and our free soil bordering their lands of bondage would certainly prompt a large exodus—which would grow greater and greater every successive year—of the more intelligent and ambitious, and consequently better fitted for liberty, among the negro slaves.

We said before we had more faith in the power of righteous ideas than in bayonets, and in words of truth than in leveled rifles; and it

is as clear to us as noonday, that a great liberty-loving, freedom-preaching people, could not exist side by side with a slavery-cherishing nation without compelling it, at no very remote period, to materially ameliorate its God-dishonoring system, and lay plans for the gradual, wise, and complete emancipation of its bondmen. Then, indeed, might we see the Union again restored, not upon the sandy basis of former times, but upon a foundation firm and enduring as the everlasting hills, and enjoying the benignant smile of a God of justice and of love. CYRIL.

Instructive Miscellany.

For the Herald of Progress.
Ezilda.

BY J. L. BRANDER STARR.

THE ARGUMENT.

Count Ernst, of Coblenz, in Germany, loved, and was beloved by the beautiful daughter of Baron Fritz. It was, in the history of each, their first and only love.

Count Ernst was the fifth son of a powerful German prince, four of whose sons had already died before attaining the age of 21 years—unmarried.

There existed a prophecy that Ernst, the youngest son, would marry and transmit to posterity the family titles and estates, if he but lived until he reached the fatal age of 21. But it was avowed by a wise sybil, that, to insure the fulfillment of this prophecy, from the age of 18 years he was never to see or converse with his fiancée, Ezilda, who loved him with intense ardor, believed not that the fate of his elder brothers would fall on the head of Ernst, but, after much solicitation, consented, and he became self-banished to Zurich, where he continued to reside. The following stanzae are supposed to have been addressed by him, at the age of 20, to his betrothed, Ezilda, residing with her family in Germany.

STANZAS.

Oh! did not the heart that is weary and sad,
To smile 'mid the gloom of its fate;
Oh! how wretched to hope where hope is forbade,
How hard the command is to wait.

Dear loved one, thy smile is the sun of my life,
That smile now concealed from my view;
Absorbed by the world, and its cares, and its strife.

I think, sweetest love, but of you
Still absent I love thee devoted and true,
And fancy bedecks thee with flowers!
Thine image a *dial* I keep in my view,
To count o'er the lapse of past hours.

Each thought of my mind, each pulsation of heart,
Throbs fondly emotions of love;
We meet not, we speak not, yet ne'er can we part.
Th' alliance is written above!

'Midst the gloom of dark clouds, 'mid tempests
and storm,
Like a vision thou ever art near;
And in dreamy-like trance I gaze on thy form,
And smile in the absence of fear.

The mariner tossed on the ocean at night
Hails the light of yon glimmering star;
So thou to my vision wilt shine ever bright,
The beacon of hope from afar.

And thou, my beloved, thine heart can respond,
For faithful thou art to thy vow;
On thy breast is mine image, as cherished and fond
As if our first love were but now.

Shall we meet? Shall we wed? or an early
grave
Encircle thy heart's faithful shrine?
See! time rolls on its course like the ocean
wave—
In life or in death I am thine!

Yes, yes, blooms our hope as though fresh in its
birth,
Our love like those flowers so woven—
So pure that while seeds are implanted on earth
Their leaves will expand but in heaven.

The Value of Friendship.

Your friend! Who shall describe him, or worthily paint what he is to you? No merchant, nor lawyer, nor farmer, nor statesman claims your suffrage, but a kingly soul. He comes to you from God—a prophet, a seer, a revealer. He has a clear vision. His love is reverence. He goes into the *penetrabilia* of your life—not presumptuously, but with uncovered head, unadorned feet, and pours libations at the innermost shrine. His incense is grateful. For him the sunlight brightens, the skies grow rosy, and all the days are June. Wrapped in his love, you float in a delicious rest, rocked in the bosom of purple, scented waves. Nameless melodies sing themselves through your heart. A golden glow suffuses your atmosphere. A vague, fine ecstasy thrills to the sources of life, and earth lays hold on heaven. Such friendship is worship. It elevates the most trifling services into rites. The humblest offices are sanctified. All things are baptized into a new name. Duty is lost in joy. Care waits itself in carresses. Drudgery becomes delight. There is no longer anything menial, small, or servile. All is transformed.

"Into something rich and strange."
The homely household-ways lead through beds of spices and orchards of pomegranates. The dally toil among your parsnips and carrots is plucking May violets with the dew upon them to meet the eyes you love upon their first awaking. In the burden and heat of the day you bear the rustling of summer showers and the whispering of summer winds. Everything is lifted up from the plane of labor to the plane of love, and a glory spans your life. With your friend, speech and silence are one—for a communion mysterious and intangible reaches across from heart to heart. The many dig and delve in your nature with fruitless toil to find the spring of living water; he only raises his wand, and obedient to the hidden power,

it bends at once to your secret. Your friendship, though independent of language, gives to it life and light. The mystic spirit stirs even in common-places, and the merest question is an encouragement. You are quiet because your heart is over-full. You talk because it is pleasant, not because you have anything to say. You weary of terms that are already love-laden, and you go out into the highways and hedges, and gather up the rough, wild, willful words, heavy with honey-dew, and fill them to the brim with honey-dew. All things, great and small, grand or humble, you press into your service, force them to do soldier's duty, and your banner over them is love.

With such a friendship, presence alone is happiness; nor is absence wholly void—for memories, and hopes, and pleasing fancies sparkle through the hours, and you know the sunshine will come back.

For such friendship one is grateful. No matter that it comes unsought, and comes not for the seeking. You do not discuss the reasonableness of your gratitude. You only know that your whole being bows with humility and utter thankfulness to him who thus crowns you monarch of all realms.

And the kingdom is everlasting. A thin, pale love, dies weakly with the occasion that gave it birth; but such friendship is born of the gods, and is immortal. Clouds and darkness may sweep around it, but within the dark the glory lives undimmed. Death has no power over it. Time cannot diminish, nor even dishonor annihilate it. Its direction may have been unworthy, but itself is eternal. You go back into your solitudes; all is silent as a forest, but you cannot forget that a voice once resounded there. A presence filled the valleys and gilded the mountain-tops; breathed upon the plains, and they sprang up in hills and roses; bathed upon the waters, and they flowed to spherical melody; swept through the forests, and they, too, trembled into song. And though now the warmth has faded out, though the ruddy tints and amber clearness have faded to ashen hues, though the murmuring melodies are dead, and forest, vale, and hill look hard and angular in the sharp air, you know that it is not dead. The fire is unquenched beneath. You go your way not disconsolate. There needs but the victorious voice. At the touch of the Prince's lips, life shall rise again and be perfected forevermore.—Atlantic.

AFFECTED modesty is but a veil thrown over the moral character, to hide from observation the imperfections that exist beneath.

[From the English Woman's Journal.]

A VISION.

An ambient garment encircled her,
Woven of mystic air,
And o'er her brow in beauty fell
Long threads of golden hair.
A net of cloud-wrought silver
Her tresses did ensnare,
And when I tried to touch her
She vanished into air.

I sought her hand to clasp it—
Her spirit hand—in mine,
For there it lay like a rose shell
Seen through the frothy brine.
And sense-entrancing odors
In mists encompassed were,
From flowers which had faintly
In giving their breath to her.

But as I prest her airy hand
It seemed to melt away,
Though it left an impress where it touched
Like the kiss of a vanished day.
And as she floated by me
She kindled my room with light,
Like a star that has drifted earthward
To say to the world "Good night."

Had she then a "Good night" for me,
Down on this earth so far?
Yes—and had brought me a lily from heaven,
To lay in my bosom and wear.
At last to words her lips trembled,
As petals of roses might
When the zephyrs stop to kiss them
As they pause in wayward flight.

"This lily pure was sent to thee
By one who could not stay,
But just behind the veil she waits
Thine immortality."
This said, she smiled and kissed it,
On my pillow there it lay,
Then into a turret of darkness
She floated in cloud away.

And when I am sad and weary
With earth's dull masquerade,
I think of that night's sweet vision
And what the angel said,
When on my restless pillow
She laid this lily of love,
To strengthen me for days to come
Till that one bright day above.

S. M. E.

A LOST CHORD.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered lightly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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Physical Progress.

A NEW FIELD OF EFFORT FOR WOMEN.

The superiority of women as instructors has long been admitted. In every department of mental training they have held positions of deserved prominence. It is but recently, however, that they have begun to be accepted as guides in the work of physical training. The large accession each year to the ranks of women physicians, is a most hopeful indication for the future. We are happy to observe, also, that the new system of gymnastics, so peculiarly adapted to the wants of women and children, is being taught by women.

Among the graduates at the recent commencement of Dr. Lewis' "Normal Institute for Physical Education," in Boston, were the following ladies, who, with the graduates of preceding terms, are prepared to give instruction in the new gymnastics, and to act as guides and educators in the work of physical culture: Mrs. Huldah Allyn, Augusta, Me. Mrs. Clarinda P. Chapman, New Portage, O. Miss Annie A. Dowd, North Granville, N. Y. Miss Eliza F. Dennison, Freeport, Me. Mrs. Mary Hopkins, Hartford, Ct. Miss Adele Parr6t, South Boston, Mass. Mrs. Zilpha R. Plumb, New York.

This system has been successfully introduced into several of the public schools of this city, and large classes are now taught by a former graduate from Dr. Lewis' Institute.

A Children's Garden.

The plan of combining the instruction of children with the indulgence of that love of natural objects which is so strong in childhood, had its origin, in a systematic form we mean, in Germany, where many institutions on that plan, under the name of *Kindergarten*, exist. From Germany they have been introduced into England, where they have taken deep root and become very popular. The system has been applied with admirable effect to the training of children of the humblest class in London, and the childhood of the very poorest has been rendered happy by the enjoyment of freedom, ample room, and pure air, which this method secures them.

There is now a New York *Kindergarten* established at No. 79 East Fifteenth street, by Mrs. R. T. Hallock, of whom a most intelligent and distinguished correspondent writes us that he thinks she is the very best teacher of young children with whom he is acquainted. It is not like some of those established in England, a charitable institution, but a well-ordered private school, in which the physical development of childhood is most particularly attended to, as in the European schools of the same class, and children of three years and upward are received and kept in from nine in the morning to one in the afternoon, during which the instructions they receive are diversified with calisthenic exercises, movement games, and singing. We hope to hear of the success of this institution, the plan of which is more particularly stated in Mrs. Hallock's advertisement in this sheet.

[Evening Post.]

Fraternity Lectures.

The fifth course of lectures under the auspices of the Fraternity of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, will commence on Tuesday evening, October 7th, 1862, at Tremont Temple, when an address on the "State of the Nation" will be made by Hon. Henry Wilson. To be followed on successive Tuesday evenings by lectures from the following persons: October 14, Henry M. Dexter; October 21, Robert Collyer; October 28, Theodore Tilton; November 4, Moncure D. Conway; November

11, Anna E. Dickinson; November 18, Henry Ward Beecher; November 25, Owen Lovejoy; December 2, B. Graiz Brown; December 9, Wendell Phillips; December 16, Ralph Waldo Emerson; December 23, Jacob M. Manning; December 30, George Wm. Curtis.

VERY LATEST NEWS

[BY AIR-LINE TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.]

Soldiers Thinking on the Maryland Heights.

HARPER'S FERRY THE CENTER OF GREAT MOVEMENTS.

American Ambition to be Prostrated and Purged.

Northern Journals Commencing a Crusade against Conscience in Politics.

THE MASQUERADE OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

Troubles in the Confederate Congress.

A REBEL NAVY IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

Spiritualism in the Army of the Potomac.

PEOPLE WILLING TO GIVE THE GOVERNMENT FOR A LEADER.

Western Clouds and Border State Paroxysms.

NEW COMBINATIONS IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

Glances of the Good Time Coming.

WHAT SOLDIERS THINK ON MARYLAND HEIGHTS.

Repeated and earnest requests and demands are daily made by the army, that the evacuation of the surroundings of Harper's Ferry should be immediately investigated. The entire army is astounded and humiliated! The responsibility of the surrender, however, cannot be positively fixed on any subordinate officer or commanding General. It was simply out of the question, considering the prodigious aggregation and sudden movements of the rebel forces, that Col. Miles, being at the time unimpressible in his reasoning and moral faculties, should have held his position and achieved the great victory which was planned by Generals in the trans-mundane realm.

The past cannot be recalled. Let not the army, although smarting under the deep disgrace of the surrender, be too vehement in urging a "searching investigation." It were wiser to combine their heartfelt prayers to the end that Gen. McClellan, whose headquarters are now nearer the Ferry, may be baptized in the light of upper worlds, whose loyal inhabitants bend over the Army of the Potomac.

PROVIDENTIAL EFFORTS AT HARPER'S FERRY.

The interposition of John Brown's celestial phalanx, in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry and in places adjoining in Virginia, (of which mention was briefly made in your last two HERALDS) are assuming more formidable proportions day by day. Harper's Ferry, the theater of John Brown's original demonstrations, is now the center of most important movements in our army. Both pontoon and railroad bridges are being rapidly constructed. If the spirit and power of John Brown, under the inspiration of the Almighty, can reach and influence the spirit of Gen. McClellan, then the country may look for a wonderful "providential" development in precisely that locality where the Martyr of Freedom was trampled upon by the heel of iron-hearted Slavery.

It is desirable that McClellan should give his attention to the "theory and practice" of intercourse with heads of Departments in that Washington which is established above the storms and sorrows of Virginia.

THE PURGATORIAL TRIALS OF AMERICAN AMBITION

Divine arrangements, complete and comprehensive, have been made, by which American political Ambition, together with its immeasurable iniquities, is to be prostrated before the whole world. Democrats, who have been choked with bales of cotton, and Republicans, who have been blinded by the god of interest—the political wickedness of the one and immediately to be punished with an everlasting destruction.

"Time was," said a staff-officer the other day to the President, "time was when Conscience meant something, even in political organizations. The American Republic," he continued, "had a spiritual life from the moment of its birth. Where is it to-day?"

The President listened in his usual patient manner.

"The men who founded this Republic," said the officer, "were men of conscience and principle. In mid-winter, on an ice-bound rock, the child of American Independence was born. Now, in these days of political wickedness, no high official will move to save the country unless promised a seat in the Presidential chair. O Conscience! once in this country 'thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea, pure as the naked heavens—majestic and free; so didst thou travel on life's common way, in

cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart, the lowliest, the heaviest, and the noblest duties on herself did lay."

Thus spake a young staff-officer, with great respect, to the President, who replied that it was "unconstitutional to assign motives other than political for the Acts of Congress and the proclamations of the Executive. If," he added, "if the decree of Emancipation had been made to rest on moral convictions in the Presidential mind, then the true political and military grounds for the enforcement of the decree would be lost sight of, and a party might spring up in the North having for its object the separation of Church from State, or the divorce of conscientious convictions from all congressional, legislative, and executive proceedings."

It was supposed that the President was partly jocular in these remarks, because he concluded by saying: "No doubt many journals would take sides against Conscience—the *Journal of Commerce*, Bennett's *Herald*, *Express*, *New York World*, *The Caucasian*, and other lesser organs in the Free States." (It is no secret that the local authorities of your city have instructions from the War Department to look after the above and other incendiary sheets. Look out for "ground and lofty tumblings" within four weeks.)

THE VAIDS AND GUISES OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

Advance information, which was telegraphed to your HERALD two weeks ago, respecting the intrigues of the French Government in behalf of the Southern Confederacy, has been confirmed by latest advices from Europe.

Operations in Mexico are but concealed steps to the Emperor's scheme of intervention. The French movement against the Federal contest with slavery is hidden by several veils and guises. Let your HERALD inform the powers at Washington to put no faith in Napoleon's protestations. He is a wolf by night and a sheep by day. Make strong your city defenses, and fortify your movements by unity of purpose among your Generals. To this end the President's late Proclamation is exceedingly opportune—almost providential.

STATE-CRAFT IN THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

In the rebel Congress recently there was revealed, for the first time, a powerful party in favor of *State Sovereignty*, as against the assumed and temporarily-granted superiority of the Jeff. Davis Administration. There is every indication that as there is in philosophy and morals "a wheel within a wheel," so in rebel politics and slave oligarchical government there will be *secession within secession* and rebellion within rebellion, until the whole Southern Confederacy will fall down to its primordial condition in the bottomless pit. Canst thou not, O men of the North, foresee the end of much political wickedness? On southern ground the great divine hand is writing: "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*" On northern soil the same hand is writing: "*CHOOSE THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL SERVE.*"

REBEL RAMS PREPARING FOR OPERATIONS.

It would hardly be exaggerating the facts to state that the rebel navy-yards are numerous, and that in them there is as much mechanical activity as in corresponding places at the North. At Charleston, Savannah, Richmond, Cuba, in England, and in France, the iron ship-building operations for rebel purposes are immense. The opposition navy is advancing rapidly. Remarkable energy and industry are manifested by the rebels. They promise to pay in "crops" of sugar and cotton. These efforts, however, will soon be all suppressed.

A CURIOUS INSTANCE OF SPIRITUALISM IN THE ARMY.

An Aid-de-Camp in our army, who has the faculty of intuition largely and intensely active, recently involuntarily uttered a "sentiment" (founded on a perception of the real facts) for which a Union Major had the officer immediately arrested.

There was the other day another case precisely similar. There was, however, in the last case, an incident very serious in its nature. The incident was apparently, but not really, trivial—being caused by a spiritual appearance in one of the camps. On the examination it was curious to hear the conflicting testimony. It was as the old poet had written of a like circumstance. "The guards accused each other. Naught was proved, but each suspected the other, and all denied—offering, in proof of innocence, to grasp the burning steel, to walk through fire, and take their solemn oath they knew not of the deed." How the case will end is not foreseen by the investigating officers; but it is certain, however, that nothing in the premises can at the present be ascertained. The Aid-de-Camp was unconsciously "a medium," and was made to "speak" without intention.

HO! A LEADER! A LEADER! OUR GOVERNMENT FOR A LEADER!!!

What do our military chiefs want? What is the greatest cry of "Twenty Millions" at the North? What is the demand of those who are marching against our adversaries? It is the want, the cry, the demand of a great people for a LEADER—a master-mind—at once a statesman and a military chieftain, who can impart unity of action to our armies and identity of purpose to our Generals.

It is foreseen, however, that the people of America will not be cursed with a Leader. The God of Nations has set apart the inhabitants of this continent for a different purpose. An immortal IDEA, and not a man, is to give Americans final victory over secession and tyranny. That principle will soon become the leader of our Generals and the inspiration of our Armies. It is Liberty and Justice. Mark the prophecy.

THE WEST IS DARK AND MYSTERIOUS.

News comes of important movements, of a tax, of retreats, of assaults, of robberies, of plots and counter-plots; but the real condition of Alabama, Kentucky, and Tennessee, since the President's Proclamation of Emancipation, is not known in Washington. There is, however, a great uprising of indignation and dissatisfaction in the Border States with the grounds lately taken by the Administration. Future changes in the West will be rapid and terrible.

THE CO-OPERATION OF GENERALS MCCLELLAN AND BUELL.

It is not generally known that Gen. Buell has been ordered to report himself at Washington. There is much undefinable uneasiness in high quarters. The best informed officials, who have obtained all their knowledge from "the reliable source," assert that the President is about to "take the responsibility" again, which will result in the yoking of two generals together—namely, McClellan and Buell. The first is notoriously slow and never sure; the latter is never sure and always slow. This extraordinary combination of talent and strategy is stupendous to behold! While picks and shovels are once more in the ascendant on the Potomac, under the direct supervision of Gen. McClellan, the soldiers in the camps of Buell can "take down de fiddle and de bow," and thus the Union forces can be induced to remain contentedly encamped and employed, while the rebels recruit their armies and get their iron-clad navy afloat. It looks encouraging and greatly like work, and the country will no doubt take fresh heart "about these days." (We do not give the above as entirely authentic.)

A VIGOROUS WAR POLICY JUST BORN.

The malarious atmosphere of Washington has penetrated the Presidential chamber. It is difficult, in the midst of the exceeding darkness, to discern the march of the rebels into the Cumberland Valley. The war, however, is to be prosecuted henceforth as against a foreign foe—forgetting the "southern brethren" sentimentalism—and leaving the proofs and reimbursements of loyalty to the future. Great days and trials are about to come to the people.

THE WORLD'S THOUGHTS AND HOPES OF A MILLENNIUM.

Behold the lofty spirit of freedom! In my last week's dispatches to your HERALD, the statement that there would be no revolution in the North, is not quite reliable—at least, the telegram needs some few qualifying words. There is to be a revolution in the North—bold, wise, fearless, constitutional, but terrible in its effect on existing organizations. The transforming power of the sight of a great Principle, is to be mighty and universally acknowledged. It will give the world new encouragements, a new standard of moral comparison, a new standpoint of political observation and action, a new ideal of what constitutes Justice and Equity, a new conception of human destiny, a new imagination of a brighter and happier state on earth for man! In the struggle for freedom, the world will take fire in spirit, and the realms of darkness will be broken up. The day cometh!

Sugar-Coated Hashish.

We clip the following advertisement from the *Tribune*, a paper very quick to detect any immoral tendency in our advertisements. The address is omitted, and will not be supplied to any who are weak enough to wish to try this mischievous drug:

[Advertisement.]
GUNJAH-WALLAH (ANTOKAI AYASHI).
Gunjah produces the most delicate, spiritualistic exhilaration.
Gunjah is a harmless substitute for liquors, opiates, narcotics.
Gunjah, unlike other stimulants, has no bad after-effects.
Gives a richer hue to the cheek, and lips of bloom.
Gunjah plumps out the skin and clears it like ivory.
Gunjah is the sovereign nerve-cures all nervous diseases.
Gunjah imparts a superhuman strength to body and mind.
Gunjah alleviates melancholy, depression of spirits, &c.
Gunjah is an aphrodisiac—cures spermatorrhea, seminal weakness.
Gunjah supercedes quinine—cures chills, fevers, rheumatism.
Gunjah is an anodyne, lulling pain and quieting restlessness.
Gunjah is unrivaled in female weakness and palpitation of heart.
Put up in beautiful gold, silver, satin, and ivory boxes, at 25 cts. each; 5 boxes, in unique Turkish carton, \$1. Exclusive agencies established on most favorable terms throughout the country and army. Sent to any address.
This is precisely the same animal we exposed some months since in the advertisement of hashish candy and perfumed baths—dry rapture and wet bliss. What a marvelous product is here offered! An "anodyne" and "stimulant" in one! It imparts "superhuman strength" and "quiets restlessness"! "plumps out the skin" and "gives lips of bloom"! cures spermatorrhea and chills! female weakness and rheumatism! is a "sovereign nerve" and produces "spiritual exhilaration"; and, "unlike other stimulants, has no bad after-effects"—is a "harmless substitute for liquors, opiates, and narcotics."

Professed medical men prepare such an advertisement for the ignorant and credulous, and thousands are gulled by it, while its authors know that every claim is a pretense, every alleged virtue a cheat, and every line of statement a lie!

Read the following earnest words of editorial protest from the *Evening Post*:
"CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—One of the humbugs of the day is the narcotic called Gunjah-

Wallah, which there is an attempt to puff into vogue by advertisements. It is easy to infer from the language of these puffs that it belongs to that class of substances, which, applied to the nerves by introducing them into the stomach, impair the health, undermine the constitution, and more or less injuriously affect the intellect. There are already sickly narcotics enough in use without making this addition to their number.

[We regret to notice that the Post still advertises this humbug.]

Nobody knows better than a physician that a good conscience produces the most delicate spirital exhalation; that pure food, air, and water, are the only harmless substitutes for liquors; &c.; that no preparation will cure all nervous diseases. Neither is any compound under heaven a remedy for all or one-half the ailments mentioned as curable by this nostrum.

Reader, be assured the gold, silver, satin, ivory, and unique Turkish carpet, the Gungah-Wallah, (Antokai Ayash), and all the rest of such incoherent nonsense, are simply the sugar-coating of the veritable hashish pill—a bitter, terrible pill to take in any form.

Mock-auction shops are respectable, and lottery-agencies charitable and Christian, beside the work of dealing in and advertising this "Gungah-Wallah."

The Tribune, and every other paper admitting such an advertisement, ought to be indicted, and the traffic in a poison in so specious a garb be immediately suppressed, or, what would be equally effective, the manufacturers ("importers") should be condemned to quiet their nerves and exhilarate their spirits by a daily dose of their own Gungah-Wallah! If thus faithfully administered, we wager the price of this advertisement at the end of a week they would, if permitted, choose the Tombs or Blackwell's Island instead!

C. M. P.

A Rebel Defeat.

One important reverse which the rebel cause has suffered, nearly overlooked in all published statements of victories, is the failure of Pearson Hall, the English ship-owner, extensively engaged in running the blockade with supplies for the rebels. This source of strength has been most important to the Confederacy, and their failure to make returns, and the consequent suspension of the merchant with heavy liabilities, cannot fail to discourage other English or European capitalists from engaging in that uncertain trade. Little by little the avenues to power are being withdrawn and closed to rebel efforts, and ere long we trust the venomous element will be shut in and left to sting itself to death.

The Proclamation.

THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.

We make the following brief extracts from leading journals, expressive of the popular sense of the late Proclamation by the President:

[From the Liberator.]

Though we believe that this Proclamation is not all that the exigency of the times and the consequent duty of the government require, and therefore are not so jubilant over it as many others, still it is an important step in the right direction, and an act of immense historic consequence, and justifies the almost universal gladness of expression and warm congratulation which it has simultaneously elicited in every part of the Free States. . . . The objectionable features of the Proclamation are its avowed readiness to return to bloody stripes, and horrible torture, and life-long servitude, (if he be not killed outright), any hunted bondman on the mere oath of the villain claiming him; that he is loyal to the government; its seemingly contradictory talk (for the first portion of it is a characteristic jumble of words) about emancipating the slaves in all existing rebel States on the 1st of January, 1863—a time sufficient to enable Jeff. Davis and his traitorous Confederates to anticipate that measure themselves, and thus secure their independence by foreign intervention; its proposition to make a new overture to the Slave States to sell their slave system at a bargain; and its mean, absurd, and proscription device, to expatriate the colored population from this, their native land.

[From the New York Christian Inquirer.]

Now we see by anticipation the rebellion overthrown, and our country once more marching on in its great mission of civilization and Christianity. It sanctifies all past losses, and forestalls all coming trials. It is a victory beforehand. Mr. Lincoln's name will go down to future ages as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. We were in the depths of discouragement, but we had this great act of justice and humanity as the crown of the efforts and sacrifices in this tremendous revolution. Every drop of blood shed in this war gladdens with a new and holy consecration, when the consummation of all is to be freedom and humanity.

[From the Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer.]

That which has been so long prophesied is now upon us. Let the guilty head of secession bear it all without a word of sympathy from one loyal man or woman. For our part, while we deplore the stern necessity that has compelled the President to the step he has taken, we say a thousand amens to the proclamation. In the language of that distinguished patriot, Col. Metcalf, of Kentucky, we say: "If we cannot have slavery and let the Union both, give us the Union and let slavery die the death it has brought upon itself."

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

So splendid a vision has hardly shone upon the world since the day of the Messiah. From the date of this proclamation begins the history of the republic as our fathers designed to have it—the home of freedom, the asylum of the oppressed, the seat of justice, the land of equal rights under the law, where each man, however humble, shall be entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Let no one think to stay the glorious reformation. Every day's events are hastening its triumph,

and whosoever shall place himself in its way it will grind him to powder.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

Let us fully make up our minds, then, that this proclamation of emancipation, as one of the measures of the war, is a very large elephant—one that will be unruly in the breaking, and expensive in the keeping, and quite as long-lived as large elephants usually are, but one whose work promises to pay us for all our trouble. Especially will it be the duty of those who have almost madly clamored for it to sustain the President and the instruments which he chooses for its execution.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

We have no doubt the President's policy, as laid down in his proclamation, will be approved by an immense majority of the people of the United States who are loyal to our republican form of government.

[From the New York Evangelist.]

This is a stupendous act. It is effect gives notice to the rebels that if they do not lay down their arms in less than one hundred days, the bonds shall be stricken from the limbs of millions of slaves.

What a Gentleman Thinks of the Colonization Scheme.

A NOBLE PROTEST.

BYBERRY, Philadelphia, Aug. 28, 1862.

HON. S. C. POMEROY, Government Colonization Agent.

SIR: I have read with deep and painful interest your address to the "Free Colored People of the United States," and, as a colored man, beg the privilege of saying a few words in reply. Forty-five years ago, an overture similar to that contained in your address came to the colored people from the city of Washington. That proposed Western Africa as the happy place where they were to be colonized; this proposed Central America. On the receipt of that proposition, a public meeting of the colored people of Philadelphia was called, with a view of expressing their opinions of it. It was held in Bethel Church, in the month of January, 1817, and my honored father-in-law, the late James Forten, was its chairman. It adopted a series of resolutions, the first and last of which were as follows:

"Resolved, That our ancestors (not of choice) were the first successful cultivators of the wilds of America; we, their descendants, feel ourselves entitled to participate in the blessings of her luxuriant soil, which their blood and sweat enriched; and that any measure or system of measures having a tendency to banish us from her bosom would not only be cruel, but in direct violation of those principles which have been the boast of this republic."

"Resolved, That, having the strongest confidence in the justice of God, and the philosophy of the Free States, we cheerfully submit our destinies to the guidance of Him who suffers not a sparrow to fall without his special providence."

Senator Pomeroy! these were the sentiments of the colored people of Philadelphia and of the whole land in 1817. They have been their sentiments ever since, and they will be found to be their sentiments now—exceptions there may have been and may be again—I speak of the whole, not of a fraction.

Sir, for more than twenty years the question of colonization agitated and divided this country. The "colored" people stamped it with the seal of their reprobation; the whites acquiesced in the justice of their decision, and the vexed and vexing question was put to rest. Now it is revived; the apple of discord is again thrown into the community, and as though you had not already enough to divide and distract you, a new scheme is hit upon, and deliberately sent upon its errand of mischief.

Sir, there are some aspects to this project which surely its advocates cannot have duly considered. You propose to take from thousands of your laborers. The wealth of a country consists mainly in its labor. With what law of economy, political or social, can you reconcile this project to banish from your shores the men that plow your fields, drive your teams, and help build your houses? Already the farmers around me begin to feel the pinching want of labor; how will it be after this enormous draft? I confess the project seems to me one of insanity.

What will foreign nations, on whose good will will so much be supposed now to depend, think of this project? These nations have none of this vulgar prejudice against complexion. What will they think of the wisdom of a people who, to gratify a low-born prejudice, will deliberately plan to drive out hundreds of thousands of its most peaceable, industrious, and competent laborers?

Mr. Roebuck said, in a late speech at Sheffield, as an argument for intervention, that the "feeling against the black man was stronger in the North than in the South." Mr. Roebuck can now repeat that assertion; and point to this governmental project in corroboration of its truth.

A "Slaveholders' Convention" was held a few years since in Maryland, to consider whether it would not be best either to re-enslave the free blacks of the State or banish them. The question was discussed, and a committee, the chairman of which was U. S. Senator Pearce, was appointed to report upon it. That committee reported that to enslave men now free would be inhuman, and to banish them from the State would be to inflict a deadly blow upon the material interests of the Commonwealth; that their labor was indispensable to the welfare of the State. Sir, your government purposes to do that which the Slaveholders' Convention of Maryland, with all their hate of the free blacks, declared to be inconsistent with the public interest.

But it is said this is a question of prejudice—of national antipathy—and not to be reasoned about. The President has said, "Whether it is right or wrong, I need not now discuss it." Great God! is justice nothing? Is honor nothing? Is even pecuniary interest to be sacrificed to this insane and vulgar hate?

But it is said this is the white man's country. Not so, sir. This is the red man's country by natural right, and the black man's by virtue of his sufferings and toil. Your fathers by violence drove the red man out, and forced the black man in. The children of the black man have man in the soil by their tears, and sweat, and blood. Sir, we were born here, and here we choose to remain. For twenty years we

were goaded and harassed by systematic efforts to make us colonize. We were coaxed and mobbed, and mobbed and coaxed; but we refused to budge. We planted ourselves upon our inalienable rights, and were proof against all the efforts that were made to expatriate us. For the last fifteen years we have enjoyed comparative quiet. Now again the malign project is broached, and again, in the name of humanity, as before, we are invited to leave.

In God's name, what good do you expect to accomplish by such a course? If you will not let our brethren in bonds go free; if you will not let us, as did our fathers, share in the privileges of the government; if you will not let us even help fight the battles of the country, in Heaven's name at least let us alone. Is that too great a boon to ask of your magnanimity?

Sir, I have spoken with freedom, but not, I trust, with disrespect. If I have expressed myself with warmth, put yourself in my place, and ask if you would not do the same. My revered father, William Purvis, of Charleston, S. C., was a loyal citizen of this country, and a true patriot. He died leaving an excellent son, and a stain. My father-in-law, James Forten, served this country in the revolution of 1776, and suffered as a captive of war on board the British prison-ship Old Jersey. He died, too, without a blot upon his memory. I myself have paid the taxes and borne the burdens of the government, without being allowed a share in its privileges. Of this I don't now complain. In bitterness of spirit, but with unwavering loyalty, I have been true to the country which has never ceased to injure me. I have hoped and labored for better things; I still hope and labor, and don't complain.

But let me alone. I elect to stay on the soil on which I was born, and on the plot of ground which I have fairly bought and honestly paid for. Don't advise me to leave, and don't add insult to injury by telling me it's for my own good. Of that I am to be the judge. It is in vain you talk to me about "two races" and their "mutual antagonism." In the matter of rights there is but one race, and that is the human race. God has made of one blood all nations, to dwell on the face of the earth; and it is not true that there is a natural antagonism between the white and colored portion of this community. You may antagonize us, but we do not antagonize you. You may hate us, but we do not hate you. It may argue a want of spirit to cling to those who seek to banish us, but such is nevertheless the fact.

Sir, this is our country as much as it is yours, and we will not leave it. Your ships may be at the door, but we choose to remain. A few may go, as a few went to Hayti and a few to Liberia, but the colored people as a mass will not leave the land of their birth. Of course I can only speak by authority for myself, but I know the people with whom I am identified, and feel confident I only express their sentiments as a body when I say that your project of colonizing them in Central America, or anywhere else, with or without their consent, will never succeed. They will migrate, as do other people, when left to themselves, and when the motive is sufficient; but they will neither be "compelled to volunteer" nor constrained to go of their own accord.

Your obedient servant, ROBERT PERVIS.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—GEN. PRINCE, and other officers recently captured from the army of Maj.-Gen. Pope, have been released by the rebel government on parole.

—GEN. JAMES S. WADSWORTH has received the Union nomination for Governor of New York. He is the emancipation candidate, and will be elected.

—EX-GOV. SEYMOUR, again the candidate of the democracy, though a man of fortune, has not contributed one penny to any fund connected with the war.

—GEN. PHELPS has published a full statement of the causes which led him to resign. His positions entitle him to the respect of all who honor honest convictions and unyielding fidelity to them.

—MAR.-GEN. NELSON was shot at the Galt House, Louisville, Ky., by BRIG.-GEN. JEFFERSON C. DAVIS, on the 17th inst. The provocation was a series of unprovoked insults.

—GEN. CARRIS M. CLAY has it is said, given up all idea of returning to Russia, and will serve his country in the field. Mr. Cameron is expected home soon. The duties of the legation will then devolve upon Bayard Taylor.

—GEN. BUTLER has already organized and equipped three regiments of loyal Louisianians—one of them white, and two not so white. He has also revolutionized and reorganized what schools there are in New Orleans; has dismissed the rebel pedagogues, and sent for a cargo of Massachusetts school-mistresses to give orthodox instruction to young New Orleans.

—COL. A. J. HAMILTON, formerly U. S. Senator from Texas, has just arrived from that State, having been four months in effecting his escape from the rebels.

—LIEUT. WM. BERRY, formerly publisher of the Banner of Light, was among the killed at the battle of Antietam.

—MR. M. N. WISWELL, the principal of the Military School at Eagleswood, Perth Amboy, N. J., has been appointed Colonel of the Twenty-eighth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers, and is now stationed at Camp Vre-denburgh, on the Monmouth battlefield, near Freehold.

—CHARLES SUMNER will deliver a series of political addresses in the principal cities and towns of Massachusetts previous to the November election. His first speech was delivered in Boston this week.

—W. H. C. HOSMER, the poet of Avon, N. Y., has joined Barnes' rifle battery. Mr. Hosmer has a son in the army, another in the navy, and none to leave behind him at home. His and one to leave behind him of fifteen, was recently drowned in the Susquehanna.

—MISS ADAM ISAAC MENKEN, the gifted poetess and actress, was married a few days since to Mr. R. H. NEWELL, of the *Sunday Mercury*, widely known by his Orpheus C. Kerr papers, and occasional poems of real merit.

—EX-PRESIDENT ROBERTS, of Liberia, who has recently visited the United States via England, sailed from Boston in the steamer *Aria* for Liverpool, on the 17th inst., on his return to Liberia.

—CORA L. V. HATCH has accepted the invitation of a number of citizens of Chicago to test the truth of the purported presence of the late Senator Douglas on a public occasion. So says an exchange.

—W. P. ANDERSON, the spirit artist, may be addressed for the present, Box 65, East Boston, Mass.

—REV. WM. COPE, styled the "Beecher of the West," recently expelled from the Methodist Episcopal Church in Illinois for heterodoxy, is highly commended by a correspondent of the *Banner of Light* as an able champion of liberal ideas. There is room for him outside the narrow limits of a creed.

—CHARLES FONTAYNE, an experienced photographer, formerly of Cincinnati, now located at No. 561 Broadway, N. Y., has invented a machine and perfected the chemical preparations so as to be able to print photographs from the negative at the rate of 800 a minute! The illustrations for a book, having all the perfection of a photograph, may be turned out, by the use of this machine, with a rapidity wholly undreamed of, either in plate-printing or lithography.

—MAJ.-GEN. SIGEL asks to be relieved of his command for eight specific reasons. Among these are the following: Because he was placed under the command of a junior officer without the knowledge of the President, although the President alone has the authority to place a junior over a senior of the same grade. Because his command has gradually been reduced. Because even the regiments raised expressly for him (except one) have not been assigned to him, nor have others been given him in their places. Because of the grossly abusive manner in which Gen. Halleck has treated him personally and officially. Because he cannot expect fair treatment, and because his troops, for whom he is deeply concerned, are made the innocent sufferers on his account. He is persuaded that they would fare better under another commander.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—The latest news from Europe represent Garibaldi's health as improving.

—The Italian Government had issued a diplomatic note pointing out the speedy defeat of the Garibaldian movement as proof of the consolidation of affairs in Italy, and urging that the movement shows the necessity for Italy having her proper capital.

—The London *Star* considers the Northern cause hopeless because the emancipation of the slaves in the Southern States has not been proclaimed, and urges the adoption of the measure.

—The London *Herald* thinks that the North will do well to consider the expediency of making a compromise with the South at once.

—A Paris correspondent believes that Count Mercier has been ordered by the Government of France to make a conciliatory attempt to put a stop to the war in America for the sake of humanity.

—The London *Times's* correspondent, writing from Paris, says: "Napoleon will decidedly favor the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and is anxious that the English Government should adopt a similar course."

—It is stated that the British steamer *Lloyds*, which ran the blockade at Charleston and arrived at Halifax, had been insured at premiums as high as 60 guineas per cent.

—The Confederates in Paris argue that the object of placing the French Mexican expedition on so much larger a scale than is necessary to accomplish the French objects in Mexico, is with a view to future eventualities or contingencies in the American conflict.

—The German papers have a story that Prince Alfred, having broken some trifling rule of the naval service, had been ordered back to his ship by the Queen.

—The formal betrothal of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, is semi-officially announced, and it is stated that the marriage is based entirely on mutual affection and the personal merits of the young princess, and that it is in no way connected with political considerations.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The President has by proclamation suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* in respect to all persons arrested for aiding the rebellion or discouraging enlistments.

—After the issue of the emancipation proclamation, the President and members of the Cabinet were serenaded, and called out in brief speeches. Secretary Bates refused to express himself upon the proclamation. Secretary Chase intoned it most emphatically.

—The N. Y. *World*, originally started as a pious paper, now thoroughly slave-ocratic, objects strongly to the proclamation, but says it really amounts to very little. The *Herald* swallows it, but cannot conceal its wry faces.

—By the surrender of Harper's Ferry, the rebels took 14,500 men, rations for 14,000 men for 20 days, 100 tons of ammunition, 87 guns (some of which were the best Parrott's), 14,000 stand of arms, and 4 batteries of artillery.

—Information has been received from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs stating that the difficulties with the Chippewas in Minnesota have been adjusted; but he is fearful the troubles with the Sioux in the same State have only just commenced, and that they will be of long continuance.

—The marriage licenses issued in Boston are largely in excess of those during the same time last year, on account, it is supposed, of the marriage of volunteers prior to their departure.

—Public meetings are being held in St. Louis in support of the Emancipation movement.

—An Italian gondola, built at Venice, has been placed upon the lake at the Central Park. It was the gift of John A. C. Gray, Esq., by whom it was purchased.

—By the official report, it appears that our loss at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam were, killed 2,453, wounded 11,422, missing 1,119. Total, 14,994!

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."

For the Herald of Progress.

A Visit to Visionburg;

OR, GLIMPSES OF A BETTER SOCIAL LIFE.

BY LOUIS.

CHAPTER X.

Opposition has strange origins. Men, against reason, sense, or pretext, oppose innovations, even when good is to result from the attempt. And they excuse their folly by inventing imaginary dangers or pretexting heresy, if they can by any chance drag in their superstitious "faiths." All efforts, in fact, are to be judged by their acts; and if those acts are fraternal they of necessity must be publicly beneficial; if, on the contrary, exclusive, then they can only be injurious, and come within the right of prohibition. Suppose ten or a hundred families banded together to cultivate a certain amount of land; their prosperity would redound to the community surrounding them. But suppose, on the contrary, the same families refused to labor to support themselves, and depended for their daily food on begging and voluntary contributions; the community around them would be justified in teaching them their duty to society. Now, strange to say, public opposition has made more violent manifestations against the former than against the latter. Every effort to benefit humanity by increasing the means and independence of the people, and so increasing national wealth and power, has been met by the most virulent persecutions—as in the case of the first Christians—while society has been benefited and impoverished by beggars in all time, and by the existence of companies and classes of idlers, who, under some pretended religious denomination, have fed and fattened, and from the monotony and vices of idleness, have become idiotized, upon the industry of the working-men. All this opposition, and all this impious blindness, differed only in name; depended only on ignorant calumny. Some impious idler denounced the socialist, and a Tiberius, in the form of law, issued his decree of persecution.

Tiberius or Nero might have been very well educated men, and yet gross ignorance be at the bottom of their action. Indeed, in many great practical questions, if the question be asked, who knows? we must not go to an educated man to solve the riddle. This was proved by the history of Christ. It was not the rich or educated man who understood the "new way of life," but the ignorant or foolish man, who in a moment comprehended the idea when it was presented to him in its practicable shape. The poor man made Christianity; the rich man broke it up. The poor man returned to his unprofitable life of hardship and starvation; the rich man to his ambitious lottery of fortune making and waste of wealth. The rich man, by cultivating language, could not only deceive others, but particularly himself, in matters of common sense. The poor man, by the experience of wrongs, is made more and more an acute appreciator of what is right. While the former stumbles over plain facts, and loses himself in clouds of sophistry and unreasonings, the latter understands them with an unerring instinct. This power exists in many of Nature's creations, but is almost invariably lost by the mind which has been devoted to the slavery of words. I remember a very eminent engineer who had invented a new steam carriage, of the boiler and furnace of which he was particularly proud. Previous to trial a workman remarked that it would not answer, adding, "If he had been a workman he would not have made such a mistake." The engine proved a failure, and on the very grounds alleged by the workman.

Thus you will see why it is important that the educated classes should be trained in facts; and why our theoretical works on every subject should be rather shunned as the fundamental source of that mental mystification which makes us so acutely the dupes of our own smartness. Every one who has ever reflected on the benefits derived by enlarged intercourse between individuals, will admit that the same rule holds equally good as between nations. There is both experience and history to prove it. Yet supposing the question could be put to the English nation by vote to obliterate France from the map of the world, how would the vote stand? Would not the aristocratic classes, for the most part, and the aristocratic church vote "yes"? While the common people, comprehending in an instant the distress falling upon their own nation, would vote "no"? And if the same question was put to the French people, would not the same classes make the same answers? There is such a thing as educated ignorance, and the present civil war is the offspring of that ignorance, just as much as almost every war that ever had an existence in the world. Good samples of educational barbarisms are those of the man who wrote a large volume, descriptive of the purity of every part of the body of Christ! and of the other monster who wrote on every part of the body of the Virgin Mary! wasting thought and moral feeling, labor and time, ink and paper in the composition of fictions; for no positive knowledge, practical nor useful information, and still less of moral aid, could be gained by them.

Fortunately have become with comparatively few years much more matter of fact than heretofore. The orgies which characterized those classes are much less frequent. The tone of

mind, less exhausted by word-study, has become more stable by the moral influences resulting from the study of God's laws in creation; and the more the falsehoods of fictions are grafted on the more capacity to comprehend and associate in all progress will become manifest. Hence, some "distinguished" people even dare to look Socialism in the face, and feel quite happy when they discover that the "hideous monster" is the most harmless and smiling of benevolent institutions. Instead of one form, it has many. Here, it would cultivate the farm like the Shaker; there, it would trade at cost price for all the wants of the family. Here, moneyed men are banded together for mutual advantage; there, workmen with the same laudable object. In no place and on no occasion is it intended to be antagonistic to others. When the moneyed men combine, and their association is not a monopoly, does society complain? and when workmen combine, and by ameliorating their means become better consumers in the market, can society complain? Socialism, in its various phases, appears to me to be the best devised plan to obliterate pauperism—that curse of nations—that human ingenuity and benevolence ever devised. That being its object, is it not divine? and is it not, as it once was, Christian?

Willingly would I see such efforts in practice, I interposed, but where can we find them? There are the Shakers, let us pay them a visit. To this Dion objected, not from any unfavorable impression of their principles, but because he thought they were not a good sample of what association could do for society. Their establishment was not one based on the world as it exists by nature. Whatever merits they are entitled to, they have the disadvantage of basing their associative action on a violation of law. The family relation is one created for a purpose, and it is a wrong to violate it quite as much as to abuse it by excess. Like all errors, this one must ultimately break up the Shaker communities. Where, then, shall we find the true association? My friend answered, nowhere. We are not yet fitted for it. We must be content to take, like the Shakers, some modification of it. Indeed, to my view, a modification only of the business of life is all we can expect to-day.

With this remark I should have remained contented. But Dion was too full of his subject to let me off so easily. Have you ever visited Visitation? he asked me. No, I returned; where is it? Some thirty miles up the river. It is a place worth seeing. We can take the boat from pier 100 to-morrow morning, and make a day of it.

(To be Continued.)

Lois.]

THE STORY OF A MAN'S MISTAKE.

The snow had been falling steadily all the day. It fell whitely and steadily now on the group that stood round an open grave, wherein a coffin had just been deposited, in a New England churchyard among the hills. The neighbors had withdrawn a little, and only a group of four stood bending over the grave. It was a young wife who lay there, in her last slumber. The two old people on the right were her husband's father and mother, for she had been an orphan, brotherless and sisterless, and there was none of her own kin to follow her to the churchyard. There had been no great store of love between William Comstock's young wife and his old parents, and the sorrow which now set on their faces was less for the loss of the dead than for the grief of their living son. William was their only one—their idol. They would have thought the noblest bride in the land none too good for him, and had been but ill-pleased when he brought Lois Gray to the old homestead. She was delicate, indeed, as a spring anemone. Her words and ways were full of a tender flower-like sweetness and grace; but she had neither gold nor land to her dowry, and her small forefinger was pricked till it was callous with the needle—for pretty little Lois was a tailor's, and worked hard for her daily bread, going from house to house as the fashion then was.

There had been many hard words when William Comstock, son of the richest man in Byfield, told his parents of the daughter he was going to bring them. Had he not been their only son, doubtless there would have been yet stormier scenes; perhaps William would have been thrust forth into the world to look out for himself, and his name would have been a forbidden sound thereafter at the home-freedom. But he was their only son. If they had cast him off there would have been none of their name to hold their broad, rich lands, after them; so they yielded to their untoward fate, and did not positively forbid the home-coming of the unwelcome bride. They spoke many scornful words of her, however—words which a stronger, more self-reliant man than William Comstock would not have borne. It would have been better had he taken his bride to another home, asking no aid of them, and remembering, while he showed them all filial duty, that it was heaven's ordering that a man should forsake his father and mother and cleave unto his wife. This certainly would have been Lois' choice. Delicate as she looked, there was force and power in her nature. She would have made her husband a true and wise helpmeet, if he had been but ready to go with her to ever so humble a home of their own, and live, as every newly married pair should, their own life apart from the rest of the world. But William Comstock, though good, and truthful, and loving, was not a strong man. He would have had little courage to fight unaided his battle of life. He had been petted, and fostered, and indulged in his own way, until his nature was changed, as a early woodland flower is changed when it is transplanted to a hot-house. It may put forth more luxuriant leaves and fuller and softer petals, but it would shrink from the first blast. Sun, and wind, and shower, which it was its nature to court, would be death to it now.

Going out into the world to toil for himself and the wife of his choice would have been the last thing to suggest itself to William Comstock, and yet he loved her far too well to

give her up because of his parents' displeasure. So he trusted, as many another weak man has done, to things coming right in time. He thought his father and mother would be sure to like her when all was done; and, any way, he would be good to her; and so, without some misgivings, he brought his bride home.

I think a wind blew from the east, and an ill-omened wind, when Lois crossed that threshold, and its subtle chill stole through her bridal robes to her young, innocent heart; for she was never quite the same Lois afterwards.

Her father and mother-in-law were not rudely and openly unkind to her, for William would have seen that, and weak as he was, it would have armed him in her defense. But there is a secret cruelty, an intangible wrong, of which one could never find words to complain. I do not mean to represent old Simon Comstock and his wife as very much worse than the ordinary run of men and women. They did not deliberately set to work to torture their son's wife, and crush out her life; simply they did not like her, and they let her see that they did not every hour and every moment in the day. She never retaliated, and her very innocences provoked them still her more. Probably if she had been a genuine termagant, and had fought one or two fierce battles with them, letting them see that she had her own little gifts in the *triple* of Xantippe, it would have ended in their letting her alone, and finally recognizing her as of their own kind, and coming to like her very well indeed.

But her silence, her courtesy, her still patience, they could not comprehend, and therefore they hated her the more. It was the hardest of all when her husband became in some sort her persecutor. Constant complaints of her fine ladyism, of her inefficiency, her incompetence to manage domestic affairs, at length irritated him, and he often spoke to her in tones of dissatisfaction and fault-finding.

She did not explain that her apparent lack of domestic ability arose from necessity, not choice, because his mother jealously resented all exercise of authority on her part, and found something to condemn in every attempt she made to be useful. She was of a rare type of womanhood—one who never wasted words or complained. If love had made her husband's eye keen to see her sufferings, she would have been thankful. He did not see them; she was silent.

When they had been married a year, a little girl came—a new life blossoming from her own, to which she trusted to bring back the youth and hope which already, at nineteen, seemed slipping from her grasp.

William had always loved his wife in his own way—not so deeply and fervently, perhaps, as some men love—each tree bears its own kind of fruit, and we do not cut down the cherry-bough because it does not offer oranges. He was not a man of lofty courage or very delicate perceptions. His heart was not so strong or so noble as some hearts which have worshiped women far less akin to the divine than she; but such as the heart was, it was all hers.

He thought he had never loved so well as when he came into the still room where she lay with her baby on her breast. He bent over her and kissed the pink flushes on her cheek—the white lips that drooped over her eyes to shut out of sight the happy tears. Then he took the baby in his arms, clumsily and awkwardly, as men always do when they handle the little, frail, new-born things; but with a strong pulse of love and pride throbbing in the breast against which the helpless little morsel lay—his child and hers.

The weeks were velvet slowness which slipped by so noiselessly before the young mother left the room. She almost wished they would never end, she was so happy. William was with her almost all the time. He read to her; he gathered flowers to lay on her pillow; he told her twenty times a day how dear she was to him, and how full of thanksgiving his soul was that her hour of peril had not been her hour of death. It was like their old lover days, she thought—like them, only so much better, for here was the baby, the wee, winsome darling, who held in such tiny, dimpled fingers, the unseen threads which were drawing husband and wife nearer together than they had ever been before.

Even the old father and mother were kind to her at first during those still weeks, for she had passed through such suffering as always softens the hardest heart.

But this season of repose could not last forever. One day the Present touched her with a rude hand and woke her to the memory that she had not reached her heaven—where our rest is.

Her husband had been sitting beside her, as she leaned back in her chair looking at the flower-like creature on her knee. They had been marveling over the perfect little fingers, the round, soft limbs, the eyes of violet-blue, so like Lois' own. At length he had gone out, drawing the doors together after him, but not latching it—space was left for a discordant, disturbing voice to penetrate to the Rose-Eden. It was William Comstock's mother who spoke:

"How is your wife getting along? Are we never to get her out of that room again? Baby has been here four weeks now. Times have changed mightily since I was young. When you were a fortnight old, I had you on my arm, and was going round the house overseeing the work. Not that there is any special need of Lois, for she doesn't understand managing the business of a household like this; but she will never begin to gain strength if she doesn't move round, and I suppose you wouldn't like to have her shut up there always."

"I'll tell her about it, mother, if you think she'd get well faster by stirring round more. I won't go back now, though, for she was trying to get baby to sleep."

Lois heard the acquiescent reply, and her heart sank within her. She felt the old chill creeping back over her life. Oh, how she longed for a mother, for any friend, with strong love and keen feminine discernment, to make her husband understand that all women were not alike, and that his mother's strength was no criterion for hers; his mother, with her heavy constitution and sturdy Dutch build, she herself "fat-toned so slenderly." She sighed as she bent over her sleeping baby, and drew it close to her sheltering bosom; but there was a struggle for cheerfulness in her voice as she murmured—

"No more long, lazy days for us, little one! I suppose grandmamma was right, though, and we shall be all the better for a little exertion."

That afternoon when William came in to tea, he found his wife in the dining-room. Baby was asleep in the inner apartment, and Lois sat quietly by the window, with a piece of work in her hands. So that was the end of still, pleasant days of convalescence! The thought came to him half sadly, but he said nothing. He threw carelessly on the table the bunch of late wild roses which he had fastened together with a long spear of grass for Lois; he would not give them to her there, with his father and mother looking on, who so hated what they called nonsense.

And so the happy weeks ended, and Lois came back into the hard every-day life again. She had her baby, to be sure, and there was sweet comfort in that—at least in the rare times when she could get away, and have it quite to herself, where no cynic gaze sneered at her when she begged it to her bosom, and covered its little face with kisses; no lip curled when she murmured all manner of intelligible nonsense over it in true womanly fashion. But a baby is not quite enough to fill and satisfy a woman's heart. Lois felt that the vision she cherished of the love and harmony into which this new life was to submerge her life with her husband had been an airy fancy—he was as far from her now as ever. Perhaps it would have been well if she had realized he was not, and never under any circumstances would have been, the hero her youthful imagination had made of him. Once convinced that he was an utterly commonplace man, and she might have borne it better, for it is in human nature, I think, to become resigned to the inevitable. The misfortune was that her exalted estimate of him would not change; so she wore herself out with vain endeavors to kindle a fire which there would have been no fuel in his being to sustain. Partly she attributed her failure to the influence which she thought it was but natural that his parents' contempt for her should unconsciously have over him; partly—and this was the saddest of all—to some unworthiness of her own, which night and day she vexed herself with vain strivings to discover and remedy. And all the while she grew paler and thinner, holding the world more and more loosely.

It might naturally have been thought that the little child in the house would have won its grandparents' hearts for its mother, and so brought love and harmony in place of discord and coldness. But what was singular, they did not love it. They always spoke of it as Lois' child—all Gray—not a bit of Comstock about it. If it had looked like William it might have been different, but it was simply Lois in miniature. It had her eyes, her soft, shadowy brown hair, her delicate outline of features, and fragility of organization. A bold, brawny child, thrusting itself on their notice, might have stormed its way to their hearts, but little Nellie never sought any one's attention—she took whatever treatment she received quietly, and shrank within herself like a sensitive plant. She was perfectly well, but she seemed to have been, as it were, marked with silence. It was probable that her mother's feelings before her birth had impressed her with those characteristics usually so foreign to childhood. She was certainly no cold child of nature, for she clung to her mother with a tenacity so passionate that it seemed terrible, when one recalled the chances and changes that life has in store for these clinging intense natures. Her father loved her, certainly, not he, too, would have been fond of her. Her mother, too, loved her. She felt this, not with her understanding, of course, but with a dumb, instinctive heart-knowledge which she was too young to frame into thought.

She was more than three years old when again to her mother came the fierce extremity of woman's anguish and peril. This time it was a boy who lay upon the almost pulseless breast. Towards him, indeed, the grandparents' hearts warmed. He looked like William—he was Comstock, not Gray. It was evident that he was idolized and spoiled, as his father had been before him, would be his fosterling if he lived. From the first his was not a doubtful life. He was helpless and frail as a wreath of snow, and he seemed hour by hour to grow frailer. It was but three days before he slipped quite away from the heart and hands that would have held him back from death—three days, and they found him on the pillow a little white, frozen image; a still cold mouth that human breath would never more flutter through; a brow, on whose awful chill the kiss of Azrael had left its seal of eternal peace.

Only the mother seemed not to mourn him. A smile full of mysterious meaning crossed her face when they told her he was dead—not the dimmed blue gladness of her eyes, in which she saw a strange rejoicing; and this singular indifference—hard-heartedness the old people called it—vexed them still more, and woke a vague disquiet in the sorrowing soul of William Comstock.

That afternoon he followed Dr. Sprague from the sick room. The Doctor had known Lois from a baby, and without wife or child himself, had loved her, perhaps better than any living thing, for the sake of her dead mother, whom he had loved once in vain. With the quiet insight of one long practiced to observe minutely, he had noted the coldness and contempt which had been meted out to her in her widowhood home, and often had been angered almost beyond his power of self-control and silence. He felt condemned now that he had been restrained from speaking by his hesitation to intrude upon the domestic privacy of another household; and angry with himself, he was the more ready to deal harshly with another. He turned upon William Comstock, as they stood alone together, with something stern and threatening in his eye.

"What would you have?" he said, shortly.

"Lois"—the young man faltered—"what ails her?"

"Nothing, I think," was the curt answer.

"Has she no disease?"

"None that I know of."

"Is her mind all right, then?"

Dr. Sprague drew a long breath, and looked at Lois Comstock's husband with the fierce pitiless gaze of one who feels no ruth and will show no mercy. He spoke with cold, incisive tones, that seemed to cut the air:

"Nothing is the matter with Lois, only she is dying. Among you, you have done her to death. What did you think, madam, to live brought that girl, sensitive as a flower, to live—and stood by yourself looking on, and never seeing it was killing her? Did you have it in your heart to be a murderer?"

He paused a moment, with a cruel joy, to see how the thrust he had given had struck home. Then opening the outside door, he said, coolly: "You had better keep the boy and bury him with his mother. You will not have long to wait."

Left alone, William Comstock stood for a moment leaning against the wall. He understood it now too well—saw but too clearly. She had not murmured for her babe, indeed—we do not mourn for those from whom we part but for a day or an hour.

He went in at length where she lay, craving, as he always had done, his trouble to her. The wistful, violet eyes, with the strange smile in them, met his as he dropped down on his knees beside her. He spoke abruptly—he knew what he had to say was already familiar to her thoughts—

"Dr. Sprague says you are dying, Lois?"

"Yes, William. I have known it all along. It is best so. I was poorly fitted for this struggling, turbulent world."

"But Lois, pity me. I cannot bear it, what shall I do? You must not leave me alone."

The white, thin hand, was cold and soft as snow that touched his lips.

"Not alone, love. Our Father will watch over you; our loving Savior will be near and comfort you, if only you will not shut the door of your heart. And then you have Nellie. I leave my image with you on earth, even as I shall carry you with me to heaven. Your parents, too—"

"Do not speak of them;" interrupting her with a fierce passion that seemed foreign to his easy, quiet nature. "God forgive me, but I hate them. I shall hate them to their dying day. They have killed you, my darling, and I, blind fool, stood by and never saw it."

"What did they do? Did they do anything to you? Did they ever see me again hereafter, you must forgive them. They meant no harm; it was only that they could not love me, we were so different. The worst pang was when I thought you did not love me. But I know better than that now. I know that I was your beloved wife always."

"As God hears me, you were my blessed darling! I must have been mad ever to have given you room to doubt it."

Keeling there he laid his head on the pillow beside her. Strong sobs shook him; the fierce agony of manhood was upon him. He scarcely felt the hand that rested so softly on his hair, or the lips that fluttered against his cheek. There would come a time when he would baffle himself for one of those touches. She was the first to break silence. She felt a strange lethargy creeping over her, and she knew but too surely what it portended.

"Go, William," she said, "bring me little Nellie, and call your parents."

He sprang to do her bidding. He caught her child from the chair where she sat silently by the window, the quiet, patient little thing. He did not speak to his parents, but startled by his white face and strange manner, they hurried after him. Even during the moment of his absence, that change which none can mistake who ever saw it once, had crept over Lois' face; he would have needed no one to tell him now she was dying. Simon Comstock and his wife saw it, too, and wild spasms of repentance shook their hard worldly natures to their depth. As white almost as the dying woman, they stood beside her bed, and she, patient in life, and merciful in death, whispered:

"Good-bye, father and mother!"

Her husband laid little Nellie beside her, and the child crept quietly into the bosom growing child so fast. The mother's lips moved in prayer—then they clung passionately for a moment to the white, childish brow and golden hair, and then—even as she stretched her hands towards her husband, for the last and hardest parting of all—they sank nervelessly by her side, and little Nellie was motherless.

There were no words to paint the bitterness of William Comstock's agony. It blanched his hair and aged his face, but he made no moan. He said not a word, save to give the necessary directions for the funeral of his dead wife; and the sternness of passionate tenderness and sorrow over the silent, clinging child in his arms, which no one else heard.

And so the days went on till the day came on which they left her in her still grave among the hills. She had been beautiful in life, but never had she seemed half so fair as with the last and sweetest smile of all frozen upon her face, the eyes closed gently as if in sleep, and the brow so very white, beneath the shadowy, dusky hair. In her arms, pressed to her bosom, lay the little babe who had lived only three days long. Not till William Comstock's eyes should be covered with the death-film would they cease to behold the awful statue-like beauty of those two—his dead wife and the dead baby on her breast.

Plainly than ever he seemed to see it when they had shut the lid of the coffin above her and let it down into the open grave, where the snow-flakes were falling steadily. Little Nellie in his arms clung closer still, and cried shudderingly, that he should not let them put her mother in the ground. He clasped her to his breast with a quick, passionate gesture, and whispered something that made her silent again. And so they stood around the young wife's grave—those who had hated and those who had loved her.

Ever since Lois' death, a half-stifled remorse, and vague, shuddering fear of retribution, had lain heavily at the hearts of Simon Comstock and his wife. They knew not exactly how their punishment was to come, but they read a sentence of doom in their son's implacable eye.

When the funeral was over, and they were all seated in the room whence the dead had that day been borne, with the wild courage which is born of despair the mother resolved to know and provoke the worst. So she took Lois' name upon her lips—uttered, like Job's comforters, some of the common plattitudes of sorrow, and told him that time would heal the wounds that ailed so now.

He put Nellie down from his arms as he listened, and stood up before his mother, straight and strong.

There are some men weak by nature and easily sown; men whose are not firm and self-reliant, yet, with a certain vein of desperation in them, which, when aroused, is as long-enduring as terrible, as the most stern and most unflinching resolves of stronger men. Such was William Comstock—such a fierce purpose glittered in his hard eye, and gave a sharp steel-like ring to his voice.

"Not that name, mother; never dare to take that name upon your lips again. You killed her, you two—chilled, and tortured, and goaded her to death; and I—I, who loved her—stood

by and never saw it. I can never forgive myself; is it likely that I shall ever forgive you? I will stay here unless you choose that I should go; it is the fittest place for Nellie, and there is no need the world should busy itself concerning our affairs. But I will never speak to you, save when some third party is present, or business requires it, so help me God!"

When he had said these words he took the child up again in his arms, and bore her to his own chamber. He had spoken passionately, though he did not confess his motive to himself, in order that the terror of perjury might keep him from any weak yielding. Knowing the weakness and infirmity of purpose which characterized his nature, he feared to trust himself without some outside support.

The two left behind looked at each other in blank horror.

"We are punished." The words fell slowly after a time from the mother's aspen lips. "We have idolized him, and now he has turned from us. I cannot blame him. We have sinned, and the penalty is just. I can never forget the face which Lois lifted to ours a moment before she died. It will haunt me forever."

Simon Comstock was silent. He was a man of few words, but the blow fell on him heavily. He understood his son better, however, than his wife did; and in his heart was a vague hope that resentment so fierce, in such a nature, would sooner or later wear itself out.

But weeks and months passed on, and brought no change. Never, when they were alone with their son, did one word more cross his lips than business actually required; never by any chance did his eye meet theirs. When guests were present his manner was so courteous, so apparently unconscious of any estrangements between them, that it was almost beyond their endurance. But there was that in his face still which told even his mother that words would be wasted. She did not once appeal to him.

They did try to win Nellie's love, those two poor forsaken souls; for their hearts yearned over the child now in this alienation from her father. They succeeded in so far that she was always dutiful to them, suffering their caresses, and often performed for them thoughtful little offices of attention.

To all this her father never objected. He would not for worlds have taught the child one lesson of hatred or revenge, were it only from an undefined feeling that her mother would look on from the far place of her abode with a still human sorrow. But Nellie's heart was all his. She loved him as his mother had done before during her mother's lifetime, for now they were all in all to each other. He never went to the grave of his dead young wife without her. They would sit there together, hand in hand, in a silence drearier than tears of mourning.

At last the child was taken sick. Scarlet fever was in the neighborhood, but her father guarded her carefully, as he thought, from contagion. Yet, in spite of all his precautions, one day he saw the fatal scarlet flushing his fair child's face. From the first he felt as if she were doomed. He watched over her incessantly himself, scarcely allowing any one else to approach her. He longed then for his mother's sympathy, for she was his mother in spite of all, and a fond and loving mother to him; but he bethought himself anew of his oath and the wrongs of his dead wife, and preserved his stern silence.

At length one night he sat as usual, alone, watching his child. To all offers of assistance he replied that he needed none, and so his vigil was unsharpened. It was midnight when he knelt, overwhelmed with the anguish of fear, and uttered a wild, passionate cry to heaven for his darling's life. Was it his overwrought fancy? Did he hear, or only seem to hear a voice calling through the farthest space—a well-known, well-loved voice?

"You have forgotten to show mercy—how can you venture to ask it? I bade you with my dying breath to forgive; you have not forgiven. You have taken away from your parents their child, can you hope heaven will spare yours? Deyling God's command of peace and pardon, can you cry to him for a blessing?"

That was all. It was as if, for one moment, heaven had opened and the voice he loved had sounded to him through the far distance, and then the golden gates had rolled back upon their hinges, and the voice was silent forevermore until he should join her there.

In that moment he knew that his vow was not "unto the Lord;" that the sin would be in keeping, not in breaking it; and, leaving his sick child alone in the dull stupor of fever, he went swiftly to the room where his parents always slept. He found them sitting together over the fire—it was winter again now—too anxious for slumber. They started when he entered, with a shiver of agony, for the child had grown very dear to their penitent hearts, and they thought he had come to tell them she was dying.

Once more, as on the night after the burial, he stood before them, and now, as then, they listened.

"Father, mother, God is chastening me. Lois bade me, with almost her dying breath, to forgive you, and I have hardened my heart against you. I dare not ask heaven's mercy for my child till I have made my peace with you. I have sinned; forgive me."

It is not for me to describe that hour of confession and pardon—the parents who humbled themselves in the dust, and then clung, weeping tears of joy, and grief, and terror, to the lost son whom they had found.

William Comstock watched no more alone. Together, father, mother, and son, called on God, and he heard them. Nellie lived.

Her illness, or the difference she witnessed in her father's manner of thought and life, wrought a strange change in her. When she recovered, she was no longer a pensive, silent child, shutting the leaves of her heart from every eye. She became joyous, social, caressing—even naughty and exacting sometimes—thoroughly and deliciously human.

She grew up to a character and faith far other than her mother's. Joy smiled upon her life, and to-day the hair is white about her serene forehead, and her children's children call her blessed.

It is wonderful how men and women know their peers. If two stranger queens, sole survivors of two shipwrecked vessels, were cast, half-naked, on a rock together, each would at once address the other as "our royal sister."

[O. W. HOLMES.]

Constitution of the New York Psychological Society.

ADOPTED FEB. 4, 1862.

Holding the following opinions concerning the phenomena called Inspiration and Spiritual Manifestations to be well established, namely: That all such phenomena occur through the mediation of certain states of body and mind in some one or more of the witnesses thereof: That all men are to some extent susceptible of inspiration, and are capable of healthful culture therein: That the founding of an experimental Science of Psychology is a social and philanthropic desideratum of pressing moment, and that it is now rendered practicable by the wide-spread occurring and continual recurrence of the phenomena above cited: and, That intercourse with the spiritual world, under the guidance of a positive Psychology, is important to individual progress in science and morals; establishing, as it does, a permanent belief in the immortality of the human soul, and in the omnipresence of the spiritual world, and in the inevitable correspondence of our actions in this life with our states or planes of activity in the life next ensuing.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to cooperate in the cultivation of experimental Psychology as one of the positive Sciences; and we do hereby associate ourselves under the style of The New York Psychological Society. And we do further explicity our said purpose by adopting the following Articles of our Constitution, with our Signatures annexed:

ART. 1.—OF MEMBERSHIP.

All persons are eligible to membership who are desirous of promoting the Science of Psychology, by contributing facts new in any department of Anthropology, or their own deductions from facts already existing, with exclusive reference to such Science; and they may become members on the conditions hereinafter provided.

ART. 2.—OF OFFICERS.

The officers of the Society shall be the President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and a Board of Trustees. The Trustees elected shall be three in number, and the President and Secretary shall be members of the Board ex officio. The officers shall be chosen by ballot annually, at the stated meeting of the Society in February.

ART. 3.—OF THE PRESIDENT.

The President shall preserve order and harmony in the meetings, and, to this end, he shall have power to adjourn them without a vote if his admonitions are disregarded.

He shall read the preamble of this Constitution to each member elect, and on receiving his assent thereto, present it to him for his signature.

No appeal from the decision of the chair respecting points of order shall be entertained, nor any debate thereon allowed.

ART. 4.—OF THE SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall have custody of the papers on scientific subjects read before the Society, and of all the books and archives of the Society other than those relating to the property held by the Trustees.

He is also to endeavor to report the scientific points suggested by members after the reading of papers.

He shall read his minutes for amendment at the close of each meeting.

ART. 5.—OF THE TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall receive the moneys paid by the members for fees and dues, and pay all current expenses ordered by the Society. He shall make a detailed report to the Trustees quarterly.

ART. 6.—OF THE TRUSTEES.

The Trustees shall hold all the real estate of the Society; also, all moneys, except the fees and dues held by the Treasurer for current expenses as aforesaid.

They shall examine into all nominations for membership, and no election can be made therefrom until the Trustees have reported favorably in writing to the Society at a stated meeting. They shall superintend all publications made, and all public Lectures given by order of the Society.

ART. 7.—OF THE ELECTION OF MEMBERS.

On presentation of a report of the Trustees favoring the nomination or application of any person for membership in the Society, the Society shall, without debate, proceed to ballot, and the President shall declare the candidate elected if two-thirds of the ballots are found to be in his favor.

At the request of three members the report of the Trustees may be laid over till the next stated meeting.

ART. 8.—OF FEES AND DUES.

The fee for membership shall be Five Dollars, and the annual tax shall be One Dollar from each member.

The Society may remit either or both by a majority vote.

ART. 9.—OF MEETINGS.

The Society shall meet on the first Tuesday in each month at half-past seven o'clock P. M. Six members shall be a quorum.

The order of business shall be as follows: 1. The initiation of members elect.

2. The report of Trustees on proposed members, and the ballots thereon.

3. The reading of papers and essays.

4. Conversation concerning the topic of a paper after or during the reading of it, at the option of the author, who, by courtesy, shall preside over the assembly till the topic is disposed of by the President of the Society. But no forensic speaking shall be tolerated by the Society while a scientific paper or essay is under consideration.

(If any member desire to oppose the position taken, or the statements made, by the author of a paper or essay, he must do so in writing; and his objections so made shall be filed in the archives, with the paper to which he so objects.)

5. Transaction of miscellaneous business relating to the laws, customs, or economy of the Society.

6. Reading of minutes for emendation.

7. Adjournment.

ART. 10.—OF AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Amendments or additions to the Constitution may be made at any stated meeting

by a vote of not less than two-thirds of such meeting, provided written notice of the proposed amendments or additions shall have been read by the movers thereof at the two stated meetings next prior to action thereon.

New Publications.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for September has the following contents: Watering-places; Shiraz to Bushire; Caxtoniana, Part VIII; Chronicles of Carlingford; President Jefferson Davis; Pictures, British and Foreign; Trollope's North America.

We may extract from the part of Caxtoniana, treating upon "The spirit in which new theories should be received."

L. Scott & Co, 79 Fulton street. \$3 a year.

THE ELECTIC MAGAZINE.—The October number of this valuable compendium has an engraving of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. The noticeable selections are: An Article on France and Italy; The Metamorphoses of Matter; The Breath of Life; Troyon's Lacustrine Abodes of Man; Concerning Disagreeable People; The Reign of Terror; Hints towards a Treatise on Laughter; and the French Police System.

W. H. Bidwell, 5 Beekman street. \$5 per year; 42 cents per number.

Suppressing the Abolitionists.

"Let us suppress the Abolitionists," cries some slack-witted-orator, "and the rebellion will end!" Of course it will, you dear soul; and if all your fellow citizens had been of your caliber and kidney there would have been no rebellion at all. If Hampden and his friends had said, "Let us suppress these fellows who cry out against ship-money?" England would have quietly submitted to the tyranny of the Stuarts. If Otis and Patrick Henry had shouted, "Hurrah for King George and the Stamp Act!" there would have been no bloody revolution. If Mirabeau and the French people had bellowed, "Hurrah for starvation! aristocrats forever!" all the troubles in France would have speedily ended. To be sure, every right would have been annihilated, every liberty destroyed, and a few rich and remorseless people would have governed France; but there would have been no difficulty, except moral rot and general national decay.

"Let us suppress the Abolitionists!" But suppose you begin at the beginning. First subdue the common sense of the people of the country; then you may subdue those who influence it. It is not what you call, with an amazing persistence, Abolitionism, which caused the war, but the opening of the eyes of the people, so that they saw. The people of this country know perfectly well that Slavery is at the bottom of this rebellion. If there had been no Slavery there would have been no war; just as there would have been no Abolitionism. The temperance movement springs from drunkenness; and when a drunkard tries to kill his wife, don't you think the teetotalers are responsible for it?

Slavery was trying to kill the country. It had almost succeeded. "Watch! watch!" shouted the Abolitionists. Slavery, maddened that its crime was discovered, shot and stabbed right and left. "There! there!" cry the sensible Wickliffe and company—"this comes of calling the watch! Why the devil can't you hold your tongues! Let us suppress these fellows that cry watch! watch! and all will be quiet again."—Harper's Weekly.

Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Obituary.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

Never was this declaration more emphatically true than at this hour, where, throughout the length and breadth of our land, in almost every habitation, from the lordly palace of the rich, where wealth and luxury reign, to the humblest and most lowly cot of the poor man, there is weeping and mourning for some lost one.

Fathers are in affliction because those to whom they had looked as being the staff of their declining years are gone from their sight forever. Mothers are mourning, and will not be comforted, because their sons are to return to them no more. Wives, in whose waking hours and midnight dreams the booming of cannon and the roar of artillery are mingled with groans for the loved and lost ones. Brothers, whose heart-strings have been sundered by the rending of ties that have bound them to kindred ones. Sisters, whose great tears of agony, like blood-drops, are poured out because the loved ones in whom they had centered so much of true affection have fallen upon the gory field of battle.

But for all these there is consolation and hope in the beautiful teachings and philosophy of Spiritualism, giving, as they do, the assurance and conviction that, though these loved ones are removed from our sight, they are not afar off, but linger around the old familiar haunts of home and friends, and are ever near to cheer and comfort us.

These reflections were ours as we stood beside the mangled body of our brave young friend and brother ALBAN T. PAIST, Orderly Sergeant in the Second California Regiment; one who stood by the side of the gallant Col. Baker as he fell, at Ball's Bluff; and whose "soul is marching on" with him now. This young man had just entered upon his twenty-third year, and was the son of Thomas and Elizabeth H. Paist, of this city, and brother of Samuel H. Paist, the blind medium. He has been in the service about twenty months, and fell in battle at Antietam, on Wednesday the 17th September, a ball having passed through his head. His remains were brought to Philadelphia, and interred at Laurel Hill on the 27th inst. Having been educated in the So-

ciety of Friends, he entered this war with a deep conviction of principle, and a firm belief that this was a struggle for the maintenance of a free government, and for the establishment of universal liberty without respect to sect, sex, complexion, or nation.

Could he have heard the proclamation of our noble President, it would have filled his soul with rapture. He has heard it, and from the lofty heights of his home in the spirit life, he shouts, "Upward and onward ye hosts of freedom battling for the right and the true!" The time shall come when the glorious old sun in his course around our earth shall not cast his rays upon a single slave. God speed the day when all nations shall raise the echoing voice of the grand anthem, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." H. T. C.

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