

latter could not stifle the maternal instinct. The wolf nestles the most deformed wailing; the bear a helpless cub. Pride often makes the human mother less tender than these, but it cannot always conquer. Instinct will return and claim its own. So Clair's mother often nestled her in her arms, and smoothed her hair, and strove by every art to awaken a glimmering ray of intellect. It was vain. The blank gaze of those blue eyes told a sorrowful tale. They saw, but there was no soul behind them. She loved to be caressed, and manifested the same emotions a petted animal is seen to do. But this satisfied not the mother, who always ended her caresses by coldness and melancholy, and some words about the trouble it was to have such a child.

After this, you, for a day, would not see Clair in the garden. The flowers bloomed and the birds sang in vain. If you should go down into the kitchen you would see a sorrowful-looking little creature under the table. There is a tear in her eye; her fingers cover her mouth. She utters not a word—she cannot speak; she can only at long intervals moan.

What is here, O philosopher? What beneath this dwarfed body of clay? Is there a spirit, an immortal flame, that shall in the future assert its authority, and in company with archangels read the truths of the everlasting heavens? Is there a spirit, but so fettered by its bodily conditions as to shine obscurely, like a lamp in the damp of a well? Ah, philosopher, you nor I can tell! The problem can be solved alone by those who have trodden the glittering pathway of immortality—they who have passed the gateway to the immortal, and with quickened perceptions are wise with the wisdom of angels.

Clair's sisters had a beautiful doll. Clair had no doll; she made her one of a roll of rags. She was tender of this because she imitated the actions of her sisters. She would rock it and say "bye-bye." That was the only word she was ever known to utter. One day she possessed herself of sister's doll. Something like pride might have been seen to light her countenance as she looked at it. But soon the eldest snatched it away, calling her a "fool." Did she understand the terrible meaning of that word? Fool! ridiculed in life to pass on to nothingness! for she fled to bed, and at night, when she must have wept, she hid her face in her nightgown. She had no doll.

So years passed. Clair grew dangerously ill. Clair would not leave her room and lay her hand on her mother's hot brow. She was mute. Her mother was silent because she knew no one; Clair because she was—a fool. Who can tell the thoughts of Clair—utterable—more fearful because unutterable.

The mother died. No attention was paid to Clair more than to keep her out of the sight of the mourners and friends. She saw not the funeral pageant. When she was allowed to enter the room her mother was gone. She went to the bed and satisfied herself that no one was there; she then threw herself into a chair and sobbed. Then she was silent. For a few moments you would have said you could see a gleam of intellect. It was a hard blow, and could but strike a spark from the dullest soul. Her blank eyes were fixed as though life had fled, leaving the windows through which it escaped open. All day she remained in this attitude. Ever after, until her death, she was joyless. The flowers and birds called in vain. She never went into the garden again. Like a ghost she glided through the house for a month. She ate scarcely anything. She was sacrificing herself to her mother. At length she sank exhausted. She breathed faintly; she gasped. Her sisters stood weeping by her side. Her proud father even held the hand of his idiot child, whose dark life-path he had made still darker. Eleven at night! Before the clock strikes twelve there will be no Clair in this world. The new-born day will not greet her as twelve years of days have been wont.

She has gone. Nay, she awakes! There is a soul in those eyes now. They look like fragments of blue heaven shining through radiant stars. What spiritual brightness! The dwarfed body is chained, the soul is exulting! Now she has gone.

There is a green hillock in the churchyard, where a few spring beauties bloom in the moss; a white slab is at its head. Is that all? In the bright, bright heaven, is the meek angel Clair, her robes like the white clouds of the noonday, and her face brightening as she learns the lore of the angels.

(From the Pacific Monthly.)

Mrs. Amelia B. Welby as a Poet.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

We recently procured of Roman & Co. a volume of this lady's poems: and in our boyish years having read them with avidity and delight, and now finding those crude impressions ratified and deepened by more matured convictions, we cannot resist the temptation to give our readers a few illustrations of her rare and beautiful genius. We do this with intense pleasure, yet with heartfelt sorrow—pleasure that so beautiful a spirit has been permitted to move among us and mingle her life with the life of the race, and sorrow that so splendid a genius, almost at the dawning of womanhood, should be called to lay aside her harp among us and take her place among the angels. Had she lived to perfect her powers, she would have ranked with the first poets

of the world. She is by nature adapted to fill as lofty a place as any of her sex who have gone up from among us to that beautiful world before her, and is a fit companion for such spirits as Sappho, Hemans, and Browning.

The fragments she has left us are not, indeed, perfect, yet are sufficient to prove the depth and quality of her inspiration. Occasionally we find in her writings an imperfect rhyme or a bad versification, yet these faults are exceedingly rare. She seems to have possessed an unusually delicate sense of harmony, and her verses are characterized by a smoothness, mellowness, and rhythm, seldom excelled. In this respect she is far superior to Mrs. Browning or even Mrs. Hemans.

There is something in her style which gives special satisfaction to the more thoughtful and cultivated classes of readers. Her writings are entirely free from the affectation, grotesque conceptions, and fantastic forms of expression, which mar the genius of so many of our modern poets. They are always serious, earnest, and cheerful, yet innocent of the least shade of cant or pietism. The misanthropic melancholy so congenial to our third-rate writers never casts its baleful shadows over her bright buds of feeling. She goes down into the dark depths of the heart and comes within the infection of our great human sorrow, not to gloat over suffering, or offer a libation of grief to her own vanity, but to weave a fabric of sunbeams to enlighten and to cheer. Even her most pathetic pieces are redolent of trust and hope. She has well said:

"And my young heart is like a harp of heaven,
Forever strung unto some pleasant tune."

In her modes of thought and in her forms of expression, there is no affectation, no aping after the sensational, no straining after figures of effect, but quiet simplicity, originality, and beauty. As an illustration, we select the following from a piece entitled "The Rainbow":

"As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth.
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea."

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell;
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the shore.

On an ascended, no murmur of prayer,
The spirit of worship was there,
Young head in devotion and love,
Of the angel that floated above.
The waves were as falling
In adoration of a gorgeous rainbow,
In adoration, the poetic beauty of which is very rarely equaled. The following, taken from "The Sisters," is another good illustration of the aptness and beauty of her figures:

"Like flowers that softly bloom together
Upon one fair and fragile stem,
Mingling their sweets in sunny weather
Ere strange, rude hands have parted them,
So were we linked unto each other,
Sweet Sisters, in our childish hours,
For then one fond and gentle mother
To us was like the stem to flowers."

From the same poem we take another:

"My heart is like the wind, that bareth
Sweet scents upon its unseen wing—
The wind that for no creature careth,
Yet stealthily sweeps from everything;
It hath rich thoughts forever leaping
Up, like the waves of flashing seas,
That with their music still are keeping
Soft time with every fiftle breeze;
Each leaf that in the bright air quivers,
The sounds from hidden solitudes,
And the deep flow of far-off rivers,
And the loud rush of many floods;
All these, and more, stir in my bosom
Feeling, that make my spirit glad,
Like dew-drops shaken in a blossom;
And yet there is a something sad
Mixed with those thoughts, like clouds, that hover
Above us in the quiet air,
Vailing the moon's pale beauty o'er,
Like a dark spirit brooding there."

The most marked characteristic of Mrs. Welby as a poet is her love of Nature. In this respect, she and Bryant are the most conspicuous poets of the world. In a nice and careful observation of natural phenomena, she sometimes excels even him. What could be more accurately observed or more beautifully described than this:

"The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leaped into the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there."

The illustration we next give evinces a minute and critical observation of Nature seldom if ever surpassed. In describing the humming-bird she names

"Wings that flash, sparkles out where'er they quiver,
Like sudden sunlight rushing o'er a river."

What finer illustration of this excellency can be found in any poetry than the following:

"Ah! many a bright and airy dream
Hath over my spirit passed,
Like sunshine o'er a laughing stream,
Too beautiful to last."

Mrs. Welby's descriptions of Nature are not so lofty, majestic, and grand, as Bryant's, yet they are characterized by more heart-sensibility and enthusiastic feeling. His are very beautiful and often unsurpassed by any descriptive poetry in the English language, yet they are a little too stately and cold to move the deepest feelings of the heart. Here have all the warmth and freshness of a June morning in New England. Take this from "The Summer Birds":

"Amid the morning's fragrant dew,
Amid the mist of even,
They wait on us as if they drew
Their music down from heaven."

She is, likewise, often more delicate and nicely poetic than Bryant, as these passages will testify:

"Soft as a bride, the rosy dawn
From dewy sleep doth rise,

And, bathed in blushes, hath withdrawn
The mantle from her eyes;
And with her orbs dissolved in dew
Bends like an angel softly through
The blue-pavilioned skies."

Again:

"The winds are soft, the clouds are few,
And tenderest thoughts my heart beguile,
As, floating up through mist and dew,
The pale young moon comes out and smiles;
And to the green resounding shore
In silvery troops the ripples crowd,
Till all the ocean, dimpled o'er,
Lifts up its voice and laughs aloud."

Mrs. Welby evinces a delicate perception of those analogies between the natural and spiritual worlds, which extend throughout the universe, in all its departments, and are the basis of all figures of speech and perhaps of all language. Insight into these is a rare gift, and only the most recalcitrant poetical genius can seize the idea of them and enchain it in language; and yet every heart endowed with sensibility instinctively feels their truth and admires their beauty the moment they are clothed in speech. Every reader will admire the following:

"I could be happy now,
Had memory fled with thee,
But still I hear a whisper low,
And memory will not flee;
A whisper that doth tell
Of thee, and thee alone—
A memory, like the ocean-shell,
Forever making moan."

She also evinces equal insight into heart-phenomena and heart-experiences, as this will show:

"For 'e'en in life's delicious spring
We oft have memories
That throw around our sunny hearts
A transient cloud of sighs;
For a wondrous change within the heart
At that sweet time is wrought,
When on the heart is softly laid
A spell of deeper thought."

Those who have been accustomed to hear loud and public demonstrations of grief for the dead will find in the next extract given a remarkable expression of this insight, together with the nicest perception of the analogy that often exists between the impressions made on the heart by the voices of Nature and by human experiences. Waiting for the dead is a custom common among all the Polynesian races, and to some extent among the Indians of America and the negroes of our Southern States. As their mournful dirges come floating in on the balmy air from the groves of the orange and the coconut, the impression they make on the feelings of the listener is almost precisely the same as that made by the distant roar of the ocean as it breaks on the coral reef. But the extract:

"And yet there is no sound
Upon the waters, whispered by the waves,
But something like a wail from many graves,
Thrilling the air around."

Another characteristic of Mrs. Welby's writings is delicate passion. Her love-poems are as full of pathos as those of Miss Landon, but far more elevated, simple, and apparently sincere. The latter often piles up the agony in a manner that makes the reader feel that the whole is forced and overdone; but this can never be said of the former. From her address "To the Stars," we take the following:

"Ye bring the time when happy lovers meet
In some lone spot, when not a sound is heard
Save their own sighs, or the unequal beat
Of their young hearts to tender wishes stirred,
As hand seeks hand, and meeting glances tell
The critical tale of love; too sweetly and too well."

From "He Came Too Late," we select another illustration:

"Strange that the love-lorn heart will beat
With rapture wild amid its folly—
No grief so soft, no pain so sweet,
As love's delicious melancholy."

From "The Broken-Hearted," we take still another:

"But when far, far away o'er dell and mountain,
He left her to seek a distant land,
Love still hung weeping over Memory's fount-ain,
And she was lightly gathered to the tomb."

"Love's Last Interview" is so much to our purpose that we had intended to give it entire, but our limited space forbids. We refer our readers to it as the best poem of that class that has been produced since Burns wrote to his "Mary in Heaven."

Mrs. Welby's descriptive powers, as our readers have seen in the extracts already given, are rarely excelled; yet we cannot resist the temptation to give one or two more very brief ones. Of a friend, she says:

"For every tear that gems her eye,
From her young bosom flows
Like dew-drops from a golden star,
Or perfume from a rose."

And of "Melodia":

"While her forehead lay, like a snow-white dove,
In a nest of nut-brown curls."

In all her writings there is a womanly delicacy and a simplicity, sometimes bordering on girlishness, which blends with her other more conspicuous qualities as beautifully as violet blends with the other colors of the rainbow; yet she is not all softness and gentleness, but is capable of sterner feelings, and can wield the resolute and the masculine as skillfully as the beautiful and the feminine. Of this, "The American Soldier" is a fine illustration, and is so patriotic and appropriate to the times that we cannot refrain from giving it in full:

"Sword of our gallant fathers, defender of the brave,
Of Washington upon the field and Perry on the wave!
Well might Columbia's foemen beneath thy death-stroke reel,
For each hand was firm that drew thee, and each heart as true as steel;
There's not a tarnish on thy sheen, a rust upon thy blade;
Though the noble hands that drew thee are in dust and ashes laid,
Thou'rt still the scourge of tyrants, the safeguard of the free,
And may God desert our banner when we surrender thee!"

Sword of a thousand victories! thy splendors led the way,
When our warriors trod the battle-field in terrible array;
Thou wert seen amid the carnage, like an angel in thy wrathe.
The vanquished and the vanquisher bestrewn thy gory path;
The life-blood of the haughty foe made red the slippery sod.
When thy crimson blade descended like the lightning glance of God!
They poured their ranks like autumn leaves, their life-blood as the sea,
But they battled for a tyrant—we battled to be free!

Sword of a thousand heroes, how holy is thy blade,
So often drawn by Valor's arm, by gentle Pity stayed!
The warrior breathes his vow by thee, and seals it with a kiss—
He never gives a holier pledge, he asks no more than this:
And when he girds thee on his side, with battle He feels within his single arm the strength of all his race;
He shrines thee in his noble breast, with all things bright and free,
And may God desert his standard when he surrenders thee."

Sword of our country's battles! forever mayst thou prove,
Amid Columbia's freemen, the thunderbolt of love,
Where, like a youthful viennese, with her holy flag unfurled,
She sits amid the nations, the empress of the world.
Behold the heaven-born goddess, in her glory and increase,
Extending in her lovely hands the olive branch of peace;
Thy glittering steel is girded on, the safeguard of the free,
And may God desert her standard when she surrenders thee!"

We had intended to give several illustrations of the majesty and sublimity of her verse, in which she seems to stoop as condescendingly as Byron to touch the loftiest and grandest thoughts, but our limited space excludes all but this one, taken from her address to "Time!"

"Even every heart-beat in the bosom's cell
Steals o'er the spirit like a funeral toll;
Each solemn stroke is like a passing bell,
Heard 'mid the bushes of the startled soul.
The waves of feeling, tossing to and fro
Like ocean-billows restless and sublime,
The crimson life-drops as they ebb and flow,
And the quick pulse with its unequal chime,
All beat with unflinching strokes the march of Time."

Thus we have given our readers a few brief and imperfect hints of the gems that sparkle so beautifully in the works of one whom we may appropriately style Our American Female Poet. Had she lived to mature life, she would have taken rank with the most illustrious poets of any age. True, she had not yet been properly appreciated by American readers; and even those who assume to be directors of the public taste seem strangely to ignore her merits, while they crown with the laurel wreath any foreign writer who can produce a few tolerable pieces amid a flood of doggerel. True genius, however, can afford to trust its reputation to the guardianship of time, which Matthew Hale called "the wisest thing under heaven;" for in the long run true merit is sure to be understood and appreciated. In view of this fact, we predict that Mrs. Amelia B. Welby's name will live long after the names of many whom noisy fame now delights to honor, have perished.

The Teachings of Nature.

"Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of Nature."

A Series of Severe Winters Predicted.

The North British Review has an article on the "Recent Theories in Meteorology," in which are noticed some of the speculations or theories connected with meteorology which have lately attracted attention, but especially the periodicity of severe winters. The theory that the solar spots have a perennial period seems to be established by a number of independent continuous observations. And although H. Hofrath Schwabe—whose table of observations from 1824 to 1850 the writer in the Review quotes—traced no sensible connection between climatic condition and the number of spots, General Sabine has made the remarkable discovery that there is a decennial period exactly corresponding with the solar period in the greater frequency, duration, and occasional magnitude of the magnetic disturbances, when the sun's disc is most obscured by dark spots.

In continuing the study of these phenomena, M. Wolf has collected from nearly 400 volumes all the observations on solar spots, from the time of Fabricius, Galileo, Scheiner, to Schwabe; and he has found, by means of the sixteen different epochs established by the minimum and maximum of the solar spots, that the mean duration of these spots is

11.111—0.938 years;

so that nine periods are exactly equivalent to a century. Mr. Wolf has also found that in each century the years 0.00, 11.11, 22.22, 33.33, 44.44, 55.55, 66.66, 77.77, 88.88, correspond to the minimum of the sun's spots. It appears by Schwabe's table, that in 1833, the number of sun spots was 33, with 130 days free from spots, and in 1844 it was 52, with 111 days free, while the maximum years were 1818, 225 spots of spots and no day free from them; 1837, 333 groups and no day free; and in 1843 330 groups and no day free.

M. Wolf has studied the connection between the weather and the spots on the sun, and declares the result to be in accordance with the opinion of Sir William Herschel, that "the years in which the spots are more numerous are also dryer and more fertile than others; the years with few spots more moist and stormy." M. Wolf has added another interesting fact: that "the aurora borealis and earthquakes predominate strikingly when the solar spots are most numerous." The reviewer concludes from this that if this law shall be established by more extensive observation, the character of the seasons may be predicted with at least some degree of certainty.

Theological Investigation.

"Fair Truth! for thee alone we seek!
Friend to the wise, supporter to the weak,
From thee we learn whatever is wise and just,
Trends to reject, professions to distrust,
Forms to despise, pretensions to deride,
And, following thee, to follow naught beside."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Two Ultimates.

"A perfect consistency can be nothing but an absolute truth."
[EDGAR A. POE.]

A. J. DAVIS, MY DEAR SIR: I have lately read, with much interest, the essay on the "Existence of the Deity," published in your paper of March 21st-28th. The evident sincerity and candor of the author elicit my admiration; his argument and illustrations are clearly and forcibly put, and the conclusions reached by him from the given premises would, I think, be inevitable and impregnable, were it not for a certain hiatus—an omission, and an important one—in the considerations which he announces at the start, and which his argument seeks to demonstrate, is, if I rightly apprehend it, either incorrectly stated or incorrect in point of fact—so far as his demonstration goes.

Let me give here, as concisely as possible, a *resumé* of his doctrine and argument, and test it by his own logic; and then, with your permission, I will present a few ideas arising in, and following upon, my review of his position. (This undertaking may appear to be somewhat presumptuous in view of the statement made in the article, that its author had "presented it to the most eminent pantheists, atheists, and skeptics of that literary city [Boston.] Not one of them attempted to point out a flaw in its logic. Thus I became convinced that the demonstration is utterly unassailable." Nevertheless, I will attempt it. It is possible, moreover, that my position, being somewhat detached from the Hub of the Universe, is more favorable for observation than that of a person situated directly in the Hub.)

THEORY OF CAUSATION.—CAUSATION resides only in mind; matter never can be a cause; and therefore every phenomenon in the Universe is, and ever must be, but the effect of intellectual force exerted by pure volition.

PREMISES.—"1. The perception of mathematical truth evinces mind of a lofty order. The evolution of mathematical motions evinces mind of a still loftier order; for to evolve mathematical motions unquestionably implies their perception. 2. All the motions of the material universe are strictly mathematical."

The author (whom for convenience sake I will designate as A., as his name is not given) cites the case of men illustrious in science, to show the correctness of his first proposition; and proceeds to prove the second by adducing numerous material phenomena as viewed in their mathematical aspects, and applying to them the doctrine of the law of chances—the proof becoming prodigiously and inconceivably accumulative as the examples are multiplied. He then puts in the form of a syllogism the demonstrated propositions, thus:

"1. Nothing but mind can work mathematically. 2. All the motions of Nature are strictly mathematical. Then it must follow, as a conclusion utterly unassailable, that every effect in the universe is produced by the immediate agency of mind."

If, in the last sentence, A. had asserted that every effect in the material universe is produced by the immediate agency of mind, it would be utterly folly to claim that this conclusion does not logically result from the given premises. But as his phrase is not thus limited, I take issue with him upon the conclusion announced both at the commencement and the close of his argument—namely, that every phenomenon in the universe is caused by pure volition.

The argument of A. is supported by a consideration solely of material phenomena—that is, he presents mind, not in its phenomenal, but merely in its causal aspects—as acting not as acted upon. It is true that the idea of effect may be implied in the term "perception" used in the premises; but the term is nowhere applied in this sense by A.—his considerations of mind as bearing upon his argument being only from a causal point of view. Yet the conclusion reached from a consideration alone of material phenomena is applied by him as governing all phenomena—spiritual as well as material. Here, I take it, is the flaw in his argument—or conclusion—whichever you please.

Let us see in what manner his method of reasoning affects the consideration of spiritual phenomena. To illustrate: I behold an object—an inanimate object if you please—and a certain effect is thereby wrought in my mind. This effect cannot be said to be the result in any degree of any volition of mine unless I purposely look or fix my gaze upon the object. I will assume that it is accidentally seen. The effect (whatever it may be) which is produced in my mind, is caused by the object itself, (so far as the object is concerned,) which may therefore be called the cause. It cannot be legitimately claimed that the object is a secondary or subordinate cause, and therefore a mere link in the chain of causes and effects, unless it can be shown that matter is created. But this, as I understand it, has never been demonstrated. Indeed, the only thing which may be said to be demonstrated by A., is that the motions exhibited in material phenomena, being mathematical, imply an intelligent cause. He does not attempt to show that matter in itself may not be self-existent.

How does the doctrine of chances apply in the case supposed? The effect produced is not at all dependent, as regards the law of

chances, on the question whether the cause (that is, the material object) producing it does or does not possess reason and intelligence. But, in order to give the law of chances full scope, let us extend the illustration a little. I will take the case of the flower on the banks of the Colorado, which so suddenly converted friend A. from his doubts and unbelief, to an implicit faith in the immediate and ever-present agency of God in all things—this conclusion being arrived at by him from a contemplation of the flower. The structure of the flower presents a combination of five, three times in the same blossom; this combination being exactly reproduced in every other flower of the kind. I am not dealing, however, with the production of these equations, but with the effect produced in the mind by a perception of them. (In the case of A. it seems a very decided effect was produced.) Upon examining the flower I become conscious of this three-fold combination of fives. Here is a certain definite effect produced in the mind—the consciousness of a three-fold combination of fives in the flower. If I again examine it this effect is repeated, and is reproduced as many times as I may examine the flower. It is obvious that no intelligence is requisite in the flower to cause this effect. But the fact that the same effect is produced upon each examination of the flower shows—what? It shows, first, that the effect cannot be produced by chance, as is abundantly evident from an application of the law of chances, and overwhelmingly evident if we consider that the same identical effect would be produced in the consciousness of any given number of persons (capable of counting three times five) who might examine the flower. But the effect is nevertheless produced by a material object devoid of reason and intelligence. What, then, is the explanation? It is to be found in a consideration of the nature of the mind acted upon, as well as of the matter acting upon it. Mind being susceptible to the influence of matter, is wrought upon by matter, through the five senses—whereby myriad and complex effects are produced in mind.

Perhaps it will be claimed by A., in furtherance of his theory of the immediate and ever-present agency of the Deity in all things, that matter is merely the medium through which God is continually operating upon the mind of man—that every mental effect ever produced is the direct act of God. Well, admitting this to be true, how far will it carry us? A. disavows pantheism, and must therefore consider God as something distinct from the universe. Is God conscious of all these effects which he is continually producing? and if so, is he not continually increasing his stock of consciousness, if not his stock of knowledge? And if he thus becomes conscious of the result of his own operations, is not this consciousness caused by something distinct from himself? God either is or is not conscious of his works. To say that he is unconscious of them is to make him an imperfect, blindly working, and therefore finite being. If he is conscious of these works, this consciousness must be produced (in part at least) by his works. To deny this is an absurdity, and only increases the difficulty; for to say that God is cognizant of all things in the universe, and then to assert that his consciousness is not affected or operated upon by anything in the universe, is to present an idea utterly incomprehensible by the human mind. But it is of little use to speculate on this topic.

The truth is, that A., throughout his whole essay, completely ignores what, upon consideration, he will be forced to admit has an important bearing upon it, as to the conclusion reached—namely, the Reciprocal Action of Mind and Matter. Mind and Matter act and react upon each other; and the effects produced by this reciprocal action, as displayed in the material universe, constitute all that is palpable to our senses—principles being perceived by the reasoning power alone.

As the creation of matter has never been proven, the assumption that matter is uncreated (if this should be assumed) may be as reasonable as the converse supposition. Whether it is or not, no truth is more evident than that Mind and Matter continually operate upon each other. Matter and Mind being thus mutually operative, it follows, that in this reciprocal action of the two substances, Matter changes the condition of Mind, and Mind the condition of Matter. The structure of civilization affords a distinguished illustration of the truth of this proposition; for all civilization results from this reciprocal action of Mind and Matter. Matter induces motions in Mind; but it is not necessarily implied thereby that Matter is intelligent or the medium of an intelligence producing these motions. Whether the motions of Mind are all "mathematical" or not, is perhaps a somewhat difficult question to determine correctly. But the fact that Matter—blind, unreasoning Matter—may and does induce motions in Mind, thereby changing its condition, without necessarily changing its own condition in any degree, is eminently suggestive. If inert Matter is inducible motions in Mind, who can say what subtle motions may not be induced in Matter by its mere co-existence with Mind?—aside from those produced by volition. Take the case of the human organism. Mind and Matter are here co-existent and mutually operative. The indwelling life determines the configuration of the physical structure—not, however, by any volition of the Mind within; on the contrary, this configuration is substantially though not wholly independent of the volition of the intelligence within it.

I have now reached a point which requires the introduction of what may prove to be a third element—something which is neither Matter nor Mind, though intimately connected with both.

In what way do Mind and Matter act upon each other in the human organism? Through the medium of the Senses. And what are the Senses? Are they Matter? When an impression is made upon any of the Senses, is it Matter which is thus impressed? The body, which is composed of particles of Matter identical with the dust of the earth from which it came and to which it will return, is in itself insensate, inanimate. The Senses are not Matter, nor are they properties of Matter. The fingers that hold the pen with which I am writing are sensible of their contact with the pen; that is, something residing in the fingers is thus sensible. But this something is not Mind. The Mind does not reside in the fingers; it resides in the brain alone—the only organ that possesses and exercises the functions of Mind.

This something, which permeates the whole body, is exquisitely susceptible to the influence both of Mind and of Matter. The Senses are the faithful handmaids of the Soul. They convey to the indwelling intelligence, with electric rapidity, the myriad impressions which they receive from the outer world, and transmit, through the appropriate physical organs, the impressions communicated from the mind within. Through the delicate impressibility of this subtle magnetism, as it may be called, (for it appears to be of a magnetic or electric nature,) to impressions from the world of Matter without and the world of Mind within, man obtains control, to a certain degree, of the kingdom of Nature, and rears the fabric of civilization. For the sake of distinctness and brevity let us apply to the aggregation of what are known as the Senses the name of Spirit, and to the indwelling intelligence that of Mind or Soul. Thus we are brought to the consideration of the existence of a trinity in man—Soul, Spirit, and Body.

THE EXISTENCE OF A TRINITY.

The following propositions will, I think, appear to be legitimately deduced in the preceding remarks. I will merely state them, without enlarging upon them at this time.

Man has a three-fold nature—Soul, Spirit, and Body.

The Soul is the indwelling intelligence—that which receives and manifests intelligence.

The Spirit is the Soul's servant and courier—that which conveys impressions to and from the Soul, and otherwise performs its bidding. The Senses are the constituents of Spirit, as all the various powers and prophecies of Mind are of the Soul.

The Body is the medium through which the Spirit serves the Soul.

Each member of this Trinity has its appropriate sphere of action. The sphere of the Body is the realm of Matter; of the Spirit, the realm of Sense; of the Soul, the realm of Thought. But these spheres are intimately interwoven, being united in mysterious and sympathetic connection.

I do not propose to expatiate now upon the foregoing propositions, which afford a fruitful theme; for that would be somewhat digressive from my present purpose. Let us return to a consideration of motions.

A. has demonstrated that the motions of Nature, being mathematical, must be produced by an intelligent cause. Why might not these motions be produced by a cause finite as well as intelligent? Not indeed by beings in this stage of existence; but what becomes of the innumerable beings who have left this stage of existence? They must be living and acting somewhere in the universe. If Matter is indestructible, Mind, which is superior to Matter, cannot be destroyed. The various aggregations of particles of Matter that constitute animate forms are individualized and outlined, for the time being, by something superior to Matter. When this superior force is withdrawn, the particles naturally and gradually fall apart, (unless subjected to some preserving influence,) and mingle with other inanimate Matter. But how can the living principle that animated and individualized the material form lose its characteristic of individuality by the severance of its connection with the material form, any more than the atoms constituting that form? If, previous to its withdrawal from the form, it possessed the inherent power of molding, shaping, and wielding Matter to suit its own wants and conveniences, what reason have we to think that it loses this power in getting rid of the mass of inert Matter which it has carried about from place to place for perhaps many years? Is it not more reasonable to infer that this power is increased, though its nature may be somewhat changed, by such separation? And this power must find some channel—some outlet—it must be expended somewhere. Who can assert that this force, residing in the countless beings who have passed from their clay tenements during untold ages, is not operative upon the material universe? We know that in this sphere of existence the finite Mind embodies its thought in all the forms of civilization. Why cannot this finite Power, in a higher sphere of existence, produce the motions exhibited in Nature? Is it not more rational to suppose that Nature is the vast laboratory in which her countless workmen continually reproduce and elaborate forms of Thought in forms of Matter, than to suppose that these enfranchised spirits have nothing to do but to look on and see what is going on? We cannot expend our activity in merely seeing and moving about. What is the meaning of all this preparation—this toil that we undergo in this life? Is it to be wholly ignored hereafter? Probably not.

Although the power and intelligence controlling the movements of the Universe may be as wholly beyond our reach of conception as the aggregate sum of the illimitable spaces separating all the starry hosts of heaven, there seem to be various reasons operating against, as well as in favor of, the supposition that this Spiritual Power is absolutely infinite. Though the Power may be infinite in itself, yet, being infinitely subdivided in its evolutions, the results are necessarily finite; that is, infinite power is not operative upon any given point. But I have not the least desire to disprove the existence of an Infinite God. On the contrary, I merely wished, in the first place, to show that A. has not demonstrated that every effect in the Universe is produced by pure volition—for, before this can be done, creation must be proven; secondly, to indicate the reciprocal action of Mind and Matter; and thirdly, to show that the motions of the material universe may be produced (in part if not wholly) by finite power and intelligence. It is true that the wonderful mathematical motions exhibited, through the science of Astronomy, in the mighty orbs that whirl through space, stagger our belief in the ability of any finite power, however vast, to produce them. But the Mind, after its bond with Matter has been sundered, may energize to a degree inconceivable by us—though I am compelled to say that a majority of the communications received from the world of spirits do not clearly indicate that this is so.

* All phenomena may be considered as the productions or "children" of Mind and Matter—the eternal, uncreated parents. Spirit may be the "only begotten," eternal Son, typified in the Scriptures—whose mission is to individualize Mind in innumerable beings, and preserve and strengthen this individuality throughout all eternity. "In my Father's house are many mansions"—the spiritual tenements of Mind. If this be "Pantheism" make the most of it. But bear in mind that individual existence is recognized and affirmed, and that, in the last analysis, duality—not unity—remains.

I will now present, in the form of Queries and Replies, such reflections as have arisen in my mind in criticising the foregoing thoughts. I will endeavor therein to test, as severely as possible, the correctness of my own views as well as those embodied in the article I have commented upon, and to dispose of such objections to the former as may be elicited in the process.

QUERY. It is granted that the motions of Nature, being mathematical, cause mathematical products in minds that are conscious of them. But whence originate these motions of Nature?

REPLY. They are caused by mind, as already shown by A. and confirmed by myself.

Q. Is it not apparent, then, by your own showing, that the effects produced in Mind by these motions are caused (though indirectly,) by Mind, through Matter?

A. Perhaps so, but only to a limited extent. But, in accordance with the views I have already presented, these effects, so far as they are thus caused by Mind, would be only the reflex action of Mind upon itself. The Mind perceives what it has wrought; the motions it has evolved and incarnated in matter are reflected back upon it—that is, Mind perceives individually what Mind has wrought individually and collectively. Nature is the mirror in which Mind sees itself reflected. "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face." Moreover, the admission that mental effects may thus be caused partially and indirectly by Mind, through Matter, does not conflict at all with my denial of its assertion that every effect in the universe is produced by the immediate agency (or pure volition) of Mind—nor with the eternal truth that Mind is susceptible to the passive influence of Matter.

Q. But, as all the motions of Nature are shown to be mathematical, is it not evident that all motion is caused by Mind, either directly or indirectly?

R. It is only evident therefrom that material motion is so caused; and this suggests the twin truth (of which we are all conscious) that Matter causes or induces mental motions. "Give the devil his due."

Q. Aside from the evolutions of motion, what say you as to the laws or principles governing their production?

R. In reply, I cannot do better than to quote the language of the article under review—substituting in one or two instances the words "law" and "principles" for "God" and "Deity": "Show us only the slightest proof that principles ever began to be, and then, but not till then, can you with any show of philosophical consistency demand of us to account for their being. We admit that every phenomenon must have a cause. Present us, then, some evidence that Law is a phenomenon, and we will hear you with patience when you inquire for the pre-existent producing power. Nothing but phenomena implies causation. No one thinks of proposing such a question in relation to any eternal truth. Who is so silly as to ask why the three angles of a triangle are always equal to two right angles? We have doubts enough in this world of ours, beyond all doubt; but the darkest of them all never conceived of such a problem as that. Give us the actual evolution of an undeniable effect, and its origin must be explained—some causal force is necessarily assigned." Here we have an exposition, palpable to the dullest understanding, of the distinction between principles and phenomena.

Q. Is not the conclusion reached by A. in strict accordance with the exposition which you quote from his article?

R. I think that remains to be seen. I will place the two together—and then "comes the tug of war."

EXPOSITION: Principles are eternal; phenomena are evanescent.

CONCLUSION: Every phenomenon in the universe is the effect of intellectual force exerted by pure volition.

First, as to the exposition: A., in commenting upon the statement made to him by

Ralph Waldo Emerson, that "it is Order which does all this," thus delivers himself:

"That (Emerson's statement,) is no solution of the problem at all, but only its statement in a different form. The enigma cannot be read by a mere repetition of the same idea couched in different words. The difficulty remains as inexplicable as ever. For these equations, this sublime, universal harmony, is the order itself—neither more nor less. Could the order constitute itself? But even supposing that we allow a reality to the abstractions: Let us admit, for the argument's sake, that Law, or Order, or any idea you please, caused these mathematical harmonies of equation, the same question rebounds upon us with undiminished force—Is that wonderful Order, that mysterious Law, self-conscious? Knows it what it doeth? Can it count? Hath it mathematical reason? If ye answer 'Aye,' very well; ye believe in God, though ye misname him. But if ye say 'No,' the railed Sphinx repeats her riddle: 'How, then, can blind force produce heavenly harmony, and midnight darkness gild all worlds with ineffable radiance? Whence come these Iris-winged splendors that flash up through all immensity? Yonder are the halos, but where is their sun?'"

It will be noted that A., in the foregoing extract, asserts that "these equations, this sublime, universal harmony, is the Order itself." That is, the equations and harmony—in other words, the evanescent phenomena of the universe—are nothing different from the Order; in other words, the eternal principles governing these equations and harmony. (Let there be no misapprehension as to the meaning of the term "Order" in this connection. It is here used synonymously with the terms "Law" and "Principles," and undeniably was so applied by Mr. Emerson. A. does not question this, and proceeds to inquire whether this Law or Order possesses intellect.) If the equations are not different from the order, then, the equations being produced by an intelligent cause (as A. has demonstrated,) the Order, Law, or Principles, must be produced in the same manner. But as "nothing but phenomena implies causation," principles being external, we have here the *reductio ad absurdum*—which has resulted from A.'s losing sight of the distinction between the eternal principles of motion and the finite evolutions of motion, or from an erroneous application by him of the term "Order." The context indicates the former alternative; in fact, A. is here somewhat befogged, for he talks of allowing a reality to the abstractions—as if there were no such thing as an abstract reality. Law—the aggregate of all principles—is an abstract, eternal reality.

Q. Is that wonderful order, that mysterious law, self-conscious? Knows it what it doeth? Can it count? Hath it mathematical reason?

R. The Law or Order governing the motions of the material universe is intelligent, as fully demonstrated by A., and affirmed and enlarged upon by myself in the present article; the only difference between us in respect of the production of these material motions being this: A. claims that they are caused by the volition of infinite power and intelligence, while I hold that they may possibly be, and probably are, separately produced by finite power and intelligence. Both maintain that material motions are caused by intelligent principles or law (whatever name may be given it.)

Q. Do you claim that mental motions are caused by unintelligent principles?

R. They may be so far as concerns the induction of these motions. But the human mind, having been started on its eternal journey, gradually develops its power of self-motion and regulation by its own volition; while, at the same time, and independently of this volition, the material universe constantly causes additional motions in the mind, by virtue of the susceptibility of Mind to the passive influence of matter—this susceptibility being a passive principle inherent in Mind. Thus, in the reciprocating action of Mind and Matter, Eternal Justice and Compensation are manifest, and the equilibrium of the universe is preserved. Principles are eternal; evolutions are phenomenal; and the "false solution of the radical problem" has arisen both from the failure to make this distinction, and from the fallacious conclusion (as I believe it to be, and as my observations tend to show,) that all things proceed from one ultimate cause.

In closing, I will reproduce a few suggestions made in a note to an esteemed friend to whom the first draft of this article had been submitted:

"Referring to the argument of A., you ask: 'May not the idea of "effect" be implied in the term used in the premises?' I answer, Yes; in fact, my article is based upon this very idea of effect, thus implied (though evidently unintentionally,) by A. But while you look upon this perceptual effect as being produced in mind by the resistance to its own motions which it meets with in inert Matter (which resistance is itself an effect, being the product of motion and inertia,) I endeavor to go back of this resistance and seek the ultimate causes (not cause,) in the two eternal principles of Active and Passive Causation—Active Causation being Mind, and Passive Causation, Matter. I readily grant that forms or outlines of Matter are the result of the operations of Mind, or Active Causation, whether

that Causation act voluntarily or involuntarily, but until this substance, Matter, shall be proven to be a creation or form of Mind, I hold that my position is tenable. Is there not a perfect consistency in the idea that every effect is the product of two causes? and do not observation and analogy lead us to this result? Individual finite existences are produced by two cooperating causes—male and female. Do not experience and reflection teach us that mutual dependence is inevitable in the production of effects? An operating cause is not enough in itself—there must be a cooperating cause, either active or passive—an active or silent partner."

It being shown (see Note below,) that Matter is an eternal cause cooperative with Mind, individual existence is easily accounted for. We know that Mind has a tendency to individuality, because we see that individualization is constantly going on, evolving myriad existences. This tendency is satisfiable (so far as we know,) only through the medium of Matter; and being dual in its nature, its evolutions are dual—male and female. Being a principle, it has always existed; being an active principle, it has always been exercised, through the cooperating and external causes, Mind and Matter. Consequently, the infinite universe is peopled by an infinite number of intelligences.

This infinite, individual existence, can be nothing but the DIVINE LIFE, forever individualizing itself through its eternal associate, Matter—the embodied DEATH. Life and Death are the parents of all finite existences—of all evolutions—which are finite of necessity. This idea is well expressed in one line of a poem in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*:

"Know, Life and Death in every passage meet."

It is thus evident that Mind, though infinite in itself, is never otherwise than finite in its manifestations, considered separately, because its power is divided and infinitely subdivided in the production of these separate evolutions. It is only in the effort of imagination to aggregate these separate and infinitely numerous evolutions of the infinitely subdivided power of Mind, that we approximate to the idea of its absolute, unrevocable infinity.

YOUNG AMERICA.

* Perception is not volition. This fact, which nobody questions, is the key to the problem of causation: and the road to solution is short and direct, if the distinction between the principle of perception and the evolution of perception is carefully borne in mind. Thus: What is perception? It is the principle of consciousness. Is this principle active or passive? Passive. How is it rendered operative? By Matter. Is the evolution of perception in Matter? Yes, as to the perception which is the initiative perception in the human mind. The evolution of the perception of principles is a reflective action of the Mind, proceeding from the precedent material perception, which is dependent upon Passive Causation, or Matter. As material perception (not its evolution,) is in itself a principle, and therefore uncreated, there never could have been a time when Matter was non-existent. This conclusion cannot be controverted by saying that "there may have been a time when Matter was non-existent; but if Matter had been created at any given time in the past (even if that given time should precede by countless centuries the actual period of creation,) Mind, of course, would have perceived it." Such a reply does not meet the case. If Matter had, indeed, been created at any epoch in the Past, there would be an eternal preceding Past in which the eternal principle of Material Perception would be eternally inoperative. If a principle be eternally inoperative, of course it never is and never will be operative. But as the principle of Material Perception is operative, it always has been operative; therefore, Matter is uncreated. Admitting that this principle has always been operative, how do we know that it has always been operative? From the very nature of this principle—Material Consciousness—and because "the grand result of all observation is that Mind, as exhibited in the universe, never is at rest." Material Consciousness may be temporarily suspended in given cases, but not universally; for while one half of the world is asleep, the other half is awake and active. But I do not claim that Material Consciousness is confined to human beings, or that they have always existed on this particular planet.

Non-Biblical Texts for Sermons.

Dr. Elliot (Unitarian) having been charged with having preached at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, for the soldiers, from the text, "Say your prayers and keep your powder dry," vindicates himself quite vigorously. He says:

"Well, we have analogy on our behalf; for Paul preached to the learned Athenians from the heathen poet Aratus, quoting his very words, 'For we are his offspring.' We think our text was as good a one as that of St. Paul, and we are persuaded that our sermon was orthodox, patriotic, and scriptural, which is more than can be said of many elaborate speeches, especially if they are of the Copperhead school, or dolorously conservative."

Barbarian Horror of the Doctrine of Endless Punishment.

When Tsing-ti, the Ambassador to Christian Europe from China, returned from his mission, he informed the Emperor that he was told by a Christian priest, "We can bury such only as were in the household of faith. It would be a mockery to bid those spirits go in peace which we know are condemned to everlasting fire!" To which the Emperor replied:

"Amazing! Have they that? Who invented it? Everlasting fire! It surely might be applied to better purposes. And have these rogues authority to put people into it? In what part of the kingdom is it? If natural, it ought to have been marked more plainly on the maps."

An Intermediate State.

Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, of the New York Union Theological Seminary, and temporary supply for Mr. Beecher's pulpit, has been preaching new views for the orthodox, about the future state. He contended, in some late sermons at Boston, that the whole human family, in leaving this earth, enter into an intermediate state, and will remain there till the end of the world, when the separation spoken of in the Scriptures will take place; but he was careful

to point out the difference between his views and those entertained by Swedenborg, in relation to the world of spirits; and the purgatory of the Roman Catholic Church. No one but our Redeemer, he said in substance, had yet ascended into heaven. The doctrine of the intermediate state is gradually gaining ground in Protestant churches; many eminent Unitarians adopt Swedenborg's revelation of the "world of spirits."—*Ex.*

Song of Eternal Life.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

From the far hills, over the restless main,
A kind voice calleth me;
Pure, sweet, and clear, as drops the falling rain,
Cometh its minstrelsy.
Down through the space where the star-diamonds
shine,
Down to the vale where dwells the heart of mine,
Cometh a voice laden with love divine,
Singing this song to me:

I dwell in light, over the restless main,
Purer than earth can know;
Over me steals no weariness nor pain,
As to the hills I go—
The sunlit hills, white with the light of God,
Where fair flowers burst in splendor from the
soil,
And fragrant groves, by angel footsteps trod,
In fadeless beauty glow.

Sweet is the voice of gently flowing streams
On this eternal shore;
From crystal depths the soul of music seems
Rising for evermore;
And songs float outward from the waving trees,
As if an unseen minstrel touched the breeze,
Waking the strains of long-lost melodies,
Never to slumber more.

Pure are the brows whence pain has fled away,
Pure, and with radiance crowned;
Glad are the eyes with joy's resplendent ray
That once in tears were drowned.
White-robed and sinless is the immortal band
That Death has ferried to the shining strand
Of this fair clime, the blessed Summer-Land,
Where blissful songs resound.

ORANGE, July 17th, 1863.

Howitt's History of the Supernatural.

The *Tribune* notices the new work by Wm. Howitt, entitled "The History of the Supernatural," as follows:

"For several years past, William Howitt has been a devoted student of the anomalous events indicated in the titles of these volumes. The effect upon his mind does not appear to have been of a wholesome character. With a natural tendency to extreme presumptions, judgments, and rashness, the balance of his intellect has been evidently disturbed by his researches in the sphere of the supernatural, and instead of exercising a critical judgment on the alleged facts of history, his facility of faith is like that of the ancient father of the Church, who believed because it was impossible! The present work has little claim to historical discrimination or accuracy. It is a collection of tales and legends, gathered from every country and all ages, with no pretense of sifting the evidence in their favor, but accepted, with an easy credulity, in proportion to the marvellousness of the story. The traditions of every nation, from the history of Tobit in the Apocrypha, to the Cock Lane Ghost in London, are brought forward as illustrations of the supernatural, without an inquiry as to their evidence, or a hint that they are unworthy of implicit belief. Nor is the author content with the simple narrative of events, which carry suspicion on their very face, and which no sane thinker could receive, unless compelled by irresistible proof. He urges his point with heated partisan zeal. His denunciations of those who remain incredulous are tinged with the bitterness of religious fanaticism. In every case he assumes the infallibility of his conclusions, without a trace of the modesty which is an essential condition of success in the investigation of truth. The readers familiar with the works of Miss Crowe, Mr. Dale Owen, and especially of Schubert, Eichenmayer, and other German writers on the subject, will find little novelty in these diffuse volumes, while they will miss the spirit of candor and serene inquiry which for the most part recommend the productions of the last named authors."

The Wrong Burr.

A few months ago a disloyal newspaper, called the *Old Guard*, was started in this city by C. C. Burr & Co. The office was on the same floor with that of Burr & Lord, Stenographers. The consequence was that strangers frequently mistook the office of the latter for the former, more especially as they saw the sign Burr & Lord in plain sight, and none of Burr & Co. until they turned a dark corner. The annoyance was incessant, and Burr & Lord being both loyal men, and desiring to give aid and comfort to the enemy by giving him information, various spicy answers were made to the inquiries; as for instance, when a stranger asked: "Is Mr. Burr in?" Mr. Burr being present, replied, "Which Burr? Woolly-head or Copper-head?" And sometimes this elucidation was added: "You see my name is W. H. (Woolly-head) and the other man's is C. C. (Copper-head);" but generally no further information was given. At another time, when only Mr. Lord was present, the following dialogue occurred:

"Is Burr in?"
"Which Burr?"
"C. C. Burr?"
"No."
"Isn't this Burr & Lord?"
"Yes, but it's Burr and the 'other fellow'—you're after."

We are informed that Burr & Co. have since left, and that the only indication where they have gone to, is a card on the door, put on evidently by some wag, as follows: "The *Old Guard*, Gone down. Inquire below."



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Two Dollars Fifty a year, payable in advance.
One Dollar Twenty-five for six months.
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A limited number of advertisements will be received at the rate of ten cents a line for the first insertion, and eight cents for each subsequent insertion.
All notices, advertisements, or communications, intended for publication, should be sent in the week preceding the date of publication. The earlier the better.
All letters to be addressed to:
A. J. DAVIS & CO., PUBLISHERS,
274 Canal Street, New York.

Office Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Publication Office located a few doors east of No. 416 Broadway.

Children's Vacation.

Leaders and Members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum will now take a vacation of five Sundays. The girls and boys did not cordially consent to even so short an adjournment. The truth is, the Lyceum is the happiest earthly institution for the young, and those who belong to it do not know of anything else so socially attractive and spiritually instructive. The very hot weather, however, is not favorable to successful in-door meetings; hence a vacation, if it does painfully separate the members for a few weeks, will tend to promote their health and happiness.

Excursion and Picnic.

Arrangements for the Excursion and Picnic on the beautiful heights of Fort Lee, on the west bank of the Hudson, are nearly perfected. The adult Progressives of this city and the entire Children's Lyceum will turn out on the occasion.

A grand, joyful, musical festival, is anticipated. As soon as all things are ready, due notice will be given through this paper.

The Conductor of the Lyceum would be happy to meet the Leaders of the Groups at his office, on Saturday, P. M., this week.

The Lyceum Book.

Let Friends of Progress purchase this little volume by the hundred. It is calculated to set "the ball rolling" among the young in every community. The Dodsworth's Hall Congregation purchased and gave away two hundred and fifty copies to the members of the Lyceum. We put the price as low as possible (see the advertisement in another column) so that the friends of spirit-culture among the young can combine with us to secure this little book the widest circulation.

Lectures Suspended.

The Certificate-Holders at Dodsworth's Hall voted last Sunday morning to suspend their meetings during the "heated term." It is pleasant and more healthful to be out-doors, under the green trees, and in the fresh, pure air, than to congregate in a Hall over-heated with gas-light, and otherwise exhausted of the life-giving elements.

Due notice will be given when the meetings are resumed. Several inspired speakers and loving teachers are already booked for the autumn and winter course of Lectures at Dodsworth's. Besides, the Editor has not yet concluded his discourses of "Life and Scenes in the Summer-Land."

City Subscribers Once More.

We have been favored with a new decision at the City Post-office, reversing the information previously given. As this promise is to be final, or as near final as postal affairs ever are, we once again inform our city subscribers how the case stands:

Free delivery does not apply to newspapers dropped in the city office.

The five cent per quarter rate does not apply to city subscribers, since the papers are not supposed to "pass through the mails."

One cent per copy each week must be prepaid on all papers sent to city subscribers, whether taken at the post-office or delivered. In other words, the city post-master agrees to deliver papers for one cent per copy. Hence city subscriptions will be \$3.

The Soul of Things.

Attention is invited to the advertisement in another column of Mr. and Mrs. Denton's new work, just published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston. We shall be prepared to fill all orders for this book, and need not urge our readers to purchase it.

To the Benevolent.

There is a very urgent call upon those "who love their fellow men" to contribute money and clothing to aid the homeless colored fugitives from the late riot in this city. Many families are entirely destitute, with no roof to shelter them. Food or clothing may be sent to Abraham Beal, No. 12 Centre street.

For the Wounded.

One or two packages have come in in answer to Mrs. Farnham's call published last week. We hope for larger installments at once, that we may send on by express.

Purity of the Judiciary.

We have always heard much of the purity of the Judiciary. It has seemed to be assumed that Judges were exempt from the application of the rule, "to err is human." The attitude of two of the city Judges, with reference to the late riot, affords a singular commentary upon this popular fallacy.

Judges McCunn and Connolly, the city dailies report, visited the officer in charge of an arsenal which seemed likely to be a point of attack. They besought him to withdraw his troops, and they would address the people and urge them to retire to their homes. The *Herald* report even says one of them besought the military not to "fire on those people." The military of course made no objection to the proposed speeches, but suggested that it would be in season to withdraw the troops after witnessing their effect.

The Judges made no address to the mob, from which we are to infer that their course was only a ruse to get the military away and leave the mob free to act? It is from Judges such as these that Gov. Seymour expects co-operation in his legal contest with the conscription enactment.

One Peaceful Spot.

We enjoyed a brief visit to the Central Park on Sunday afternoon last, and received the first baptism from Nature's great heart of rest and peace which this terribly excited city had given us for a week. That lovely retreat was untouched even by the breath of excitement. The grass seemed greener than ever before, the air more balmy and fragrant, and the sense of quiet and repose more wooing. What an infinite blessing is this beautiful retreat.

C. M. P.

Thanksgiving.

The President has appointed Thursday, August 6, as a national day of thanksgiving for our recent victories. If we could add a complete victory over the secession element at the North, our thanksgiving would be genuine. As it is, we fear there will be as much occasion for supplication as thanks, since our successes South only serve to embolden our enemies North.

An Example.

The Second Adventists, not a large or very wealthy people, are about starting a children's paper, designed to convince the happy little folks of the cheerful doctrines of a speedy destruction of the world and a final destruction of all the wicked. If there is money enough to support a child's paper inculcating such dogmas, how much more should we have one to impart the Spiritual faith!

A Personal Devil.

The *Independent* devotes two columns and a half to a letter from Rev. J. B. Hagarty, D.D., to Horace Greeley, upon the Personality of Evil Spirits. The Reverend thinks just now, when the devil is displaying all his strength to perpetuate slavery, that his friend, Greeley, should become acquainted with the character of his opponent. The argument is mainly scriptural, and we conclude, will not disturb the veteran editor's rest. We beg to suggest, however, that the Reverend should have waited for cooler weather and calmer times.

How they Like It

The rebels are delighted at the new operations of the "left wing of Lee's army"—the New York rioters. The *Richmond Dispatch* says:

"We have some intelligence from the North this morning far more welcome and much more important than foreign intervention. The peace meetings in New York, so bitterly ridiculed by the unthinking—those safe parallels by which the anti-war people of the North were working into open resistance to Lincoln's government—have borne their fruit."

"These demonstrations may, and doubtless will, be put down by the iron hand of the military, but there will be no enforcement of the draft after quiet is restored. These people have elected to die in the streets rather than submit to the hateful tyranny of Lincoln, and have proved themselves in earnest by pouring out their blood. They have shown a spirit which Lincoln, too glad to see subsidence, will never again rouse. Already he is covering before it, and telegraphs to Gov. Seymour that the draft will be suspended in New York. When he shall have had time to fill the city with troops, this promise may not be respected; but he cannot fill all, or even a half-dozen, of the large cities at the North with sufficient force to enforce the conscription. He has not the men to spare, and we may very safely conclude that the days as well as the soldiers of the federal army are numbered. There will be no addition to its strength, and it is confessed on all hands that the present Yankee force under arms can never begin to subdue the Confederacy. Let us have more of these outpourings, a few more great cities on the mourners' bench, some more gutting and sacking of houses, and hanging and mutilating of men. It saves the Confederate troops a deal of marching and fighting, and lops off many a dreary month of this war. The sacking and burning has been heretofore at the South. Our compliments to our northern 'brethren,' and may they enjoy their turn."

Address of British Clergymen.

A deputation of clergymen from Great Britain recently arrived in this city, charged with a message to the ministers of the various Christian denominations in this country, signed by four thousand preachers of Great Britain, expressing sympathy with the government and people of the United States in their struggle for the maintenance of their national integrity and life.

The address was first adopted at a meeting of the "Anti-Slavery Conference of Ministers of Religion," held in the city of Manchester, on the 2d day of June, 1862.

The address was afterward circulated as far as possible, through the patient and laborious efforts of the friends of America, and obtained about four thousand signatures in five weeks.

Upon the arrival of the delegation, consisting of Rev. James W. Massie, D.D., L.L.D., and Rev. J. H. Ryance, A.M., in this city, measures were taken to secure a meeting of representative clergymen of the various religious denominations, in the rooms of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The meeting was held, and a committee appointed to prepare and submit a suitable response to the address from England.

A city Copperhead journal is seeking to give notoriety, if not popularity, to the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*, by styling it "a mischievous print," and by implication recommending violence toward the Editor.

We shall not reciprocate the favor, by naming and consequently advertising the obscure sheet, whose venom is as powerless as it is bitter.

A public meeting of citizens has been held already to take measures for the relief of the colored sufferers. Collections to aid the movement are being taken up, and prominent citizens have the good work in hand.

How do seasons of trial bring out the better impulses and propagate noble deeds! The "Moral Police Fraternity" of New York City is to-day larger and more active than ever before.

Rev. Henry Highland Garnett, in behalf of his fellow colored citizens, publishes a card of thanks to the citizens and police of the city for their protection from the mob. Not one word of reproach do we find, but the same spirit of forbearance pervades the letter evinced in the following extract:

"We wish our persecutors no harm. They have hated, bruised, and slain us, without cause. May God forgive them! God lives and is just, and into his hands we commit our cause."

We understand that Rev. Mr. Frothingham preached with even more than usual vigor on Sunday morning last, upon the exciting theme of the week. His discourse is ordered to be printed in pamphlet form. We hope, also, to give it, or portions of it, soon.

It is worthy of remark that most of the city Catholic clergy denounced the riot and mob, and all riotous measures, to their several congregations last Sunday. This time they have taught their Archbishop a lesson.

While nearly all of the active rioters were Irish, it is well known that certain Irish and Catholic districts were quiet all through the week of excitement. The mob was Irish, but all the Irish were not rioters, by any means. It was only the lowest class, those beyond the influence of priest or newspaper.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

GEN. PEMBERTON is represented by the *Memphis Bulletin* as in a pitiable condition. He evinces in the most unmistakable manner the humiliation and anguish he feels. He acts like an insane man.

MRS. EDWIN JAMES' autobiographical work, "The Wanderings of a Beauty," published here awhile ago by Carleton, is greatly praised by the *London Court Journal*.

VICTOR HUGO is nearly ready with a work upon the French Revolution, to be called "Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-Three."

MADAME HUGO's autobiography of her husband will be forthwith given to the world in an English version by a London publishing house.

BAYARD TAYLOR has a novel in press, to be called "The Strong-minded Woman: A Reminiscence of American Life." Judging from the title we do not expect it will serve the cause of woman. We hope to be favorably disappointed.

GEN. NEAL DOW is at present in Libby Prison, Richmond.

VALLANDIGHAM has reached the Clifton House, Canada.

SIR E. B. LYTTON says he did not begin earnestly to study till he left college. Notwithstanding the extent of his reading, he says he has, as a rule, given not more than three hours a day to reading and writing; but he adds—"during those hours I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

JOHN B. MARSH, a son of Rev. Leonard Marsh, of Maine, was conscripted in the rebel army. Being a Union man, he deserted, but was captured and shot. He did not fear death, and when placed by his coffin and allowed to speak, he took off his hat, cried "Three cheers for the old flag and the Union!" gave them, and fell dead.

A BOSTONIAN is selling the old Hancock House in that city by the piece, for canes, chairs, &c.

GEN. G. P. MORRIS, of the *Home Journal*, is, we regret to learn, suffering in eyesight and is otherwise ill. He is on the Hudson. Mr. WILLIS remains in town and attends to the business of the office.

A. J. H. DUGANNE, the poet, recently lieutenant-colonel of the Ironides Regiment, was lately captured by the enemy at Brashear City, La.

THE PRINCE OF WALES proposed the name of REV. CHAS. KINGSLEY for the degree of D. C. L. (Doctor of Common Law). The determined opposition of Dr. Pusey, Dr. Manul, and others in the "hebeomad board," where names are scrutinized, led to its withdrawal. Their objections were the alleged immoral and heretical character of his works, especially "Hypatia." The *Post* suggests that "the faith and the virtue of these revered critics must be of the frailest character when they

seem danger to either in the books of Mr. Kingsley."

DR. G. B. WINSTON, "the strong man," was one of the party who ascended in the balloon "Star-Spangled Banner" from the Boston Common on the 4th, alighting at Deering, N. H., a distance of seventy miles.

REV. A. D. MAYO, recently of Albany, N. Y., was installed as pastor of the Unitarian Church of the Redeemer, Cincinnati, O., on the evening of June 2d.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

During the last quarter the police have made 17,208 arrests, of whom 11,200 were males and 6,008 females; 4,248 could neither read or write; and 12,405 were of foreign birth. Of the arrests for offenses against property there were 2,126 males and 745 females; offenses against person or the public peace—males 9,074, females 5,263.

In Pittsburgh three of the Catholic clergy were drafted. Members of the churches contributed to provide substitutes.

LEE'S army suffered a loss at Gettysburg, as estimated by Surgeon-General Howard, of 11,000 wounded left behind, 8,000 wounded taken away by him, 4,500 buried by the federals, and 17,000 taken prisoners; captured at Falling Waters, of General Pettigrew's command, 1,000 prisoners and 4,000 killed and wounded—making an aggregate of 42,500 of Lee's army.

A Boston paper, since the riot there, publishes a singular advertisement—first, of the finding of a lost "half thumb," and next as follows: "The individual in his shirt-sleeves who limped off with a bullet in his hip from a spot near the same neighborhood, on the same night, may receive the brick he gave in exchange for it by returning the bullet to the Third Police Station." The thumb may be called for, the brick will not.

A Brooklyn house, during the riot, boxed up two negroes in their employ, and sent them by express-wagon to Newark. There they were delivered at a branch office and restored to liberty and safety. Think of the condition of things rendering such a course necessary! A work has just been issued by a Paris firm which has cost \$40,000 for thirty copies. It is the description, with illustrations, of the coronation of the Emperor of Russia, and was ordered by him.

HARPER'S *Weekly* is publishing illustrations representing the cruelties practiced at the South. Among them is a dæmonotype of a colored man's back, representing the condition to which it was brought by whipping. The picture in its present position illustrates another thing—to what Harper's has been brought by the war! It thus shows a monstrous evil and a good not quite insignificant!

A candidate for the Naval Academy, says the *Providence Journal*, has arrived at Newport from Colorado. He is a mere boy, and has walked seven hundred miles to insure his place! He will pass, and make a hero.

The New York Metropolitan Police, of whom we are more than ever proud just now, though they are not quite up to the standard of "Moral Policemen," numbers 2,297, of whom 1,452 are on active patrol duty in New York, and 168 in Brooklyn.

The mob element in Newark, stimulated by the riots in this city, assailed the *Mercury* office, but were driven off before its total destruction. The crowd exhibited their sympathies by frequent cheers for Jeff. Davis, Gen. McClellan, and Fitz John Porter, and groans for the President, the Provost-Marshal, and other officials.

The presence of "peace" men in the recent mob is remarked as a singular fact. Says the *Post*: "Dr. Cairns asks, 'What shall the honest man do in my closet?' So we ask, 'What takes a peace man like Mr. Burr into the midst of a mob?'"

Captain Wheeler, of Saratoga, who fell at Fredericksburg, had a distinct presentiment of his coming death. His convictions were expressed repeatedly previous to the fight.

The prisoners paroled at Vicksburg numbered 31,227.

A Loyal League man characterizes the New York mob as "the left wing of Lee's army."

A painful fact in connection with the anti draft riot here, is, that a majority of the mob consisted of young boys, many so small that they have been seen to jump off the ground to hit a colored man in the face!

The negroes of the city have prepared themselves for defense against future attempts against them.

Morgan's raid into Indiana has proved most serious to the rebels who engaged in it. Nearly the entire band have been captured. Morgan himself escaped.

The death of the eminent tragedian, William Charles Macready, is announced in the telegraphic news by the Africa, but without specifying any details of his last illness.

Thurlow Weed gives \$500 for the relief of the colored citizens of New York, and in his letter ascribes the cause of their sufferings to the Abolitionists.

A correspondent, giving an account of the receipt of our troops at Westminster, Md., says, "Little Miss Fanny and Anna Troxell, the whole day long of the arrival, remained in front of their father's house and with their own hands supplied with cool fresh water all troops who passed that way."

Over twenty of the students of the Bowdoin College have procured a leave of absence for six months, and enlisted in the Third Rhode Island Regiment of Cavalry, now forming under Col. Fales.

It is a curious, but significant fact, that Andrews, the Virginian who was so prominent a leader of the riot against the negroes and "Black Republicans," was, when captured, found in bed with a colored woman, his wife or mistress!

At Senseney, in Brittany, election coming on a religious fête day, the people would not come to the polls. The committee therefore took the ballot-box and went round to the people and got their votes!

The N. Y. *Examiner* says it knows of a late graduate of a theological seminary who can find no church without a pastor that has not fled from five to thirty candidates for the vacancy! He has (wisely, we suggest) concluded to "do something else for his support."

Pulpit and Rostrum.

"Every one's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems, at the time, to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new."

Wholeness.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT DODD'S WORTH'S HALL, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1863.

BY C. M. PLUMB.

(It is but just to say that consent was reluctantly yielded to the publication of the following Discourse. Its imperfections may be regarded more leniently when it is known that the Lecture was written on the night before it was delivered, after 9 o'clock P. M., with no opportunity for revision before publication.)

It might rightly be deemed presumptuous for me to consent to address you this morning, were it not for the character of my theme. This, happily, is such, that of necessity one may speak who experiences the truths he affirms.

For some time my mind has dwelt upon the significance of that one word—*Wholeness*. With my entire soul have I desired to comprehend its meaning, the length and breadth, the height and depth it embodies and embraces.

Wholeness is a simple term—its literal definition easily comprehended. Webster defines it: "Entireness—totality; the state of being whole, entire, or sound." In the application I propose to the human character, it may be rendered: Symmetry, harmony.

In physical respects, in the external man or woman, how rare and exceedingly desirable completeness of form, feature, and grace, is esteemed to be! Indeed, its realization is only approximated. How much greater the value when we consider the man internal! Harmonious proportions, graceful outline, well-balanced features, all attract the eye. Vastly higher is the charm when this balance exists in the interior character. Beauty may fade, symmetry is liable to lose its proportions, but wholeness of character is self-perpetuating, fadeless, eternal.

It is in the reality of self-possession, personal equipoise, that rests the surest guarantee of individual immortality. Every angle in the character is a peg, whereon to hang a doubt of self-endurance. Complete things never die; their very completeness is demonstration of perpetuity. Fragments alone perish. The soul—and no incomplete fractional essence can be termed a soul—cannot die.

Surfaces have one perfect figure; solids, one perfect body. The circle in form, the globe in substance, represent the human character in its highest type.

How to square the circle is not more a profound problem in mathematics than how to round the angular human character into a complete and harmonious whole is in human experience. This, indeed, is our life-work, and, perhaps, the employment of eternity also. True, there is a popular myth which represents the human character as faultless in its primal proportions. An unlucky fall from a huge apple-tree—so huge as to have cast a shadow over a fraction of mankind to this day—knocked this God-designed character out of all shape, and ever since, the sharp corners and angles have been frightfully protuberant.

Life is said to be a thorny path. Doubtless the thorns are these sharp points in human character which meet us on every hand. The world abounds in examples of human angularity, which must be discouraging to an external observer. He who comprehends the vital excellence of the human spirit, who sees the Divine likeness within, regards these inequalities on the surface of life as incidents to a progressive existence, and fails not to trust to the ultimate rounding out of the character into the whole man or woman.

May it not be well to consider more minutely the manifestations of this lack of personal wholeness on the part of mankind. We meet those in our every-day social intercourse who furnish sad examples. You or I can see a clear case by looking in a mirror! What sharp-angled creatures! How abundant are mental malformations and deformities!

Nor are extreme examples so common as those of minor and more abounding irregularities. And these require all the more delicate handling—are not less difficult subjects for improvement. To borrow from Nature for a comparison, the solid which we are to mold to a smooth and well-rounded surface, may not be represented by the rough and jagged fragment of a rock, but by the equally formidable chestnut-burr, whose very symmetry is made up of sharpness. Such characters are more difficult to mold, by reason of the regularity of their thorns and protruding points.

Nor does the work of growth cease when we attain this wholeness of which I speak; it rather just begins. We attain this harmony not as a finality, but as a position from which to grow, as a basis whereon true progress rests. The little globe we have chosen to represent the human character is then in a condition to expand. And here, in the work of mental development, the recurring methods of Nature appear—the positive and negative forces, action and reaction.

Growth then comes by breaking in upon this very harmony and upheaving the surface of this symmetrical solid, to form a new base of operations for larger progress alike in all directions, at all times. It is natural and suitable that we should branch out in special directions, and develop certain elements of our character to an extent we may not at once be able to give to others. The effort of an eter-

nity may be requisite to attain equal excellence in all departments of human thought or effort. In art or science, in literature or mechanics, we may now excel. There is room for boundless expansion in every direction, by every faculty.

Such growth, upon the basis of an angular, unbalanced, incomplete character, insures a mis-shapen, distorted, and unhealthy result. It is upon the fabric of a primal structure of integral wholeness that we may build with confidence. Such symmetrical progress, too, enhances immeasurably the maximum attainment of any combination of minds.

We are neither to be judged by our best achievements nor by our gravest faults, but by an arithmetical average of the two. The fault may not be with us that our best work, our highest effort, is not good enough; our sunny side not bright enough; but, rather, that we are fragmentary, broken, and incomplete. All our hours are not blessed with sunshine, all our looks are not cheerful, all our tones not musical, all our aspirations not pure, and good, and true. We do not average high enough.

The best men, so-called, or those who do a few grand things by which they are judged, may commit a multitude of small and contemptible actions, by which their real personal standing is reduced very low. On the other hand, many a man labeled a deep-dyed villain in the world's calendar, for some single atrocious deed of wrong which shocks the moral sense of community, may surround that one dark deed by a very halo of light, beaming from the thousand and one unseen and nameless little deeds of kindness, generosity, and love. He may be a most tender husband and loving father, and in these relations truly an exemplar. For such an one the world's measurement is harsh and unjust.

Again, men who charm us by their social virtues may excite disgust by their personal habits. Others, who win our profound respect for their probity in commercial transactions, command our contempt, if not a harsher judgment, for their domestic vices. Others still, who, by their zeal for some cause of reform, secure a meed of praise, furnish in business dealings abundant occasion for a reversal of judgment. It is as if we looked upon the fair outline of the human face divine only to find the eye lusterless, cold, and void of sense; or, with clear eye and radiant beauty beaming from the countenance, there protruded some foul bluish or fatal spot to arrest the eye in nameless pity and regret.

Those who attract and secure our unbounded confidence in manifold relations, may in some new and untried position show us a side of petty weakness, that dissipates in a moment all our fond convictions; or those whom we were forced to believe weak, faulty, and unworthy respect, by a change of relations spring upon a lofty pedestal of useful labor or patient endurance, and challenge almost our reverence.

Examples without number crowd the memory recorded in the recent history of our country. How many young men, of whom their most indulgent friends expected no great achievements, have won immortal renown in the camp, the hospital, and the field! How many risen spirits have borne to the blast hereafter the glorious lesson of endurance of heroism and noble daring in the most trying ordeal!

If such be our testimony for the soldiers in the field, how transcendent the heroism of those who have endured the double agony at home!—the tenderly-sympathizing, patiently-enduring mother, wife, and sister! Angels only know the infinite burden that has oppressed their sad hearts, and how bitter the struggle by which they have learned to suffer and be strong! The world recognizes a Florence Nightingale and a Miss Dix; but there are humble women all over our country, unknown to fame, the latchet of whose shoes even these noble women are scarcely worthy to unloose. All these examples teach us charity; for when we entertain strangers we know not but we may have angels for our guests.

Individual characteristics modify all our relations; these again are still further modified by circumstances, till we have no escape but to extend the broadest mantle over our neighbor, persuaded that the disagreeable and discordant manifestations are but incidents inevitable in the history of personal progress. The same judgment passed upon ourselves would doubtless find us equally wanting in some element going to make up the complete character. There is said to be a skeleton in every house. We all have a side toward which we perpetually invoke the world's blindness. It would be well if we could remember the lesson and close our own eyes to the faults of others.

One of the strangest revelations to my boyish comprehension was the knowledge that a man, who, in his social intercourse with his fellow villagers was suavely personified, whose face was ever wreathed in smiles, was at home a petty tyrant, subsisting in unfeeling obliviousness on the fruits of a wife's enduring toil. Another, whose brotherly actions were the embodiment of fraternal consideration, was a brute of a husband; and a third would shed tears of sympathy at tales of the horrors of slavery, and whip his own daughter from his doors at night!

So extreme manifestations of angularity may not be numerous, nor are they so rare as to excite great surprise. Their petty counterparts are at least sufficiently abundant.

One point I have overlooked, and I have time only to mention it. If society suffers from such manifestations in the comparatively remote relations of ordinary life, how terrible must be the ordeal to those who, by reason of

a matrimonial blunder, are doomed to be perpetually tormented. It may add to their sufferings—it cannot diminish them—to know that the very eccentricities which are a curse to them would be blessings to another. Right relations and adaptations for almost any character would secure for it a degree of peace—the more angular its integral qualities the more fatal a false relation to another.

Wholeness in either sex really means but essential half-completeness—unity in duality, semi-spherical perfection. Combinations of fragments on a smaller basis may be labeled "Marriage," and held as sacred; they are, after all, but vulgar fractions, and very vulgar at that.

We all have our off side. We may be just, but are we generous? We may deal honorably in large transactions, do we in small? We may be liberal in our contracts—are we with the apple-vender at the corner? We may not banter our merchant—do we our seamstress or dressmaker? We may be amiable to our friends in the parlor—are we to our servants in the kitchen? We may appear kind and loving—are we really so? We talk of philanthropy—do we act it? We love to be void of offense—give we offense to none?

How indefinitely might this catalogue of interrogatories be extended! My purpose is not to do this. I may have my own hands full in the work of self-analysis. Could we but thoroughly prosecute our manifold researches into the depths of our characters, our pride might suffer—surely our aspirations should only be quickened.

Are we whole? Where is our fault? Is it in our social, domestic, or business relations? Or is it in our transactions with our own spirits? Whom do we wrong—wife, husband, friend, or self? Are we just to others and unjust to ourselves? Are we just to others and unjust to our own spirit? Is it not time we became acquainted and learned whether indeed we are decent characters or not? It never harmed a man or woman, no matter how vain, to consult the mirror within! That glass never flatters.

We often misjudge in our estimate of the true test of power. It is not by great things always that strength is determined, but by the nameless little things of life.

A thousand backs, strong enough to bear heavy burdens, sink beneath the accumulated weight of trifles. To test a man's benevolence, make no direct appeal with tearful eyes and pitiable tale of distress, but rather mark him well on a rainy night as he seeks in a crowd of equally-anxious ladies to get a seat in street-car or omnibus!

And to test the extent of a woman's good nature, impose no tax of heavy inflictions, but catch her out in an April shower, with her new spring hat, or step on her last new dress, as you may easily do—perhaps not so easily laid to do—as it trails the pavement at your feet. Nor are such illustrations extreme or frivolous. We all know that "it is easier to throw a cannon-ball a mile than a feather, even with heavy artillery."

Considerations fitting to the time occur to me, but most of them must be passed by.

Whether it is because they are nearer Nature, I will not pretend to say—certain it is the lower races seem sometimes to present more strikingly the excellences which belong to and adorn the highest type of human nature.

Without fear of intelligent contradiction, I affirm that no age of martyrs ever presented a nobler spectacle of long suffering, patient endurance, sublime resignation, and lofty, magnanimous absence of vindictiveness, than was furnished by our colored citizens during the memorable and disgraceful scenes of last week. I may equally defy one to produce from history a page of more wanton, unprovoked, and fiendish malignity, than the mob exemplified. There is relief in turning from this picture even upon the other, sad as are its details.

Yet these negroes, with their sublime lesson of patient endurance, were human, and in a thousand minor scenes would perchance excite our contempt.

And the Irish who so wantonly burned private dwellings and charitable institutions, and brutally murdered the innocents, may, aye must, in the tender home relations, have had a sunny side not altogether wanting in kindness and forbearance.

The Governor, whose friends these were, and the Archbishop, of whose people, are both men, who, in private relations, may command our veneration and respect. This is our lesson of charity. Even the editors of Copperhead papers demand at our hands the same simple meed of charitable forbearance, because of their bright side and their peculiar mental formation, whereby a Reformer assumes the shape of a demon, and they demand his execution from instincts of self-preservation. They are not whole. Let us not forget that deep down in their hearts are noble impulses. Possibly in some elements of character they might put us to shame. There never was a villain so base, but we, with his birth and surroundings, might have been his compeers.

I chanced to pass yesterday a long line of sable-skinned men and brethren, safely guarded on either side by an equal number of our noble Metropolitan Police, conducting them from the scene of danger to a place of safety. As I rode past this interesting procession, the words of the Moral Police Pledge came to my mind, and I voted these men members of the Fraternity, in good and regular standing, clubs and all; for how bravely have they labored

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance."

All honor to the Metropolitan Moral Police! They may not always labor in the true spirit of the Fraternity, but they approach the standard of true, whole men; and their locust sticks, though not moral weapons, were effective ones when words were emptiness and blank cartridges folly!

The noble race whom a New York mob have immortalized, taught me once again the lesson I first learned at the scaffold, where a negro was executed for resistance to tyrants, which has made other men heroes. He taught me how martyrs die; and this suffering people, during the reign of terror here, proved it possible to suffer wrong and forgive.

I have dwelt longer than I designed, and yet hurriedly, upon the manifestations of human incompleteness. It may be well to inquire how we are to secure a healthful growth and symmetrical development. A few suggestions only.

A consciousness of our personal needs, a recognition of the irregularities, excesses, or defects in our own character, is essential to success in self-improvement. All that has been said by way of illustration should also be of value as suggestive of the personal work to be done. Knowing what we have to do, creeds teach various methods of procedure. The lesson taught from a thousand pulpits today is: "Of yourself you can do nothing. Trust in Christ. He alone can save." If any real or imaginary God, any human or divine Christ, can save you from personal faults and failings and lift you into the atmosphere and condition of harmony, do not fail to get saved.

Others would fly to spirits for aid, relying upon unseen help against the mighty evils within. If these get help, well. Nevertheless, my conviction is, that our sure hope for personal growth is in ourselves. It may be indeed to dogmas—it is truth to me. Nor does the consciousness beget undue self-confidence, but, rather, humble reliance.

We would banish every idol, lay aside every sacred book, shut out every priest, secularize every Church, but cast no doubt upon the power of the immortal selfhood, the mighty I—the infinite God within—to save each one utterly. Nature's forces are all within. Trees grow not as buildings are reared. If there is any vitality in life, any soul in Nature, any existence in the principle of existence itself, it must and will work from within outwards. So long as we gaze helplessly out, seeking strength from some remote source, we forget, overlook, or underrate the divine within, the life-principle in which is all our strength, all our hope, our only sure support.

For counsel, the intuitions of our own spirits, interrogated in our moments of serene composure, of sincerest truthfulness, of highest aspiration and most exalted freedom, are a sure guide to our feet. Comprehending our incompleteness, recognizing the excellence of wholeness of heart and life, loyal to our truest conception of right, we cannot fail to progressively reveal ourselves to the world and to our own perceptions in new and more beautiful symmetry, grace, and fullness—to perceive and realize, at least in a faint degree, the value of personal wholeness—unity of character.

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 tiles and waves are to the ocean."

For the Herald of Progress.

A Month of Conventions.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 8th, 1863.

A. J. DAVIS, MY FRIEND: The month of June has been one of conventions—meetings for Human Progress.

On the first week was the Waterloo Meeting, of which you have some account. The next week, at Lockport, was a "Yearly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress"—the second at that place. For the first two days came a good assembly of thoughtful persons, mostly from the country. On Sunday—at Arcade Hall—a large audience listened with much interest to the discussion of the great issues at stake in the Slaveholders' Rebellion. You will hear more of this gathering from another source, probably—I can but say it was a success; those who called it felt encouraged, those present seemed to enjoy and gain benefit thereby.

At Sturgis, Mich., on Friday, the 19th, commenced a similar meeting, in the spacious and tasteful "Free Church." It was tastefully decorated with evergreens; over the platform woven in garlands of flowers on the wall, was the word Paeonias, and tables, windows, and every fit niche bloomed out with flowers and roses in rich abundance—sweet evanels of beauty.

At the opening session, J. A. Fox, of Orland, Ind., was made President. Mr. Jacobs of Sturgis, Secretary, and a committee of nine persons selected to plan for topics, speakers, &c., that order and freedom might aid each other. "Human Progress," "Immortal Life," "Education—of Body, Soul, and Spirit," and the Rebellion were the topics, covering a wide range, taking in women as well as men. From Friday noon until Sunday at 10 P. M. the house was crowded, through nine long sessions.

Saturday had been advertised as set apart for the state of the country, and a deep feeling pervaded the audience that we must be loyal to Liberty and Justice, as our country's safety. Small "aid and comfort" would rebels or "copperheads" gain from the utterance or spirit of the meeting.

Sunday, it was advertised, would open at 9 A. M. with a conference for short talks, which

occupied until 10½ o'clock, with much interest. A list of speakers was offered who were to select their own topics: H. C. Wright, W. H. Hoisington, Mr. Jameison, Mrs. Kutz, Mr. Parker, J. S. Rouse, G. B. Stebbins, and Josephine S. Griffing spoke. Showers prevented an out-door meeting, but did not prevent the coming of many more than the house could hold. At 10 P. M., Mrs. Griffing spoke with such earnest feeling as to keep the hearers in fixed silence, and H. C. Wright closed with a few fit words.

On Saturday the "Women's Loyal National League" was spoken of, and a good number of signers given to its petition to Congress for emancipation.

Thus ended a meeting, largely attended, and marked by a wish not merely for the passing enjoyment of the hour, but for life, light, and strength.

It will doubtless be called again next summer.

On Saturday, the 27th, in a beautiful grove near Farmington—some twenty miles north-west of Detroit—met some 250 persons, increasing in the afternoon. The bright day for haymaking kept farmers at home until the morrow.

The day was spent with much interest in "telling experiences." It is ever full of interest to hear any earnest and thoughtful person tell the steps in their interior life whereby they gained light and liberty of soul. Brief addresses were made by H. C. Wright and Mr. Reynolds, of Pontiac, and it was agreed the Rebellion should come up the next morning. Sunday brought, from far and near, a throng. I spoke an hour on the war, and our duty of loyalty to country and liberty, when there came at once a flood of rain, pouring down for a half hour. Such soaking of face and muslin! such coming down of top-knots on lofty bonnets! such grotesque scramble for shelter—found by few! and such good nature too. All fled for dry clothing and dinner. At 2 o'clock about a third met again in a church in the village—filling it full, and Mr. Wright spoke on the Rebellion—the audience giving hearty response to the most radical sentiments. A committee was chosen to call a three days' meeting another season; a good proof of encouragement, even if the shower did soak us well. An amiable "copperhead" hoped we might be soaked six weeks—conscious, doubtless, that no argument or appeal to conscience on a free platform could aid his poor cause, and jumping at a chance shower, like a drowning man at a straw. But we still live, and Liberty lives in and with us.

I like the broadly catholic character of these meetings, called in such way that all, of whatever sect or party, are free to utter their word. They are of signal benefit, helping to emancipate, to enlarge and inspire. Surely in this hour we need all that is true and wise, all deep sense of Divine Laws and spiritual realities, for our strength and salvation. They have helped much in giving strength for Liberty and Law in this great struggle. Meanwhile other subjects of Reform are not lost sight of. For, in the distance, after the din of war ceases and Peace and Liberty come, are other questions to be taken up. Fetters, not of iron, but subtler and more tenacious, to be broken; compromises, not of platform, but creed, to be set aside. So let us have, meanwhile, these great meetings, in which shall grow a due propriety, an order and dignity born of freedom, a love of Truth for its own sake.

G. B. S.

Reported for the Herald of Progress.

Annual Festival

OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AT ST. CHARLES, ILL.

The Fourth Annual Festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society met in St. Charles, Kane Co., Ill., on Friday, July 3, and continued Saturday and Sunday.

The Convention met on the Richmond Grounds, near the Universalist Church. The meeting was opened by J. M. Peebles, formerly of Battle Creek, Mich.

ABSTRACT OF MR. PEEBLES' LECTURE.

Taking a moral survey of the world, I behold everywhere the footprints of progression. Going back to the abyssal past, we see a nebulous ocean of unorganized matter; then the earth a ball of heated liquid fluid; then a hard granite formation; then the mineral; then the vegetable; then the animal; and, finally, the human kingdom, whereon stands man, a perfect structure, the crowning glory of the Infinite. Man is a divine triad—the physical body, spiritual body, and spirit, or innermost God-principle; and I delight to dwell upon the dignity of his nature, its innate worth and endless unfoldings. Each should feel the prophecy of his eternal destiny, and never stoop to meanness, or play the part of the hypocrite, bigot, or sectarian. Men and women are, by virtue of a God-given existence, individual sovereigns, with the right to hear, think, and judge for themselves, and to do just what they will—provided in doing it they infringe not upon the rights of others; which rights antedate conventionalities, constitutions, and Bibles. This may raise the cry, infidel! Be it so. To the Jews Jesus was infidel; so was Luther to the Romish Church, Wesley to the English Church, Balch to the Presbyterians. So-called infidels are usually great thinkers, reasoning, noble-souled men, whose shoe-latchets are usually "not worthy to unloose." To me the basest infidelity is unfaithfulness to our divinest convictions of right and to our soul's highest ideal. I will renounce the universe in search of truth and principle; and when found, will defend them, though the martyr's stake be raised or cross be built. No padlock shall seal my lips.

All slavery is not South. Thousands in our midst are slaves to public opinion—to "what

will the people say?" The age demands bold, earnest, enthusiastic men—men with tongues of fire; speakers, bold, rapt, and mystical at times, as John of Patmos. 'Tis a day for a Hass, a Jerome, or Peter the Hermit—for souls filled with ode, rhapsody, and lyric—for men and women that will the true and the right defend, and, if need be, as Beecher says, "wear the martyr's fiery shirt." Spiritualism is breaking the shackles from many a fettered soul, and helping them to become "living stones" in the Spiritualistic temple of the nineteenth century.

The meeting was called to order by Samuel Underhill, M. D., and the following officers were chosen:

President, Hon. S. S. Jones, of St. Charles; Vice-Presidents, S. H. Todd, of Geneva, Ill., and C. H. Waterman, of Chicago; Secretary, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown; Assistant-Secretary, Mrs. M. M. Daniel, Independence, Iowa; Committee on Resolutions, Dr. S. Underhill, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Ira Porter, Esq.

The President then reported the following Platform:

This Festival shall be opened in Conference at eight o'clock A. M. and at two o'clock P. M. A free platform shall be maintained through the Festival for full and free expression of thought upon all subjects deemed advisable—the speakers themselves being responsible for the views uttered—subject to the ordinary rules of decorum. No resolution shall be put to vote approving or disapproving contested methods of faith or opinion; nor for any purpose further than is essential for the transaction of the business of the meeting.

The meeting was then opened by a lecture from A. G. Parker, M. D., upon "Individual Responsibility." The lecture was full of important truths, some new and startling to old conservatism. He advocated the right of the individual to live his highest life, to utter his divinest thought, however much his life and thought might conflict with the ideas of right and wrong held by others.

Walter Hyde, of Wisconsin, followed Dr. Parker, upon the same subject.

An inspirational poem, by Mrs. C. M. Stowe, closed the morning exercises.

The afternoon Conference opened by an interesting discussion upon Reform in Church and State. Dr. Hill, Warren Burtis, Mayo Smith, M. D., of Boston, and Ira Porter, of Michigan, were the speakers.

The first lecture in the afternoon was given by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, upon the "Demands of the Age."

Hon. W. A. Boardman was introduced to the audience, and said:

What is religion? There are three mathematical lines of measurement, which comprehend, spiritually, the mighty universe of all being; they are length, breadth, and thickness. These lines of existence intersect each other in every human soul, and form a grand projectile and reciprocating battery of conscious, ideal, and spiritual life, which can, to compare it, telegraph forth to all states of being. The line of length is infinite and endless in extension; the line of breadth goes out at right angles with the line of length, and traverses on each side never-ending realms of existence; the line of thickness ascends and descends from the point of the intersection of the lines of length and breadth; in its ascent it rises to the endless and supernal heavens, to the infinite heights of being; to the DIVINE CONSCIOUSNESS itself; in its descent it descends to the regions of infinite negation, to the bottomless pits of the universe.

Religion is found in the ascending heights of the soul; it is love and affection, direct from the Divine Mind, and awakes a response, which goes forth from our hearts in devotion and love. Devotion ascends the sublimest heights of eternal being, and feels in communication with God—the universal Soul; Love goes forth to Brother man and to all living beings.

There is but one religion in the universe; why there are apparent conflicting religious systems, is from the unequal development of individual minds in and through the lines of mathematical projection from the center of their respective minds; and this inequality must exist in order that there should be an infinite variety of knowledge, affection, and capacity. The mind that is unfolded laterally and downwards, with but little knowledge of its higher affections of soul, becomes selfish and external, and receives but a minute portion of the celestial light; hence the religion of such minds, though legitimate and true so far as it is conscious, yet wants the divine breath to harmonize it into a perfect harmonious sphere of devotion to God and love to man.

The popular religion of Europe and America is of this external character; hence it gathers up its robes on each side, and becomes selfish, egotistic, and exclusive, and claims to be the only true religion, and ignores all other religious systems, and calls all the world besides itself heathen.

In the light of this unilluminated religion, Jesus Christ himself was not a Christian, for he taught above the authority of institutions. Who are heathens except those who think and act heathenish?

Much has been said in relation to the idol of *Suez*, the Juggernaut of India, and of the voluntary sacrifices and immolations of human beings at his great festivals. I tell my friends we have a Juggernaut in this country! He is the impersonation of man's lower and selfish nature, to the exclusion of his angelic nature. This American idol has, by his high-priests—the politicians in congress and in cabinet—been preparing this nation for his grand carnival of years of sacrifice and carnage, compared with which the sacrifices and immolations to the Juggernaut of India have been merely nominal. Yes, at this time, while I am now speaking, on this Fourth of July, 1863, in various parts of this nation, this heathen god is holding his high courts of festival; the warm arterial blood is spouting forth from the bosoms of thousands of our sons and brothers! Yes, the innocent blood of both North and South flows together in deep purple streams, which have the wheels of the car of this great political Juggernaut, whose priests for the last thirty years have taught the demoralizing doctrine that there was no

higher law for the nation than the Constitution, and their interpretation of it!

Mahomet was not a false prophet, but taught a true spiritual worship of God. In all nations and ages there have been developed minds who have taught the true and high principles of religion, which are devotion and love; if there was no higher expression and feeling of religion than the popular religion of Europe and America at this time, then I would say in the language of the good old primitive Methodist: "May God help us." I believe in a real Holy Ghost religion; that is, direct communion with the Divine Spirit.

In the external universe, God appears only in external expressions; and gold is the highest development of God in the mineral kingdom—hence its most legitimate worship by all minds that are looking downwards, sideways, and externally. The high and holy expression of religion is direct personal communion with the Universal Soul.

The meeting closed with a song from W. Hyde and sister, of Wisconsin.

Saturday, July 4, at eight o'clock, the meeting was called to order by the President. Dr. Hill was introduced, and made a few appropriate remarks upon religion and inspiration.

Ira Porter, Esq., of Michigan, then took the stand, and said:

This is the Fourth of July. To-day two years ago he was aroused from his morning slumbers by the ringing of bells. Half asleep, he asked his wife if fire-bells were ringing. "No," she replied, "it is the Fourth of July." As a Harmonical philosopher, he had been wont to inquire into the "reason of things"—a practice he would recommend to all the world. So he asked himself, What of it? and he remembered that eighty-seven years ago there were upon this continent fifteen Colonies. Thirteen of them had revolted, and on the 4th of July, 1776, declared independence of the mother country. Two—Upper and Lower Canada—remained loyal.

Well, what of that? Why make a noise about independence? What the significance of changing governments? This involved the further inquiry into the objects of a government, which ended in the conclusion that its only true object is to protect its subjects of all ages, sexes, and color, in their persons, property, and liberty. At this point the fact was crowded upon his consciousness that, at that time, and for years previously, no man would be protected in either who dared to avow his faith in the declaration of American independence within any one of the fifteen slaveholding States of this Confederacy; and that thousands of human beings, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, were feeling from inhuman oppression in these fifteen States, seeking and finding protection from the cruel oppression in these two unrevolted Colonies. Then why make such a noise about the Fourth of July? He could see none save the fact that on that day the essential equality of man taught by an angel to Peter upon the housetop at Joppa had been recognized by our American statesmen as true, and adopted as the foundation of our American government; and there it has stood, and now stands, as a monument of principles as unchangeable and eternal as the throne of the universe—the beacon-light to guide the friends of freedom in every part of the world. He knew of but two kinds of government (so far as principle is concerned) for men. The one, a government of force, where "might makes right," where power controls weakness after its own pleasure. Such are the governments of kings, of aristocracies, of majorities who ignore the higher law. This is the commonest and almost universal government of the world. The other is a government which recognizes the right of all men, strong and weak, rich and poor, black or white, to "life, liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness." The former is despotism—the latter freedom. The former has many friends—the latter relatively few. The principles of the two were in eternal antagonism, and every human being was arrayed on the side of one or the other, that it was as impossible to serve freedom and despotism at the same time, in politics, as to serve God and the devil at the same time in religion; and that it was important that we should act intelligently in espousing the cause we would serve; that the reason why we made no greater progress in suppressing the overgrown rebellion in this country was because the friends of despotism were too numerous and too zealous, and the friends of freedom too few, and many of them too lukewarm; and that this could never be remedied without a better education of the masses.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown said:

Mr. Porter has spoken well and truthfully in regard to the wrongs of the negro; but to his wife and daughter what signifies the declaration: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." What advantage have they in law above the negro? In some States the colored man has the right of franchise. Has the white woman an equal right to the ballot-box? The wives and mothers of statesmen, even, do not in law own their own children. As a criminal, and only as such, is woman man's equal in law.

Mrs. S. Clark then repeated an inspirational poem. Mrs. and Messrs. Matterson were invited to the audience, and sang a soul-stirring song.

Mr. W. Burtis, under the influence of a German spirit, gave a very interesting history of his (the spirit's) experience in soul-land.

Mayo Smith, M. D., of Boston, Mass., spoke at some length of the healing power given him "by the Lord."

The Secretary then read a letter to the Convention from Mr. E. V. Wilson, and Resolutions by Wm. Moon, Mrs. C. M. Stowe, Dr. S. Underhill, and Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe then repeated a poem.

J. M. Peebles was introduced by the President as one of the orators of the day. Want of space will prevent our giving the entire lecture; but the following extract will give the reader an idea of what was said:

America has been termed the "land of the brave and the home of the free." Poets have

ever sung of liberty, and prophets in all ages caught glimpses of universal freedom. The desire is innate in all humanity. The Indians could never be enslaved, nor could the Anglo-Saxons; hence the Colonies dashed British teas into the ocean and defied her power. Then came battle-fields, with victories and defeats; but finally, through the pen of Paine, the eloquence of Adams, the self-sacrifice of Lafayette, and the sword of Washington, a nation was born enjoying for more than eighty years uninterrupted peace and prosperity. But now a cloud hangs over our national sky. Civil war is upon us, and slavery is the cause. Slavery and freedom could no more eternally exist side by side peaceably than fire and water. One or the other must reign supreme. Accordingly, the great principle involved in this civil contest is freedom for the slave.

Freedom is the cry of all nations, colors, and climes. Struggling Greece has dethroned King Otto; nine thousand Catholic priests recently signed a petition asking the Pope to release his temporal power in Italy, and the Poles are again battling for constitutional rights. They are the necessities of existing conditions, yet precursors of national growth, founded on higher conceptions of justice. Destruction ever precedes the diviner construction. Only the baptism of blood could reach the conservative masses; hence have their uses on certain planes in the vast drama of existence. Nevertheless my soul shrinks from war and all inharmonies. The divine within me ever calls for peace, aspiration, and inspiration from the love-planes of the immortalized. And, by the way, war can never quench the war spirit. The Devil cannot cast out devil. The North, with its armies and navies, has not yet taken the first step toward subduing the South. You may conquer, or even exterminate the sons of the South; but that is not subduing them. Bonaparte conquered, but did not subdue Austria; Russia conquered Poland, Austria Hungary, and England conquered Ireland; but so long as an Irish heart can throb, or a sprig of shamrock remains green, so long will the sons of Erin hate English rule and English men. Only love and wisdom can subdue. Moral power only is employed by God and angels to uplift humanity. Men enough, standing on the plane of unfoldment with Hopper, Penn, Barclay, Clanning, and other moral heroes, would have quelled this rebellion in a day. But the war continues because the North is so much like the South! They are not all demons, nor the citizens of the North all saints and angels. All the races compose a universal brotherhood, and armies with white banners, palms, and olive branches, would make the atmosphere so positive with goodness—yes, they would, and so inflame it with the moral magnetism of love, justice, and truth, that rebels would be struck dumb as by flashes of light from angel hosts. It was this power that fell Saul to the earth, and turned the prodigal to his father's house. It is the Christ within—the mightiest redemptive power of the universe.

Not only do millions sigh for political but for spiritual freedom. Too long have sects, creeds, and conventionalities, chained them. The progressive spirit of the age calls for corresponding ideas and principles. What satisfied Judaistic minds does not mine. There is a great soul-wealth that the modern pulpit does not satisfy. Theologians are dropping the more repulsive portions of their teachings. "Infant damnation," "total depravity," "personality of the devil," &c., are almost entirely given up. Endless punishment is seldom preached in its native ugliness. Universalism and Unitarianism are stepping-stones to that which is still better.

Spiritualism comes not a destroyer merely, but a grand Constructor. It comes a descending angel, and speaks a knowledge of immortality. Its foundations are the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man; its walls, beams, and rafters, the progressive movements of the age, and love is the key-stone to the arch. Its heaven-descended principles are destined to break down sectarian walls, free the spiritually enslaved, build up the kingdom of God in human souls, and thus usher in the long-desired millennium.

Mrs. A. S. Ames, an inspirational speaker, gave a very pointed and radical lecture upon the Wrongs in Social Life. Those who, by experience and observation, felt the force of her remarks, blessed her for her brave and earnest words. Some, however, who have seen only life's sunny side, and others, who rebel when the domestic rail is lifted, manifested considerable dissatisfaction in relation to her picture of matrimonial misery.

Mrs. Ames was followed by B. Todd, indorsing all Mrs. Ames had said. He protested against the ownership of souls, advocated the "inalienable right" of every individual to "life, liberty, and the pursuit" of whatever tends to harmonize, beautify, and spiritualize the soul. He honored the old flag (pointing to it) and the fathers of the Revolution; but we live in the present, and fight for human freedom—freedom for the black man and white woman—freedom to be true to God's immutable laws. Mr. Todd spoke at some length upon the part Thomas Paine took in the American Revolution. By his pen and his purse he contributed unsparring toward American independence.

Dr. Underhill followed Mr. Todd, giving a very interesting history of Paine's life, refuting the stereotyped slanders, and eulogizing him for his many virtues.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe, of Janesville, Wis., was next introduced to the audience. She spoke of the new morning, showing the present age to be more progressive than any age previous; also spoke of the different races of men, claiming that in each race there were organizations superior to their kindred, linking the races together in one harmonious chain from the lowest to the highest.

Mayo Smith, M. D., of Boston, Mass., spoke upon the power of kindness and its efficacy upon animals as well as upon the human heart. He gave the philosophy of healing, and remarked that diseased persons would be healed while listening to him. He felt, as did one in olden time, the "virtue going out of him." The fact was subsequently confirmed by the deaf, who were then and there made to hear and the blind to see.

The 4th closed by music from the band and singing by Mrs. and Messrs. Matterson.

SUNDAY MORNING.

The meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock by the President. Two hours were to be devoted to conference and fifteen minutes to each speaker. Miss Worthing, Mr. Burtis, Judge Boardman, Mr. Porter, and Dr. Underhill, improved profitably the time in discussing various subjects of reform.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy introduced the following Resolution, which was read by the Secretary and commended to the consideration of the congregation:

Resolved, That the only true method of restoring "outcast women" (so-called) is not to place them in houses of refuge or reform, but to place them upon an equal footing with their seducers of the opposite sex, giving them an equal opportunity of regaining their lost estate, including them in an equal sympathy and equal condemnation.

Mrs. Stowe then repeated a poem—"The Outcast."

Mrs. C. M. Stowe presented a plan for a Western Journal, to be "devoted to the cause we advocate." Mr. and Mrs. E. Warner, of Berlin, Wis., propose starting such a paper providing they receive sufficient encouragement from the friends of reform.

Mr. Jacob Wickizer urged upon the audience the great importance of the physical development of children. His remarks were good, and well received by the audience.

The morning lectures were by Dr. Dunn, of Battle Creek, A. G. Parker, and B. Todd. Mr. Dunn spoke upon the Beauties and Blessings of Immortality; Mr. Parker upon the Conflicts, Defeats, and Victories, of the Spirit in this Life; Mr. Todd's subject was the Wrongs and Rights of Woman.

The morning services were closed by a song from Mr. and Miss Hyde.

The afternoon services were commenced by a lecture from Mrs. Brown. Subject: The Mission of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Stowe followed with a lecture upon Angel Life. Her lecture was fully appreciated by the audience, but the Secretary was unable to obtain a report of it.

Mrs. Ames was then introduced by the President. She made an appeal in behalf of the baby-world—the claims of children to love, tenderness, and protection. She cited instances of discord and misery, the result of an unloved childhood, and among these her own childish experience. Her remarks went home to the hearts of her hearers. Even those who criticized her former lecture thanked her for her noble plea for the rising generation.

Mr. Peebles made the closing speech of the Convention. He said:

The hour is late, the audience uneasy, and the closing address demanded from me must necessarily be brief.

We gathered on this anniversary occasion from different points for an interchange of thoughts and ideas, spiritual growth and the dissemination of truth. New acquaintances have been formed, hands have clasped hands, hearts have throbbed responsive to hearts, dormant natures have been aroused, the depending cheered, the sick healed, the sad encouraged, the mourner comforted, and, on the whole, a glorious time! The few discords and marked individualisms have only helped us to appreciate harmony and the law of unity. All are parts of a great whole. Each instrument is necessary to the full orchestra, and all are my Brothers and Sisters, having the right of free expression. I could have Davis advocate secession, or the Pope papacy, with perfect composure. Only the good need be appropriated. Let us practice toleration. Charity is greater than faith or hope. Those that are so easily hurt must have tender places. Ulcers ought to be probed, and some lands require deep sub-soil plows. Reformers must carry the seed that wounds and the patient that heals; the torch that burns and the hammer that builds—all necessary agencies in the erection of spiritual temples; and let us, as workmen, practice the harmony we preach to others. The scales symbolized run thus, agitation, investigation, knowledge—disolution, reconstruction, inspiration. Each has his work to do, and he can only do it in his own way, organizations and surroundings governing destinies.

The spiritual dispensation is upon us. It comes not to build costly shrines or lofty cathedrals, with golden arches and domes; but to build up humanity, universalize human rights, and consecrate human souls to truth and heaven.

Be it my work and yours to burnish and beautify these soul-temples within; to reform the sinful, angelize the erring, live for others, and lose our lives, even, that we may save them. Spiritualism is just as much better than any other *ism* as knowledge is superior to faith. It comforts the sick, robs the grave of its gloom, and makes death equally as beautiful as life; and with its phenomena and philosophy—yes, more, its daily inspiration, I can say, Come what may, "all is for the best."

And now we must say "Good-by!" "Farewell," and depart to our several homes. 'Tis sad; but the very sadness is sweetened by the thought that there will be no farewells whispered in the spirit-land. The word of greeting will be "Good morning," and congenial souls will meet and joyously progress forever.

The Secretary reported the following Resolutions:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Festival be tendered to Hon. S. S. Jones, the presiding officer, for his efficiency and fidelity in discharging the duties of his office.

Resolved, That the citizens at St. Charles are entitled to the thanks of this Convention for their hospitality toward the strangers attending the meeting.

Resolved, That thanks are due the band, Mr. and Miss Hyde, and the Matterson family, for music and song.

These Resolutions were adopted unanimously.

The Festival then adjourned to meet in the same place July 4th, 1864.

S. S. Jones, President.
H. F. M. Brown, Secretary.

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April 15, 1863.

STRANGERS' N. Y. CITY DIRECTORY

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CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LECTURE, Dodworth's Hall, Sunday, 2½ P. M.
CARLISLE HALL, cor. 29th St. and 8th Av. Sunday, 10½ A. M. Conference every Wednesday 7½ P. M.
THE UNION HARMONICAL CIRCLE hold a Conference Sunday, 2½ P. M. at 195 Bowery.

PUBLIC MEDIUMS.

Mrs. W. R. Hayden, 44 West 25th St.
Mrs. A. C. Doubleday, Clairvoyant and Impressional Medium, 56 W. Fourteenth St., west cor. Sixth Av.
Mrs. Abbott, Developing, 3 W. 41st St., nr 6th 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, 309 Fourth Street.
Mrs. M. L. Van Houghton, Test and Medical, 55 W. 28th St., nr 6th 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 Impressional Medium, 95 W. Houston St. Circles 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.
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APPOINTMENTS.

S. J. Finney will speak in Lowell, Mass., during July. Address care George Walker.

J. M. Peebles. Battle Creek, Mich., last two Sundays in each month.

Mrs. Harry 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, Mich. Bureau Co., Mich.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook will lecture in Springfield, Mass., in September; Chillicothe, October; Lowell, Nov.; Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. Jan. and Feb. New Bureau Co., Mich.

Miss Emma Harding lectures in Bangor, Me., in July; Quincy, Mass., the first of August; in the West in the fall and winter. Address Rose-Cross Building, P. O., Burlington, Conn.

Leo Miller will speak in Clay, N. Y., at Three River Point, (grove meeting,) July 26; Milford, Mass., Aug. 2 and 9; East Princeton, Mass., Aug. 16. Letters addressed to Worcester, Mass., at any time, will be duly received.

Miss Martha Lewis Beckwith, Trance-Speaker, lectures in Willimantic, Conn., Sunday, July 26; Chillicothe, Mass., during August; Providence, R. I., during September; Taunton, Mass., October 4 and 11; Lowell during December.

Dr. James Cooper will speak at Chesterfield, Madison Co., Ind., July 25 and 26; Huntsville, 27 and 28; Mechanicsburg, 29 and 30; at Quarterly Meeting at Chiles, Henry Co., July 31 and Aug. 1 and 2. Subscriptions taken for HERALD OF PROGRESS, and books for sale by him.

F. L. H. Willis will remain in New England during the summer. The autumn and winter he expects to spend in Italy. 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 and New England, during July, August, and September, Hancock, N. H.

ADDRESSES.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon may be addressed Providence, R. I., during July; Bangor, Me., during August; Chillicothe, 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 office, Address 708 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Dr. A. Pierce, Trance Speaking, Healing, and Developing Medium, care Bea Marsh, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

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Rapid Sale.

We are informed that the first edition of "The Black Man," the new work by William Wells Brown, has been sold, and a second is to be published in a few days. Such rapid sale of a book devoted entirely to an exhibition of the genius, the talent, and the heroism of the hated negro, and advocating his elevation and equality, shows that a great change has come over the minds of the American people, and that justice to a long-injured class is not far off. This work has done good service among those who are impregnated with the idea that the blacks were created for nothing but slaves. The new edition will be revised and enlarged, and will contain an original sketch of the heroic and daring charge of the Second Louisiana Regiment at Port Hudson. The price of the book will remain the same—\$1.—*Liberator.*

A Veteran of Three Wars.

Among the soldiers now at Reading, Pa., is a Mr. John Hicks, eighty-two years of age. A Philadelphia paper speaks of him as follows:

"John Hicks is one of the most remarkable men of our day. A soldier of three wars, he was still in the field at the age of eighty-two. He was born at Flemington, N. J., was raised at Easton, Pa., and worked at his trade in Reading. For the past twenty years he has lived in Indiana. He went into the army in the war of 1812, was again a soldier in 1832, in the Black Hawk war; in 1860 (being then over eighty) he volunteered for three years in the present war, and was enrolled in the Fifty-eighth Indiana. He was at the battle of Shiloh, and had a son over sixty years of age killed there. He has lately been discharged. (His papers prove these facts.) He stands firm and erect, has perfect use of sight, speech, and hearing, uses no cane, and hardly ever sits down. Such vigor is wonderful. He has lived in fear of God, with temperate habits and hard-working hands. In his manners modesty and self-respect are combined; he is intelligent and pleasant. Such a man is to be respected; and we owe him something besides. A few persons who chanced to meet with him in the Museum of the Mint took an interest in him, and procured his portrait, which is sold solely for his benefit. Mr. Hicks is now in Camp Hiester, having enlisted at Mauch Chunk, and with a number of others rushed to the defense of the State. This will make the fourth war for this ancient veteran. Does any one doubt of success when such men step into the ranks along with boys—83 and 17 in the same pile?"

True!

"The preaching of a hundred men like Garrison and Phillips," says a daily paper, "continued through a lifetime, could not have wrought such change of sentiment toward the blacks, such expression of sympathy in their behalf, and such utter detestation of the demagogues, who, for the last six months, have been doing their utmost to excite the passions and prejudices of the mob against them, as has been produced by the demon-like atrocities that have been perpetrated upon these unoffending people by the rabble of this city."

Not Pleasant if True.

The New Haven *Journal* has this curious paragraph: "Some ten months ago, Mr. Charles Monroe, of Fair Haven, was at Lagos and at Accra, on the Guinea Coast, whither he had sailed as Mate, with Capt. Post, in the bark *Elizabeth*, and while there he drank of the water of the part of the world, without thinking to take the precautions commonly in use among the natives for the prevention of a terrible disease known as Guinea worm. It appears that the Africans always boil this water before drinking in order to destroy the minute, invisible egg of the worm, which is so small that it is absorbed by the blood vessels from the stomach, and is in that manner distributed in different parts of the body, usually in the legs, where it is hatched, and after a long time makes its appearance in the shape of a white, thread-like worm, pointed on both ends, and it twines and twists all about the muscles and veins and arteries, producing no particular feeling of uneasiness until some part of its body comes near the skin, when bad inflammations take place. It was in March last that Mr. Monroe began to be troubled with them, and for three months he has not walked a step. He is now in the Connecticut State Hospital under treatment, and one worm

has been taken from the bottom of his foot that measures over two feet long. The way it is done is this: When the surface of the skin is so pricked or irritated as to show where the 'critter' is, a thread is fastened to him and a small weight attached to the other end of the thread. The worm gets tired of pulling against so steady a strain and gives ground a trifle day by day, and as he comes out, a little the spool winds him up until he is all out. The pain is very great—for forty nights Mr. Monroe hardly slept on account of the suffering. One worm is now in process of being drawn from his heel, and those medical men who never saw a case of the kind are much interested. Great care has to be taken not to pull too hard, because the worm would break and the trouble be much prolonged. It first appears under the skin like a varicose vein, and after a painful boil has been formed and broken, the head of the animal is discovered."

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