

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE, WISDOM, LIBERTY.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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[WHOLE No. 148

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

Whispers to many correspondents will appear next week.

C. B. F. YORKVILLE.—Long-departed friendships are seldom renewed in this world.

J. F. S. BROOKLYN.—It is not the decisive battle of the war.

L. L. OSWEGO.—Be careful of your pledge—always keep your word, even in the most trifling appointment.

T. H. S. SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—Every Sunday morning and evening, at Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway.

C. C. LOCKPORT, N. Y.—The stories you refer to have dwindled away, one by one, to stony channels in the earth beneath. They will have no resurrection.

A. P. W., INDIANA.—If the stump-speaker you mention would always shut the gate when the grist was out, his audience would like him better. Please nudge his mental elbow.

PETE C. WATERFORD, N. Y.—It has been said the more base a thing is, the better foundation some people have for building a fortune upon it.

For the Herald of Progress.

THE SOLDIER'S APPEAL.

A PARODY.

BY NAN CLARA McROBERTS.

Fly away to my Northern home, sweet bird,
Fly away to my Northern home,
To tell my friends how my soul is strayed,
To tell them I cannot come.

Bravely I raised the sword 'mid the throng
On the field of the battle's toll;
But the power of the Southern arm was strong
On Virginia's blood-stained soil.

For the country I love and the home of my youth
Here I, a prisoner, stand;
But I cannot endure they should doubt my truth,
Away in my mountain land.

So fly to my mother's arms, sweet bird,
Oh, fly to my father's home;
To the sisters who weeping is sadly heard
For the brother that may not come.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Three Modes of Knowing.

All knowledge originates from impressions made on the mind, or mentality, which impressions are both hereditary and acquired.

Instinct and intuition are two terms for the same (and lowest) mode of knowing. By this mode we know certain impressions during that concentration of the mind caused by the almost entire absence of all other impressions. Hence this is the natural or chief mode of knowing with infants, the lowest animals, and all sentient beings that have not the capacity for varied impressions. In the higher order of animals and in man there is less instinctive and more of a higher order of knowledge. In man intuition becomes possible in those abnormal states—such as dreams, somnambulism, mesmerism, trance, &c.—during which all impressions, except those which are the object of the intuition, are more or less perfectly absent from the mind.

By perception we know past and present impressions (that is, those now being imprinted on the mind and those recalled by memory) in close connection and under most circumstances. By reason, or the highest mode of knowing, we know two or more impressions simultaneously, and thus are enabled to perceive the relations between them. In one phase of reason only, the striking points, and not the complete impressions, are viewed; hence imagination, wit, &c.

To conclude, it would seem that intuition, perception, and reason, are but grades of the same mode of knowing. By the first we perceive impressions isolated from all others; by the second, impressions in close succession; by the third, impressions simultaneously. Again, by intuition, we best know obscure, mysterious, or hereditary impressions; by perception we best know the greatest number of individual impressions; and by reason we nearest approach to a knowledge of the compound of all possible impressions, which is TRUTH.

Correspondence.

Correspondence of the Herald of Progress.

From the Alpine Land.

Horgen, Switzerland, Nov. 17, 1862.

We have just heard the not unexpected news of the death of one of the sweetest of all the singers of Germany, Ludwig Uhland, who is perhaps better known to American readers through the numerous translations of his shorter poems than any other German poet of our day.

He passed away on the evening of the 13th of November, at his home in Tübingen, Schwaben, in Germany. He was born on the 26th of April, 1787, and was more dearly loved by his own countrymen than any of his poetical contemporaries. He was an unwavering advocate of the rights of the people, an earnest patriot, and one of the gentlest and loveliest of beings in all the social relations of life. His freedom of political opinion, invariably so fatal to the popularity of his fellow countrymen in general, could not deprive him of the regard even of the unsympathizing loyalists.

I do not know for what reason, but I always think of the late Isaac T. Hopper, of New York, in reading the poems of Uhland. They must have had sympathies, and souls in harmony, those dear, good old men; both were philanthropists, both the simplest and most truly loving of all God's gentlest creatures. Isaac T. Hopper lived the sweetest life, the magnificent harmonies, and the unwritten music that the dear old Uhland sang. And the songs of the grand old singer went warbling in the pure air that surrounded his innocent life. He, too, was a living poem.

Allow me to give you one of his minor songs, by whom translated I know not:

THE PASSAGE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as you,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then, in this same boat, beside,
Sat two comrades, old and tried—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

So when'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore—
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, oh boatman, thrice thy fee!
Take—I give it willingly!
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

I should have written you a long time ago of how the house of one of the principal dignitaries in Switzerland has been troubled with all sorts of inconvenient visitations, in the form of rappings and the like; but your old correspondent, Mr. Hermann Studer, who is at present teacher of an academy in the charming village of Waedenswil, on the opposite bank of Lake Zurich, promised me quite solemnly to take the responsibility of so doing upon himself, and I am well aware that he has already commenced a "correspondence" for your journal, relating thereto. But when a young man is about to be married to a charming young lady, and that young lady is an attractive and lovely young Swiss—than whom no young ladies on earth can be more attractive when they choose—who can say when that golden-chained individual is likely to finish a newspaper letter? I am not going to keep the news any longer, for my positive opinion is that it would be several days longer, at least, in reaching you through the medium above mentioned. It would be superfluous for me to add, after having hinted at the happy conjugal prospects in view, that Mr. S. is at present enjoying the highest health and spirits. But to my news.

Is everything bewitched, or is it not? That is what folks in Switzerland want to know just now. If spirits, (or whatever power it is that produces rappings,) choose to entertain themselves and other people on your side the ocean with their innocent noises, why folks allow them to do so and set about investigating the cause therefor. But here they set the police after them! Funny, isn't it? How is a policeman going to stop "spirits" when they are determined to go on and make them-

selves heard? One would think they might be contented with visiting people who believe in or have at least heard of their modern manners. But no; they come here to Switzerland and are put under police regulations for making a noise!

The house of one of the most staid and sober, (and, as the English would say, "highly respectable,") of the official dignitaries of the canton of Nidwalden, in the village of Stanz, on Lake Lucern, has recently been the scene of the most unaccountable demonstrations. The family were so alarmed by the constant and violent rappings continually there occurring, for which no human reason could be assigned, that Mr. Joller, the owner of the house, and honorable member of the Cantonal Government Assembly, whose position and dignity would have sheltered him from mischievous imposition, determined to move his family to a place of quiet. The day of removal had been fixed, and preparations made for the expected change, when a voice was heard from the chimney, saying: "Now we will come no more." From that moment all was quiet, and the family remained.

The facts came to the knowledge of the newspapers, who wondered at first, then explained the matter by saying that the noises were produced by a mischievous young son of Mr. Joller; and this report, as a matter of course, gained speedy currency. The son returned to school in an adjoining canton, from which he came to spend his summer's vacation, and the raps began again. Mr. Joller, in a letter to the papers, declared that his son was not in the most remote manner connected with the demonstration, and he also believed them to be connected with no human agency—they were utterly mysterious, and continually more annoying. The family were greatly frightened, and would certainly be obliged to leave the house if such proceedings were continued. Policemen were sent to the town authorities to guard the house; no one was allowed to enter the premises, and chairs and tables were upset, and articles carried on, and the police were to stop it. But on the family proposing to move a second time, the noises were discontinued.

I presume Mr. S., who understands more about such things than I do, will give you fuller and better information on the subject in his forthcoming correspondence. He has written to Mr. Joller on the subject, and received his own statement of the facts.

MAY MORNING.

The New Dispensation.
Is Emancipation Safe? or is
Justice a Delusion?
HISTORICAL TESTIMONY.

We are on the verge of a great change in our country's affairs.

The new year, soon to dawn, will, in all probability, bring into legal force the President's proclamation of freedom to more than three million slaves of rebel owners. Not that these millions will at once be free, but this proclamation, carried forward by great armies and fleets, made efficient by wise legislation, sustained by the people, flowing on with the mighty tide of events, moving in grand accord with all divine and permanent forces, will be the powerful means of shaking to its fall this vast system of robbery and wrong.

In this hour, great with the thrill of this coming change, we hear the fearful questions: Is it safe to free these slaves? What shall we do with them? Short-sighted, poor of soul, indeed, do we become in familiar presence and daily fellowship with a great crime!

Is it safe to do right? Is it prosperous to be just? Is the divine law of liberty a living truth or a dead lie?

But let us have proofs. Perchance we need them. Let us be fortified in the right.

I offer proofs that *always*, when tried, freedom has been safe and brought peace and wealth. It must be so, for it is divine and lasting, while slavery is only born of wrong, and therefore dies with the hour.

I shall draw largely from the work of a noble and gifted woman—Lydia Maria Child. Her pamphlet, "The Right Way the Safe Way," is of priceless value.

On the 1st of August, 1838, 800,000 slaves in the British West India Islands were made free. After years of struggle in England, the government yielded to the demand of the people.

A bitter opposition, not only from West India planters, but from Tories and Conserva-

tives in England, was overcome, and slavery ended. Howls of wrath came from Jamaica and found ready hearing among Lords and Commons of the blinder sort in London. The Jamaica Journal in 1823 branded the Abolitionists as "canting, hypocritical rascals," and said: "We pray the Parliament to amend their origin, which is bribery; to cleanse their consciences, which are corrupt; to throw off their disguise, which is hypocrisy; to break with their false allies, who are the saints; and finally, to banish from among them all the bought rogues, who are three-fourths of their numbers."

Strange words to apply to Clarkson, Wilberforce, and their helpers! Horrid results were foretold. In Trelawney Parish it was "Resolved, That the means devised by a faction of the House of Commons to deprive us of our property, if carried into effect, cannot fail to create a civil war, too horrible to contemplate."

Other similar resolves were passed in many parishes and towns, and the Jamaica slave-owners, in their Assembly, threatened to secede from British rule. Mobs were raised; Wesleyan and other chapels were burned to the value of \$80,000. All this because gradual emancipation, with compensation, was proposed.

At last came the hour of freedom. The slaves gathered in and around their chapels, and, as the midnight bells pealed forth their deliverance, shouts of thanksgiving were everywhere heard. *No drop of blood was shed.*

This was in 1834. The apprenticeship, or partial freedom of the blacks, was to last eight years, but, at the request of all classes, it ceased in 1838, and they were wholly free.

Before emancipation, a large body of soldiers had been kept in Jamaica by government, as an armed police. *Soon after about three-fourths were withdrawn.*

Let us look at the matter commercially. A century or more ago Port Royal and Kingston were gaining vast wealth from smuggling with the Spanish colonies, and a great slave-trade with other islands and the Spanish Main.

These revenues stopped, and "ruin in Jamaica" began before freedom. In twenty years preceding 1792, 177 estates were sold for debt; 55 were abandoned; and executions lodged in the Marshall's office for \$100,000,000. In six years from 1780 fifteen thousand negroes perished of famine, or disease from bad or scant diet. So said a report of the Jamaica Legislature. *All this under slavery.*

How is it with freedom? Mr. C. Burton, in a speech in the House of Commons, in 1859, said: "The West Indies are rising to a pitch of wealth and happiness unknown before. I am thus assured by mercantile men. I find it set strongly forth in reports of Governors of the Islands and statistics of the Board of Trade. The trade of the Islands, to and from, in 1857, was \$52,011,075."

In four years the freed slaves had paid \$823,000 for land and dwellings, and in 1843 some 200 villages had sprung up in Jamaica in place of the "quarters" on the plantations—small and simple hamlets, yet far better than the slave-huts, and owned by freemen.

Exports sometimes were less, because freemen at home lived better and used more than slaves. Changes in tariffs, reduction of duties which had been granted to the clamor of slave-owners to save them from total ruin, at times crippled commerce, but freedom overcame all obstacles, and a marked growth of wealth is the solid result at last.

In 1858 the Governor of Jamaica said: "A still progressive increase in quantity of exports and duties on imports indicate an improvement in industry."

In 1840, said Sir C. Metcalfe: "7,340 freed slaves had become land-holders. They were much improved in habits, crime decreased, they paid to support churches, well attended by them, and had dug, planted, and built much."

Sir Francis Hicks, Governor of the Windward Islands, says: "Let me deal at once with the delusion that the negro is indolent, for it is a delusion. I hear the same from clergymen, and from magistrates in official documents."

A Barbados proprietor (an ex-slaveowner) of high character, says: "There never was a greater mistake than to suppose the negro will not work for hire. It is astonishing to see how much he will do with that stimulus, and how little without it."

Much such testimony is at hand.

Rev. Henry Bleby, for twenty years a missionary in the West Indies, says: "The land in Barbadoes is worth as much as land and slaves both before freedom."

The governor of Antigua, only six years after freedom, said the same of land in that island. Mr. Bigelow, of the New York Evening Post, visited Jamaica in 1850—a year of great prosperity in business there—and yet he said: "In extensive inquiry I could find no man who regretted emancipation, or who, if I may take their own professions, would have restored slavery."

In the summer of 1860, the foreign secretary of the English Missionary Society, (Baptist) E. B. Underhill Esq., of London, on his way home from the West Indies, addressed by invitation some forty clergymen at the rooms of the Bible Union in New York.

He had been five months in Jamaica; had crossed the island three times; had visited the cottages of the negroes and seen their thrift; had heard of their improvement in work and religion; and denied that emancipation was a failure. He stated the yearly product of negro labor was \$10,000,000, and that they owned in lands and houses \$6,000,000.

One man was penniless when freed, but now the owner of 600 acres. He saw or heard of no animosity toward their former masters. There is abundant proof that a higher reverence for marriage is taking place of the foul licentiousness of slavery; that the condition of the white man, as well as the negro, is reaching up to a nobler and truer manhood—in short, that this great change, so feared by the blind and guilty before its advent, is now hailed by the best of all classes as a blessing and benefit, materially and spiritually.

Thus much of this last and largest experiment. A word of others like it. Always shall we find good results, for the divine law is permanent, and wise obedience ever brings its reward.

The "horrors of St. Domingo" are a standing argument, or rather bugbear against freedom. How was it in that fair island? In 1793 the French National Assembly in Paris proclaimed liberty to all slaves in the French dominions. The planters in St. Domingo refused obedience to this law of the republic. They fought, they fermented trouble between whites, mulattoes, and negroes; but, at last, all were quieted.

Col. Molefant, a slaveholder, resident of the island, said, in 1796: "The colony is flourishing. The whites live peacefully on their estates, and the negroes continue to work for them."

In 1801 Napoleon sent out a great army to restore slavery in St. Domingo. Then came "horrors"—a bloody struggle, indeed. His army was beaten, and the negroes maintained their freedom.

In Gaudaloupe, where liberty was proclaimed at the same time as in St. Domingo, the sudden transition was safe. For years the reports of the governors bear witness to the good results.

Lafayette, the pure-minded and noble friend of humanity, bought a large tract of land in the French colony of Cayenne, in 1785, with the slaves on it at the time. He sent out a wise and humane agent, who called the slaves together on his arrival, burned the whips and gags in their presence, told them they were free, and employed them all to work on the land with eminent success.

He soon died. In 1793 all slaves were freed, and these, who were already so, waited on the new agent in a body, and wished still to continue on the old terms, saying they were "desirous to promote the interests of one who had treated them like men."

In 1811 the slaves in Java were made free by the British with entire success. In 1828 the Hottentot slaves in Cape Colony, South Africa, 30,000 in number, were freed by the British authorities. Even the poor Hottentots improved in condition, as a result of a step now hailed by all.

At different times, from 1816 to 1828, the South American Republics—Buenos Ayres, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, Colombia, and Guatemala—emancipated all their slaves, usually after a certain fixed date. No ruin of property, no bloody waste of life, as sad results, have ever been heard of.

In 1848 the French government decreed the immediate emancipation of all the slaves in their colonies.

O. Lafayette, grandson of him who made the name illustrious, then a member of the Chamber of Deputies, wrote, in 1851: "In one day, as by the stroke of a wand, 150,000 human beings were snatched from the degradation in which they had been held, and assumed their rank in the great human family. And this great event occurred without any of those disorders and struggles which had been threatened in order to perplex the consciences of the friends of abolition."

The Dutch and Danish governments have ended slavery, and no groans of slaughtered innocents have been heard, no red light of burning homes has been seen over the waves that lave their islands in the tropics, where slavery was, but is not.

In 1846 the Mahomedan Bey of Tunis abolished slavery in his land, "for the honor of God and to distinguish man from the brute creation," as he nobly declared.

But why swell the list? These are but a few golden seed-grains from the piled garner of Freedom. There is life in them. May they yield an hundred-fold in our land—peace, joy, order, and deliverance from our great peril!

Go to the charnel-house of slavery; there you find only dry, dead fragments, or putrid corruption. What comes from there may spread its virus so that the festering disease may seem like life for a time; but it is only seeming, and at last the charnel-house claims its own.

Liberty is divine and eternal—the LESSON OF THE HOUR for us, as a nation, is to reach on to it, and thus lay hold of the ark of our salvation. G. B. S.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec., 1862.

The Union that is to Be.

[We make the following extract from a letter written to the Orleans American, by our Brother, Lieut. C. J. Robinson. The high-toned patriotism, hopeful courage, prophetic insight, and eloquence of the article, cannot but secure it a friendly welcome in the minds of our readers.—Ed.]

The great national bill of the Union reconstructed is to be materially changed from the old one. Leading parts are to be dropped and others added. New scenery, new costumes, new appointments, will have been prepared by Time, the great 'stage-manager' of powers and principalities. The 'institution' is now closed for repairs. In due time these will be completed, and the grand 'reopening' will be witnessed by all the world. The old tinsel garments, the old compromising machinery, the old pro-slavery make-shifts and dough-faces—all these will have been put aside. The new scenery will have been prepared by artists true to Nature and immortal principles in their every detail. Its 'effects' will all be genuine. The play, too, will be vastly improved. Justice, Equity, and Freedom, will be the leading characters, instead of Political Dishonesty, Compromise, and Slavery, as was the case in the old drama. The 'villain' of the piece will have been 'crushed.' Conscience will be King instead of Cotton. The 'stock actors' will be true men and women. No humbugs will be perpetrated upon the audience. No profanity or vulgarity will be tolerated. No more 'Bully-Brooks' assaults upon the friends of freedom will be witnessed in the Senate Chamber. No more men, women, and children will be bought and sold for a price. In the old play the great event of the plot—the grand finale—was Rebellion; in the new one, on the contrary, it will be Unity, Liberty, Wisdom, Progress.

Such, we firmly believe, is to be the future programme of our beloved country. In the reconstruction, the people (to drop the figure) will be found to have increased in intelligence, integrity, and love of justice. The rights of the weak and unfortunate will be regarded. Agriculture and commerce will be equitable instead of monopolizing, as now, tending to the elevation of the few and the degradation of the many. Industry and labor will be respected and suitably rewarded; not, as now, in the South at least, despised, and reckoned as fit only for a degraded and down-trodden race. The institution of slavery, built upon the impudent and heaven-insulting dogma that man may rightly hold property in man, and flog him to toil like a beast of burden—an institution which 'disgusts every moral sentiment of our being'—will, in the reconstruction, be looked upon as an institution to be abhorred and exterminated rather than fostered. The spirit of Freedom will be in the ascendant, and will dictate terms. The Genius of the Republic, educated by the experience and sufferings of the past, will have become too free, and just, and strong, to permit the existence of slavery—that 'sum of all villainies'—in the Union again, at least as a permanent and acknowledged system. We hope no trace of it will remain.

Russia, by liberating her serfs, and Holland, by manumitting the slaves in her West India possessions, set us examples. We must yield to the all-powerful spirit of the age. We cannot stem the tide. These despotic nations will not be suffered to mock us and our representative government. Slavery must go down; and we for one are so radical as to 'thank Heaven for it,' or, in other words, to rejoice that such is to be one glorious result of the fiery ordeal through which the nation is now passing. We plant ourselves unreservedly on the side of freedom and free American institutions. We believe in them. They are as certain to succeed our distracted state, as day is certain to succeed night, or reviving spring to follow winter with its chilling tempests and storms. The spirit of Liberty and Justice is 'marching on.' It will march through American institutions, and it neither can nor should be arrested. The oppressed SHALL GO FREE.

This day we are suffering the penalty of two centuries of injustice to the black race. Two centuries more of such injustice will bring us a still more destructive retribution. Will this people and this government heed the terrible lesson of the hour, or will they rush headlong to certain and inevitable destruction? Will they work while it is yet day? For night cometh, when no man can work? Time will decide.

The end may not yet be. Many a desperate struggle may yet be in store for us, many a dark and desponding hour; but the light breaketh in the distance. We, as a people, may suffer defeats, disasters, and temporary humiliation, as a just retribution for countenancing and encouraging slavery; yet we believe that the Union will in time experience a glorious resurrection from this apparent death; that it will rise purged of its deadly impurities, 'clothed, and in its right mind.' We believed this while serving in Hael's army in Kentucky and Tennessee during the past winter and spring. We believe it still, notwithstanding the unexpected prolongation of the war by the criminal inac-

tivity of pusillanimous, negro-catching Generals, and the mistaken tenderness of the President for the 'feelings' of his pro-slavery constituents in the Border and Free States. For we believe that, as the years and the centuries roll on into eternity, men correct the errors of the past, and that

Ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is Justice done."

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.
"The Public Teaching of Dr. R. D. Pease."

REPLY TO THE RESOLUTIONS.

EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS, DEAR SIR: Under the above heading in your paper (No. 145) appeared an article to which I trust editorial courtesy and justice to myself will induce you to publish this reply.

The committee appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the views of the meeting say that, "Whereas, It is notorious that sundry acts of intolerance have been publicly manifested towards Dr. Pease by so-called 'Spiritualists' and," "Whereas, It seems due both to our own self-respect and the moral sense of the community to protest against such doctrines as those of anti-war, anti-government," &c., &c.

The "meeting" alluded to by the "committee" was an assemblage of individuals at a country school-house in Manchester, Ill., a few miles from this city, for the purpose of listening to a public discussion of the proposition: "Whatsoever is in righteousness is of God." If besieging and bombarding ideas, irrespective of the individual from whom they proceed, are "acts of intolerance," then, indeed, have "acts of intolerance" been manifested at that meeting towards Dr. Pease; but if not, not.

The application of "anti-war, anti-government," to the doctrines defended by the writer of this article in a former discussion with Dr. Pease, I take it, are improper. All questions are to be weighed by existing principles and truths, and when one side of the balance goes down by reason of the weight of true principles, and the other goes up by reason of the absence of the same, it is easy to see which "is found wanting." There may be occasions when loyalty to an administration will be disloyalty to the government; for ours is a government of laws—and not a government of men happening to be the occupants of power for the time being. The civil power of our government is manifested by constitutions and laws, and obedience thereto. It does not lie in public opinion, (which changes daily,) nor if it did it would be nothing but misrule, anarchy, and confusion. It is discreet to have faith in constitutions, in the superiority of civil power, and to maintain this faith in such constitutions and laws until there shall have been a proper abrogation of the same. The wrong of bad laws clings to the law-maker, and not the law-abider. The civil power should be supreme; otherwise we are not a republic, but a something else; hence it is the duty of every citizen to look upon a jealous eye upon any attempt to make the civil subordinate to the military power. There are times when it is well to reflect before we leap into the dark—times when trifling is out of tune. The only true, safe, loyal doctrine, is adherence to the laws until they shall have been abrogated in a proper manner.

Even the President must act in subordination to the laws from which alone he derives his authority.

No man has power beyond his reach, and how can he reach beyond the extent of that which gives him power?

Excepting cases where there may be a usurpation of military power, or within the scope of military operations where a present pressing emergency calls for an infraction of established laws, no man can with impunity commit an illegal act.

Resistance to constitutional authority is the nest in which revolutions are hatched. Retribution may not be the immediate result, but eventually punishment will be the fruit of error and crime.

It is the right, the duty of every citizen, according to the best light he can obtain, faithfully to examine and reflect upon the great national questions of the day, and if he finds that the principles underlying our governmental structure are put in jeopardy, he ought to interpose with all the reasonable influence he can bring into requisition. Though we are in the midst of a terribly destructive war—a war said by some to be yet in its infancy, giant though it be; a war that assumed the full stature and strength of manhood, when, twenty months ago, it leaped into living life, and went spreading over broad States with such rapid, stamping strides, that shook the world as never did the mighty Jupiter of old; a war that is sweeping with a whirlwind of desolation and destruction over all this fair land, bringing sorrow and suffering to many a happy home; a war pregnant with events of vast, vital importance to generations unborn, events yet too undeveloped to admit of calculation, and to be almost beyond the reach of speculation; a war in which unity of action is necessary to the success of the North in the present crisis—action in everything pertaining to our country's good, in nothing tending to her harm—still war alone is not our only business, we have something else to do in addition to waging war. We have laws to be made and administered, the financial matters of our government are to be attended to, its civil functions are to be discharged as usual, the great moving power engaged in the prosecution of the war is to be increased and kept strong, and all this by men among us—men wearing the soft white gloves of smiling peace, and not by those on the battle-field wearing the bloody gauntlets of grim-visaged war.

I take it that it especially becomes every citizen to see that those to whom these important trusts are given perform their duty loyally, honestly, faithfully. If this is "anti-war," "anti-government," then are the committee right in styling them such; otherwise, otherwise.

Again asking you to do me the justice of publishing this, I am for sustaining the government. Yours, truly,
Rev. G. JORDON.

BELOIT, Wis., Dec. 6th, 1862.

Theological Investigation.

"Fair Truth: for thee alone we seek!
Friend to the wise, supporter to the weak,
From thee we learn what'er is wise and just,
Creeds to reject, professions to distrust,
Fornax to despise, pretensions to deride,
And, following thee, to follow naught beside."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Necessity of Christianity
LETTERS FROM A MINISTER TO A. J. DAVIS,
ON THE DIVINE INCARNATION.

NUMBER FIVE.

DEAR SIR: In my last letter I endeavored to show that all growth, all creation, in fact, was the result of a perpetual and universal influx from the Divine Substance into all recipient forms. I endeavored to show that the forms themselves were at first created by this Divine Efflux, and that when created they were filled by the Divine Influx. You will pardon me if, because of its importance in my argument, I press this subject upon your notice in another form. The universal order, as I apprehend it, is this: First, by the Divine Efflux an infantile form is created; whether in the vegetable or animal kingdom, the same process takes place. Secondly, by the Divine Influx this form grows, and through it, as a basis of operation, other like forms are created. These forms are fixed recipients of influx, but for their development require certain conditions, such as being deposited in a fitting womb—the vegetable seed in a womb of earth, the animal seed in an animal womb, and so on. Still it is an unalterable law—the seed grows only by influx through its own organized interior, just as truly as did the first form, which had no external seed for its inclosure, but must have been developed exclusively by the interior way. What, then, is seed? We answer: An organized recipient of influx. And what is conception? Placing that recipient in such a condition that the influx may fulfill through it its perfect work. Thus it may be seen that the external part of conception is nothing compared with the internal process of which it is the shell and recipient. So insignificant, indeed, is the external, that when order so requires it may be entirely dispensed with, which actually is done in the first creation of everything that lives and grows—in the first plant, the first animal, the first man, Adam. Why not, also, in the second man, Christ Jesus?

Paul seems, in his illumination, to have had a perception of this truth, for he thus alludes to it: "The first man, Adam, was made a living soul, the last Adam a quickening spirit. . . . The first man is the Lord of heaven, earthy; the second man is the Lord of heaven, heavenly." (1 Cor. 15: 47.) Paul's conception of the matter, however, would be wholly spiritual in its nature, for he says: "The Science of his art is as a divine life, and he is as a living being." (Col. 2: 13.) The view I present receives powerful confirmation from the interior world, which, being the cause, and, as it were, the soul of the external world, is perfectly analogous in all its phases and laws. These two worlds perfectly correspond to each other, and the result is that we may find in either, oftentimes, the clues of truth which we have lost in the other, or seeing a truth clearly, we find it the same in both.

A nice perception, though an unconscious one, of this fact, has led men to the common use of representative language. Hence we speak not only of physical, but also of mental or spiritual "conceptions." The spirit of man does conceive truths, carry them in the mental womb, labor with mental pain and sorrow, bring them forth, love and rejoice over them as children. This "conception" also has its two modes—the primary and secondary—the internal and the external—the divine and the human. The soul lives and exists by influx equally with the body—in its conceptions, also, as in other things. The internal conception is this: The mind having as yet no external sources from which to derive interior truths, such as written or spoken language—that is to say, no external revelation—receives the same truths from the internal by influx from the Divine Source of Truth. The truth of the existence of a God, and his attributes of immortality, &c., must have been so conceived at first, for they are interior truths and can never be known but internally. Men who assert otherwise are ignorant of the fact that such truths are internal; and still more so of the fact, that unless they be internally received and perceived, they cannot be received at all by man. God must be known as he is. "God is a spirit; and they that worship him" understand him, conceive of him, or in any way attain to a perception of him, must do so "in spirit"—or they cannot do so "in truth"—for in the spirit he is and dwells. Hence it is that Naturalism, which denies revelation from the interior, is inevitable Atheism. The light of spiritual truth, flowing from the Divine Being into the inmost mind of the human recipient who is in that state of unconscious innocence best adapted to reception, illuminates the whole realm of thought, sheds the luster of the Divine Image upon the mind, and teaches man to know and love the Lord.

In this exalted state stands the true prophet of the living Word, and hence his expression is in a mystic and more than mortal language. His spiritual conception is not merely human, but a Divine Human; hence his words are not merely human, but divinely human, and must be so interpreted. They are rightly called "the Word of God." And as the Virgin Mary so conceived in a still lower degree—that is, not spiritually, but naturally—her offspring was not human, but a Divine Hu-

manity, and was rightly called "the Son," and "the Word of God." (Rev. xix: 13.)

But after these truths are so conceived internally, and brought forth into language, the internal mode of their conception ceases and the external begins, just as in natural things. The truths are conceived by other minds externally; are read from books or heard by the ear; are taken into the mental womb from without, and are there, as seeds, recipient still of Divine Influx, and capable of growth and reproduction *ad infinitum*. The process seems to be no longer a divine, but a human one. But this is a fallacy. The vivification of Truth, and its procreation, is as much a divine work as in the first instance; the conception still lives by influx or does not live at all. The mode of conception is alone changed. Thus we say it must be in the divine order, that all conceptions, both natural and spiritual, must first be internal, must first possess a divine element which the external mode effectually conceals, and must afterwards proceed to procreate by the ordained external methods.

I trust enough has now been said to show that internal conception, both natural and spiritual, is in harmony with Nature, Reason, and Fact. Still more, it is in harmony with the word of God, which has quietly maintained its truth when all mankind were ready to deny it, and calmly uttered it when all were ignorant. One word more and I shall leave this branch of my subject.

The Divine Efflux is the living Word. It is the active and fundamental law of all spheres—the underlying Truth and Love, which embody and unfold themselves everywhere. The appearance and form of the Efflux changes as it descends, perpetually unfolding lower things from higher; thus the Divine unfolds from itself the Celestial or Love-world; through this it unfolds the Spiritual or Wisdom-world; through this again is unfolded the natural world, in which we live, down to its lowest forms. Thus the Divine "is all and in all," and Truth, though discrete in its different spheres, is a unit, working always by correspondent modes and unfolding from itself all laws.

Now this efflux being conceived, either externally or internally, in the celestial world, it becomes Love; conceived in the spiritual world it becomes Wisdom; but conceived in the ultimate sphere, the Word becomes flesh and dwells among us; and we behold His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. (John 1: 14.)

The different spheres are governed precisely by the same or by correspondent laws; and the same conception that is possible, rational, and orderly in one, is so likewise in all the rest. The whole living universe, from highest to lowest, is forever engaged in this internal and external conception of the Divine Efflux. By this the universe lives; by this it is filled with life from God in every vessel; by this it is held in living conjunction with Him—the Last with the First.

Now the perfect fulfillment of this grand order of conception and of procreation demands and foretells the complete conception and ultimatum of the Divine itself. All these lesser and partial movements are but images of the great and perfect movement for which the silent ages prepared—the Incarnation of the Divine Man. We have before seen that Incarnation is a universal law of Life, fulfilling itself in all things. But every one of these incarnations of Life was also a conception of Life! and neither law is fulfilled and perfect until the Divine Life has achieved its own Divine Conception and Incarnation.

I cannot dismiss this view of the Incarnation as a work of Influx without referring to the compact and expressive language of the sacred Scriptures, where they teach this truth. The influx from the Divine is thus described by the angel in his announcement: "The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore, also, that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." (Luke 1: 35.)

No one ought to hope for the elucidation of the great truths, represented and fulfilled in the person and life of the Lord Jesus Christ, from a merely natural standpoint. The outer shape of things is but the shell. Any eye, even that of the animal, can see that. But to explore and truly interpret the great Within, where dwell the spirit and the life, one must needs employ a purer and a keener sight. Insight is needed in this field. The knowledge of universal laws ought to be established in the mind. A profound perception must be cultivated. The glory of spiritual illumination must light up the chambers of the brain and reveal to the inner eye the marvelous realm of spirit, even as the rising sun lets in the outward universe upon the bodily eye, which, however small its orbit, can still, in some general way, take in the whole. The spiritual life of man also must be unfolded for the work, so as to place him by experience in sympathy with the universal order of life. The outgrowth of the natural life, its thoughts and loves, places man *en rapport* with the natural universe, for it is himself in image. He loves and is intoxicated with its mighty music; it rejoices with him. He despairs, as did his Divine Master, in the humanity, and lo! there is darkness over all the land. He loses sight of God, the sun is darkened, and the stars have fallen. He is beset with awful fears, and the earth quakes!

The outer worlds are in full sympathy with the unfolded natural man; but such a man alone could tell how deep, how perfect, that sympathy. At present our deepest inferences, which justly pass beyond all experience, fail to divine a tith of it. Our race is yet young.

Man's spiritual senses are still less developed than the natural. We can place no limit to the exaltation of either. But a New Age is upon us. Its spring-time is quickening the inner life of men; and new spiritual flowers bud and bloom from the invisible depths of being. These shall enlarge our sympathies, and teach us how to understand Christ. At present, save as an historical fact, he is utterly unknown to the mass of Christians. To a few, however, he is growing more intelligible. The opponents of Christianity have never understood him. How many men appreciate Homer? Very few, because few have grown to the necessary poetic perception. The life of Christ is the Divine Epic, and demands for its appreciation the outgrowth of the spiritual perceptions. I repeat it—the opponents of Christianity do sadly misunderstand the Lord Christ. Your life is unfaithful; so is that of any man. Much more is Christ's. But there are frequent deep revelations which stand as eternal landmarks—they are indestructible. How the development of the love-passion in the young man throws wide the gates of life and reveals the love-world and all its mysteries to him who did not before believe or comprehend! There are just such spiritual revelations on our pathway; and they flash the Divinity of Christ upon us "with power and great glory;" they open to the spirit his divine world and its mysteries—his own exclusively. Without them we cannot understand Christ. With them we cannot fail to do so. Shakespeare is folly to the boor—the transfiguration of Christ is moonshine to the sensualist. But show me that spiritual man to whom his name is not dearer than life—because the spiritual state comprehends and appreciates him, at least partially.

These remarks are preliminary to my next letter, in which I shall call your attention to the Redemption which the Incarnation was designed to work out in mankind.

Yours, truly,
R. NORMAN FOSTER,
(A Minister of the New Christian Church.)

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."

Incompatibility of the North
and South.

CYRIL'S REJOINDER TO A TEXAN
REFUGEE.

My time has been so fully occupied since th reply from a "Texan Refugee" to my article on "National Unity," which appeared in your paper, (see this Journal, No. 144) that I have not been able to answer it sooner. I congratulate myself on having drawn forth so intelligent a critic, and I hope, if we are to have any further controversy, it may be conducted in the same courteous spirit which has marked its commencement.

My opponent says I am in error when I assert "that no real union has ever existed between the Free and Slave States of this republic," and combats my opinion by a burst of "rhetoric more brilliant than argumentative." He says "that the people of the contending sections are composed of the same races, and that ties of consanguinity stretch across the line of battle between almost every household." True it is that the people composing the citizenships of the hostile States have this in common, that they are all the offspring of the mixture of at least a score of different primal races; but does he mean to assert that such a singular origin constitutes them a single race, and that the kindred blood between the citizen of Massachusetts and the inhabitant of Louisiana is so sympathetic that it would be impossible to range them under separate governments. Alas! it seems to me that any national feeling, weak soever as I know it to have been, which formerly existed between the Free and Slave States of the republic, has been rudely dissipated these past twelve months by the shot and shell of contending hosts.

Whatever was wanting to entirely complete the separation, to deepen the animosity, to strengthen the antagonism, and crystallize the contending sections into two distinct nations, has been thoroughly effected almost beyond hope of recall, by the terrible lightning of this cruellest of wars. Too freely has the bravest blood of both sections drenched the battle-fields for the dove of reconciliation ever to fly across these glistening lines. From every incriminated plain and hill-side stretch to almost every household North and South, the electric currents of a fierce national antagonism. From henceforth their histories are separate. The glory of the one is the shame of the other. The pen which celebrates the victory of the North must chronicle the defeat of the South. The poet who sings the triumph of the Confederate arms must exult over the capture and flight of the Union flag.

But when I said that no real Union had ever existed between the now openly hostile sections, I had reference not to individuals, but to the political sentiment, the social life, and the spirit of the institutions of the contending States. I am aware that numberless threads of tender kindred stretch between homes in South Carolina and Massachusetts; between households in Georgia and New York; between friends in Maine and Alabama, as there undoubtedly were between hearts in old and New England in the revolutionary war. But can any one deny that the entire fabrics of these several societies have not from the start been based upon two distinct and naturally belligerent principles. I will leave entirely out of the question the effect which a marked

dissimilarity of climate, and the difference between the industrial pursuits of the two sections have wrought upon the tone and temper of these separate communities—but which assuredly will not be overlooked by the future historian who will set forth the philosophy of this crisis—and am I not right in asserting that while at the North, it is the triumph of the "democratic idea," which has given to society its robust life, and attracted to its soil swarms of emigrants, on the contrary it is the success of the "aristocratic principle" which has brought to the South its wealth, and such civilization as it possesses?

Was there any reason in our fond dream that a vital Union should spring up between States cherishing in their hearts such antagonistic ideas? Was there any possibility that a society the aim of whose institutions has always been to degrade and brutalize labor, should in its growth develop the same temper and political aspirations as a community the aim of whose ambition has been to ennoble and spiritualize it. Most assuredly not; and if there is less difference in the social and political atmosphere between Boston and New Orleans—which perhaps may be reasonably disputed—than between London and Paris, it is because the opposing principles have had a shorter life. But my opponent, after denying my affirmation "that no real Union has ever existed between the North and South," proceeds in the next paragraph to assert that an irreconcilable antagonism has always existed between democracy and slavery.

I pass over his inconsistency in denying and affirming the one position in the same breath, and proceed to examine his plan for harmonizing their antagonism. He says, "It is the duty of every complete government to control antagonisms, and to eradicate all causes which are inconsistent with its being and opposed to its perpetuation."

I find when I read on, that his plan for controlling the antagonisms and bringing the belligerent principles into harmonic action, is the very simple and effective one of putting one of them to a sudden and violent death. The plan is admirable, and worthy of the brain of a philosophic statesman; but when we attempt to put it in practice, it becomes altogether a question of power.

Mahomet had just the same idea of extending the creed of the Koran, and Philip II of spreading the religion of Rome, as a Texan Refugee has of advancing the principle of democracy. It is also an idea which, in some moments of rapt ecstacy, may enter the heads of the leaders of the present rebellion, and urge them to the task of reconstructing the Union on a substantial basis, by forcing the aristocratic and slavery idea upon the democratic North. In such a struggle pushed to its utmost extremity, the strongest of course would win, and if the Confederate Generals understand the sublime art of pillage and slaughter better than ours, why then of necessity we would be obliged to submit to a government based upon their principles. But does not my opponent see that in order to carry to a practical issue his harmonizing views, the Constitution would have to be set at naught, and our solemn compact broken. Is he prepared to advance what he no doubt considers the cause of right by flinging to the winds our sacred pledge? Does he wish to uphold the Jesuitical doctrine that the end justifies the means? Did not the several States retain at least this much of the sovereignty, when they entered into the league which brought them under a single flag, that they should hold complete control over their domestic institutions? Would the revolted States, think you, have ever ranged themselves under the star-spangled banner if they thought an armed attempt would have been made less than a century afterwards, to harmonize the country by violently and completely upheaving the basis of their society, and entirely over-riding the barriers of the State sovereignties? And if they had not voluntarily joined the Northern league, would it have been consistent with the principles of the Declaration of Independence, that we, fresh from the hard struggle for our own liberty, should have waged fire and slaughter against them to compel their adhesion?

What strange ideas of liberty and democracy some men have, to be sure! If democracy means anything, it means that the freest play shall be given to individual liberty. It means that the government shall be conducted solely in accordance with the desires of the people. It never can be the genuine ambition of a true democracy to seek to impose a government on a people against their consent. Now what is this war waged for? Is it not to compel a people to submit to a government they have in the most emphatic manner, by the most heroic sacrifices, and fiercest bravery declared they don't want?

My opponent says I am wrong in saying the southern people detest us and our government. Well, if I am, I must confess their whole conduct in this war is a dreadfully profound mystery to me. If they rend our flag, trample upon our ensigns, and rush with a mad heroism on our flame-belching batteries, still cherishing a love for the star-spangled banner and the government of the United States, they are beyond doubt the most extraordinarily tempered people the world has ever seen.

It was not till I read the article of a "Texan Refugee," that I was made aware that this war is waged by the South for the purpose of conquest and gain. Pray what do they wish to conquer? What do they desire to gain? Is not the war on their part a strictly defensive one? Is it not on our side a purely offensive one? Is there anything the Southern Confederacy desired and pray for so much as peace, if only their independence is secured? Have they shown any wish to force under their pro-slavery banner a single Free State? If

the slave power were really the aggressor in this conflict; if it sought to drag under its rule a single rod of soil which had formerly been consecrated to liberty, or to wring from the Free North any treaty which would in any wise compel us to sanction their institution of slavery, and thereby certainly cramp the development of our democratic and national idea, I should glory in flinging my breast against their bayonets, and would ask no nobler earthly fate than to render up my young life on the altar of a principle which I love with a darling love. But though I can see how the "democratic idea" can be debased and poisoned by an alliance with slavery, such as we had under our former Union, I cannot discern how it can possibly be injured by a complete separation, such as the Southern Confederacy are now desirous of securing. Antagonisms are useful. They play an essential part in the development of principles and the growth of civilization. They are the checks to license, and the spur to a righteous progress. It is from their existence all heroic thought and action draw their life and inspiration.

Far from believing that our progress towards our noble national ideal, or that our growth in all things lovely and pure, would be hindered by the immediate contiguity of an empire founded upon opposite principles, with aspirations totally distinct, it is my firm belief that such an antagonism would prove our truest "Monitor" and most effective purifier. Under its quickening correction we might reasonably look for a loftier patriotism among our people; a nobler love of liberty; a wiser, gentler, and more modest national deportment.

The bombast and swagger which have vented themselves so freely in our Congressional debates, and brought upon us the laughter of the civilized world, would likely entirely disappear. For the discharge of our legislative duties, rendered by this cause a hundred-fold more delicate and difficult than before, we would probably be more careful in the selection of our representatives, and we should likely get rid of the disgrace and danger which have made the lovers of democracy all the world over hang their heads in shame, of seeing in our halls of Congress, and on our judicial benches, men whose only qualifications for their duties are an extended acquaintance among publicans and sinners.

Although I desire a separation, believing that can never be a hearty union between the North and South, I have no desire to leave the Southern Confederacy a prey to the ravages of the disease of slavery. I have no wish to see Massachusetts seal its eloquent lips against the evil. If slavery be wrong—and to my vision nothing can be clearer—it must certainly fall before the lightning force of truth wisely spoken. But I will not combat it with a weapon as bad as itself. I will not fight slavery with powder and ball under the banner of tyranny.

I must still hold to the faith I before expressed in the greater potency over error of words of truth than Minnie rifles, and of righteous ideas than iron-mailed frigates. Though my instincts will not allow me to hope that the southern people will ever hold and develop the same political ideas and civilization as the northern, yet my faith is firm that they will be obliged to modify, ameliorate, and, at no very distant period, entirely abolish the vile system of African slavery which they now so tenaciously cherish, and that, too, in obedience to those still, small voices in the air, floating from the throne of Him whose highest attribute is Justice, and whose dearest name is Love. Regarding the boundary line, I have not yet formed an opinion. I can only, in reply to my friend's assertion of its impossibility, point to the maps of the United States and Canada, of Holland and Belgium, and Prussia and Austria. I fail to see that these separate States, which present such strong political and social contrasts, have any more deeply marked geographical boundaries than those which exist between the belligerent sections of our republic.

Perhaps this war has not been altogether in vain. Perhaps two hundred thousand stalwart men have not been violently wrenched from their peaceful homes and sent unshriven into the presence of the Unknown, merely to carry out the vain dreams of the statesmen of our land. Perhaps the heart-wrung wail of the orphan and the widow, which goes trembling on every breeze from Maine to Florida, may even now be swelling some noble chord in the sublime anthem of the Universe. Dear Nature, who, by the beautiful operations of her perfect economy, is constantly evolving good from evil, and beauty from ugliness; who flings a flash of sunshine over the weeping cloud, and lo! the gray is gold, and the shapeless vapor the curtain of heaven! may, from the heroic sacrifices of this fearful hour, bring forth the vital spirit, which is to give to the "Land of the Free" its highest life and aspiration!

Negro-catching Baffled in Kentucky.
EXTRAORDINARY EFFORTS TO RECOVER FUGITIVE PROPERTY.
Colonel William L. Utley, of the Wisconsin Twenty-second, is a perfect thorn to rebel sympathizers. On the 22d of November, as the federal army was moving from Louisville to Lexington, Kentucky, several slaves entered the lines. Their master, a rebel, demanded them. The Colonel replied that he had not come to Kentucky to restore fugitive slaves, and so mean a thing he would not do.

The master repaired to Gen. Quincy A. Gilmore and obtained an order for Col. Utley to surrender the negroes. The Colonel still refused. He declared that he had nothing to do

with the coming of these slaves into his lines, and would have nothing to do with sending them out.

Gen. Gilmore immediately ordered him to report at headquarters. He was very much excited as Col. Utley entered.

"Sir," said he, "I issued an order to you yesterday to give up certain contrabands in your regiment."

"And, sir," replied the Colonel, "I refused to obey that order."

"I shall issue that order again to-morrow morning," said the General. "And if you do not obey it, you will suffer the consequences."

"General Gilmore," replied the Colonel, "you must not be at the trouble to issue that order again; I shall not obey it. If you have anything to do with me, you can just as well commence now as to-morrow."

Finding that the Colonel was not to be brow-beaten, the General made an effort to obtain the negroes by an insidious stratagem. He had another interview, and informed Colonel Utley that he was going to brigade all the negroes coming into his lines, and wished him to send for that purpose all that he had in his lines.

"When we get more than we want," General Utley replied, "I will send them."

The next expedient adopted was to frighten the Colonel, and scandalize Governor Robinson in the conspiracy. The rebel sympathizers of Georgetown gave out word that unless their negroes were forthcoming they would mob the Twenty-second as it passed through that place and take away the slaves. General Gilmore sought to facilitate this project by sending forward all the other regiments, leaving the Twenty-second to march alone.

Gov. Robinson, who lives near that town, had an interview with Col. Utley on the subject. The Colonel gave notice that if it was intended to molest him the Governor should clear the town of women and children, as he should march through with muskets loaded and bayonets fixed, and in case the attempt should be made to take away the contrabands from his regiment, he would level the town with the ground, and not leave one stone upon another.

He carried out his word. When the rebel mob saw the fixed bayonets, "a saber, second thought" led them to offer no slight to the daring Wisconsin men. Finally, an invitation to tea was extended to Col. Utley and his officers, but was declined.

But the pro-slavery, half-dissoyal Kentuckians, were not yet willing to yield the controversy. Judge Robinson issued a warrant for the arrest of the Colonel, for stealing negroes in violation of the laws of Kentucky, and gave the sheriff instructions to serve it, even though he should have to get a military force from Gen. Gilmore to help him.

This Gen. Gilmore seems to have a proclivity towards stepping out of his legitimate duties for the purpose of returning slaves. While the Illinois Ninety-second were quartered at Mount Sterling, fifteen negroes, the slaves of notorious rebels, came into their camp and were employed as servants. Application was made to General Gordon Granger, who issued an order to Col. Atkins not to let any person, white or black, come into his lines. But as this was not what the slaveholding traitors wanted, they obtained an order sending the regiment away from Mt. Sterling.

At Winchester, on the road to Lexington, the citizens made a stand that they would, with the aid of the Kentucky Fourteenth, chastise the Illinois Ninety-second, and loaded guns, fully prepared to fight traitors in that way as any man should.

At Lexington the rebel broke into the ranks of the Ninety-second and attempted to take away a negro belonging to one of the vilest of the Kentucky secessionists. Colonel Atkins rode to the spot and warned the miscreants away.

"If you dare to interfere with my march," said he, "I will fire a volley among you, so help me God!"

This was sufficient; they retreated, and the regiment continued its march to Nicholasville.

A Burning Disgrace.
I see by an advertisement in the Louisville Journal of the 3d inst., that some colonel has very ostentatiously exhibited his name in big type, by issuing a "Special Order" from his "HEADQUARTERS," in which he says "any slave found in his camp within the limits of his regiment will be delivered up to his master, or agent appointed, upon application, whether that owner be *lord* or *red*." By command, JOHN H. McHENRY, Col., etc., etc.

Now by whose authority, or what right has this John McHenry, or any other Mc, to return a man who is found working for a living in his camp, to his *red* master. The colonel who will issue such a card to the public ought to be at once attended to.

It is a notorious fact that the black man is the most careful teamster; the animals are better taken care of by them than by our men. It is a great item of saving to the government. It was well for the dirty nigger-thieves of Louisville that this division did not find out their whereabouts, or they would have felt their vengeance. There is a host of nigger-catchers there, continually prowling around, acting as the emissaries of the secessionists who have lost their "niggers." They get a big per cent. for every one they return to seclusion. It is time this den of snakes was broken up. These wretches are meaner than a rebel sutler. Speaking of one, a Kentuckian said, the other day, what the rebel soldiers didn't take when they visited the Kentuckian, "they were so adroit in thieving they could steal the shortening out of a pie and never break the crust!"

Doings of the Moral Police.

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

Woman's Hospital.

The Liberator has a brief report of the recent annual meeting of the "Hospital for Women and Children" in Boston. This institution, formerly connected with the Female Medical College, has been separately organized, in charge of Drs. Reed and Zakrzewska. We extract from the report of the meeting the following:

"Dr. Marie Zakrzewska, the visiting physician, made a statement respecting the success of the institution, so far, in the reception and treatment of patients. She gave very interesting details of the characteristics of the various classes of patients resorting there. She urged the continued reception of unmarried women needing humane and friendly care in confinement; and, referring to the extensive interest excited a year ago by the pleas of Miss Emma Harding in behalf of lost women, (who, whether vicious or not, were abandoned,) she spoke with affecting earnestness of the need of interposing humane and friendly care to save those who were specially exposed to become thus abandoned. The danger in many cases might be averted by applying kind precaution to its first stages. This was an important part of their work, and to her it seemed one of the parts most urgently demanded by duty, conscience and humanity."

"She referred to an anticipated difficulty of raising money for a Hospital during the present war, and thought the institution should not pause a day for a consideration like this. The need of it being especially pressing at this moment, when so many women and children are left without their natural protectors, this is the very best time for its establishment."

"Our usefulness is not limited to the cure of disease. We give a home to the friendless, in many cases in which it could not elsewhere be found. We have treated four hundred and eleven persons in this house. They come here not for drugs merely, but for comfort, advice, consolation. And these give strength. Some come here who are not penniless—only friendless. We take such persons and help them, and account such interior help as among the most sacred of our duties."

"The medical education of women greatly needs to be advanced. Our community begin to recognize the need of female physicians, and an extensive demand has arisen for their services. She formerly thought Female Medical Colleges needless to supply this want. She no longer thought so. If we would have fully educated female physicians, they must study like men, and with men. The patients of an institution like this must necessarily create a public sentiment in favor of female physicians. The best part of the profession already favor us. Two of the best medical men in the city, Dr. Cabot and Dr. John Ware, are our consulting physicians; and a dozen more are willing to give their assistance whenever it is asked."

"This favorable sentiment is advancing, and before many years Harvard College will be opened to female medical pupils. All the honors are in our favor, if we will but be true to ourselves, and apply ourselves zealously to the work."

A New Entertainment.
A COLORED WOMAN READING THE AMERICAN POETS.

The little semi-circular hall of the Stuyvesant Institute was opened last night to such of the public as knew of the fact, and chose to attend. The attraction announced was a poetical reading by a "Mrs. Louise de Mortie, a colored lady of Boston," and as the affair had not been advertised except among our colored citizens, there were only about half a dozen white persons present. The rest of the audience, which half filled the room, included negroes of every hue, from the deep brown and dark black to the pale olive. There were several splendid looking women, as elegant in dress and feature as the rich creoles of Louisiana. There were one or two colored preachers, of raven complexion and garb, and not a few of the more elegant and dandyish "colored gemmen" who may be seen in fashionable hotels and hair-dressing rooms. One man, bald on the top of his head and magnificent as to whiskers, was a very bust in chocolate of General Burnside. There were several men and women so white that they could scarcely be distinguished from those of the Caucasian race who were present. While waiting for the reader, two men, a harpist and a violinist, played doleful music, the latter gapping frequently wide enough to swallow his violin, bow and all, had that feat been down on the programme.

A little after eight o'clock Mrs. De Mortie appeared, and sat down before a small pine table, on which were placed a few books and a pitcher of water. A splendid looking woman she was; complexion of a flushed creamy tint, hair dark and wavy, eyes large and lustrous, and features oval and almost classic. She was dressed in black silk, and wore white kid gloves. She could not be considered a type of the African race; for, though the African blood evidently tinged her skin, she might easily have passed for a Creole. Yet she at once identified herself with the negro race, of which there were so many undoubted mem-

bers in the audience, and opened her readings with some passionate stanzas, by Whittier, on "The Slave and Slavery."

The voice was superb—rich, deep and musical; the pronunciation admirable, without the slightest touch of negro accent, while the gestures were always easy and graceful. Whittier's exquisite pastoral, "Maid Muller," followed, read with the quiet ease and hidden pathos the piece requires. Extracts from "The Honey-moon" exhibited in the reader considerable sprightliness and humor. A selection from the "Hero and the Slave," written by J. Selia Martin, a black man, again called forth her fire and energy; but, though well written, and containing many passages of genuine poetic fervor, the piece was too long to interest the audience. In Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor," there was a marked deficiency. Several lines were so carelessly read that some words were entirely omitted and others inserted, thus quite destroying the rhythm. Nor was the "Pied Piper" rendered much better; but in the next piece, an anonymous little gem entitled "Magdalena," Mrs. De Mortie fully equaled in pathos and effect any lady reader who has ever attempted to read to a New York audience. Nothing in this style could be better.

The listeners were attentive, quiet, and decorous, but strangely lacking in applause or enthusiasm. In fact the programme was, with a few exceptions, adapted to a more scholarly audience, and it was hardly to be expected that it would be fully appreciated by all of those present.

This "colored lady" will probably read here again soon. There are many families in this city, who, without being at all prominent in the work, sympathize, at least in talk, with the colored race, and are not even afraid of the dreadful word "abolitionist." These families can enjoy an agreeable evening, listen to reading fully up to the average, and encourage by their presence a colored woman of undoubted talent. They will help to attend to offend the most delicate susceptibilities, and we trust that some of them will attend the next reading of Mrs. De Mortie, whose talents as a reader have only been developed during the past year, and will improve with experience.—Evening Post.

Incidents of the Lancashire District.

We lay before our readers a few instances of the misery that is endured in England, just as occurred to the bystander. Here is one from Stockport:

Down a miserable court, where a quadrangle of little dens—they could not be called houses—were buddled together, their open doors exhibiting all that the houses contained, for they were single-storied, was entered a low-roofed hotel. A woman sat on a bench, or rather a rough framework which represented a bed; an infant was in her arms, and at her feet two little half-clothed children were lying. The room contained nothing but a counterpane upon the bed, a pot beside the fire, and a few articles of crockery—not a chair or table was there, nor one single article to contribute to comfort. The poor creature evinced great regret that we could not be accommodated with seats; but we told her that our object was merely to look through the district, and we would not intrude.

"Intrude! you are welcome, sirs; and if you bring any help, God reward you," she said.

"You seem to have a large family."
"There are five, sir. The little one is just six months old" (and its poor shivering arms and haggard face looked as if it would never survive six months more). "Poor children, they have fared ill since their father went to prison."
"Prison! how came he there?"
"We were hard put to it, and had 9s. 11d. worth of provisions on credit, for which we could not pay. My husband was summoned, and as he had nothing to give them, they took his body. You see what we have to live upon. There is not a mouthful of bread in the house; and there is our bed. Everything has gone, thing after thing, till now there is nothing left but a counterpane."

"Do you not manage to receive relief?"
"Yes, sir, I do, and very thankful I am for it; but I have only 3s. 6d. a week, and what is that? In good times my master used to make 2l and 2l. 5s. a week, and then we thought we could only just live; but now see what we have come to!" And the recollection brought the tears flowing into her eyes.

It was with heavy hearts that we turned away from the court, but they were somewhat lightened when, turning round to take a last glimpse, we saw the woman showing her little group of children a shilling we had left, and heard her, with almost childish joy, promising them bread that night.

"Are there many cases like this in your round?" I asked our guide (the officer of the relief fund).

"Aye, there are that. I could take you to a hundred families within five minutes' walk of this spot, where there is not an article of clothing in the house except what they stand up in."

Here is another:

She had been a widow many years, and had one son who had been away eleven years in Canada as a soldier; whether alive or dead she did not know. She had two daughters who went to the factory to work. The average wages they brought home to their mother were about sixteen shillings a week; besides this, the household fund was increased by the widow's own industry. They were so far prosperous that every week they were able to put by a little money in the Savings' Bank; but by the time a few pounds were saved the rainy day came. The mill stopped at which the daughters were engaged. The widow's health at the same time gave way. Nor was this all; the work which she had been accustomed to do, and which depended directly upon the mill, stopped also. The frst withdrawal from the Savings' Bank had to be made; and little by little the whole of the savings went. One article of comfort after another was then sold, until the home which had been the subject of so much pride and pleasure was stripped of everything that made it comfortable.

Just as things were coming to the worst, one of the daughters got employment at four shillings a week. But what was four shillings to keep three adults upon and pay house-rent? Living at that dying rate was protracted starvation.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1862.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Two Dollars a year, payable in advance. ONE DOLLAR for six months. Single Copies, 5 cents.

"It was very wrong to be proud," said the widow. "It seemed as if one was above taking what God sent, but I did feel it dreadfully hard to seek for relief."

And another: "You would not think that wretched hole was inhabited, would you?" asked our guide, pointing to a cellar under an empty house.

"Ah, that's a sad case there, sir. We must not call for the man is so sensitive that I believe he would rather die outright than be seen by strangers as he is."

We turned down a narrow archway, damp and dreary, and arrived in a little square court where there were about twenty one-story cottages, many nearly roofless, others with door hanging on one hinge.

We entered one house. The usual scene presented itself—four bare walls, a fixture bedstead with some shavings and a counterpane, and a pot beside what should be a fire.

"You seem ill, my good woman," we remarked, after a few sentences had been exchanged.

"I am ill, sir," she answered; "I have five children, and this morning there was not a morsel of bread for them; and so I took this basket and started off to Streeton and round the country, and I have walked over twenty miles, and this is what I have got."

With one hand she opened a basket which contained a few crusts of bread, and with the other she took out of her pocket twopence-halfpenny.

And I tramped over all those weary roads," she continued, slipping off two mere outlines of shoes. "And is it a wonder I look ill, after dragging this child in my arms all that distance? But I cannot see them starve. I have but 1s. 6d. a week to keep them on, and I must do something. God knows how long I shall be able to do it."

I looked upon that wan and wasted face, those thin and withered arms, and then upon the little group around her. Alas, how soon, in all probability, her hard and weary pilgrimage will be over forever, and her motherless children be left to the tender mercies of the world!

For the Herald of Progress. MY THOUGHTS IN AN HOUR OF TRIAL. BY BELLE BUSH.

Why so soon repining? Timid heart, be strong; See, the sun is shining, Wake the harp of song

Let them thrill with gladness All thy being through, Drinking up thy sadness, As the sun the dew.

Why, then, in thy blindness, Doubt the Father's love? Who only smites in kindness, Thy strength of faith to prove.

Why, oh why so fearful Glides your spirit-bark? Why with eyes so tearful Peer out through the dark?

Angel hosts about you, A trusting heart within, Shall break the clouds above you And let the sunshine in.

Look at those grand old heroes of yore, Why did their souls never equal? Why did they die in the contest give o'er, And finally hopelessly fall?

AIR LINE DISPATCHES TO THE Herald of Progress.

HOW THE REBELS REASON.

Great Britain Diplomatically Ready to Imitate our Example.

HALF A MILLION MORE MEN WANTED.

President Lincoln's New-Year's Gift.

REBELS ASTONISHED AT BURNSIDE'S BOLD ADVANCE.

Poverty, Raggedness, and Sauciness of the Confederates.

AN UNFINISHED DOME.

National Gold Fields Abundant.

NEGRO RAIDS INTO FREE STATES.

AFRICANS INVITED TO SET NOBLE EXAMPLES.

Prayers in the Rebel Camps.

Confederate Generals still Hopeful.

UNION ARMIES SHOULD BE CONCENTRATED IMMEDIATELY.

Deathly Sickness of the Rebel Government.

NO NORTHERN BANKRUPTCY.

The rebels compare themselves with the Revolutionists under General Washington. The North, under Mr. Lincoln, is old England trying to subdue the people of the South, who fight for "independence."

FRANCE AND ENGLAND READY TO IMITATE OUR EXAMPLE.

The Chancellor of the British Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone, has again declared that the Southern Confederacy is entitled to be recognized and embraced in a national capacity.

HEROES. Look at those grand old heroes of yore, Why did their souls never equal? Why did they die in the contest give o'er, And finally hopelessly fall?

thus our soldiers rapidly thin our regiments, and begin to feel that they cannot conquer with decimated ranks. Half a million more of northern brothers, sons, husbands, fathers, must prepare themselves to respond to the Government's call.

THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1863. If Mr. Lincoln would take an immortal stand against all political seductions, if he would utter a voice of rebuke to all slave-mongers the world over, and if he would open the hitherto "sealed book" of Freedom to the people of African descent, let him early on New Year's morning announce the "war measure" of universal Emancipation.

BURNSIDE'S ADVANCE. The bold and successful advance of Burnside's army across the Rappahannock, in front of Fredericksburg, was, after all, a great surprise to the rebel Gen. Lee, who suddenly exclaimed: "My God, what will become of us?"

The rebel generals do not expect to prevent the "on to Richmond" march of our grand army—especially since they have heard of the "Blackwater Army" coming up on the south side of their capital.

A great calamity will befall our Virginia army, and our advance will be checked three times at the moment of victory; but the war will end with the triumph of those who have the most war-ships and the largest armies.

PRESENT AND FUTURE TRIALS. The South is defiant still. She is poor, proud, ragged, and saucy. Her people are as resolute and brave as our own—always excepting those who run away from before our troops in every open field of battle.

The great superiority of the North in wealth, industry, invention, navies, and armies—even if in other respects the opposing sections were equal—will determine the side of victory, for the largest and most skillful forces usually win.

The unfinished dome on the Capitol at Washington, but recently architecturally arrested on its upward, indicates the shock which this war will be to the nation's political growth.

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are painfully apprehensive lest the forthcoming edict of Emancipation will be followed by raids of slaves into the Free States. These pious lovers of God's sable children fear lest black labor will come into competition with white, and lest other outrages will be practiced by the black race upon the poor, peaceable Hibernians of the North.

CHAPLAINS IN REBEL PRAYER-MEETINGS. With great zeal and religious sincerity the rebel chaplains perform acts of piety in several of the camps. Stonewall Jackson's men attend such prayer-meetings, not from choice, but from compulsion.

DISINTERESTEDNESS AND SELF-DENIAL. Mr. Lincoln, unfortunately, is not yet "headed" of the political heresy that the colored race, because they are colored, are therefore politically enslaved and kept in social chattelhood.

REBEL GENERALS STILL SAUCINE. When the storm of battle raged the other day, Longstreet's troops were hidden in the woods hard by, while advance corps, from cedar thickets and under-bush, swept the Union boys to death with rifle and musket-balls.

ASSURANCE OF THE REBELS. Gen. Longstreet said that although his troops were both hungry and ragged, they wouldn't "yield" to the Yankee invaders, cost what the resistance might.

NECESSITY OF CONCENTRATION. Gen. Burnside has fighting men enough. Reinforcements would embarrass his intended side or flank movements.

TERRIBLE BLOWS ABOUT TO FALL. With yet more emphatic earnestness let me, through your progressive HERALD, warn the government at Washington against the fallacy of attacking Richmond as the rebel stronghold.

NEGRO RAIDS INTO THE NORTH. Orderly, quiet Christians in the North, who, for the most part, vote the Democratic ticket,

dispute their possession. Let Fredericksburg be burned and abandoned; and give to Burnside his own chosen route to Richmond. But let Generals Banks' and Foster's hosts, and all the troops at unimportant southern posts, be concentrated upon the three great sea-coast rebel cities.

LYING DOWN TO DIE. General Banks' army movements will not be rapid enough. Troops from the West are now gathering for the defense of Richmond.

The population of Richmond mysteriously realize this fiat of high heaven. They know that legions have gathered to hasten her downfall. "The bloody hand" that was stretched out from the invisible, still covers the city.

Last Week's Paper Wanted. Any of our readers who can return to us immediately, unsold copies of last week's paper—No. 147—will confer a favor upon us, and will be allowed double price for the same.

War and Reforms. Few observations involve greater and more peculiar interest than those taken upon the direction and range of progressive and conservative opinion upon a given point.

WAR AND REFORMS.—Those people who advocate what they call new ideas in human progress (as if most of them had not been repeatedly tried and rejected in the history of the race), seem to have received a quietus from this stunning, practical fact of war.

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Dr. Dio Lewis.

HEALTH, TEMPERANCE, VENTILATION.

We enjoyed the pleasure, a few days since, of a call from Dr. Dio Lewis, of Boston, now prominently before the public as the author and teacher of the new method of physical training.

The equality of woman, it will be seen by a visit to his Institution, is practically recognized and exemplified by Dr. and Mrs. Lewis, who labor together for their patients and pupils.

While in the city, Dr. Lewis spoke before the Medical Class of the Hygieo-Therapeutic College at No. 15 Lighthouse street, on Physical Culture—a lecture we were unable to attend; also upon Temperance.

Dr. L. proposes a simple, and, he believes, an effective remedy for the evils of intemperance. His plan is, for the women of a neighborhood to organize, and, by the exercise of female influence, create a public sentiment that will not permit the traffic in spirituous liquors.

Examples were given where this course had been adopted, with triumphal success. The plan is one worthy of consideration by all who deprecate the evils of intemperance, and we hope that in many towns the work may be resolutely undertaken and successfully accomplished.

A friend and believer in fresh air and free ventilation, who listened to Dr. Lewis's second lecture, has furnished the following concerning it.

The lecture-room was enlivened a few days since by the genial voice and magnetism of Dr. Dio Lewis, of Light Gymnastic celebrity, who kept the class on the qui vive the whole of a very pleasant hour after the exceedingly interesting lecture of the course by Dr. Trull.

After the audience had retaken their seats, a discussion brought out some good observations of Dr. Lewis on Ventilation. He maintained—and it was a wholesome truth—that our sleeping-rooms ought always in winter time to be provided with a fire, warm and glowing.

The object obtained by this invention is twofold, viz, first, to enable a vapor-bath to be administered in a bed without changing the position of a sick patient; and, second, to obtain an apparatus for administering such a bath so inexpensive as to bring it within the reach of nearly all classes, and which enables the bath to be taken as a luxury without the aid of a second person.

Licensing Spiritual Manifestations. Mr. Ira Davenport, a Spiritualist, has recently been holding Spiritualist meetings in Dubuque, Iowa.

The Lectures at Dodworth's.

The lecturing season at Dodworth's Hall opened on Sunday last with good audiences, notwithstanding the limited notice and the unfavorable state of the streets.

To defray expenses, an admission fee of five cents for the morning and ten cents for the evening is expected at the door.

The lectures commence at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

Back Numbers.

We desire to give notice to all our subscribers that the only safe way to insure an uninterrupted receipt of their papers, is to keep their subscriptions paid well in advance.

Send on Names.

One new subscriber from every reader of the HERALD OF PROGRESS would compensate us for the greater cost of publication, and widen the influence of our journal.

Postage Extra.

In consequence of the increased cost of paper and binder's materials, we cannot in future send our publications postage free.

WANTED—copies, in good condition, of last week's paper, No. 147.

"SUPERSTITION DISSECTED," noticed in No. 146, will be sent, postage prepaid, for \$1.

Vassar Female College.

The walls of this college are up, the roof is on, and carpenters, masons, and other mechanics are at work in the building. In a few months it will be opened for the accommodation of young ladies who desire a liberal education.

Bed Vapor-bath.

We invite attention to the following notice from the Scientific American of a recent valuable invention by an American woman, a valued contributor to the columns of this journal.

The object obtained by this invention is twofold, viz, first, to enable a vapor-bath to be administered in a bed without changing the position of a sick patient; and, second, to obtain an apparatus for administering such a bath so inexpensive as to bring it within the reach of nearly all classes, and which enables the bath to be taken as a luxury without the aid of a second person.

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science. The prosecuting attorney stated the fact that Dan Rice once lectured in Dubuque while acting the part of the clown in his own circus; that acting the clown was, he maintained, a part of his religious worship, and hence he did not wish to pay any license.

The force of his logic could not be seen by the proper authorities, and he had to pay. Mr. Davenport shared no better. The Justice decided that the performance without a license was a violation of the city ordinance, and Mr. D. was fined five dollars and costs.

Negros in Mississippi

The negroes in great numbers are coming into Gen. Grant's lines, bringing horses, mules, and wagons. They are set at work ginning and baling cotton. They receive wages for their labor, and, it is said, do twice the work they performed as slaves.

Who Believe it?

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent discourse, made the following remarkable statement concerning the class of individuals who believe in the doctrine of endless punishment:

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—JONN B. GOUGH is lecturing on temperance in Washington.

—REV. ARTHUR B. FULLER, Chaplain of the Sixteenth Massachusetts Regiment, was among the killed at the crossing of the Rappahannock on Friday last. He was a brother of Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

—A memorial, signed by a large number of Congressmen, will be presented to the President in a few days, praying for the appointment of ELI TRAYNER as Military Governor of Florida.

—GEN. McCLELLAN has purchased a house on Thirty-first street, Fifth Avenue, and expects to make this his permanent home.

—GERRIT SMITH and THURLOW WEED have each given one hundred dollars for the relief of the English operatives.

—HENRY C. WRIGHT is speaking in Otsego Co., N. Y.

—MRS. LINCOLN has, since her return to Washington, resumed her charitable visits to the hospitals.

—MRS. ELIZA W. FARSHAM will continue through the winter her free lectures to women at the Cooper Institute, Wednesday afternoons, at 2 o'clock.

—The HUTCHINSONS (Ara and family) are singing in this city and vicinity.

—REV. MOSES HULL, of Battle Creek, who held a discussion with Frank L. Wadsworth on Spiritualism, last winter, has renounced the Second Advent doctrine and is now preaching Universalism.

—GEN. SIGEL'S staff has presented him with a beautiful black horse, as a token of their respect for him.

—REV. MR. NYE, of the Star of the West, met with a heavy loss on the 24th ult., by the burning of the Yellow Springs Water-cure. His family were boarding there, and he lost nearly everything save a trunk of sermons.

—MRS. F. W. LANDER, widow of the lamented Gen. Lander, has been appointed lady superintendent of the hospitals in the Department of the South, and will soon proceed with her mother to Port Royal, S. C., to enter upon the discharge of her duties.

—HARRIET BECKER STOWE and her sister, Mrs. HOOKER, of Hartford, are in Washington.

—It is reported from Washington that a Colonel R. D. Goodwin has "formally" challenged Gen. McDowell to a duel. If this is true, we trust the Secretary of War will promptly dismiss this Colonel from the service, if he happens to be attached to it, of which we see some doubts expressed.

This same individual has figured in New York as a Spiritualist. We can echo the sentiments of the Post, though still more incredulous as to his position in the service, or to the importance of a "formal" challenge from one so unrecognized by fame.

—MR. SEWARD has formally declined to be a candidate for the United States Senate before the New York Legislature, and reiterates his purpose to retire to private life at the close of his present official career. Quite unnecessary.

—REV. WM. LINCOLN, a clergyman in Wallworth, has left the Church of England, and avows his intention to join the Independents. In a letter announcing his decision to the Bishop of London, he says that when he came to review the connection of the Church of England with the State and with the world, he was convinced that it was that Babylon out of which all real Christians were commanded to come.

—GEN. RAYARD, killed at the battle of Fredericksburgh, was to have been married on the 18th. The wedding had been postponed twice on account of the exigencies of the service.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The War Committee of this city have addressed a petition to Congress to issue letters of marque to secure the capture of the rebel pirates preying upon our commerce.

—The House of Representatives has approved of the Emancipation Proclamation, by specific resolution, adopted by a vote of 78 to 51.

—The President has finally decided to hang thirty-nine of the convicted Indians in Minnesota. The reasons why he singles out the thirty-nine are, that no crime can be proved against two hundred and sixty-one of the three hundred Indians.

—The Evening Post very justly calls attention to the fact that the French Government is purchasing here articles to aid in the war against Mexico. If we object to England furnishing supplies to the rebels, we ought not to let the lesson of aiding Napoleon in his warlike designs upon Mexico, a sister and friendly nation.

—The Smithsonian lectures at Washington this season will be purely scientific. There will be no "humanitarian" course like that of last winter, to vex the good nature of Prof. Henry and to afford Mr. Pierpont opportunities for poking fun at the institution and its head.

—Senator Wilson's bill to aid the State of Missouri in the work of emancipation, provides that when the State shall pass suitable laws for the emancipation of all the slaves within the State, the President shall issue five per cent. bonds running thirty years, to the amount of twelve millions of dollars, to compensate loyal slave-owners in the State of Missouri for the emancipation of their slaves.

—A celebrated Cambridge scholar, an admirer of the Greek poets, has ordered in his will, that after death his body shall be dissected and his skin be taken off and tanned in such a manner as to convert it into a parchment, on which the Iliad of Homer shall then be copied, the singular MS to be deposited in the British Museum!

Facts on Emancipation.

[We have received from our correspondent, G. B. S., too late to be placed with his article, the following appendix of facts, which the reader will be able to connect with the article on our first page.]

Czar Alexander, of Russia, has just commenced his beneficent plan for the freedom of 40,000,000 serfs, recognizing at once their humanity, and, by successive steps, lifting off their burthens, until in a few years the last vestige of serfdom shall disappear.

With a wisdom rare indeed in such high places, he says: "The change must come, and it is better for it to come from above than from beneath." A noble foresight, preventing insurrection by a large act of kindly wisdom which shall raise up these millions to freedom.

We get already a few of the first fruits. The government of Toula, which had ten schools with 256 pupils, now has 1,123 schools with 15,387 pupils.

Simbirsk, in eighteen months, rose from 20 schools with 277 pupils to 375 schools with 4,192 pupils; and in Podolia in the same time the pupils increased from 306 to 30,000.

Shall the Republican Lincoln, in this hour of peril, be less wise and strong than the autocrat Alexander? Shall America fall in the rear of Russia?

In our own District of Columbia, within a year, over 2,000 slaves have been freed. Where are the thefts, and riot, and rapine, fearfully foretold by some? The change works well; the freed men and women work at wages for their former owners, or for others, and thus begins the solution of that question: "What shall we do with the negro?"

Would that emancipation with us were to be universal and immediate. That were surest, wisest, and the best guarantee of peace and safety, because it would be the broadest recognition of the divine law of justice. But let us help on such steps as are taken, hoping they may seal the doom of a giant wrong, and open a pathway to a higher future for our country.

For the Herald of Progress.

Reform Meeting at Lockport, N. Y.

A quarterly meeting of the Friends of Progress was held at Union Hall, Lockport, December 6th and 7th.

The meeting was organized by choosing friend Fish, of Rochester, Chairman, and H. O. Gregory, of Lockport, Secretary.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather and the unfavorable state of the roads, the attendance was not as large as usual, but the audience was very attentive and deeply interested by cheering and appropriate remarks from Geo. W. Taylor, of Collins, Giles B. Stebbins, of Rochester, Eliza Clark, of Eagle Harbor, the Chairman, and others.

All fearlessly and earnestly advocated the right of every human being to elevation by giving him freedom and opportunity to cultivate his God-given faculties. It was shown that those who oppose this grand idea of the elevation of our race, are more or less intimately connected, by sympathy and otherwise, with the gigantic rebellion that threatens to destroy the government of this great nation.

Music by the choir, accompanied by a melodeon, added much to the interest of the occasion.

The next quarterly meeting will be held at the same place, on the first Saturday and Sunday in March next, and the third annual meeting in June following. Speakers can make arrangements for attending these meetings by addressing H. O. Gregory, Lockport, N. Y., Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

Spiritualism.

ITS LATEST PHASES AND PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WITH IT.

I never had any luck with Spiritualism. The Fox girls did not perform well when I was present. Gordon's pictures were very poor things whenever I happened to see him draw them, and Hume I did not know. The smaller fry of mediums, though constantly declaring that I was a medium, and that I should ultimately be brought into the kingdom, did not have their usual success with me in the ring, and I gave it up at last as a bad job.

Well, I always thought that the doctor felt just a little badly to believe that I considered him the dupe of a set of tricksters, and I have no doubt he did. Hearing very little of Spiritualism lately, and meeting him in the streets of Boston a few days ago, I rallied him on the old subject, and received an invitation from him to visit a writing medium then in Boston, a Mr. Colchester. I was glad to please him, and glad to gratify my own curiosity, and made an appointment for the next day.

On the following morning, at ten o'clock, I was in the doctor's office, according to appointment. He informed me that Mr. Colchester occupied another part of the building, and that it would be necessary for me, before going into his room, to address a series of brief notes to any friends in the spirit world whom I might desire to communicate with.

I took a seat at a little side-table in the doctor's room, and, having no paper, was furnished by him with a lot of slips torn from the yellow paper generally known as "post office paper."

Mr. Colchester is a fine specimen of a man physically, and has the bearing and the manners of a gentleman. Very few young men in any society would make a better first impression than he. There is no swagger, no sentimentalism, no nonsense about him. He gave me a hearty welcome, and I felt at home with him at once.

After a few words he invited the doctor and myself into his private room. In the center of this room there was a large round table, down by the side of which we sat, he opposite to me. He inquired whether I had any questions prepared. I replied that I had, and he requested me to place them upon the table before me, which I proceeded to do, emptying my left hand of the pellets which had not at any moment been out of my grasp.

On touching the first, there came three distinct raps under the table, which was equivalent, I was informed, to saying that the particular question in that pellet would be answered. I was then told to place it by itself and to touch the next. This I did, and the response was a single rap.

I should state here, perhaps, to avoid any mistake, that the pellets were not distinguishable by me. I did not know one from another. I did not know what the questions were which had been accepted and rejected; and to have saved my soul I could not have picked up one of the pellets and told, without opening it, what question was in it.

These preliminaries settled, Mr. Colchester reached forward and separated one of the pellets from the pile, by touching it with a pencil. He then leaned back in his chair and exclaimed: "There is a beautiful spirit present by the name of Louisa." He then seized his pencil and wrote upon a sheet of paper lying before him these words:

"Do I remember you? We never forget those we have once loved. From the spirit-world I breathe over you." LOUISA.

Laying the little pellet, to which this was the reply, upon the sheet, Mr. Colchester passed both over to me, with the request that I would unfold the question, and see whether it had been answered. I did so, and read these words:

"LOUISA—Do you remember me?" To say that I was not astonished would be to acknowledge myself foolish. I was astonished, though I cannot say that I was at all awed or excited. Indeed, the matter was carried on in such a business-like way, and with so little parade, that it did not occur to me that I was among the necromancers. Then another pellet was separated from the remain-

ing number, and answered signed, and another and another, until all had been answered. There was never a mistake in the drift of the answer, and never the slightest mistake in the signature. The question was specifically treated in each instance, and to such perfection of detail that the evidence beyond question that whoever answered the question had seen and read it. I did not know what question each pellet covered; therefore the intelligence answering did. No material vision could possibly see the writing in those wads of paper, therefore—what? I don't know.

The last of the questions answered in this batch was accompanied by manifestations so astounding that I make a separate allusion to it. After answering all the questions but one, Mr. Colchester leaned back in his chair and said, "Doctor, I am impressed to say to you that your children are well this morning." Immediately after uttering these words, he grasped his left fore-arm with his right hand by a quick, spasmodic motion, while an expression of pain passed over his face. This expression was, however, succeeded by a pleasant smile, and he showed up the heavy coat-sleeve upon his left arm, and unbunching the wrist-band of the negligé shirt-sleeve under it, he exposed to me the smooth, white inside of his fore-arm. On this was written, in large text, the single word, CLARA. The letters of this word were almost blood-red. Indeed, it only needed that the blood should come through the cuticle to make them quite so, for they seemed to have been written with a blunted stylus, that had been used so sharply and rapidly as to draw the blood to the very surface. This name did not fade out, for I should say, two or three minutes. It grew paler and paler, as he held it before me, and was not wholly illegible when he put down his sleeve and buttoned his wrist-band. The question to which, word of mouth and by this name upon the arm, had been answered, was this: "Clara, how are my children this morning?"

I allude especially to still another question and its answer, on account of its relations to the newest and quite the most astonishing of the developments of Spiritualism. In answer to the question, "Father, what do you think of the spirit-portraits?" I received the answer: "I like them, my son, and should be glad to give you a portrait. If you will sit for one I will see what I can do."

These spirit-portraits—photographs—have already been described in the *Republican*, and from the article copied into its columns I had received my first and only knowledge of them. The history of them, as given me by Dr. Gardner, was the same, essentially, that has been published. A certain Mr. Mumler, an engraver by profession, and an amateur artist in photography, prepared a plate, and bringing a chair into a focus, slipped the hood from his camera, and leaped to the chair to sit for his own picture. On developing the picture thus taken, he was surprised to find another figure, by the side of his own, and this was declared by some authority to be the picture of a spirit. I have, since my session with Mr. Colchester, seen this first picture, and many of the others that have followed it. The spirit-form in many of them is very faint, and never looks as if it were the representation of veritable flesh and blood. At least, it presents a striking contrast to the living figure with which it is taken. I have seen the picture of a man who wished to have a picture of a lost baby taken with his own, and taken sitting on his arm. In the picture, the arm held for the spirit-baby to sit on looks very awkward and still—simply held out and held still by an effort; but on that side of the picture, sits a shadowy baby! By the side of Mr. Adams (of the Adams Express Company) stands the figure of Daniel Webster—a most excellent likeness, as I remember the departed statesman. A picture of Mrs. Babbett, widow of the inventor of the well-known "Babbett metal" is accompanied by what all her friends declare to be an excellent likeness of her departed husband. These persons will, I trust, pardon my public allusion to them. My apology is, that I found these pictures on public exhibition in a photographer's reception-room.

Dr. Gardner, I may say here, said to me that the spirits had been seeking for years for some method by which they could, in their communications with persons still in the flesh, establish their identity, and that they have been seeking in this precise direction. As many as six years ago, he says that they propheesied exactly this thing, and looked forward to it as the test by which, beyond all dispute, they could establish their identity with the persons they represented themselves to be.

But I must come back to my narrative. As my father, through Mr. Colchester, manifested a desire that I should sit for a picture, and promised his presence and aid, I took leave of Mr. Colchester, and walked in company with Dr. Gardner to Mr. Mumler's rooms on Washington street. By the doctor's intervention, I obtained an early sitting, and had the satisfaction of knowing that a figure had appeared by the side of mine, though it was very vague, and the probabilities were that I should be obliged to sit again, at some future day. So, all I could do was to look at Mr. Mumler, and discover that he was a hearty-looking person, with more beef on him than Mr. Colchester (though there was less sparkle about him), and to examine the pictures to which I have already alluded. There was quite a number of curious-looking persons in the room. One or two widow's caps, within which were pale and interesting faces, were painfully suggestive. I could not help feeling that if the medium were really a cheat, and all this matter of spirit-photographs a cunningly-devised humbug, hanging would be a fate which the operator would richly deserve. All I can say is, that he seemed honest, and that there did not seem to be anything from which the supplementary figure upon the plate could be taken.

A few days afterwards I called again and found my "proofs." The photograph of my self was a wretched one enough, but that of the spirit quite as bad. Indeed, my spirit-friend and I had had very bad luck. I could see nothing of him but his forehead and his shirt-bosom, and a faint outline of his form. This matter of shirt-bosoms in the spirit-world, seems, by the way, very ridiculous to me, yet it is true that every spirit thus far taken, so far as I know, sticks to the earthly fashion of shirts, pantaloons, coat, &c. Dr. Gardner had a picture of himself, and there were four other figures upon the plate. Two of them were hardly more than points of nebulous light, one of them gave a human form

very dimly, while the fourth was the picture of a boy in a round-about, with a turn-down collar. At my second calling Mr. Mumler was not in, and the word was, that, in consequence of severe exhaustion following his operations, he had been forbidden to take any more pictures for a week. It appeared that my picture was among the last and the poorest that he took, his nervous power being used up. I have not been to visit Mr. Mumler again, though I should be glad to give my spirit-friend a chance once more. As it was, I was not able to make him out at all.

I neglect much in this narration that was interesting to me, simply because I do not wish to be tedious. If anybody wishes to know what I make of it, I can only say to him that he has before him the data for forming just as good an opinion as my own. I give a faithful detail of facts as they appeared to me, and of representations that were made to me. The pictures may be all trick, and may not. They are not satisfactory to me at all as the work of spiritual beings. I can imagine it possible that these pictures are produced by some ingenuity and jugglery. They left no impression of genuineness upon my mind, but perhaps I was unreasonable. I cannot get rid of Mr. Colchester in this way. I know he did not enroll my pellets of questions before answering them. I know no material eyes could see the writing on my answers were exceedingly characteristic of their pretended authors; and that, in the hand-writing of Mr. Colchester's arm, I recognized, or thought I recognized, instantaneously, that of a long-lost sister. Beyond these circumstances, there was nothing to establish the identity of the intelligence or intelligences which made the replies. That is, had any person possessed the power to read the questions, he could have written the answers. If any man will tell me how those questions could have been read without seeing them, he will settle for me a question about which I have great curiosity.

I cannot close without a word about the two questions which Mr. Colchester's spirits would not answer. After getting through with the other questions, they came back to these, and by Mr. Colchester's voice, without writing at all, stated what the questions were, and why they would not answer them. The first related to a friend at sea, and to his whereabouts on the sea. The name of this friend was called, and the statement made that the spirit did not know anything about him. Then Mr. Colchester said the remaining pellet contained two questions, one of which the spirits would answer. I had asked a sister where she was buried, and what circumstances connected with her burial were then in my mind. Mr. Colchester said she would tell me where she was buried (which she did, though by the use of what seemed to me to be altogether unnecessary machinery) but she could not tell me what was in my mind of the circumstances of her burial. I was at least thankful that my mind was not open to the inspection of the spirit, in the body or out, that was so ready at deciphering my handwriting "under difficulties." All very strange, isn't it? J. G. H.

Progressive Literature.
"All things are engaged in writing their history—The air is full of letters, and the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."
For the Herald of Progress.

Pictures.

One walking in the woods at sunset wondered: "What need is there in the world of pictures?"
The splendid rays of light streaming across a precipitous ravine and splashing between mossy tree-trunks, made pictures incomparably finer than any work of art.

"Why do men ever paint pictures, when they always have God's picture-gallery to go to?" she wondered. "Are not country-people richer than the people who live in fenced cities full of Louvres and all sorts of works of art? There never was a picture that could awaken rapture, ecstasy, keen appreciation of life, as this natural landscape does."

"And what does any one want of statues who can have around him a family of girls like Hebe, and boys like Antinous?"

Ah, but before men can perceive the grace of their children, or of anything in the world, they must be educated into an appreciation of grace. Most of the human race are like Carlyle's "druggal body, or earth-worshipers, who are forever delving in the earth or with the products of her bosom, seldom lifting their eyes to heaven, or if at all, with indifference." Eyes see only what they carry with them the power of seeing; a mean eye sees nothing but what is mean.

It is the office of the poet and painter to awaken within us a sense of the divine and heavenly. "Come and see how beautiful all things are to us!" they say.

They have to do a wonderful share of the work of lifting humanity from grossness, meanness, and brutishness.

"Let statue, picture, park, and hall, Ballad, flag, and festival, The past restore, the day adorn. And make each morrow a new morn. So shall the drudge in dusty trock Spy behind the city clock Returns of airy kings, Skirts of angels, stars, wings, His fathers shining in bright tables, His children fed at heavenly tables."

I suppose that men who are impelled to become artists feel more intensely than others do the beautiful in Nature. They most needs have "finer vision for beauty than the vision of creatures of common clay, and the keener insight into truth, the deeper faith, the larger love, that make genius." I suppose men who become artists are irresistibly impelled to impart their finer insight to others, and the merit of a painter lies in his capacity for perceiving the beautiful, and his power of imparting the capacity to others.

Some are incapable of receiving in this respect, like the young lady, who, looking on Turner's easel, said:

"I don't see anything in Nature like your picture."

"I know it. Don't you wish you could?" quoth Turner.
Pictures are worthless merely as imitations. The youngster whom Sir Joshua Reynolds overheard crying, "This is well-done water!" at a Switzerland water-fall, thought otherwise, apparently.

Some pictures cast a pleasure into the brain which can never be lost, because they teach us how to draw the same pleasure from Nature that the artist felt when he painted. If we sit long before some, an ineffable sense of abstract beauty soothes every nerve and vein. They throw new light upon the universe, and we leave them with an aptitude for perceiving new aspects in Nature. Once I saw a little picture of

"A long-haired page in velvet clad" standing in the gate of a sunny and stately garden. A vista of trees, with vase and fountain at the end, led from the gate. A little picture; but all gardens since have somehow caught an air of romance from the picture, because the painter's brain was full of romance, perhaps, when he made it.

A statue! Every man who stands in the presence of a great statue stands in an atmosphere of inspiration, and receives into himself a divine element which will pervade his being thenceforth. For a statue is a living soul, and imparts inexhaustibly of the element with which it is imbued. There is the Venus de Medici, a lamp of grace so long! An old traveler says: "It is an angel of light!" and Lord Byron:

"It fills The air around with beauty; we inhale The ambrosial aspect, which, behold, instills, Part of its immortality; the veil Of heaven is half withdrawn; within the pale We stand."

Behind the Mask.

It was an old, distorted face— An uncounted visage, rough and wild; Yet from behind, with laughing glare, Peeped the fresh beauty of a child. And so contrasting, fair and bright, It made me of my fancy ask If half earth's wrinkled grimness might Be but the baby in the mask.

Behind gray hairs and furrowed brow And withered look that life puts on, Each, as he wears it, comes to know How the child hides, and is not gone.

For, while the inexorable years To adorned features fit their mold, Beneath the work of time and tears Waits something that will not grow old!

And pain, and petulance, and care, And wasted hope, and sinful stain Shape the strange guise the soul doth wear, Till her young life look forth again.

The beauty of his boyhood's smile— What human faith could find it now In yonder man's "of and guile— A very Cain, a stranded brow?

Yet, overladen with the still, It flingers— in a part; As the scathed upon the hill Holds the young fibers at its heart.

And, haply, round the Eternal Throne, Heaven's pitying angels shall not ask For that last look the world hath known, But for the face behind the mask!

Solitude and Society.

There is a certain healthy parasitic element in human nature. Few men and fewer women can remain contentedly within the limits of their own personality. That serene self-placidity, self-righteousness, and self-central humanity, of which we hear so much from a certain class of people, has had scarcely ever a dead ideal or a complete living representative in the history of the civilized world. Men are perpetually growing and clinging upon others, and submitting to be overgrown and embraced in their turn. Borrow and lend, receive and bestow, is the silent and subtle law that makes even society itself possible. We sacrifice our individuality to become citizens, and in the confluence and attrition of social life the atom becomes a nucleus, the rough block a bas-relief, and the Herma an Apollo. Some men are moved to do this by their instinct, others by their philosophy, and all by their humanity. No sooner are we thrown off, as it were, into the universe, than we seek for points of attachment and centers of radiation. Home, birthplace, race, nationality, friends, are so many external necessities in maintaining our nature, identity, and happiness. The imagination of endless space seems so crushing that we seek beyond ourselves for forces of resistance, and time so transient that we continually wander after objects which may respond to our longing for the permanent.

We make landmarks wherever we journey; we shelter behind persons, phrases, and abstractions, and bind down and beautify each other with the graceful festoons of affectionate association. To overcome our tendency to speciality we grow universal, catholic, and cosmopolitan; to maintain our identity we are forced into narrowness, centripetence, and limitation. The slim letter "I" that denotes our personality stands more securely, we think, when its base is extended into the initial letter of love, and spreads itself more majestically when it shapes the symbol of a friend. Regarded in this light, there is a certain beautiful necessity in genuine human attachments. We say genuine, because every one, no matter how weak and foolish, will have formed some, and every willing seems to feel himself entitled to recognize upon their bene and beneficence. We can never be, to misuse a military phrase, in the state called "unattached," for we are too often glad enough to link ourselves one to another, and take life-trips in any given direction. The tendency is so obvious that few will deny it, and often so vehement that few can resist it. We rush into solitude, but it only throws us back upon the points we have forsaken; and as there are many things which we can never properly estimate until we are without them, it is in the silence of our voluntary exile that we most genuinely appreciate the din of the agora and

the converse of our friends. The antagonism is very healthy. Solitude and society are always endeavoring to checkmate each other, and never succeed. Men have secluded themselves far from desert, cave, and city, and cheated themselves into an illusive friendliness when lo! they have either made a friend of some entity, or transformed into a familiar for themselves a fawn, pigeon, or poodle! Even Jean Paul found his studies in the *Fichtelgebirge* get on better when he had *Spitz*—his "dog star"—with him, and Goethe's drama of Faust would be dreary enough without the transmigrated quadruped.

We cannot separate these two conditions without harm. Rousseau, in the *Val de Montmorenci*, gnawing out his own heart by piece-meal, and growing suspicious of every one, or glaring at Home one moment, to be embracing him in tears the next; and the typical American, shattered by business cares and social follies, who seeks at last with his countryman call the "fool's paradise" of traveling, "carrying ruins to ruins"—are extremes which Nature teaches us to avoid. To establish our sanity we must blend the two medium and healthy conditions. By solitude we do not necessarily mean anything ascetically extravagant, but a studious privacy or solitary apartment; and when we speak of society, we use the word in its most comprehensive sense, as a communion with others, be they equals or inferiors. From "my own apartment" our early essayists dated their best compositions, and the wise man made it his *centrum castrorum*. Jean Paul said it was to him a "spiritual Brunnen hall, full of medicinal water;" Pythagoras crushed down a whole book into a sentence when he said: "In the morning—solitude; and Emerson is not far from the truth when he states that "the high advantage of university life is often the mere mechanical one of a separate chamber and fire."

In society we are puzzled to discriminate between acquaintances and friends; in solitude we make our distinctions and elect our peers. We are always in danger of being disintegrated by one or the other. . . . It has been well said that to be contented with unbroken solitude a man must be either a wild beast or a god; but we should also add that he who is supremely contented with society as it is, is either an idiot or a dolt. We are nurtured and polished by these healthy alternations; one is necessary to completeness of purpose and symmetry of character, and the other is helpful in restraining our aberrations, recovering our objectivity, and stimulating our intelligence. Solitude has many mirrors, in which, perhaps, we only repeat and magnify ourselves, and society many faces, in most of which we may discern the lineaments of a friend.

[Westminster Review.]

Extract from "The Procession of the Flowers."

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

But, after all, the fascination of summer lies not in any details, however perfect, but in the sense of total wealth which summer gives. Wholly to enjoy this, one must give one's self passively to it, and not expect to reproduce it in words. We strive to picture heaven, when we are barely at the threshold of the inconceivable beauty of earth. Perhaps the truant boy who simply bathes himself in the lake and then basks in the sunshine, dimly conscious of the exquisite loveliness around him, is wiser, because humbler, than he who with presumptuous phrases tries to utter it. There are multitudes of moments when the atmosphere is so saturated with luxury that every pore of the body becomes an ample gate for sensation to flow in, and one has simply to sit still and be filled. In after-years the memory of books seems barren or vanishing, compared with the immortal bequest of hours like these. Other sources of illumination seem cisterns only; these are fountains. They may not increase the mere quantity of available thought, but they impart to it a quality which is priceless. No man can measure what a single hour with Nature may have contributed to the molding of his mind. The influence is self-renewing, and it for a long time it baffles expression by reason of its fluidness, so much the better in the end.

The soul is like a musical instrument; it is not enough that it be framed for the very most delicate vibration, but it must vibrate long and often before the fibers grow mellow to the finest waves of sympathy. I perceive that in the very "caroling" of the clover's scent, the glistering of the water, the waving wings of butterflies, the sunset tints, the floating clouds, there are attainable infinitely more subtle modulations of delight than I can yet reach the sensibility to discriminate, much less describe. If, in the simple process of writing, one could physically impart to this page the fragrance of this spray of azalea beside me, what a wonder would it seem!—and yet one ought to be able, by the mere use of language, to supply to every reader the total of that white, honeyed, trailing sweetness which summer insects haunt and the Spirit of the Universe loves. The defect is not in language, but in men.

There is no conceivable beauty of blossom so beautiful as words; none so graceful; none so perfumed. It is possible to dream of combinations of syllables so delicious that all the dawning and decay of summer cannot rival their perfection, nor winter's stainless white and azure match their purity and their charm. To write them, were it possible, would be to take rank with Nature; nor is there any other method, even by music, for human art to reach so high.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

Conversational Tones.

A correct adaptation of the voice to distances is what we need, to prove agreeable and musical talkers. The pitch of the voice and the volume of tone should be such as to render the person speaking audible, without any undue straining of the listener's attention, and nothing more than this. An excess of conversational tone and a voice too high-pitched, are excessively disagreeable, particularly in society. It draws embarrassingly the attention of surrounding persons; the agreeable privacy of conversation ceases, and you become a declaimer to a small audience. The first effect of this is almost inevitably to silence your companion—particularly if that companion be a lady, and of ordinary ladylike sensibility.

There is an extreme of all this, however, which is equally to be deprecated. It is pitching the voice so low and using so little tone,

that remarks have lifelessly to be repeated; moreover, imparting thereby to the conversation a confidential character, which, when combined with a certain bending, or leaning toward the person with whom you are conversing, we have seen ladies, before now, excessively and justly annoyed by. It should be remembered that a clear articulation will always well take the place of a great volume of tone. Better, far better, a low tone, with clear articulation, than a boisterous tone with a thick and blundered articulation. The predominant tone of speech, then, should be calm—quiet, low. The low tones of most

We have heard women occasionally converse in deep, mellow, contralto tones, the effect of which was exceedingly musical and rich. The voices of our American women are apt to be far too high-pitched and scream. As the voice always has a tendency to rise in conversation, we should at least begin low. It is, moreover, a grateful relief to the ear, and a pleasant shade to the light of conversation, to drop the voice occasionally from a high and animated pitch, and regain the cool, quiet key-note originally struck.

In point of sentiment the clear tone expresses gayety and light-heartedness. We hear it in merry children at play. In its excess, this tone becomes disagreeably acid and pointed. The voices of termagants and scolds illustrate this. On the other hand, the shaded or somber tone expresses quiet, repose, calm. In its deeper shades, sadness and melancholy. In its extremes, horror and despair. It is the indispensable tone of high tragedy. Now the conversational voice is only heard in perfection when both these shades of tone are brought into play.

Persons who habitually use but one, command but half the resources of the speaking voice. Such is the case with most Americans. We use as a nation chiefly the hard, piercing quality of tone—we talk with contracted, rather than expanded throats. This contraction is not that moderate one which produces the agreeably clear tone described, but it is that excessive contraction which produces a certain acidity and pointedness. Americans think, and speak, and act intensely; hence this intensity in their voices, we suppose. But for all pleasant, conversational purposes we should do better to allow the throat generously to expand, and suffer the tones to come out, as they then will do, rich and musical. Particularly would our American women gain greatly in attractiveness, if they would drop this sharp, Xantippe quality of tone so often heard, and allow the quiet, reposeful music to steal out, which to every ear is captivating.

Gen. Washington and the Negro.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Many old persons in Boston and its vicinity can remember a colored man of the name of Primus Hall. He had a good deal of natural intelligence, had amassed a comfortable property by his industry, and was always active in his efforts to promote education among the colored people of that city.

During the war of the Revolution, he was the servant of Col. Pickering, who was the intimate and confidential friend of General Washington. This circumstance brought Primus Hall into frequent relations with the Commander-in-Chief. He had a great fund of anecdote concerning him, which he was fond of relating. One of them conveys a lesson which may not be without usefulness at the present time. Gen. Washington often held consultations concerning military matters with Col. Pickering. His headquarters were at considerable distance from his friend's tent, and one evening, finding they were likely to be occupied till a late hour, he proposed to remain all night with the Colonel, provided there were a spare blanket and straw. Primus was appealed to, and, being eager to oblige the Commander-in-Chief, stretched the truth by replying, "Plenty of straw and blankets; plenty."

Two humble beds were prepared, side by side, and when the long conference was ended, the two officers lay down to rest. Primus pretended to be busy until they were asleep, and then he seated himself on a box, leaning his head on his hands, to take as comfortable a nap as his inconvenient position would allow. In the night Washington awoke, and saw his humble friend nodding on the box. He called out, "Primus?" The servant started to his feet, and rubbing his eyes, exclaimed, "What do you wish for, General?"

"You told me you had plenty of straw and blankets," replied Washington; "but I see you are sitting up all night for the sake of giving me your bed?"

"Don't trouble yourself about me, General," rejoined the negro. "No matter about me."

"But it is matter," said Washington. "This will never do, Primus. If either of us must sit up, I will take my turn. But there is no need of that. The blanket is wide enough for two. Come and lie down with me."

Primus, who revered the Commander-in-Chief as he did no other mortal, protested against such an arrangement. But Washington threw open the blanket, and said in a very decided tone, "Come and lie down, I tell you! There is room enough for both, and I insist upon it."

This tone was too resolute to admit of further parley, and the General and his colored friend slept comfortably under the same blanket till morning.

This anecdote was originally published by the Rev. Henry F. Harrington, in *Godey's Lady's Book*, June, 1849. In 1855 it was republished in a book entitled, "The Colored Patriots of the American Revolution," an interesting volume, compiled and written by Wm. C. Nell of Boston, who deserves great credit for the intelligence and earnestness he has manifested in vindicating the cause of his oppressed and slandered race. Mrs. Stowe wrote a brief preface to this volume, in which she says: "The services of these Colored Patriots of the Revolution were far more magnificent, because they did not fight for their own land, but for a land which had enslaved them, and whose laws, even in freedom, often pressed them to protect. Bravery under such circumstances has a peculiar beauty and merit. Their white brothers, in reading these sketches, may remember that generosity and disinterested courage are of no particular race or complexion, and that the image of the Heavenly Father may be reflected alike by all."

Of Writers and Speakers.

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Departed: From earth-life to the Better Land, from his beautiful family residence in Leonidas, St. Joseph Co., Mich., on the evening of Nov. 26, LYMAN H. BISHOP, aged forty-three years. His disease was ulceration and congestion of the lungs, superinduced by bad condition of the liver and kidneys. He was a large, strong, muscular man, and consequently he and his friends did not dream that he could thus fade and pass away from their natural sight. He leaves in the household a dear wife and a cherub daughter, to whom he was fondly attached; an aged mother, just verging on her seventieth anniversary of earth-life, to whom he has been a staff for sixteen years, his father having past on to the higher life at that time; and an invalid sister whose frail constitution has caused her life back to drift oftentimes very near the immortal shores, when he, with his strong magnetic powers and arms of love, has drawn her back from time to time; and now he, the strong and sturdy oak, has been felled in life's midsummer of hopes, loves, cares, and responsibilities. He also leaves a married brother and sister near his residence, and a younger brother in California, to mourn his loss. But they mourn not as those without hope. As a family they are and have been firm believers in the Spiritual and Harmonious Philosophy for about ten years. As a citizen he was much esteemed, being honest, honorable, kind to the needy, and charitable to the erring. He passed on to the unseen world as calm and unmoved as he would visit a neighboring State; he manifested no fear or dread, only regretting to leave those dear ones behind a short time.

Rev. J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek, delivered the funeral discourse in the Methodist Church. He took for his text, "To die is gain." He seemed inspired for the occasion. I think words were never more fitly spoken or more eagerly drank in by thirsty, famishing souls, than on that occasion. Though the house was crowded, an almost deathlike stillness pervaded the congregation. Accompanying him was a Mr. Dunn, a trance medium, whose mission is to examine and prescribe for the sick and afflicted. He and Mr. Peebles stayed over night with the afflicted family, and being clairvoyant and clairaudient, he saw and heard the late departed one speak—was entranced, and through his organism his guardian spoke words of comfort and consolation, telling the friends of Lyman's happy condition, and what thoughts he wished to convey to them. The controlling spirit said he scarce ever witnessed a more calm and satisfied expression upon the countenance of a new-born spirit. He spoke of his change, said he was conscious to the last breath, and was only unconscious about ten minutes after. He spoke things unknown to the medium, gave some good tests to the family in proof of his identity, which give to them a peace of mind which the world nor the church can neither give nor take away. H. B.

Departed: From Randolph, N. Y., Oct. 30th, 1862, SAMUEL SAMPLE, aged 70 years, 10 months. Mr. Sample was one of the oldest citizens of Randolph, having removed there from Monroe Co., N. Y., nearly forty years since. He was beloved by a large circle of friends, and has passed from this life ripe in years of usefulness. The funeral services were attended by Lyman C. Howe.

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The wide range of subjects embraced can be inferred from the following table of Contents. An examination of the book itself will reveal the clearness of style and vigor of method characterizing the Replies.

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