

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE, WISDOM, LIBERTY.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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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 receipts for from the expiring number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

We are earnestly laboring to pulverize all sectarian creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

Non-official letters and unbusiness correspondence (which the writers design for only the editor's personal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."

The real name of each contributor must be imparted to the Editor (though, of course, it will be withheld from the public, if desired).

Why do we eat animal and vegetable food? Because their substances are composed of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen—the four chemical elements of which the human system is formed. They are, therefore, capable of nourishing the body after undergoing digestion.

Why do we masticate our food? Because mastication is the first process towards the digestion of food. Before animal or vegetable substances can nourish us, their condition must be entirely changed, and they must become simple matter in a homogeneous mass, consisting of the four chemical elements necessary to nutrition, and they must be restored again to an organic condition.

Why does saliva enter the mouth when we are eating? Because, in addition to the mechanical grinding of the food by the action of the teeth, it is necessary that it should undergo certain chemical modifications to adapt it to our use.

There are placed, therefore, in various parts of the body, glands which secrete peculiar fluids that have a chemical influence upon the food. The first of these glands are the salivary glands of the mouth, which pour out a clear watery fluid upon the food we eat; and which fluid has been found to possess a property which contributes to digestion.

Why does saliva enter the mouth just at the moment we are eating? Because the glands which are buried in the muscles of the mouth, and which, in form, are much like bunches of grapes, are always full of a salivary secretion. There are nerves which are distributed from the brain to these glands; and when nerves which belong to the senses of sight, or of feeling, are excited by the presence of food, a stimulus is imparted to the salivary glands through the nerves that surround them, their cells collapse, and the juice which they contain is poured out through their stems, or ducts, into the mouth.

Why does food descend into the stomach? Because, after the tongue, and the muscles of the mouth generally, have pulled the food into a soft bolus, it is conveyed to the back of the mouth, where it is set upon the opening of the throat, or *oesophagus*. It does not then descend through the throat by its own gravity, because the throat is generally in a compressed or collapsed state—like an empty tube; and we know that persons can eat or drink when their heads are downwards. The *oesophagus* is formed of a number of muscular threads or rings; and each little thread is alike ready to grasp at the morsel that is coming. As soon as the bolus is presented at the top of the throat, these little muscular bands lay hold of it and transmit it downward, passing it from one to another, until it is conveyed through the long passage to the door of the stomach, which it enters.—*Electric Journal*.

Management of the Sick. Next to the professional tyranny of over-doing, we would set that which seems to take delight in placing the unfortunate patient under excessive restraint in matters of diet and regimen. There is a class of physicians, happily growing smaller every day, who seem to think that the moment a man gets sick all his natural tastes and appetites must be put in the closest bondage. Sickness being an abnormal condition, of course the normal demands of the system must be opposed, to bring the whole operation of the machine into consistent working. The food must be entirely different from that which is palatable at other times, and the ingenuity of friends and attendants must be taxed to provide substitutes for the usual beverages of health. We think we are speaking to the experience of every physician when we say that very often these well-meant efforts are a source of infinite disgust and discomfort to the patient.

Some physicians there are who are so constituted that the bare suggestion by the patient of some article of food or medicine is enough to set them in dead opposition to it. Nothing can produce a stronger dislike on the part of an intelligent patient than such a display of professional authority. Well do we remember the vehement expressions of a sufferer from such severity of discipline, when describing a series of such "slips between the cup and the lip" by which he had been made to feel the authority of his medical adviser while recovering from a severe surgical operation. He was fully possessed with the idea that the interdiction was merely an exercise of arbitrary power, and his experience in one instance, when the prohibition came too late, only confirmed this impression.

Cold water is an innocent fluid—of late years it has had its extravagant admirers even—and yet how common it is for patients to be unduly restrained in the use of it! How many unfortunate infants, gasping for it in the parched and fervid heat of scarlet fever, are compelled to swallow saffron tea instead! In such cases we know the fear of Nature's refreshing draught is

Physiological Department.

Questions and Answers.

Why do we eat food?

Because the atoms of which our bodies are composed are continually changing. Those atoms that have fulfilled the purpose of Nature are removed from the system; and, therefore, new matter must be introduced to supply their place.

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much more apt to be on the side of the parents and friends than the physician. And yet this is not always so. Not long since we saw a patient, an adult, suffering from severe pneumonia. Some dissatisfaction on the part of the patient led her to call in another practitioner.

"Doctor," said she, "is there any objection to my drinking cold water?"

"Certainly not," was the answer.

"Why," said the patient, with a look of the greatest satisfaction and relief, "Dr. wouldn't let me touch a drop of it!"

The nurse then joined the colloquy, and confessed that she had, "unbeknownst" to the doctor, given it to her, but it was under a fearful sense of the responsibility.

In conclusion, then, let us bear in mind that *natura's* *vis* should be our motto in matters of diet and regimen with the sick, as it is in all other matters of treatment. To most of our readers we know such a suggestion is superfluous, and almost demanding apology. That thirsty sufferer, then, must be our excuse; we trust it is a sufficient one.

[Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

Physiology of Swimming.

The medical authorities—the French army especially—recommend that men inclined to disease of the chest should be continually made to swim. The following are the effects (which M. le Docteur Dubouy attributes to swimming) on the organs of respiration:

A swimmer wishing to proceed from one place to another is obliged to deploy his arms and legs to cut through the fluid and beat the water with them to sustain himself. It is to the chest, as being the central point of sustentation, that every movement of the limb responds. This irradiation of the movements of the chest, far from being a relief to it, is beneficial; far, according to a sacred principle of physiology, the more an organ is put into action, the more vigor and stamina it will gain to perform its functions.

Applying this principle to the chest, it will easily be conceived how the membrane of the chest of a swimmer acquires development—the pulmonary tissues firmness, tone, and energy.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Letter from Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

GATHERING OF SPIRITUALISTS AT NIAGARA.

EDITOR OF THE HERALD: Our excursion to "Niagara" has passed, and by request of the officers thereof I would transmit to your columns the outline of its features of use and pleasure.

Western New York has not been blessed with a brighter, lovelier day, than that of our reunion; and a truer, warmer-hearted throng of people, have I am sure, never assembled under the spiritual banner of Truth since our dear mother earth first represented her pivotal identity to her brothers and sisters in the firmament of heaven.

I have but little talent in the line of arranging the details of any portion of our mortal experiences, for to me any fact of ancient or modern history is only interesting as an index to the grand abstractions of infinite love and wisdom, and so little of fact leads into such broad fields of revelation that I find only a secondary attraction in my nature to create of any kind. So our excursion to Niagara, as a fact of reunion with kindred hearts and earnest working souls, became but a gateway through which to enter the field of the law of love that warms the heart—of wisdom that directs the working of the earnest soul; and all that beautiful day the voices of interior law thrilled my being with a power that hushed Niagara to a whisper, and all day long upon my inner vision unfolded such scenery from the world of cause as rendered into the types and symbols the gleaming sun, the azure sky, the waving trees, the rushing river, the emerald-clad groves and the warbling songsters embowered in their foliage.

In the voice of that rolling cascade I caught the key-tone of the melody of the "morning stars," from whose blessed bridal outflow that beautiful being whom we love to call "mother earth." I followed her up through her earlier crystalline transformations, up, up through her fiery pulses, her chills and darkness, her unshining and tempest, her upheavals and repositings, her repulsions and attractions, until, through her calmer, more harmonic phases, her breathings went forth in invisible exhalation, coming lovingly back to her waiting bosom in dew and summer shower. I saw her springs of limpid, liquid life, bubble forth on the mountain and hillside, till, one after the other, gliding onward in purring melody, they flow into the embrace of each other, raising the murmur of the rill to the song of the brook, then on and on, winding, curving, bounding, babbling, embracing and re-embreacing, their song rises to the deep-toned chant of the river; still onward, upward—flowing, heaving, rushing—they outflow from their wedlock the heaven-mirroring lake—calm, placid, deep, majestic—as though too fully entranced by the holy consciousness of its exultant birthright to find a voice to sing its rapture, it reposes in a divine reflection of the glorious types in sun and moon and stars, and bending sky, and towering hill, and cloud-capt mountain, and waving, wind-swept forest, theathomless source whence its life outflows; on, on still I followed its heaven-directed windings, until spring and rill and brook, and river, and lake, all blending in one grand swelling pulse of irrepressible worship, exultant of liberty and joy eternal, shake the foundations of the everlasting hills, call forth into echo the depths of the darkest recesses of mountain and forest, awakening the wonder and admiration of a world in the grand oratorio, "Niagara."

Borne on and on upon the waves of its mighty harmony, my awe-rapt, love-entranced soul, follows this voice of God in the waters out into the heaving pulse of the sounding sea, whence, having an earthly outlet for its flow, it yields to the workings of the sky, responds to the mellow, magnet kisses of the silver moon, and beats out the time of the song of its bridal covenant therewith, in the throbbing, rolling, changeless tide, spinning its tribute of grateful memory to its mountain parentage through its offering to the sun of the elements of dew and shower.

This round and round in eddying circles roll the laws and types of Nature's boundless sea. The way to the Supreme in every atom lies. From the Supreme to atoms the same index lies. To every pulse of life the same great truth applies.

Borne onward by this voice of the waters to the mount of Matter's transfiguration by the inflowing Deity of spirit, I looked backward again and beheld the chrysalis throbbing, the fountain springs of our life-allowing, soul-unfolding, mind-advancing Spiritualism; and as I followed the pathway of Niagara so I followed her—beholding the tributaries of divine truth to this all-glorious dispensation, as they gushed forth from the same infinite Center, on, on through Soul's earlier transitions—the stages of her evolution, the throes of her interior idealisms for deliverance from corroding, degrading superstition, down the mountain-side of cold, rocky materialism, through the valleys of doubt and despairing, over the beautiful hills of faith and hope, till rivers of light, gathered up from spring and rill and brook, flowed forth into that great truth-encircled, love-mirroring lake, the soul of the Nazarene; thence flowing onward, gathering into itself, drawing into its current the faith, the hope, the love, the prayer, the wisdom of all mankind in the eternal past, it dashes over the high rocks of Church and State, awakening the world to wonder, admiration, and jubilant devotion, through the thunder-tones of the Niagara of the nineteenth century—Spiritualism. Oh! I did not wonder, as I stood upon the terrace of the beautiful grove just below the rainbow-sprays of that glorious waterfall, drinking into my spirit the unmistakable absoluteness of this analogy, that the prophet, the seer, and the martyr, beholding these eternal harmonies of the laws of God through their inspired vision, could walk through the waters, the flames, and over the Calvaries of all time, with no shadow of doubting, no trembling of fear.

Then from the council-chambers of the ideal I began, step by step, to descend the ladder of memory uplifted for my earth-bound feet. First, through the rathering sunset shadows, down, down to the locality of the grand old maple tree, at the base of which were deposited the innumerable baskets, from the abundant contents of which we had at noon-day refreshed our physical beings, thence rallying to a point as many of our number as had yet become disenchanted from the spell of the catarract, or had returned from their communion with the spirit of God on "the island," we began to talk of "home."

During the day we had listened to inspired speaking through the medium of Clark, of Gosport, Mr. Joseph Walker and Mr. Wm. Seaver, of Byron, also from the writer of this notice, interspersed with singing and remarks from other mediums present.

The business officers of the meeting then proceeded to appoint a committee of arrangement for another excursion of a similar character, to be called during the month of August, 1864, upon such a day and in such a locality of Western New York as said committee shall deem expedient. The names of the committee were the following: George Whitcomb, Buffalo; Warren Clark, Gosport; Wm. Seaver, Byron; R. L. Samson, Le Roy; A. English, Batavia; Isaac Post, Rochester; Ira Tuttle, Holley.

The following Resolution was then offered by Mr. Wm. Seaver, of Byron, and fervently responded to by the united heart of the assembled throng:

Resolved, That Spiritualists acknowledge no other God than the Deity of universal Nature—acknowledge no revelation as superior to the revelations of this Deity in the boundless Scriptures of infinite Truth, appealing to their highest religious aspirations and unfolding reason; recognize as their fraternity no association smaller than the vast, boundless brotherhood of man; aspire to no salvation less potent than that progressive system of Nature which taketh all mankind from the hill of ignorance and fear into that heaven of knowledge which openeth to the higher heaven of love and wisdom."

Then with many an earnest grasp of lovingly-extended hands and fond "good-byes," we followed the course of the "iron horse" to our homes in the valleys and among the hills, and thus ended the "Gathering of Spiritualists at Niagara."

BUFFALO, Aug. 24, 1863.

For the Herald of Progress.

"Free Speech for Treason."

EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS, DEAR SIR: With your permission, I beg leave to differ with "C. M. P." on the right of "Free Speech for Treason." He says in No. 181 of the HERALD: "With the mere expression, oral or written, of free-speech 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—the loyal or disloyal."

That a man has a natural and governmental right in this country, to his private opinion, I agree; but that he has a natural or governmental right to harangue a public audience in opposition to the measures of the Government, in a time of war like the present, I consider sufficiently doubtful to warrant a denial. First, the natural right. Who is to be the judge of what constitutes natural right in this instance? I hold that no particular individual, nor any combination of individuals, have the right to judge arbitrarily in this case. It must be submitted to the test of the law of universal right, or of universal harmony. Unless it can be clearly seen that the purposes of this law can be subserved by such a free license of speech or of press, I hold that the natural right does not exist; for natural right has not its foundation in the power of arbitrary action merely, but in the universal principles, out of which the power of action grows, and to which that power must be subservient. It is on this principle that all just governments must be established and maintained. Now if "C. M. P." admits that the principles on which our government is based are essentially right, or correct, I do not see how he can admit the right of that kind of license in speech or press, the direct tendency of which is or would be, to break up and destroy the Government.

In the next place, if the natural right does not exist, in consequence of its inharmonious action on the principles of universal law—and the principles on which our government is founded are in harmony with that law—then it is self-evident the governmental right has no existence. The guarantees which the constitution of the United States give to the freedom of speech and of the press, ought not to be viewed in the light of unbridled license. All must be brought into harmony with universal principles, otherwise there is no criterion by which individual rights can be judged. If "C. M. P.'s" house were on fire, and while his friends were rallying and helping him to extinguish the flames, the enemies of his welfare should stand aloof and incite their emissaries to fire his building in new places, and do all they could for its utter destruction, they would be doing precisely what the mouth-pieces—the leaders of our northern Copperheads—are doing to our Government to-day. Will he punish the emissary because he committed the act, and say he has nothing to do with his enemy, because he only expressed an "opinion"? It seems to me, the law of justice, of harmony—takes a deeper hold on the interior elements of the soul.

G. B. H.
JANESVILLE, WIS., AUG. 17, 1863.

The Mediumship of John C. Grennell.

EDITOR OF HERALD OF PROGRESS: Should Mr. DAVIS, or any other *seer* learned in spiritual phenomena, chance to pass through the town of Fall River, Mass., I think it might be well for them to call at No. 25 Cherry Street, and witness some peculiar manifestations of *will-power* (as he calls it) exhibited in the person of John C. Grennell, a medium of many years' experience, and who has probably passed through as many phases incident to the ever-expanding philosophy of Spiritualism as most men.

Although Mr. Grennell has examined and prescribed for many thousands of patients, vast numbers of whom have been healed or benefited through his agency, he is still very poor in purse, his administering spirits having even denied him the privilege of receiving more for his services than a bare subsistence, multitudes having been treated and prescribed for, and even furnished with medicines by him, free of charge. On these accounts, and for the benefit of such of your readers as may be afflicted with the dreadful ailment of cancer, perhaps you will consent to my remarking in your columns that Mr. Grennell claims to have learned a very successful mode of treating the disease by simply applying a plaster, which has, as he states, worked a thorough cure in every instance where it has been tried. Among other cases he referred me to one in Newport, R. I. I called to see the person named, who fully corroborated his statements, so far as it related to her case, saying that she had sought both at home and abroad the aid of eminent physicians, under all of whose treatment her ailment grew worse, until she applied to Mr. Grennell, whose prescriptions completely eradicated the cancer in a few

Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

Mrs. F. M. ROCKTON, ILL.—We do not at present know of any perfectly reliable spirit-photograph artist.

L. C. DAYTON, O.—We are glad to hear that you are "once more fairly launched into the lecturing field." You will hear from us soon.

E. F. D. WORCESTER, O., MASS.—Thanks for your kindly friendship for the work in which we are engaged. The Report and tracts have been sent to your address.

MONEY RECEIVED FOR MRS. FARNHAM.—G. H. C. NEWPORT, R. I., \$5; Mrs. J. M. S., NEW YORK, \$5; H. B. J., DODSONVILLE, O., \$1; Unknown Friend, 40 cents; W. B., NEW YORK, \$2.

JOHN FREEMAN.—You will find a description of the spirit's departure on page 163, Vol. I, of the "Great Harmonia," and a pictorial illustration of the same at page 249 of the "Magic Star."

L. PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Camphor-water is prepared by dissolving camphor-gum in warm water. There are other remedies for Neuralgia, but none more effectual than the one to which you refer.

W. B. A. COUNCIL BLUFF.—Some Spiritualists doubtless continue their attacks on the Bible from love of controversy; many, however, feel it necessary to constantly weaken the people's faith in the Bible as an authority, because, held in that sacred estimate, it is a very serious obstacle to Progress.

L. WHITE, 126 WOOSTER STREET, N. Y., suggests that if any of the Friends of Progress in New York have rooms to let with or without partial board, they should let it be known through the columns of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, and further adds: "Should any of the Friends have a furnished room to rent, and would drop me a line they would confer a favor on a stranger."

S. G. F., ORLAND.—Your poem, dear friend, was somewhat incorrect in measure, and it had not quite enough of the poetic element, though the sentiment was excellent. Thanks for your friendliness. The contribution which you proposed sending might well be appropriated to Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, who has devoted her substance to the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers from the field of Gettysburg.

God and the Soul.

[Written in 1620.]

BY ANGELOUS SILENTIUS.

The soul wherein God dwells—
What church can holier be?
Becomes a walking text
Of heavenly majesty.

How far from here to heaven?
Not very far, my friend!
A single hearty step
Will all thy journey end.

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.

The cross on Golgotha
Will never save thy soul;
The cross in thine own heart
Alone can make thee whole.

Hold there! where runnest thou?
Know heaven is in thee;
Seek'st thou for God elsewhere,
His face thou'lt never see.

Ah! would thy heart but be
A manger for the birth,
God would once more become
A child upon this earth.

I don't believe in death;
If hour by hour I die,
Thy hour by hour to gain
A better life thereby.

Go out—God will go in;
Die thou, and let Him live;
Be not, and He will be,
Walk, and He'll all things give.

Oh shame! a silk-worm works
And spins till it can fly;
And thou, my soul, wilt still
On thine old earth-cloth lie!

MRS. A. POST

weeks, and with very little pain. Some weeks ago I chanced to call at Mr. Grennell's, when he gave me the names and address of the following persons whom he had recently treated for cancer.

Miss H. A., Newport, R. I., cancer in breast as large as a tea-cup, taken out in five or six weeks.

J. P., Westfield, New York, eating cancer in calf of the leg, large as saucer, taken out in six weeks.

Miss A. M. H., lives three miles from Lynn, Mass., tumor in breast as large as hen's egg; taken out in four weeks.

Miss S. A. B., Onondago, N. Y., in side as large as hen's egg; taken out in three weeks.

Miss M. J. L., Volney, Iowa, cancer in side as large as hen's egg; taken out in three weeks.

T. R. H.

The New Equestrian Reform.

A movement has been initiated, under favorable auspices, to do away with the side-saddle, and let women ride, as men do, astride and in masculine dress. This reform, in my opinion, is one of very great importance, and deserves the most hearty encouragement.

The constrained and unnatural position of a woman on a side-saddle makes the seat not only insecure, but causes physical injuries, sometimes of quite a serious nature.

That the natural and proper position of a woman on horseback is astride the saddle, no one who has examined the question with a moderate degree of care and candor will deny. The physiological reasons are potent even to the most superficial observer.

Some think the masculine riding-dress will prove an insuperable obstacle to the success of the reform. I have good reasons for thinking differently. The reform, I believe, will constantly grow in favor; and eventually (and not far in the future, either), be a complete success. This is an age of progress, and is not to be judged by the standard of the past.

The male attire, though some will try to make a bugbear of it at first, will soon become popular. Ladies are very apt in the esthetics of dress, masculine no less than feminine. Petticoats and pantaloons, waists and vests, Zouaves and coats are all alike familiar and favorite studies. In fine, few of us will hesitate to wear "bifurcates," and blue coats, and buff vests, and plain gilt buttons, when we have the opportunity of doing so.

It just now occurs to me, that, when this reform shall be effected, some of us will be tempted to "abuse our privilege," by doing a little visiting or shopping on foot when we are dressed for a ride; or, after taking a post-prandial excursion, we may forget to take off our riding-suits. Appearance of this kind will, no doubt, become very common; and I do not think the fair sinners will (or indeed should) feel the slightest compunction of conscience.

Success to the reform! MARY E. WALKER. JULY 25, 1863.

Will it ever be Light?

Will it ever be light? said an unfortunate wife of a drunkard, as will the heavy shadows ever break away from the mountain-tops of hope? will the stars ever appear in the sky? Long have I lived in the darkness of midnight, and long have I prayed that it might be morning. But the darkness still lingers and no day-star arises. The music and the sunshine seem to gladden the hearts of thousands, but over my way there breaketh no light. For years I have wooed the sunshine, and wooed it in vain. Sometimes I have caught glimpses of star-light, but, alas! midnight soon again returned.

I have inquired of the light, but received a cold and discouraging answer to my interrogations. I have inquired of my friend, the minister, if he could not see the coming of day; and he replied by repeating an encouraging passage of God's word, and offering a fervent prayer in my behalf. This seemed to give me momentary relief, but then the overshadowing presence of the thought that I was a drunkard's wife, and that the dear little ones by my side were a drunkard's children, cast a withering gloom over all my young hopes. I asked him to tell the people upon the next Sabbath of the fearful influence of strong drink, when it is red when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright, for, at last, it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Warn the people of the blackness and darkness of life, where wine has been permitted to revel. Picture the drunkard's home. Trace his footsteps downward. Tell, O tell the people of the specious fascinations of wine. You may lift away the heavy darkness, for God blesses the labors of the faithful. Tell young men of the imperative dangers of moderate drinking; warn them to shun the social glass. Point them to the hydra-headed monster which lies coiled in the ale and the beer. Amid all the abodes of human wretchedness, there are none so completely desolate as those where intemperance reigns supreme. I asked the man of God if he would tell the people this; and he told me he hardly thought his people would stand temperance sermons just now. It would make a terrible sound, should I preach to my people what I feel and know to be the truth in the case. Many of them sip their wine and ale, and think it no harm. They would at once think me personal, and I am fearful I should drive some away from meeting. The good man said he knew that "strong drink was raging," but, then, public opinion would hardly sustain a radical exposition of the matter. We must wait in prayer and hope, until popular opinion would favor such doctrine. Captive soul!—waiting for public opinion to bid you preach! With a soul full of truth which your lips dare not utter! The seal of divine condemnation rests upon those who dare not speak what they know to be important truths for fear of public disfavor. The intelligent minister, whose soul is imbued with an ardent love for mankind, is one of the appointed leaders of public opinion. Oh, thought I, if every Christian pulpit in the land would ring with denunciations against all that leads to drunkenness—if they would do this once a month—the morning might dawn. But, alas! policy must be the governing principle, and a policy far inferior to the real interests of man.

Will it ever be light? Will the morning ever come? I besought my kind neighbor to use his

influence to prevent the sale of strong drink. Will you not speak to the man who is the main cause of all my trouble, and ask him not to sell my husband any more liquor? My neighbor expressed a wish to favor me, but said he was really afraid of the ill-will of the liquor-dealer, and did not desire to incur his malice. I spoke to the vendor himself. He said every man must be his own judge. He was not the censor upon any one's appetite, besides, he must support his family, and he could not abandon his means of support. And so there seems to be no hope, no light. The darkness gathers thicker and blacker. A wife's tears and pleadings avail not. The cry of innocent children do not prevail. The darkness yet continues, and the stars of morning are still buried in the dark unknown. O my God! when will the morning dawn, and when will my soul be let out of this prison-house into the light? The echo comes over the dismal scenery, like the sad moanings of the November night-wind—"Whom?"

But a light dawns! I can see Woman arising in her majesty and might. I can see her standing, in her strength, under the cloud and shadows. She is no longer the angel of patience and forbearance. She stands the fair defender to man. She does not go to the dwardish, driven-souled rum-seller and plead, but bids him desist. She commands, and he obeys. She no longer pines under deep depression, but from the angel of patience she emerges into a form of might and power. What a grand and formidable phalanx it would form, when woman, the keenest sufferer from strong drink, marches in united column against her direful foe. Then will the light come.

Theological Investigation.

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

A Day of Trial for Theology.

BISHOP COLENSO'S NEW BOOK.

The present century, with all its faults, is remarkable for able, fearless, deep, and honest investigation. The natural sciences, though vast in range and varied in form, have grown up from feeble youth to hardy and vigorous manhood in a few short years. Mythology has, to a very great extent, been sifted out and separated from history. Theology has been boldly interrogated, and, if not able to return a satisfactory answer to the honest inquirer, her most time-honored and venerated teachings have been rejected. Amidst the many great men of the present age there are but few who are equal in depth of thought and originality to the Episcopalian Bishop of Natal in South Africa—Dr. Colenso. He is already well known to the educated public as the author of a series of admirable mathematical works on arithmetic, geometry, algebra, and trigonometry, and scholars are well prepared to look for close thinking, deep scrutiny, and patient mathematical investigation at his hands. Following so closely in the train of the "Essays and Reviews," his new work on the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua has created the greatest sensation.

The minister finds his most powerful stronghold attacked by one of the highest dignitaries in the Church, and therefore, while keeping on a bold exterior, he trembles in his inmost heart for very fear. By one party the book is openly and violently denounced as purely infidel and fearfully immoral, and by the other it is defended as honest in its views and unanswerable in its arguments. The copy of the book in my possession, published by Appleton & Co., is a thin volume of only 226 pages, of which the preface contains 37, the table of contents which follows ends at the 42d page, and the book itself may be said to begin on the 43d page, and is divided into 23 short chapters. The characteristics of the book are genuine honesty of purpose, sound and extensive scholarship, and plain, practical common sense.

A man in Bishop Colenso's high position has nothing to gain but everything to lose by writing an honestly critical work on theology; he may lose a lucrative situation and a high and commanding position in the wealthiest Church of modern times, and be paid for his pains by being detested by the masses of his own countrymen and co-laborers, and a fit subject for the hottest place in the regions of pandemonium by the pious, and faithful ladies of fashion would consider it unholy to sit under his ministrations; but there certainly is nothing that he can gain except the conviction that he has done right.

In stating his conviction that the "account of the Exodus, whatever value it may have, is not historically true," he strikes a deadly blow at the foundations of orthodox, but shakes not the faith of the truly enlightened and spiritualized.

It does certainly look like a genuine miracle that such a man should, at this particular time, write such a book—expressing in plain language doubts which hundreds and thousands of honest-hearted Christians have entertained, and facts which it will be next to impossible to gainsay or resist. Those who have opposed Dr. Colenso are only verbal critics, disputing equally the Dr.'s knowledge of Hebrew and the accuracy of the ordinary translation of the Bible, while they utterly lack the courage or the ability to grapple with the great questions at issue. If the learned author is turned out of the Church of England, his book will be only the more eagerly read by the multitudes who will sympathize with him; if he can still remain in the Church and officiate as a Bishop, a phenomenon such as the world has never before seen will be pre-

sented to our view; but in any case the book will have thousands of readers—indeed, it has already had as great a run as any theological work of modern times. On page 45 the Bishop says: "The time has come, as I believe, in the providence of God, when this question [of inspiration] can no longer be put by—when it must be resolutely faced and the whole matter fully and freely examined, if we would be faithful servants of the God of Truth. Whatever the result may be, it is our bounden duty 'to buy the truth' at any cost, even at the sacrifice, if need be, of much which we have hitherto held to be most dear and precious."

Again he says: "I feel, however, that I am only drawn in with the stream which in this, our age, is setting steadily in this direction, and swelling visibly from day to day. What the end may be, God only—the God of Truth—can foresee. Meanwhile, believing and trusting in his guidance, I have launched my bark upon the flood, and am carried along by the waters. Most gladly would I have turned away from all such investigations as these, if I could have done so—as in fact I did till I could do so no longer."

On the 49th page he says: "The result of my inquiry is this: that I have arrived at the conviction—as painful to myself at first as it may be to my reader, though painful now no longer under the clear shining of the light of Truth—that the Pentateuch, as a whole, cannot possibly have been written by Moses, or by any one personally acquainted with the facts which it professes to describe; and further, that the so-called Mosaic narrative, by whomsoever written, and though firmly imparting to us, as it does, revelations of the Divine will and character, cannot be regarded as historically true."

Though many have arrived at the same conclusions, but few have been able to bring to their aid such profound learning, deep study, and an unprejudiced judgment, as the mathematical Bishop.

Two of the strongest points in the book are these: 1st. The Israelites could never have been anything like the numbers they are said to have been when they left Egypt. 2d. The land of Israel never could and never did support half the population which is said in the Pentateuch to have dwelt there, when there were in it "seven nations greater and mightier than thou." Before such propositions as these, based on the laws of geometrical progression and the geography of Canaan, any mere verbal criticism as to whether "word signifies 'to carry forth,' or to cause to be carried forth, sink into utter insignificance. There are positions assumed by the Bishop, and incidents dwelt upon, which appear to me trivial and easily explained without resorting to any far-fetched theory to explain them; but, on the whole, the book is a great one, written in a simple and sensible style on one of the most vital questions that ever agitated any age or nation. Other books are soon to follow that of which I have been writing, and probably Dr. Colenso will take up in their order all the Books of the Old and the New Testaments. What conclusions he may yet arrive at I know not, nor probably does he know himself. That he will write what he thinks, I have no doubt, and that his investigations will aid the Harmonical Philosopher and the faithful Spiritualist is beyond a reasonable doubt.

Let all who can, read this remarkable book. If the Bible is true, none need fear to have it thoroughly investigated—the waves of criticism may beat against it with all their fury, but every wave only shows that it is founded on an immovable rock; but if it be not true, the sooner the world finds out the truth the better, so that mankind in these civilized lands may no longer act as simple and unthinking idolaters.

A CO-LABORER IN CANADA.

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.'"

War Prophecies.

MINERAE, July 23, 1863.

EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS: On Monday morning, April 27th, 1863, at 2 o'clock, there came into my bed-room a spirit in the form of a man, purporting to be a soldier in the army of the Potomac. He stated that our army would commence moving the following morning; that in the next two days and during the week they would cross the Rappahannock, attack Lee, carry the city of Fredericksburg, then be repulsed and fall back to their old position. The fighting would be terrible, our loss of life heavy, the rebels would be greatly alarmed, their Capital threatened, &c. There would be a fall; after which the rebels would invade the Union, passing Hooker with impunity, threatening Washington, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh. Neither of these places would be attacked, but there would be a great battle on free soil, our army would be victorious under a new leader, the rebels defeated, driven back with great loss in men, guns, and equipment, after which, and later in the season, there would be a great battle—the battle of the war. This would be decisive, and peace would follow soon after. This spirit spoke with great bitterness of the serpent influence of Copperheads at home, stating that a rebel invasion was necessary—that it alone would check the serpent influence in the Free States, and do more to unite the people than a dozen victories on rebel soil.

On the 31 of July the same spirit came again and referred to his former communication, calling attention to the state of affairs then, saying: "Do not be uneasy; all is going on

well. Lee will be defeated, but will get back into Virginia, and the great battle is yet to come."

On Monday, July 13th, he (the spirit) came again and told us that the rebel army would escape, but there would be no rest for them; that the great battle would soon take place, and then would come peace. He is here again to-day, repeating the same prophecy of a "great battle," and where we least expect it. Yours, fraternally, E. V. WILSON.

Psychometrical Reading of the French Emperor and Empress.

A friend in a neighboring city sends us the following delineations of two distinguished characters with this explanatory note:

An acquaintance of mine had about twenty card-photographs of the Imperial family sent her from Paris, two of which—the Emperor and Empress—I borrowed to test the powers of my psychometrical neighbor.

She did not look at the pictures till after the delineations were completed, and when I asked if she could guess who they were, she replied: "I haven't the remotest idea." There was no reason why she should have had. There is nothing imperial in the appearance of the pictures. Napoleon stood in plain citizen's dress, looking as much like a French editor as anything; and the Empress seems like any fashionable lady in carriage attire.

Even supposing that the characters are not correctly drawn, still it is wonderful that Mrs. W. should have said what she did, for the photographs might have been likenesses of people in as commonplace a position in life as my own.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

This man possesses a powerful brain; concentration immense; causality strong; perceptives full; perseverance great; polite, affable, ambitious, deep, very secretive, can keep his own counsel; combative when roused; sullenly reserved; haughty; at times ungenial to all about him; makes himself repulsive, but can be agreeable and communicative when it suits his interests and he has a point to gain.

He is arbitrary; likes to rule with a rod of iron. It will be very hard to get anything out of this man; will have his own dues; can't be coaxed or persuaded; has contempt for other people's opinions, except when they coincide with his own. This man is prosperous; seems very wealthy, but is in one sense penurious. He don't come in contact with the lower orders—moves in the highest and most aristocratic society.

His influence is very powerful; is so situated that he has great power. It is better to let this man alone. The less you cross his path the better. He isn't much of a friend, and would make a bad enemy. If he were determined to have your life, he'd have it. He is cold and indifferent to the world. His will-power is so strong that he can carry any undertaking through; is a schemer, and lives perseveringly; retires within himself, and lives half his life within his own thoughts; is wrapped in one purpose—his whole course seems aimed at one point.

He abides by the law and will be controlled by it, but not by a sense of justice. That he don't possess. He never acts from conscientious motives; has pride in being first; works tremendously for self-interest. In this world he benefits his family; in the next he will stand low. He is not sympathetic with any one. If ever he is loving and affectionate, it is to gratify his own selfishness. In married life he is cold, selfish, and unfeeling; isn't jealous of his wife, but she has cause to be jealous of him. He is a great plotter, and what he plots he carries out, but it won't amount to as much in coming time as he expects. He takes no account of an overruling Power. It is hard to get the start of him in a plot. He is plotting great mischief now. He will not live in the hearts of his countrymen, for he has done nothing to benefit his country. Should his history ever be written, his biographer will record nothing bright.

His physique is strong; health generally good; isn't long-lived; I can't see him an old man. His end will be sudden, short, quick, and it will not proceed from illness; it may be in ten years—perhaps more or less. His career now seems short.

EMPERESS EUGENIE.

This is the reverse of the other character—not as strong by any means. There is physical weakness and nervous prostration about this woman; she seems in a state of unrest.

She is not intellectual; rather comprehensive; can't reason from cause to effect, and it may give her trouble some day. She likes to lean on others; is not energetic or persevering; when she does display energy, it is when her feelings are wrought up, which occurs sometimes. She is very prepossessing in appearance, pleasing and graceful in manner. On light, trivial matters, witty and vivacious, but on such a subject as science you couldn't draw her out—there is nothing to draw. She has capacity for love and hate strong; is naturally faithful; is plain-dealing and plain-hearted, not deceitful. If she dislikes anyone she shows it.

What she gets is through intuition; perception dull; judgment bad in the work of life, but good on common-place matters. You would say of her toilette or a room of her arrangement, "Oh, how beautiful!" There is great deficiency about her, and she is not her husband's match. She is dictatorial; likes to have people conform to her, and enjoys feeling greater than her neighbors; wants plenty of money; is fond of dress and show, and of all things likes luxurious ease. In the common walks of life she would not know how to go to work.

Her strong point is love of offspring, and there all her hopes center. As a mother she is loving, indulgent, and watchful.

Over her is an iron will. She is not happy; has but few friends, and seems isolated in a crowd. She won her husband by beauty and grace, and not by intellect. They are not allied like other men and their wives—no everyday friendship and familiarity. When they meet it is with great formal decorum. She looks up to her husband and thinks he is a great man; feels jealous of him, and with reason. He shows her no affection, and has been harsh, cruel, and unkind. When they part in this life he will precede her into eternity.

She is very sad, and does not express as much as she feels. Pride sustains her. She could reveal much that would be startling, and would like to disclose many things, but her position obliges her to lock them in her own breast. She would like the sympathy of the opposite sex; is confiding in disposition, but her heart is filled with distrust. She will not make much by intriguing against her husband. She muses: "Here I am placed in a certain position, and I must abide the consequences." Plenty surrounds her now, but a reverse is coming.

This woman is nearing middle age. Between forty and forty-five she will meet with terrible trouble, which to her will be intense agony. After that I can trace her no longer.

The Teachings of Nature.

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

Scientific Intelligence.

FRIEND DAVIS: The following information may be acceptable to your numerous readers:

It is a well-known fact that our atmosphere is principally composed of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, mixed in definite proportions, and that besides these two gases, which compose the main bulk of the atmosphere, there are also present a small amount of carbonic acid gas, and a variable amount of aqueous vapor. The principal source of heat to the earth is the sun, which sends out its rays in all directions, and some of these enter the earth's atmosphere and pass through it to the earth. It is a well-known fact, derived from experience, that this heat accumulates during the day, and that it passes away during the night. It may not be so well known, however, that this solar heat passes from the sun, through the air to the earth, with much greater facility than it passes from the earth through the air again into outer space. Such is the fact, however. If it were not for this wise provision of the God of Nature, this earth would scarcely be a fit habitation for men and animals.

This principle, by which the atmosphere prevents the accumulated heat from the sun from escaping with great rapidity into space, has heretofore been attributed to the influence of the whole body of air. But within a short time past it has been proved that this power of the atmosphere to retain heat is owing to the presence in it of aqueous vapor. Prof. John Tyndall, of the Royal Institution (Eng.), at the meeting of that Society last January, explained how he proved that the principal obstruction to the passage of heat from the earth, is the presence of watery vapor in the atmosphere. Various objections were brought against his explanations, but he was able to answer them all by experiment. He has shown that every atom of vapor in the atmosphere steps 16,000 times as much heat as an atom of oxygen or nitrogen.

This is a curious result, but it was deduced directly from experiment. Prof. Tyndall says, "It is perfectly certain that more than ten per cent. of the terrestrial radiation from the soil of England is stopped within ten feet of the surface of the soil. This one fact is sufficient to show the immense influence which this newly-discovered property of aqueous vapors must exert on the phenomena of meteorology. This aqueous vapor is a blanket more necessary to the vegetable life of England (and other countries, too) than clothing is to man. Remove for a single summer-night the aqueous vapor from the air which overspreads this country, and you would assuredly destroy every plant capable of being destroyed by a freezing temperature. The warmth of our fields and gardens would pour itself unrequited into space, and the sun would rise upon an island held fast in the iron grip of frost. The aqueous vapor constitutes a local dam, by which the temperature of the earth's surface is deepened: the dam, however, finally overflows, and we give to space all that we receive from the sun." The Professor then goes on to explain various observed phenomena, hitherto unexplained, by means of this newly-discovered property of aqueous vapor, which, however, we have not the room to repeat here. (See the American Journal of Science and Arts for July, 1863, pp. 99-103. DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

The Human Heart.

The velvet moss will grow upon the sterile rock, the mistletoe on the naked branchlet, the ivy cling to the mouldering ruin, the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the mutations of the dying year, and—Heaven be praised!—something beautiful to see and grateful to the soul, will, in the coldest and darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temple of the human heart.

For the Herald of Progress
Honey-Bee.
BY MAX VIOLET.

[A honey-bee visited my room whilst I was suffering a severe paroxysm of pain. The sweet monarch, after a little time, becalmed my wearisome hours with sweet joys, loves, and hopes of Nature flushing in her beautiful life. Though sad thoughts would find their way to my heart, yet from beneath them arose, to bless me, a higher trust, a firmer hope, and keener spiritual perceptions. I trust all may yet be well with me, and I may some time feel my soul to fly out in gratitude to the Eternal Father for my earthly life, and all the painful experiences that have brought me here.]

Honey-Bee! ah, Honey-Bee!
Thou with smiles art blessing me;
Hast thou not a thought of fear,
Dipping from thy sunshine clear
To my weary couch of pain?
Canst thou find thy home again?

Honey-Bee! sweet Honey-Bee!
Thou'rt come, I know, to comfort me—
To set among my darkness hearth
Thoughts rainbow-hued, not born of earth,
Flashing my leader-tutted sky
With mystic, sacred prophecy.

Shrinking, I tremble for the day—
No heart to wear these bonds away.
No noble courage for my fate;
Will angel-promise come too late?
Alas! the water-moth deep
Oh could I in His vineyard sleep!

'Tis weak to crouch with coward fear
While His dear holies hover near;
Each cross may wear the smiles of peace,
Crowned with divinest blessedness:
Resting where passions may not wake,
I sacraments of joy partake.

Honey-Bee! sweet Honey-Bee!
Hun again that melody:
Humming gentle, soft and low,
Like a mother-song I know!
Ah! thou bear'st my tired heart
Where the woods and waters part.

Poised on golden wings, I fly
Where green cooling meadows lie—
Where sweet brier blossoms blow,
Pleasant fern and violets grow—
Where lily pines christened with dew,
With God's glory dripping through.

O'erhead I hear the anthems low,
With mountains well and billow flow,
Like soft sea-song at eventide,
My fevered hands I open wide,
That I may catch the blossom-spray,
And wear the precious boon away.

Thirsty, fainting soul, drink up
All good sweets from Nature's cup!
Keep the smell of fern and flowers,
Hive fresh sunshine for the hours,
And with whispers warm and true
Feed thy life with glories new.

The golden dew from fields of air
My heart hath touched with breath of prayer;
Weak soul! these ministries of pain
May prove to thee immortal gain.
Bend low, the benediction take;
God bless thee, Bee, for love's sweet sake!

A Happy Woman

What spectacle more pleasing does the world afford than a happy woman contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of life into roses of Paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they cannot help it—no misfortunes dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone, for without seeking the baser exchange of gold, which may buy some sort of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. What their condition is makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts and makes them radiantly beautiful. They live in a log-cabin, they make it shine with a luster which kings and queens may covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty. Happy women are the highest types of humanity, and we cannot say how much we owe to them for the progress of the race. Would there were enough to go round!

A Singular Romance.

Some thirty-four years ago a young man left his bride in Amsterdam, with the object of proceeding to America in order to better his position. Soon after his arrival he wrote to his wife inclosing a certain sum of money to enable her to proceed to New York to join him. This letter was sent to his brother, who kept the money, destroyed the letter, concealed the whole matter from his sister-in-law, represented to her husband that she had died, and forthwith left the country. Her husband, in the course of time, married a second wife in New York; he succeeded well in business, while his wife in Amsterdam regarded him as dead, and was making arrangements for her second marriage. That event, however, never occurred; for her second lover died a few days before the day fixed for the wedding. Her husband, meanwhile, last year lost his New York wife, and, having made a fortune, which he was unwilling to subject to the risks of war, he disposed of his business, and a short time ago returned to Amsterdam to see once more the place of his birth. During those thirty-four years of absence the few friends he had had died or otherwise vanished; but accident brought to light the fact that the bride he had left behind him was still alive. She, indeed, during all this time, had lived in comparative penury; but he is rich. The bride and bridegroom of thirty-four years ago, somewhat changed in externals, are again husband and wife.

—So long as God allows the vital current to flow in my veins, I will never, never, by word or thought, by mind or will, aid in admitting one rood of free territory to the everlasting curse of human bondage," said Henry Clay.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1863

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Meetings Resumed.

Friends of Progress will resume their meetings next Sunday (Sept. 13) in Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway. There will be two discourses every Sunday—at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.—and the Children's Lyceum at 2 1/2 every afternoon. The public generally are cordially invited to attend these meetings. They are free to all. The course will be opened by the indefatigable and eloquent Selden J. Finney, of Ohio, whose mind is loyal to the principles of inspiration and philosophic truth.

Now's the Time.

Now's the time to subscribe for the HERALD OF PROGRESS. The following reasons will be sufficient:

- 1. We shall furnish our readers with photographic reports of most of the Sunday lectures at Dodworth's Hall, so that thousands can have the benefit of the FRESH-SPOKEN WORDS OF INSPIRATION.
- 2. We shall publish more of the Editor's lectures on "LIFE AND SCENES IN THE SUMMER-LAND," also, now and then, one of his "MORNING LECTURES."
- 3. We shall keep open a "CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT," and report the most interesting proceedings of the "PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM" from time to time.
- 4. We shall give full reports of the monthly meetings of the "MORAL POLICE FRATERNITY"—one of the noblest institutions of the present century.
- 5. We shall continue all our other "Departments"—Mental, Spiritual, Philosophical, Theological, Political, Poetical, Medical, and Literary.

A False Ambassador.

Yes, now's the time to subscribe for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

"AIR LINE"

In the Christian Ambassador (Sept. 5) we find a few silly editorial remarks concerning the authorship of the "Air Line Dispatches," which were published in our columns some time since, and which, for the most part, were more reliable than the majority of the "Lightning Telegrams" to the enterprising daily Press of this city. We had frequently more evidence of their reliability than the public could possibly receive. They were communicated for publication invariably on Tuesday, A. M.—from four to five days before our readers received the Herald containing them, and in many instances, from two to three days before the daily papers published the same intelligence. To us, therefore, the "Dispatches" were more interesting and satisfactory than they could be to most of our readers, who would see the daily papers with the same news, before our journal reached them. On the question of authorship, the Ambassador reasons as follows:

For ourselves, we do not doubt that Mr. Davis wrote those "Dispatches" precisely as he has professed to have written his books—from a spiritual standpoint, and we cheerfully admit, in honest good faith—believing the event would justify the prediction. There are several things that confirm us in this conviction. To some of his "Dispatches" he has called the attention of his readers several times: proving conclusively that he had the utmost confidence in their truth. Once he has announced that he had received a dispatch conveying information that he could not publish, as it was not intended for the public! Where did that dispatch come from? What impression did he intend to convey to his readers by the announcement that he had information that could not be communicated? Evidently this, and nothing less—that the editor of the Herald was in communication with spiritual sources of information concerning coming events—and that he was the spiritual historian of the epoch!

The Ambassador's editor is a poor reasoner. If a preacher, his sermons must lack the essential quality of logical sequence from his texts. When the editor of a daily receives "information" by Telegraph, which he is not at liberty to make public, does he necessarily mean "to convey to his readers" that he was in communication with "spiritual sources of information"? No. The Ambassador's editor is mistaken, and of course his reasonings are false, as his imputations and insinuations are unchristian and ungentlemanly. We shall not say (because we are not at liberty to say) how

those "Dispatches" were received, nor by whom they were furnished for publication, but we positively deny that they were "written by Mr. Davis from a spiritual standpoint"—deny, also, that the author of them had the least thought or ambition of being "the spiritual historian of the epoch." The Ambassador's insinuations and assertions, as to our motives for publishing those "Dispatches," are gross, unjust, and unworthy of further notice.

—We regret that the "Air Line" communications are not continued, for they were more correct, in essence, than intelligence imparted over the ordinary "lines." Should more of them be received, important enough for publication, we shall, as heretofore, give them to our readers—knowing that events will fix upon them a true valuation.

The Progressive Register.

We desire thus early to remind every Friend of Progress who reads this paper that a corrected list of names of prominent or active workers in the different departments of Reform is desired for publication in our next PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL.

Let all who wish to join with us in making this little ANNUAL reliable, authentic, and valuable, send us names, facts, details of new movements, sentiments, poetical gems, or whatever is worthy of preservation in this form. Send in early, and thus insure a prompt and correct issue.

European Publishing Fund.

The following contributions to this fund have been received since our last published acknowledgement:

- Dr. H. Wiesbeck, cash and books, to be advertised hereafter, \$100; N. P. Wis., \$10; Mrs. L. Hutchinson, Aurora, Cal., \$20; O. K. Pittsburgh, H. Stagg, E. Denmore, Bloomington Valley, "German Soldier," Mr. Denmore, Boone Co., Ky., "M. A.," Pa., H. H. Day, New York, and "Aged Quaker Lady"—each \$5; "San Francisco," \$8; J. H. Atkinson, San Francisco, \$8.50; A Few Friends in Montreal, \$3.50; J. J. Mapee, \$3; T. B. Garland, Washington, \$2.50; W. T. Brickett, San Francisco, \$1.50; G. Hutchins Parker, Ind., M. Audier, G. T. V., S. Sewall, Elgin, Ill., L. M. L., Henderson, Ky., M. Koch, Union, Ill., and Mrs. Taylor, New Brunswick, N. J.—each \$2, and J. M. Allen, New Orleans, M. W. Stine, Rensselaer, Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Miss Maria Smith, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Clapp, Dorchester—each \$1.

The War for Freedom.

From the first we have heralded that the grand result of this war would be the development and expansion of the principles of Freedom and Progress. Now the facts begin to appear. Read the following from an editorial in the N. Y. Times:

"Journals of strong anti-slavery principles are springing up in all the cities of the South that are within the Union lines, and particularly in the Mississippi Valley. New Orleans has two of them—one in English, the other in French. Memphis has two. Nashville has two. Of course there are plenty of them in St. Louis, and they exist in all the chief towns of Missouri. Kentucky, as yet, has none of them, but they are spread largely over the State from the other side of the Ohio River. One is about to be started in the city of *Vicksburg*, to be called the *Union*, the prospectus of which is now before us, and which announces that "it will advocate in the most solemn and earnest manner the entire and immediate extinction of the cause of all our present troubles and the curse of the South—African slavery. Nearly all the press of Baltimore is anti-slavery, and in Wheeling, at one extremity of old Virginia, and Norfolk, at the other, there are able anti-slavery presses. The organ at the latter important point, the *Norfolk Virginian*, which is edited by the able and effective writer, Dr. Wm. Porter Ray, is about to appear as a daily, with excellent support, fine prospects, and steam presses. All these journals seem to have a good local patronage, and must exercise a powerful influence upon the public sentiment of the South. It is ridiculous to say they are supported by Government contractors, as every one who knows anything about the publishing of a daily newspaper well understands. It is a curious anomaly of the times, that while we thus find scores of journals in the chief cities of the South battling for freedom and the Union, they find their bitter antagonists in the pro-slavery and semi-secession journals still existing in the North."

Let the War go on till Rebellion is killed, and Slavery will die an everlasting death. Slavery is Rebellion, and Rebellion is Slavery; they are political Siamese twins; they were born together, they live together, and they will die together.

New Interpretations.

W. F. Warren, D. D., in the July number of the *Methodist Quarterly*, has an article entitled "The Impending Revolution in Anglo Saxon Theology." Dr. Warren is a strong, independent, and powerful writer, and the article before us is characterized by his usual ability. He seems to think Theology is sadly in need of a basis in common sense, which rests on Science and true Philosophy.

Another writer of the Methodist persuasion answers Dr. Warren at some length, in defense of "Theology as it Was," and says:—"When our philosophers have determined definitely that there are self-acting forces in matter, we may adopt our interpretations of the Bible accordingly."

Yes, exactly! Clergymen will not voluntarily leave their own errors, nor forsake the manifest errors of the Bible; but will "adopt" new interpretations of the texts when forced to that policy by Science and Philosophy.

Henry C. Wright's "Design" Exposed.

The *Zion's Herald*, (Methodist), in noticing Mr. Wright's last volume on the "MOTHER'S EMPIRE," says:

"This is one of a series of books by the same author. We have only one objection to them, but that is a serious one. It is evident that their principal design is to teach *infidelity* under the specious pretense of teaching morality and physiology."

There! We always thought Henry had some "design" in writing and publishing his volumes. Our gratitude to *Zion's Herald* for this discovery is immense to behold.

Prof. Denton's Geological Lectures.

We are informed that Prof. William Denton is now ready to make engagements to deliver his Geological Course this fall and winter in New England and contiguous States. He is well provided with diagrams, curtains, substances, and apparatus; so that he could not fail to interest an intelligent audience in his beautiful subject.

Let the Friends of Progress make terms with this earnest and eloquent Brother. He is worthy of all confidence, and is every way qualified to do a good good in the direction of a true knowledge of Nature. After fixing his geological basis firmly, he sometimes mounts "as an eagle's wings" into the spiritual superstructure.

His address for the present is: "Care of A. B. Child, Boston, Mass." We think Spiritual Associations should write to him for his terms at once. He should be employed every night.

Profound.

Mr. George Cruikshank claims to have made a discovery concerning ghosts, which, he thinks, will effectually dispose of the spiritual apparitions. The discovery is described by Mr. Cruikshank in the following language:

"All those who have professed to have seen ghosts, declare that they appear in the dresses which they wore in their lifetime; but from all I have been able to learn, it does not appear that from the days of Pizarro the younger down to the days of Shakespeare, and from thence down to the present time, that any one has ever thought of the gross absurdity, and impossibility, of their being such things as ghosts of wearing apparel, iron armor, walking sticks, and shovels! No, not one, except myself, and this I claim as my discovery concerning ghosts, and that therefore it follows, as a matter of course, that as ghosts cannot, must not, dare not, for decency's sake, appear without clothes; and as there can be no such things as ghosts of spirits of clothes, why, then, it appears that ghosts never did appear, and never can appear, at any rate not in the way in which they have been hitherto supposed to appear."

Mr. J. Bain Frixwell comes forward to contest the originality of Mr. Cruikshank's discovery, alleging that he had promulgated the same doctrine in 1857. Quite a discussion is going on between the parties.—*Methodist*.

The President's Letter.

THE ISSUE OF WAR PLAINLY STATED. COMPROMISE IMPOSSIBLE.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, August 26, 1863.

HON. JAMES C. CONKLING, MY DEAR SIR: Your letter inviting me to attend a mass-meeting of unconditional Union men, to be held at the capital of Illinois on the 3d day of September, has been received. It would be very agreeable to me to see my old friends at my old home; but I cannot just now be absent from this city so long as a visit there would require.

The meeting is to be of all those who maintain unconditional devotion to the Union; and I am sure that my old political friends will thank me for tendering, as I do, the nation's gratitude to those other noble men whom no partisan malice or partisan hope can make false to the nation's life.

There are those who are dissatisfied with me. To such I would say: You desire peace, and you blame me that we do not have it. But how can we attain it? There are but three conceivable ways: First—To suppress the rebellion by force of arms. This I am trying to do. Are you for it? If you are, so far we are agreed. If you are not for it, a second way is to give up the Union. I am against this. If you are, you should say so plainly. If you are not for force, nor yet for dissolution, there only remains some imaginary compromise.

I do not believe that any compromise embracing the maintenance of the Union is now possible. All that I learn leads to a directly opposite belief. The strength of the rebellion is its military—its army. That army dominates all the country and all the people within its range. Any offer of terms made by any man or men within that range in opposition to that army, is simply nothing for the present—because such man or men have no power whatever to enforce their side of a compromise, if one were made with them.

To illustrate: Suppose refugees from the South and peace men of the North get together in convention and frame and proclaim a compromise embracing the restoration of the Union. In what way can that compromise be used to keep Gen. Lee's army out of Pennsylvania? Gen. Meade's army can keep Lee's army out of Pennsylvania; and, I think, can ultimately drive it out of existence. But no paper compromise to which the controllers of Gen. Lee's army are not agreed can affect that army. In an effort at such compromise we would waste time, which the enemy would improve to our disadvantage, and that would be all.

A compromise, to be effective, must be made either with those who control the rebel army or with the people, first liberated from the domination of that army by the success of our army. Now, allow me to assure you that no word or intimation from the rebel army, or from any of the men controlling it, in relation to any peace compromise, has ever come to my knowledge or belief. All charges and intimations to the contrary are deceptive and groundless. And I promise you that if any such proposition shall hereafter come, it shall not

be rejected and kept secret from you. I freely acknowledge myself to be the servant of the people, according to the bond of service—the United States Constitution; and that, as such, I am responsible to them.

But, to be plain: You are dissatisfied with me about the negro. Quite likely there is a difference between you and myself upon that subject. I certainly wish that all men could be free, while you, I suppose, do not. Yet, I have neither adopted nor proposed any measure which is not consistent with even your view, provided that you are for the Union. I suggested compensated emancipation, to which you replied that you wished not to be taxed to buy negroes. But I had not asked you to be taxed to buy negroes, except in such way as to save you from greater taxation to save the Union exclusively by other means.

You dislike the Emancipation Proclamation, and perhaps would have it retracted. You say it is unconstitutional. I think differently. I think that the Constitution invests its Commander-in-Chief with the law of war in time of war. The most that can be said, if so much, is, that slaves are property. Is there, has there ever been, any question that by the law of war, property, both of enemies and friends, may be taken when needed? And is it not needed whenever taking it helps us or hurts the enemy? Armies, the world over, destroy enemies' property when they cannot use it, and even destroy their own to keep it from the enemy. Civilized belligerents do all in their power to help themselves or hurt the enemy, except a few things regarded as barbarous or cruel. Among the exceptions are the massacre of vanquished foes and non-combatants, male and female.

But the Proclamation, as law, is valid or is not valid. If it is not valid it needs no retraction. If it is valid it cannot be retracted, any more than the dead can be brought to life. Some of you profess to think that its retraction would operate favorably for the Union. Why better after the retraction than before the issue? There was more than a year and a half of trial to suppress the rebellion before the Proclamation was issued. The last one hundred days of which passed under an explicit notice that it was coming unless averted by those in revolt returning to their allegiance. The war has certainly progressed as favorably for us since the issue of the Proclamation as before.

I know as fully as one can know the opinions of others, that some of the commanders of our armies in the field who have given us our most important victories believe the emancipation policy and the aid of colored troops constitute the heaviest blow yet dealt to the rebellion, and that at least one of those important successes could not have been achieved when it was but for the aid of black soldiers.

Among the commanders holding these views are some who have never had any affinity with what is called Abolitionism or with "Republican party politics," but who hold them purely as military opinions. I submit their opinions as being entitled to some weight against the objections often urged that emancipation and arming the blacks are unwise as military measures, and were not adopted as such in good faith.

You say that you will not fight to free negroes. Some of them seem to be willing to fight for you—but no matter. Fight you, then, exclusively, to save the Union. I issued the Proclamation on purpose to aid you in saving the Union. Whenever you shall have conquered all resistance to the Union, if I shall urge you to continue fighting, it will be an apt time, then, for you to declare that you will not fight to free negroes. I thought that in your struggle for the Union, to whatever extent the negroes should cease helping the enemy, to that extent it weakened the enemy in his resistance to you. Do you think differently? I thought that whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers leaves just so much less for white soldiers to do in saving the Union. Does it appear otherwise to you?

But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us if we will do nothing for them? If we take their lives for us they must be prompted by the strongest motive—even the promise of freedom. And the promise, being made, must be kept.

The times look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea. Thanks to the great North-west for it. Nor yet wholly to them. Three hundred miles up they met New England, Empire, Keystone, and Jersey, hewing their way right and left. The sunny South, too, in more colors than one, also lent a hand. On the spot, the part of the history was jotted down in black and white. The job was a great national one, and let me be banned who bore an honorable part in it. And while those who have cleared the river may well be proud, even that is not all. It is hard to say that anything has been more bravely and better done than at Anfield, Murfreesborough, Gettysburgh, and on many fields of less note. Nor must Uncle Sam's margin have been present—not only on the deep sea, the broad bay, and the rapid river, but also up the narrow muddy bayou, and wherever the ground was a little damp, they have been and made their tracks. Thanks to all. For the great republic—for the principles by which it lives and keeps alive—for man's vast future—thanks to all.

Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost. And then there will be some black men who can remember that, with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and set to their jaws they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear that there will be some white men unable to forget that, with malignant heart and deceitful speech, they have striven to hinder it.

Still, let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in his own good time, will give us the rightful result.

Yours, very truly, A. LINCOLN.

A neat, capable, and pleasant American woman may hear of a good home and position as Housekeeper by addressing the Editor of this paper; also a healthy and competent girl for general housework.

For the Herald of Progress.

Treason by Speech.

Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort.

Under the foregoing provision of the Constitution, it is not apparent that he who openly consents resistance to the draft in the present crisis, or discourages enlistments, is adhering to the enemies of the United States—giving them aid and comfort? If so, then treason may consist in words spoken or published.

But, it may be asked, Does not the Constitution guarantee freedom of speech? Certainly; but not at all times. An exception is made when there is an organized enemy making war against the United States. Then you must not give aid and comfort to that enemy, even by speech.

But this restriction has no application when there is no war. Hence there is no inconsistency in the strongest advocate of free speech claiming that men shall not utter disloyal sentiments now. Before the rebellion began, either Jeff. Davis or Wendell Phillips had a perfect right to talk secession or counsel armed resistance to the power of the United States. But as soon as armed resistance became a fact, then to continue to talk secession was treason. Phillips would probably be liable to arrest, now for saying what he had a perfect right to say, and did say, three years ago.

Our government has wisely provided that there can be no treason in time of peace, and guaranteed free speech at all times except when we are at war. How far a man may talk disloyally in time of war, and not be guilty of treason, is a question never yet determined by the proper tribunal—the Supreme Court of the United States; but that the framers of the Constitution intended to include in the category of traitors only those in arms, and to let those escape who counsel and encourage the enemy to fight, is a palpable absurdity. W. H. B.

Yearly Meeting of the Indiana Friends of Progress.

The Indiana Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Progress will be held at Richmond, on the 23d, 24th, and 25th of October.

All the friends of our cause are invited to come, and help us have a good time. Ample arrangements have been made for a good hall, and accommodations for the friends from a distance. Speakers coming this way will be made welcome.

On behalf of the committee, SAMUEL MAXWELL. RICHMOND, INDIANA.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—DR. COLEMAN'S book has been translated into Swedish, and has passed through two editions.

—A new work of fiction has appeared, entitled *Maddie, la Quaintie*, by George Sand, (MAD. DEBRYANT), which is said to be worthy of the author of *Consuelo*.

—The *Gazette Musicale* asserts that Dr. LIXON has retired, we suppose for a temporary abode only, to a Dominican convent at Rome, where the Pope has paid him a visit and listened to his fine piano-forte playing.

—M. AUGUSTE NICOLAS, the author of *Etudes Philosophiques sur le Christianisme*, is preparing a refutation of M. RENAN'S book, which will be called *Jesus Christ est le Fils de Dieu*.

—GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, has published a collection of brightly and sparkling papers on topics connected with the rebellion, entitled, "The Light and Dark of the Rebellion."

—MR. BRECHER says there are many persons who think that Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins.

—The substitution of steel tubes instead of wrought iron for the interior of rifled guns, which is the invention of Mr. J. ANDERSON, Acting Superintendent of the Royal Gun Factories, has been fully tested in the presence of the ordnance select committee, and found to answer in every respect.

—REV. WM. S. HEYWOOD is about changing his residence to West Newton, Mass. He will still preach in Hopedale occasionally.

—REV. C. C. McCABE, of the Ohio Conference, is among the confined officers at Richmond. He was taken at the battle of Winchester, June 13. McCabe is a chaplain of one of the Ohio regiments.

—MRS. FRANCES ANTHEL TAPPAN, wife of Arthur Tappan, Esq., for many years an eminent merchant in this city, died at her home in New Haven, Conn., on the 21st of July last.

—REV. DR. MASSIE, who brought over the petition from the four thousand English clergymen, has been speaking in Boston and Portland, and was well received.

—REV. W. J. POTTER, of New Bedford, Mass., who is among the drafted, has announced his intention of going, and has published a sermon exhorting all Christian men who have been drafted to take the same course.

—REV. DR. PERKY, of the Methodist Church, entered the army and became a Colonel, leading his regiment, and there lost his life. His friends have raised about \$4,000, and purchase a home for his family.

—GEN. HALLBOK says two hundred thousand new troops now will be worth more than eight hundred thousand six months hence. Hence the importance of a prompt enforcement of the draft.

—DENN HOWNE, the spirited correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, finds the substitutes and conscripts about him desert, so that he recommends them all to be clapt in prison "for three years or the war," immediately on being sworn in, as the cheapest way to deal with them.

—LORD LYONS (British Minister) and suite have gone to Canada. They were at Hamilton on Monday week, and would go the next day to Montreal and Quebec.

—THE MARQUIS OF GALETTI took from Mexico, as a present to the Imperial Prince, the miniature cannon presented by the American to the Mexican Government.

—JOHN LYNN, a very worthy and intelligent farmer, residing in the town of Clay, N. Y., committed suicide recently. Mr. Lynn had been a confirmed dyspeptic for a long time, and was subject to fits of great depression of spirits. He was forty-eight years old, had a wife and four children, was an exemplary member of the Methodist Church, an industrious, kind-hearted, and universally-respected man.

—We are pleased, as many more will be, to see that the Boston *Daily Advertiser* learns that Miss KALLOO, the favorite prima donna, who is now at Newport, has, by rest and medical treatment, quite recovered her strength, and her voice has regained its original purity and compass.

—We have heard of some things excellently said by Mr. LINCOLN. The other day he was approached with regard to the question of permitting the slave-owners of North Carolina to keep their work-people in bondage on the return of that State to the Union. Mr. Lincoln is reported to have said in reply: "My Proclamation setting free the slaves of the rebel States was issued nearly a year ago."

—H. C. DE LONG, recently graduated at the Canton Theological School, has accepted an invitation to the pastoral charge of the Universalist Societies of Portageville and Nunda, N. Y.

—ADMIRAL DUPONT'S share of prize money since he took command of the South Atlantic squadron, amounts to over \$200,000.

—On the occasion of giving away the Midsummer Prizes at Harrow, BISHOP COLEMAN, who was present, was hailed with tremendous applause.

—MAZZINI has been at Lugano. He is frequently seen walking in the streets, notwithstanding the notes of the Italian Government to the Swiss Federal Council.

—MR. and MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS are enjoying their *otium can dig* at their beautiful country residence, on Long Island, where they intend remaining till November, when they will follow Mr. Edwin Forrest at Niblo's.

—MR. GRAY, a French physician, proposes to destroy the taste of intensely bitter medicines by mixing chloroform with them in certain proportions. He claims that the taste and odor even of assafoetida can be annihilated.

—THEODORE TILTON, of the *Independent*, is reported as among the drafted in Brooklyn.

—SECRETARY STANTON has removed from office the Quartermaster General Meigs. He has sent into exile the old fogey Ripley, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, who combined all new ideas in the fabrication of firearms, artillery, and projectiles. Surgeon-General Hammond has also been displaced.

—MISS EMMA HARDING, a lady of great prominence as a lecturer on Human Progress, and whose powers of eloquence as a speaker are rarely excelled, has been engaged by a number of our citizens to deliver a course of lectures during September at the Niagara Street Methodist Church, commencing on Sunday next. The lectures are to be free.—*Buffalo Express*.

—GERALD MASSEY is about to give a course of lectures in England, one of the subjects chosen being "The Man Shakspeare."

—ALFRED B. STREET is engaged upon a new poem, at the State Library, Albany.

—LYMAN TRUMBULL, United States Senator from Illinois, has changed his residence from Alton to Chicago, and will hereafter reside permanently in that city.

—PROF. ANNER MORSE, of Boston, writes from Swansey to the N. E. Historic-Geological Society, that in searching with success for more traces of the ancient Northmen, he has ascertained the existence of Petroleum in Bristol County, in immense quantities.

—MR. LINCOLN has sent the widow of the gallant Gen. Strong, who was killed while leading the last assault on Fort Wagner, a Major General's commission, dated the day of the battle in which he was killed.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES aptly likens the Copperheads, who, as often as any measure is adopted to ward off the blows which traitors aim at the life of the Government, cry out "the Constitution is in danger;" to "watch-dogs that bay the moon but do not bite the thief."

—CARLYLE is no hypocrite. He stands up boldly for slavery as he stands up for despotism in all forms. He holds all constitutional governments to be shams and impostures; that men can only be governed by the strong hand; that *Caesarism* is the true rule for this world.

—REV. WOOD, unable to communicate openly with his friends, the rebels at the South, tries to comfort them by furnishing his paper, the *News*, to such of them as are in prison at the North.

—GEORGE W. LINS, of Lee, Mass., is the man charged with making bank-note paper for the rebels. He is to be tried at the September District Court.

—EMERSON EUGENIS has again appeared with a long walking-stick, and now the fashion is fixed. Every lady at a watering-place must "wear a cane;" and the shop windows of Paris are beginning to display them, with "prices to suit customers."

—CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, (it is stated,) has consented to appear at the Boston Theater one night only, some time in September, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. She will also appear one night in New York and one night in Philadelphia, in behalf of the same excellent object. For no other purpose would she even return to the stage temporarily.

—GEORGE THOMPSON, eldest son of William Lloyd Garrison, has been commissioned as a Lieutenant in the Massachusetts Fifty-fifth (Colored) Regiment. He has never, we understand, accepted his father's non-resistance views, and has enlisted in the war from a high sense of duty to his country and the cause of Freedom.

—GEN. A. P. HOVEY is engaged in canvassing Southern Indiana, and is doing good service for the Union cause.

—SMITH, the razor-strop man, has had one of his limbs amputated at Gettysburg, and looks on the deprivation philosophically, declaring that, as in his razor-shop selling days, he still has "one more left."

—MISS LAURA KEENE, previous to the building of her new theater, will pay her first visit to the West, and appear in the principal cities, accompanied by her New York company. Before leaving, she will play a short season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Miss Keene commences her Western engagement at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, October 5th, returning early in the ensuing year.

—The Congregational Church of Georgetown, Mass., of which REV. CHAS. BRECHER is pastor, refused to accept the report of the Council charging that gentleman with heresy. By this action the church sustain their pastor against the decision of the Council.

—MR. LAYARD, "of Nineveh," has made himself obnoxious and troublesome to the English rulers. Lord Palmerston embodied his own opinions of the man by asserting that he "would never forgive Nineveh for digging up Mr. Layard."

—MR. HARRISON REED, U. S. Tax Commissioner for Florida, has furnished the public an account of his impressions of the colored schools at Fernandina. He speaks very favorably of the progress of the schools and the character of the teachers. The colored people take much more interest in their own education than it was dreamed they would, even by their best friends. MISS COLLE MERRICK, from Syracuse, N. Y., has purchased a large and commodious building and suitable grounds in Florida, and proposes, under the favor of the government and the benevolence of the free people of the North, to establish an asylum for the waifs now floating amid the chaos of ignorance and barbarism.

—GOV. ANDREW, while on his way to Fryeburg, and near Conway, N. H., some days ago, had an opportunity of taking the lead in an extemporaneous fire department. A correspondent of the *Portsmouth Journal* says that during a fire near Conway, he was at one time on the roof of a building surrounded by smoke and burning cinders, then at work at the chain-pump, or carrying water to the chambers above. By the vigorous efforts of Gov. Andrew and his associates a house was saved from the flames.

—MRS. ALICE BRADLEY HAYES, a popular authoress in the department of fiction and juvenile literature, died at her residence in Mamaroneck, Westchester County, on Sunday, August 23, aged 35. She was a native of Hudson, N. Y., her maiden name being Emily Bradley. While still a school-girl she furnished a series of brilliant sketches, under the pseudonym of Alice G. Lee to the *Saturday Gazette*, a weekly journal then recently established in Philadelphia by Mr. Joseph C. Neal. This led to an intimate acquaintance with the editor, and in 1846 she became his wife. At his request she assumed the name of Alice, which she retained during the remainder of her life. Their union continued but a single year, and on the death of Mr. Neal in 1847 she undertook the editorial charge of the *Saturday Gazette*, which she conducted successfully for several years. At the same time she was a frequent contributor both in prose and verse, to some of the leading periodicals of the day. Her principal work, entitled, "Gossips of Rivertown," was published in 1850, but she is still more favorably known by her admirable juvenile productions, "Ellen Morton," "No Such Word as Fail," "Out of Debt Out of Danger," "The Coopers," and others of similar import and equal merit. Her writings are remarkable for their facility and gracefulness of expression, the beauty of their illustrations, their spirited flow of dialogue, and their elevated moral and domestic tone. She was married in 1853 to Mr. Samuel L. Hayes, and afterward resided in the vicinity of New York until her death.

—The Chamber of Deputies at Weisbaden have authorized civil marriages between religious denominations not recognized by the State, or where the established clergy had refused to officiate.

—Canada is said to be overrun with "low fellows," who have left the States to escape the draft. A letter says that "crime is rampant in many places, and it is no exaggeration to say that three-fourths of it is traced to these runaways."

—An Iowa paper says that at a recent Copperhead meeting at Oskaloosa, in that State, two young ladies, appropriately adorned with butternut breastpins, occupied the front seat. The next day the young "ladies" were in jail for shoplifting, the stolen goods having been found in their possession.

—It is expected that the Vassar Female College will be completed and ready for opening about the middle of September, of next year.

—Jeff. Davis has invented a new name for desertion. He calls it leaving one's post "from mere restlessness and a desire of change."

—The Lutherans of the United States are generally designated as one denomination, although, in fact, the points of difference among them are fully as important, and the separation is fully as complete as among the several denominations of Baptists and Presbyterians.

—At the theater, Vienna, all ladies are required to take off their bonnets before entering the theater. It is almost impossible for a person sitting behind a lady with her bonnet on to see what is going forward on the stage. At a theater in Paris printed bills about the theater contain the following announcement: "All young and handsome ladies are politely requested to take off their bonnets. All others may keep them on."

—The Boston *Journal* says a number of gentlemen, desirous of promoting the science of further testing the practicability of taking photographs of scenes on earth from an elevated position, have contributed liberally for the purpose of enabling Prof. S. A. King, aeronaut, and J. W. Black, photographer, to make experiments. The gentlemen named will soon make ascensions with a balloon from Boston Common to the height of one or two thousand feet, selecting favorable weather, and keeping the balloon inflated and in use two or three days, and perhaps longer, until a satisfactory result is obtained.

Literary Department.

All things are engaged in writing their history—The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent.

(From the Ladies' Repository.)

Dark Days in Tennessee.

BY ADA H. THOMAS.

No one looking at the girl would have called her a heroine. There was not enough self-assertion, not enough of that resistance to power, physical or otherwise, which changes all circumstances into levers, and reduces all states to the dominion of will. That was evident enough to need no assertion. Her eyes were gray, such gray as does not fire up into sudden heat of soul, but receptive and steady, with a warm amber tint below, that welled up to the surface, at times, revealing the hidden richness. The face was quiet and colorless, but rounded in outline. There was no soul to dash itself vainly against adamantine rocks. She lent herself contentedly to the currents of life, thinking, as such do, that where the water-bed was placed, the stream should flow, as if it might for the upward paths of the mountains. But for all that you wouldn't have called the face happy. You might search till you tired, you would find neither tints nor dimples. Search as you might, you would find no entrance-door to the inner soul of this woman; but you would feel that underneath the gray eyes and tintless face, a steady will held the unquestioned truths of her life secure and impregnable.

I think very few men love this kind of woman; they pass by to choose some rounded, blue-eyed divinity, whose colors wash out into a dingy fadness and limpsiness, after a few years' wear, and then turn to find the same gray eyes and rounded face, with only added lines of strength.

She was in a small patch of garden ground, unenclosed from the surrounding grass-plot. Back of her the log-cabin stood, so often seen in Tennessee among the mountains; and in view in the fore-ground, on a gradually ascending knoll, and farther away in straight lines where the negro quarters had been, were charred logs, blackened walls, half-fallen, with broken plaster and melted glass. Beyond, the hills rose, green and cleared; but looking unkept and strange, with loose lying fences half-burned and wholly unfitted for protection. There was no need of the show certainly, for the fields were ragged with the remains of last summer's grain, and only spears of grass, with now and then corn, sprouted up from the untilled soil. Farther on rose the mountains, grand and wild. They looked sufficient to themselves in their strength. Down the valley the farm-houses could be seen between the foliage, with the steeples of the village farther away.

Bertha did not mind the scene, but worked steadily with her hoe—uprooting the swift-growing weeds that threatened to choke the roots she had planted. She worked steadily, with her face always turned northward, toward the mountains. She had few fancies—this girl—but this was one. The air was purer, she thought, more life-imparting. When she turned toward the South it choked her—clogged brain and soul.

To the North and West, beyond the mountains, the Federals lay entrenched or camped. To the South, the Confederates of East Tennessee stretched an unbroken line from McMinnville westward.

A clash of hoofs striking against the stones of the highway, broke upon her ear. It was a sound common enough. Not three hours since eight or ten lean-jawed Mississippians had galloped toward the mountains.

She knew very well this, too, was a Confederate. These swift gallopes over hill and mountain wore out horses horribly fast, and Morgan did not let many brutes laze in pasture when another raid was to be made. Of course this was a Confederate riding by to join his companions; but she had no fear. Everything already had been appropriated on the farm; there was nothing left to tempt their rapacity, nothing to glit their revenge, without it might be the lives of two defenseless persons. If the gray-coated horsemen were cowards enough for that—she couldn't see as she could help it. So she didn't look around. She detested the sight of the uniform. It seared her soul to look at these men—Kentuckians, Tennesseans, Alabamians, and Mississippians, joined together in solemn compact to kill or destroy the mother who bore them.

Their eyes, to her, must burn with the same fire that shone in Cain's. Not all—no, not all then, Heaven pity them, still the curse was upon them and they must bear the punishment.

She had a keener sense of justice—this girl—than most have. Whatever she knew to be right was an imperative duty with her, though brain and heart and soul should be sacrificed.

The rattling sound had ceased suddenly, not dying away in the distance as usual, so the girl looked up.

The horseman had dismounted. Confederate he was, and by his collar an officer of some rank. Tall, but not robust, with a speculative, rather puzzling face, impulsive and earnest. One to try new laws and creeds and fashions, until he proved them worthless or good. Courageous, unflinching, determined.

This speculative, trial-life hadn't agreed with him fully—the greater part of his creeds had proven worthless, you would have said, for his mouth had an expression it pained you to see, and his brown eyes were deeply sunken and sorrowfully questioning. There was a magnetism, however, in the man few could withstand—a magnetic power contained in the rectitude of principle that always lay under the imperfections of deed.

Looking, the girl grew deadly white, the parted lips blue, but the hoe she held was lifted in a strong nervous grasp. She had nerves of brass; her hand, browned as it was, and small, was compact, firm. You might swear if once those fingers closed on a truth, no torture could unbind them.

He came forward with quick, firm steps, his mobile mouth stirred with emotion, his eyes bearing the deep lights of carbuncles, saying, "Bertha!"

"That was all. She gave her right hand into his."

"John Bennet, I am glad to see you."

Not a change of tone—just a quiet flow of earnest syllables.

"And is that all?" he questioned. "One year I have been gone, and you meet me with only these words?"

"That is all."

He put his hands in sudden movement to his face; his form shook with emotion. The girl stood erect, immovable, white as alabaster, but hard. He turned as quickly, placing his hands on her shoulders, a triumphant, plying smile making his face beautiful. He was always positive, she acquiescent in her nature.

"Bertha, you love me, nevertheless. You are pressing your heart down with your weak little hand—it will burst out of your hands for all that, dear. Because we differ in this question, you take it upon yourself to say, 'we two shall walk separately all our lives.' You can't do it, Bertha—it whitens you—such intense heat of soul you cannot bear."

She did not deny the accusation. Strong souls are seated like mountains, and do not fly out of equipoise with what, in others, would cause a false shame of the truth. She only said,

"You are wrong, John. I do not take upon myself the responsibility of parting our lives. We are separate because the Right stands between us two, and will not let us unite."

"You bandage your eyes, and cry out that it is dark. You love me. Obey your instincts?"

"They do not draw me nearer to you."

"Child, men and women have died before this for false gods and no good gained."

"I know it too well. But is my country a false god—she who has nurtured and protected us as a mother?"

"Yes, false as any heathen idol. One that delights in a sacrifice of blood."

"Patriotism then is nothing?"

His eyes flashed.

"Patriotism is the soul of love. But blind devotion to a country that has for its object the subjugation of one portion to the rule of another, is culpable ignorance or cowardice. When rulers are corrupt, and laws perverted, when liberty is a dead letter, when our rights are ignored and our homes invaded by an army of subjugation, it is not patriotism to lie supinely. Shame on the man who does not arise and say, 'my personal liberty is my country. I will maintain it.'"

"Alas! it is you who have bandaged your eyes. I deny the existence of wrongs on the part of the government, but what with patience might have been legislated away. I deny fully the attempt at subjugation. You would understand the status fully if you would but reason calmly, and not allow your excitable imagination to run rampant. But granted it were so. Where is that freedom for which you are fighting against established laws? Is it in the army? no one expects it there. Has the press a voice? Look to Knoxville for an answer. Are the citizens protected in their opinions? Look around you, John Bennet. View the fruits of Southern liberty."

He groined in very bitterness of soul.

"Dear, it cannot be otherwise now. The summer storm must rage even to destruction to purify the air and reinvigorate nature."

"Yes, but the storm only destroys."

"I see we cannot agree on this subject, dear. We will let it pass. I challenge no soul's liberty of thought. I came on another errand. These are terrible times, Bertha. I have been heartsick with thoughts of your exposure. I have received leave of absence for a few days, and have come to claim my wife and protect her."

"You remember my words one year ago, John?"

"But you must have relented. You have no right to murder your own happiness and that of the man who loves you."

"I cannot marry you, John Bennet." There was not the faintest inflection. It was as though each word was pressed out whole and dead from her tortured heart.

The man's agony was terrible to witness, but she bore it. I think for all her calmness, she suffered the more.

"But you will let me carry you and your father to some spot where I can watch over you, for your father's sake, Bertha, if not for my own," he appealed.

"Be content, John; it cannot be. You know my father would not, nor would I."

He looked at her as we gaze on the face of the dead, only then we have the comfort that all trouble is over there but he—oh! the thought of her death-in-life was anguish.

"We must part again?" he said at length. She bowed her head.

"Do you love me, Bertha?"

She lifted her eyes. All the amber of her soul flooded them with glory. No one but this man and herself dreamed of the depths of tenderness contained in her nature.

She passed her fingers across his eyes slowly, as if she was bidding the scales fall from them.

"You'll come back to me some day, John, and then you'll see it has been day all the time."

"God grant it, love." He took her in his arms, kissed her and left her there.

She never knew how she got to the door of the cabin, nor how long she lay there dead and buried. It seemed, but when she knew she lived she found it was growing dusk, and the rain beginning to fall.

She hadn't time for sorrow; she never shed tears—weaker characters do that. She had known a year before she must accept life, not as most women do, but as it must be, so this was nothing new. People lived to suffer, but the very suffering proved they were alive, and that could not be helped. So she went about her work in the cabin as usual, built the fire in the fire-place, placed the kettle over, and made the corn-cakes for supper, placing them in the bake-kettle. This done, she was arranging the table as her father entered. An old man, white-haired, gray-eyed. Bertha came naturally by her nature. A strong, true man.

Not quite two years before had the war broken out. In the outset of the troubles there had been, it seemed, little danger of disloyalty in Tennessee. Bills after bills tending toward insurrection and secession had been brought forward, and as steadily rejected. But the virus was there, and it spread with terrible swiftness, the revolutionists conquered, and Tennessee seceded. Every one remembers how the storm grew. Mighty armies arose equipped and drilled, throughout the rebellious States.

State pride, excitement, military glory, the

expectancy of founding a nation where each man should be a prince, seized upon the youth and drew them into the vortex.

Said Eastern Tennessee, when the tempter came with honeyed words, prating of State rights and wrongs, and Yankee trickery, and self-preservation. "The mountains slope toward the East, the West, the North, and the South; their summits point upward where justice dwells. Our mountains teach us to incline not more to one side than another, but their peaks point to the Right, and the right we will choose."

So the old man and girl were left alone, in the midst of confusion and terror. From the West and South they heard faint echoes of the strides of the Federals; from the East they learned West Virginia held her own in her mountain fastnesses; but the Union army had no time to run off into the mountains to see how the Unionists fared among the guerrillas, so the persecuted people had a sad time of it. A number, faint-hearted, demurred and said a country that wouldn't save her people wasn't worth the sacrifice. Such swore allegiance to the military despotism, and found themselves very little relieved from the troubles that assailed them. Others stood out, unmoved and patient. When their tormentors came they said, "When the Federals come, the punishment will fall."

But the Federal army did not come, and the destruction continued. Squire Gilbert's turn was not the first, but it came in time, and he was homeless. The servants, those who did not start off in the vague hope of finding a freedom of which they knew nothing, except as a name, were seized by the Confederates for fortification labor, or sent south after the emancipation proclamation.

Only once George had ridden home—it was after everything had been destroyed—begging his father to take the oath. "You know of what an army is composed, father," he said; "the men are lawless and brutal. I have used my influence that you should be freed from barbarities that cannot well be helped. It did for a time, but I cannot always save you. Save yourself and Bertha."

Tell General Morgan the man who once called you son will never identify himself with a party of assassins and traitors. Tell him I will stand by the laws he has broken, the oaths he has sworn, so long as I live," said Harley Gilbert.

That was last winter, now it was April, and nothing further had been heard from Col. Gilbert, U. S. A.

The father and daughter had seated themselves at the table, when the door opened and Sam Newton entered. A real Tennesseean, lank, keen-eyed and shrewd. He shook himself clear of the rain-drops like an animal, and sat down with his hands on his knees, his keen eyes on Squire Gilbert's face.

"The Unions are coming!" He was blunt, always to the point.

"Where? how?"

"Over the mountains. There'll be good work there ten days, I reckon."

"Where did you get your information?"

"You know Tim Daly went out with dispatches ten days ago. He's been prowling around, hiding in the mountains, till he got inside the lines. He came right back again, to tell the Unionists know. They were coming on, he said, and will be here to-morrow."

"We shall hear from Henry, may be," said Bertha.

"I reckon," said Newton. "The First Tennessee was among the Cavalry, and there'll be double rejoicing in the village. God!" but they won't come one moment too soon," he exclaimed, with sudden emphasis, his brawny hands clenched. "It makes me stark mad to think of our wrongs. Have you heard of Chery?"

"No; what of the old man?"

"Those accursed guerrillas are around again you know. Last night they stopped there, ordering food for both men and horses. He had no storage left, but dug up all the bacon, eggs, and potatoes he had, and the old woman hurried around to satisfy their calls. They stayed to breakfast, and then the captain ordered his men into line to pay their respects to their host."

They riddled him with balls, the fends! Jim Harrison was the Captain. You remember Chery had him up for stealing a horse several years ago?"

"The black-hearted villain! What became of the wife?"

"She wandered to the village and told the tale. It has about made an idiot of the poor old thing."

There seems to be a large force of rebels about. If the Federals come in time, they will put an end to any more such outrages."

"That they will. Just let our Tennessee boys know once that we've suffered here, and I'll warrant the mercenary's necks will ache some day! They won't rest till the earth is freed from them, I tell you," old Newton said, bringing his clenched hand down upon his knee.

The storm grew into one of those fierce thunder gusts that shake a mountainous country. Hollow murmurs rolled down the sides of the mountains, and cutting gleams of lightning cleft the darkness like mad serpents. The wind swept the rain in sheets against the log sides of the cabin, driving in at windows and crevices in streams. The lantern was lighted and a good fire built in the fireplace to keep off the chilliness induced by the wet.

The old man talked in earnest tones of the darkness of the times and the possible near approach of relief from their extremity. The night grew late, but the storm raged as fiercely as before. At length Newton arose, saying,

"I haven't been out in many such storm as this in my life, but I can breast it yet! I reckon. There are so many gray coats around, the folks are worrying about me at home by this time, I know."

Neither tried to dissuade him, for they knew how hearts are torn with anxiety, and the storm did not promise to abate before morning. So the old man buttoned up his coat and started. At the door the storm met him vio-

lently. He stepped out, standing quietly a moment as if uncertain whether to proceed or return; he came back after the lapse of a minute or more.

"Squire, I hear the sound of a great many horses coming down the pike; they may be guerrillas, or the Federals. Hark! they come nearer."

Each listened. Through the plash of the rain, the roll of the thunder and hiss of the wind, they could distinctly hear the heavy gallop of horses, hard pressed.

"Thank God, our boys!" exclaimed the Squire, peering into the darkness to see if possibly he might not catch a gleam of the light blue uniform. Old Newton stood beside him, Bertha just behind, all with white, expectant faces flushed with the brilliant fire-light. On the horsemen came, steeds spurred to their utmost capability of flight, it seemed.

A voice rose clear and ringing, "Faster, faster, boys. Kill your horses, but reach headquarters before morning."

"Good God!" exclaimed the Squire, "that voice!"

The last words he ever uttered. The ball that flashed from the barrel was well aimed, he fell down without a groan. I don't know that Newton had time to think and reason, if he were dead; it seemed a simple, quick intuition that made the old man grasp the gun over the door and fire into the darkness without aim, blindly, as any man would strike out in the dark after the assassin's knife had found him. A gleam of lightning burst out and revealed a falling form and rearing steed. The old man put his gun down heavily, with an aim satisfaction that there was one rebel less, thank the Lord! to murder old men.

Bertha had accepted the fact of death intuitively, it seemed, like the old man. She was stunned for a while. Then came the thought of the fallen figure outside. Dead, top, perhaps. Well, he had been a human being if a rebel, and it was sad to think of a dead man who had been loved by some one, lying out in the rain all alone and uncaared for, while this dead man lay here in loving arms, with a daughter's raving kisses.

Tears came into old Newton's eyes at the thought of the man he had killed, and going out softly, he walked through the storm, out on to the turnpike. I think he never so fully realized the horrors of this terrible time, as when he bent under the rain, searching for the rebel he had killed. I think never more tender, loving feelings went out from the heart of a man toward another than those that fell on the suffering figure he found at length, lain down in the center of the road on his face. He was glad of that, so the old man thought, for the sharp hoofs that had gone over him would have tramped out all likeness of the face a mother had loved one time, and perhaps was praying for now. I know there was not one thought of resentment left in the heart of the old man toward the dead Confederate in his arms, more than he would have felt had it been his own son he carried, and that son clad in the light blue uniform.

He carried him tenderly inside the cabin. Bertha still sat with her arms around her father. Newton unwrapped the oil-cloth that had enveloped the face and form of the dead Confederate. The cap had slipped from its resting-place, and hung over his face. He lifted it tenderly, reverently, as a mother might the sheet from her dead baby's face.

"George! O brother!" one call, and the over-ried girl dropped senseless between her murdered father and brother.

The morning came with gleaming sunlight after the storm. The world looked as if newly baptized with the glory of beauty. The chestnut trees shook their leaves in exultant happiness in the joy of the new day. All the Unionists from the surrounding country came flocking in to the hamlet, ragged, poor, haggard, and sorrowful. Greedy-faced people, in which every lineament was whetted with trouble. Wild with excitement they came in, women and children, and old men, each bearing a banner, saved in some unthought-of corner for this gala day of rejoicing. The old men plodded through the mud, borne down with their treasured bacon, beef, vegetables, and eggs, which had lain buried for months, all for the "Unions." Meeting, they would congratulate one another on the happy coming event, or shake their gray locks over the tragedy of the night previous.

Squire Gilbert dead did ye say?" questioned an old man, hobbling along with his bag over his shoulder. "What! Squire Gilbert? The secession varmits! The Unions shall bite their snaky heads off!" and the old man wiped his bearded eyes as he plodded onward.

Up and down the village streets the children ran crying.

"Hurrah, hurrah for the stripes and stars, burrah!" and the banners went up and the banners went down, all through the village, on the billows of tumultuous excitement. Back from the village street stood the most pretentious mansion there. This, only the day previous, and for months, had been the headquarters of the main band which had infested the neighborhood. Strong secessionists were the occupants, and many were the lowering looks bent towards the treasonable building.

Looks changed quickly into hot words and fierce gestures, and the old men made quick work of it. It was a sight to see the flames dancing high above the tree-tops, blackening foliage and raining ashes, with the grim, hard faces of desperate people around it. The owner, with arms pinioned, guarded by the avengers, was in the midst of the spectators.

"It was built of good Union wood, Lawson, and no more it sha'n't be cursed by your miserable secessh murderers," said one of his captors.

"The Unions do so with serpents," said another, grinding a piece of the falling building under his foot into atoms.

The man turned white. It was terrible to see such looks on faces of old neighbors. The expression of a goaded, half-starved brute turning upon its tormentors is not so fearful.

"They shot Squire Gilbert dead in his door last night, did your good friends, my man; wouldn't ye like to see how it was done?"

"Mercy! mercy!" shrieked the terrified man, and fell prone on his face, insensible from terror. I think they would have rushed upon him there in his helplessness and stamped the poor rebel-life out of him—men who have felt the pangs of terrible wrongs take revenge in just such methods; there is just so much of the old evil nature in every man—but they did not. Clear and sweet in one long note, the bugle sounded over the hills. For one moment there was silence. The flames crackled, you might have heard the low sighing of the breeze, and then there arose a shout, jubilant, triumphant, clear, with an undertone of sobbing gratitude.

So the long looked for saviors were welcomed by the Unionists of East Tennessee. Ah! but the meeting between long-parted husbands and wives, mothers and sons, lovers, sisters, and brothers! Now and then a short gasp and half moan would struggle up from the breast of a pale-faced wife just learning her husband.

God! who gives recompense for such scenes!" said a rough-bearded man from Wisconsin, brushing his eyes hard. "If those people knew the sorrow they are laying up for themselves—those rebels, I mean—they'd just walk down quietly to the gulf and drown themselves."

"We'll make them wish they had, I'll warrant my life," said a Tennessean whose father lay in a grass-free mound, and whose wife, eager, thin, and hungry, looked the skeleton of happiness as she clung to him.

Men who came down the mountains that morning, patriot soldiers, now had become avengers. It was no longer a cause to maintain, but a personal wrong to avenge.

Henry Gilbert's face grew stone—such grief is terrible to witness. But the brother and sister buried their dead father and son together. It is well—all differences forgotten, all troubles ended.

After all, she was glad they were together, Bertha thought, there was such perfect peace for them now—no more warring—no more anxious days and restless nights. Peace was with them, and the quiet of their rest should be her comfort, and Henry's, so she told him, and his face softened.

"I can't see the justice in it," he said bitterly.

"Nor can I, dear, but I've faith we shall, some day."

"I hope so, but this makes me almost lose all faith in Divine goodness. The world is like a wild animal, and we defenseless, exposed to its fury."

She had great faith, this girl, which is a gift, I think; and it was up held her firmly. The army marched on to McMinnville. All who followed that expedition know how the rebels under Wheeler and Morgan withdrew in hot haste before the Federals came dashing into the North. When nations play at dice with men live, to the end of the game angels weep and women work for sorrow. She joined that band, who, since first the war began, have toiled unceasingly among the victims of the dread scourge that works at the heart of the nation.

Day and night she labored, with steadfast zeal, never taking thought of self or danger. She was none of those flaccid, weak-nerved women, who shiver at thought of pain, and catch every miasmatic breath to develop into disease. Her physical as well as moral nature was too well poised and healthful to be easily affected by outward vapors; so she lost neither health nor strength under labor that weakened and weakened others.

"Your voice is so low, it seems the angels are whispering to me," said a dying boy before the film darkened his eyes.

"My wife blesses you ten thousand times," said another, a strong man, weak-minded by fever.

These were her blessings, and she gathered by day and by night. Two months passed thus. The days had grown hot and stifling, the nights dead and unrefreshing. The dreadful heats of summer were upon the land. It was heart-rending to hear the pale sufferers call in vain for "cool air," and babble of green woods and cooling fountains, in delirium of fever. The sun was setting after one of these days. The hospital was fuller than usual; this dry, heating air was trying the constitutions of our men with terrible effect.

Bertha had gone out for a few moments, into the hospital garden, to pluck a rose for a poor weak fellow whose eyes had filled with tears when the breeze had wafted in the penetrating scent. "It smells so like home, you know," he said.

She came in noiselessly. Her thin gray dress never offended the quick ears and nervous eyes of the sick men. She carried the rose to her charge, whereat he smiled, and fondled and kissed it like a child. She held another in her hand, a full-petalled flower, the faintest pink burned down to a blood red center. Just such had blossomed last year in innumerable clusters over the porch on the farm. She had gathered it with tender fingers, drinking in its fragrance, thinking of that past time. Now she held it close, each nerve palpitating with its fragrance and memory.

A voice called, faint and weak, but near: "Give it to me, won't you please?"

She turned quickly, her face transparent—her eyes grown into amber. That white face, speculative, sad, was John's. You would hardly have known either face for its transfiguration, unless you had conceived the real souls in either. Some people, "strange" they are called, go along with calm, closed lives for years, without once showing the possible glory of their beauty. Only in such moments of life above life they burst out into the perfect blossom instantaneously. But in this case there were only two words said:

"John!"

"Bertha!"

And then she wept. Such girls weep when joy comes. Happiness bears tender tears with them.

"He said soon, throwing back his head in exultant consciousness of its truth."

"I'm a rebel no longer, Bertha."

"Few people are unchastised reward like this; I cannot but think it is because few have such unadulterated faith. There were no conditions in this girl's belief—it was simply intuition of truth."

He put his slender fingers over her eyes a moment. Fair lids they had, with long, heavy lashes.

"Clear, truthful eyes, how plain they see," he said, "and yet I called them blind."

"That was in the night," she added.

"Yes, to me, but now it is day. I wonder if most men grope in darkness so long as I have, Bertha?"

"I can't tell, but I think few can see so plainly in the end."

"You've been very sick," she added, something the slender fingers of his hand, looking at them wistfully.

He made no reply. His eyes followed hers and rested on the attenuated arm and hand.

"It is all I have," he said, not bitterly, not sorrowfully, but proudly. "It was an evil arm, the other, but I gave it to my country in the end."

Great tears fringed her eyes.

"Crying, Bertha?" No, dear, the hand that signs a death-warrant of one's country, should die. You gave me light, Bertha, and when I saw, I started as St. Paul did in the right way. When my arm went I was fighting for my country."

He looked inspired. A grand man, truthful and alive.

"In those days were great miracles wrought," she repeated.

"And in these days, Ah! but these are dark days, for all that."

"Yes, but light always follows darkness. We'll keep heart together, love, till the light comes."

And he said, "Together."

Public Speakers.

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

APPOINTMENTS.

J. M. Peebles will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month.

Mrs. Mary M. Wood will speak September 13 at Stafford, Conn.

E. Whipple will lecture in South-west Michigan during the fall. Address Mattawan, Van Buren Co., Mich.

Miss Martha Lewis Beckwith lectures in Providence, R. I., during September. Tannion, Mass., October 4 and 11; Lowell during December.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook will lecture in Springfield, Mass., September; Chicopee, October; Lowell, November; Buffalo, N. Y., December; Bridgeport, Conn., January and February.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence will lecture in Quincy, Mass., Sept. 13; Dover, Me., Sept. 20; at the Grove meeting, Exeter, Me., Sept. 26 and 27; Kenosha, Wis., Oct. 4; Bradford, Me., Oct. 11; Portland, Me., first two Sundays of December.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Buffalo during September; address care of A. E. Maynard, Esq., 56 East Seneca St., Buffalo, in Cleveland in October. Teleph. No. 4. Bradford, Me., Oct. 11; Portland, Me., first two Sundays of December.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy will lecture in Elkhardt, Ind., Sept. 13, 20, and 27; in Richmond, Ind., at the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, Oct. 23, 24, and 25. Lectures for the Eastern States in November. Societies East desiring her services will please address care of C. North, Elkhardt, Ind., or F. P. Cuppy, Dayton, O.

F. J. H. Willis expects to spend the autumn commencing Nov. 1, he will be at liberty to make arrangements with Spiritual Associations in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, and in places nearer New York. Address during July, August, and September, Hancock, N. H.

Dr. H. S. Brown intends taking a trip to St. Paul, Minn., about the first of October, and would be pleased to meet and deliver free lectures, or hold free conferences, with Spiritualists and the progressive friends of humanity in the towns on the way, if requested to do so, when going and returning. He can visit the towns of the regular lines of travel if the friends of freedom and equality request it, and will pay the extra expense of reaching them. Address corner of Astor and Knapp Streets, Milwaukee, Wis.

ADDRESSES.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown may be addressed till Sept. 20, Riverview, Boone Co., Ill., care of Hiram Bidwell.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon may be addressed Chicopee, Mass., during September; Springfield, Mass., October.

Dr. John Mayhew may be addressed before Oct. 1, engagements next winter. Sweet Home, Wyoming, P. O., Chicago Co., Minn.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will make engagements for fall and winter at the West. Address 705 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Mrs. A. Pierce, Trance Speaking, Healing, and Development Medium, care Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

James M. Allen, East Bridgewater, Mass., care of Galen Allen, Esq.

F. L. Wadsworth, care A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal Street, New York.

S. M. Landis, M. D., 2207 Callowhill St., Philadelphia.

J. S. Loveland, care Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton, Northampton, Mass., care W. H. Felton.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, 57 Spring St., E. Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, Hammonden, Atlantic Co., N. J.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm B. Hatch, or Ridgebury, Brad. Co., Pa.

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Copperhead Consistency.

Once upon a time, as Esop tells the story, a man was seen making a journey, mounted upon an ass, and attended by his son on foot. The people came about the old gentleman and resolved themselves into a "public meeting."

They reproached him bitterly for talking his ease upon an ass while his tender son trudged in the dust. The "laboring classes" were much excited, and the father dismounted and put his son upon the animal.

This only seemed to make matters worse, and volleys of abuse were launched at the unfortunate party because the hale and robust youth rode and the father walked.

To meet this new objection the father and the son both rode. This change of base, instead of satisfying the crowd, only made them more outrageous.

They denounced the arrangement as a gross imposition upon the ass, and perhaps called it "unconstitutional." The old gentleman and his son had but one resource left. They took the jackass upon their shoulders and departed in peace.

There is a good deal of human nature in mankind, though Dean Swift always insisted that human nature did not include French nature. If the motives and instincts of "the Copperheads" can be called one of the varieties of human nature, it would seem that it has remained much the same since the time of Esop.

The real Copperhead is satisfied with nothing short of an absurdity. He is delighted to see the man carry the jackass, for he concludes that such an excursion will come to a speedy end.

Since this war commenced, a certain class of persons among us have spent their whole time in blaming the Government for anything which it did and for everything which it failed to do. They have been as hard to please as the old Greeks were.

They hold public meetings in which they proclaim at the top of their voices that they have been deprived of the right of free speech, and they defy in the most violent manner the tyrants who have silenced them.

They publish newspapers, in which they rave about the restraints which "Lincoln's Government" has put upon the Press, and they threaten unutterable horrors if such outrages are continued. They offer to lay down their lives in defense of their wives and children, and seem to be particularly afflicted because they are not attacked.

They say that the whole management of public affairs is only a series of blunders; nothing is done right. They have in turn denounced every measure of the Government as clearly unconstitutional, besides being inhuman and decidedly stupid.

They said that the negro would fight for his master, and that he would not fight at all; that he could not be driven to harm his master, and that he would burn, slay, and ravish. They have constantly asserted that the war was ruining the North, and making everything worthless, and that it caused such an increase of all kinds of business here, that a large part of our population were interested in having it never end.

When we attempted to replenish our armies by volunteer enlistments, they exclaimed, why not draft men evenly? why cast all the burden upon those who volunteer to serve the country, and thus throw it all off upon the Democrats, inasmuch as none but Democrats have taken up arms?

When a draft is proposed, they denounce it as an unheard-of outrage; say that the "Saxon race have never been drafted and never will be. It is an infraction of all kind of rights, and in violation of all of the Constitutions in the country, State, National, and physiological.

Fortunately the Government does not feel inclined to follow the example of the man who carried a jackass upon his shoulders to please the whims of the crowd. The draft has been made, and if the traitors denounce it, they only do what they have done from the beginning. They have opposed everything, and they have succeeded in nothing—N. Y. Times.

The Soul of things.

The following review of Prof. Denton's new book, we clip from the Christian Ambassador.

"THE SOUL OF THINGS; or Psychological Researches and Discoveries. By WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1883.

"We have here a marvelous book. It is calm, and seems perfectly sincere, and yet it makes larger drafts upon our credulity than any work we ever before met with. The old alchemists never conceived of anything half so strange. Spiritualism, with all its wonders, is scarcely a vestibule to what we are introduced to here.

"To give some idea of the nature of this book, we must remind the reader of the pretensions of a certain class of persons, who claim that by taking a letter written by an individual whom they never saw, and holding it in their hand or laying it upon their forehead, they catch and can give a just conception of the writer's character, dispositions, etc., mental and moral.

They see him and read him vastly better than an ordinary person can their intimate acquaintances, for they look into "the soul of things." In the book before us Mr. Denton has assumed this spiritual susceptibility and insight as a reliable fact, and given it an infinitely wider and more interesting application.

Not only does a letter written by the human hand receive and communicate to those sensitive enough to comprehend it, an impress of its author, but everything around us, the dustiest matter in the universe, has through all ages been receiving and treasuring up "the sights and sounds" of which it has been the unconscious witness, and is at any moment ready to reveal them to the human soul which is sufficiently delicate in its organization to perceive what it has to disclose.

The true psychometer has only to take a small fragment of rock from a mountain-top or the depths of a cavern, from the surface of the cultivated field or the uninhabited wilderness, in his hand, in order to trace his history from the dawn of creation down to the present day! All the revolutions it has witnessed, all the strange scenes in which it has taken part, all the changes it has suffered, with the manifold phenomena by which it has been surrounded, omitting neither shape, color, nor sound, are reproduced—rather revealed to the soul of the seer.

"In the researches and discoveries recorded in this volume, Mrs. Denton was the principal psychometer, though other parties—a Mrs. Cridge, a Mrs. Foot and a Mrs. Giles—some-

times lent their aid. We have here a description of the animals that left their foot-prints on the sand-stone of the Connecticut valley, of the destruction of Pompeii, of scenes among the people who reared the mounds of the west, of Aztec and Flat-head Indians, and scores of other things equally curious and strange.

"Were there any reliance to be placed upon these revelations, it would be impossible to estimate the value of this newly discovered power. It would resolve a thousand doubts and difficulties, make geology as plain as day, and throw light on all the grave subjects that time has so effectually obscured."

"Shadow and Substance."

A writer in the Christian Inquirer, having read Henry James's new book, utters his mind as follows:

"What a phenomenon in letters this re-discovered volume is; so Marlike in hue and tone! There was never precisely such a book since time began—such a confusion of paradox and fun, good sense and folly, satire and humanity, denial and belief. All our titled respectabilities are bound to exclaim against it at once, and call it a tissue of abominations. We confess to being amazed at the author's presumption, as evident from the first few pages. It is the same old idea as years ago came from him—Antinomianism run mad to such a degree as to tempt us to change the title thus: 'Against Morality and Religion; a Defense of the Devil.' Yet the essence of morality and religion is not denied, nor is Satan adored, in this savage onslaught on the current Platonism that claims righteousness as its own, instead of regarding it, as belonging only to God. The mistake of the book is in calling things by wrong names, and in ignoring the great masters of the divine life in a beggarly sectarianism or anti-sectarianism. It would do the author good to quit his dogmatic cell, and leave off indulging Calvinistic bigots and pseudo-liberal worldlings, and pass a year with first-class thinkers and devotees, such as never seem to have crossed his path or shared his fellowship."

A Valuable Woman.

Mrs. McCall, of Dubuque, Iowa, arrived on Monday from Memphis, bound homeward, on a brief leave of absence from duty as hospital nurse. She has been employed "in the service" since the organization of the Third Iowa, in June, 1861. Two of her sons joined that corps, and she resolved to go with them to the wars, and so she has done. Through battles and marches, and disease, she has attended the sick of the regiment with maternal zeal. Some time since she was assigned to the hospital at Memphis. She is a hearty and genial matron, with a countenance of that benign type that "doeth good like a medicine," and is the best of blessings to the soldiers. The boys of the Third Iowa all call her mother.—Missouri Democrat.

Definition of "Amen."

Dr. Gulick, of the Micronesian Mission, says that, when translating selections from the Gospel, the translator was long in doubt what native word to use to signify "Amen." After careful inquiry among the natives, he hit upon what he supposed would most nearly give his idea. What was his surprise to find, awhile later, that his synonym for the devout word which ends the Christian's prayers, had the equivocal sense of—dry up!

Fast Days down South.

The Richmond Examiner says: "Fast days and thanksgiving days strike the southern ear with a puritanical sound, always disagreeable, and now preeminently hateful. They smack of Latter Day sanctity, favor of the nasal twang, and recall disagreeable reminiscences of Praise-God Barbones, the Pilgrim Fathers, and their Yankee descendants!"

Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: Again have the "golden gates" been opened to admit a son of God—again have the angel-choirs been heard chanting the welcome of a ripe soul ushered into rest—FATHER BENJAMIN FARLEY, of Burr Oak, Mich., with the crown of seventy-two years upon his head, and the halo of his ministerial labors and a thousand generous deeds and holy works mantling his majestic form with the reflected glory of heaven. On Friday, June 12th, his work was finished: "You had better take me home," he said. On Sunday we laid the deserted old "temple" down among the graves, with the sunshine overhead, and hundreds of friends gathered to weep with those that wept. Angels keep the bereaved ones; peace to the good shepherd. ABRAHAM SMITH.

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: To the Summer-Land, from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, August 21st, 1885, ADA FRANCES, wife of J. L. ENOS, aged 30 years. Sister Enos had been for many years a firm believer in the glorious doctrines of Spiritualism, and her daily life was a constant demonstration of the soul-elevating influence of those doctrines. Sometimes, in her lone moments, she seemed sad; but when her husband returned she was again cheerful, and delighted to make him and her little ones (of whom there are four left) happy. She conversed much of the "Summer-Land," and, just before her spirit took its flight, said: "I see the way—it is all right; we are on the right side." Shortly after this her body was lifeless. Disease had performed its work. The grave has received its demands; but the upper spheres contain all that is glorious and immortal of our dear departed. A little while and one by one her husband and children will join her. May we yet be guided by her counsel and imitate her many virtues through what remains of the earth-life.

Conjugium.

"True marriages are natural, inevitable, harmonious and eternal."

Married: By Friends' ceremony, on the 30th of July, 1863, in Tioga Co., Pa., ISAIAH BRACKBURN, of Bedford Co., Pa., to CARRIE M. KNOWLTON, of the former place.

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