

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS

LOVE, WISDOM, LIBERTY

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

Vol. 4, No. 27. } A. J. DAVIS & CO., } NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING AUGUST 22, 1863. } \$2 50 PER YEAR. } [WHOLE NO. 183
274 Canal St. } In Advance.

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."

A. B. VERMILION.—We send you "Psalms of Life" and "Spirit Minstrel." Both are meritorious musical works—the former peculiarly rich in Reformatory poems. The music, however, is not particularly in advance of popular singing-books.

The Angels Tell Me So.

By ALMEDIA B. FOWLER.

All the trials and afflictions
That we meet with here below
Are but stepping-stones to glory,
For an angel told me so;
And I think he told me truly,
Though my soul is full of woe.

Home Courtesies.

In the conduct of life nothing is so essential as harmony at home, and nothing so promotive of that harmony as the kindness of heart which leads to gentle words and delicate attentions. "True politeness is kindness kindly expressed." It must spring from the heart and be cultivated at home. None of the relations are so vital, none so intimate and delicate, as those between husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and therefore none need be guarded with such tender care. And yet how regardless are mankind of these sacred ties—how thoughtlessly do they trample them under their feet and allow discord and alienation to take their place.

Medical Miscellany.

For the Herald of Progress.
The Clay Cure.

MR. EDITOR: In the HERALD OF PROGRESS of July 4th I find a short article under the above heading. Having myself had a "clay" experience, I will, with your permission, relate it, and also give my ideas relative to the cure.

About six years ago I was afflicted with scrofulous or salt-rheum eruptions on my hands, which rendered me unable to use them for several weeks. They were in a high state of inflammation, the cords having turned a dark purple nearly to the shoulder. While in this terrible condition, a medium, while under influence, told me to poultice them with blue clay, removing it as soon as dry, exposing them to the air a few moments, then moisten them with saliva from the mouth, and apply the clay again. I had not much faith in this treatment, but thought it so easily tried that I immediately made the application; and as it seemed to allay the fever and irritation very much, I continued it, and in about a week had the use of my hands again, and have not been troubled in that way since.

At the time I thought the cure almost miraculous, but have since, from study and observation, come to the conclusion that it was no more the efficacy of the clay than of the cold water with which it was damped. I believe that if the clay had been left out, and simply compresses of cold water been applied, the effect would have been the same.

The philosophy of exposing the surface to the air was to dry and harden the article, and the saliva seemed to soften the skin, as the clay produced a harsh, uncomfortable feeling, which would have been avoided by the use of water alone.

The reason that I have not since been afflicted in this way, is, that I have entirely changed my dietetic habits—discarding the use of meats, gravies, rich pastries, condiments, tea, coffee, and taking plenty of outdoor exercise, not forgetting daily bathing and a thousand little health-producing habits which tend to rid the system of disease, and make one healthy and happy.

In the cases mentioned in the above-named article, I can see nothing but what is explainable on the hypothesis of water-cure. The applications, minus the clay, were similar to what would have been made by a regular practitioner of the hydropathic school for the same diseases, with no doubt as beneficial a result. Yours, for investigation,

LOUISA T. WHITTIER.
WHITEWATER, Wis.

A Prescription.

At a small private circle a few evenings since, the following was received from a father's spirit: "Dear boy, you are feeble—take Dr. Beach's Bitters. They will give you strength." The person addressed has long suffered from disorder of the bowels and stomach, and at times has been much prostrated. He never heard of Dr. Beach's Bitters before that night. Perhaps by communicating this some others similarly afflicted may be benefited. Unlike some prescriptions, it will do no harm to try the Bitters.

Softening of the Brain.

Mr. Solly, the eminent writer on diseases of the brain, says in a late lecture to medical students, on that frightful and formidable malady—softening of the brain: "I would caution you, as students, from excesses in the use of tobacco and smoking, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it is harmless. I have had a large experience of brain diseases, and I am satisfied now that smoking is a most noxious habit. I know of no other one cause or agent that so much tends to bring on functional disease, and through this, in the end, to lead to organic disease of the brain, as excessive use of tobacco."—Dublin Medical Press.

Beauty or Use.

"I maintain that a woman ought to be very handsome, or very clever, or else she ought to go to work and do something. Beauty is of itself a divine gift and adequate. It ought not to be fenced in or monopolized. It ought to be free, and common, a benediction to all weary wayfarers. It can never be profaned." "So a clever woman, whether she be a painter, or a teacher, or a dress-maker, if she really has an object in life, a career, she is safe. She is a power. She commands a realm. She owns a world. She is bringing things to bear. Let her alone." GAIL HAMILTON.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

And the angel said unto them: 'Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.'

Immortality;

OR,
MY MOTHER IN THE SKIES.

BY JAMES FLAGLER.

In the still evening hour, as day was just merging into night—

"When twilight let her curtain down,
And pinned it with a star"—

I was musing in a lonely nook, surrounded by all the flowery beauties of the lovely month of June—an Elysium, where weariness was most cordially invited to rest. The inspiration of the hour lured my thoughts far away from physical consciousness, into the arms of Morpheus and pleasant dreams.

A scene opened to my astonished vision far transcending all conceptions of the harmonious and sublime. A vast plain was spread out before me, undulating in the distance, and variegated throughout with all the pictures of the most vivid imagination—colors in endless variety, romantic mountains on either side, majestic rivers, beautiful trees, and flowers of every hue and delicious odor. Music the most exhilarating and melodious fell upon my ear with all the enchantment of the eternal city.

A charming female figure appeared. She was light, elastic, and buoyant on the atmosphere as a swan on a billow, possessing conscious life, reason, will, and love, unknown to pain, consoled by immortal blessings, and electrifying in her influence. A mutual recognition consummated my joy; she was my mother in the skies.

Her spiritual home was her theme, and the uppermost of my inquiries. All was joy, life, and peace; ever varying, never ceasing in interest, or becoming monotonous; ever fresh, blooming, and hopeful, beyond mortal conception.

Friends gathered around me and gave a description of spirit-life. A disembodied immortal human spirit is composed of electrical ether; is lighter than air; can walk and rest upon it, as a vessel on the sea; can go at will throughout immensity of space among all the planets and stars; is invisible to mortal eyes; retains its earthly form; possesses reason, will, and love; is under circumstances of harmonious development and progress forever; enjoys an increasing happiness from day to day; recognizes friends from the earth; is in union with others and perfectly happy as ages roll on; can talk, think, and sing, and have an infinite variety of pleasurable sensations; enjoys society or solitude; has unlimited scope for the gratification of every natural desire, with no disposition to painful excess; has knowledge of affairs on the earth; is not pained at its inharmonies, because comprehending its cause, and understanding the law of development in Nature, from the everlasting past to the endless future.

All things in Nature are designed for ends of use; nothing exists for no good purpose. Evil, so-called, is only temporary, to serve a permanent and necessary good in the onward progress of natural law towards its final consummation—perfect harmony throughout Nature's unlimited dominions.

The great Spirit-Father is diffusive; exists equally, at the same time, in all parts of unlimited space. Nothing can go wrong in his presence. His will and power sustain, direct, and control every natural law. He is that law, working out that which appears to humanity on the earth the incomprehensible plan of the universe; but to Infinite Wisdom all things are progressing with mathematical exactness—seen and moved by unerring power and beneficence. Spirits know this, and are happy. There was a time when no planets, suns, or living creatures existed in all the boundless space. The Great Spirit was there an omnipresent power. There was a beginning far back in the infinitude of the past, the *modus operandi* of which has not been revealed.

Spirits absorb sustenance from the atmosphere; are not unpleasantly affected by its changes; have natures adapted to perfect bliss under all circumstances. Such is the condition of the new heaven, most perfect and beautiful in all its arrangements. "Behold, I create a new heaven and a new earth: he ye glad and rejoice forever," saith the Lord.

True piety consists in studying and obeying the laws of God in Nature. We are only legitimately entitled to the honors of D.D. as we

become learned and practical in natural law. Divinity is to be seen and learned in the starry heavens, in the flowery earth, and in all true sciences pertaining to the kingdoms of Nature. Life should be calm, reflective, inquiring, temperate, virtuous, and progressive. Thus shall we be deemed worthy of an inheritance in the immortal heavens beyond the tomb.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Instructive Miscellany.

For the Herald of Progress.
Proverbial Philosophy.

NOT BY MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

- All difficulties among men arise from misunderstandings. A misunderstanding is the result of dull perception or sluggish mental faculties. Therefore to avoid difficulties, a man must keep his head clear. The person who befores his mind with intoxicating liquor, tobacco smoke, or anything else, can no more keep out of trouble than a frog can keep out of a pond.
- "Accidents will happen in the best regulated families." But a man with a well-regulated mind is less liable to accidents, and will more easily recover from them when they do happen to him than a person who is inclined to carelessness and trusts too much to "Providence."
- A man with a clear intellect and a sound body can meet all the emergencies of life and be happy.
- Whoever is in trouble has been foolish, and will not be free from embarrassment till he dispels from his mind whatever he has allowed to beget it.
- It is possible for every one not an idiot to have keen perceptions and fine sensibilities, and, as a consequence, to be free from embarrassment.
- Many think themselves the victims of a merciless fate, when the fact is they are self-satisfied on the altar of Folly.
- Man has a great capacity for happiness, and is a fool if he does not realize it.
- People in general, when in trouble, should blame only themselves for being thus situated; and certainly they should not speak hypocritically of the dispensations of Providence. Those who healthfully exercise their mental faculties will have very little to say about "Providence."
- Judicious people get along well enough; therefore when a person is often heard to complain, it is evidence of his being frequently foolish.
- Every man should be able truthfully to say, "I am master of myself." He will then be master of all the exigencies of life.
- The world cheats no man; but many people try to cheat the world, and thereby cheat themselves.
- A principle of justice, administrative and retributive, pervades the world; and he who would rob another is himself despoiled; he who freely dispenses has all his wants supplied.
- All things tend to an equilibrium—the equatorial line of the mental and physical universe—a line that has no precise parallel, which men indirectly approach by ways as numerous as the statistics of the world. It is impossible for any individual to journey towards it in the path that another treads; but there will ever be a perplexing entanglement of ways and diversity of means. Alternate distinction and obscurity will be the lot of all. The poor man will be enriched and the rich man impoverished. Equilibrium implies rest, and all people are constantly exerting themselves in order to find it—as if repose consisted in activity and activity in repose. True it is, that all move onward by going up and down.
- All men are comparative fools; a fact that those most lacking in wisdom will be the least likely to admit. The wisest people are the best disposed and most comfortable; they make life as profitable as they can and waste no time in grumbling. By downfalls they learn securer ways of mounting. Their benefits are in proportion to the severity of their experiences. They are calmly exultant, sure of gaining ground, when those less wise are vainly deploring difficulties that, in their lack of good sense, they cannot surmount.
- Wisdom is contemptible; its subjects are pitiable—a distinction that has a mere abstraction for a difference. What to a coward is affliction is to a brave man hardly a

trial. The one is oppressed by fears which the other cannot feel. Weak and pitiable indeed are those who have not the bravery with which to fortify themselves against calamity. They will, however, be strengthened by suffering, and come to know that ill fears were the foes that caused their greatest woes.

W. F. V.
(From Harper's New Monthly Magazine.)

Eulalie.

It was noon of a cold, cheerless, wintry-feeling day, early in November; the raw, untempered north wind seemed to creep into the very marrow of one's bones; and the weather was pervaded with that chill, uncomfortable, shivering influence which is most commonly conveyed in the expression, "the air is full of snow." Indeed it had been snowing a little at intervals all day: not with that free-hearted abundance which is suggestive to young minds of sleighing parties and muffled wine, and to older ones of snow-shoveling and path-finding; but in a slow, hesitating, inconsistent sort of way, as if the frost-king had caught the infection of our national cautiousness, and feared to bid his armies advance to the fields.

Now and again the feathery hosts would be arrested in their winter-quarters, and the heavy atmosphere would grow lighter, and people would lift their heads to say, "Is it going to clear off?" Seems to me it is a little brighter; but this was all delusive; the light fell would recommence, and the heavy air grow thick again. But at noon the hesitation seemed over, and a plan of vigorous action decided upon; and now the wintry surface of the earth began to show the veil of snow which was rapidly accumulating upon it. Certainly, if a thing is to be done, there is a very positive pleasure in seeing it done thoroughly; a blinding snow-storm or a soaking rain may not be exactly pleasant, viewed abstractly; but they are far pleasanter than a dull, slow, ineffectual drizzle!

So, possibly, thought the housekeeper, Mrs. Merriam, in her warm, comfortable, snug kitchen, where the early dinner—which was literally a "noon meal" with her—had been already dispatched and cleared away, standing with both hands resting upon the window-sill, she gazed upon the wintry scene without, in fixed abstraction. Can there be anything more indicative of wandering or pre-occupied thought than this persistent outlook from a window where there is nothing to be seen? Every object now before the worthy woman's eyes—the yard, the pump, the trees, the outbuildings, the carriage-sweep, the garden wall—she had looked upon thousands of times before; and even the snow-lakes, if they were really a new importation, just sent down, and making their first appearance on that occasion, why she had seen very similar ones fall just so, over the same ground, from the same window, for thirty years or more; so they had not the charm of novelty to her, if they were new. Still she gazed out, as earnestly as if it were her bounden duty to see that every sprig, twig, branch of the larch and fir trees which screened the coach-house had its rightful share of the feathery dispensation.

A quick step tripped lightly down stairs, and the inner door of the kitchen opened to admit a pretty, bright girl, yet in her teens.

"How cold it is, Aunt Betsy!" she said, as she came shivering up to the glowing fire, and spread out her hands to its genial warmth. "I declare it is a real winter's storm! You don't know anything about it down here, aunt; you don't hear it here; but up in my room it sounds as much again; the wind howls and the snow beats up against the windows. I do believe we are going to have real winter now!"

"I guess not," said Mrs. Merriam, leaving her post of observation and coming back to the fire. "We don't often have winter set in so early as this."

"Oh! I don't know, Aunt; only see how it snows?"

"Yes, dear, I see it does; but I guess it won't amount to much; it is only November yet, and that's too early in the season to expect much snow."

"What day of the month is it, Aunt Betsy?"

"About the twenty-second, dear, I believe."

"The twenty-second? Oh, dear me! and this is the first snow; twenty-two snow-storms! Oh, my goodness! won't it be a winter!"

"I don't believe in that rule, Bessie—do you?"

"Why, yes, indeed! I thought everybody did."

"I don't, for one."

"You don't? I do; and my mother does; and so does father."

"Do they?"

"Yes, indeed; and I guess it's true. I'm sure it snows now as if it had a great deal to do. Only look out! I don't believe Uncle John will come home to-night—do you?"

"Oh yes, he will."

"What, in all this storm?"

"Yes, indeed, he will. Why, he hasn't slept a night out of this house for twenty years!"

"Twenty years! Oh my! that's a long time, aunt."

"But didn't you ask?"

"Ask what?"

"Where she came from."

"Bless your heart, child! No; it was no business of mine. Young girls in my place did not venture to ask such questions then. They had to answer questions, not ask them. A pretty time of day they would have made of it if I had stepped up to Miss Eulalie and asked her where she was raised and who her father was! No; I might hear and see, but I held my tongue in those days; and I sometimes wish I might be allowed to do so now."

"Oh, aunt, that is not pretty, when you are getting on so splendidly?"

"Am I? I'm glad of it; I didn't know it. Well, you see, the three ladies they were all young and handsome; but they were all older than Miss Eulalie. And the two young gentlemen, they were twins—Horace and Maurice—and they looked very much alike; but they were very different. Nurse Dayton, who took care of them from their birth, used to say they were as much alike as two peas till they were three years old, when Master Maurice had a fall, which injured his back or hip, I don't know which, but it made him lame for life. So then they grew to be different. Mr. Horace, he was out in the open air, riding, driving, shooting, rowing; he went to school, and to college, and all that. And poor Mr. Maurice was in his chamber, lying on a couch, and being read to; he couldn't do much more than tend his birds and flowers. And so, you see, though they loved each other dearly, it was natural they would grow up different. Mr. Horace, he was a free-hearted, open-handed, pleasant young gentleman, and full of life and frolic, with a ready smile and a merry word for high and low; and we all loved him. But Mr. Maurice—he was sadly."

"You talk about folks being like folks in the Bible; I guess St. John was not better or holier than our Mr. Maurice. I used to think he was just what a good father-confessor is to the Catholics; for if anybody in the house had done a wrong thing, or got angry, or had any grief or trouble or perplexity, they'd go to him, and he'd set things all straight, and put them in the right track, and they'd come away calm and happy."

"Well, servants hear and see a good deal; and, if they please, they may make observations. I hadn't been there a year before I found out how matters were. Both the brothers loved Miss Eulalie; but Mr. Maurice had been used to sacrifice at, self-denial all his life; he knew he couldn't marry her, and he hoped his brother would. Indeed, I think all the family hoped and expected Mr. Horace and she would marry, for she was very rich, and called beautiful. I think Miss Eulalie loved them both—that is, she loved Mr. Horace a good deal; but she loved Mr. Maurice a great deal better. I suppose it was because he was so unlike herself, he was so calm, and patient, and sensible. He had more control over her than any one else. In her wildest fits of passion she would rear up to his room like a young tiger, and fling herself down by the side of his couch; and he would just smooth down her hair, and talk to her in his calm, low voice, and she would quiet down just like a baby."

"But with Mr. Horace it was different. He loved her, too; but he loved to tease her—loved to see her eyes flash and her cheeks flame up; and many a time I have seen her stamp her little foot at him, in a rage too great for words; and then he would laugh, and she would be off to tell her wrongs to Mr. Maurice."

"Well, it went on so for a good while; and at last (on that terrible day, you know) we had a dinner-party here, (well may I remember it, for it was the last merry day this old house ever saw!) and among the company was a young gentleman, a stranger. I guess he was taken with Miss Eulalie, and was very civil spoken to her, it seems; and she was just as vain as a little peacock always; and so, after the company had all gone, what must she do but come out on the piazza and tell her cousins, as she called 'em, all the fine compliments she had received. It was something about her midnight hair and starry eyes; I'm sure I shall never forget the words; I heard them often enough. Well, there was no real harm in that; she was only a silly, vain child; and the ladies only laughed at her, pleasantly enough."

"But, as ill-luck would have it, Mr. Horace was on the piazza, too, though she didn't know it; and he came up to her and began to tease her, as his way was, holding both her hands, and repeating what she had just told his sisters, and mocking what the young gentleman said, till she got as mad as fire."

"Your Uncle John was busy in the dining-room, and the windows were open, and he saw and heard it all. At last she stamped her foot, and said, 'Let me go; you shall repent of this. I will be revenged on you!' and she broke away from him and flew up-stairs to complain of him to Mr. Maurice, I suppose. I was in the upper entry as she went by me, her cheeks all aflame, and her eyes flashing through tears; at the door of her cousin's room Nurse Dayton met her, and told her she must not go in there; Mr. Maurice had been in more pain than usual, he had just taken a composing than usual, and was trying to sleep; and she turned to go down. Oh! if she had only seen Mr. Maurice it would never have happened; he would have talked to her and calmed her."

"On the stairs she met Mr. Horace. He too, was on his way to his brother's room, to tell him all about the party, I suppose; he always told him everything to amuse him, for they were very loving brothers. She would have passed him, I think, without a word, for she was sweeping by him, when he caught her hand and began again with his teasing. 'Let me alone,' she said, 'I hate you!' and she pushed him from her, violently. His foot was just on the edge of the stair; he lost his balance, reeled, fell heavily against the slight balusters; they gave way, and oh! merciful heavens! Bessie, he went headlong, shoulder-down, through both stories, to the hall below! And I saw it all and couldn't help him. No one could help him; it was the work of a minute."

"Oh, aunt, it was horrible, horrible!"

"Horrible indeed! Miss Eulalie, she gave one scream as he went over—God forbid I should ever hear such a cry as that again! I told you what a voice she had—the coachman heard it in the stable; he said the horses reared up in their stalls; he said he heard it at the bottom of the garden; no wonder—it seemed to me it might have been heard in England! Of course it brought the whole

house together; and when I got there, there they lay, side by side, seemingly equally lifeless; but she had only fainted; she soon came to."

"And he, Aunt Betsey?"

"The doctor said his neck was broken by the fall, and he must have died instantly."

"But, aunt, do you think she meant it? Seems to me she didn't."

"Meant to kill him, Bessie? No, indeed, no more than you did; it was her awful, wicked temper, and she was to blame for indulging in such fits of rage; but she might have done the same thing forty times—I dare say she had done full as much forty times before, on the piazza, in the garden, or in the drawing-room, and no harm came of it—and if the balusters had not given way it would never have been thought of again. No, poor unhappy child, she didn't mean to take his life, I know."

"But, aunt, was there not a trial? No doubt there was. Was she not taken up and tried for murder—tried for her life? How was that, if it was really an accident?"

"Yes, Bessie, she was tried—tried for murder! and that is another proof of the awful consequences of such terrible tempers! After the accident (for it wasn't anything else) of course there was no end of the talk about it, and everything came out, even their little childish disputes. I told you her foolish, thoughtless words, about hating him and being revenged on him. Well, they got air somehow, and were carried to at last about the piazza. But there was not, he paid up handsomely, to their entire satisfaction. And then, when the bargain was all over, the deeds given, and the payment made—then the secret came out: it was Miss Eulalie who had bought it."

"It seems she heard it was to be sold, and she knew how it had all loved the place, she thought they would feel dreadfully at leaving it, and she insisted upon buying it to give back to them. Poor, generous, heartstrong child! She never stopped to think how all that had happened made them long to get away. She only thought, I dare say, that her cousins were losing their beautiful home, and she had money, and could save it to them. They said it took a large part of her fortune to buy it; but she didn't care for that; she never knew or cared about the value of money; and she let her guardian have no peace or rest till the place was bought and the papers all drawn up to give it back to them."

"And did they take it, aunt? Seems to me they couldn't—could they? And yet it was hard to refuse it from her."

"So it was, Bessie; but, as you say, how could they take it? The ladies said it seemed like the price of blood; and it did. There was another terrible thing about that; but they didn't take it, and I declare I don't see how they could. It must break her heart though, when they refused it, poor child!"

"But what excuse did they give? what did they say?"

"Oh! Miss Georgina and Miss Louise were going to be married, and the doctor had ordered Mr. Maurice to go to the south of France, and Miss Margaret was to go with him. But there comes your Uncle John. You see I was right, Bessie. I knew he would come, storm or no storm. There is not much more to tell you, but I must hurry up while he is in the barn. You must not speak of all this before him; he can't bear to hear Miss Eulalie's very name."

"Why, aunt, did he think she meant to do that?"

"Oh, no, indeed! He thinks just as I do, that it was a terrible accident. But then, you know, if it hadn't been for her it would never have happened. And then he set such store by the Colonel; and Mr. Horace, he set his life by him! and the family being all broken up and scattered so—of course he feels it all come through her, you see."

"Please tell me then, quick, before he comes in, where are they all now?"

"Two of the ladies were married, as I told you. Oh, such sad weddings! so different from what they would have been. Then Mr. Maurice and Miss Margaret took Nurse Dayton, and went abroad to live; and as John and I were about getting married, they asked us to stay and take some of the place till Miss Eulalie or her guardian had decided what to do with it; and they have never done anything with it yet. I don't suppose they could sell it again if they wanted to, and perhaps they don't want to—I don't know."

"Then, aunt, Miss Eulalie owns it now?"

"I suppose so. An agent comes twice a year, and takes all John's accounts, and paid our wages, and that is all we know about it. And now don't say another word about it, for I declare I'm just as blue as a raven talking so much about old times."

"In half an hour more John Merriam made his appearance in the kitchen, and had to be brushed and dried and warmed, and had to give his opinion as to the state of the weather and the condition of the roads; how they were to-day, and how they would be to-morrow; and to be told how much needless anxiety Bessie had felt upon the subject of his return."

"Pooh, pooh!" said the sturdy, good-natured John; "that's all nonsense; nobody would have come near you to harm you, I guess. By-the-way, though," said he, looking round at his wife, "who have you had here in all the storm? What little girl was that I passed in the avenue as I came in?"

"Nobody, John; no one has been in all day."

"Oh, well, she didn't come in, then, perhaps; it was just down by the gate that I saw her. But what in the world makes old Don white so, I wonder?"

"I don't know, I'm sure; he has been making that noise ever since you drove up the avenue. I thought maybe it was because he was glad to see you and the horse."

"I guess," said Mr. Merriam, laughing, "it's more likely he means he would be glad to see the fire! He's old, and I suppose he feels the first cold weather. Can't you call the old fellow in, Bessie dear? and when I go out again after supper I will put him in the stable."

Bessie rose with ready willingness. As she opened the porch-door where the dog was standing, she found a little snow-dusted figure timidly crouching by the door.

"Why, Bessie, my child, what's that?"

"I don't know," said Bessie, "how you frightened me! Where did you come from in all this storm, and what do you want?"

"But there was no answer from the shivering creature before her."

Turning back to the half-open door of the

warm kitchen, Bessie said, in a whispering tone:

"Aunt Betsey, there is a little girl out here; I guess, Uncle John, it is the one you saw out at the gate; she must be wet through; she seems benumbed and half-frozen; she cannot speak for trembling; may I bring her in?"

"Certainly, child! how can you ask? Bring her in at once!" and Bessie, returning to the door, brought in the storm-beaten stranger, who, closely followed by the dog, crept shivering to the fire, and covered silently over the blaze.

"Come nearer, my child!—move away, Don!" said the kind-hearted John, thrusting aside the unwilling dog to make more room; "make room for your better, old fellow! I guess the back of the kitchen is warm enough for you. Sit down, little girl, and warm you; it is no night for such as you to be out. I found it cold enough, and was well wrapped up, and riding, too; you must be chilled through."

"Take off your cloak and hood, child, said the motherly housekeeper, drawing up a chair for her, and I'll give you a cup of hot tea; take off your things."

But the drenched and trembling creature only drew her cloak more closely about her.

"No, no; take them off," said Mrs. Merriam, laying her hand kindly on the girl's shoulder. "Why, my gracious! you are wet through! You'll get your death—take them off!"

"No," said the shivering stranger, speaking for the first time, in low, sweet, trembling tones, and raising her hand with a slight, and probably unconscious gesture of command; "I prefer to keep them on."

"Who was that?" said John, turning suddenly and almost fiercely toward her. "Who said that? There is but one such voice in the world!"—and as he spoke he flung back the wet hood!"—Miss Eulalie!"

"Alas, yes!" sobbed the poor, storm-beaten wanderer; "I am that most unhappy creature! Oh, John! oh, Bessie! you used to be kind and good; don't turn me out into the storm again! Oh, John, I know you hate me; but do not turn me out!"

"No, Miss Eulalie," said John, speaking gruffly, and turning away to hide his deep emotion, "you have no right to say that—I do not hate you—I never did hate you."

"But you hate to look upon me," she said, sadly, misinterpreting his averted face; "and no wonder—well may you. But do not turn me out into the night again. I am dying, John! Oh, let me die beneath the dear roof which sheltered my happy girlhood! I know I have disgraced it; but oh, John! oh, Bessie! if you knew with what a hungry longing I have pined to see the dear old place again—but I have not come till I was dying. I waited, and waited; but I am dying now—and I have come!"

"Miss Eulalie," said John, making an effort to command himself, "when did you come?"

"An hour ago, John; I passed you at the gate—you did not know me."

Alas! the beautiful hair, once so prized and so admired, was cut short, and thickly silvered with age and grief; and from the large heavy eyes, which she raised to his, time and tears had stolen all the luster.

"But that was an hour ago. Where have you been since, Miss Eulalie—not out in all this dreadful storm?"

"Yes, John, I have been to all the places where we used to be so happy: to the old greenhouse, the pond, the mill, the grove."

"You out in all this storm and snow! Oh, Eulalie! how could you?"

"Yes, John, what mattered it? The snow has drifted over my footsteps before this time! Oh, would that my whole path through life could be effaced as easily! John, you will not turn me out to die," she said, recurring to the idea which seemed uppermost in her mind. "I know you hate me; you must; but—"

"I do not hate you, Miss Eulalie; do not talk so. I pity you. God help you!"

"Then you will let me stay? I have been very sick. I have had a brain-fever, they told me. And you will not—turn me—out?"

"I have no right, and heaven knows, no wish, to turn you out of your own house, Miss Eulalie."

"My house, John? how is that? Oh, yes, I had forgotten," she said. She spoke sadly and dreamily now. "My Uncle Trevellion, John—he—!—you—!" she faltered, put her hand to her head, and stopped.

"Uncle John!" cried Bessie, who, crouching behind her aunt's chair, had been a silent witness of the scene; and springing forward, she caught the slight, drooping figure in her strong young arms, and laid her tenderly back in the great chair.

In a moment Eulalie unclosed her eyes again; but they were brighter, and their gaze more unsettled now.

"I am better—much better, now," she said. "Let me go to my own room, Betsey. Have the ladies come in from their drive yet? Tell Nurse Dayton I want—to see—my cousin—Maurice."

"Poor child! She is wandering now," said Betsey, bending tenderly over her. "Oh, John, what can I do with her? Her own room! why, it hasn't been used since she slept in it last? I couldn't get it ready for her. I cannot take her there. What shall I do?"

"Put her into my room, aunt," said the kind-hearted Bessie. "Put her into my bed, and I will watch with her to-night; mother says I am a very good watcher."

"Thank you, dear child! but there is no fire there, you know."

"Can't you make up some kind of a bed here, Betsey?" said Mr. Merriam. It will never do to put her into a cold room; and you must get off her wet clothes first of all."

"To be sure, so we must! Uncle John always knows just what is right—don't he, aunt? I will run and bring some dry things for her; and hadn't you better get out of the house, uncle, and go for the doctor?"

When John, having got his horse in readiness, came in to ask how she was, and to inquire if he should bring anything from the village besides the doctor, the trembling hands of his wife, and the eager, zealous ones of Bessie, had removed the wet garments of Eulalie, and replaced them with warm, dry clothing from Bessie's little store, and got her into a comfortable little bed close by the fire; and Bessie, on her knees by the side of the couch, was tenderly bathing the pale uncon-

scious brow, and chaffing the little cold white hands.

He stood for a moment, silently contemplating, with tearful eyes and heaving chest, the poor little faded thing, lying so still before him; and then turned sobbing away.

"Go for the doctor now, right away, won't you, John?" said his wife. "And to-morrow morning you must write to her guardian, and tell him she is here."

"She won't be here to-morrow morning, Betsey," said John, solemnly in a half-choked voice. "She said she was dying, and she spoke the truth; there is no mistaking that look. If ever 'Death' was written on a living face, I can read it on hers. She won't be here to-morrow morning."

"And John was right. Tender care and medical skill availed nothing. And when the morning sun rose clear and bright, scattering the mists and clouds of night and morn'g, tinging the new-fallen snow with hues of rose, and speaking of calm after storm, peace after anguish, a higher than an earthly guardian had summoned the poor wanderer home; and peace and rest (the peace and rest of the grave) had been granted to the erring and passionate, but loving, repentant, and long-suffering Eulalie."

Rights of Human Nature.

"Know thyself. 'Tis the sublime of man, Our noon-day majesty, to know our souls Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole! This fraternizes man—this constitutes His charities and his bearings."

Reward for the Blacks.

The Evening Post, with a loyalty to freedom and justice which ever characterizes its course, comments forcibly upon the following statement by the Albany Evening Journal:

"But if North Carolina, or any other State, wishes to return to her allegiance, with slavery, no man believes the Administration would say nay to her. On the contrary, she would be welcomed with open arms, and hailed as the harbinger of that 'good time coming' when the old Union will be again restored, and the old flag again recognized as the emblem of a united and happy people."

To this, the Post responds by alluding to the efficient service rendered by black troops at Charleston, at Port Hudson, and elsewhere, and to the fact that "wherever our armies have moved in the Southern States, the negroes have proved friendly to us, and to the cause of the Union." What is to be the reward of these brave and loyal defenders of the Union?

The Albany Evening Journal proposes a reward for them. When the war is over, when peace is restored, when the rebellion is crushed and the Union no longer needs defenders to peril their lives against its enemies, then these tried soldiers are to be sent back into slavery. This, if we understand aright the argument of the Journal, is the reward which a "united and happy people" ought to confer upon these men, and upon their wives and children, relatives, and friends.

"For the important services they have rendered to the cause of the Union the Evening Journal declares that a fitting reward would be their return to slavery."

The writer proceeds to narrate the story heard from the lips of Gen. Mitchell, of the extraordinary service rendered by the chief of his spy corps—a black and a slave. After a time Gen. Mitchell was removed. "Before I had time to get out of Tennessee, that man, so useful to our cause, was returned to his master by my successor, and probably flogged to death," said Gen. Mitchell.

The Evening Post continues:

"Who can listen unmoved to such a story of wrong and perfidy? Does it not seem as though we invoked the curse of God upon our cause by so atrocious a wickedness? Yet this was but one individual; to that which makes us shudder in his case, the Evening Journal proposes to condemn hundreds of thousands equally loyal and devoted.

"We cannot listen with patience to a suggestion so shameful, so injurious to our honor as a Christian nation, and to act on which would surely draw down upon us the vengeance of God and the execrations of all honorable men and women. To return to bondage the colored people whom we have once declared free would be to violate all laws, human and divine. This act would stamp us forever as a nation worse than the pirates of the Barbary coast."

The Evening Journal asserts in reply that the Post misunderstood its position. It does not desire to return to slavery any who have served us.

"The Evening Post will please, therefore, understand that the Journal is not only not in favor of returning these tried soldiers back into slavery; but is opposed to returning 'back into slavery' any one who, during the war, has rendered the slightest military service, whether in the trenches, the hospital, the camp, the cook-house, or the laundry. They have earned their freedom, and no human power should be permitted to take it from them."

In accepting the explanation, the Post asks:

"What is to be the condition of the wives and children, the fathers, brothers, and sisters of those whom the Journal acknowledges to have earned their freedom? Take Captain Small, of the Planter, as an instance. He is, doubtless, entitled to be free; that is a small gift to him, for he could have bought himself with the value of the steamer he captured and brought out of Charleston. But suppose he has a wife and children in South Carolina; suppose he has a father, brothers, and sisters there, slaves now? When the war is over, and South Carolina is 'welcomed back, with slavery,' to use the phrase of the Evening Journal, are these persons to remain slaves? Is it proposed to reward Small with his liberty—which he gained for himself, after all—and to leave those nearest and dearest to him in bondage? Surely, you cannot do that inhumanity without gross injustice, without dishonor to the nation.

"When we come to consider these questions, we find how necessary was the President's Emancipation Proclamation. You cannot make a man free and leave his wife a slave. If he has deserved anything at all for his services, he has earned at least freedom for all who are dear to him. It is not their fault if they too

Notices of New Books.

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

Form and Substance.

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

The following article is in review of a work entitled:

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW: Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life. An Essay upon the Physics of Creation. By HENRY JAMES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

Mr. James, (a disciple of Swedenborg,) deals in philosophical and theological abstractions with a practiced and skillful hand. His view of human nature in itself and as related to God is seemingly in direct opposition to the Orthodox view. But this apparent variance is not subversive of the main doctrine of Orthodoxy—namely, the redemption of human nature by its Divine Creator; on the contrary, the theory which he propounds as to the respective positions of God and creature would, if applied as a basis of faith in the Church, give vitality and immense power to its present inanimate forms and conventionalities, by making the doctrine an actual living fact, instead of allowing it to rest, as it now does, upon historical evidence. The actual variance is merely the difference between his mode and the Orthodox mode of reaching the conclusion in question from given identical premises. But we confess (and so must every reader of the work) that this difference is quite striking in itself, and that a practical working of the creed which he erects upon Swedenborg's philosophy of creation is still more striking to contemplate. Let us here briefly state the Orthodox premises and conclusion referred to:

PREMISES.—1. Man is a creature of God. 2. Man in himself is intrinsically and utterly destitute of life and goodness.

CONCLUSION.—Man is redeemed from this totally evil condition solely by Divine interposition.

Mr. James supports the premises in his own way, which is not the Orthodox way. The philosophy, where distinctly separated from the theology of the work, is of a high order. As for the assumptions, the unswerving dictate of common sense (which, as the author of Substance and Shadow justly observes at page 248, "is worth more than a myriad Swedenborgs") continually enforced upon us, is: To assume nothing whatever as a basis, but to accept as a basis the undeniable facts of common experience.

PHILOSOPHY OF CREATION.

Creation is not the production by God of a substance out of nothing; it is the communication of Himself, of His own Being, to that which is not Himself. But, in order to insure the validity of this communication, it is necessary that it should have a formal receptacle. Formation, therefore, precedes creation, which is merely the communication of Divine Life, or God's own Being, to that which is the exact opposite of Himself. Creation is not a specific act, which begins and ends; it is not a work in time and space, which themselves fall within, not outside of, creation. It is a perpetual, unceasing communication of Divine Life, indwelling and vivifying the finite form. Creation, therefore, instead of being an act in the past, is a continuous orderly procession of Divine Life through myriad forms of existence; it is without beginning or end. It is the life or inmost being of each individual. Although every person thinks that this inner life is exclusively his own, and separate from that of all other existences, this life is not that of the individual per se, but is God's life dwelling in him, redeeming him from his own intrinsic destitution or death. Infinite Love is necessarily creative; it forms that which is not itself in order that it may communicate itself to this exact and total opposite. God's love is purely unselfish, therefore he cannot love Himself. The feeling of selfhood which each person possesses—the feeling of being himself and entirely distinct from all other existences—is also a necessity of the case; otherwise the creature would never know himself as existing apart from his Creator, and creation would practically amount to nothing as a living fact.

Such is, briefly and distinctly, the Swedenborgian philosophy of creation as expounded by Mr. James, and sustained by him in a highly elaborate and skillfully fortified exposition. As a conception, it is perhaps superior to that of Orthodox religion, which makes creation an act of brute physical force in time and space; a freak of Omnipotence, summoning the Universe out of nothingness. But let us closely examine this Swedenborgian view of creation.

The first thing that arrests our attention is the peculiar application of the term "creation," identifying it with "communication."

"Creation, as we have seen, is nothing more than the communication of life on the part of the Creator to the creature."

The Orthodox and popular idea of creation is, that it is a specific manifestation of Omnipotent Will, evolving the Universe from nothingness. If the phrase be allowable, the difference of the two ideas may be said to be infinite, for they involve the difference between God's own being and that of a totally dependent creature produced by Him out of utter inability.

The next peculiarity which we observe is, that God is a subject of the Law of Necessity. God creates or communicates His own Being, which is infinite love, to that which is the total opposite of Himself, because He is incapable of loving Himself; hence He is necessitated to bestow this love on that which is totally opposed to Himself. This primal necessity involves a minor necessity—namely, that the creature upon whom he bestows His love shall possess self-consciousness, i. e., shall feel that he is exclusively his own existence, and thereby related to myriad other separate, dis-

tinct existences; otherwise the creature fails to become practically detached from his Creator, and creation amounts to nothing more than the production of a marble statue by a sculptor. The minor necessity here stated implicates another necessity, which is, that this self-consciousness on the part of the creature (whereby he feels himself to be free and numerously related to other existences,) shall be uncreated or uncommunicated. God cannot communicate this feeling of self-consciousness (and consequent relation to others,) on the part of the creature, simply because it is not a part of Himself; He can only communicate Himself—His own life. The feeling of self-consciousness on the part of the creature is, of course, dependent upon his previous formation by his Creator.

p. 402: "By the sheer necessity of the case, then, creation involves, in order to its own functioning, a distinctively formative experience on the part of the creature, by means of which the creature, who is Divinely vivified, may come to self-consciousness—to the formal recognition of himself as so vivified."

This is a very nice and delicate point to elucidate, and Mr. James clearly feels it to be so, for he devotes a large space to it. He says that God "authenticates" this feeling of selfhood or freedom in the creature. But this authentic recognition is itself a necessity imposed upon the Creator by the nature of the case; He recognizes the existence of that which He is unable to create or communicate, but which necessarily arises after He has formed the creature from the substance Matter. Still another link in this chain of necessities is, that the creature shall be as to his form—that which he recognizes as his own limit of extension, and by means of which he attains this self-consciousness—the exact and total opposite of God.

p. 411: "So long as he is a creature he must necessarily be in himself—in that thing which separates him from God by giving him identity or defining him to his own consciousness—the exact and total opposite of God."

If this form or basis of consciousness were not the exact opposite of God, the creature would never attain self-consciousness or disjunction from God, and creation would be nullified. God is thus subjected to the requirements of a series of necessities, arising from the necessity of His own nature to love that which is the total opposite of Himself. The selfhood or identity of His creatures consists in this very opposition to Himself. It is best not to hurry over the ground here, for important conclusions are involved.

p. 442: "The sole possible basis of identity for the creature, the only conceivable ground for attributing distinctive character or selfhood to him, lies in his being in himself a direct contrast to his Creator: empty where He is full, impotent where He is omnipotent, ignorant where He is omniscient, evil where He is good."

As we have already seen, this identity of the creature, which is utter opposition to the Divine Nature, constitutes "the sole possible basis" for the communication of God's Being—of His infinite love, which renders Him wholly incapable of loving Himself. Let us now see what God is, and we shall then be able to decide what it is that He is obliged to love; it will be simply the precise opposite or antipodes of what God is.

p. 598: "When we call God a perfect or infinite Being, what do we mean? We mean that He is Life, the sole life of the Universe, life in Himself, uncreated life. This is what we mean when we call God a perfect Being, or allege His eternity and infinity. We know that our own life is derived; that we exist naturally, and hence consciously, only because our fathers have preceded us. But God has no father, being self-existent or uncreated—being, in short, life itself. It is His express perfection or infinitude that He is life itself."

There is no room here for misconception. God is Life. That which He loves, being His exact and total opposite, is therefore Death. God does not love His own life, which dwells in and constitutes the only life (as the author informs us) of God's creatures; for that would be to love Himself, which He is incapable of doing. God, by His subjection to the Law of Necessity, can love nothing but Death, the antipodes of Himself, or Life. Wherever there is life, there is God; that life He loves not and cannot love, but He does love the death in which this life is involved. And what is this death? It is nothing more nor less than Matter. The Universe of Matter is in itself the embodiment of Death—i. e., the form of Death. All forms are symbolic of the union of Life, which is motion, with Death, which is unchangeableness, or destitution of motion—i. e., inertness. The distinctive feature of Life is motion, or constant activity. On the other hand, unchangeableness, or utter passivity, is the distinguishing characteristic of Death, which is manifested in Matter. God does not love the life dwelling in the myriad forms of the Universe; for that life is Himself—His own Being. He loves nothing but the exact opposite of Himself, Death—i. e., the material substance of the Universe, which is Matter itself. Mr. James is fully and uncompromisingly committed on this point: 1. By his frequent and unqualified assertions that God is incapable of loving Himself. 2. By his promulgation of the doctrine that God is the sole life of the Universe. 3. By his numerous and positive affirmations that God can love only that which is the exact and total opposite of Himself.

A leading characteristic of Life is motion. "Communication" itself is motion. The exact opposite of motion is inertness, which we know to be a characteristic of Matter. Motion, which is a characteristic of Life, implies continual change; inertness, its opposite, and a characteristic of Matter, implies unchangeableness. But it is unnecessary to multiply examples: the simple distinction between motion and inertness covers all minor considerations. Matter, by reason of its very inertness,

is capable of receiving form, which is fixity or finite existence; while Life, owing to its continual motion or change, is incapable of receiving fixed or unchanging form. Life creates and dwells in the fixed forms, which are Death; and is itself unformed and unfixed, being infinite subsistence molding finite existences to its own purposes.

Let it not be urged in support of the theory of creation presented in "Substance and Shadow," that it is the natural and evil motions of the human heart—as to pride, lusts, and self-assertion—upon which God bestows His love. Such a claim is a complete begging of the whole question, and a shameless backing-down from oft-repeated and most positive statements. "God can only love that which is the exact and total opposite of Himself." God is the sole Life, and the dominant characteristic of Life is motion. Life, deprived of motion, ceases to be Life. If a compromise be allowable in any sense, it certainly is not allowable in respect of motion, the very essence of Life. The position here reached from the given premises, as such cannot possibly be refuted, and can be strengthened to any extent by a consideration of the opposing characteristics of Life, or God, and Death, or Matter. This Swedenborgian doctrine, with its "love of exact and total opposites," is virtually a falling-back or backsliding from the faith of the New Testament to that of the Old. We propose to clearly elucidate this point.

Mr. James, in his considerations of God and Nature, singularly omits all mention of the Mediator between them: between Mind, which is Conscious Life, and Matter, which is Death. Although having generally a clear idea of individuality, he fails to say (if he does not fail to see) that the constitution and co-existence of God (Mind), and Nature (Matter), of necessity gives birth to an Immortal Individual named SPIRIT—the vital force of the Universe. But his usually clear perception of minds or presupposes the constitution or co-existence of those elements which give it identity—will or should certainly be that this very constitution of Life and Death (Mind and Matter), must manifest its totality or oneness the distinctive individualization of all individualities: Spirit, which demands this constitution for its manifestation, and whose distinctive use and power consists in its relation to these very constituents or parents, which alone enable it to manifest itself. The functions of Spirit as the child (the "only Son,") of Mind and Matter, are briefly and incidentally suggested in a previous article. "This eternal Son named Spirit is the vital force or Unconscious Life of the Universe as we behold it. It is the Divine Mediator: the sole possible expression of the tendency of Conscious Life or Mind to individuality, and continually dwells in and immortalizes finite, intelligent, and rational beings. "In me ye have eternal life." The Child-Spirit or Christ-Divine in whom we have eternal life, arises from this marriage of Mind, the universal father, and Matter, the universal mother. The Mediation of the Spirit, whereby the tendency of Mind to individuality is satisfied, confers immortality upon infinitely numerous existences, and is truly the Cross of Christ, for in Him are centered all the burdens of existence. The scriptural announcement of this sublime truth is susceptible of a strictly philosophical exposition, which is here omitted for want of space.

It may here be inquired: "Do you mean to say that this Christ, which appears to be the Unconscious Life or vital force of the Universe, is actually unconscious of His own existence?"

By no means. The idea here involved may be rendered quite plain by a simple illustration—thus: We know that the human mind possesses various faculties—as of comparison, order, calculation, mirth, benevolence, caution, etc. But these different faculties are not separately conscious of their own existence; it is only the mind in its oneness or unity, i. e., as an individual, which perceives that itself as a whole possesses these varying characteristics, which it uses to its own behoofs. In like manner the vital force or Spirit which permeates and vivifies the myriad and widely diverse forms of being, is, as to these infinitely varied forms considered separately, unconscious of existence; but, in its entire oneness or individuality, it must perceive that it possesses in itself these infinite divisions and subdivisions of formal and unconscious existence.

Thus far into the bowels of the land Have we marched on without impediment.

Having reached an impregnable position with regard to the Swedenborgian theory of creation, it is a very simple matter to estimate the intrinsic worth of the creed which Mr. James builds upon it—both as to the creed itself and its practical development. But the limits of a newspaper article will not here permit the appropriation of a large space for the purpose. We will premise that Mr. James probably has not reached the legitimate common-sense conclusions (as to exact and total opposites), from his theory of creation, which are herein presented; for he is guilty of the logical absurdity (in view of his premises of creation) of presenting a creed which advocates the fullest possible development of the natural evil motions of human nature—i. e., of pride of self, vanity, covetousness, and the fullest unbridled gratification of the grossest appetites and passions. These things, thus developed, as he says, "to the last gasp of—"

"The Two Ultimates" published in the Herald of Progress, July 25th, in which the conclusions here announced (as to Mind, Matter, and Spirit) were independently reached by me, prior to reading "Substance and Shadow"—being simply my own inferences from facts of common experience.

possibility?" constitute "a stable and salutary foundation" for the influx of Divine Love or Life. The absurdity of this position is fully shown in our preceding observations. The institution of such a creed by any organization would naturally alarm timid and conservative people—as well it might. We will quote a few choice extracts, which, we fancy, speak for themselves:

p. 160: "It is upon this very capacity of the Divine Mercy to humble itself to the level of the grossest carnal concupiscence in the creature, that the latter's subsequent spiritual reanimation in the Divine Image, his endless interior sympathy and conjunction with all Divine perfection, exclusively pivots. For it is only by perfectly appeasing our natural desires, by richly and even exuberantly satisfying every legitimate appetite and passion of our nature, that the Divine Love succeeds at last in extricating us from its bondage, and so conjoining us in eternal fellowship with Himself."

The word "legitimate" was undoubtedly inserted in order that the *corpus delicti* should not be too suddenly manifest; for at page 184 we find that a "genuine conviction of sin" will "Make the love of a humiliated harlot and the prostitute guilt of a woman taken in the act of adultery comparatively clean and innocent, infinitely more clean and innocent in a *manly bosom*, and therefore to the Divine bosom, than all the sanctimonious and obscene virtue that ever thrived by insulting them."

"Obscene virtue" is a fine phrase—quite expressive.

p. 222: "The sinner, and not the saint, is God's best element in human nature."

Undoubtedly; is it not superfluous in our author to state such a self-evident proposition? But he is not content with simply stating it; he elucidates it "in the highest style of the art." We thus find that "the great creative operation spiritually wrought by God in human nature" consists,

p. 489: "First, in His permitting us as a community acknowledging His name, to feel and exhibit all that want or destitution which belongs to us as natural subjects (and which is merely organized in our appetites and passions,) and bring forth whatever overpowering cupidity and ferocity of manners are bred of such want; and then, secondly, in His making us to see so keenly all the horror and hideousness of this state of things, as of ourselves or spiritually to avert ourselves from it, and eventually disown and disuse every method and institution of our associated life which nourish and perpetuate it."

Perfectly simple; sublime in its simplicity and simple in its sublimity. First, we are to "go the whole hog" in thoroughly satiating the overpowering cupidity and ferocity of our appetites and passions, even "to the last gasp of possibility" (to use Mr. James' own expression in expounding the subject); i. e., until our appetites and passions are completely worn out; for that only is the "last gasp of possibility." Then, secondly, when our appetites and passions are "fully developed" (the polite phrase for "worn-out,") we shall all at once see how very hideously we have been acting; although previously we "could not see it." We are then, in our new-born righteousness, ready to "disown and disuse the institutions of our associated life which nourish and perpetuate these appetites and passions"—that is, dens of infamy. The incidental circumstance that this virtuous renunciation happens to be a case of necessity on our part, of course does not affect the validity and purity of our intentions. In common parlance, "our intention is good if our execution is bad." By "disuse" and "disown" Mr. James probably means "play out" and "sell out"; that is, when we have completely played out and cannot keep a hotel any longer, we are ready to sell out to somebody that can. One more extract, and we subside:

p. 490: "In a word, the Divine Love is of that essentially formative or redemptive quality, that it permits its creature to effloresce to the fullest possibilities of his natural finiteness and corruption."

As Lord Dundreary observes, "Yeh-yes." We have just seen how the creature is to "go his length" in efflorescing. As Hamlet somewhat pathetically remarks:

To what base uses we may return, Horatio! See also Shakespeare: King Henry IV—V, Love's Labor Lost, and indeed *passim* (unless you prefer to "order him up"); more particularly, As You Like It.

Comfortably yours, YOUNG AMERICA.

THE AMERICAN ODD-FELLOW: A monthly Magazine devoted to disseminating a knowledge of the sentiments, principles, operations, and condition of the American Odd-Fellows.

We take pleasure in saying to our readers that the editor and publisher of this Magazine, Mr. John W. Orr, of this city, is conferring on the American institution of Odd-Fellowship, a monthly blessing of no ordinary merit and influence. His facilities and reputation as an artist—being one of the most successful engravers in New York—enhance the value of his publication to an unusual extent. In a literary and poetic point of view, his Magazine is rarely excelled; while his writings as Editor, and the several correspondents concerning the interests of the Fraternity, give a high tone to the work. We consider Mr. Orr's Odd-Fellow Magazine a most welcome monthly visitor. May he and it live and prosper in the glorious work of progression and universal brotherhood. All who want to subscribe can address him, Box 4217 P. O., New York. Terms \$1.50 a year in advance.

An English provincial clergyman has introduced a novelty into his church. When he reads the churching service for a poor man's wife, he repeats, "Lord, save this woman, thy servant!" but if the petitioner belong to a better class, he changes it into, "Lord, save this lady!" an instance of caste-feeling peculiar to England. Will the "Lord" make the same nice distinction?

Progressive Conventions.

"A Progressive Convention is the mouth-piece of mental liberty. In the absence of freedom of Speech all our other rights are in jeopardy. Free Conventions are to America what tides and waves are to the ocean."

Notes from Boston.

NUMBER TWO. THE FIRST OF AUGUST ANNIVERSARY.

SPEECHES OF REV. DR. MASSIE, OF ENGLAND, SENATOR WILSON, AND OTHERS.

They Advocate a Hearty Support of the President and Proclamation.

The first day of August has become justly celebrated among Anti-Slavery people of Boston, and, to a great extent, of the whole country, as the occasion of holding annually a public meeting at "Abington Grove," for the purpose of celebrating the abolition of slavery (in 1838) in those of the West India islands which belong to Great Britain.

Feeling that we could not afford to lose the opportunity, which offered itself this year, of attending an anniversary concerning which we had heard so much, we decided to join the excursion which went out from the city, and were well repaid for so doing.

Abington, a station a few miles south of Boston on the Old Colony Road, is a favorite place for holding meetings of this kind. The ample grounds are shaded by a fine growth of pine trees, and form a lovely retreat from the city's din and dust—one section being devoted to refreshment-rooms, a dancing-hall, bowling-alley, swings, &c., while that portion on which the speakers' platform is erected is surrounded on three sides by a miniature lake, the ripple of whose waters mingles musically with the plaint of the pine leaves overhead. The company which assembled there on the 1st instant seemed to be inspired by the spirit of the place. They were not mere pleasure-seekers—on their countenances were visible the traces of thought and earnest purpose in life; and still the utmost decorum and good feeling characterized the proceedings. Although the sky threatened rain during the morning, a goodly number were in attendance, one-sixth, perhaps, being colored.

The meeting was organized by the choice of WM. LLOYD GARRISON as President, with the usual complement of sub-officers.

After a jubilee song by the HITCHCOCKS, REV. DR. MASSIE, of England, was introduced. He said that he had often been asked, since coming to this country, what was the cause of the retrograde of the English mind in regard to slavery. He contended that there had been no such retrograde. England never was by a majority Anti-Slavery. A great portion of the English people were as indifferent on that subject as if they belonged to the "Copperhead" or "Rattlesnake" party among us. The agitation which finally brought about emancipation in the British West Indies originated among a few Nonconformist ministers in 1830. They were opposed by the aristocracy and the clergy of the Established Church. England has her "apes of aristocracy," said Mr. Massie. John Bull admires a man with a handle to his name. The people followed their aristocratic and religious leaders, and when these Nonconformist preachers commenced agitating the subject of emancipation, their chapels were burned and everything done to oppose them. But they continued their work. An "Agency Society" was established in London, which employed Anti-Slavery lecturers to travel through the country. At length the tables of the Houses of Lords and of Commons began to be loaded with emancipation petitions. Lord Grey said that Slavery must be abolished in the West Indies, and Mr. Stanley introduced a bill for that purpose. It was carried; but scarcely a bishop voted for it. Emancipation was the result of the efforts made by the Nonconformist religious element outside of the Established Church. It was not numbers, but zeal that carried the day. Such was the case in nearly all forward movements. There was as much difference between the Nonconformist element and the Established Church in England on the subject of Slavery as between slaveholders and non-slaveholders here in America.

Dr. Massie then introduced letters signed by seven hundred and fifty French and four thousand and eight English clergymen, (nearly all of them of the Nonconformist Church), the object of which was to express sympathy with the government and people of the North in their efforts to abolish Slavery. An address also accompanied it, adopted by an Anti-Slavery conference held at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, on the 24 of June, six thousand people being in attendance. He had read these in New York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, and had conveyed them, through the British Ambassador at Washington, to the President. Mr. Lincoln received him very cordially, and informed him that he had already seen and read them. He (Dr. Massie) was convinced that the President was a true friend of the negro and a true Christian. He rejoiced in the progress of emancipation. The negro was not to be despised because he wore a black skin. God gave him that color as the best for him.

SAMUEL MAX, Jr., of Leicester, one of the secretaries of the meeting, said that there were Copperheads in England to-day. The government was against us. A friend of his in England had sent him recently an extract from a London paper (which he read) containing the names of a committee of lords and titled gentlemen who had been appointed to execute a marble statue of Stonewall Jackson.

"as a Christian and a hero"—the work, when completed, to be presented to the State of Virginia! They stated, by way of explanation, that no expression of opinion was meant by this as to the merits of the struggle now going on in America.

Dr. Massie remarked that the men who were on that committee were Tories, without an exception. One of them was very wealthy, and could easily give the amount (fifteen hundred pounds) necessary to construct the statue. Hence it looked to him very ridiculous for them to go begging for it as they did. But there are aristocrats, said he, who are friends of America. The Duke of Argyll and Lord Lyons, the British minister at Washington, were such. The money-making (not money-made) people of England were with us. He had been among the tradesmen of different cities, and knew that they were with us. God is with us, and he will make the wrath of man to praise Him. He said he did not come here to provoke antagonism, but to create harmony. Woe betide the day when the first gun should be fired in a war between England and America. Let them engage in cutting one another's throats, and all the despots in Europe would about Hurrah!

Mr. Wells replied that although there were honorable exceptions, he thought facts were on his side as regards the hostile position of the government of England. He thought that the two or three whom Dr. Massie had named were all that could be named who were intelligently our friends among the aristocracy. He would like to believe otherwise if he could.

Mr. GARRISON coincided with Dr. Massie in the hope that there would be no conflict between England and the United States. All the Copperhead journals in the country are in favor of it, and are trying to stir up hate and war between them. The people of England were with the North as against the South. The votes of all the meetings on American affairs which had been held from John O'Groat's house to Land's End had been in our favor with a single exception—that at Sheffield. How this last was organized and by whom gotten-up he did not know. Toryism only was against us. That necessarily sympathizes with the Southern Oligarchy. He did not think it probable that England would recognize the Southern Confederacy.

With regard to the history of emancipation, Mr. Garrison remarked that God does not work by masses. What was true of the Established Church of England, had also been, it grieved him to say, true of Church and clergy of our own land. The Anti-Slavery people have always had to contend against them. The popular religion, said Mr. Garrison, is thoroughly corrupt. A change is being wrought in it, but it is through our sufferings, not through a higher motive.

He announced that petitions were being circulated through the audience asking for the emancipation of the slaves in the Border States, and hoped they would be generally signed. While these five or six thousand slaves remained, everything was endangered. After the singing of the "John Brown Song" by the Hutchinsons, the meeting adjourned for one hour, for refreshments, reassembling at 2 P. M.

WM. WELLS BROWN was the first speaker. No one, he said, could hereafter accuse the black man of a want of bravery. He had nobly vindicated himself on the field in the face of the enemy and under the most trying and unfavorable circumstances.

As for himself, Mr. Brown said, he had no particular prejudice against the whites. He was half white, and hence might be expected to do them half justice!

Stevens came North to stipulate with the government that white men alone should fight white men, and to pledge the good faith of the South, that if the North would agree, black men should not be permitted to fight. The South, he said, had no good faith; it was all bad faith. Black men South fought with picks and shovels. By their aid the Confederates had been enabled to construct forts, in storming which thousands of lives had been lost by us, as at Fort Wagner. They were also found with guns in their hands, and were forced to fight, as at Bull Run.

The devil in the negro had been roused by Slavery. Slaveholders fear him. They know that we have touched the key of the rebellion—first, by taking him away so that they can no longer have his labor, and, secondly, by arming him.

[Mr. Brown being interrupted at this point by a fall of rain, remarked that it was better to be here than in Jeff. Davis' dominions, for here we were free and could go home, if wet, and get some dry clothes!] After a few minutes' interruption the speaker continued, offering for sale copies of his work, "The Black Man." This work, he remarked, was not "written by Mrs. Stowe," but was his own production. No one saw it previous to its publication save himself and his printer. Its faults were all his, as well as its excellencies, if it had any.

He was bound to say that although he was half white, that half was by far the worse one, since his white relations were all rebels—every scoundrel of them!

A lady named Mrs. VAN BENTHUYSEN, who was announced as a relative, by marriage, of JEFF. DAVIS, next addressed the audience. In 1845 she went from Massachusetts to New Orleans to engage in teaching. On the way down the Mississippi she made the acquaintance of a family named Van Benthuyzen, who were relatives of the Davises. They were very communicative, and made many inquiries of her concerning Northern politics. She was a New England girl—had been educated a Democrat,

and believed in free-trade as taught by Calhoun. Democracy was not then, however, synonymous with Pro-Slavery. Mr. Van Benthuyzen was to start, and did start that year, a paper called the Jeffersonian, the object of which was to advocate the interests of the South. Secession was, even then, a fixed fact in his mind. After remaining in New Orleans a year, she went, upon the invitation of Mrs. Van Benthuyzen, to live in her family. The paper had been in operation one year. Four thousand dollars had been given to it by Jeff. Davis, but the concern did not pay. It secured the government patronage, and, by the aid of the planters, who sent money with their articles, it was kept up till '48, when it was stopped, leaving the editor broken down in health and ruined in purse. Jeff. Davis said that the country was not ready for it. The speaker married Mr. V.'s oldest son in 1848, and went to live at the mansion of Jeff. and his brother, Joe Davis, at Hurricane Bend, on the Mississippi. The mansion was named from a tornado which years before swept over the place—a precursor of the terrible political tornado which was subsequently to sweep over the country. Jeff. Davis, at that time, defined abolitionists to be all those who did not believe in Slavery and its universal extension.

Mrs. V. said the audience might think her guilty of telling family secrets; but the fact was, they had turned her out. They had got her home, her land, her money, and her husband. Gen. Butler said the latter was a big rebel, but she did not believe it. She had taught him better. Secession, she said, began in '48. They who believed that Abraham Lincoln brought on the war should remember that the Southerners began to manufacture their own clothing, so as to be independent of the North in case of a war. They were greatly troubled, however, as to medicines, knowing that in case of a blockade their supplies would be cut off. To remedy this they hit upon Hydrophobia. The Davises sent for Dr. Ray, of New York, tried the cold-water treatment under his directions, and found that it agreed with their first-rate. They thought they could get along mightily well without quinine and calomel.

Jeff. Davis headed the conservative branch of the secession party, while Yancey headed the radical. Their only point of disagreement was as to the time to strike for independence. The Yanceys wanted to secede when the Charleston Convention was held. Davis wanted to wait and elect another Southern President. The Yanceys, he said, would stand it as long as they could make money; but the Yanceys carried the day, and, in case of failure, would be denounced by the Southern leaders as having precipitated the war.

Their great hobby was centralization. They wanted a strong government, they said. Gen. Butler's subsequent administration at New Orleans was just the thing they had been wishing for!

She (Mrs. V.) was present in the parlor of the St. Charles Hotel in 1848, and overheard a conversation between Joe Davis and others in relation to fortifying the harbor of New Orleans and the mouths of the Mississippi. It was finally decided that Ship Island should be fortified, and they sent to Jeff. Davis, who was in Congress, to procure an appropriation for that purpose. They succeeded—the North, as usual, footed the bill. Thus as early as 1848 they commenced preparing for the "emergency." While New Orleans was defended by a number of forts well supplied with artillery of the heaviest caliber, Boston Harbor could boast of but one old rusty gun, and that pointed directly at the State House cupola.

Another instance of Southern profligacy at the expense of their "mud-sill brethren" of the North was the purchase of a large number of camels. The South, said Jeff. Davis, wants camels, and Congress forthwith sent for them. They were turned loose upon the plains of Mexico, and there they would probably remain, to be made use of by the future Southern Confederacy.

Mrs. Van Benthuyzen gave some further details of her life in the South—of removing to Tennessee and living in seclusion among the mountains; of her being suspected as a spy, not because of anything she said, but because she looked Unionist; of the departure of herself and husband for the North; of his joining Butler's expedition to New Orleans and being taken prisoner, since which she had heard nothing from him; and of her supporting herself and child since then by public speaking. Her remarks were frequently applauded.

She was followed by Mr. EDWIN THOMPSON, a well-known temperance lecturer, who entertained the audience with several amusing anecdotes. He introduced his remarks by comparing himself to the man who was caught stealing pork. When the man was asked why he did not speak, he answered that "he did not know what to say." His sensations were similar when called upon to address the meeting. He advocated abolition as an act of justice, not as a necessity. As a proof of the black man's capacity he quoted several stanzas of a poem composed by James Horton, a slave who could neither read nor write. Statistics showed that the negroes would raise five times as much under a free as under a slave-labor system. Yet some people were so thick-skulled that they did not know this, and they never would. These meetings had been held for years, and yet the Copperheads could not understand the importance of emancipation.

The subject of abolition, he said, was exhausted. He told two stories to illustrate how much might be said upon it. The first was of a hard-shell preacher out West, who, after he had harangued his audience for two hours and fifty-five minutes, remarked to them

that were it not that his strength was exhausted he would have gone into the subject! The second case was that of a meeting in which a little girl fell asleep, and, on waking, inquired of her mother "whether thith was thith Sunday or whether it was noth Sunday." Story-telling appeared to be Mr. Thompson's special forte.

Hon. HENRY WILSON, who had occupied a place on the platform during the day, was introduced at this point. We can, at best, give but an imperfect sketch of his eloquent and well-timed address. He commenced by saying that in 1836 he visited Washington, and while there saw Slavery, came to the conclusion to give his influence against it, and had done so through life. He had attended these meetings for a quarter of a century. They were held to celebrate an act of England. It was not the crown, but the people of England that effected emancipation in the West Indies. The same power that carried that act over the throne is for us and with us to-day. It holds the throne and the vast commercial interests of England in its hands.

Those who knew him (Mr. Wilson) knew that he had been accustomed to take a hopeful view of our affairs. He thought much had been accomplished, and believed in going right on. But he wished to offer a word of warning to Anti-Slavery men. They would meet with more opposition—more bitter hatred—within the next few years than they had ever met with before. There was an organization here in the North which would throw us, as Jeff. Davis said, if they could. They burn and hang negroes in New York, and will do everything which it is in the power of desperate men to do to drive the President from the Proclamation, to overthrow his friends, and break down the Government. There is more danger now than there has ever been before, and more bravery is required among the friends of freedom. The Proclamation, said he, must be sustained. To enforce this is the first thing to accomplish. It had, he believed, been the means of preserving peace between England and the United States. As for any modification of the Proclamation, he would denounce it in advance. President Lincoln had said to him that he never would withdraw it; but it must be remembered that the President was only a man, and changes might occur within the next few years which would oblige him to recede from that position. It was the duty of Anti-Slavery men to rally to his support, and seek by every means in their power to counteract the influence of the enemies of the Government. They must lay aside all other issues, and direct all their energies to this one object. The Slave States must be brought back into the Union with Anti-Slavery men at their head. Had Lee been defeated on the Potomac, he believed that North Carolina would have applied for re-admission into the Union. Thorough Weed and a strong party like him would have said, "Let us come back on her old footing, Slavery and all." The greatest work of Anti-Slavery men is yet before them. They have every description of hate, malignity, and power to oppose them. The Copperheads mean to save Slavery if they destroy the Republic in so doing. Slavery is not yet destroyed in this country. It remains intact in four-fifths of the Slave States, but the opportunity exists to destroy it. The People give laws to Presidents and Senators. By standing by the President and the Proclamation, the Slave-Power can be overturned. It is the duty of the Press and of every loyal man to give them all the support in their power. By so doing we shall have peace, and with it liberty; fail to do so, and we shall have the worst forms of conservatism and hunkerism to contend with for years. No man can be a patriot and a friend to Slavery.

That is the only enemy which this country has, of any vitality. No true Union man can be for it. Every shot by which the lives of our sons have been lost has been fired by Slavery. The man who will forgive Slavery will forgive the Devil! The war is not ended. Battles are not ended. Do not assume that they are, and for God's sake do not assume that Slavery is at an end! Enforce the Proclamation, free the slave, and save the Republic. Senator Wilson spoke very impressively, and manifestly had the entire sympathy of the audience.

THORLOW WELD, being strongly urged by the Chairman to speak, reluctantly consented to do so. He said that years ago he spoke for the Anti-Slavery people, until his voice broke down and he could speak no longer. For a long time he was silent, but now he had so far recovered as to be able to speak on ordinary or merely intellectual topics; and yet those in which he felt deeply interested, as the one which had called him here, soon caused hoarseness. We do not, said he, know what it is to love the black man—not because he is black, but because he is a man. We touch things with the tips of our fingers. We do not know what it is to wield human sympathy. We need a deeper and simpler appreciation of human nature—an appreciation so simple and deep that we shall not see the color of his skin or the growth of his hair. He believed that the way to destroy Slavery was to sustain the President. We must not think of anything else. All aristocracy, all despotism, all caste, all that does not adopt the principle that all men are created equal, is combined against us in this struggle. [After some further remarks, Mr. W. was obliged to refrain from speaking on account of hoarseness.]

Mrs. WELD (daughter of JUDGE GRIMKE, of South Carolina) being called upon, said, that, as a Carolinian, she was bound to identify herself with this meeting. They only knew what Slavery was who had been in its midst.

She rejoiced in the length of this war. If we had crushed the rebellion at once, Slavery would have lived. She rejoiced in every defeat and in every victory.

THOMAS SIMS spoke briefly. [Sims was carried from Boston to Georgia as a slave (under the Fugitive Slave Act.) in 1851, from there was sold to New Orleans, was transferred thence to Vicksburg, and finally was sent back to Boston by the United States Government a few months since a free man.] He vindicated the colored people, in his remarks, from a seeming want of patriotism with regard to enlisting.

After another song by the Hutchinsons ("The Battle-Cry of Freedom,") a brief tribute was paid to the late Col. Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Regiment (Colored) by William Wells Brown. Senator Wilson, being called out a second time, planted himself still more unreservedly, if possible, on the Anti-Slavery platform, than he had done previously. The meeting then adjourned.

Thus ended our first "celebration" at Abington. Some disappointment was expressed by those present that neither Wendell Phillips nor Henry C. Wright were present. The former was unable to attend, we were informed, from indisposition; the latter, from business engagements elsewhere. C. J. R.

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SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

LANCASTER HALL, cor. 23d St. and 8th Av. Sunday, 10 1/2 A. M. Conference every Wednesday 7 1/2 P. M. THE UNION HARMONICAL CHURCH hold a Conference Sunday, 2 1/2 P. M. at 195 Bowery.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

Mrs. W. R. Hayden, 44 West 28th St. Mrs. A. C. Doubleday, Clairvoyant and Impressionist Medium, 96 W. Fourteenth St., west cor. Sixth Av. Mrs. R. A. Beck, Test, Clairvoyant, and Remedial Medium, cor. 7th St. and 34 Av. over the Bank, opp. Cooper Institute. Entrance 7th St. 9 A. M.—10 P. M. C. H. Foster, 30 Bond Street. Miss Irish 300 Fourth Street. Mrs. M. L. Van Houghton, Test and Medical, 55 W. 28th St., 9th Av. All hours. Mrs. E. C. Morris, 399 Broadway. Office hours 9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7 to 9. Mrs. H. S. Seymour, Psychometrist and Impressionist Medium, 98 W. Houston St. Circle every Thursday evening. H. C. Gordon, 211 Sixth Avenue. Circles Monday and Wednesday evenings. Mrs. E. Lyon, Writing and Trance Test Medium, 183 Eighth Avenue. Mrs. Finch, Clairvoyant and Trance Healing Medium, 162 Fourth Street, New York. Mrs. Lawrence, Healing Medium, 132 Spring Street, 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. John Jackson, Test, Clairvoyant, and Impressionist Medium, may be seen at any hour through the day or evening at 17 McDougal St.

MAGNETIC & ELECTRIC PHYSICIANS.

Dr. P. Schulthof, Magnetic and Psychometric Physician, may be addressed at this office, or seen daily from 11 to 12 M. Residence 91 Chrystie St. James A. Neal, 34 West Fifteenth St. Hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M. Mrs. P. A. Ferguson Tower, 152 East 33d Street. Dr. Clark, Electric, Magnetic, and Homeopathic Physician, 84 West 26th St. Dr. R. B. Newton, 54 Great Jones Street. Mrs. Alma D. Giddings, 109 West 27th St. Mrs. Lawrence, 84 Stanton street. Dr. A. C. Correll, Medical Clairvoyant and Electro-Magnetic Physician, 98 W. Houston St. Mrs. Hamilton, 159 Forsyth St., one door from Livingston. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Evening, 7 to 9. Mrs. M. C. Scott, 23 Fifth Street. Patients accommodated with rooms. Mrs. Sarah E. Wilcox, Magnetic Physician and Test Medium, 80 W. 33d St. Mrs. M. Towne, 950 Sixth av. bet. 54th and 55th Sts. Mrs. L. Moseley Ward (Electric) No. 157 Adams Street, Concord, Brooklyn. Mrs. Hilbert, Magnetic Physician, 117 High Street, Brooklyn.

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Mrs. W. R. Hayden, 44 West 28th St. Mrs. Mary A. Fish, 97 St. Mark's Place. Mrs. L. Johnson, 270 1/2 Division St. Mrs. James Bradley, Medical Clairvoyant and Physician, 108 Greene Street. Mrs. Delafolie, 110 Sixth Av. near Ninth St. Mrs. Sawyer, Clairvoyant and Medical Medium, 84 High St., Brooklyn. Mrs. Cora Daval, 117 West 15th St., between 6th and 7th Aves. 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Mrs. C. K. Dorman, No. 11 (old No. 8) New Street, Newark, N. J. Dr. Reynolds, Bridgeport, Conn.

Public Speakers.

[For the completeness and correctness of the following lists of Speakers' appointments and addresses, we must rely upon the prompt and constant attention of those whom we thus gratuitously advertise. For the convenience of Lecture Committees, it is desirable that all traveling lecturers on Spiritualism and Reform keep us constantly supplied with their engagements and permanent post-office address.]

APPOINTMENTS.

J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek, Mich., last two Sundays in each month. Mrs. Mary M. Wood will speak Sept. 6 and 13 at Stafford, Conn. E. Whipple will lecture in South-west Michigan during the summer and fall. Address Mattawan, Van Buren Co., Mich. Miss Emma Harding lectures in the West in the fall and winter. Address Rose-Cross, Delanco P. O., Burlington Co., N. J. Miss Martha Lewis Beckwith lectures in Chiopee, Mass., during August; Providence R. I., during September; Taunton, Mass., October 4 and 11; Lowell during December. Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook will lecture in Somers, Conn., Aug. 23 and 30. Springfield, Mass., in September; Chiopee, October; Lowell, November; Buffalo, N. Y., December. Bridgeport, Conn., January and February.

F. L. H. Willis will remain in New England during the summer. The autumn and winter he expects to spend in this city. For six or eight months, commencing Nov. 1, he will be at liberty to make arrangements with Spiritual Associations in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, and in places nearer New York. Address, during July, August, and September, Hancock, N. H.

ADDRESSES.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon may be addressed Bangor, Me., during August; Chiopee, Mass., September; Springfield, Mass., October. Dr. John Mayhew may be addressed before Oct. for engagements next winter. Sweet Home, Wyoming P. O., Chicago Co., Minn. Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will make engagements for fall and winter at the West. Address 705 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Penn. Dr. A. Pierce, Trance Speaking, Healing, and Developing Medium, care Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield St., Boston. F. L. Wadsworth, care A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal Street, New York. S. M. Landis, M. D., 2207 Callowhill St., Philadelphia. Mrs. C. M. Stowe, Milwaukee, Wis., care of T. J. Freeman, Esq. J. S. Loveland, care Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton, Northampton, Mass., care W. H. Burbank. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, 87 Spring St., E. Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. M. J. Wilcox, Hammond, Atlantic Ocean, N. J. Laura Cuppy will attend funerals and answer calls to lecture. Address Dayton, O. Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, box 322, Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch, or Rotbury, Brad. Co., Pa. John McQueen, Hillsdale, Mich. Mrs. H. T. Stearns, Grand Rapids, Mich. Mrs. S. E. Warner, box 14, Berlin, Wis. Mrs. E. C. Morris, 599 Broadway. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Box 166, Buffalo, N. Y. John Brooks, M. D., 58 Collins Street, St. Louis. Herman Snow, Rockford, Ill. H. B. Storer, Boston, Mass. Mrs. M. B. Kenney, Lawrence, Mass. W. F. Jamieson, Paw Paw, Mich. Mrs. M. J. Kutz, Iaphanville, Ill. Rev. H. S. Marbles, Iowa City, Iowa. H. S. Caswell, Alden, Erie Co., N. Y. A. H. Davis, Natick, Mass. Rev. Stephen Fellows, Fall River, Ma. B. J. Butts, Hopedale, Mass. Isaac P. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass. N. S. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass. Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Springfield, Mass. Austen E. Simmons, Woodstock, Vt. Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood, W. Killington, Ct. Mrs. Amanda M. Spencer, New York. Miss Belle Seawright, Rockford, Ill. Abram and Nellie Smith, Sturgis, Mich. A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich. Rev. J. B. Fish, Ganges, Allegan Co., Mich. K. Graves, Harveysburg, O. W. K. Ripley, box 505, Bangor, Me. Mrs. B. F. M. Brown, Wauregan, Ill. E. Z. Wickes, New York or Saratoga Springs. Leo Miller, Worcester, Mass.

Travelers' Guide.

TO ALBANY, by Hudson River Railroad, 68 Warren Street, 7 and 10 A. M. and 3 1/2, 5, and 10 1/2 P. M. Sunday, 5 P. M. TO ALBANY, by Harlem Railroad, Twenty-sixth street and Fourth Avenue, 10 1/2 A. M. TO BOSTON, by New London line, Pier 39 North River, Stoughton line, Pier 18 North River, and Fall River line, Pier 3 North River, daily (Sundays excepted), 5 P. M. TO BOSTON, by New Haven Railroad, via Springfield, Twenty-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue, 8 A. M. and 2 1/2 and 8 P. M. TO BOSTON, by New Haven Railroad, Twenty-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue, via Shore line, 12 1/2 and 8 P. M. Sunday, 5 P. M. TO BURLINGHAM, by Erie Railroad, foot of Chatterbox Street, 7 and 10 A. M. and 5 P. M. TO PHILADELPHIA, by New Jersey Railroad, foot of Courtlandt Street, 7 and 10 A. M.; 4, 6, 7 1/2 and 11 1/2 P. M. Sunday, 7 1/2 P. M. TO PHILADELPHIA, by Camden and Amboy Railroad, Pier 36, North River, foot of Barclay Street, 6 A. M. and 2 P. M. TO WASHINGTON, by New Jersey Railroad, 7 and 10 A. M.; 7 1/2 and 11 1/2 P. M.; foot of Courtlandt Street; Sunday, 7 1/2 P. M. TO THE WEST, by Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot of Courtlandt Street, 6 and 8 A. M., 12 M., and 7 P. M. STONINGTON LINE FOR BOSTON, via Groton, New London, Stonington, Providence, New port, Taunton, and New Bedford.—The splendid steamers "COMMON WEALTH" and "FLYMOUTH ROCK" will leave Pier No. 18 North River, foot of Courtlandt Street, daily (except Sunday) at 5 P. M. Freight taken as low as by any other line. Office of Company, No 115 West Street, corner of Courtlandt Street. W. M. EDWARDS, Agent.

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Did Elijah's Wife Wear Mourning?

The Independent of last week, from whose unusually well-seasoned columns we have made several brief extracts, to be found duly credited elsewhere, has a very sensible inquiry, by Lon, whether Elijah's wife wore mourning for him.

"Did Elijah's wife put on mourning? As he disappeared from sight with the chariot and horses of fire, did she call for weeping women, and weep and lament, and then give all her time and thought to preparing mourning garments? We fancy not.

"If he had had time to look back as he was taken up, he would say, rather, 'Fond of me; do my work so far as you can; spend no time in vain lamentations; but rejoice, inasmuch as you may soon follow me.'

"Doubtless, proper respect was shown to Elijah, but hardly in the way of sackcloth and ashes."

To the believer in a "spiritual life hereafter"—in the reality of the Summer-Land—the inquiry is peculiarly suggestive. For a translated spirit what cause to mourn? Why should any mortal be clad in weeds of woe? The writer offers some sound suggestions:

"There are times in the lives of our friends when we could put on sackcloth and ashes for them much more than at their death. Look at that aged man, who goes to his grave as a shock of corn fully ripe—he had been waiting for the Master's call, for earth to him was done.

"Years ago sorrow came upon him as a flood, the desire of his eyes was taken away at a stroke; his property took to itself wings, and fierce calamities came upon his children, so that day by day he rose up in sorrow, with none to comfort him. In his later days this fierce storm had passed away. When was the time to mourn for him?

"Custom—yes, it is custom, I grant, but really not necessarily an expression of feeling, since many only look upon it as a galling chain, while they conform for propriety's sake. And how many aching hearts have to turn aside from the realities of grief to discuss the question of dress! How many injudicious friends go and make purchases for a family, which they can by no means afford, and for which they must pinch themselves for many a day, or leave the merchant to be deprived of his just due.

"If there were but some badge that might be worn, as men wear it—for, really, women do all the mourning; whether the deceased be relative of her husband or of herself, the woman is shrouded in weeds of woe; and while he goes out into the world just the same, she is bound by notions of propriety to abstain from social intercourse and shut herself up to grief.

"Verily, custom leads us into strange ways. Our friends go home, and we mourn; the weary are at rest, and we mourn for them; Jesus says to them, Enter into the joy of our Lord, and we lament as those without hope—at least so our dress would indicate. 'Decent respect'! 'The dead know not anything!'"

The Chemistry of Catechism.

One of our neighbors of the religions press takes us to task for holding what we still believe, after its good-tempered criticisms, to be a sound opinion. Professor Wolcott Gibbs—one of the ablest chemists in this country, of whose merits we are entitled to speak not only from general reputation but from long personal acquaintance—has lately, as we have already told our readers, been installed in a distinguished chair in Harvard University, after having been denied an obscure professorship in Columbia, on the ground that he was a Unitarian. That refusal turned a broad laugh against the college at the time. But our neighbor defends this "exclusive" with great earnestness, insisting, to use his own words, that "the principle is sound that forbids Columbia College to choose a Unitarian to one of its professorships."

But can our Old-School Presbyterian friend give us any reason for supposing that an Episcopalian is thereby a better fitted for teaching chemistry than a Unitarian? If we, as orthodox believers, desired to join a class of instruction in the natural sciences, would it be an objection, or would it be a recommendation, to know that the teacher was to be Prof. Agassiz? But Prof. Agassiz is less orthodox than Prof. Gibbs. Indeed, Prof. Gibbs, a Unitarian, and Prof. Dana, orthodox, are joint editors of the American Journal of Arts and Sciences. Now, did it ever occur to the orthodox sensitiveness of Prof. Dana that his associate was a dangerous man, whom Columbia College puts out of doors, and whom the New York Observer seeks to keep out? Does our over-scrupulous cotemporary remember the famous flurry which some good people got into a few years ago, because on one beautiful May-day in Brooklyn the children of a Unitarian Sunday-school were allowed to walk in holiday procession with the children of orthodox Sunday-schools? Is it not time that such unprofitable narrowness should be broadened? At all events, though our religious faith is just the opposite of Unitarianism, we may have at least a chemical affinity with it.—Independent.

By the way, will the editors of the Independent "give us any reason for supposing" that a Christian "is thereby any better fitted for" prescribing for diseases than an Infidel or Spiritualist? Does our "over-scrupulous cotemporary remember the flurry" into which certain editors were thrown by a proposition to advertise a medical book by an heterodox author in the Independent?

When, a few months since, one of the editors of the Independent declined to advertise the "Harbinger of Health"—a book of medical prescriptions by Andrew Jackson Davis—because its author was a Spiritualist and Infidel, we thought that "such unprofitable narrowness should be broadened;" and the editor finally concluded, too, that, though very orthodox in his religious faith, he had not only a chemical affinity with Unitarianism, but a physiological kinship with Infidelity, and consented to advertise a book that promised good to the sick, even though its author's theological tenets might not be exactly sound. We think the lesson on that occasion must have been serviceable, and that since the editor will, when sick, take pills rolled by unregenerate hands, and when hungry partake of food unblessed by orthodox grace. That's progress.

C. M. P.

Mr. Deane's School at Stapleton.

The editor of the Richmond County Gazette reports as follows: We had the pleasure of being present at an evening entertainment recently given by this gentleman. The rooms were quite crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and the exercises by the pupils were very creditable. They consisted of reading, declamation, arithmetical examples, and dictation. The last exercise developed the solution of the scholars, making them more progress in writing, spelling, grammar, and punctuation. The various sums given were rapidly and correctly worked out. Mr. J. O. Woods, of Clifton, made some remarks expressive of his satisfaction at what he had heard, and hoped Mr. Deane would succeed in getting a large school. We are much pleased with the genuine love Mr. D. has for his profession—without it no teacher can accomplish much—and the manner in which he imparts instruction to his scholars, making them love study and softening the drudgery by familiar explanation and lectures. Especially are his methods admirable in the case of backward pupils who have acquired a distaste for learning; to such he gives hope and confidence. At the close of the evening Mr. D. made some appropriate remarks on the subject of education; and the following paper, which had been prepared by some of the parents of the scholars, was read by a gentleman present:

CARD.

We, the undersigned, parents of the pupils under the instruction of Prof. A. T. Deane, principal of the Collegiate Institute, Stapleton, Staten Island, feel much pleasure in testifying to the rapid progress of the pupils. Their attainments in the various branches of education are highly satisfactory, and reflect great credit on themselves as well as on their Teachers.

Prof. Deane's manner of imparting instruction is entirely different from that pursued generally in our schools, being thoroughly systematic, and of a nature to impress the minds of the pupils, yet not being tedious, but pleasant and agreeable.

We are convinced that this Seminary is a valuable acquisition to the Island, and is deserving of strong support, and therefore we warmly commend it to the attention of parents and guardians of children. The assiduity and vigilant attention of the Principal to the duties of his profession, fail not to promote an intellectual advancement both rapid and permanent.

D. L. CLAWSON, THEODORE C. VERMILY, GILBERT RIGGOLD, GEORGE M. ROOT, A. B. JAVIS, JEREMIAH SIMMONS, BENJ. F. MORRIS, ISAAC G. BOYCE. Dated June, 1863.

Succession not Resurrection.

Thomas Paine, in his "Age of Reason," thus disposes of Paul's argument for the resurrection of the body:

"Sometimes Paul affects to be a naturalist, and to prove his system of resurrection from the principles of vegetation. 'Thou fool,' says he, 'that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.' To which one might reply in his own language, and say, Thou fool, Paul, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die not; for the grain that dies in the ground never does nor can vegetate. It is only the living grains that produce the next crop. But the metaphor in any point of view is no simile. It is succession, not resurrection."

"The Soul of Things."

This is the title of a book on PSYCHOMETRY, by William and Elizabeth Denton. It proves that ideas can be conveyed without eyesight or language. The Psychometer is a spiritual medium who knows everything. Hand him a pebble from Jerusalem, and he describes everything that ever happened about that pebble in Jerusalem. Hand him a brick from the wall of your room, and he reads on it every act you ever committed in that room. A physician, while with a skating party, saw a negro killed. On returning to his office, he put up a prescription of pills for a lady, thus impregnating the pills with the story as he rolled them up in his fingers. The lady took the pills, and had a dream, in which she saw the whole event as the doctor had seen it. It simply proves that dictionaries and eyesight are not always indispensably necessary!

[Home Journal.]

Brief Items.

—Miss Chase's betrothal ring was recently on exhibition at Tiffany's. It is a diamond solitaire set in enamel. The price of the ring was one thousand dollars.

—Augusta, the capital of the State of Maine, must be one of the most remarkable cities in the world. According to an English newspaper, (the Court Journal,) it contains sixty square miles, and in some of the wards they kill wild bears!

—The Gazette des Etrangers states that Madame Saqui, who, sixty years ago, out-Blondined Blondin, has applied for authorization to resume her public exercises as rope-dancer, but that it has been refused in consequence of her age—eighty-six.

—A curious trial took place lately in the Westminster County Court, London, where a Miss Sibley sued the Hon. Mrs. Norton for salary as the governess of the lady's grandchildren. Mrs. Norton conducted her own case.

—George Peabody, the famous banker, is reported to be about to endow Yale College with a new Geological Cabinet, at a cost of \$100,000.

—Recently, at Beaufort, some one, in the presence of an aged negro, was speaking of Mr. Lincoln as of an ordinary mortal, whereupon the old man interferred: "What do you know?" said he, "of Massa Linkum? He be ebriwhere. He walk de earth like de Lord!"

—In a horse-suit recently tried before Justice Holland, at West Troy, a written agreement, executed by the litigants, was sought to be introduced as evidence, but its admission was objected to by opposing counsel, on the ground that the paper was not stamped. The objection was sustained by the Court.

—A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and in a jocular way, said, "Do not let any one else rumple it."

—"No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

—The new number of the Quarterly seems arranged with reference to the season. The prominent articles are, the Glacial Theory, the Church of Rome, and Spiritualism. Come, Ice, Wafer, and Liqueur are not bad bits in this weather.—[Punch.]

—The Commonwealth, in referring to the unjust prejudices against colored persons, says: "It is idle to talk as the pro-slavery people do about this prejudice being unconquerable. There are men in Boston, not very old, who remember when Irishmen were turned out of truckmen's procession on the fourth of July, with more contempt than negroes would now receive; and it is a fact that work on the Boston and Worcester Railroad seemed likely to be given up at one time during its building because of the prejudices against the Irish."

—A leading physician takes ground against steel collars, the wearing of which has recently grown fashionable among the young men. He thinks that the steel, being a rapid conductor, will affect the electrical and thermal condition of the larynx, and other organs of the throat, and consequently will cause diseases of the throat.

—Dr. Todd, in an address lately at Suffield, remarked that there are three things which every human being naturally hates. One is Work; another is Study; and the third is Religion. And Dr. Todd is mistaken in every one.

—Ride upon the Eighth avenue cars! We would soon take passage in a Confederate pirate or an African slave-ship.—American Baptist.

—The Daily Times, speaking of the action of employers in dismissing colored laborers, says: "We say, advisedly, that any business man who is so afraid of the mob, that he virtually makes a parade of propitiating them, ought to pack up and leave the city. His presence here is as great a curse and nuisance as that of a coward in the army, and even greater, for his open proclamation of his cowardice invites attack."

—General Meade, on having his attention called to the discussion in reference to his eligibility for the Presidency, said the politicians would find he was a soldier and not an office-seeker, and that he did not intend to be used as a cat's paw to rake anybody's chestnuts out of the fire. Whether intended or not, this is the severest kind of a cut at the General who has been raking Democratic chestnuts, since he took command of the Army of the Potomac.

—The Richmond clergymen appear to have taken to preaching politics. Among the "Sabbath Notices" of a recent Saturday's Dispatch is the following: "The fourth of the series of interesting discourses will be delivered on Sunday morning, at Bethel Meeting-House, Twenty-fifth street, Union Hill. Subject: The Northern States of America the most likely location of the Lake of Fire and Brimstone." In which the Beast and the False Prophet will be termed.

—"English sinners" may be happy yet. An establishment has been opened in England where people can buy penitential physical torture! You may pay to see the agonies of the pious also. And, best of all, a doctor attends to tell folks exactly where the *ne plus ultra* of torture is situated! The Press, which tells the story, refers to this modern idea as an instance of "British eccentricity."

—One of Queen Victoria's servants is a Wesleyan Methodist. She was taken sick lately, and certain palace officials of the "High Church" party ordered her discharge—pretext, incapacity from illness; real cause, heretical opinions. Her royal mistress heard of the circumstance, and instantly caused the girl to be treated with the utmost kindness, while her persecutors became afflicted with a disease known as "a flea in the ear." The Christian Advocate (London) is the historian of this affair.

—Thomas Addis Emmet, son of the Irish patriot of that name, died at his residence at Astoria a few days since, in his 66th year.

—COW AND LADY: Cow has the preference. "Jenny Jane," who is passing a few weeks in the city, says: "If a cow exhibits in our presence, the slightest preference for the sidewalk, we leave it wholly to its discretion, and take the high road as far as is practicable."

—The N. Y. Custom House furnishes positions and employment for a number of gentlemen well known to the literary world. H. R. Stoddard, the poet, has long held a post in the "Debutante Room." R. B. Coffin (better known as "Barry Gray") may be found almost any day between the hours of ten and three, in the "Auditor's Department." Louis Gaylord Clark, of the "Knickerbocker Magazine," Richard Grant White, the Shakespeare scholar, John Savage, the poet and dramatist, and Charles F. Briggs, the accomplished critic of the Sunday Courier, have each come in for a share of the "spoils of office."

J. C. Derby, long at the head of a publishing-house in this city, is also employed under collector Barney W. — may also mention S. E. Brittan, well known to our readers. —The New-Albany Ledger says: A couple of years ago, a young printer, a friend of ours, was driven from a town in Southern Kentucky, because of the Union sentiments he expressed in his paper. The other day he received a letter from an old friend living there. It delighted him. Said he: "I never felt so good in my life; it tells all about my sweetheart, where she is and everything. My printing-office is gone to the lowest regions of h—l, though. It's the first letter I've had for twelve months—tells all about my sweetheart. The military used the printing-office for a headquarters, and the type has gone to the d—l. I'm all right though—tells about my sweetheart. My friends are dead, four or five of my very particular friends. Some of them are in the Confederate and some in the Union army, but it tells all about my sweetheart, you can bet your life. I don't care a d—n for the printing-office, no how, a one-horse country printing-office. The best man in that town is dead—used to edit the paper for me (pause), but it tells me all about my sweetheart, where she is and everything."

WASHINGTON, D. C. BRANCH INSTITUTE, 321 D. ST. and Pennsylvania Av. S. M. LANDIS, M. D., Principal Physician. 7183

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