

MRS. A. POST

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE. LIBERTY.  
WISDOM.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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[WHOLE NO. 181]

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

Whispers to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

"PICNIC," LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK.—Another Excursion and Picnic will probably come off in the second week of September.

S. W. S., ELGIN, ILL.—The testimony you furnish is unsubstantiated by facts in possession of his relatives.

JOHN, HUDSON ST., NEW YORK.—You will find difficulty in obtaining tidings through physical mediators during the hot days of summer. Wait till October or later before you make the attempt.

MARIE C., NEW YORK.—There was nothing lost. Your kindness is appreciated.

For the Herald of Progress  
The Treasure.

BY CORA L. V. HATCH.

Precious darling, little fairy,  
Blue eyes smiling wondrous sweet,  
Rosy cheeks begin with illes,  
Tiny, dancing, patterning feet—  
Like a sprite from wildwood sprung  
Is this witching Minnie Young.

Half in joy and half in child-grief,  
Smiling, weeping, all the day,  
Silver laughter pearly tear-drops,  
Like the skies of early May—  
Like dew-beads on roses strung  
Are the tears of Minnie Young.

Sweetest caprice, teasing ever,  
Loving when you do not woo,  
Wisdom in her thousand questions  
Which she asks and answers, too,  
Like blossoms, wanton flung,  
Are the thoughts of Minnie Young.

Father's darling! "Mamma's treasure,"  
Lispings, with her roguish lips,  
Words that fill the house with pleasure,  
As the bees their honey sips;  
Like the climes from flower-bells rung  
Is the heart-song, Minnie Young.

Just enough of earth to hold her,  
As her earthly beauty proves;  
So much of heaven we hear the rustling  
Of angels' pinions where she moves.  
Like thy praise by seraphs sung  
Be thy life, sweet Minnie Young.

For the Herald of Progress.

A Morning Hour.

Who does not hail the crimson morn with its vitalizing air and smell of flowers, and the golden orb of day, as its first gleamings meet our gaze through the swaying tree-tops, freighted with shafts of liquid light? This is a happy hour. Glad songs from birds of the dewy morn now ring and reecho throughout the land. How blessed is it to hear such shouts of glee and cheer from the infinite Good!

All Nature is now teeming with rich sublimity, and in due season will her culminating day make glad the millions of toiling humanity who derive sustenance from her universal bosom. How beautiful a thing it is to live and mingle with these children—to feel deep within our natures a lively consciousness of existence—to contemplate with ineffable joy the wondrous works and wise revelations of the "Great Sensorium" through the pure medium of Nature.

The intuitions of the poet, too, that "a being once created never dies"—how sweet and salutary they steal over the senses, lifting the soul into the realm of thought and ideally—acting like a mighty leverage-power that is adequate to move and renovate the world.

The playful breeze that fans the foliage of the fruiting trees, or the little shining rivulet that runs circuitously among the green hills of Nature, all point the soul to a happy immortality; all whisper to the indwelling spirit, in strains of gladsome music, of continued life beyond the myriad graves of earth, in a higher and more attenuated strata of matter—a sphere where consciences greeting shall be ours, where acquirements in love and knowledge and all the ennobling attributes of the human mind can never cease, and where life shall be as limitless in duration as the life of Deity!

For these inherent demands there must be ample supplies. Father and Mother God are for us—who shall be against us? E. T. D.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Letter from Addie L. Ballou.

IN CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, April, 1863.

BROTHER DAVIS: Will you allow me to respond to some of the letters of inquiry I have received since the publication of my letter in the HERALD, dated January 7th? Oh, the earnest appeals from those brave patriotic hearts at home—how it would make my heart leap for joy to see them employed in the labors of love they so ardently desire—ministering to the sick soldiers in the army hospitals!

But, my earnest Sisters—you that are so situated as not to be able to go out into the exciting fields of labor in hospitals—let me say a word of encouragement to you, for I know from those touching letters that your hearts are growing faint, and often almost despairing, in the home-labors which tell so forcibly to the bodily as well as the spiritual comforts of those you have so cheerfully sent forth to battle in the glorious cause of liberty and justice.

Would that you could go with me through the long wards, and see the rows of cots and beds made luxuriant to the limbs that have so long repose on the damp ground by those cool sheets, those quilts and spreads; clean garments for the body, soft pillows for the heads so long accustomed to slumber upon knapsacks—most of which comforts your hands have made for them—those fruits, jellies, wines, and delicacies without number, that cool the fevered lips of our brave boys, brothers, sons, and fathers!

Do not weary at this hour, for in such a time as you least expect your reward may come. Let the blessings from those thousands of grateful hearts recompense you. When the mists of night seem thickening into unfathomable darkness, look for the dawning of a welcome light that shall bid the shadows flee away. As light is to darkness, so is truth to error. God has not forgotten the world, and from this national chaos he will bring forth order. The nation is pregnant with new principles and systems, which must be brought forth in agony; but Truth will conquer, and every new light brought into existence is worth a kingdom gained. And yet we selfishly cry, "Let the cup pass!"

I have almost murmured sometimes when I have closed the eyes of some brave boy of tender years, whose childish ways had won from me almost a mother's love; when I have cut from those silken locks the threads of his life, as it were, the last of all that was fair to look upon when that face is laid down out of our mortal sight; when I have tried to find words to tell that mother that her darling had given his young life to his country, then, oh! then, I have cried out in the bitterness of my heart: "Spare her grief!" Or when I saw three brothers, all of one family, pass into the future life in one week, I shuddered at the shock it must cause those doting parents. Can you wonder that I shrink from a duty that bids me say to the wife and mother: "Your dear one suffers no more, and the gray-haired father, wearied with watching, has sickened, and will never see another sun?" Oh, would I could say those scenes are rare! They are for me, as well as for others. They go as ambassadors to the Summer-Land, and we shall keep the trust they gave us; and when we plant our feet upon the Better Shore, their bands shall lead us to the emerald bowers beyond the surging tide.

Those who are dependent upon their exertions for a livelihood can have but little encouragement to go into southern hospitals, for Government has by a late act cut wages down to six dollars per month, which, at the enormous prices here, could not clothe one. It is hard to be refused when so much sympathy is felt, but there are so many applications that the surgeons are often embarrassed, and at times not entirely free from rudeness.

Letters to me will come more direct if sent to the regiment to which I belong (Thirty-second Wisconsin Volunteers, Infantry) and not to the Overton Hospital.

Hoping for the dawning of a better and a brighter day soon, I am yours, in the cause of Humanity and Justice, ADDIE M. BALLOU.

For the Herald of Progress.  
Is a Sunday-Law Constitutional?

EDITOR OF THE HERALD: My reason persuades me, from my interpretation of that sacred document, the Constitution of the United States, that a State law requiring a citizen to abstain from labor on Sunday, or the first day of the week, is inoperative or void. I have long been of this opinion, and have thought much upon it, especially since I saw it stated in the public prints that the Supreme Court of California had so held. But my attention was more immediately directed to this subject a Sunday or two ago by a circumstance that happened in which I was an active participant. I am engaged in wool-

growing and sheep-raising, and had rented a pasture some two miles from my residence, and had occasion to drive some dozen ewes and lambs to said pasture on the Lord's day.

(Query: Are not all days the Lord's?) and had, in order to reach it, to pass through a lane (a public highway) that crossed a brother Methodist's farm. Everything went on as well as usual, the sheep had no more objections to traveling than on any other day, the birds sang and flew from bough to branch, the pretty little lambs gamboled and romped, and their dams baaed lustily as if unsuspicious of their tender proteges might meet with harm, until we reached the house of our Pharisaical Methodist friend, who was just returning from an evening prayer-meeting, or some other innocent place we hope. Driving his buggy up behind me to within speaking distance he remarked:

"The tree is known by the fruit it bears?"

"Yes," I replied, "I suppose that is true."

"Well, do you think you are doing right in driving sheep on Sunday?" queried our Christian friend.

"I am doing no wrong that I am aware of," I replied.

"Yesterday was your day to work?"

"Six days shalt thou work, and the seventh keep holy."

"Well," said I, "if we take the Bible for a guide, yesterday was the day that we should have kept holy."

"Well, it don't matter," said he, "yesterday was your day to work."

"Well," said I, "do not you water your horses and feed them on Sunday?"

"Oh, yes," said he, "but that is a different thing."

All this time he was ungearing his horse, which he had been driving, as I remarked, on business or pleasure.

"Well," said I, "Mr. G.—the difference between us is, that you profess to keep but one day holy unto the Lord, whilst I endeavor to keep all days."

At that unthought-of expression my old Christian friend could smother his rage no longer, but bawled out,

"You are a son of a—"

"Well," I answered, "I oppose I can take the lie from a Christian, and passen out of

his hearing, still muttering his anger and expressing his fears that I would find a bed of

woe in some bottomless pit for driving a few

harmless sheep on a Sunday to pasture, where

they could satisfy their gnawing appetites

upon the rich green herbs which also impin

grow on Sunday.

I expected that he would put the law in

force against me, which I regret to say, dis

graces the statutes of Indiana. Had he done

so I should have carried the case to the high

est courts under the Constitution, simply to

show, as far as my influence would do so, that

this government was established alike for Jew

and Gentile, for Mahomedans as well as

Christians, for Atheists as well as those who

believe in a God. See Amendments to the Con

stitution, Article 1st:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an

establishment of religion or prohibiting the

free exercise thereof."

It is not an uncommon error among the

American people to think and call this a

Christian nation. Such is not the case under

the Constitution. And if the Legislature can

compel a citizen to abstain from work on one

day, it can enforce other religious observances,

and away goes our boasted religious freedom.

Verily freedom is yet, even "in the land of the

free," a much-abused term.

Yours, in the cause of freedom,

THOS. W. COOK.

For the Herald of Progress.

Treason.

"Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to raise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better."

\* \* \* Nor is this right confined to cases in which the people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize and may make their own of so much territory as they inhabit. More than this, a majority of any portion of such people may revolutionize, putting down a minority, intermingled with or near about them, who may oppose their movements."

I have seen the above published in several

papers as an extract from a speech delivered

by Abraham Lincoln, in the House of Repre

sentatives, at Washington, Jan. 12th, 1848,

reported officially for the *Congressional Globe*,

and to be found on page 94 of the Appendix

Debates, 1st session XXXth Congress."

Now the sentiments expressed in the above

extract are not "treason" to the law that

"might makes right," which is the law on

which our government is based—as the ma

jority shall rule, right or wrong; not only

rule themselves, but rule the minority also.

"This being the case, "true reformers," or

"God's holy prophets," being always in the

minority, are compelled to rely on reason or

"moral suasion" exclusively, and are always

"stoned" by the "multitude" (majority) who

do not see the light, which they, the pro

phets, do.

But to return to the speech of Mr. Lincoln

as above quoted. According to that, if the

"South" can maintain its independence of the

"North," it should be independent; and fur

ther, if it can subjugate a few of the "Border States" "near about" it, it "has the right" to do so.

When Mr. Lincoln uttered that speech, he

may have been contemplating the possibility

of some of the Free States withdrawing from

the "Union," or he may have been con

templating a rising of the slaves of the

United States, or he may have been con

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and you shall see her. One may show their treasures to their friends, may they not? You will find her true metal—a jeweled poniard! Ha! ha! ha!—that's a capital idea—a jeweled poniard!"

His whole appearance and bearing while thus speaking was so foreign to the Kneeland I had known in his student-days, that, for a moment, I could not resist the fantasy that some other spirit than his own had possession of him; for it seemed impossible that even his mobile features could produce an expression so satirical and fiendish as darkened his countenance at the time.

I could not understand him; he certainly seemed averse to this marriage; so I inferred from his remarks; then wherein lay the necessity for it? Perhaps he had wronged the lady, and wished to quiet her conscience at the expense of his happiness; or perhaps they did not agree in sentiment. I resolved to obtain light on this question; accordingly, I asked:

"Is the lady agreeable?"

"Oh, yes," said he, elevating his eyebrows and stretching himself in his chair, "she is agreeable—very."

"Her position in society is, of course, questionable," I continued, cautiously—presume she will advance your views—respects. How about your school-plan? she approve of that?"

"Approval of what?"

turning so quickly, nearly upset his chair, and ringing even the school-bells.

"I am sorry, but I have no time to go to the chart for opening my school. I do so that among the

other things, you have taken the trouble to make me do—make me do what I am interested in all mat-

ters concerned me, as well as naturally in all matters concerned in all you are regarding my fu-

ture, turning so quickly, nearly upset his chair, and ringing even the school-bells.

"After a pause, "you were right, so far as regards me. None other of my friends have done—I make no secret of it, as we are interested in all mat-

ters concerned me, as well as naturally in all you are regarding my fu-

ture, turning so quickly, nearly upset his chair, and ringing even the school-bells.

"Do tell me something more about this romantic affair," I urged, seeing him about to sink into his customary abstractive mood. "I never supposed you would be willing to become any woman's second love."

"As for that," he answered, "as far as regards her husband, I am morally certain I am the first. Mr. Steinhart was not a man likely to gain any woman's affection. How could he, the mean, despotic German Jew! I suppose Agatha married him for his wealth, for though a learned and deep scholar, I do not think his wisdom alone could have tempted her to unite herself to one so disagreeable in person and manners as was he. I always avoided him when possible, for I loathed the sight of him. In appearance he was old—too old for her—and hideously wrinkled; yet his light hair was unchanged in color and silken as a child's. He walked with a cane, for his limbs were shrunken and deformed. His head was massive. His features—not strikingly Jewish—were repulsive in expression and furnished with a pair of evil-blue eyes, with heavy lids, those red, inflamed rims, looked out from under thick light eyelashes with a disgusting power of making themselves remembered. Ugh! he was an unbearable creature! How any wife could exist with him for a day is to me a mystery. I do not wonder his widow wished to get out of the house directly after his death, though I wish to heaven I had not come into it, for the old scoundrel's soul seems to have entered the very walls he built, ha! ha! He must have possessed a strong individuality—don't you think so?" Sidney's eyes were not looking at me as he asked this question, but were turned dreamily toward the river, wandering gloomily among the shadows of the trees, which in dense masses covered the banks.

Recovering himself, he continued: "This man, so repulsive, had a daughter as beautiful as Aurora—a fresh, gentle, innocent beauty. It was she who attracted my fancy at first—not her step-mother, Agatha. I do not know that I fell in love at first sight, but I felt very much like it. There was an infantile, trancelike purity upon her young face, and a loving trustfulness in her sweet eyes and on her lips, that could not fail to attract one so desolate as I. As I had understood gentlemen were not permitted to visit the house, my first calls were made on the plea of business; yet somehow the old Israelite did not forbid me access to his mansion according to his usual custom. Perhaps his Jewish appetite respected my fortune, which you know is considerable; or perhaps it was Mrs. Steinhart's good management that obtained for me this favor. She is not a stupid woman, and was perchance even at that time less averse to my presence than I then thought. It may have been a wary complaisance to her husband's jealous eye that caused her to treat me for awhile in a manner galling to my self-love. However that may be, she thought best to assume toward me a condescending yet distant air during the first period of our acquaintance. She appeared secretly amused with my admiration for Rose, and, while engaged at her embroidery, would quietly watch us, as any grown-up person

might watch the love-making of mere children. And, though I am her senior, she would look up from her books or work when I addressed her, as if I were some petty schoolboy, whose trite remarks, though annoying and wearisome, must yet, from courtesy, receive some little attention.

"Mr. Steinhart, who at first regularly entered the apartment, book in hand, when I made my calls, appeared exceedingly to enjoy his wife's conduct toward me and my discomfiture therewith. I suppose he was so well satisfied with her power to tame my boyish sufficiency that he concluded not to trouble himself further about my aspirations, for after a time he withdrew altogether his hateful presence from our midst.

"Mrs. Steinhart's behavior piqued me, somewhat, more than it should have done considering that I imagined myself to be deeply in love with her step-daughter. It was natural that I should desire to gain the good opinion of a woman so superior in all respects to the generality of her sex as Mrs. Steinhart; yet even in that view of the case I could scarcely account to myself for the nervous anxiety I felt in proving to her that I was her compeer, and "determination to make her understand that I was to be treated as a youth simply because I was viewed in that light.

I grew more intimate with the family released from the surveillance of the master, and in those times when this removed me from her proud, repressive address, she addressed me with a gracious smile, rendered from its frankness. On those nights

Rose—a face of darker hue, lower overshadowed her innocence. I do not know that Mrs. Steinhart possesses any supernatural gifts—she has a power, and you will feel it when you meet her, of creating an aura around her, and at her will, which intoxicates and forces the person to whom it is directed to feel irresistibly bound to her.

"I remained in the neighborhood, visiting the family as frequently as possible, for four months. At the end of that time I was called away on business. Fearing that I should be detained some time, and having resolved on marrying Rose, whom I loved with at least one part of my nature, beside I knew that she was gentle and suitable in every way for a clergyman's wife—for I had not then abandoned my ideal scheme, though I waveringly considered in my faith—I came to a determination to settle my fate before leaving, and with this view addressed a note to Rose, informing her of my intended absence and requesting an interview the next morning.

"I called as I had appointed. Anxiously I waited, minute after minute for her appearance, until I am sure half an hour elapsed, dampening enough to the eager heart of love. While I thus waited, impatiently walking the apartment, a presentiment which had beset me for some time—that not Rose but Agatha was to my fate—grew into a certainty. Latterly there had appeared to be some fatality connected with my attachment for Rose—something separating and thwarting every effort I made to grow nearer to her—something dis-solving the elements when they appeared most favorable to unite.

"The presence of Rose was very pleasing to me. I loved to be near her; the touch even of her soft garments filled me with a quiet warmth, a Sabbath-like, summery sensation; while Mrs. Steinhart, though she entered, never impelled me to a close proximity; yet if she spoke, if she poured forth her sublime thoughts in language, I forgot Rose, forgot that love, forgot all but Agatha's marvelous eloquence, felt only her impassioned being approaching nearer and nearer to my own unmented nature.

"Filled with reflections such as these, I was not surprised to see Mrs. Steinhart enter the room alone—was not even astonished when she told me that Rose was from home. She had been called that morning to visit a friend several miles back in the country. "She received your note, sir," said this amiable woman, and left me to make the necessary apologies. "Do not feel grieved, my dear friend," she continued, laying her lovely hand upon my shoulder and speaking in a softly sympathetic tone, for I suppose she read my unspoken feelings in my countenance; "Rose is a mere child in sensibility, and could not possibly consider how deeply one of your ardent poetic temperament would feel even a short separation unless cheered by the parting smile of the one you loved, otherwise she would have written a few consoling words to you."

"A curious spiritual perception of the artifices of the woman before me came over me as she spoke. I felt sure then that Rose, if she had not been so completely under her step-mother's will, would have seen me. I realized what before I had scarcely dared to suspect, that Mrs. Steinhart desired to attract my love away from Rose to herself. And yet I took pleasure in thinking so: it was delicious to my pride to think that this might be the case.

"Encompassed by this lady's soft, winning cordiality, beguiled by her tender friendliness of manner, I ceased to think of my disappointment. Her fascinating voice assumed a confidential tone as she spoke of her step-daughter:

"You admire Rose, Mr. Kneeland," she ob-

served, "and she deserves your admiration, for she is beautiful; but you mislead yourself if you imagine that you love her. You mistake me a condescending yet distant air during the first period of our acquaintance. She appeared secretly amused with my admiration for Rose, and, while engaged at her embroidery, would quietly watch us, as any grown-up person

call forth her brightest qualities, such as please you; but her heart, if she have one, is untouched. I do not think that she inherits, unmixed with warmer sensations, her father's phlegmatic temperament; but have you not discovered somewhat of the German stolidity of character about her? God forbid, sir!" she continued, trembling with uncontrollable emotion, that you should be misled and endure as miserable a married life as I have borne! What a warm, impassioned heart, suffers bound to one stone and immovable as that to which my young life has been yoked; may your true heart never know!"

"Do you wonder, Saxon, when I saw the great drops of agony falling from those eyes usually so grand in their dark, proud strength, actually I felt like clasping her to my heart and telling her that *there was sympathy and warmth for her, if nowhere else in the world?*

"I was absent several months. Just five days before my return Ephraim Steinhart was found drowned under the willow at the foot of his own garden. It was an accidental death, of course! He went too near the water's edge at night, when the tide was high and the inmates of his mansion asleep.

"Yes, he slept; Agatha slept—so did Rose—of course they did!" As he pronounced these words the expression of his countenance was problematical; he seemed rather to be thinking aloud in a skeptical way. He pursued his theme:

"Rose became as nothing to me after this. Agatha usurped her place, completely filling my thoughts and imagination, if not my heart. Life wore a new aspect. My mind, coming in contact with her, so far-reaching, so deeply-searching, gained new powers. How paltry appeared all my previous investigations! I had but taken a peep into the strange mysteries of existence, and in my ignorance had supposed the depth fathomed!

"We read together in those days; she produced strange subtle books, the like of which my college-scholars had never shown me. In these, I beheld all that I had previously reverently disdained; its rotteness brought to light, its malformation revealed. We would converse for hours at such times; that is, she would talk, and I listen, on the mysteries of the human organism; on the origin of creeds, social laws, theology, and kindred subjects.

"You tell me there is a God, Sidney," said she to me one day, in answer to my inquiry whether she were an Atheist in belief; "you tell me there is a God. It may be so; but he is not the God of Church or State. The pulpit in its highest flights never crosses his orbit; the law in its most just decisions takes not council with him. What one calls crime is only an excess of what another calls virtue. By whose standard, think you, does this Supreme Being decide the case?" Are not you, with your gold and your estates, a robber as truly as the prisoner in his jail? The little street-children, whose blasphemous, ribald chatter you would once in your narrow views have forced into another channel, only speak out that which you secretly act. Their oaths are mere words, deemed sacred when issuing from priestly lips. Are they not simply a combination of letters, which, in another language, could have been uttered with impunity? Shall we make heathens of ourselves and worship a word? Shall we how abjectly before the three-lettered G-O-D? How know we what will prove distasteful to that unknown Intelligence? Enlightened Christendom cannot answer the question. How should it—does not each mind create a Deity in accordance with its own development? By whose rule, then, shall we judge of crime? Shall we take that great war-god, the Old-Testament Jehovah, or the Christ of the New? Are not the weak always condemned, while the strong go free? Is not the mother who leaves her newborn babe to perish on the pave more guilty than he who started its unwelcome life into being? Yet, shall we censure him? Who gave him those passions? What unseen Beings pass different judgment on man from brute? Talk of noble men, of angelic women, boast of great intellects, of quick discerners between right and wrong, but if this omnipresent Intelligence judges the inmost thoughts as your law judges the outward action, then are they, your types of human perfection, as deserving of punishment as those you brand as criminals!

"Are you surprised, Saxon, that, with such an instructress, I became bewildered? Do you wonder that what I had once revered sank beneath my level? Is it surprising that right and wrong became to be no longer realities to me? I had been drugged—custom, society, church, and school, had each tendered me an opiate. I might have ended my days under their influence had not Agatha supplied an antidote. I awoke from my lethargy, as you find me, bewildered by the new ideas, new theories, new truths, unavailed to my view."

"She must be an extraordinary woman, to have produced such an effect upon you," I observed; "but how is it you appear to be only fascinated by her—you do not really love her, I judge, and at times speak as though you yourself thought her creed dangerous, her moral code unsound?"

"Yes, it is so," he answered; "I own that I do get into such a state of doubt sometimes; then I absent myself from her for days; but I become restless under the separation, and am driven back again. It is now three weeks since I have seen her. She is acquainted with my mood, and does not disturb it by letter or sign of life. She knows I will return as sure as Pluto to his region! Do you know?" said he, turning his eye quickly upon me, "I question sometimes whether she be mortal woman—perhaps she is one of the Lamia, or an en-

chantress, and will destroy me as she may have others, after she has drawn me to her embrace! But, nonsense! there are none such women now-a-days as those we in our student-dreams animated with life from our mythology. But human nature is incomprehensible as that of the myths! and I defy any man not to be ensnared by that woman, enchantress or not; and if she destroy my soul, where is its Creator that he does not look after it? Why did he make it capable of being destroyed? Oh, it is all a farce! good and bad are movable points—it's the remnant of the old nursery poison that makes me shrink from her as I do, now and then. I find that though I no longer dread crime abstractly, I have the same horror that I ever had of being brought in contact with it!"

"But, why?" I asked, "allude to crime in connection with her? Has she been guilty of any criminal or dishonorable act?"

"I have not said that she had," replied he, curiously, "neither do I know such to be the case. She is my wife now. If a woman should risk her soul for you, my friend, would you feel? would you not feel bound?"—and he clenched my arm excitedly—"bound as I, in spirit as well as by word?"

Just before nightfall we walked out together to view the grounds. I wished to get sight of the river; but at first Sidney seemed to avoid its vicinity, giving as a reason that there was but one path leading thereto, and that so narrow and intricate it was difficult of access. But on my urging that the difficulties could be no hindrance to me, he acquiesced, and shaped our course in that direction.

Behind the rear of the villa, which was of an eccentric, irregular form of architecture, a garden was spread; it was planted with most rare and costly flowering plants, chosen with unusual taste and discretion. And now, in early fall, the beds were showy with their many varieties of gaily-colored autumnal flowers. From this garden the ground beyond—which was partially separated from it by an hedge—sloped in rugged descents, and here and there steps, or short grass-grown terraces, were cut in the earth, leading by steeper falls to the river's bank. The natural surface of the ground had not been destroyed by the original owner of the soil; he had obviously studied to leave it as he found it; and, indeed, he had seemingly designed to enhance the wildness of the spot by planting it with heavy, grotesque trees, towering in all the grandeur of the Black Forest, intermingling with others, dark, bleak, and stunted. Blue-black cypress and cedar, holly, pine, spruce, and fir, of every variety, shadowed the ground. Heavy rocks broke in upon our path, which seemed constructed purposely to bewilder any foot long familiar with its treadings.

"I hate this side of the estate," broke in the voice of Mr. Kneeland, after a long silence; "I actually detest it. What infernal itchings led you to desire to walk hither? Look at that giant willow, sweeping over the embankment, dripping, dripping its weary branches over the water and over the land—bending so low and gathering so close, as if to screen some terrible secret—like damp hair, streaming over shoulder and breast, hiding the secret of the pale drowned babe beneath! Ugh! it makes me shudder—it chills me!"

And surely it struck me with a sensation something akin to feelings he expressed. There was a speaking gloom under and around it, actually affecting my healthy nerves.

"Here," said he, as he drew the branches aside, "here the tide rises at times to a level with the bank, wetting these long green withes. It is a magnificent sight; I behold it once on a moonlight night; when I could not sleep, I stole down here in my restlessness, and it seemed as though the water laving this wild spot, lapping so high that I could splash in it with my hands as I lay stretched beneath this tree—it was to me as though I, the water, and this weeping willow, were all one—one incomprehensible unit, connected by some strange affinity, floating, floating to eternity. One could easily rid themselves of an incubus here without being detected. I could steal softly beside you, my unguarded friend, when the tide was up, and hurry you in. Hark! oh, what was that? Did you hear that sound?" exclaimed he, suddenly breaking in upon his own terribly suggestive remarks.

I heard a long-drawn, inarticulate moan; I did not wonder it had startled him—that almost human tone; but I had heard the wind before bear a similar respiration, and told him it was only that driving through rocky crevices and groaning under the willow's heavy branches.

"It may be," he replied, "but I have heard it before—once when no air was stirring, in the still midnight; then its lamentable voice took such hold upon my heart that I have not yet recovered from the shock. But now, with you here, it has no such fearful import. I do believe, that, if you would stay with me a while, I should grow strong and like myself again.

"I have become nerveless, superstitious, and irascible—living solitary in that grim, old, lonely house. Do stay with me, Saxon, until after my marriage. I must get rid of these horrid fancies before that day."

"Why, Sidney, you are changed," said I, scanning his countenance. It had altered since our college days. Time changes, but his touch leaves no such lines as his face wore. The loss of friends transforms, but never as he was transformed. His cheeks, though never round of flesh, owned no such hollows as they now presented. His full, brown eyes, though heavy with poetic thought, betrayed no such hue of haunted melancholy as now troubled their dark depths, gazing at one with an unearthly light, as if some spirit

from an unattainable distance looked out, making you uneasy with its secret knowledge. His hair, which was wont to be the envy of his college-mates, when its shining masses gathered about his head in living abandon, now hung listless and as dead-life shone in them no longer, no animation now lifted the flattened curls. His beautiful mouth, ever sad, was now distressingly hopeless in its expression. His form had lost its elasticity—buoyancy and youth had departed from him ere he had reached his prime!

"Sidney," said I, after inspecting him for a time, "this place is killing you; you must leave this miasmic abode." He smiled a sad smile and shook his head sorrowfully.

Then and afterward he besought me so earnestly not to leave him until after the marriage was consummated that I consented to remain.

I disliked Agatha Steinhart, his bride elect, at our first meeting. Her wonderful beauty affected me disagreeably. Her large, lustrous eyes, possessed an iron sharpness, a metallic brilliancy in their glance, which I found peculiarly unpleasant, rendering me restless and annoyed under their influence. There was a subtle, plotting expression in their dark, proud depths, a treacherous sleepiness vailed in the long, sweeping eyelashes, which affected me strangely; and yet when I would have avoided them I seemed impelled to follow their every movement. The night following our first interview I dreamed of that iron couch devised by some ingenious torturer, over whose murderous trestle hung the drapery whose rich folds were to beguile the victim to repose, only that the deadly framework might descend with crushing weight upon the doomed occupant beneath. Somehow, in the curious manner in which in our sleep the most impossible things are brought to appear natural, this instrument of the inquisition bore a close relation to Mrs. Steinhart's eye.

She was a noticeable, intellectually-looking woman. Her physiognomy betokened a resolute, unbending character, vailed though it was by delicacy, exquisite finish, and grace of outline. No soft pleading could come between her and her iron purpose; no compromise on the score of tender feeling—so I read in her straight, jetty eyebrows, in her smooth, composed front, in her long, oval face, like pale-olive marble. She was small of stature, of delicate, well-knit muscles, and artistic, pleasing form, though lacking fullness—for she was compressed in form and feature. Yet, within, she was endowed with a grace marvellously entralling. But it was not a buoyant grace, not a careless, expansive movement, but the expression of a devising, artful nature—a serpent-like undulation. Her teeth were perfect, of a long shape, and when her thin lips parted over them, their very whiteness turned the smile into something satyr-like.

But I soon acknowledged her influence. Ere many interviews I became fascinated with her brilliant society; and if I had not been so interested in watching the effect of the betrothed on each other, I believe I should shortly have become a tool in her magnetic grasp as was Sidney Kneeland.

It was strange that when out of her presence he could analyze her defects, mark out dispassionately each ugly point in her character, at times showing me that he despised and hated almost every particular of her singular nature. Yet when with her he was as sure as bird beneath the eye of a serpent; no garlanded lamb ever bent more gently to the hand which held the fatal knife than he!

I urged him again and again to break off the engagement, or at least postpone it for a time and take a trip with me to some distant city, hoping by this means to sever the magnetic chain which bound him to her, for a union between them appeared to me worse than suicidal; but he shook his head gloomily to my reiterated request, and answered:

"I am bound, I am bound."

The night previous to the one on which the nuptials were to take place, Sidney entered my room.

"Saxon," said he, solemnly drawing his chair up to the table by which I was sitting, "I want you to promise if any misfortune should happen to me that you shall see that my will is fulfilled and this fatal house is destroyed as I have desired it should be—this inheritance of evil shall fail to no other human being with my permission. Do you know I believe dwellings which evil-disposed persons have inhabited carry within their very walls the essence of those evil thoughts and deeds, and that future residents, however good or pure they may be, are inoculated therewith! You yourself feel the baneful atmosphere of this house; and if you remained here long your good would

sue to break off the match. As I was intently thinking, with my eyes directed toward the window, which stood open, suddenly there appeared in the darkened space outside a nebulous looking mass in form like an old man. The shape eyeing us beckoned solemnly with its hand toward the river, then retreated slowly in that direction with its face toward us—beckoning all the while. The sweat stood heavy upon my brow; I turned to Sidney; his eyes were set, glaring, he looked like a person in fit or trance. I shook off my nervousness, and going to the side-board returned with a glass of wine, which I placed to his lips. He gasped a despairing sigh, and as he drank our eyes met, and I knew by his glance that this was not the first visitation.

"I shall not leave you to-night, Sidney," said I; "wherever you sleep I intend to sleep."

"As you please," said he. "I will remain here."

We sat together without further conversation—he moody and abstracted, I thoughtful and watchful; but at length sleep must have overcome me. When I again returned to consciousness, Sidney was nowhere to be seen. I walked to the piazza and looked out—a few stars were yet shining, but in the east the morning was breaking.

"Where can he be?" I murmured to myself, shivering the while, for the early air was moist and chill. I waited some time, but finding he did not return I went out and aroused John, the man-servant. We searched the house for him without success.

"He may have strolled down to the river," said John, "he often does that thing;" and he led the way down the rugged-by-path to the river. I followed him with assumed self-possession, picking my way silently in the gray morning light. The branches of the giant willow were swaying in the fresh breeze with a solemn motion as we neared the spot where he and I had stood when we were startled by the supernatural moan the first night of my arrival; but now I held my breath, for something more appalling than that met my affrighted senses. Something lay helpless in the water near the bank—a lifeless body bobbing up and down with the tide! His face was turned downward, his long, beautiful hair, streamed out upon the retreating water; long grasses and withes of willow partially screened the dead. It was Sidney Kneeland. The avenging specter had accomplished its purpose. Lured and ensnared, its victim had sought refuge beneath the fateful willow.

My unhappy narrative hastens to its conclusion.

Agatha Steinhart entered a convent, and if penance and self-abnegation will exorcise an evil spirit, she is regenerated.

An avenging fate ordained that the last wish of my unfortunate friend should be gratified. In that memorable storm which shortly after his death swept the face of the country, destroying and uprooting the labor of years in its fell course, the gray-stone mansion of Willow Bend was struck by lightning. The current of electricity communicated with its laboratory, in which was stored inflammable chemicals and gases. In the terrific explosion which followed, the walls of the condemned house were rent, flames spread from attic to cellar, destruction exercised her full bent!

To-day a railway runs through the once quaint and beautiful garden, weary travelers refresh themselves on the spot where stood the fatal house, and the snoring of the iron-horse drowns the wail of the weeping willow. Justice is satisfied.

Progress, with her cleansing, reconstructing hand, is rapidly destroying every vestige of evil.

### Sight and Insight.

For the Herald of Progress.

### The Cry of the Human.

BY LORETTA MANN.

"Know thyself!" This is the only knowledge worth striving after. At an outside glance this would seem an unreasonable assertion. Yet, rightly understood, it is true. Man has been called a microcosm. But though the whole lower creation can be mirrored through him, yet, above this, there are elements in his nature which cannot be reflected back again, and he must look upward for a translation of himself in part. Everything bears marks of growth by development—an ascension from the lower to the higher—and the lowest round of the ladder is as necessary as the highest. Individually, we are people of "one idea." We have our "hobbies." Hence our inability to take in a thought in all its various bearings. On this account the idea of the soul has been horribly mutilated and stripped of its human characteristics, till it is almost reduced to an abstract nothing. But while man, through his veneration and aspirations, has been looking upward only for the required knowledge, he has been building a broad and enduring foundation in the material world. Has love of matter induced all his research into Nature's forces and analysis and classification of substances? These are transient, and his abiding place among them is short. What the motives of life are is sometimes difficult to tell, but they all subserve the one great end. Directly or indirectly all things are for man, and his knowledge of them but as the alphabet by which to learn himself.

External observers, who look only at the phenomena of humanity, censure severely on the one hand and deeply pity on the other. The cry of humanity goes up all about us, say they, and we should heed it. But in their

blindness they translate it as a call for sympathy merely. When we look deeper into the characteristics of mind, and behold the forces and social attractions that bind men together—feel our own connection in the great chain of being—there is yet a something in our natures that asserts its independence and supremacy over all these—something that would walk alone, that would go on to perfection; which leads us to conclude that the cry of the human is not all to the human. We are all dependent upon each other. Yet there are hours when every one can find a support in his own soul which he can find no where else. This should prompt us to develop our own individuality. A lack of this causes more misery in the world than anything else. Individuals, even in their most intimate relations, do not build upon their own foundation. The motto is, "I'll love you if you'll love me." Humanity is weak and falls, and with it go all those who build upon it as their chief corner-stone. The man who thinks, acts, and loves on his own responsibility, is the only really strong man. And though those he has loved may desert him, yet he will not feel crushed, for he feels he has loved, independent of results, upon pure principle. I do not object to association. But when the soul's highest interests are hung upon another, then I am looking for a crash. The only stronghold where we can stand unshaken is in ourselves. The more we are established in it, the truer will our love be, and bless and strengthen those who come under its influence.

Nothing has staid the progress of man in his search after truth. It is the all-absorbing idea of the race. The question from time immemorial has been, "What relations do I and shall I bear to others and myself?" And neither intervening seas, earthquakes, cold, nor all the elements combined, have been able to crush out this aspiration. But the march of civilization has been onward. Man is not satisfied with expediency. The principle of Use is not the highest that controls him. A guarantee of protection, whether from man or his Creator, does not fully satisfy him. In accordance with this, he has questioned governments and institutions of all kinds, whether of a religious or social nature. If in his ignorance he has fought hand to hand with his Brother, do not wholly condemn him, for love of truth has been the motive power. Call not that spirit arrogant and self-willed that will not compromise its highest ideas with anything in the universe. In the soul of every one there is a call to some extent for the living principle of truth, instead of transient physical facts. Facts are blunders. By them some are swamped in excessive credulity, others in excessive disbelief. When a man answers, "I believe because the evidence is within myself," and not "because it is recorded thus," he is approaching nearer the living principle of truth.

We often look upon our life-experience as hard, and think we are called to suffer unjustly, by reason of our failing to take an intelligent view of cause and effect. The means and ends cannot be separated. Cause and effect harmonize. They walk hand in hand, instead of the one following after the other, as is the generally-received notion. Every act leaves its fossil remains: and the same facts will be translated differently by different ages. There is no such thing as a retreat. We cannot put plans in operation and then forsake them. Projects are but thoughts. Thoughts are ever-enduring and productive, and will bring forth their fruits. We often sow seed that brings forth a harvest which we did not expect—are often praised for our moral courage in bearing loads, which, had we known would have been the result, we should have shrank from the path that brought the burden. Thoughts are often sown in weakness, nourished and established upon earth through trial and persecution, and bring forth a rich and abundant harvest for the good of all. Revolution and agitation hardly ever bring about the ends for which the people work and hope. They bring better. To our minds there is a sort of mystery enveloping the man who can die for his opinions. It seems strange to us how he can make the decision in his mind to speak his thoughts and give his life for them. Perhaps even in the case of martyrs, they were sowing what they did not expect to reap, but when the appointed time came strength was given.

The cry of humanity to every individual is, "Be all that you can." The interests of humanity are common, and no one can violate his own nature and do justice to his Brother. The philosophical conscience cannot be silenced by saying, "None is the loser but myself." Learned men must begin to let the multitude know their inmost thoughts. The apology that they are not prepared for them, or cannot understand them, will not last much longer. We complain of the Catholic priests because they appeal more to the fear and superstition of the mass of their Church than to their higher feelings. We say the priest himself knows better, is not the same principle carried out elsewhere? Do we not have men, who, in their zeal for the promulgation of certain things they esteem as true, hesitate to speak of all the conditions on which their belief rests, fearing that the multitude will not rightly apprehend them? Let us have the whole truth. And though some may be led astray by its apparent intricacy, eventually the world will rest upon a surer foundation. All reformers who do not preach the whole truth lay the necessity for a coming revolution. In the infancy of our Government many of the leading men saw the error of allowing slavery a foothold. But in presentation of the whole truth they feared the leading truth might be lost, viz., the necessity for a republic. So a

one-sided state of things has grown up among us. Every one knows at what a cost an equilibrium is being made.

As yet humanity has hardly had a representative of itself. The possible of the world has not yet been attained. The race call for a development of their finer powers, that transcend the grosser elements and make distance quick as thought, thus giving a free communication between mind and mind, so that they may learn upon what principle their relation to each other rests. Demand and supply are equal. The cry of the human—the aspirations of the soul—will be met; and each one may set down his hopes and wishes as so many facts.

Rome, June 29, 1863.

### Rights of Human Nature.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

### Cruelty to Slaves.

EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS: In your paper of June 20th I read an extract from the Louisiana correspondence of the New York Daily Times, narrating the horrible cruelties practiced upon poor slaves in that region. I know that such inhuman deeds as he records will not be accredited as truthful by multitudes of people without full and definite corroboration or the testimony of numerous witnesses. Atrocities so intensely fiendish, perpetrated upon helpless and friendless human beings, both male and female, and perpetrated and connived at by a people boastful of their natural nobleness, honor, chivalry, and magnanimity, are too much for ordinary credulity unless supported by accumulated and intelligent testimony. But from what I have seen and heard during a residence (or wanderings) of about fifteen years in the South-West, I have no doubt whatever that the account is literally true.

I was at the house of a planter, about seven years ago, in Carroll Parish, La., on Bayou Maçon (pronounced "Byo Mason,") where a negro man was whipped and burned to death only a few days previously. I forgot the planter's name, but it was not many miles from the Arkansas line, and about seven or eight miles west of the Mississippi River, on what are called the Bayou Maçon Hills. The "poy" (an all male negroes are called, regardless of age,) was a young fellow some twenty years of age. I think he had recently been placed under the overseer, and did not like him or his new master, or something of that kind. The master ordered the overseer to whip him till he was submissive. The negro at first made some slight resistance, or tried to foil the overseer in the attempt in some way. This enraged the master so that he ordered him to be tied, and prolonged and severe whipping administered. The overseer, according to the statements of neighbors who witnessed the proceedings, *whipped the negro for about two days*. He then refused to whip him any more, and for this refusal he was immediately discharged from service. The master now took the whipping in hand himself. He had the negro tied up by his wrists to a limb, and inflicted the severest lashings with a rawhide on the naked flesh. (The whipping of slaves is almost invariably done upon the naked skin.) This was repeated and kept up till the slave was no longer conscious. He was dying. His master then cut him down, and pretending to believe the negro was "playing possum," he turned his face downwards, and, ordering some straw, he *burned it upon his naked back*, to "make him feel," but it was too late for that sort of sport to succeed—the poor victim expired with the fire on his back.

A young white woman who was recently a member of our family, and who was born and raised not very far from Harper's Ferry, Va., knew an old woman in her childhood, who lived in that neighborhood, who owned a number of slaves, and whom this girl was always afraid to meet with, on account of her cruelty to them. On one occasion she inflicted the following savage and diabolical wrong upon one of her black women: She took an iron poker, heated red-hot, and, causing the victim to be stripped and held by other slaves, she introduced the hot iron into the anus of the slave, who died the next day from the injury. This was told to my wife some time ago by the young woman above referred to. After reading to my wife the account in the HERALD OF PROGRESS, she mentioned it to me as illustrating the truthfulness of that account.

The same year that the first case happened in Louisiana, I owned a flatboat, fitted up for the purpose of taking daguerreotypes and descending the Mississippi River. One Sunday, lying at a landing on the Mississippi shore, in Bolivia County, some-half a dozen overseers collected on the boat and remained several hours, talking over plantation affairs, &c.

The conversation drifted from one thing to another, until the subject of—I don't know what name to give it but *Diabolism*—was the topic—the maiming, crippling, and killing of negroes. I never had heard such a recital of floggings, tragedies, and barbarities, as these men confessed themselves guilty of. In place of appearing to feel badly about what they had done, they seemed rather to boast of it; each seemed pleased to tell of some encounters with negroes more desperate than the others. The author of Nature in the works of Nature has attained his ends. Now, it is not at all difficult to point out what I think are striking instances of this truth—that man in all periods has derived his most valuable inventions from the observation of Nature. I believe there was a time when it was desired for an im-

portant purpose connected with the population on the banks of the river Clyde, to introduce pipes of a particular description under that river. The man who solved that difficulty, I believe, was no less a man than James Watt. And how did he solve that difficulty? Why, it is upon record that he solved that difficulty by learning how to construct the pipes to get water under the Clyde from observing the construction of the shell of a lobster. Well, now, ladies and gentlemen, we often hear of the part which is performed by lobsters on certain occasions, chiefly festive and convivial occasions. I must say, as far as I know, we often hear of mischief resulting from a too free observation of lobsters upon those occasions; but Mr. Watt observed his lobster to some purpose, and he learnt from the construction of its shell a great mechanical secret, which he applied to the solution of an important problem for the comfort and well-being of his fellow citizens. Sir Isambard Brunel, in placing the Thames tunnel, took his lesson from a very insignificant personage, and yet a personage wise enough to teach him more than he had known before—I mean that personage whom we know by the name of the earth for it was the manner in which he, I believe, the earth that suggested to Brunel the idea of making that very remarkable tunnel, with his assistance.

SLANDER AND PLOW.

the broad truth—  
vation of Na-  
of scientific  
back to

the ear, the wheel, and  
of the inventions is so  
in the darkness of sci-  
that man in his infan-  
servations of Nature, o  
has not told all nor a  
secrets. She has a great  
the benefit of those who co  
now, I believe there is little  
from such considerations of in  
as can be brought to bear upon  
that the car—that instrument be  
passed from one continent to another, a pro  
from one island to another, a pre  
wise impossible—that the car is  
learned from the motion of the wing  
in cleaving the air. How came the  
I believe the wheel was learned from ob  
ing the circular motion of certain birds  
particularly of one description of hawk  
in its flight—a description of hawk, whi  
the Greek tongue, still bears the name  
which our word "circle" is derived. We,  
then, thirdly, I come to the plow. Now I must  
confess I think it is a question of great interest  
to know how it was or how it probably could  
have been that man should have been directed  
to the use of that most valuable instrument,  
the plow; because, if we consider ourselves  
in a primitive condition, it is by no means a  
simple or obvious matter. One would think  
that a man, beginning with the use of his  
hands, and with the use of some simple form of  
instrument, was a long way from the idea of  
the plow, which is rather an artificial forma  
tion, and supplies the double motion of direc  
tion from behind, traction from before, and  
then again, a somewhat complex form of in  
strument. Gentlemen, I am not presuming to  
dogmatize, but I do believe that the most  
probable account that can be given of the  
invention of the plow is this, that it was  
founded upon an observation which perhaps  
may excite your mirth—upon the observation  
of that which is done by a very humble but  
useful animal—by the snout of the pig. If  
you will take the opportunity of observing the  
action of the pig when he gets upon the turf  
with his snout free, and when he has a mind  
to plow, you will soon perceive that he is an  
excellent plowman. I don't mean to say that  
he runs his furrows quite as straight as it is  
desirable that the human plowman should;  
but the idea of turning up the ground, which  
was what man soon found was necessary in  
order to bring in action the power of the at  
mosphere, and make it fertile for his purposes,  
is an idea the pig fully understands, and when  
he is free from the ring that annoys him he  
constantly puts it into practice.

### The Teachings of Nature.

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

### Gladstone on Nature and Art.

At the opening of the Liverpool School of Science, Mr. Gladstone, M. P., certainly the most learned and eloquent member of the House of Commons, made a speech, from which we select the following paragraphs as eminently suited to our columns:

### RAILROADS

My honorable friend, the President of the British Association, Mr. W. Fairbairn, in his oration befitting his position, described the progress by the number of the pounds of pressure on the square inch. I will venture to refer to another mode of illustration, more familiar to us all, even if not so strictly accurate or profound—namely, the number of miles that we travel in the hour. Now, sir, I would recommend those who wish to measure practically the advancement of the kind we are now describing in this country to take the pains to read the evidence which was given by the elder Mr. Stephenson before the first committee of the House of Commons, which was appointed to consider the first bill for the purpose of making a railway from Liverpool to Manchester. When that gentleman appeared as a witness in the face of able and learned men, whose business it was to convict him of being a mere dreamer and enthusiast, he judiciously avoided stating what, perhaps, his prophetic spirit had divined of the great results that were about to be achieved; and I think that when Mr. Stephenson was asked at what rate it was probable that a locomotive engine would carry passengers along that railway, he judiciously confined himself to the statement that he was sanguine enough to believe that such an engine would be, under favorable circumstances, to draw those passengers at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. But even that did not satisfy the relentless ingenuity of those who cross-examined him, and they solemnly adjured Mr. Stephenson to say whether, upon his credit as a man of practice and a man of science, he would undertake to assure that committee that he thought that such an instrument as a steam-engine would draw people along the iron rails with such velocity as the speed of eight or ten miles. I do not recollect the figure to which they brought him down, but I think at last he would not absolutely commit himself to promise a speed of more than five or six miles an hour. Mr. Harrison was the leading counsel against Mr. Stephenson. He was not satisfied with the modesty of that eminent man and the prediction he had made. He ridiculed those predictions, and said: "Be we to the unfortunate gentleman, who, living in Liverpool or Manchester, and having an engagement to dine in the country at a particular hour, shall trust himself to one of our trains with the expectation that it will bring him in time for dinner?" Well, ladies and gentlemen, we have passed by that scene; and I believe I should be correct in saying that even since the locomotive began to display its powers in practice—since the railway system was established—those powers have been far more than doubled, and we do not know at what point the limit of their application may be reached.

SCIENCE OF NATURAL HISTORY.

It may be asked, What is the use of the science of natural history? Well, ladies and gentlemen, I must confess it appears to me that its moral uses are almost infinite; but I will venture to detain you for one moment upon its material uses. Nay, I will venture to take only one of those material uses—I mean this, the use of suggesting to the mind of man that he should copy the finished and exquisite, yet simple as well as beautiful processes, by which the author of Nature in the works of Nature has attained his ends. Now, it is not at all difficult to point out what I think are striking instances of this truth—that man in all periods has derived his most valuable inventions from the observation of Nature. I believe there was a time when it was desired for an im-

portant purpose connected with the population on the banks of the river Clyde, to introduce pipes of a particular description under that river. The man who solved that difficulty, I believe, was no less a man than James Watt. And how did he solve that difficulty? Why, it is upon record that he solved that difficulty by learning how to construct the pipes to get water under the Clyde from observing the construction of the shell of a lobster. Well, now, ladies and gentlemen, we often hear of the part which is performed by lobsters on certain occasions, chiefly festive and convivial occasions. I must say, as far as I know, we often hear of mischief resulting from a too free observation of lobsters upon those occasions; but Mr. Watt observed his lobster to some purpose, and he learnt from the construction of its shell a great mechanical secret, which he applied to the solution of an important problem for the comfort and well-being of his fellow citizens. Sir Isambard Brunel, in placing the Thames tunnel, took his lesson from a very insignificant personage, and yet a personage wise enough to teach him more than he had known before—I mean that personage whom we know by the name of the earth for it was the manner in which he, I believe, the earth that suggested to Brunel the idea of making that very remarkable tunnel, with his assistance.

### DISTINGUISHED MEN.

It is no small satisfaction to us to reflect how often the pursuit of science has been the means of bringing forth from an obscure and lowly lot those who deserve to be eminent among their fellow citizens. We have seen such men as Robert Stephenson, Faraday, Sir Humphry Davy, and Hugh Miller, beginning life in the condition of laborers, but ending in a station that was eminent in the face of their fellow countrymen. We have seen others, such as Watt and Crompton, beginning their

services humbly—services in a manner that have contributed in a degree it would be impossible to describe to the general wealth and power of the country. We have seen Awkward and others themselves reaping a large share of the rewards and benefits they have procured for others, and becoming the possessors by the most honorable means—by means most beneficial to the country as well as to themselves—of colossal fortunes. And I do not desire in mentioning the progress achieved by individuals, that we should appeal to merely selfish motives. It is not the mere possession of money that constitutes the benefit. It is not the mere rising of this or that man that constitutes the benefit. It is the healthy action which is communicated to the whole social frame in a country where class mixes with class, where no man can stand simply upon tradition, although tradition is justly respected here; but where the very lowest and humblest of the community, by diligence and perseverance, by making a full and regular use of the gifts which Providence has committed to him, may bring himself forward into the foremost ranks, and thereby not only advantages for himself, but may set others an example that will again become a spring and the spur to an honorable indu-



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUG. 8, 1863.

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the notice, the better.

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(From the Wave)

TH

BY THE

and is  
and be kissed;  
that encircle  
embrace!  
soul of heaven,  
love on my face.

soul I dream  
so lovely to last;  
soul will remember  
to the pulse of the past.  
and its wickedness made me  
sorrow and sin;  
soul of God was about me,  
soul of gladness within.

heart grows as weak as a woman's,  
the fount of my feelings will flow,  
I think of the paths steep and stony  
the feet of the dear ones must go;  
mountains of sin hanging o'er them,  
the tempests of fate, blowing wild—  
there's nothing on earth half so holy  
as the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households,  
They are angels of God in disguise;  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,  
His glory still gleams in their eyes.  
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,  
They have made me more manly and mild,  
And I know now how Jesus could liken  
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear one  
All radiant, as others have done,  
But that life may have just enough shadow  
To temper the glare of the sun;  
I would pray God to guard them from evil.  
But my prayers would bound back to myself—  
Ah! a sinner may pray for a sinner,  
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bent  
I have banished the rule and the rod;  
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,  
They have taught me the goodness of God.  
My heart is a dungeon of darkness  
Where I shut them for breaking a rule,  
My frown is sufficient correction,  
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,  
To traverse its threshold no more;  
Ah! how I shall grieve for the dear ones  
That meet me each morn at the door!  
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,  
And the gush of their innocent glee,  
The group on the green and the flowers  
That are brought every morning for me;

I shall miss them at morn and at even—  
Their song in the school and the street;  
I shall miss the low hum of their voices  
And the tramp of their delicate feet.  
When the lessons of life are all ended,  
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"  
May the little ones gather around me  
To bid me good night and be kissed.

A Preacher for the Times.  
The New York correspondent of the Spring-field Republican, in a recent letter, says:

"I have been to hear your rare preacher, Frothingham, and it was good to hear him. Despite a certain histronic cadence and mannerism, which it seems captious now to speak of, a great, earnest, august soul, filled Babbitt Hall, and everybody with a soul to be fed grew strong in its atmosphere. The sermon—if sermon it were—must have been suggested for my special consolation. 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel,' was the text, and out of it grew some strong pictures of American instability; pictures so vivid, with illustration so unique and compelling that for very shame the cheek burned and the heart sickened anew for a country and a country's cause so based and travestied. Then came the antidote. Down from his apex of extravaganza came the preacher, with tender tones of sympathy, and stirring words of trust—trust in American solidity and endurance. Showing, by a masterly figure, that not all of staleness belongs to the broad base of the pyramid. That the rocking boulder, resting securely upon a single point of the boulder beneath it, swaying to every breeze, the free air of heaven playing above, around and beneath—yet so finely poised that not the Alps themselves dash back the storms of ages with a calmer defiance, was a stability of equal grandeur and greater beauty. So I came away comforted. And now I like to think of the pure, soulful eyes of the speaker—eyes that seemed to have looked on all things in heaven and earth, keeping only the impress of the divine and ineffable. This is as it should be. Our priests and prophets now—a day, too many of them, look as if they had proved all things, and taken a little of each: A man of God with world-wise eyes kills every word he utters—for me!"

## Free Speech for Treason.

A writer in one of the daily papers upon the question of British neutrality lays down the following positions: First, that it is impossible for any government to control the sympathies of its subjects. Hence no government is held responsible by other nations for expressions of the popular likes and dislikes. But, second, governments may be held responsible for the actions of their people.

"When sentiments get translated into deeds, they may be taken hold of by the law, or be made subjects of ex post facto, and even of demands for redress. So long, for instance, as the British public confines its earnest sympathy for the southern rebels to bitter articles in the newspapers, or to the jeering oratory of the hustings, we of the North have no grounds of complaint. When British opinion, however, passes into overt acts; when individuals and firms engage in the business of fomenting and prolonging our war by supplying the insurgents with means; when ships are built to furnish them with a navy; when their worthless bonds are bought to raise them money; and when their privateers or pirates are welcomed into British ports officially with salvoes of artillery, we have grounds not only for protest but for retaliation. The course thus pursued is not neutrality in name—it is war in disguise."

We have stated this case simply because it so happily expresses what we conceive to be the truth respecting liberty of speech and action at home upon the subject of the rebellion. With the mere expression, oral or written, of secession sympathy at the North, our Government has nothing to do. It has no right to recognize an opinion—a mere opinion of one of its subjects—he it loyal or disloyal. Hence public orators and newspapers should remain free to express any amount of sympathy with the rebellion and contempt for the Government.

Our hawks are less with free expressions of opinion than under any measure of military restraint. The American people are so sensitive to any infringement in this direction, that they listen to popular clamor, no matter how hypocritical, based on the accepted doctrine of absolute freedom of speech.

When treasonable opinions are published and seek admission to the camp, Government may properly recognize their influence upon the soldiers in the field, and forbid the circulation of Copperhead journals, and keep Copperhead orators beyond the lines. This, indeed, is simply a sanitary regulation of the army. Government is bound to forbid the traffic in poisons to soldiers, whether they be disguised in the shape of food, beverages, or news. It seems also fit and proper for Government to forbid the circulation of treasonable documents in the mails. It is not essential to my freedom that Government should circulate my opinions. It may not curtail me in speaking or writing, but it need not become my servitor.

The right, then, to think as we please, to speak and write as we please, seems a privilege that even military necessities are not to infringe or curtail. But to act is another matter. The moment the freest expression of opinion is translated into deeds, the moment rebel sympathy becomes rebel aid, the action is amenable to law—to the necessities of war—and the tory whom we may not disturb becomes a rebel whom we may destroy. It is, indeed, true that the relations between the field of battle and the home where enlistments are going on, are so intimate that the difference in results between treasonable utterances and treasonable actions is very slight. There may be diverse opinions, as in the case of Gen. Burnside against Vicksburg. We have not presumed that the case was entirely simple. There are no privileges without cost, and war entails evils from which there is no escape. We only urge that the most liberal interpretation should be adopted, trenching never upon the remotest bounds of constitutional guarantees.

While we would silence no orator, muzzle no press, we would double the vigilance with which the consequences of such freedom are guarded, and prevent by severest penalties the least tangible, active expression of sympathy with the foul conspiracy against government, and freedom, and progress.

C. M. P.

## An Opportunity.

Our readers will remember the appeal made by Mrs. Eliza W. Farham from the fields of Gettysburg in behalf of the wounded soldiers. Through the efforts of volunteer nurses and the Sanitary Commission the first wants of these poor sufferers have been attended to.

Mrs. Farham—the only New York woman on the ground—laboring in the hospitals from two to three weeks, until worn out with fatigue and new laborers appeared to take her place.

We chance to know that this service was performed at a personal expense, of clothing destroyed, &c., of a sum not in itself so large, but important to one without fortune and dependent upon self-exertion for support. We therefore suggest to those remote from this field of service, especially to New Yorkers, the propriety and the justice of contributing a sum sufficient to make good this loss, and thereby divide the burden so cheerfully assumed by our philanthropic Sister.

Any sum sent to us for this object will be handed to Mrs. F., and in case the amount exceeds what is needed, the surplus will be given to the Sanitary Commission.

Several recent contributions to the European Publishing Fund will be acknowledged soon. This fund is increasing slowly. Is not the enterprise worthy the remembrance of those who love to advance the cause of spiritual enlightenment over the world?

## A Heated Term.

If any lack of variety be observed in our "Items" department this week, we trust our readers will "keep cool" and attribute it to the "heated term." Just now New York is undergoing an intense scorching. Whether or not it has fallen into the hands of some Calvinistic avenger and is receiving summary retribution for its riots, its Common Council, and other sins, we leave for the vacant city puppets to determine.

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday last were intensely hot days, the thermometer—which during this heated term has seemed entirely oblivious to the intense heat—registering from 90° to 95° in the shade.

"Under existing circumstances" our readers must be aware that mental activity is not to be expected. True, the devil is conceded to possess superior mental qualities, but none have attributed this to the temperature of his residence. The orthodox heaven never promised any too much in this respect, but it was preferable to the other place. Though when our pious friends have insisted upon consigning us to the hot regions, we have enjoyed the consolatory reflection, that, if we couldn't keep cool, we needn't play on a harp all day—which employment, with our present capacity, surely would cause us to perspire, if it didn't our hearers!

But though confining ourselves strictly to heated subjects, we have wandered somewhat, and will, without farther circumlocution, remark that we wished simply to say, that, for the week past, it has been too intensely hot for our brain to work, and—"that's what's the matter?" C. M. P.

## Spiritual Meetings.

A mass Spiritual meeting will be held in a grove, near the residence of Mrs. Clark, in the village of Laphamville, on Saturday and Sunday, the 15th and 16th of August next. W. F. Jameson, Mrs. Stearns, Mrs. Kutz, Mrs. Heath, and other able speakers will be in attendance. Ample arrangements will be made for the accommodation of persons from a distance. By order of the Committee.

Wm. Hicks, Chairman.

The Spiritualists of Cicero, Onondaga Co., N. Y., will hold a grove meeting on Saturday and Sunday, August 15th and 16th next, two miles east from Cicero Corners. A general and cordial invitation is given to all to come. Mr. Warren Woolson, a trance speaker, will be present to address the people as the principal speaker. Refreshments will be provided free as far as possible, for those from a distance. L. Hakes.

CICERO, July 28, 1863.

## Persons and Events.

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

## PERSONAL ITEMS.

COLONEL T. W. HIGGINSON arrived in Worcester on Monday last, direct from his field of service in South Carolina, on a brief furlough.

REV. DR. EDWARD BEECHER has given notice that he and others intend to try the council which tried and convicted his brother Charles Beecher, of Georgetown, of heresy. He denounces their whole proceedings, and asks the public to suspend judgment till all be heard.

A. T. STEWART has given five thousand dollars for the benefit of the families of police and soldiers killed during the riot.

Among the drafted at Dansville, in this State, we notice the name of James E. Clark, the poet and vocalist; Doctor T. W. Hurd, the Dress Reformer at the Dansville Home; and Giles F. Jackson, son of Dr. James C. Jackson.

HENRY WARD BEECHER accepted a temperance breakfast before leaving London, at which some one made an anti-Union speech. This brought Mr. Beecher to his feet, in a burst of eloquence upon British neutrality and hypocrisy.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

There were no less than twenty cases of coup de soleil on Monday of this week in this city.

An important internal revolution seems likely to break out in North Carolina. The Raleigh Standard denounces Jeff Davis as a traitor, in whom no confidence can be placed, and whose efforts to establish a Southern Confederacy will be a failure.

It is worthy of remark that under the vigilant eye of Street Inspector Boole the piles of stagnant filth are disappearing from the streets of New York.

There are now thirteen major-generals without commands, viz: McClellan, Fremont, Butler, Hooker, Hunter, Buell, McDowell, Franklin, McClelland, Curtis, Cadwallader, Morell, Milroy. Will some one compute the cost to the country of these expensive "gentlemen soldiers?"

At Jackson, Miss., General Sherman captured a number of rebels who had been paroled at the capitulation of Vicksburg. These he took out and shot on the spot. What a farce the paroling of rebels is, to be sure! Only here and there, as above, a tragedy.

One of the Roman Catholic priests of Newark, New Jersey, told his flock some days since that if he should at any time hear of the perpetration, by an Irishman, of any outrage whatever upon any colored citizen, he should immediately seek out and protect in his own house the person so assailed.

Who shall say the riot accomplished no good when it led the Sunday Times to utter what it never before was known to do, a word for the poor negro, as follows? "The most revolting portion of the last week's riots was the murder of colored people, the firing of their houses, and the plunder of their little property. We have no language strong enough to express our detestation of such acts of barbarity. The fiends who enacted them well deserve the attention of the hangman."

For the Herald of Progress.

## The Riotous Trinity:

THE GOVERNOR, THE ARCHBISHOP, AND

THEIR "NOBLE FRIENDS," CALLED

"RIOTERS."

The behavior of a community in such a season as that of the 15th, 16th, and 17th of July, in New York, is one of the very best tests which the exigencies of life can afford of its fitness for self-government. Between rioters and the community which has to suffer their action two opposing forces meet, viz.: self-government and no government; and until it is determined which is to gain and hold the ascendancy, it is a struggle more or less deadly, (according to the brittleness of the lawless party,) for safety, property, liberty, and life, against the efforts of those whose gain is in the insecurity, the oppression and destruction, to which they can subject peaceable, orderly persons.

Of all social monsters, a riot, therefore, is that one which, for the good of all, needs to feel most firmly the strangling cord of authority at its throat from the very first breath it draws.

Even though the authority be despotic and the mob organized in the indirect or remote interest of freedom, every orderly, conscientious, faithful, and really intelligent citizen, will be grateful to see the ascendancy asserted and maintained in which the greatest number of innocent persons will find safety and the largest circle of rights be held sacred.

If resistance is necessary and just, let it be after the deliberate, meditated, and purposed method which indicates that it comes from the God-nature—not the fiend-nature—of those making it.

Such were the characteristics of that remarkable period in the history of California, of which every one of her sober, right-minded citizens is and will continue to be proud to his last day—known as Vigilance-Committee times. The mob had got itself not merely into power, but into authority, in California. It reigned permanently through the machinery of primary elections, caucuses, stuffed ballot-boxes, brutality at the polls, etc. Industrious, quiet, law-abiding citizens, pursuing their business and intending well toward society, saw with dismay, at length, that the authority to maintain order was virtually gone from their hands and become organic in the hands of ruffians, whose adroit and infernal successes made unnecessary any popular or riotous effort to maintain what they had won. Who more peaceable than they? Their safety lay in their quietness. The worst enemy they could meet in or out of their own ranks would be he who should invite attention to their existence and power. Let us be unnoticed, was their prayer. But that was impossible. A pyramid standing upon its apex must inevitably vibrate, and by-and-by come down. No such party could long maintain its advantages unchallenged; but when the day of reckoning should come it would unavoidably turn out from its position, that it would appear to be the victim of a mobocratic movement by the solid, substantial, orderly body of people surrounding it. Hence, if Billy Mulligan had by any political hocus-pocus or skill in the ring been able to usurp the place of the worthy Romish Bishop of California, and had invited the six thousand San Franciscans who composed the Vigilance Committee in that city to assemble before the palatial walls to listen to his counsel, he might well have addressed them as men, and it would have been quite proper and true in their cases to intimate that in doing what they were, they had risen above the conventional gentleman to the loftier dignity of courageous, working men. He might truly have said, some "call you rioters, but I see no riotous face among you." The delicate ladies of San Francisco, with their infants on their breasts, would look to you (and, he might add, in perfect security) for protection. He might truly have said, "I cannot fight for you; but I can stand by you, and I can die with you."

It is now some sixteen or eighteen years since I stood face to face with John, then Bishop Hughes, surrounded by the inmates of a State Prison—women, guilty, but only in trivial, quite childish degrees, of such crimes as had been notoriously perpetrated by this audience composed of men, called by many of the papers "rioters?" Many of these women were also Irish, holding the faith of the Bishop. What would he have thought of my fitness, morally or intellectually, for that small sphere of action, had I assembled those persons and addressed them as women whom society called "criminals," whom I would only not call ladies because of the too common, vulgar use of the term, making it unworthy of them; more than half assured them that I believed they were right in their issue with society, thus throwing the whole weight of my moral influence into the scale of their self-approval,

and virtually pledged myself to stand by them to the death on that theory of their conduct!

I, then, measuring Bishop Hughes by the light I had, did not rank him above a third or fourth class man in point of ability, and somewhat below in certain other elements of the best manhood; but I think even his eyes would have opened at hearing such an address to such an assemblage. And I should probably have added another powerful fee to the number of those who were then opposing me in the treatment of criminals on the ground of my too liberal recognition—not of their actual deserts, but of their possible capacities for good, and cultivation of the same.

The Archbishop did not feel called upon to scold this innocent, playful mob, whose gentle sensibilities broke out in the acts which led to his calling them together. Oh, no! "He hoped they would not and did not deserve it." Certainly not, for were they not natives of the island that had produced "heroes and poets, but never a coward"? What were burned orphan asylums, brained children, hunted, terrified, and slaughtered women, savagely murdered men hanging to lamp-posts in their way, but proofs that they were the many countrymen of heroes and poets, and worthy rather to be praised than scolded for these little ebullitions of the poetic and heroic nature there was in them. Moreover, though they were to go home and try to be quiet in order not to come into collision with the intrusive police or the reckless military, they were by no means to give up the highly Christian opinions and convictions that had led them to the work in hand. Not a syllable, Archbishop, representative of God and the Lamb, to that fierce, brutal crowd, who had drunk so fully of blood and horror, and were yet thirsting for more; not a syllable of denunciation for the meanness of which all the world, savage as well as Christian, accuses the slayers of the unoffending, the robbers of the helpless, the oppressors of the weak and defenseless. No appeal to a possible feeling of compassion that might lie deeply buried even in those savage hearts, and emerge, if cunningly touched with the potent word of the prelate, to spare the fleeing and terror-struck women with their little children, the agonized fathers sweating the blood of mortal anguish for those whom they could not save from the relentless fury of these men? E. W. PARNHAM.

#### A Fact.

On Monday last a furious mob sacked and burned a colored orphan asylum in this city. On the same day the city's check for fifty thousand dollars was drawn, in accordance with a resolution of the city government, for the use and benefit of a Roman Catholic orphan asylum in this city.

Not many months ago an Irish Roman Catholic orphan asylum in Brooklyn was burned down—not by a negro mob, but through an unfortunate accident, a curtain catching fire from a light. Irishmen visited many houses in the city to solicit aid for the poor orphans, they did not ask only of their own countrymen, or people of their own religion, but they asked, and very properly, of Americans, and of Methodists, Unitarians, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians. Nor were they often, if ever, refused by such. At one house, where two of these collectors asked and received a subscription, they said, on going away: "God do so to you and your little ones as you have done for these poor orphans."

Suppose it were said to those who mobbed the Colored Orphan Asylum: "God do so to you and your children as you have done to these poor orphans?"—*Eve. Post.*

#### An Incident at the Ruins.

A lady recently passing the house of Mr. Gibbons, in Lamartine Place, which was sacked by the mob, saw an Irish woman sitting near the ruins and weeping most bitterly. She asked the woman what the matter was, and received this reply: "Three years ago Mrs. Gibbons saved me and my children from starvation, and it almost breaks my heart that this trouble should have come upon one so good." An invalid soldier, whose attention was attracted by the circumstance, remarked: "Yes, this was a house that every man ought to have defended, for Mrs. Gibbons and her daughter left all its comforts to go to distant hospitals, that they might take care of us wounded soldiers."

#### Rebel Opinions of "Peace" Efforts.

The Richmond *Inquirer* says of the movements of Peace Democrats:

"Our views, a little further than theirs—hope to so disorganize and disintegrate society in their country that they will rush into armed revolution and anarchy. We spit upon their ballot-box. We care not what they 'demand' in resolutions, nor what helpless trash they proclaim on the hotspots. We do not believe in their power to attain so much as an armistice for two years to come. If an armistice, indeed, were offered, and the invading troops were withdrawn, of course we should not object to it, and good use could be made of it.

But, mark well, ye armistice-mongers! During that suspension of hostilities all negotiations must be between Government and Government. Our lines should be more strictly guarded than ever. No negotiations or formalization of parties by public meetings or by private conferences; no bargaining with the calm voices of reason.

But armistice their will be none, and we are glad of it. Our sovereign independence is already won and paid for with treasures of brave blood. It shall not be sold by peddlers, to be built into a Yankee Platform."

#### College Education.

"Do you call it education to put a boy into a hole and work out of him a certain amount of mathematics and work into him a certain number of languages? Is a man dressed because one arm has a spotless wristband, unquestionable sleeve-buttons, a handsome sleeve, and a well-fitting glove at the end, while the man is out at the other elbow, patched on both knees, and down at the heels? Should we consider Nature a success if she concerned herself with carrying nutriment to the stomach, and left the heart, the lungs, and the liver, and the nerves, to shift for themselves? Yet so do we, educating boys in these dead colleges. We educate the mind, the memory, the intellectual faculties; but the manners, the courtesies, the social tastes, the greater part of what goes to make life happy and genial, not to say good, we leave out of view.—GAIL HAMILTON."

#### The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

(From the Spiritual Magazine.)

#### Spiritualism in Biography.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

*The Saints and Servants of God* is the name given to a series of works that would well furnish a separate gallery of illustrations of Spiritualism in Biography, as presented in the history of predominantly devout men and women of the Roman Catholic faith. I do not, indeed, find that these present any phase of spiritual manifestation that may not also be found in the pious of a different faith; but there is this difference, that generally, the biographers of the latter regard all facts of the kind, and all belief in them, as an evidence of weakness, of which they feel rather ashamed, and for which they make the best excuse they can; while the biographers of Roman Catholic saints, in general, so far from being afflicted with any scruple on this head, regard these facts rather as evidence of saintship; hence, while the Protestant biographer keeps experiences of this kind out of sight as much as possible, the Catholic sets them forth with, perhaps, a little ostentation. With the one, the temptation is to keep them back, or explain them away; with the other, it is to magnify them beyond their actual proportions, and to accept and record as verities whatever accretion of supernatural legend and myth may respond to the glory of the saint. In the one case, a vigilant prosecution is required to ascertain all the facts; in the other, it is necessary to accept those recorded as such with some degree of reservation—to endeavor so to discriminate that while not rejecting those which have a legitimate claim upon our belief, we may not be deceived by the well-meaning, but, perhaps, too easy faith of the devout.

Among the modern saints included in the series of works above named, and published with the sanction and approval of two Roman Catholic bishops, the most eminent—the one who has had the greatest influence, and whose history embodies most completely the varied phases of spiritual manifestations which now call forth so much opposition, as if they were a new thing in the world—is, I think, unquestionably St. Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Order of Jesuits. His life, translated from the Italian of P. Francesco Mariani, a Jesuit, which I have mainly followed, is the most full, and is considered to be the most authentic.\*

A few ears, however, is all I can now glean from the corn-field which these two substantial volumes present. The outward facts of his life may be briefly told.

Ignatius Loyola was born in 1491, in the castle or palace of Loyola, in Guipuscoa, in Spain, overlooking the Bay of Biscay. Being of noble birth, he was sent as a page to the court of King Ferdinand, where he acquired a knowledge of the military art and distinguished himself as courtier, soldier, and gallant. In the thirteenth year of his age, while bravely defending the fortress of Pamplona against the French, his leg was broken by a cannon-ball. The clumsy surgery practiced on him rendered it necessary for his leg to be broken a second time, to be re-set. This was followed by violent fever, extreme weakness, and other dangerous symptoms, so that his physicians declared he could not live many days. On the eve of the feast of St. Peter he received the sacrament, as it was believed he could not hold out till the morning. He, however, with great confidence, invoked the intercession of St. Peter, who appeared to him in his sleep, and by a touch cured him. When he awoke he found himself out of danger, his pains left him, and his strength began to return. Though he looked upon his cure as miraculous, he still "retained the spirit of the world." During his convalescence, to while away the time he called for some book of romances, being fond of tales of chivalry; but as none such were at hand, there were brought to him instead two others, one, *The Life of Christ*, the other, *Lives of the Saints*. He began them merely for entertainment, but soon read with very different feelings. He became so entirely absorbed in the *Lives of the Saints* as to spend whole days in reading it. A new purpose—a new life began to dawn upon him, and to take possession of him. These saints, these hermits, these holy men—they were of the same nature with himself; what they did he also might do. Soon old thoughts and feelings revived—the love of glory, the fear of ridicule, and more than all, his memory and heart whispered to him of a certain great lady to whom he was bound by attachment and vows of knightly service. Then his desire to emulate the heroic actions of the saints would revive, and so his mind was swayed to and fro with conflicting passions and purposes. But he perceived that while the thoughts of God and a religious life filled his soul with joy, and peace, and consolation; the other thoughts, though they inflamed his imagination, and were attended with a present delight, left behind no satisfaction, but rather a sense of bitterness and heaviness of heart. At length, after much serious reflection, and impelled by an inward instinct,\* he resolved to follow the footsteps of Christ and of his saints, and to devote himself to a religious life. One night, in the fervor of devotion, before an image of the Virgin, he consecrated himself to the service of her Divine Son, and vowed an inviolable fidelity. "Whilst he was engaged in this act of devotion, suddenly the whole palace was shaken, and in the chamber of the saint more particularly the wall was rent, and the glass of the windows broken to pieces." His biographers are doubtful whether this was an effect of the rage of the Devil,\* or whether God, by this sign, testified his acceptance of this sacrifice, "as a like sign happened in the place where the faithful were assembled after Christ's ascension (Acts xii., 26)." Another night Ignatius saw the Mother of God environed with light, holding the infant Jesus in her arms. This vision replenished his soul with spiritual delight, and made all sensual pleasure and worldly objects insipid to him afterwards.<sup>1</sup>

As soon as his strength permitted, he left Loyola for the monastery of Monerrat, clothed in the dress of a pilgrim and a penitent. Here, with the utmost contrition, he confessed his sins; and "having read in his

books of romance how knights, before girding on their swords, used to keep watch a whole night under arms, he adopted the same custom, and applied it to the spiritual warfare he was about to begin, determining to watch all that night before the image of the Blessed Mother of God. This he accordingly did; sometimes standing and sometimes kneeling, lamenting his past sins, confirming his good resolves, imploring her assistance, and commanding himself to her protection. At the early dawn he received the blessed sacrament, and hung his sword and dagger before our Lady's altar; he then gave his mule for the service of the monastery; and when the day broke he quitted the place in haste, turning aside from the beaten road to Barcelona, in order that no one might hinder him from executing his design.<sup>2</sup>

At Manresa, a little town about three miles from Monerrat, he entered the hospital of St. Lucy, where he attended the sick, and performed for them the most menial and disgusting offices. He also practiced the greatest austerities and mortifications, insomuch that he often fainted from weakness, and was found lying on the ground, cold and apparently lifeless. He subsequently confessed that such excessive acts of penance were sometimes an impediment to more important things in God's service. While at Manresa he wrote *Spiritual Exercises*; a work designed as a manual of conversion, and similar in its general scope and design to Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*.

It is in 1522 he journeyed to the Holy Land, where he purposed spending his life in visiting the holy places, and in laboring for the conversion of the Mahometans; but, in obedience to the command of the provincial superior of the Franciscans, after staying there but a short time he returned to Spain. He studied first for two years with great assiduity at Barcelona, and then for a year and a half at the University of Alcalá; laboring at the same time in the catechizing of children, and in the reformation and conversion of profligate and worldly persons.

At Alcalá he was accused of heresy and sorcery, but upon examination he was justified by the inquisitors. He was, however, forbidden to wear any singular habit, or to give instruction in religious matters, as being destructive of authority. At this trial "so many testimonies were brought forward of the innocence and holiness of his life and of his good deeds, that it seemed more like a process for the canonization of a saint than for the condemnation of a criminal."<sup>3</sup>

Finding that he could do but little good in Alcalá, he removed to the College of Salamanca, where he expected to pursue his studies and labors without hindrance, but in this he was again disappointed.

It was a new and strange person to see a layman publicly discharging the duties of an apostle and the priests, shamed by his example and exhortations, looked upon him with suspicion. Calumnious reports were circulated against him. He was again thrown into prison, and his limbs chained. While confined in prison, the rest of the prisoners broke open the prison-doors and escaped, Ignatius and his two companions alone remained. In twenty-two days after his arrest, the judge declared him blameless in life and doctrine, and, with certain restrictions, he was permitted to labor for the good of souls. Finding that continual obstacles were placed in his way, he resolved to leave Spain for Paris, where he arrived in February, 1528.

In Paris, after perfecting himself in the Latin tongue, he went through a course of philosophy, and received the degree of Master, at Easter 1534. Here, while Calvin was collecting followers in the same city, Loyola gathered around him the companions (of whom one was the celebrated Francis Xavier) who formed the celebrated Society of Jesus. With this Society, as its founder, and first General of the Order, till his death in 1556, the history of Loyola is henceforth identified. He framed its laws and administered its affairs with singular prudence and ability; and by his modesty, meekness, humility, and considerate regard for others, won the affection of all with whom he was associated. No society, probably, ever called forth warmer eulogy or fiercer invective than the Society of Jesus. Both alike testify to its power, and to the force and fervor of conviction which brought forth such mighty results. In less than a century from its foundation, in 1534, its members had increased to fifteen thousand, and it had eight hundred religious houses in all parts of the world. It occupied the chairs of philosophy; directed the course of education; influenced statesmen and governments; and its missionaries and emissaries explored the world, and penetrated into every class of society. As Luther was the leader of the Protestant movement, Loyola was the leader of the counter-movement. The Society of Jesus was the great bulwark of the Papacy of the sixteenth century, regenerating it within, while defending it from all attack without. Europe and the world are this day something otherwise than they would have been, but for Loyola and the Society of Jesus. The only body at all corresponding to this Order in the history of Protestantism is the Society founded by John Wesley. Though separated by a whole continent of doctrine, there is, indeed, much in common between Loyola and Wesley. Both alike were saints and servants of God; both were earnest, diligent, methodical, with great capacity for government; both were men of prayer and faith, self-denying, full of love to Christ, and of zeal for the salvation of souls; and both were firm believers in that communion between the natural and the spiritual world, of which no man, perhaps, had larger or more varied experience than Ignatius Loyola.

But, mark well, ye armistice-mongers! During that suspension of hostilities all negotiations must be between Government and Government. Our lines should be more strictly guarded than ever. No negotiations or formalization of parties by public meetings or by private conferences; no bargaining with the calm voices of reason.

But armistice their will be none, and we are glad of it. Our sovereign independence is already won and paid for with treasures of brave blood. It shall not be sold by peddlers, to be built into a Yankee Platform!"

At the church of St. Girolamo he was seen by the nuns remaining immovable as a statue, for many hours together, before the altar of St. Matthew; his knees were bent, and he was elevated, and his face beamed like one of the blessed.<sup>4</sup>

One more vision I will relate. On the death of one of his companions, named Ozzes, Ignatius saw his spirit, surrounded by bright rays of light, carried up to heaven by angels; and not long after, as he was hearing mass, "a band of the blessed spirits presented themselves to his sight, in the midst of whom Ozzes shone with a beauty surpassing all the rest. This vision left such an impression upon his mind that for some days afterwards it was always present to him, and he broke out into cries of joy."<sup>5</sup>

*Luminous Phenomena.*—In the process of canonization, it is stated Ignatius was often seen seized up whilst in prayer, and elevated about a cubit's height from the ground.

He had no use of his senses on these occasions, and his breathing was alone perceptible.

Pasquali, in whose house he lodged at Barcelona, and who secretly watched him,

affirmed upon oath that he had seen the saint kneeling in the air, whilst his chamber was full of light.

At the church of St. Girolamo he was

seen by the nuns remaining immovable as a statue, for many hours together,

before the altar of St. Matthew; his knees were bent, and he was elevated, and his face beamed like one of the blessed.<sup>6</sup>

A little before his departure from Barcelona for Jerusalem, as he was assisting at a sermon,

surrounded by a number of children, at the foot of an altar, a noble lady of the name of Isabella Roselli happened to cast her eye upon him, and saw that his head was surrounded by a bright light, and at the same time she heard an inward voice bidding her call him to her. This led her to seek him out, for he was unknown to her, and it was by her influence

that he obtained a passage for Rome, previous to his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he having relinquished all property, being reduced to poverty,

and casting all his care upon God. One night, on a brief visit to his native place, crying aloud in the fervor of his devotions, his cousins Donna Maria d'Orlés and Donna Simona d'Alzaga ran to him, and found his chamber shining with brilliant light, though no candle or visible means of producing light was in the room.

Alessandro Petronio, a celebrated philosopher and physician in Rome, made a public and formal disposition that, when sick, he

once saw his own chamber, which was then

very dark, the windows being shut, filled with a dazzling light upon the saint's entrance.

Luigo Gonzales, who assisted Loyola in the government of a college, has recorded that

the face of Ignatius shone to such a degree

that he was frequently struck dumb with astonishment.

Maffei relates that at Manresa

\*Life of Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the Jesuits. London: RICHARDSON AND SON.

he was seen exalted about four cubits from the ground, and his face shining as the light. Nicholas Loyd testified that he once saw a fire-flame on his head while he was saying mass. Bartoli relates that a flaming tongue was seen to rest upon the head of Ignatius whilst he wrote the constitution of the Society of Jesus; and St. Philip Neri, who often visited Ignatius, used to assure his friends that he had seen his face resplendent with superhuman light, and emitting bright rays, which proceeded, he said, from the internal beauty of his soul. It may be noted that, after his death, his body was seen spangled all over with small bright stars.

*Trance.*—At Manresa, Loyd remained in a trance a whole week, during which his corporeal senses and faculties were suspended, "and his state so much resembled death that he would have been buried if it were not that a faint palpitation at the heart showed that he was still alive." On returning to himself he opened his eyes, as it was just awakening from a placid sleep, and exclaimed, with accents of love, "O Jesus! Jesus!" and then relapsed into silence. The companions of Ignatius, who heard him speak of these occurrences, believed that his future mission was at this time revealed to him, and the first sketch of the Society of Jesus impressed upon his mind. When asked why he made this or that regulation concerning it, he generally answered, "Because I heard it at Manresa." To Jacopo Laines he affirmed that, during one hour of mental prayer at Manresa, he had learnt more than all the doctors in the world could teach him. It is probable that it was while in trance that his spirit appeared to the angels of love, "O Jesus! Jesus!" and then relapsed into silence.

The account given of this, by Masiani, is as follows:

At the time that Ignatius was living at Rome, he appeared to Leonardo Clesio at Cologne in a dream, as a Fleming, and an aged and holy man, who was the first rector of the college in that city, and who governed it for a long time with great reputation of sanctity. He had a most fervent desire again to see the holy father, and to have the happiness of speaking with him; he informed him of this desire in a letter, and begged as a great favor that he might journey over the three hundred leagues which lay between them on foot. Ignatius answered that the welfare of others required his stay at Cologne, so that he must not move, but that perhaps it might please God to content him in some easier way. Whilst he therefore remained at Cologne, one day, when he was not asleep, the holy father, who was then not asleep, the holy father showed himself to him alive, and held a long conversation with him. He then disappeared, and left the old man full of the greatest joy at the accomplishment of his desire in so marvelous a way. This account is taken from Elbadeneira.

*Thought-Reading, Clairvoyance, Precision-Prediction.*—Mariani says: "God often revealed to him the secrets of men's hearts, and many things which happened at a great distance, or in future times." He gives several examples. A young man who had joined the Society was in great trouble and perturbation of mind, and thought of returning to the world. Ignatius "having had this revealed to him by God," sent for him in the middle of the night, disclosed to him all the secrets of his mind, to the young man's great astonishment, and entirely cured his spiritual disorder.

Once in Spain he had been kindly and hospitably entertained by certain monks in their convent, and he told the superior that two of the brethren were prepared to forsake their religious habit and run away. When their design was thus unexpectedly and wonderfully revealed they were struck with compunction and repentance, and asked pardon on their knees before the whole community, and gave up to the superior the disguises which they had prepared for their flight. When the holy widow Agnes Pasqual died her days in peace at Barcelona, Father Antonio Arroz, who was present at her last hours, sent an account of all that occurred to St. Ignatius, at Rome, who looked upon her as his mother, and received great benefits from her piety at Manresa and at Barcelona. But the letter of Arroz brought no new intelligence to the saint, for he had known all by divine revelation.

Dr. Michele Arrovira, of Barcelona, while staying at Rome, met Ignatius one day coming from Araceli, and showed him a letter from Francesco Borgia, Duke of Gaudia, who was at that time married and governor of Catalonia. As they were talking of this letter the saint said to him, "Know that you will one day see the writer of that letter General of the Society of Jesus at Rome." Many years afterwards this prophecy was fulfilled.

To Giovanni Pasquali, when a young man, he foretold the future course of his life, and its many afflictive accidents. These were so remarkably and circumstantially fulfilled, that late in life, when any consulted him with hopes of better fortune, he used to answer, "Pray that I may have patience, but do not promise me what I shall never have, for no word of Ignatius's prophecy will fail hereafter, as none has hitherto failed." When at Barcelona, a famous jurist was so moved by the teaching and example of Ignatius, that he desired to become his companion and imitate his virtues. In answer to this wish Ignatius answered, "You will not follow me, but your son will enter the Religious Order, which, by God's grace, I shall found." And so he did, and remained in till his death. This prophecy was made above sixteen years before the foundation of the Society. This account is written and attested upon oath. His biographer says: "Twenty-four predictions of the same kind are enumerated, all of which were accomplished."

*Exorcisms, Hauntings, Rappings.*—He is asserted to have had a wonderful power over evil spirits, of which many instances are given. Thus it was related in consistory before Pope Gregory XV that he delivered one Eleuterio Pontano from an evil spirit, by whom he had been grievously tormented and tempted for more than two years. At Rome, a servant of the Fathers, named Matthew, was attacked and tormented by an evil spirit. His features were hideously swollen; he rolled himself on the earth, and clung to it so firmly that it sometimes required ten men to lift him up. "Ignatius took the young man aside, and after making some short prayers he brought him back entirely free. It is true that the devil, in revenge, tried to suffocate the saint whilst he slept, and bound his jaws so tightly that when he tried to invoke the name of Jesus he could not speak, but making a great effort he forced out the name of salvation, and the monster fled in confusion, leaving him with so great a hoarseness that for some days afterwards he could hardly speak." At the College of Loreto an evil spirit not only appeared

to a novice, and endeavored by many decisive words to persuade him to abandon religion, and otherwise tempt him, "but he infested an empty room, and it seemed as if all the furniture was being shifted about and thrown on the ground, although nothing was ever found out of its place. Sometimes whilst the brethren were at prayer he knocked upon the bench they were kneeling at, and sometimes he was heard making a noise at the head of their beds. Once at supper-time he struck a young Englishman, about twenty-two years of age, on the side, with such violence, that he cried out and turned pale, and nearly fell backwards on the ground. Very often, also, he used to penetrate under the bed-clothes, and torment them on all parts of their body while they were lying crouched like dogs through fear." Agnes Delis, blessed candles, relics of saints, masses, and exorcisms, were all tried in vain. The spirit was commanded in the name of God to go to the rector if he wanted anything, and leave the other inmates of the college in peace. And the rector tells us: "More than once it happened that when the evil spirit had been there he came and knocked at my door." Once, "there came an importunate knocking at the door in the middle of the night, I answered, 'Come in,' supposing it was one of the brethren; then he knocked again a great many times, and then perceiving it was the devil, I said, 'Open now in the name of God, and that which you are empowered by him to do.' Suddenly, with a great rush, he dashed open the door and the window opposite, so that I feared it was broken to pieces." Another time at the other end of the college, the rector heard "a noise like an earthquake, and all that part of the roof was shaken." On advancing the noise approached towards him; as it came nearer something came towards him like a great black mastiff, with horrible flaming eyes, and barking with a deep hollow noise, flew at him but without touching him. The rector wrote to Ignatius, who recommended holy water, exorcisms, and prayers. Finding that despite these remedies the evil increased rather than diminished, the rector again wrote to Ignatius, who then sent another letter encouraging the brethren to endurance, and to place their trust in God, adding that he would pray for them, and that by God's grace they would soon cease to be molested. From the time that this letter was read out before the fathers and brethren of the college all molestation ceased. "Neither devils or devils had any more power in the college, nothing was henceforth seen or felt." This took place in the year 1555; and the occurrences were solemnly deposited to Oliver Maranore, rector of the college, on being examined before the Court in Flanders.

Again, we read of Ignatius, that at Alcala "He was lodged in a room that had been for a long time uninhabited, on account of its being haunted with nocturnal visions and fearful noises. Ignatius had full experience of this on the first night. Not having expected anything of the kind he was at first terrified; but presently recollecting himself, and taking courage, he offered himself up to God, to undergo whatever he might have to endure from these visions, or from the malice of the devil. But the Lord was mercifully content with proving this magnanimity, and rewarded his good dispositions by ridding that room forever from all molestation of evil spirits, and taking away from his mind all fear of their terrors and cruelties."

*His spirit appears after death.*—On the morning of his death a noble lady of Bologna, named Margherita Gigli, "was awake and terrified, by what seemed to her to be an earthquake; at the same moment, her chamber was filled with brilliant light, in the midst of which appeared the saint in celestial beauty, who spoke to her these words:—'Behold, Margaret, I am going, as you see; I command my sons to you,' and then disappeared. The woman, full of wonder and happiness, rose up and went immediately to Francesco Palmieri, the rector of our college, who was her confessor, and related the vision. Although she had no knowledge of the saint, she described him as accurately as it was possible for those who were most familiar with him to have done. Still, as they had not heard of any illness or danger of Ignatius at Rome, the fathers who heard the story were cautious of believing it; but some few days later, when the news came of the saint's death, at the exact time of the vision, all their doubts were removed."

In 1568 the body of Ignatius was removed, in order to make room for the foundations of a new church. "Father Giulio Mancinelli, a great servant of God, who was favored by frequent divine visitations and graces, being at that time in Rome, and knowing nothing of the translation which was to take place, began in the evening to hear celestial songs and divine music, which continued all that night and the day following, whilst the translation was going on, and then he heard afterwards what the festival had been." The same holy father subsequently received many visitations from Ignatius, in one of which, "on the 1st of August, 1610, he revealed to him certain matters for the good of the Prince de Stigliano, who was then preparing some magnificent decorations to celebrate the approaching festal of the saint in a church at Naples."

In a village of Paraguay, called after Ignatius, a young man was in prison, under a false accusation, which so preyed upon his mind that he resolved to suicide. "In the middle of the night when he was fixed in his resolve, he saw a light through the prison door, and supposed it was some friend coming to visit him. This friend was Ignatius, who appeared in light and beauty, and he mildly said to him, 'God preserve thee, my son;' then he laid his hand upon his head, and said, 'Do not afflict yourself, for you are innocent and will soon be set at liberty.' Upon this the young man uttered a cry of joy, which brought the jailer to the cell, by whom the door was found locked. Very shortly after this, he was released and the saint told him."

To Giovanni Pasquali, who had lodged him in his house at Barcelona at the time he was studying there, Ignatius had exhibited his gratitude during life, and he now came from heaven to comfort him while he was leading a life of suffering so profitable to his soul's health. The good man had been accustomed every day for forty years to go and hear matins, and afterwards mass at the tomb of St. Eulalia, who lies under the high altar in the cathedral of Barcelona. One day it happened that he went to the church early in the morning, and being greatly annoyed by the heat in the sun, he knelt before the altar in prayer, and being greatly anguished from his afflictions, he commended himself to God and St. Ignatius, who had quitted this world a few years before, and at last he cried out, "Oh my father, how well you have foretold

everything! well must you be able to see now from heaven what my present life is, when you foretell it so exactly upon earth. Ah! if you do not grant a remedy to my evils, at least obtain me patience, that I may, through these afflictions, attain to the eternal salvation which you promised me." After uttering these words he began to hear a distant sound of marvelous sweet music, which approached nearer and nearer, till it was heard at a door to the left of the altar, where a band of musicians and girls, and men in ecclesiastical vestments, surpassing all earthly beauty. This procession formed wings on either side of the altar, and received in the midst of them a priest of very venerable aspect vested in a white cope. Before this the church had been dark, for the clock had only just struck the third hour after midnight, and it was winter-time. But at the entrance of this priest it began to shine so brightly that every place seemed full of light. The priest went up to the altar of St. Eulalia, and after a profound reverence to the Most Holy, he took the thurible from the minister and began to go round the altar and incensing it many times. When this was done the band of blessed spirits and angels, who at the feet of the altar where Giovanni was kneeling almost in ecstasy at the sight. The priest turned towards him and looking fixedly upon him, as if wondering that he was not recognized, beckoned him to approach. Upon this his eyes were opened, and he perceived that it was Ignatius, and ran to meet him. The saint received him with a most joyful expression of countenance, and addressed him in the most familiar manner, saying, "Do you remember me, as I can never cease to remember you?" He then consoled him and confirmed him in the hope which he had held out when he was alive, that he would save his soul. Giovanni wished to embrace him, and, as he was asking his permission, the saint gave him a blessing and the whole vision disappeared. Up on this he cried out, "O my father, O my father! Ignatius has come again." He then told him almost beside himself weeping bitterly, they asked him why he cried out in that manner and wept, and he told them all he had seen; and ever afterwards, amidst his greatest calamities, the memory of this vision used to appease his sorrow and bring peace to his heart. This vision is circumstantially described by Bartoli, and is attested on oath, though very briefly, by Pasquali.

*Healings.*—Many marvelous cases of healing are said to have been wrought during the lifetime of the saint by his prayer and by his touch. A cook whose hand had been dreadfully burnt, had it made whole on the prayer of Ignatius. A poor man named Bastida, who for many years had been subject to the falling sickness, "one day was taken with the disorder in the presence of Ignatius, who, being touched with compassion, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and, after a short prayer, laid his hand upon his forehead, upon which he immediately came to himself, and was never again attacked in the same way." A poor woman in the last stage of consumption, and apparently at the point of death, upon receiving his blessing suddenly regained her strength, so that she was enabled to walk without help. On another occasion, one of his companions, being attacked with the fever, was visited by Ignatius, who affectionately embraced him, saying, "Take courage, brother Simon, for most certainly you will not die of this illness. He had been praying earnestly for the life of the sick man, and it was revealed to him that his prayers were heard. This he had immediately told Peter Faber, one of his companions. In fact, improvement began upon the arrival of Ignatius, and brother Simon rapidly recovered his health.

But whatever wonderful cures the saint wrought while in the world, they seem to have been eclipsed by those he wrought after he had left it. "A citizen of Potosi had not been able to walk a step for four years without crutches; when he heard the rejoicings of the people at the news of Ignatius's beatification, he said, with a sigh, 'In the midst of all this joy must I be the only one in the city to remain here nailed down by my affliction?' Hardly had he uttered the words than he felt his feet strengthened, threw away first one crutch and then the other, and flew to our church to publish the miracle that had been wrought on him."

In the year 1601, a boy of ten years old, named Girolamo, son of Onofrio Etruschi of Gaudia, received a horrible blow on the eyebrow, whereby the tendons were torn, so that a finger deeply imbedded in the wound, the boy was entirely swollen up, and a violent fever ensued. Pietro Manaresi, the surgeon who was called in, did everything in his power for a whole month, but all to no purpose, for the wound, instead of healing, began to suppurate; at which the surgeon was greatly astounded and was possessed with the idea that some of the bone of the skull must be fractured. Since it was a very dangerous operation to lay the wound entirely open, and examine what might be required, he called in Giovan B. Cuchas to a consultation. Accordingly both went together to visit the boy, and when the whole account of the case had been given by the former surgeon to his companion, they proceeded to remove the bandages from the head, when, to their astonishment, they found the wound perfectly healed. Not being able to understand the marvel, the mother of the boy related to them that it was the work of Ignatius, to whom she had made a vow for her boy's recovery. The two surgeons openly confessed the miracle, and all praised God, who is wonderful in his saints.

At the village of Munebrega, in Spain, Maria Pariente had a withered arm, which had been benumbed from cold; pieces of the bone had been taken away by the surgeons in their attempts at curing it, and then they had abandoned the case in despair. Encouraged by the mercy which the saint had shown to the other woman, she said, "O Saint Ignatius, if you would heal me also I too would show my gratitude!" Hardly had she spoken than she felt a sudden crack in the bone of her arm, and return of life into it, and so she also raised her voice and exclaimed, "And I also am healed by the favor of St. Ignatius!" and threw her arm about as if it had never been injured, without feeling the slightest pain."

Within half an hour of this event another poor woman, named Maria Santius, who was almost totally blind, so that she could not distinguish people's faces, invoked the aid of the saint to restore her sight. Immediately she felt a sensation as if her eyes were turned round, and she could see distinctly far and near. Let me here add a manifestation of a different kind: "In the year 1611, at Girona, in Aragon, a monk wrote a satire against the saint, and as he was writing on the paper he discovered on reading it over that his hand had played false to his mind, and that instead of ridicule he had written eulogies. He thought this was some fantastic error, so he scratched it out and went on in the strain he wished; but the words were again words of praise. Still the man was so blinded, that, without

regarding it, he began again the third time, but with the same effect. Again he commenced, when the pen was struck from him, and his own hand struck him in the face. Then at last, in trembling astonishment, he changed his design and his opinion of the saint." The spirit of Ignatius also cast out evil spirits from many who were possessed by them, at least, so it is said the spirits themselves confessed. Among others were four noble ladies of Modena, in whom the spirits showed themselves by manifest signs. They spoke in various tongues which the women had never known. They related things which were then happening in distant countries, and divined other things which took place afterwards. They walked on all fours with their knees fastened together. They knew and recognized the presence of hidden relics. Various parts of their bodies suddenly swelled, and the swelling as quickly subsided, with other strange things." After being taken to various churches in hope of relief, but with no effect, the spirits, according to their own acknowledgment, were expelled by Ignatius. "One of the fiercest of them" exclaimed, "There goes forth a flame from his mouth which burns me. St. Ignatius, St. Ignatius drives me away."

These are only specimens of a hundred and fifty pages of similar, and even more wonderful relations, selected out of great numbers, which it would occupy too much space to recount." And says Mariani, "I have mentioned none which are not proved by the strongest evidence. All which are here given, and which are not contained in Bartoli, are carefully authenticated," and Bartoli himself says, of those which I have taken from his pages, "The miracles which God worked after the saint's death are so numerous that the number of those alone which are judicially proved amount to hundreds, and those which I here give, with the exception of a few which were already in print, are taken from the bull of canonization, the report of the auditors of the court of the Rota and other judicial acts, and from the public documents made in various places."

In the process for canonization, all alleged supernatural events must be judicially proved. An officer (popularly called "the Devil's Advocate") is appointed, whose function it is to raise every objection—to sift the evidence, to cross-examine witnesses, and, if possible, shake their testimony. It has come to be a proverb among Catholics that "The greatest miracle is to get a miracle admitted at Rome." The Rev. W. Faber, in his *Essay on Beatification and Canonization*, says: "Looking at the matter simply as a question of evidence, it is hardly possible to conceive any process for sifting human testimony more complete, more ingenuous, or more rigid, than the one scrupulously adhered to by the Congregation of Rites in this respect. Much depends on the decision, and there is no necessity for coming to a decision at all; these two things are continually before the eyes of the judges, and render the ordeal one of almost incredible strictness. No man can study the great work of Benedict XIV on Canonization, or peruse the decrees of Urban VIII and Clement XI, without feeling the utmost confidence in any narrative of facts, however supernatural, which comes out of the trial confirmed and approved upon the whole; and we are now merely speaking of it as a question of human testimony which has come out undestroyed from the long, intricate, and jealous cross-questioning of a most ingeniously contrived system of cavil and objection. A fact only requires the appearance of being supernatural to awaken against it every suspicion; every method of surprise and detection is at once in array against it; it is allowed no mercy, no advantage of a doubt, and anything rather than the benefit of clergy. . . . Many a candid Protestant would be surprised, if he only took the trouble to peruse a few of the processes of the Congregation in matters of beatification and canonization."

The *Edinburgh Review*, some time back, insinuated that the aforesaid Devil's Advocate sometimes betrayed the cause of his client to the enemy, but no proof of the assertion was offered. The similarity of many of the events recorded in the life of Loyola, and of other Roman Catholic saints, to the spiritual manifestations through mediums in our day, will, to many, give them a new interest; and it certainly greatly increases the probability in favor of their general truth, while it shows that they are not the distinctive marks of any creed or church, or evidences of special sanctity, but that they result from the independent action of free intelligent powers, whenever their votaries co-operate with suitable conditions.

Loyola had an unbounded, absolute trust in God to supply the wants of those over whom he ruled. Many instances, similar to those I have given of Müller and Franké, might be related in his proof of this, did space permit. He used to say: "Whoever would undertake a great work for the glory of God must beware of being overwise, and of taking counsel only according to the means he possesses." During a time of war and famine, when the richest men had barely enough to support their own position in life, without giving alms, he supported a hundred students; and so did God provide for their wants, that, whilst all others suffered from the scarcity, his subjects were kept in plenty. Luigi Gonzales said that he looked upon this as a miracle. "How a miracle?" said the saint. "It would be a miracle if it had happened otherwise, and if God had failed to support those who trust in him. Is it the first time you have remarked that our supplies always equal our wants? Let us think only of serving him, and leave to him all thought of providing for us. For myself, I would take upon me, if need were, to support one thousand instead of one hundred, for one task is as easy to God as another." To another father who said that he could not understand by what rule of prudence Ignatius was guided in this affair, he said: "The more hopeless matters are so much the more ought we to trust in God."

*Spiritual Magazine*, Nos. 2 and 3, vol. 3.

#### Tears and Laughter.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears binder sorrow from becoming despair and madness, and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

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## Apotheosis.

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

## Death of Corporal John C. Wadsworth.

Among those who fell in the fatal battle of Gettysburg, was the Brother of our friend and collaborator, Frank L. Wadsworth. While one stood in the ranks freemen at home, and fought the bloody but powerful battles of Truth and Liberty side by side with the Reformers of the nineteenth century, the other, in obedience to the nation's call, went forth to fight the same battles with different weapons, side by side with patriots and heroes. We deeply sympathize with our Brother Frank in this bereavement, which has thus suddenly stilled the brave heart-throb and unloosed the many hand-clasp of one most dear; but another is added to the guardian band, who, when his heart fainteth in this deadlier struggle with bigotry and wrong, will bring him strength and healing and the peace of the immortal life. The following letter from the Captain of the company to which our lamented friend belonged, will be read with deep and painful interest.—ED.

CAMP NEAR MIDDLEBURG, VA.,  
Monday, July 20th, 1863.

MR. FRANK L. WADSWORTH, 274 Canal St., N. Y. DEAR SIR: It is with much grief I announce to you the death of Corp. John C. Wadsworth of my company, who fell at Gettysburg, Pa., on Thursday evening 2d inst. Before the engagement he gave me your address and requested me to write you if he fell. For two weeks after that sad event we were constantly marching, and had no mail facilities, and for six days past I have been crippled with rheumatism, and hauled in an ambulance—hence my delay.

There was no man in my company whom I highly esteemed than your brother—not only for his soldierly qualities, but for his unblemished character and conduct. He was always at his post, and did more than his mere duty whenever practicable. He was an example to the men, and I held him up for imitation, because of the cheerfulness with which he performed every duty and endured every hardship. In all actions in which the company was engaged his bravery was conspicuous. In the engagement in which he lost his life, my company held the most exposed position on the field. We were exposed to three lines of fire and the men were rapidly falling. A change of front was ordered, under a terrible shower of balls, and the men being flat upon the ground and partially sheltered, hesitated about executing it. I called to your brother—he came up at once. I stood him in proper position and called upon the men to dress up upon him. He was cool as upon drill, and, struck by his example, they immediately came into line. He never faltered or wavered under any circumstances. Shortly after this incident, when all were lying down and firing, I heard him cry out "oh, oh, oh!" He dragged himself round toward me, being only six feet distant, and said, "I'm wounded in the groin." I took him by the shoulders and drew him to me—turned him upon his back—gave him water and opened his clothing. By this time his eyes glared and his color was gone. The wound was directly in the groin, severing the main artery, and he was insensible from the second moment. For several minutes there was a faint tremor of his lips and hands, but no other sign of suffering or life. So, upon this very stormy night, his life passed softly away. He was buried the next evening upon the field where he fell.

I deeply sympathize with you in your sorrow, for I felt toward him as a friend, and can only suggest that although his life closed early, it closed gloriously, and the while he labored here his work was nobly done. In two hours, upon that terrible evening, I lost ten men killed and seventeen wounded out of thirty-nine, who went into action, and both of my Lieutenants were severely wounded. From this you may judge the severity of the fire. Yours very truly,

E. H. LUDINGTON Capt. 17th Infantry,  
Commanding "B" Co. 2d Battalion.

## Honorable Conduct.

The courageous, self-sacrificing spirit of some of the Roman Catholic priests in this and neighboring cities, during the riot of the last few days, has been worthy their name and profession. In this city Father Hewitt was wounded by a sling-shot in an attempt to disperse the mob. Fathers Hecker and Walworth were active in the midst of these infatuate ruffians, making efforts to save property and life.

Several of the priests yesterday delivered sermons in which they warned their hearers against taking any part in riots or mobs; told them to obey the laws, and to help put down all lawless proceedings; and in some cases threatened them with the terrors of the Church if they became rioters. Among those who thus did their duty we notice the names of the Rev. Fathers Mooney, of St. Bridget's, Ferrall, of St. Mary's, Clowrey and McNulty, of St. Gabriel's, Everett, of the Church of the Nativity, Quarters, of St. Lawrence's, and the Rev. Francis Malone, of Williamsburgh. Doubtless there were others.—*Evening Post*, July 20th.

—Fifty-six slaves, who had been sent to the negro jails in Baltimore by their owner for safe keeping, were set at liberty on Monday last, by order of General Schenck. Subsequently, all the men enlisted in Colonel Birney's colored regiment.

—A noble generous-hearted Irishman, proposes through the daily papers that the rebuilding the Colored Orphan Asylum be the work of Irishmen alone. He gives his name (A. F. Warburton) and pledges himself to the two-hundredth, or, if necessary, one-hundredth part—\$250 or \$500.

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