

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

VOL. 1.]

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## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

The Editor will be accessible to his friends and the public only on each Wednesday, at the publication office, a few doors east of Broadway.

A portion of our Editorial Staff will occasionally use the Phonographic characters for signatures, in order to interest our readers in the brevity, utility, and economy of the system.

Let no contributor conclude, because we postpone or respectfully decline the publication of an article, that we are, therefore, prejudiced against the writer of it, nor that we necessarily entertain sentiments hostile to his. We shall make every reasonable effort to satisfy both reader and correspondent.

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

We wish every patient to apply our prescriptions in accordance with the general principles laid down in our leading chapters on Disease. It will not be possible for us to reiterate the Laws of treatment in every installment of "Medical Whispers."

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

We have one important request to make of all correspondents, namely: that they will crystallize their thoughts, reducing them to as brief a compass as possible.

It is suggested that our contributors provide themselves with copies of their excellent articles, so that, in case the mail should miscarry, or we decide not to print, each writer will still have a copy of his communication.

Several considerate individuals, in view of benefits sought or received through our columns, have voluntarily enclosed us a money compensation. We desire to tender to all such our grateful acknowledgments. But let it be remembered by the poor that we make no charge for special "Medical Whispers" to those who send us an outline sketch of their symptoms.

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

## Questions and Answers.

"The power to put a question presupposes and guarantees the power to answer it."

## BRIEF ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### The Greatest Curse.

AMMI RICHARDS, FULTON, O.—You say: "I am willing to encourage and support Spiritualism as far as I am able, because it is more liberal, and friendly to free inquiry than the old orthodox theology, which I consider to be the greatest curse that has ever afflicted the race. Spiritualism is helping to put it down, and therefore is deserving of support. But I am obliged to be quite skeptical on the subject of the existence of spirits. If man is to have a future endless conscious existence, and if there exists a Supreme Being who is supposed to be the Father and Friend of our race, why has he not made known this truth, which of all others is the most important for man to know?"

ANSWER: We do not regard orthodox theology "as the greatest curse that has ever afflicted the race," but rather the wide-spread ignorance in consequence whereof so many excellent persons are reduced to mental and physical slavery. The best antidote for popular theology is a liberal diffusion of philosophical knowledge.

With regard to man's ignorance of Immortality and Deity, we reply that God has not withheld such knowledge from us, but, instead, has endowed each with powers and capacities for endless discovery and progression. By virtue of these endowments, and by means of this career, all desirable knowledge and wisdom will, at different periods, become the inheritance of every human mind. If men were not born and constituted for unlimited growth, then all minds would, no doubt, instinctively know every essential truth to the same extent. Than this, there could not be conceived a more dead-level monotony.

### Free-love and Spiritualism.

L. H. J., WESTERLO.—This disconsolate correspondent writes despondingly that "Spiritualism, under his own observation, occupies a questionable place. In all sincerity," he says, "I wish to inquire whether Spiritualism cannot be separated from the doctrines of Free-love?"

ANSWER: We have never been able to detect any connection between the theory of Spiritualism and the so-called doctrines of Free Love.

The two are essentially different; both in their facts and in their teachings. The former, Spiritualism, is a beautiful science of Future individual life, based upon countless monumental facts of undoubted intercourse between human beings and the spirits of the departed; while the latter, Free-love, is a social theory, entertained and practiced by persons both honest and dishonest, that conjugal love between the sexes should be regulated by affinitive inclinations only.

That there are many openly avowed Free-lovers, who are also Spiritualists in belief, we do not for one moment deny. But we have repeatedly affirmed, as susceptible of every proof, that Spiritualism is not responsible for the existence of Free-love, nor can the teachings of Spiritualism be made to sustain any unholty conduct on the part of its advocates. We have confidence that every just, ice-loving and candid mind, whether friend or foe to the cause of Progress, will exercise

judgment and discrimination on the difference between Spiritualism, *per se*, and Free-love, *per se*, both with respect to their theories and their practical influence in society. Because the effect of Spiritualism is universally liberalizing, and because it lovingly and hopefully enfolds all mankind in its hospitable embrace, are we thence to conclude that all *extremisms* and every error of its adherents are legitimate fruits of the spiritual soil? Spiritualism is a science by itself, and its facts are facts by themselves, and as such the doctrine should be studied and weighed in the balance of reason.

Of Free-love we say the same. It is a theory by itself, and its legitimate practices are practices by themselves in the social fabric, and we believe that as such they challenge the most thorough examination. The facts of Free-love should be fearlessly met, and their arguments should be squarely weighed, in the limpid light of principles. All petulancy and intolerance will prove inefficacious. We have many times urged our objections to the doctrines of Free-lovers. They know full well that we do not fellowship their theories, and that much of their practice we unutterably abhor. But they also know that we advocate free discussion, and justice to opponents, and on this ground we admit all subjects to our columns. Free speech is the inalienable prerogative of every human mind.

## Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

BENJ. TODD.—The volume will be sent as soon as you direct where to send.

I. M. C., FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.—At our office. Call before 3 o'clock P. M.

J. N., CLYDE, O.—We get no light on the last dream.

C. S. W., TROY, N. Y.—Your interrogatories are received; we have no answers to them.

L. JUDD PARDEE.—Your recent inspired discourse—"Man in general: as he was, as he is, as he will be"—is found, and filed for publication.

J. L. P., NORRISTOWN, PA.—Thanks for the facts you sent us, occurring under your own observation.

C. M. S., MUKWONAGO, WIS.—We can send "Nature's Divine Revelations" by mail, and think it would reach you safely.

G. S. S., BUFFALO.—The grateful gifts of heaven are bestowed in places where most minds fail to find them.

"FANORA," BUFFALO.—Your many voices are heard, your questions understood, your wants appreciated, and the answer will come.

ALNEY C., WATERLOO.—Did you read the letter from a member of the Harmony Springs Association, in our thirty-first issue.

J. PILKINGTON, MENDOTA.—The package of 38 pages is in our possession. You will have time to add the "closing point" before we can find room to commence the Essay.

JOHN M., DEBUQUE, IOWA.—We are not prepared to issue the volume to which you refer. If it be sold by agents, "the birth-place" will make no difference with its popularity or salableness.

"FLOWERS."—Dew-plant, or ice-plant, has been scientifically named "*Mesembryanthemum*." The portrait of the learned author has not yet appeared in Harpers' *Journal of Civilization*.

"AN INVESTIGATOR," DIXON, ILL.—Your valued inquiries, respecting the "Death-bed of Infidels," will be fully answered. At present our time is too occupied to obtain the historic data. They shall be impartially given.

A. H. BENEDICT, NEW YORK.—Certainly, Brother. The observance of Hospitality, even towards an enemy, is inculcated by a Hindoo author with great elegance: "The sandal tree imparts its fragrance even to the ax that hews it!"

W. W. B., SOUTH BEND.—Your intimate friend, "Martha," is capable of receiving a peculiar inspiration. The vesper gales from the far prairies should bring health in their wings. But her body will not be strong without attention.

M. M. W., CHICAGO.—Not one of the Lady Elgin passengers has appeared to the medium in—street. The provisions will be explained in proper season. The time will come, we think, when such disasters cannot happen. Captains will be mediums.

LEONORA E. Y., MT. PLEASANT.—Notwithstanding our earnest inquiry into the causes of your son's suspended mediumship, the result has bestowed only the assurance that for good and wise purposes the fair influences of the other life will be delayed for a season.

P. W. C., TWELFTH STREET, N. Y.—There are several volumes published treating on the Eclectic uses of Medicine. Dr. Grover Coe's work on "Concentrated Organic Medicines," &c., is a good one for you. It may be obtained at 590 Houston street.

"LOUISIANA."—We think it is hazardous, in the present selfish social state, to give politicians the handling of large sums of money. The temptation is always perilous to the agent. All the eyes of Argus, yea, and all the hands of Briareus, could hardly prevent embezzlement.

J. M. STERLING, CLEVELAND.—We think with you that such a tract would do much good. "The Seers of Evil" are too numerous for the world's happiness. The prophecy of friend Spear, on page 504 of the *Educator*, will be republished in our columns.

JOHN G., CHICAGO, ILL.—Your brotherly suggestions, relative to the practical importance and economic advantages of Phonetics, will receive due consideration. We think of publishing a few lessons on the subject in our columns. Give our love to Portia, and thank her for interest expressed.

SAMUEL N. S., UNADILLA FORKS, N. Y.—The misquotations from Mosheim happened by taking several references long since made; the figures of which were, without our knowledge, confused with extracts from other and similar works. We shall rectify the figures one of these days, and make other references upon the same general subject.

"TESTS," EIGHTH STREET, N. Y.—We do not wonder that your marvellousness is fatigued. "Every desire," says Irving, "bears its death in its very gratifications. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants, and novelties cease to excite surprise, until at length we cannot wonder even at a miracle."

K. GRAVES, HARVEYSBURG, O.—Your volume cannot be valueless. Perhaps it will prove quite different from the one about to be issued. Brother S. B. Brittan can inform you particularly as to the contents of the forthcoming volume. Address him, *Banner of Light* office, 143 Fulton street, New York. We are not using the Anaclypsis, and no doubt you can now obtain it of Mr. P.

"MANY READERS" are hereby assured that every day brings us substantial evidences of their appreciation. Renewals and new names, received through the post, are gradually enlarging the circle of our usefulness. Our warmest thanks are due each good co-worker in the cause of human redemption.

N. S. W., PATRIOT, INDIANA.—We know of nothing favorable in this direction. Your wants and aspirations are appreciated. We counsel you to lay your desires before friend R. N. White, Greenville, Wabashaw Co., Minn., who is a practical engraver and a reasonable man. After due experience the way will be open and prosperous.

W. B. F., LANCASTER.—This earnest co-worker in the cause of human progress, sends us the following whisper with reference to the article, "Whatever is, is Great." "We hope the book of 2,500 pages (even if it should turn out to be only ten pages) will be published. And as a Big Child is as big as any other child, we hope he may never grow less."

"W." IOWA.—We are glad that you visited the mountains in Pennsylvania. The influences of those blessed elevations were divine and chastening. You know that "Nature's charms can move the springs that strike" to better thoughts of destiny. We cannot see one objection why you should not live on the "rolling prairie," but there are several reasons why you should.

S. T. D., NEW YORK COLLEGE.—We have never supposed that Mr. Robert Chalmers, of Edinburgh, Scotland, authorized the work known as "*The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*." We have never read the volume, and have held it in our hand but a few moments at a time; yet, on one occasion, as we now remember, our thoughts sped away to *M. Crosse* as its author. We have not met with any reason for changing our thoughts.

"STUDENT."—Our judgment is, that you will, at this particular stage of your investigations, receive great assistance by carefully reading "The Chronic Diseases, their Specific Nature and Homeopathic Treatment." By Dr. Samuel Hahnemann. Translated and edited by C. J. Hempel, M. D., with a preface by C. Hering, M. D., Philadelphia. Five volumes. Bound, \$7 00.

"ANN ECHO," PRACTICAL DRESS REFORMER, N. Y.—This is to inform you that a rhymester, residing "away down East," has sent us a piece of "poetry" for your general benefit. The "lines" are not acceptable to us. We think it best to shield them from the gaze of "a cruel and heartless world." But if our friend "Ann" has any curiosity to see the "poetry," we will forward the same on receipt of a postage stamp.

"WORLD-NOTED WOMEN" is a work by Mary Cowden Clark. Charles Staal's seventeen original designs are beautiful illustrations. Here are the names of the pictured women: Sappho, Lucretia, Aspasia, Cleopatra, St. Cecilia, Heloise, Laura, Valentina, Joan of Arc, Margaret of Anjou, Isabella of Castile, Lady Jane Grey, Pocahontas, La Valliere, Maria Theresa, Catherine II, Miss Nightingale.

WILLIAM GATHERCOLE, BELLE AIR, IOWA.—Your fraternal epistle, giving an account of your spiritual beginnings, was duly received. We felt, in the magnetic sphere of your letter, that your physical condition was not sound; but, spiritually speaking, we pleasantly realized that a new life had found a home in your inmost soul. The remittance (mentioned in yours of the 17th) has not arrived. We send the paper, however, for we do not want you to "live much behind this progressive age."

"JOHANNES," N. Y.—Avoid the use of salt, pepper, mustard, and all pastries. And make haste to "Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine."

With tendrils of the laughing vine." Or, in plainer language, be cheerful, but never drink the fermented water of grapes; nor alcoholic stimulants of any description, except with charcoal now and then.

ALEX. and MATILDA I., HARTFORD, CT.—Unite your hearts, good friends, and together march to the throne of justice and universal love. You have the power to do good; you only lack the wisdom and the opportunity. "O, ignorance! O, prejudice! O, blindness!" Your exclamations are just, and your prayer is beautiful. "May the dawn of Knowledge, Reason, and Right, awaken mankind to a higher plane of intelligence, harmony, and love."

Z. H. . . . ELKHORN, WIS.—The inspirational inculcations of your wife will prove beneficial to the most of those who hear her voice; but is it not possible for you to do much good by *healing* the sick in many families? Your letter bears the impress of a magnetic hand. Come! Swing your hands in open air, pour life into the finger's ends, and impart health to the suffering. Society is a kind of hospital. The doctors are not masters of disease. There's plenty of work.

M. W., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—We have penetrated "the solitude of the unblest" wherein you dwell, as yet unvisited by the messengers of love and light, save as you get their words through the intervention and agency of others. And our conclusion is, that your spiritual gift is not that of *healing, hearing, seeing, or feeling*, but unto you is given "the spirit of knowledge," of arriving at great results by intellectual analysis, and we therefore counsel you to ascend the mountain of principles, and read immortality by the light of reason.

JOSEPH P., ROSENDALE, LA.—Yours, covering the remittance, will receive attention in a few days. We shall endeavor to benefit you and those about you through our medical department and otherwise.

The political chicanery and bombast of these days, regarding an "irrepressible conflict," we do not deem worth any intelligent man's attention. Slavery and injustice cannot be abolished by force and bloodshed; neither can the preaching of eternal punishment reclaim the drunkard and the sinner; but one remedy for all evil is infallible, namely, UNIVERSAL WISE LOVE.

JOHN BEESON, PROVIDENCE, R. I.—This Brother's heart bleeds in behalf of the poor, persecuted Indians, "who are," he says, "not only members of a common humanity, but the greater part of them are sharers of a common faith and members of the Catholic church." Friend B.'s appeals are earnest, touching, and truthful. He describes the sufferings of the red man, and cries aloud and continually in their behalf, but all measures thus far instituted for their relief are ineffectual. We would gladly contribute the influence of our HERALD to promote the cause of justice to the Indians, but we hesitate and decline for the present, because we do not yet apprehend the principles or financial plans that would redress their wrongs or remedy the evils under which they suffer. Our Brother will read in the above our answer to his recent very welcome note, covering newspaper extracts, which we do not now deem wisdom to publish.

W. B., RHODE ISLAND.—There is, on the Rhode Island Plantation, an honest young man, who seems unable to interest any modern young woman in the direction of matrimony. He writes that his soul is dying for want of true companionship. He is no free lover, but seeks an eternal relation to one faithful spirit.

Now we know the chief secrets why this young man fails to obtain a mate in marriage. "What are they? Do tell, quick!" exclaim a thousand voices. Well, then, first: he is not very handsome; second: he is considerably intelligent and not rich; third and lastly: he is (as he writes us) "a Spiritualist and Phrenologist; a Health, Dress, Land, and Prison Reformer, and a Woman's Right's man; is opposed to Slavery, Hanging, Whipping, Alcohol, Tobacco, Tea, Coffee, Stimulants, Irritants, Drugs, Feather-beds, Pork, and Razors!" These reformatory qualifications are excellent, and this protestantism to existing evils highly commendable; yet we fear, regretfully, that there is not a young woman in all the land prepared to forsake all "habits" and cleave unto such a very radical young man. If there be one such anywhere, we would like to know her address.

T. W. D., CHARLESTON.—Cheerfully we receive your fraternal castigations; yet we fancy that you scold a little too much for your health. You ridicule our doctrine of cultivating the mind by voluntary *stiffness*. An hour of tranquil quiet every day, is, to our spirit, "a Sabbath day's journey" in the best direction. The early Friends practiced this *stiffness* as an act of devotion. We esteem the state of *quiet* as favorable to spiritual growth and inspiration—particularly if the person be of a restless and chaotic temperament. The poet, Barry Cornwall, perceived the law in all things. He says:

"All things which live and are, love quiet hours. Sometimes, indeed, the waves, caught up by storms, Kiss Heaven and murmur, but they straight retire. Sometimes, the red and busy earthquake lifts His head above the hills and looks on us. Sometimes a star drops. Sometimes Heaven itself Grows dark, and loses its celestial blue. But calm returneth. Thus doth man (made fit To league with fortune in her varying moods) Rise on the wings of fear, or grow love-mad. Yet sinks at last to earth, and dreams in quiet."

D. W. FOX, LYONS, MICH.—We await further news from the scene of action. Such Conventions accomplish much valuable work in a little time. We think that the prejudiced inquirers of your vicinity will look back upon their unwarrantable conduct towards the Davenportists with feelings of inexpressible regret and undisguisable humiliation. We should be sorry to load their memory with so many unpleasant reminiscences. We want to see the report of the trials.

The production of spirit hands is one of the most remarkable facts in spiritual science. In most instances where the mysterious *hand* has been used, in producing and conducting the manifestations, we have observed that it was an extemporaneous *creation*, so to speak, of the communicating spirit. The philosophy of it is analogous to the projection of the voice by means of the will. That is to say: an intelligent spirit can artistically develop a temporary hand, or hands, from the surrounding elements in space, with as much ease as you can force a particular sound into the air—

## The Teachings of Nature.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

For the Herald of Progress.

## Astronomical Elucidations.

## THE EQUINOCTIAL POINTS.

A REPLY TO THE LANCASTER CIRCLE.

PERRY CITY, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1860.

FRIEND DAVIS; I send you the following reply to the letter from the *Lancaster Circle*, and the editorial postscript. [See *HERALD OF PROGRESS*, No. 30, p. 3.] The "text" of the letter is very obscure. I am not quite certain that I have been able to understand what the writer wishes to get at.

FIRST QUESTION: "Where, (in an orbit of so much eccentricity as that laid down for the earth,) would they (astronomers) place the equinoctial points?"

ANSWER: Just where Nature places them. It makes no difference where they are found. Observation shows when the sun is in one equinox, and when the earth has, from this point, passed over 180°, or just half a circle, of its orbit, let the time in doing it be longer or shorter, then the astronomer knows that it will be at the other equinox; for the axis of the earth always continues parallel to itself, or points in the same absolute direction, except a slight variation owing to the Precession of the Equinoxes, and the Nutation of the earth's axis—which variations are always allowed for in making nice astronomical calculations—and a line drawn from the center of the sun to the center of the earth, must, on the days of the equinoxes, be perpendicular to the axis of the earth; or a line joining the equinoxes will pass through the center of the sun and be thus perpendicular. It is not necessary that the earth should occupy the same amount of time in passing from the first equinox to the second that it does in passing from the second to the first, as the writer implies in his letter.

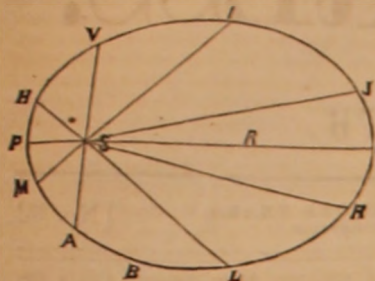
You will hence see that there is no contradiction in "the statement, that the greater portion in the circumference of the earth's orbit, is to be traversed by it, when its motion is said to be retarded." Such is actually the case of Nature. The sun (in its apparent motion, owing to the real motion of the earth) in passing from the Vernal Equinox (about the 21st of March,) to the Summer Solstice, (June 21st,) occupies about (giving numbers for 1850) 92 days, 20 hours, 57 minutes; from the Summer Solstice to the Autumnal Equinox (Sept. 23d,) 93 days, 14 hours, 0 minutes; from the Autumnal Equinox to the Winter Solstice (December 21st,) 89 days, 17 hours, 38 minutes; and from the Winter Solstice to the Vernal Equinox, 89 days, 1 hour, 17 minutes. If we add the first and second numbers together, and the second and third, we find that the sun occupies 186 days, 10 hours, 57 minutes, in passing from the Vernal to the Autumnal Equinox; and 178 days, 18 hours, 55 minutes in passing from the Autumnal to the Vernal Equinox, making the former period 7 days, 16 hours, 2 minutes longer than the latter. The first period is traversed when the earth has to pass its aphelion, and the other when it has to pass its perihelion. In the first it moves slower, and in the other, faster. It is not true, and neither does it follow from the theory, that "the earth goes farthest in a given time, when the force impelling it is *least*." It is not true that "the inclination of the earth's axis requires that the earth (at the equinoxes) shall be at the shortest diameter [in strict mathematical language the writer here means a chord] in its orbit," to be the line of the equinoxes. See the annexed figure, where the line, V A gives very nearly the position of the line of equinoxes. It is needless to say that in Nature there can be but one aphelion, and one perihelion.

In answer to the *Editorial Note*, I will say, that the subject to which you advert is not generally treated in popular treatises on Astronomy, as it might be. Illustrations can render the subject intelligible, but it requires the principles of the Differential and Integral Calculus to start from given premises and thence deduce the whole phenomena of the motion of a planet around the sun. You will see the treatment of this question in a general manner, in a "Prize Essay on Central Forces," in Runkle's *Mathematical Monthly*, Vol. 2, No. V, where Newton's law of gravity (enunciated in your Note) is assumed, and from this it is shown that a body in moving around the sun can move in a circle, an ellipse, a parabola, or hyperbola, depending on its initial velocity.



Iverson & Phinney, New York, are the publishers.

It will be necessary to introduce a figure in order to make myself clearly understood by



the reader. The annexed figure must not be understood as representing anywhere nearly the true proportions of the orbit of the earth, or any one of the planets, for it is much too eccentric, or elongated. It approximates more nearly to the form of the orbit of some of the comets. The line A V, which I have drawn to represent the line of equinoxes—V the Vernal, and A, the Autumnal Equinox—is supposed to make the angle P S V, about 100°. S is the place of the sun, in one of the foci of the ellipse, (the other being at R); P, is the perihelion, C, the aphelion, and H, I, J, K, L, and M, places that the planet is supposed to occupy at different times.

If we suppose the planet to occupy the position L, and to move toward M, the force of attraction of the sun being exerted from L toward S, along the line L S, it will be seen that since the angle S L B, or the angle made by the line L S, (the radius-vector) and the orbit, is an acute angle, that the attraction of the sun will accelerate the motion of the planet. The same will be true at the point M, but at this point, since the angle S M P is greater than S L B, the accelerating influence of the sun will not be so great—nor will there be a need of it, since the velocity has been increased in moving from L to M. The more nearly the planet approaches the perihelion, P, the less is the accelerating influence of the sun, and the greater will be its power to draw it toward itself, because its attractive influence acts more nearly at right angles to the motion of the planet. This is necessary, since the centrifugal force—which means a tendency to fly away from the sun—has been all the while increasing with the increase of the velocity (being dependent on it in part), in moving from L to M, and which would carry it away from the center of attraction, were it not for the opposing influence of the sun being increased. At the perihelion, P, the attraction of the sun does not tend to either accelerate or retard the motion of the planet, the angle S P M, being just equal to the angle S P H, and each a right angle. The whole influence of the sun is exerted to draw the planet toward itself, (the sun,) or to prevent it from flying off. But the velocity which the planet has already acquired carries it past the perihelion toward the point H; and as soon as it passes the point P, the angle S H P, is an acute angle, and the sun acts just as powerfully to draw the planet toward P, as it did when it was at M; but in the latter case it tended to help it on toward P, and now it tends to prevent it from moving away from P. In the former case it acts as an accelerating force, and in the latter it acts as a retarding force. As the planet moves farther on toward I, the retarding influence of the sun becomes greater and greater. At I it retards as much as it accelerated at L. When the planet gets around to J, the angle S J I, is greater than the angle S I V, and hence the retarding influence is not so great; but the influence of the sun to draw the planet toward itself is proportionately greater, and hence it tends to bend it around toward the aphelion, C. It is not true that the centrifugal force increases in passing from P to C, but it gradually decreases as the velocity decreases. At the point, C, the sun no longer retards the motion of the planet, but it exerts its whole force to draw it toward itself. As soon as the planet passes the point C, the angle S K L, becomes acute, and the sun accelerates the motion again, and so it goes on around again.

If any further explanation seems necessary, let it be known. Fraternally,

DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

P. S. In my first article on Dr. Dick, "useless," in a parenthesis, is printed for useful.

## The Spirit's Mysteries.

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

### A Great Modern Miracle.

REMARKABLE FACTS PERFECTLY ESTABLISHED.

BROTHER DAVIS: We live in a wonderful age. The days of miracles, so called, have not passed away. In no age of the world was healing through spirit influence so extensive as in this. Thousands of cases not now so much as reported, had they occurred among the ancient Jews, would have been esteemed, by the men who made the Bible, worthy a high place in the "sacred records." The eyes of men are being opened upon this subject. Faith in this kind of healing is becoming general. The demand for healing mediums is great.

Even the clergy and the churches, always the last to see and confess the truth, are now compelled to admit, that the heavens are not locked up, as they have taught. One case of healing the sick among them, is a reply to a

whole year's preaching against Spiritualism. At a time when the churches and clergy think Spiritualism prostrate in their town, city, or neighborhood, and they are rejoicing over its fall and extinction, some wonderful circumstance takes place right in their midst, that sets the whole community in motion, and converts hundreds to a belief in spirit light and life.

I am always glad to read in the HERALD, Banner, and other papers, well authenticated accounts of facts connected with spirit healing. I regret, however, that in many accounts, the time when, the place where, and the name of the person are not given. The cases reported, and the facts stated, often fail to produce conviction, owing to these omissions. It is impossible for men to investigate the causes without these particulars. Why do not reporters always give them?

I am in part led to these remarks from reading in the Banner, HERALD, and some other papers, several very imperfect notices of a remarkable case of healing, without physical contact, in this State. The name of the party healed, and the actual place of his residence, and the real facts of the case, are not given in any of the articles. I have no doubt some of those making the statements, gave such facts as had been reported to them, but they speak only from report, not from knowledge. Others, in reporting this case, have seemed anxious only to bolster up "old theology." One says, the case was a direct answer to prayer made at the time, with special reference to the healing. Another, that Christ and the doctor came and performed the operation personally, when the gentleman was asleep. Now I suggest that those who report such cases for the public prints, should know the facts, instead of believing only.

I have for years had an agreeable acquaintance with the gentleman who has been so wonderfully healed. That I might be able to correctly report this case, after getting the statements from the gentleman himself, and not another, I spent nearly all of last Monday week with him, in the city of Chicago. His name is Benjamin F. Field. He formerly resided in Beloit, in this State. He now resides at Sheboygan Falls, Sheboygan County, Wisconsin. He was healed in the city of Chicago, about eight or nine weeks ago.

Mr. Field is about thirty-eight or forty years old. For many years he has been a member in high standing in the Congregational Church. He is, in every sense of the word, a devout, religious man. He is an honest believer in orthodox theology. He has been, and still is, a most bitter opponent of Spiritualism. He is as fully, and as honestly, and almost as bitterly, opposed to it, as Paul was to Christianity, when on his way to Damascus, with authority from the priests to bind the saints. I should do Mr. Field injustice if I failed to state, that, though he admits the great cure that has been effected for him, and rejoices in it above measure, he attributes it all to God, and not to spirits. He goes so far as to say that he would rather have a millstone hung about his neck and be cast into the sea, than to have any one suppose he was, or would, or could be a Spiritualist. His reason assigned is, they (Spiritualists) deny the divinity of Christ. Still, while Mr. Field was making to me a detailed statement of his cure, my spirit friends plainly and distinctly made known to me that spirits, or men from a higher life, had been the agencies by whom this wonderful cure had been effected for our devout, but prejudiced, Brother. I think any one who reads the facts of the case, as detailed by Mr. Field to me, will come to the same conclusion. But I will not quarrel with the Brother about the agency employed in healing him. I rejoice with him and his family and friends, in the fact.

I will now give the facts of the case, as I got them from Mr. Field himself. He and his relatives all say, he has, from infancy, been afflicted badly in his right hip, and leg. The afflicted hip often gave him great pain. His right leg was withered away, so as not to be more than one-half the size of the left one. This leg was also two inches and five-eighths shorter than the sound leg. He was, therefore, compelled, in order to walk at all without crutches, to have a special last made, and to have the heel of the right boot two inches and five-eighths longer than the heel of the other boot. This made his legs appear of the same length, but he always limped badly. In passing up or down stairs, or up or down a hill, Mr. Field was compelled to place the left foot first, and then carefully lift the right one after it. In getting out of bed, he always lifted the lame leg out with his hands, carefully.

Mr. Field is a natural mechanical genius. He has told me that all his best thoughts, on mechanics, have been impressed upon him in the dead hours of night. His most valuable invention, and which promises as great blessings to mankind as the cotton gin or the steam engine, is the rotary plow, which he has brought to perfection. It is intended to be drawn by either animals or steam, as the owner may wish. Mr. Field does not concede it, but I have positive evidence that he has been aided by spirits in this invention. It was for the purpose of completing this plow, and bringing it before the public, that Mr. Field visited Chicago and remained there for some time previous to his being healed.

While there at this time, having more walking than usual to do, his hip was more than usually painful. He finally went to a doctor to get him to make an examination of it. The doctor appointed the day following to make the examination, in company with another doctor. After agreeing with the doctor to have the examination made, Mr. Field be-

gan to be troubled about the consequences that might result to him, his family, and his business, if he suffered an operation to be performed. With these reflections he went the same evening to a religious meeting. While passing along the street, he cast his eyes upward toward the heavens, and beholding the moon and stars in all their glory, the impression came to him with much force that the same God who had made all these mighty worlds, and kept them in order and harmony, could heal his hip and leg without an operation by the doctors. He then received an impression, though not amounting to full faith, that he could and would be healed, but how and when he had no intimation.

After attending the meeting he took a bath, and then went to his room, attended to his devotions, and retired for the night. He had been accustomed to awake in the night, and get up and read or write. This night, however, he did not awake till morning. Sometime in the night, he remembered distinctly, two men appeared to come to him and perform an operation on his hip. He remembers suffering from the operation, and also from the fear that he would be some time detained from his business thereby. In the morning when he awoke he felt no pain in his hip, and thought it was strange. He was, however, much surprised on looking at his legs, to find they were both of the same length. He doubted his senses. He thought he must be asleep yet, or laboring under some hallucination. He placed himself straight in bed, stretched himself out, put his feet against the footboard, and demonstrated to his own consciousness that he was not mistaken, but that his right leg had been made as long as the left. Other surprises attended him. In getting out of bed he learned that he could use the right hip and leg the same as the left. He was relieved from the necessity of lifting his limb with his hands. But now his difficulties arising from the cure commenced. On putting on his pants, he found the right leg of the pants too short. Some power had lengthened his leg, but had left the pants for the tailor, or perhaps the doctors, to lengthen. Another difficulty now presented itself. On putting on the long-heeled boot, it too was out of place. It made the right leg too long, by two inches and five-eighths. The only thing that could be done was to make the boot shorter and the pants longer, or to lay both boots and pants aside as a memorial of the painful, crippled, imperfect past. Our Brother has wisely done the latter. I am sorry he has not laid his theology away with them, as too short for a well, full-grown man. Since this healing, Mr. Field is one of the happiest of men. He walks and leaps, and praises God, as did the man healed by Peter and John.

On Monday week Mr. Field and I took some long walks in Chicago, and I found it difficult to keep up with him. He was so full of life, and so disposed to hop, and skip, and jump, that I feared he would injure himself. I remonstrated with him, but for some time, found it of no avail. He jumped down a flight of stairs, got on the top of a high board fence and leaped from that, and was disposed to leap gullies and perform other dangerous feats of agility; I finally prevailed on him to desist, by stating to him that he was treating the power and intelligence by which he had been healed, badly, in not taking care of himself.

This case has made quite a stir among the doctors, the clergy, and the churches. Great fear is entertained that it may be attributed to spirits, and that their claims for the Bible and theology may be injured thereby.

Mr. Field's healed leg is growing fast. He suffers no pain, and his general health is much improved. From long habit he still limps a little, but can avoid it when he thinks of it. Pardon this long article; I think the case worthy a full history and publication.

I am your Brother, WARRICK MARTIN. MILWAUKEE, Sept. 12, 1860.

## Remarkable Facts in the South.

### A BEAUTIFUL CHAIN OF TESTS.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 14, 1860. FRIEND DAVIS: Perhaps a little history of a case of conversion may not prove uninteresting to you as a well wisher of the cause; and, if you think advisable, you have my permission to publish it.

I am acquainted with a lady who was educated in a convent. She became a Catholic at fourteen years of age, and continued a good one until four months since. At the time I mention, she received permission to make a visit of some weeks at the convent of — (I dare not mention names publicly, but if you or any other person should wish the names as reference to the truth of my statement, you shall have it.) Mrs. G. took another lady, a friend, with her; this friend (Miss N.) being acquainted with many Spiritualists, and having some knowledge of the manner of communing with the spirits of the departed, though an unbeliever in anything supernatural.

The room the friends occupied contained two narrow single beds, opposite each other. The ladies retired early, Miss N. falling asleep immediately, Mrs. G. being wakeful. She had lain awake for some time when she thought she heard a knocking. It annoyed her some, but after a time it ceased, and she thought no more of it.

Mrs. G. and her husband had often ridiculed Spiritualism, and upon telling Miss N. in the morning, that a knocking during the night, had made her rather nervous, Miss N. replied: "I suppose it was the spirits of some of your old Nun teachers that lie in their graves

beneath your window there." Both laughed at the idea, and the subject was dismissed.

Again, that night, (of the morning on which they were speaking of spirits) Mrs. G. heard the same peculiar knocking, or rapping, proceeding apparently from beneath her pillow, on the iron bedstead on which she lay. She felt very little frightened, and still more so on hearing footsteps cross the room. Her knees lay protruding over the bedstead; the sound of footsteps ceased, and she felt distinctly a something heavy lean up against her, as if it were a person. It was a clear moonlight night, every object being plainly visible in the room. To assure herself, however, she called her companion; the moment Miss N. answered, sleepily, from the opposite side of the room, the weight against her knees gave way; she told her friend what she had heard, and after a restless night, both fell asleep late in the morning.

Next night, Mrs. G. lay sleeping soundly, while her friend opposite lay on her bed reading by the light of a lamp by the bedside. A loud rapping awoke Mrs. G., who started up in the bed, much agitated; on looking over to her friend's bed, she discovered her sitting on the edge of the bed, her face pale, her eyes preternaturally large, and her lips compressed, as if forming a resolution to quell her fright.

"Oh, what is it, Nettie?" said Mrs. G. "Hush! do not be alarmed," she answered, "if there be such a thing as spirits, I do believe they are here; be quiet, I will question them."

She did so, desiring them to rap once for Yes, twice for No. Every question was answered promptly and intelligently. Mrs. G., becoming less alarmed, asked who was there. The spirit rapped out, by means of the alphabet, the name of one of her old teachers, an aged nun, who died two months previous. This nun promised to return to earth after death if in her power. She gave many good proofs of being all she represented herself to be. Many other spirits made themselves known and conversed by alphabet; after some hours they left.

Night after night the same occurrence took place. There was no possible chance for a trick or delusion of any kind. The room was distant from all others, and the door locked. Mrs. G. examined under the bed, mattresses, pillows, &c., in her anxiety to find some natural cause. The nuns were told of it, also the resident priest, for Mrs. G. feared it must be the devil, but the priest informed her it came from a good source, because the words were good and holy.

I may as well say here, that some weeks after Mrs. G.'s return home, in a communication to the nuns, she said her (Mrs. G.'s) little brother was in heaven although unbaptized. (Catholics contend that all infants must be baptized or they cannot enjoy the sight of God.) The priest informed Mrs. G. immediately, it was the devil who communed with her, and if she wished to save her soul, she must renounce everything coming from the spirits, at once and forever. This my friend was not disposed to do, saying, with truth, that the beautiful, pure, and holy teachings she received from her spirit friends never emanated from an evil source.

One night, while at the convent, Mrs. G. asked, if the spirits would touch her. In answer, a hand was laid on her right shoulder, (as if from a person behind her,) heavily; although she asked this proof, it came unexpectedly, and she gave a scream which must have awakened every sleeper in the house, but for the distance of the room from the inmates of the convent. She then burst out weeping, and begged Miss N. to strike a light. As soon as this was done, Miss N. examined her shoulder; it was perfectly red, but no mark of any kind. This took place at one o'clock; in the morning, the marks of the fingers of a hand, and imprints of the nails were perfectly distinct. Several of the nuns examined it, all thinking it a "miracle." It wore off in about ten minutes after the examination.

A few days after this, Mrs. G. and Miss N. returned home, to New Orleans; and Mrs. G. astonished her husband by telling him all that had passed during her absence. He received her statements with incredulity and laughter, thinking she was trying to play some trick on him. He soon became convinced, however, that as far as his wife was concerned, it was no humbug. I need scarcely detail the nightly and daily proofs both received as well as Miss N. Mrs. G. wrote letters and messages, from spirit friends, with whom Miss N. had been intimate years ago, the spirits giving names and dates as to the time of their departure; and as Miss N. had not even thought of some of them for years, it was utterly impossible Mrs. G. should know the names of any of them.

A short time since Mrs. G. and husband made a visit to a celebrated watering place, in Mississippi. While there, they became acquainted with a gentleman who has been a Spiritualist some years. (You are acquainted with him by correspondence, I believe; Mr. H.—t, an occasional contributor to your paper.) He showed them a very beautiful photograph of a brass cross, the history of which is quite interesting, as given by that gentleman. This photograph was taken by the spirits, and he had one given him by the spirit artists, several others receiving a similar picture at the same time. He left the cross in Mrs. G.'s room, saying, that perhaps the spirits who took the picture would make some demonstration of their presence. He and the husband then left for a walk; when the latter returned to his room (which was the last one in the end of a long gallery, there being rooms between that and the next occupied one,) the door was locked on the outside, the key in it: he unlocked the door

and was astonished to see his wife in a sound sleep, and the bedstead (a very heavy one, and which required the united strength of Mr. and Mrs. G. to push back in its place,) pushed out from the wall half way across the room. Mrs. G. imagined some one had played a trick on her, for she was sure of having locked the door on the inside, before lying down.

But there seemed no solution of the mystery until the next day. About the same hour in the afternoon, Mrs. G. again laid down (being an invalid) while her husband went to walk. Usually the least sound awakens her; the faintest whisper arouses her thoroughly. Yet, when her husband returned from his walk, things were in the same order as the day before. No mortal could have moved the bed out thus without waking Mrs. G., and her strength was utterly inadequate for any such undertaking. Contrary to her usual custom, the entrance of her husband did not disturb her in the least. He sat down near the bed, keeping his eyes upon her, for he said she looked strangely. In a few minutes she reached her arm out, and grasping her pencil and journal, which lay on the bed near her, she opened it deliberately, turned to an unwritten page, and commenced writing while sound asleep. She was often observed, when writing spirit letters, to close her eyes many minutes at a time, but this was the first time she had commenced thus. She completed a letter to Mr. H.—, and laid the journal down; in a few moments, her husband noticing her writing on her clothes, took up the journal and placed it under the pencil, her hand rapidly traced these three words: "Let her alone." It frightened him a little, he said, and he did "let her alone." She awoke directly after and was much astonished to find the bed out again, and to see what she had written. The letter she wrote was from the spirit friends of the cross (thus they named themselves to Mr. H.—,) saying it was they who had locked the door and moved the bed.

Mrs. G. told her husband to call Mr. H.— in and let him read the letter. "He left the room and returned in less than five minutes, in company with Mr. H. When they entered the room, Mrs. G. was again sound asleep, the photograph of the cross lying on her stomach, together with a beautiful copy of the same, done in pencil. It was utterly out of the question that Mrs. G. should have drawn it, for two reasons. First, she knew how to draw and paint flowers when at school, but never attempted drawing of any other kind, indeed, had drawn none since leaving the convent, seventeen years ago. Secondly, she did not have time to draw it. Again, it was copied on a half sheet of paper that lay on the floor by the bedside, when Mr. G. left the room. It was a peculiar shaped piece and readily recognized. Mr. H., being a painter, should be a good judge of such things, and he remarked that it was drawn by a master hand. Mrs. G. is not a lady who would stoop to do a mean trick of any description; any way, her friends well knowing this, considered these manifestations excellent proofs of the truth that spirits can and do return to us.

The copy of Mr. H.'s picture, when compared with the original, and measured, did not differ a hair's breadth, in length, crosswise, or any way it could possibly be measured. It is a peculiar shape, and the spirits say they brought the brass cross, from which the photograph was taken, from a sepulcher in Rome. Since then the spirits have told Mrs. G. they caused her to draw that copy, having first magnetized her.

This is the history of the conversion of Mrs. G., her husband, and Miss N., beside several other persons; and many more will join the ranks, who are now investigating the subject closely. Mrs. G. writes from whispers being made to her. While at the watering place spoken of, a poor woman was so ill that the doctor there refused to treat her, saying she would die in six hours. By the direction of her spirit friends, Mrs. G. treated and nursed her, and saved her life, the woman being convalescent before the departure of Mrs. G. All the directions were given to her in whispers; so also are the letters and messages, and she writes them as they are given; or, I should say, they used to be whispers, but at present she cannot tell herself how they are given.

Please excuse me for taking up so much of your valuable time, yet, from what I can judge of you by the perusal of your works, I do not think you regret a few moments' time to one new in the faith, but anxious to spread the good tidings far and near.

Yours truly,

A FRIEND OF TRUTH.

## REMINISCENCES OF WESTERN NEW JERSEY.

The following incidents, which occurred more than forty years ago, in western New Jersey, were related to me by a lady who was an actor in one, and a spectator of the other. I give them in her own words—premising, by the way, that their truth can be attested by still-living witnesses. They establish the fact, that Spiritualism is no new thing in the world, and that the evidences of spirit communication have always been present and available to those who had the intelligence to receive and interpret them.

"I was on a visit at that time," says the related, "at the house of some young lady friends, with whom I had not long been acquainted. The house was a large country mansion, with a great number of rooms and offices on the ground floor, and covering more than an ordinary extent of surface. It was, however, well planned and handsomely furnished, with a due regard to comfort as well as to the then requirements of taste; for the family was wealthy and composed of people



of education. After having passed a delightful evening, I was conducted by one of the young ladies to my sleeping apartment, which was in a remote part of the dwelling, but handsomely fitted up in a style somewhat more ancient than that in which I had spent the evening. It was, however, a cheerful looking room, with ample windows, soft carpeting, and every accessory of ease and comfort. After having looked around with pleased curiosity, I retired for the night, and put out the light. The beams of a full moon poured a flood of radiance upon the floor, and illuminated every object within reach of the eye, so that I could see it with entire distinctness. I, however, had no sooner settled in my bed, and began to run over in my mind the events of the last few hours, than I saw the door by which I had entered, softly open, and an old lady came in. She advanced to within a yard or so of the bed, and looked me quietly but steadily in the face, for about ten to twenty seconds, then turned and, without speaking, retired through the door by which she had entered, shutting it after her. Supposing it to be some inmate of the house whom I had not seen, and who had not known of my occupying that room, I immediately returned to my interrupted train of thought, and soon after fell asleep. In the morning, at the breakfast table, I inquired who that old lady was who came into my room the evening previous; remarking, at the same time, upon the antiquity of her costume, and suggested that I had possibly intruded upon her rights. Instead of a direct reply, I was surprised at the profound silence and evident alarm manifested in the countenances of the company. At their request I went into a minute description of the person of my visitor; when the older members of the family exclaimed, "It was the exact resemblance of their grandmother, who had occupied and died in that room." But they averred that this was the first and only time in which she had made her appearance since her decease. Of course, it was not long before the fact was known throughout the house, and the stoutest started from their sense of security. The room was at once shut up, and abandoned as the "haunted chamber." Had they been as familiar with such things as we now are, they would have prized the "haunted chamber" as a privileged and sacred resort; and established there a "circle" that would have opened direct communication with the unseen world, to dispel their fears and encourage their hopes. Let me add, that being under like superstitious influences, after this revelation, I made the best of my way home; and thus closed a door which I am now daily seeking to reopen.

The other incident was this:

"There lived within a mile or so of our residence, a young married couple, with whom we were slightly acquainted. With this couple lived the mother of the wife. They were none of them poor, though not rich. After a few months, they removed to Bergen, and offered the place for rent. It was taken by a young man and his wife with one child. They had not lived there long, before the wife reported to the husband, who was often absent in the city of New York, that she was frequently annoyed by an old lady, who came about sunset, and stood for a while outside the house near the door; and then went away without speaking. At length, she became frightened, and imagined it to be an apparition. But her attention was suddenly drawn from this, to her child, which was soon taken sick, and after a few days, expired. At the funeral, the attendants were very much annoyed by a stench proceeding from a corner of the room in which the child had slept. This excited so much notice that, after the funeral, that part of the floor was broken up. Beneath it was found a body in a state of decomposition. It proved to be that of the old lady seen by the occupant of the house near the door, dressed in the same kind of gown, wearing the same cap, and in every particular answering the description given to her husband. It bore marks of violence sufficient to lead to the suspicion that it had been murdered. It was soon identified as the mother of the wife of the owner of the property. Both wife and husband were immediately arrested. On relating the circumstances of the apparition, the daughter confessed that she had killed her mother, but declared that the son-in-law had no hand in it. After trial, the woman was hung. There are many now living in western New Jersey, who remember all the circumstances attending the discovery of this murder and the execution of the woman.

### Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

"Let truth no more be gagged, nor conscience drowned, nor science be impeached of godlessness."

(Reported for The Herald of Progress.)

#### ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH SESSION.

The New York Spiritual Conference is held every Tuesday evening, in Clinton Hall.

#### QUESTIONS: Organization.

Dr. Gray (not being present at the last session) asked the attention of the Conference to the following remarks on the topic then under consideration, to wit: The Spiritual Circle, Its Elements and Uses. He said:

Communication between the spiritual and the earthly spheres, is as orderly and normal as that interchange of sensation and perception which takes place between the soul and body in the individual man. Doubtless tacit com-

munion is as necessary to the successful unfoldment of humanity in both spheres, as is the reciprocal influence of soul and body to the normal growth of body, and the evolution or growth of spirit, in each human being here on earth. But the nature and mode of such communion—may, more: even the fact of the universality of such tacit communion—could not be believed in, much less studied and practically adjusted to ends of high and holy use, without the facts and phenomena of open and external intercourse—i. e., without the establishment and support of the spiritual circle. Great is the function of that instrument by which is revealed to man, in his dark beginnings of an immortal career, the words of God, his pre-existent Father and Father, respecting the modes, elements, and ineffable wealth of his destiny in the future of Earth as well as Heaven. For man is ever, from his birth here, which is a descent from Heaven, throughout the infinite future, a denizen of Earth and Heaven, of both realms of the Divine All-space.

The words of God to his child are the phenomena of nature, the laws of growth, the divine ends of use in certifiable fulfillment, the reason of God made objective to its filial eye, human reason. The methods of God respecting man may be inferred from his methods in respect to all growths, and they also can be positively seen in the phenomena of human psychology, as developed by external intercourse with spirits—i. e., with men who have risen from our midst into the life next above ours. By these facts we are taught that it is the law of God—the divine truth in nature—

1. That the human has ever two planes of consciousness, of sensation, thought, and memory—namely, an external and a spiritual plane.

2. That when the external is exuviated by the decay and death of the animal, the internal or spiritual becomes external, animal, or alimentary to a newly-opened spiritual hitherto latent, and, as to consciousness, inoperative. And hence that each human being is an infinite series of layers or strata of life planes, only two of which are ever in conscious operation simultaneously or in any sphere of unfoldment—from which it may be known that every human being has an eternal series of lives, and therefore an endless store of functions of life, or infinite means of usefulness in his specific way and order of structure.

3. That all men may touch, or speak with, each and every other human, whether in or out of the earth body, by the organism of the internal or spiritual plane of their consciousness. That is to say, every human being of earth may, and probably very often does, converse with each and every other man or spirit to whom he is organically related as to function of use—i. e., as to destined cooperation, by a process known in our day as spiritual communion. And, as all human uses grow from and tend to one grand primate, the divine use of humanity, and as, therefore, all men are a human incarnation of that primate, a nascent expression of the humanity of the Godhead, it follows that all human beings are correlative in structure, components of the one child of the one Infinite Father, and can touch the proofs of such relationships by spiritual communion, or by exercising the spiritual consciousness resident in each of them.

Mr. W. P. COLES, who had proposed the question of organization, was asked to define the term, or to state what was the special query in his mind concerning it. He replied that he wished the subject considered in all its aspects, and for this reason had stated it broadly. He had grounds for thinking that the subject is engaging the attention of Spiritualists at the present time more than heretofore, and he would therefore be glad to hear the views of the Conference upon that subject.

Dr. GOULD said: He had prepared a paper and certain savory resolutions in behalf of organization which he had intended to read at the Sunday afternoon Conference, but that his carefully written defense of organization was unluckily smothered on that interesting occasion by the very perfection of organization himself had helped to establish there. Being in the condition, therefore, of an engineer who has been hoisted by the explosion of his own petard, the Doctor availed himself of the absence of chairman, constitution, and by-laws, which has ever characterized the New York Conference, to read the following paper:

I suppose we all agree, that organizations, especially of a religious character, have been used, to a great extent, as engines of oppression and persecution; and modern Spiritualists, having gone through the share generally allotted to religious dissenters of this kind of experience, we are all agreed as to the propriety of preserving that liberty which we have gained by severe trial and sacrifice. At this point of inquiry, however, this question presents itself; is not organization the best method of preserving that liberty. The universal experience of the past would seem to favor the affirmative side of this question, as respects civil freedom; and if true in civil, is it not equally true in respect to religious liberty. Where is the statesman that denies that civil government is not the best antidote against anarchy and usurpation, notwithstanding the fact, that the earth has been drenched with the blood of the victim of tyrannical governments. But although no sane people that I am aware of, propose to abolish civil government as a prevention or cure for civil disorder or misrule, yet, strange to say, a large number of respectable modern Spiritualists have for years been insisting on the adoption of

this cure of no government, by Spiritualists, as their only remedy against misrule and oppression. Now, as most of you are aware, I hold that this last named theory is altogether unsound and untenable. I hold that organization is not only the best method of preserving either civil or religious liberty, but I go further: I venture to assume that so long as men are fallible, wherever organization is dispensed with, there will be anarchy or usurpation as a necessary and unavoidable result in all integral movements.

But it is assumed that inasmuch as propaganda is no part of the mission of modern Spiritualists, hence organization is not a necessary accompaniment of this dispensation, as may have been the case in preceding dispensations, in the which propaganda constituted a prominent feature. Admitting the soundness of the assumption, for the sake of the argument, I still cannot admit the inference that we have no use for organization.

I hold that the object of this dispensation is much higher than conviction of immortality, and mere speculation about the manifestations. There must have been an urgent necessity, and what could that have been other than the necessity of human progression on the earth plane, as a needful preparation for the other life; and if so, how is Spiritualism and its subjects to aid in the great work of developing the physical, social, intellectual, and moral departments of man's nature? how supply public wants, or overthrow social and public evils, without organization?

Although we have heard frequent and strong objections made for several years in our Conferences against organizations, it is somewhat remarkable that the main argument offered in support of those objections has been an appeal to the real or supposed bad results of past and present sectarian religious associations; but little has been said by objectors as to their substitute in place of organization. Indeed, I think it safe to say, that I recollect none but such as would lead to a kind of do-nothing theory, and such as would harmonize with the notion that Spiritualism is merely designed for speculation and amusement.

Mr. PARTRIDGE: It is agreed, on all hands, that there are great wrongs or evils in the world resulting from organization. The plea is everywhere urged on this ground, viz: the millions are oppressed and cheated of their rights by organizations. It is hence insisted that we must organize in order to be free from the slavery of organization. This looks to him very like an effort to cast out devils through instrumentality of the devil in chief. We sometimes hear it said that organization is a necessity; that our very Conference, whose freedom we delight to eulogize, is proof of this necessity, inasmuch as it has a committee to hire the room and collect the rent; but these and similar services do not come up to what is commonly understood by organization. As for example: the Brother who, at our request, has assumed the solemn trust of handing \$37 50 of our money every quarter day to the janitor of Clinton Hall, is possessed of no organic authority from us to strangle the resolutions of Dr. Gould in the act of birth; they were knocked in the head by the trip-hammer of chairmanship, and the power that drove it was organization; that is to say: a pre-resolve, as per constitution and by-laws, to act in a certain way, which carries, of course, a power of refusal to permit of action in any other way. By common usage that is an organization which, by authority of itself, confers upon an individual, powers which transcend the individual. It is machinery by which undue influence is conferred. Now, as Spiritualists do we want to exert an influence of this character? We have organic popes, bishops, and priests, wielding power each which belongs to neither as mere individuals; but do we wish to pass for more than we are worth as men? On the contrary, is it not the very central blessing of Spiritualism that it enables the individual to stand for himself, with an utter willingness that every other man should do the same? The truth can stand alone; error only needs artificial support. Church machinery crucified Jesus; its active energies for the last eighteen hundred years have yet approximated no nearer the production of another than his effigy in wood—a notable example that machinery acts more kindly upon timber than it does upon the human soul.

Dr. GRAY: We should first define our meaning. Do we mean to ask, shall we organize for missionary purposes, or for the purpose of determining what mediums shall speak, or what they shall say? That is an organization after the similitude of brick-making, and he is not in favor of it. But he is in favor of organization; that is to say: of God's organization, which, as he sees it, bears a similar relation to the pope-type that a diamond does to a brick. God's organization already exists. All who are in the same love on the spiritual plane are conjoined on that plane. For earth purposes, organization may be useful. "The commonwealth," as proposed by friend Ira B. Davis, may do good by protecting the civil rights of the many against the usurpations of the few. But, as Spiritualists, we have no usurpation to complain of, no oppression to fear. The spontaneous organization is wholly beyond the reach of the artificial. They belong to two planes.

Dr. YOUNG: The Indians, when a prairie fire endangers their cornfield, save it by kindling a second fire to counteract the first. Our cornfield may, he thinks, be saved on the same principle. He would by no means have a creed, but a platform for purposes of this life, for the protection of our pecuniary and social interests, would be well.

Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

### Tidings from the Inner Life.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

#### Doctor Thomas Dick.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

(Continued.)

#### COPY OF A LETTER FROM DOCTOR DICK TO THE WRITER OF THIS SKETCH.

PROSPECT PARK, NEAR DUNDEE, Dec. 3d, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR: I was favored with your interesting letter of the 25th of June, and am sorry that various circumstances, and partly illness, have prevented me hitherto from replying to it. Within these four or five months past, I have been frequently from home, and I find writing now somewhat fatiguing. About the 18th September, I went to Glasgow to attend a Meeting of the "British Association for the promotion of Science," which this year was appointed to meet in that city; but I had not been there above two or three days, and had attended only one or two of the meetings, when I was seized with an attack of influenza, which confined me seven days to bed, and reduced my strength very considerably. After my return home, its debilitating effects continued for a long time, and it is only of late that I have begun to recover my usual health and vigor.

I felt much interested in the graphical account you give of your first acquaintance with my writings, and I am highly gratified to think that they suited your taste, and were rendered instrumental in correcting and expanding your views of religion and the realities of a future state. From your statement I presume you are acquainted with most if not all my writings. The following is a list of the most I have published in separate volumes, in the order in which they were first published:—1. "The Christian Philosopher," now published in 2 vols., and an enlarged edition is now preparing. The edition in 2 vols. I suppose has never been published in America. It is nearly double the size of the original edition. 2. "The Philosophy of Religion."—3. "The Philosophy of a Future State."—4. "The Improvement of Society by the Diffusion of Knowledge."—5. "On the Mental Illumination and Moral Improvement of Mankind."—6. "Christian Beneficence contrasted with Covetousness."—7. "Celestial Scenery."—8. "The Sideral Heavens."—9. "The Practical Astronomer."—10. "The Solar System."—11. "The Atmosphere and Atmospheric Phenomena."—12. "The Construction and Use of the Telescope and Microscope, &c." besides a variety of communications, which have been inserted in Religious, Literary and Scientific Journals, which, were they collected, would fill a couple of volumes.

You allude to my poverty. It is true, indeed, that I have never been rich, nor have I acquired so much from my publications as many have done. Unfortunately, most of them were sold for a comparatively small sum, and no arrangements were made for my receiving a certain compensation on the publication of new editions. I have been, therefore, under the necessity of living very sparingly and economically, but I have never been in want. Mr. Burritt, in the notice he took of this circumstance, made the matter more glaring than it really was. I received, however, from Boston, Philadelphia, and some other places, several hundreds of dollars, which were very acceptable, and relieved us from a good deal of anxiety, and for which I feel grateful to the benevolent individuals who exerted themselves in this matter. I have been long acquainted with Elihu Burritt. I had a good deal of correspondence with him before he came to England, and have associated with him in London, and in different parts of Germany, and in my own house in Broughty Ferry. I was acquainted with his brother, Elijah H. Burritt, before I knew anything of Elihu, and had a great deal of correspondence with him. He was a man of great benevolence, and of profound knowledge, and had received a collegiate education. He is the author of a work which is entitled "The Geography of the Heavens." He died about 12 years ago [1843] in Texas.—In regard to my present circumstances, I am, on the whole, very comfortable. In the month of July last, after several applications had been made to Government, I received a pension of fifty pounds a year from Government, which, with what I possessed before, is quite sufficient to gratify all my desires.

In your letter, you make inquiry whether I have paid attention to the so-called spiritual phenomena of the present day. I have heard much about it; I believe it is more attended to in America than in this country. Of late, however, there has been some noise about some experiments lately made by a Mr. Hume, in the presence of Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster, on the subject of spirit-rapping and table-lifting and turning; but it was supposed that some artifice was used by the experimenter to produce the phenomena, and, therefore, little importance has been attached to the experiments by these philosophers. As for myself, I cannot attach either my belief or disbelief of such experiments, or the spiritual phenomena to which you advert, till I receive further information, and proper evidence, attended by credible witnesses, of the facts alleged. If

communications can actually be made between this and the spiritual world, has any important information ever been communicated respecting the circumstances connected with that world, and whether the inhabitants corresponded with be in a state of happiness or misery? In the meantime, I cannot allow myself to think that what has been so extensively affirmed in your country respecting this mysterious subject is all a delusion. I should like to know whether the alleged communications from the spiritual world consist of articulate language, or of signs of one kind or another, and whether the persons addressed can return answers and put queries to their invisible correspondents, and receive replies? What is it that constitutes certain individuals mediums for such communications? and how is such intercourse at first commenced?—You mention the *Spiritual Telegraph*, published in New York by Partridge & Britain. This is a work which I have never seen, but I should like to read it if a copy were furnished me, or any other paper that would afford me particular information respecting the subject under consideration.

I shall now answer a few of your queries, so far as I am able. You ask me when I was born. I was born in Dundee, in the year 1774, on the 24th of Nov., so that I am just now 81 years of age. I have had six children. Four of them have gone the way of all the earth. One of my daughters was married to a gentleman in Dundee, connected with a respectable seminary. They died about 12 years ago, within 13 days of each other, leaving a family of five children, 2 sons and 3 daughters, which we have had to maintain and educate. One of the boys is at present in Sidney, Australia, and another is in England. Of the three daughters, one is a manuscript-maker in Edinburgh, another an infant-school teacher in Leith, a Government Apprentice, whose board we have to pay for several years, and the third is at home with us, having been supposed to be in a consumptive state. She was an infant-school teacher in Leith, but having caught cold and damp when traveling between Edinburgh and Leith, about a year and a half ago, she was obliged to leave her occupation, and has been with us ever since. The two of my own family who survive, are a son and a daughter. My son is one of the teachers of a respectable Seminary or Academy in Dundee, and my daughter is married to a teacher in Edinburgh—the Superintendent of Herriot's Schools. It is not improbable that some of my grand-daughters may emigrate to America.

You are anxious to acquire an English work which will inform you of all or the principal discoveries in Astronomy. The best works I know are Sir John Herschel's *Astronomy*, last edition, which sells at 18 shillings [sterling], and Dr. Lardner's *Astronomy*, which sells at 16 shillings. The "Monthly Notices" of the Royal Astronomical Society contain notices of most of the observations and discoveries of the astronomers in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and other parts of the world. The price of each volume, which contains between 200 and 300 pages, is about 3 shillings. The "Philosophical Transactions" is a very expensive work, and even the best Abridgement of it sells at £10. It may be obtained in London from booksellers who deal in old books—or others. Long's *Astronomy* can only be got by inspecting the large sale Catalogues of miscellaneous books published by the London booksellers or at auctions.—I am not aware that any separate lives have been published of Sir William Herschel, Bradley, Maskelyne, Halley, La Place, La Grange, Euler, Schumacher, Petersen, or Gauss. Their lives are to be found chiefly in the *Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris* [a Translation of which "Memoirs" in part, will be published by the Smithsonian Institution], and in similar Philosophical Journals. Sir David Brewster has lately published, in a 12mo volume, a *Life of Sir Isaac Newton*. As to Humboldt's *Cosmos*, I have 4 vols. of that work, but I am not aware that a 5th vol. has been published in this country, or that a 5th vol. is intended to be published. [The 5th vol. is published in German.]—You express your desire to have my autograph. You have it now before you, but it is not so distinct and correct as formerly; and I cannot so well see with artificial light as on former occasions.

Thus I have answered most of your queries so far as in my power. I am now verging towards another world, and some doubts and fears occasionally oppress me; but my faith and hope are in that Almighty Redeemer, "who bore our sins in his own body on the tree," and who, I trust, will guide in safety to the Land of Uprightness. May we all meet in that happy world where sin and sorrow shall no more enter, and where there is fullness of joy, and pleasures forevermore.

Give my best respects and those of my wife to your partner, and to your aged Father, and believe me yours, very sincerely,

THOMAS DICK.

Thus ends a long letter from one of the best of men. My aged Father went last winter to the same world that Dr. Dick is an inhabitant of; 894 years of age. The closing of that letter indicates a depth of feeling. To be sure you see there the orthodox theory of redemption, but there is something that underlies that—that goes deeper down into the human soul than mere theoretical dependence on a supposed power. Dr. Dick was (and is yet) a good man. He really depended on his virtue.

—Virtue sole survives.  
Immortal, never-fading friend of man,  
His guide to happiness on high."



I should be most happy to learn that some competent hand, and one having all the necessary facts, is engaged on a full biography of Thomas Dick. It ought to be prepared, and I wish a Spiritualist proper could do it.

The many discoveries in the various departments of Astronomy since the publication by Dr. Dick of his *Celestial Scenery*, and *Sidereal Heavens*, renders a revised edition of these works, bringing them up to the present time, and in the spirit of the author, quite necessary. Additions to his *Practical Astronomer*, by way of accounts of the great telescopes put up in this country and in Europe, since that work was first published, would be acceptable. What competent person will undertake the task?

A medium of my acquaintance describes Dr. Dick (in spirit) as having the most benevolent and kindly expression upon his countenance, that he ever met with. I see no reason why he should not be "reverentially esteemed in the summer land." I expect at some time to have an interview with the spirit of that good man, and at some time afterward to take him by the hand.

P. S.—The above letter the Doctor wrote on 8½ pages of common letter paper.

## Poetry.

"The finest poetry was first experience."

For the Herald of Progress.

### THE ANGLO-SAXON TONGUE.

BY M. W. HAMMOND.

I like the Anglo-Saxon tongue,  
Its stern, emphatic yes and no;  
Its honest doubt, so boldly flung  
At false pretenders in Life's show.

Its noble *why*—that solid wedge  
That opens the rock and cleaves the mist;  
Its *inborn rights*—the sacred pledge  
That man shall yet all wrong resist.

I love each thought-condensing word  
That points to useful, active life;  
That plows the field, that guards the herd,  
And builds the ship for stormy strife.

But most of all I love its love—  
That social, kind, and friendly word,  
Whose essence flows from God above,  
By which all human hearts are stirred.

I love the Anglo-Saxon tongue—  
What other language is so strong?  
Though dear Italia's may be strung  
For softer notes and sweeter song;

Though polished Gallic is more free  
To paint emotions of the mind;  
Though Celtic rings in wilder glee,  
And classic Greek is more refined;

Though grandest, sweetest of them all,  
The Latin swells, like Ocean's strains,  
Till, soothed by Music's gentle call,  
It sweeps to sacred Life's refrains.

Yet, were their graces all combined,  
What were they to my native ear,  
Like that which woke my infant mind,  
And started forth the infant tear.

I love thee, dear old Mother Tongue—  
Thou'lt e'er shalt live in soul and song;  
Through thee shall Heaven's praise be sung,  
And angels shall thy notes prolong.

Yet deeper still, and all around,  
Flows out that language, free from art,  
Which casts, nor creed, nor state can bound—  
It is the language of the heart!

[From the Cleveland Plaindealer.]

### THE REOPENED GRAVE.

BY MARY ROBBINS.

[The following beautiful historic tribute to the memory of the late ROBERT PARKS, and his affianced bride, MARY McDONALD, who preceded him in the occupancy of their present common grave by fifteen years, will be read with interest. At the time of her death, Mr. Parks had a stone arch built over her coffin, of sufficient dimensions to hold another coffin eventually, when all was covered like a common grave, and with his own hands he planted on either side a young maple, whose thrifty growth now shades the silent pair.]

"Requiescat in pace—Amen."

With quiet hands, and cheeks too fair,  
And saintlier looks than earth's brides wear,  
He brought her home—the birds of May  
Sang sweet—was this their wedding day?  
Was this the dear and joyful home  
Where he through all the years might come?  
Rest, rest in peace, my love.

Men plant beside their thresholds dear,  
Mute trees, that ever, year by year,  
Climb higher to the skies, and bring  
Sweet birds and breezes there to sing;  
And so each side the mournful door,  
Which shut his bird in evermore,  
He placed a tree—he could no more.  
Rest, rest in peace, my love.

For him the labor, care, and strife,  
The restlessness of human life,  
Its joys, its pain to bear alone—  
But not for grief of her to moan,  
Abiding changelessly his own—  
While, year by year, those fair trees grew,  
And climbed up nearer to the blue.  
Rest, rest in peace, my love.

Men loved him for his kindly heart,  
Which brooded not in gloom apart,  
As though that grave a shadow threw  
O'er all his life—yet he was true.  
And happily from that still grave grew  
Such blossoming wealth of generous deeds,  
And sympathy with direst needs,  
As only God and that dear saint  
Might know through all those long years spent.  
Rest, rest in peace, my love.

Fifteen years! O long-closed-door,  
Open! a bridegroom would pass o'er  
To meet his bride for evermore.  
Twin trees he planted here that May,  
Twine closer still your branches gray  
O'er their still couch, while every spray  
Points up—this is their wedding day.  
Requiescat in pace! amen!

CLEVELAND, Sept. 1, 1860.

The ordinary employment of artifice is the mark of a petty mind; and it almost always happens that he who uses it to cover himself in one place, uncovers himself in another.

## HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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"MEDICAL WHISPERS," and Answers to many Correspondents, next week.

We print an excellent lesson in our department of Attractive Miscellany.

An interesting review of Humboldt's confidential letters is printed on our eighth page.

The late chapter on "Prophecies" has awakened much interest. More prophecies and several explanations will soon be published.

Our department of "Spirit Mysteries" is overflowing with singularly interesting tests of spiritual realities.

Read the letter of Dr. Dick to Mr. Trowbridge in this number. It seems that the noble philosopher was not unwilling to be informed respecting Spiritualism.

"TWO APHELIONS AND TWO PERIHELIONS"—or the late queries propounded by the *Lancaster Circle* regarding the earth's motions—are plainly answered in this number. See the article and the illustrative diagram.

The published call for a "Convention of Speakers" presents a plausible series of reasons for inaugurating the movement. We hope the congregation will be large and the deliberations salutary.

We observe that many of our orthodox neighbors are greatly exercised at the danger that is threatened their venerable institutions. The ruin of all creeds is inevitable. The spirit of "Brotherhood" as well as the laws of "Reason" demand the progressive overthrow of all bigotry and superstition.

We shall print next week an interesting letter from a Brother who has recently had the good fortune to escape from the mire and misery of orthodox theology. For a long time he was devotedly and energetically laboring to inculcate the Baptist phase of Christianity. But having an investigating spirit, his reason expanded into a wider and higher field of truth, wherein he now lifts no uncertain or trembling voice against religious ignorance and in favor of universal Progress.

A BEAUTIFUL CHAIN OF TESTS.—Those wishing to receive confirmation of the existence and return of departed spirits, cannot fail to read with interest the recital by our southern correspondent, of Mrs. G.—'s experience, resulting in her conversion to Spiritualism from the Roman Catholic church. This lady, whose name and address were freely given as surety of the truth of the statement, became a medium quite as suddenly as did Saul of Tarsus, without any previous knowledge of or belief in the modern manifestations of spirit presence and power.

"A GREAT MODERN MIRACLE."—The very extraordinary case of healing which occurred some time since in Chicago, and was imperfectly reported in various papers, is detailed at length in this number by the truthful, vigorous pen of Brother Warrick Martin. No one who reads this straightforward recital will doubt the author's manly honesty, while his evident calmness and candor are manifest proof against an excited or exaggerated statement. Mr. Field's solution of the mystery is that of one biased by theological teachings; Mr. Martin's, of one enlightened by simple, natural, beautiful truth. We trust that friend Field will ere long be led to see with the eye of reason the true spiritual providence which caused his joyful emancipation from a life of earthly suffering.

All persons friendly to the objects contemplated in the publication of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, are solicited to continue sending us the names of those to whom sample copies may profitably be sent, or to themselves order papers to be distributed.

We desire to place our paper in the hands of all who love the untrammelled discussion of every profitable question, of all who aspire for spiritual progress and freedom, and of all who are sick and need to be made well.

## Political Feuds.

To one who loves culture and refinement, truth and honor, the scene of political strife in which our citizens are now engaged, is a most humiliating spectacle. Men of large endowments and extensive information, let themselves down to the low level of blackguardism, and assail their human Brothers, equally endowed and intelligent, with vile and vulgar epithets and contemptuous vituperation. This, appealing to the lowest faculties of those assailed, arouses all the ire of combative retaliation, and a black volley of scathing, vengeful, savage words is hurled back into the face of the opponent.

Candidates for the highest positions which our country can offer to talent and worth, are treated like aliens from our commonwealth; and when every error of speech or conduct, into which they may have lapsed during a long and laborious public career, has been exaggerated into monstrous proportions, and held up in various lights to the view of the gaping multitude; when, also, every falsehood that ingenuity can make it safe to perpetuate has been banded about by an opposing party; then, the most delicate sensibilities of the soul are liable to be seized upon and made a jest and byword of, through quiet country lanes and amid the glare and clamor of crowded city streets. Even private sorrows, such as suddenly overtake and overwhelm the human heart, afford no shield from the fierceness of party hate, to those who are so unfortunate as to be placed foremost in the political arena.

The Press—that great agent of intelligence and progress when rightly used—ignobly lends itself to this indecent and utterly puerile warfare; so that long-established and most respectable political journals, no less than transient and local publications, fill their columns from day to day and from week to week with contemptible balderdash concerning party policies and prominent politicians.

Does all this tend to educate young America into the principles of a democratic government? Does it tend to give perfection and permanency to free institutions? Does it secure the confidence of the world in a Republic, as the most civilizing and beneficial form of government? Does it increase the respect of other nations for the intelligence and independence of our own? So far from this, the conduct of American politicians tends to obliterate moral distinctions, to dissipate the confidence of man in man, and of man in himself, to encourage disorder, to give loose rein to vicious indulgence, to undermine the foundations of freedom, to destroy love of culture, virtue, justice and truth, and, at last, to give the world another spectacle of a retrograde democracy ending in anarchy.

## Christianity and Stoicism.

The contrasts between Christianity and the Stoicism of the first centuries of our era are quite remarkable. Both systems strove to elevate human virtue above all the accidents of life—above the seductions of pleasure, the menaces of tyrannous custom, and the fear of death. Both systems had their martyrs, both their devoted adherents, among the nobility and the crowd. But Christianity was far more powerful, and created self-denial among the multitude—developing martyrs from the rabble, while Stoicism generated them for the most part among the well-born.

The cause of this difference in the success of the two systems, is owing to the fact that one (Christianity) embodied faith in a future life, while the other could inculcate only a doubt. Let us take two noble representatives of the two creeds. Hear Paul: "So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

Again: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Now, let us listen to the consolations of the worthy Roman Emperor Antonine:

"Hippocrates, who cured so many diseases, at last himself sickened and died. The Chaldeans, who foretold the death of multitudes, were themselves overtaken by fate. Alexander, and Pompey, and Julius Cæsar, who destroyed so many cities, and cut off so many thousands in the field, at last themselves departed this life. Heraclitus, who speculated so much upon the destruction of the world by fire, being swollen with water died of dropsy. Lice devoured Democritus; a different sort of vermin slew Socrates. What does it all amount to? You embarked, you set sail, you have reached the port; now disembark. If you land in another life, even there you will find nothing exempt from the oversight of the gods; but if you reach utter unconsciousness, you will cease from the endurance of pain and the temptations of pleasure."

His future life, it will be seen, depends on an *if*. At times the philosopher attains to a very natural consolation, and he speaks of a future as something certain. Take the following:

"Do not despise death, but accept it cheerfully, as being part of the ordinance of Nature. For as youth and age, growth and de-

cay, down and gray hairs, are natural operations which befall in their appropriate seasons, so is dissolution natural. It is rational in man, therefore, to meet death neither rashly nor defiantly, but to await it as one of Nature's acts. As you do not force the unborn child into life, but await its birth, so wait for the hour in which your soul shall drop from the husk, of its own accord."

But throughout his "Meditations" the advice is: "Make up your mind for the worst. At death you will probably cease to be. If not, it is your clear gain; but if extinction is final and complete, why, then, you will never know your loss. At all events, a good life is always its own reward." Now we love this heroic excellence that will be good in spite of annihilation. But a soul of so fine a mold may say to Nature: "If my life is divine it is worthy of immortality, and you yourself forfeit all claim to wisdom unless you guarantee to excellence indestructible perpetuity."

It is perfectly clear of the two systems, Christianity or Stoicism, which would obtain the most lasting influence in human history. Virtue supported by Faith is much more than a match for Virtue crippled by Doubt. So we characterize the two systems in these two definitions: Christianity was a struggle for excellence under the impulse of positive Faith; Stoicism was a struggle for excellence in the face of Despair.

Of course, we speak of ancient Christianity; the modern article of that name offers to the world a more doubtful salvation than Stoicism. Better be an Epictetus or an Antonine than a modern Christian, for you will at least regain the free use of reason, if nothing more. But it is still better to add to the stoic virtue of an Epictetus the positive convictions of the modern Spiritualist.

## The Physician.

"The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

## The Reproductive Organism.

### A VOICE TO ALL WOMEN.

BY A. J. D.

Wretched Mothers! Suffering Sisters! Unhappy Wives! we ask your most earnest attention. Our pen moves unfettered in your behalf. We write to you and for you, in perfect trust, as one loved and well-tried friend should write to another—"in freedom which the heart approves," and in confidence which friendship loves. We speak freely to you before all men, as it were in their very presence; and before all their sons also, appealing to every noble and saintly sentiment. Apologies are confessions of blunders committed, and graceful pardon-askings are acknowledgments of criminal deeds done. We are conscious of neither, and shall not therefore waste our moments in writing sentences of more than doubtful taste and courtesy. Our mission is to teach the golden ways of personal happiness, through obedience to Nature's immutable laws, which are, amid frozen oceans as on summer seas, the sacred will-decrees of eternal Father God. It is our inborn mission

To show  
The secrets of the heart and mind;  
To drop the plummet line below  
Our common world of joy and woe,  
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find."

We do not, therefore, seek a quiet Eden-home, away from the world's intrusions, where the groan of the sufferer and the burdens of the broken-hearted cannot penetrate; but instead, we take our seat near the throbbing core of the world's human life, by which we realize the prayers of paid priests and the pains of unpaid clod-hoppers by the roadside; the folly of fashion-rangers and the sorrows of wasted homes; all in vivid contrast with the wisdom of angel hosts and the grateful joys of the pure in heart.

At the center of this wondrous combination we gladly live, and move, and perform our mission. To this center come innumerable letters from the wealthy, the weary, and the weak—from the exceedingly poor—also, from the robbed, the spoiled, the hunted, the broken-down, and the very sorrowful. The bodily bonds and distresses of many mothers surpass the liveliest imagination. Thousands of young women, too, take their places in the legion army of invalids, all marching—slowly—sadly—steadily—marching toward the insatiable cemetery, just behind yew trees or beneath the dark shadow of the village church. Not less than fifty descriptive letters, received from suffering women living in homes or huts all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, await an early answer—appealing tearfully for strength of health and the grace of harmony; and in almost all cases we observe a sort of chronic ignorance concerning physiological truths the most simple and important. In view of this condition among the young women and diseased mothers of our earth, we propose an unfettered utterance to the multitude. Let all men listen, for our discourse is to them not less.

### THE REPRODUCTIVE ORGANISM.

This term is derived from *reproduco*, meaning to produce again. It is the general term for that sacred function by which living, organized beings reproduce their like. Anatomical details and physiological particulars are deemed unnecessary to correct government of such functions. But we consider a knowledge of the underlying principles absolutely essential to every human mind. Physicians do not presume to fully comprehend the incomp-

tioned phenomena of reproduction. Of all secondary processes and progressive transformations, however, the students of embryological science may be said to be familiar, and their definite knowledge in these respects has augmented the practitioner's power over the diseases of women.

But to affirm that physicians can cure the reproductive diseases of either men or women, is to assert what innumerable facts will hopelessly invalidate. Only a small proportion of American women are healthy. Almost all fashionable ladies are reproductively debilitated; they suffer periodically, and eighteenth-century are incapacitated for the divine office of reproduction. The working women in our farming counties, like the less industrious mothers of large towns and cities, are about equally diseased in the holiest functions of their being. All along the border regions of this continent, as upon the sugar, rice, and cotton plantations of the entire South, the women, "irrespective of age or color," are generally afflicted with uterine misplacements and prostrations exceedingly painful.

To teach the philosophy of procreation, in this connection, would be of little service. The finest memory would ere long forget the detail, and with the loss of memory would depart the salutary lessons. We will not write useless facts on this subject. Neither young nor matured mothers would make much progress by reading a learned description of muscular cavities, hypogastric arteries, ganglionic nerves, uterine veins, fallopian tubes, ovaries, &c., &c., because it is wisely and beautifully ordained, and it is so written in the Bible of Nature, which is God's only infallible revelation to mankind, that living organizations shall reproduce their like as it were without thought. It is an act to which both body and soul instinctively consecrate and unrestrainedly abandon the deepest vitality of their existence. Hence it will ever remain philosophically and theologically impossible to regulate the act of reproduction by intellectual statutes or scientific commandments.

In truth, and to be plain, the reproductive office is exalted far beyond and above the stoical plane of intellectualism. It is Father God and Mother Nature in spontaneous conjunction, evolving, as from the unfathomable riches of their fountains heart, the ascending forms of endless duration. What, then, shall be deemed the true standard by which to govern and regulate the process of reproduction? The only possible standard is a true knowledge of its principles and a reverential regard for its sacred office. (We do not now speak of social and statute laws regulating the marriage relation, remember, but only as a physician of the reproductive functions in living organisms.) These principles are very simple and divinely beautiful. They consist of the highest and holiest proximity of exactly opposite embodiments, resulting in metempsychosis of mutually attractive forces, and eventuating in the complete organization of their inmost "image and likeness." Human offspring is formed for an immortal duration, and the parental vital bestowments are, in consequence, characteristic peculiarities of the spiritual body, during long periods after death, be the same good, bad, or indifferent. For it is very long before a living stream can rise higher than its vital source. We say all these things with the overflowing conviction that the people generally will receive some adequate conception of the almost eternal importance to be attached to the act of reproduction.

### REPRODUCTIVE DISEASES.

Of all the hydra-headed forms and evils of syphilitic maladies we will not now write anything, reserving the sad and disgusting subject for a more suitable opportunity. But all men may expect a voice from us ere long, in behalf of the miserable and melancholy multitudes of every civilized country.

Let us mercifully and sympathetically roll up the curtain of feminine misfortunes. What are they termed? Their name is legion. The suffering sisters and the modest mothers cannot hide them from public observation. "Female Pills" are cunningly advertised in every city and country paper. "Uterine Tinctures" meet the eye of every child who stops to look at fancy articles displayed in drug store windows, or within the show-cases against the wall. Medical charlatans everywhere sound the trumpet of quackery and pretension. They devote their entire genius and scientific experience to the treatment of "Female Derangements." They portray the most distressing maladies, the most aggravating cases of "Prolapsus Uteri," vaginal tumefactions, barrenness, suppressions, menstrual hemorrhages, &c., &c. Every disease of the female organism, is marvellously within the power of the mountebank's remarkable pills, pastes, pessaries, and powders. Merciful heavens! Holy angels of Light! Save and exalt our good and beautiful women! Shield them from the assaults of medical pretenders, and from the mal-practices of scientific vampires. Save them? When and by what method? Now! from this moment. By what means? By methods and practices hereafter to be specified. Of course, in these sweeping statements regarding "scientific vampires," we do not mean to reflect dishonorably upon any well-educated and gentlemanly physician.

In order to better appreciate woman's organic sufferings, we will glance at the many and various diseases to which, between the tenth and forty-eighth year, her reproductive constitution is more or less liable, under the potency and action of existing causes. Let us give them the hard names which they deserve: *Leucorrhæa, Fluor Albus, Dysmenorrhæa, Sterility, Menorrhagia, Uterine Hemorrhage, Ana-*



of all anastomosis, and over the cure the women, all hope, most all y deli- lightness, a divi- a woman a indus- are an- a region- w, rice, South, color, replace- painful, tion, in, service. Get the r would fill not Neither make descrip- oria, a tuba, d beas- in the infall- organ- it were h both e vitality remain possible intel- menta- luctive re the Father as con- sumable ascend- then, which repro- d is a a rev- We do v reg- r, but func- niples They imity ng in orces, zation Hu- mortal ments uliari- eriods differ- stream e say onvic- eceive t eter- act of

These names are employed to convey an idea of most frightful and formidable mal-adies. But the pure English of them all is, that a great number of conditions and changes exist and occur at different times in the re-productive organism. A true philosophy of disease will classify these several and distinct affections as the different forms and modifications of one derangement. The original and primal disturbance is confined to the principal organ—namely, the uterus, or womb. This organ is subject to diverse misplacements. One is called "Intercourse," or the turning of the womb inside out; another, "Oliguity," or a sideways falling; another, "Retroversion," or a falling backward; another, "Anteversion," or a forward falling; all which, with still more particular modifications, are referable to one principal and primary cause—namely, to a prostration of the reproductive organism; and this effect never exists without a predetermining cause, which it is the moral duty of every mind to fully comprehend and promptly overcome.

## CAUSES OF REPRODUCTIVE DISEASES.

It would seem that the most of woman's physiological sufferings are unavoidable. This appalling doctrine is inculcated by our ortho-dox brethren, both from the popular pulpit and in all the literature over which they pre-side. They teach the theology of ancient India, of Egyptian darkness and bondage, that woman's menstrual diseases and child-bearing pains are the logical consequence of an "original sin." We read the Book of Na-ture with a different light beaming through its thought-laden pages. We discern that our Sisters need not suffer, and that our young Mothers are not called upon to pass the ordeal of twenty deaths in reproducing their like; but, otherwise, that our despoiled daughters and pain-haunted women may perform their sacred missions unscathed by disease, and unsullied by the animalism of man.

What mean these peace-destroying sym-poms? Bearing down in the lower parts of the abdomen; heat, dull pain, burning weak-ness, in small of the back; sore places on the spine; small of the back tender to the touch; dragging aching in the loins; indisposition for bodily exertions; dread of walking either far or fast; the feeling, now and then, of numbness or paralysis. Why are our married women so capricious of temper; so childish at times; so irascible; so given to transitions from heat to cold, from amiableness to peev-ishness and frettings; and why are so many afflicted with scrofulous swellings and lameness?

The causes cannot be disguised. Scientific secrecy is useless. Large words and grace-fully turned periods may fulfill the ends of rhetoric or imposture, but the truth must be told that all reproductive diseases are caused originally by excessive and unrestrained indul-gence of the animal inclinations. Neither men nor women have comprehended the primal causes of their sufferings. Their children are born with broken-down blood-globules float-ing through their infant hearts. The vital prostrations of parents circulate, under the disguise of "scrofula," in the blood of their offspring. Their young bones absolutely ache with the voluptuous fatigue transmitted by ignorant parents. Every ganglionic center is a telegraphic station. It receives impressions and transmits the signs of disturbances from part to part. Who wonders that our children are scrofulous, and rheumatic, and fond of stim-ulants? Who, that can trace the relation be-tween one cause and another, will grope around yet longer—asking the learned doc-tors to explain why women are sick and unfit for the ordinary duties of housekeeping? Or who, knowing the truth, will further practice the ungodly habits of intemperate reproduc-tion?

## REMEDIES FOR REPRODUCTIVE DISEASES.

The principal immediate cause of woman's suffering is *Protoplasma Uteri*. From one side to the other of this vast continent—as we know by clairvoyant perception—the one great prevailing disease among women is *Falling of the Womb*. The organ is weakened by a variety of predisposing influences, and then falls in one or more of the several di-rections indicated in preceding sentences.

Now the treatment we propose is radical and positive. Of course you know that the paragon of all remedies, the faultless curative power within the pharmacy of every im-mortal mind, is the WILL. Let every Sister, whether daughter or mother, apply the *Pneumogastic principle*! Well or ill, diseased or healthy, do not fail to exercise this im-maculate energy. [See a previous number of this journal.] Of the super-excellence of this remedy we need not further write. Suffice it to say that this discovery totally supersedes the unwieldy and lumbering medicines of the quack and the druggist.

In addition to the Will, which remedy many persons seem incapacitated for exerting to advantage, we further prescribe the im-mEDIATE diase of coffee among all diseased women. We can demonstrate that the action of coffee is directly prostrating to the reproductive energies. There are educated men and mothers who think (ignorantly enough!) that a young woman may be suffering with sup-pression of the menses, with chlorosis, or with Leucorrhoea, and yet not be afflicted with any misplacement of the uterus. This is impossible. The womb is invariably dis-turbed before any decided symptoms are de-veloped. Coffee is the great enemy of woman,

if habitually used as a part of her diet; for its positive effects are stamped upon the re-productive organs a few hours subsequent to each meal. All young women—whether ig-norant or educated, whether married or not, whether American, European, African, bond or free—are hereby counseled to drink no more coffee. Of tea we need not here write, since the greater of the two evils among our women is the decoction of coffee. We can promise health to no woman, unless she immediately comply with this injunction.

Again: It will be impossible for our women to maintain healthy systems while their hus-bands insist on the legal rights of wedlock during the period of pregnancy. The custom is devastating to every feminine sensibility, to say nothing of the crippling and polluting effect exerted by it upon her reproductive functions. The expanded heavens are begem-med with eyes that see these matchless sins. Deadly, indeed, is the detestable effect on the sacred soul of woman. Let husbands and wives, and the friends of children, see to it; no conjugal relation should exist between the married during the period of utero-gestation. Women can produce offspring with impunity, and without danger or severe pain, if their companions will but reverence and shield them. Let every true Brother do what is right.

"Do what is Right, for the day dawn is breaking, Hailing a future of freedom and light; Angels above you are silent notes taking Of every action; then do what is Right."

Yes, do what is right! The scientific quack will pretend to you that his skill is adequate to the reparation of all damages occasioned by your disobedience. Beware! His pre-tensions are fatal to your spiritual progress. We can prove that physicians do not—because they cannot—cure the distressing diseases of women. Certain symptoms, indeed, they readily modify, transpose, invert, and master at length; but the fundamental, functional De-rangements of the reproductive system no College of physicians can control. In fact, the honorable and the best educated physi-cians of the age confess themselves powerless in the presence of the radical diseases. Hus-bands, Brothers, Wives, Sisters! reflect on your sacred missions to each other, and henceforth honor your nature and its exalted destiny.

Lastly: The majority of married women are suffering from the misfortunes of mal-practice during confinement. Many sensitive natures cannot become reconciled to the uni-versal custom of masculine assistance. Heav-en grant that all women will very soon openly remonstrate against the shocking in-tervention. Beautiful souls always shrink from the wretched system of "doctoring" a child into existence. What are your intelli-gent wives and daughters doing? Able physi-cians should have wives, or daughters, or agreeable female associates, who comprehend the facts of pregnancy and all the *modus op-erandi* of parturition. Hundreds of beautiful women, in every station of life, are suffering from unskillful treatment at the hands of man. The forcible disengagement of the *placenta* has disabled many a noble lady for life. All these evils are preventable, and they should be preached against and abandoned by every harmonious soul.

We have been impelled to freely write these things by the inspiring spirit of universal good will. In future numbers we design to specify treatment for the physiological condi-tions under which many of our mothers and sisters continually suffer.

## INDISCRIMINATE PLUNDER.

No species of property more essentially "belongs" to a man or woman than the products of his or her brain. Common honesty would seem to dictate a proper credit, in all cases where we make use of the thoughts of others. That many editors fail to be in-spired by this principle, is apparent from the very frequent appropriation of articles origi-nally appearing in the HERALD OF PROGRESS, by papers in this country and England. We have seen floating paragraphs, choice selec-tions that cost our contributors and editors much thought, traveling uncredited through the country press. A case is now be-fore us. The *Christian Ambassador* publishes an entire column article on "Indian Corn," which we doubt not interests the readers of that paper. Ordinary courtesy ought to have secured a credit to either the HERALD OF PROGRESS or the author, Dr. HENRY T. CHILD. We are glad to have our contributions used by other journals, but it is certainly not unreasonable to expect credit for articles written expressly for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

## ALL ALIKE.

The Tract Society is not alone in the em-ployment of the gag rule to prevent discussion of the slave question. At the recent meeting of the Episcopal Diocesan Convention, John Jay, Jr., offered a series of resolutions respect-ing the African slave trade. His motion was seconded, and while he held the floor in the vain attempt to speak to the resolutions, a motion to lay on the table was entertained, and carried by an overwhelming vote.

Dr. Vinton—the same person, we suppose, who has repeated with such success an address on "The Gentleman"—"insisted" on Mr. Jay's withdrawing his motion, which he re-fused to do, still, the gag being in order, he was silenced.

When will "Christians" learn that they need fear no error if truth is left free to com-bat it. "Any institution that fears investiga-tion openly manifests its own error."

## Important by Telegraph.

## PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE.

## SPECIAL DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, Sept. 21—8 P. M.

The party have just arrived in this city. The heir apparent walked hastily to his car-riage.

8 o'clock 10 minutes.

On entering the hotel, the Prince immedi-ately retired to his own room.

8½ o'clock.

The Prince having dressed for dinner, pro-ceeded to the reception room.

Baron Renfrew is dressed in coat, vest and pants.

His Highness wears a cap.

Young Albert Edward has a slight mous-tache—so slight that none but a close observ-er would notice it.

9 o'clock.

An attendant orders "a' alf dozen hale for 'is 'ighness."

10 o'clock.

The party leave the table, which is lighted by two candelabra, each containing ten tapers.

Sept. 22.

The Royal party slept last night.

The Baron appeared on the balcony this morning, and was cheered.

10 o'clock A. M.

Lord Renfrew entered his carriage.

12 o'clock M.

His Highness returns to luncheon.

Sept. 25.

The Prince sat down to breakfast at 6½ o'clock precisely.

7 o'clock A. M.

The heir apparent took a special train to Stewart's Grove, for quail.

10½ o'clock A. M.

His Highness slipped on the brink of a slough, and had a narrow escape from a dirty bath.

11½ o'clock A. M.

Lord Renfrew had great fun after the rab-bits.

11 o'clock 35 minutes.

The Baron, while chasing a rabbit, tore his new trousers from knee to foot.

12 o'clock M.

The party take a lunch off a bench at a farm house.

12½ o'clock.

They walk about smoking pipes in the most democratic style.

1 o'clock P. M.

Dr. A. remarked that the Prince will make a fine man intellectually, as he studies hard.

2 o'clock.

His Highness shakes hands with two Irish-men.

7 o'clock P. M.

The Prince has shot, with his own gun, 14 brace of quail and 2 brace of rabbits.

The hot sun has bronzed his face.

The Duke of Newcastle enjoys the quiet and repose.

Gen'l Bruce delights in the Prince's hap-piness.

Lord Lyons, in a quiet way, charms all by his quaint remarks.

The Prince of Wales is a sweet little fellow. The ladies are enchanted with him.

8 o'clock P. M.

It is now bed-time for all hands.

We have thus transcribed from the tele-graph and other reports, a few of the more important details connected with one or two days' sojourn of the son of Victoria in this Republic. Our readers cannot fail to be im-pressed with the value of telegraphs and the usefulness of newspapers in thus speedily communicating and minutely publishing the vital facts set forth above. We live at an important period. Republicanism is magni-fied and royalty vented by the foregoing quotations. C. M. P.

## Notes of Progress.

LECTURERS are invited to take Perry Coun-ty, Pa., in their route, and make New Bloom-field in that county a point.

WE have received a report of a Con-vention for Free Inquiry, held at Ellenville, N. Y., which will appear next week.

THE following meetings have been adver-tised heretofore:

Friends of Progress—Richmond, Indiana, Oct. 26.

Infidel Convention—City Assembly Rooms, N. Y., Oct. 7th, 10 A. M.

Reform Conventions—Livonia, Mich., Oct. 16 and 17.

Ann Arbor, Oct. 21st.

## LECTURERS' CONVENTION.

The public Lecturers on Spiritualism, and on all Reforms growing out of or connected with the Spiritual Movement of the day, are hereby invited to attend a Convention, which will be held in the Town Hall, Quincy, Mass., on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Oct. 30th, 31st, and November 1st, 1860.

It is hoped and believed that the following important and desirable results will be ac-complished by holding the proposed Convention:

1st. A more intimate acquaintance of the Lecturers with each other, and, as a consequence, the establishment of a mutual, friendly, fraternal, and cooperative feeling.

2d. A more correct knowledge and a juster appreciation of the peculiar type of mind, style of thought, and character of the work and mission of each; and, hence, a more comprehensive view of the whole Spiritual movement, its main drift and tendency, and its united power as represented by its differ-ent advocates in the various departments of Reform.

## Attractive Miscellany.

"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 Harper's Magazine.]

## An Incident of my Childhood.

"Mabel," said my aunt, facing me sternly, and speaking with solemn emphasis:—"You are lowered forever in my eyes! When Mr. Ellison comes, he shall assuredly know of this. Go!" she added, with a gesture as if the sight of me were intolerable: "I shall never have confidence in you again."

I ran out of the room into the garden through the side-door, which always stood open in hot weather; but my cousins were at play on the lawn; so I flew on in the bitter-ness of my wounded spirit, until I found the shade and quiet I wanted under a large hoary apple tree, which stood in the neighboring orchard. Under its spreading branches I threw myself down.

I have a vivid impression of the aspect and "feel" of that summer afternoon. The heat was intense; even the ground on which I lay seemed to burn the bare arms crossed beneath my humble head. I knew there was not a grateful cloud in the radiant sky above me; I felt there was not a breath of wind stirring, not enough even to rustle the thick leaves of the orchard trees. The garish brilliancy, the sultry stillness, oppressed me almost more than I could bear. If I could have hidden myself from the sight of the sun, if I could have cheated my own consciousness, I would have gladly done so. I will not believe the world held at that moment a more wretched being than I was—that any grown-up man or woman, with developed faculties, ever suffered more keenly from the pangs of self-contempt.

For, let me at once tell the reader, I was no victim of injustice or misconception; the words with which I had been driven from the house were justified by what I had done. I was fourteen years of age, I had been care-fully and kindly educated, none knew better than I the difference between right and wrong; yet in spite of age, teaching, and the intellect's enlightenment, I had just been guilty of a gross moral transgression: I had been convicted of a falsehood; and, more than that, it was no impulsive lie escaping me in some exigency, but a deliberate one, and calculated to do another hurt. The whole house knew of it—servants, cousins, and all; the coming guest was to know of it too. My shame was complete. "What shall I do? what will become of me?" I cried aloud. "I shall never be happy again!"

It seemed so to me. I had lost my position in the house where I had been so favored and happy; I had compromised my character from that day henceforward. I, who had meant to do such good in the world, had lost my chance; for that sin clinging to my con-science, the remembrance of which I should read in everybody's face and altered manner, would make effort impossible. My aunt had lost all confidence in me—that was terrible; but what was worse, I had lost all confidence in myself. I saw myself mean, ungenerous, a liar! I had no more self-respect. When my cousins whispered together about me, or the servants nodded and smiled significantly, I should have nothing to fall back upon. Why, I was what they thought me: I could not defy their contempt, but must take it as my due. I might get angry, but who would mind my anger? A thousand thoughts exas-perated my anguish.

I was very fond of reading, and had a liking for heroic biographies. Noble actions, fine principles always awoke a passionate enthu-siasm in my mind, caused strong throbs of ambition, and very often my aunt had lent a kind ear to the outpouring of such emotions. The case would be altered now. I might read, indeed, but such feelings I must henceforth keep to myself; who would have patience to hear me thus expatiate? I was cut off from fellowship with the good.

I must give up, too, my little class at the village Sunday-school, which I had been so proud to undertake. How could I, despaired at home, go among the children as before? I could never talk to them as I used to ven-ture to do. They would know it, as all the world would know; they would mock me in their hearts—each feeling she was better than I. I rose up from the grass; for my state of mind would bear the prone attitude no longer, and leaning against the tree, looked around me. Oh! the merry games I had had in this orchard. The recollection brought a flood of bitter tears to my eyes—I had not cried before—for I was sure that time was past; I should never have another. "Never, never!" I cried, wringing my hands; "I shall never have the heart to play again, even if they would play with me. I am another girl now!"

In truth, my brief experience seemed to have oldened me, to have matured my facul-ties. I saw myself in a kind of vague con-fused vision, as I might have been, as I could never now become. No; life was an altered thing from what it had appeared yesterday: I had marred its capabilities on the threshold. I could get a glimpse of the house through the trees; I could see the parlor windows where, within the shady room, tea was even now being prepared for the expected visitor. Ah! that visitor, with whom I used to be a favorite, who had always been so kind—he was now on his way with the same heart toward me, little knowing what had hap-pened, little knowing I was lost and ruined!

Does this description of my state of mind, of my sense of guilt, seem overstrained? It is just possible I give a little more coherence to my reflections than they had at the time, but I cannot color too highly the anguish of humiliation they produced: it was all but intolerable. "I suppose," said I moodily to myself, for a reaction was commencing; "I suppose I shan't always feel like this, or I should go mad. I shall get used to it pres-ently—used to being miserable!"

Just then I heard my name shouted by one of my cousins, but I had not the heart to shout in answer. No doubt tea was ready, but I wanted no tea. Mr. Ellison might be come, but I dreaded to see him. My cousin called, and ran on toward the spot where I stood till he caught sight of me. He was hot with the search, and angry that I had not answered; moreover, what boy about his age, in the lutehood of a dozen summers, knoweth aught of tenderness or considera-



tion? "There you are, miss," he said, savagely, "and a pretty hunt I've had! You're to come in to tea; and another time don't give better people the trouble of fetching you; they don't like it, I can tell you."

He was just off again, eager for his meal, but I stopped him. "Bob, is Mr. Ellison come?" I cried.

"Hours ago; and he and mother have been shut up ever so long talking about you, I know; and don't 'Bob' me, please, Miss Mabel; I don't like it!"

My spirit swelled. Was this to be the way? One touch of rough, boyish kindness, and I could almost have kissed his feet; now I walked back to the house with a bitter "I won't care" swelling at my heart.

I may as well say here, though scarcely necessary to the moral of my story, that I was an adopted child in the large family of my aunt. She was a widow, and had been so ever since I had lived with her; and I, as will be supposed, was an orphan. She had in her own right a good income, though she only held in trust for her eldest son the substantial manor-farm on which we resided. I was not poor; indeed, I was in some sort an heiress; and Mr. Ellison, my aunt's honored friend and her husband's executor, was joint-guardian over me with herself. I had been brought up to fear and reverence him; he had taught me to love him. My degradation in his eyes was the bitterest drop in my self-mixed cup.

As I entered the hall, my aunt came out to meet me, and took me with her into another room. "Mabel," she said, "you are to take your place at the table with us as usual for the present. I have spoken to your guardian about you, but I scarcely know what we may finally decide upon in the matter. You are too old to be whipped or sent to bed; but though you are to be suffered to come among us, I need not say we shall never feel for you as we once did, or if we seem to do so, it will be because we forget. Your sin justifies a constant mistrust; for my part, I can never think of you as before under any circumstances, I am afraid. I don't think I ought, even if it were possible. But now, come in to tea."

"I want no tea," said I bitterly. "I can't see Mr. Ellison. Oh! I need have known it!"

"Mabel," was the answer, "it would have been better had you feared the lie as you fear its discovery."

I sat down on a chair, and leaned my head on a table near. I had not a word to say for myself, or against the treatment adopted. My aunt was a woman of severe rectitude, and had brought us all up with deep solicitude, and, I believe, prayerful care. She thought lying an almost unpardonable sin, for she looked upon it as a proof of nearly hopeless moral depravity; and my falsehood had been an aggravated one. Many, with a less strict sense of my delinquency, might have been more severe. I could not blame her. "At least," I said, "you won't make me come in?"

"No," she returned, and went back to the parlor.

I went up stairs to my bedroom, where I spent the rest of the evening. No inquiries were made after me. When it grew dark, I undressed and threw myself into bed. I offered no prayer for God's forgiveness; mine was not so much penitence as remorse. Had I been a man who had blasted his prospects in life by the commission of some deadly sin, I could scarcely have felt more morally lost, more hopeless about the future. My aunt had represented my sin in appalling colors, and my whole previous education and turn of mind made me feel its turpitude strongly: the possibility of repairing it had not been urged upon me, but rather denied. I thought it would color and prejudice my whole after-life, that I had lost caste forever.

I scarcely slept at all, and got up mentally sick, physically worn out. I dared not stay away from the breakfast-table, so I made haste to be first down stairs. The windows of our pleasant morning-room were open; there had been rain during the night, and it was one of those fresh laughing mornings which I felt I should have so enjoyed once. Once! yes, it was a long time ago. The whole aspect of the apartment within, of refreshed nature without, had an eminently pleasant effect; or, rather, I thought it would have to other eyes. I took a seat in the shade; I had a dim idea (I knew not whether it were hope or dread) that Mr. Ellison might come in before the others; but he did not. He and my aunt came in together, and they were closely followed by the children.

He was a man of about fifty years of age, with a figure and countenance which, in youth, might have been handsome, but which had suffered too severely from what I suppose were the effects of time to be so now. He had, too, an air of gravity and reticence, which rather oppressed a stranger unacquainted with the minute sympathies, the comprehensive benevolence it veiled.

He came up to me where I sat dejected and humbled, and held out his hand. To my surprise, and, I may say, to my exquisite pain, he spoke to me much as usual—I could almost have thought more tenderly than usual. I dared not look up as I murmured my inaudible answer. My aunt gave me a chilling "good morning;" my young cousins looked at me shyly, but did not speak. No one spoke to me during breakfast except my guardian, and he only in connection with the courtesies of the table; and not being able to bear this, I crept out of the room as soon as I dared. It was the same at every other meal; and all the intervals between I spent alone, unsought, unquestioned, suffering a fiery trial. I don't dwell on the details of my experience that day; I have suffered much since, but God knows, never more. However, as may be supposed, I slept a little that night, for nature would bear up no longer.

The next day came; breakfast had passed as before, and, as before, I was stealing out of the room, when my guardian called me back.

"If you want to talk to Mabel," said my aunt, "I will leave you alone together."

But Mr. Ellison begged earnestly that she would remain, and, to my bitter regret, she consented. I felt now there would be no hope for me. He then placed a chair for me, and coming up to where I stood sinking with shame near the door, led me gently to it. "You are too forbearing, my dear sir," urged my aunt; "she is not any longer entitled to such kindness."

"Is she not?" he returned with a bitter sigh; and then addressing me: "Mabel, are

you truly sorry for this very sinful act of yours?"

The accent of generous sympathy with which the words were spoken wrought upon me. "Sorry!" I cried in agony; "I'm miserable; I shall always be miserable! Every one will despise me all my life long—and oh, I meant to be good!"

My guardian took a seat beside me. "And now," he asked, "you will give up trying?"

I looked up eagerly. "Where would be the use?" I said. "A liar—the word seemed to burn my lips, but I would say it, for I half feared he did not know the worst—'I lose her character once and forever. No one will trust me again, no one can respect me. Oh, it's dreadful!' I shuddered instinctively."

"Then what is to follow?" asked Mr. Ellison. "Is all effort to be given up, and this dark spot to spread till it infects your whole character? Are all duties to be neglected because you have failed in one? and are you to live on perhaps to fourscore, incapacitated by this selfish remorse? Not so, Mabel—"

"Pardon my interrupting you, Mr. Ellison," interposed my aunt; "but this is scarcely the way to treat my niece. You will make her think lightly of the dreadful sin she has committed; she will fancy her compunction extreme, whereas no repentance can be sufficient. Don't try to soften her present impression. I would have her carry with her to the grave the salutary sense she seems to have of what she has done."

"I, too," said my guardian fervently, "would teach her a lesson she should never forget, but it would be differently put from yours. Before God, I grant you, no amount of penitence would suffice to procure that atonement which is freely given on wider grounds; but as regards her relations to her fellow-beings, to her future life, Mabel argues wrong: men in general, the world at large, you yourself, my dear madam, appear to me to argue wrong on this subject."

My aunt colored. "Pardon me," she said stiffly; "I think we cannot understand each other."

"Perhaps," said my guardian, "I have misunderstood you; but if you will suffer a direct question, it will settle the point. Suppose that, in the future, Mabel's conduct should be exemplary, would you fully restore her to the place she held in your esteem?"

I looked anxiously toward my aunt; the question was a momentous one to me. She seemed to reflect.

"It is painful to say it," she replied at length; "but I must be conscientious. In such a case, Mabel would in a great measure regain my esteem; but to expect me to feel for her as I did before she had so deeply injured her moral nature, seems unreasonable. She can never be exactly to me what she was before."

"And you think, doubtless, that she is right in considering that this youthful sin will impair her future capacity for good?"

"I think," answered my aunt, "that it is the penalty attached to all sin, that it should keep us low and humble through life. The comparatively clear conscience will be better fitted for good deeds than the burdened."

There was a pause; my heart had sunk again. Mr. Ellison rose and began to walk up and down the floor.

"Suppose a case, madam," he said presently, and in a constrained tone—"where an honorable man, under strong temptation, has committed a dishonorable action; or a merciful man, a cruel: have they married life, and must they go softly all the rest of their days? Must they leave to other men the fulfillment of high duties, the pursuit and achievement of moral excellence? Would you think it unseemly if, at any after period, you heard the one urging on some conscience the necessity of rectitude, or the other advocating the beauty of benevolence? or must they, conscious that their transgression has lowered them forever, never presume to hold themselves erect again?"

"My dear Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, looking with surprise at my guardian, who had certainly warmed into unusual energy—"I think we are wandering from the point. Such a discussion as this will not do Mabel any good, but rather harm, if I understand you to mean that we are not materially affected by our transgressions. It is a strange doctrine, sir, and a very dangerous one."

"My dear friend," returned my guardian gently, "far be it from me to say that our transgressions do not materially affect us! I do not want to gainsay your view of the life-long humility which a human being should feel for a criminal act, but I would introduce hope, and not despair, into his mind. I don't think the plan on which society goes of judging the character of a man from individual acts or single aberrations is just; very often such acts are not fair representations of the life or even the nature of the man. They show, indeed, what he was at that moment; but it may be that never before or since in his existence did he or will he experience such another. Yet perhaps he is condemned by the world, and shunned as a lost character. How bitterly hard for that man to do his duty in life!"

"No doubt," said my aunt, "it does bear hard in particular cases; but it is the arrangement of Providence that the way of transgressors is hard."

"I am not speaking," returned my guardian, "of the habitual transgressor, but of one who, like Mabel here, thinks life spoiled by a single act of moral evil, and is treated as if it were so. You speak of Providence," he continued with a smile: "an instance rises to my mind where an aggravated sin was committed, and yet the sinner, far from being doomed to obscurity and life-long remorse, was spared all reproof save that of his agonized conscience, was distinguished above others, called to God's most sacred service, elected to the glory of martyrdom. If remorse were in any case justifiable, if any sin should unfit man for rising above it or for doing good in his generation, surely it would have been in Peter's case. But we know that story. My dear madam"—and Mr. Ellison, laying his hand on my head, looked appealingly toward my aunt—"I desire to speak reverently; but think you, after Christ's charge, even John, Abdiel-like disciple as he was, ever presumed to say or feel that he could never esteem or look upon Peter as he once did? This is what is forbidden us—to look upon men as fallen below their chance of recovery."—My aunt was silent, but I could see that she was impressed. As for me,

I felt as if a load were being slowly lifted off my heart, and it swelled with a passionate aspiration to recover, with God's help, my former standing, and press on in the upward way. And would I not, through life, be tender and merciful to the penitent wrong-doer?—If I speak warmly on this subject," continued my guardian, "it is because my own experience furnishes me with a proof of how low an honorable man may fall, and how far the magnanimity, or rather justice, I have been advocating may enable him to rise again, and try and work out toward his fellow-men—I know he cannot do so toward God—reparation for his offense. May I tell you a short story?"

"Certainly," said my aunt; but she looked uneasily toward me.

"Let Mabel stay and hear me," said Mr. Ellison; "the lesson is for her to learn, and my story will do her no harm."

He took a few turns through the room, as if collecting his thoughts, and then began. If my readers wonder that, at fourteen, my memory retained the details of such a conversation, let me explain that many times since then has this subject been renewed and discussed by my guardian and me.

"Many years back," said Mr. Ellison, "I knew two friends. They were young men of very different character, but, for aught I know, that might have been the secret of their attachment. The elder, whom, for distinction's sake, I will call Paul, was of a thoughtful, reserved turn of mind. He was given a good deal to speculations about the moral capacities and infirmities of his own nature and that of his race, and had a deep inward enthusiasm for what he conceived to be goodness and virtue; and I will do him the justice to say he strove, so far as in him lay, to act up to his convictions. The younger—we will call him Clement—was of a lighter temper. Generous, frank, and vivacious, he was a far more general favorite than his friend; but yet, when men of experience spoke on the subject, they said the one was, no doubt, the most lovable, but the other the most trustworthy. Well—for I do not wish to make a long story of it—Clement, who had no secrets from his friend, had made him long ago the confidant of a strong but unfortunate attachment of his. Unfortunately, I say; not but that the lady was eminently worthy, but, alas, she was rich, and he but a brief-hunting barrister. Clement had a chivalrous sense of honor, and had never shown sign or uttered word of love, though he confessed he had a vague, secret hope that the girl returned his feelings. He blushed, however, like a woman when he made this admission, and would fain have gained it as presumption the moment after. He rather unwisely, but most naturally, still visited at the house, where the parents, suspecting nothing, received him cordially; and at length he ventured to introduce Paul there, too, in order that his friend might judge for himself of the perfection of his mistress."

"It is not necessary to describe the daughter; suffice it to say, Paul found in her person and character not only enough to justify Clement's choice, but to excite in his own mind a passion of a strength corresponding with the silent energy of his character. He kept his secret, and heard Clement talk of his love with the patience of a friend, while secretly he had to contend with the jealousy of a lover. But he did contend against it, and strove to master himself; for, apart from what honor and friendship enjoined, he saw plainly that Eleanor favored the unexpressed, but with a woman's keenness, half-guessed love of Clement. He forbore to visit at the house, in spite of the double welcome his relation to Clement and his own social position—for Paul was rich—had obtained for him there. Time passed, and Paul was still at an unconquered weakness, when Clement got an appointment in India. 'Before you go,' said Paul to him, 'you will speak to Eleanor?'"

"No," said Clement, after painful deliberation; "the chances of my success are still doubtful: when I have proved them, and can satisfy her parents, I will write."

"You may lose her through your over-scrupulousness."

"I may," said Clement; "but if she loves me, she has read my heart, and I can trust her."

"Clement, therefore, took his secret to India with him, and Paul was left at home to fight with a gigantic temptation. I need not go into the subtleties it assumed; but for a long time he was proof against them. He would not sacrifice honor and friendship, the strength of a good conscience, and the principles he revered, to selfish passion and inclination. One evening, however, he yielded to a weakness he had several times overcome, and went to the house. He said to himself, 'I would see how she bore Clement's absence. Eleanor received him with a kindness she had never shown before. Her parents politely hoped, when he rose to leave, that they were not to lose his society as well as Clement's. That night cast the die. 'I love her,' said Paul to himself; 'Clement does no more. I have the same right as he to be happy.' Madam," added Mr. Ellison, abruptly, "you guess what followed. Paul, with his keen sense of rectitude, his ambitious aspirations, yielded, and fell."

My guardian paused. My whole girl's heart was in his story: I forgot my humbled position, and exclaimed, eagerly, "But did Eleanor love him?"

Mr. Ellison looked at me quickly, and then half-smiled. The smile was a relief to me, for it brought back the usual expression which he had lost during the telling of this story.

"You shall hear," he resumed, presently. "Paul having decided to act a fraudulent and unworthy part, used all his powers to gain his object. 'Honor and self-respect I have lost,' he said; 'love and gratification I must have.' It was a terrible period that followed. The suit he urged with such untiring zeal seemed to gain slow favor with Eleanor. Her parents were already his supporters; and with the irritating hopes and fears of an ardent but baffled lover, were mixed the stinging agonies of remorse and shame. Clement's periodical letters, long since unanswered, were now unread; to him, such as he now was, they were not addressed—that sweet friendship was buried along with his youth's integrity. I will not linger," said my guardian, hurriedly, "Paul won the prize which he had sought at such a cost; Eleanor's consent was gained, and the marriage-day was appointed. I don't think even then he so

deceived himself as to think he was happy. Moments of tumultuous emotion, of feverish excitement, that he misnamed joy, he had, but his blessedness had escaped him. Not only his conscience told him was Clement defrauded, but Eleanor was deceived. To hear her express at any time indignant scorn of what was base or mean, was a moral torture so exquisitely acute that only those can conceive it who have stooped to a like degradation. A night or two before the day fixed for the wedding, Paul went as usual to her house. Just before he took his leave, Eleanor left the room, and returned with a letter. There was a glow on her cheek as she gave it him. 'I have long determined,' she said, 'to have no momentous secrets from him who is to be my husband; it will be better for you to know this.'

"He took the letter. I see you guess the sequel: it was from Clement. It told the story of his long silent love, for he was now in a position to satisfy his own scruples and tell it. With the fear upon his mind that even now his treasure might escape him, Paul clung to it more tenaciously than ever; passion smothered remorse. 'Well,' he asked, looking at her almost fiercely, 'does the secret go no further?'"

"Very little further, Paul," said Eleanor, gravely. 'I loved Clement once, but I thought he trifled with me; were it not now honorably too late—I love you now.'

"Paul felt a sudden impulse to confess the whole truth, but it was transient. He had felt many such an impulse before, but had conquered it; should he, on the eve of possession, with that assurance in his ears, yield now?"

"But, Mr. Ellison," I cried, interrupting him, with the matter-of-fact sagacity of a child, "didn't it seem strange to Eleanor that Paul had told Clement nothing about his engagement?"

"Ah, Mabel," sighed my guardian, "no great sin but has its lesser ones. Long since, Paul had found it necessary to tell Eleanor a false story concerning his present suspension of intercourse with Clement."

I think this absolute lie of Paul's touched my aunt as sensibly as any point in the history, for she broke silence. "And what," she said, "was the end of this wretched young man's history? Are you going to tell us we must not despise him?"

"One moment longer," urged my guardian, "and you shall pass your judgment. Paul married Eleanor: you are surprised? Alas! poetical justice is not the rule of this life. Yet why do I say alas?—has it not a higher rule? He married her then, each loved the other, but Paul was a miserable man. His friends noticed it; naturally then his wife; but he kept his secret: no wonder months wrought upon him the effect of years. Nevertheless, he neglected his duties—he had no heart for them: self-contempt, a bitter remorse, cankered every aspiration, enfeebled effort, sapped and destroyed his capabilities. Life slipped wasted through his fingers. I could not, said Mr. Ellison, give you an idea what he suffered, but I believe he was at this time deeply mistaken, increasingly criminal. If a man's sin be black as hell—and his was black—remorse cannot mend it: so long as he lives, life requires duties and effort from him; let him not think he is free to spend it in this selfish absorption."

"True," said my aunt; "but let him not expect, even though he strive to rise and partially succeed, that he is to be respected as a worthy man."

"A year passed," resumed my guardian, "without heeding the remark, and Clement returned to England. Originally, he had a noble soul; sanctifying sorrow had made him great. He inquired after his former friend, wrote to him, assuring him he could meet Eleanor now with the calmness of friendship; and forced himself upon him. I say forced, for, naturally, Clement was to Paul an accusing angel. An agonized retribution was at hand for the latter: Eleanor died in her first confinement, after but a few hours' illness; her infant even died before her. In this extremity, well was it for Paul that Clement was at hand: in his overwhelming grief, the past seemed canceled; he could claim and endure his friend's magnanimous tenderness. When he recovered from this stroke, he roused himself to a new existence. Clement had succeeded in convincing him of his forgiveness, of his continued friendship even. 'After the first shock of feeling,' he said, 'the thought of what a nature like yours must suffer, which had been tempted to such an act, changed, slowly, I grant, but still changed, resentment into sympathy. For my own consolation, I studied the New Testament; it has taught me lessons which I think, Paul, you as well as I have missed. I won't insult you by dwelling on my free pardon; if it is worthy of acknowledgment, put your hand once more to the plow, labor for the welfare of others, and so work out your own.' He argued against remorse, and urged the considerations which I have brought more feebly forward, with such effect, that Paul laid them to heart, and strove to test their truth. With God's forgiveness sought and obtained, and that of the man he had injured—with principles drawn from a deeper and diviner source than he had known before—with a spirit humbled but not crushed, he proved that life still lay before him as a field for honorable and remunerative labor. I believe his friend respected him more in this second stage of his experience than before; I know he did not respect him less. Will any other presume to do so?" asked Mr. Ellison, approaching my aunt. "My dear friend, wonder not at my tenderness to Mabel; that is the salutary result of so severe an experience: it is my own story I have told."

I think my aunt must have guessed the truth ere this, for she made no immediate answer. I was silent with astonishment. My guardian turned and looked at me. "Mabel," he said earnestly, "let me not have humbled myself before you in vain. God preserve you from sinning against your own nature and Him; but where you fall, God give you grace and strength to rise and strive again. And grant me this too, my child: in after life you may have much influence; for my sake, for your own experience of suffering and shame, be merciful to the wrong-doer! Make it one of your duties to help the fallen, even though she be a woman, and convince her that all is not lost in one false step. God provides against his creature's remorse—shall man be less merciful to his brother?"

"Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, "the life of effort and self-denial you have led condemns my severity. I have been too harsh; but I must seriously review this argument. Mabel, come here!"—I approached her timidly; she drew me nearer.—"One must still repeat before they can be pardoned, 'I repent, I repent, but I think you do repent, Mabel!'"

My tears flowed. "Aunt, forgive me," I whispered; I am sorry indeed. I don't like to say it, but I think I shall never tell a lie again!"

She kissed me, and rose up; there were tears in her eyes. "Let it be, then, as though it had never been, except to teach you Mr. Ellison's lesson," she said. She then approached my guardian. "I knew not," she said in a softened tone, and holding out her hand with an air of respect, "how much you lost some years ago by Clement's death. Henceforth, you and I will be better friends."

Mr. Ellison pressed her hand in silence; I saw he could not speak; I had an instinct that he would wish to be alone, so I followed my aunt quickly out of the room.

She turned kindly round, and dispatched me on some message as of old; I felt I was forgiven! Before fulfilling it, I ran into my room and shut the door; then kneeling down by the bedside, I prayed as I had not before done, with softened heart and contrite tears, for God's forgiveness.

Those few hours have influenced a lifetime.

#### THE ARABIAN HORSE.

Lamarine, who traveled in the East some years since, tells this striking story about the Arab horse:

"The people in Arabia do not have canals and railroads on which to travel and carry goods, as we do, but when they wish to carry goods far they put them on the backs of horses and camels, and thus pass through the country. Several men, with a number of horses and camels, travel together, and are called a caravan."

Much of the country through which they pass is a desert, where no one lives, and they have to carry their food with them, and sleep in the open air. The Arabs who live in the high lands, not far from the deserts, are many of them bad men, and rob the caravans when they are passing through the deserts. These Arabs have fine horses, and many of them go together when robbing the caravans. Their captain is called a chief."

An Arab chief, with his men, had robbed a caravan in the night, but some Turkish horsemen soon came up with them, and killed several of their number, and bound others with cords.

In this state they brought one of the Arab men, whose name was Abou el Mark, to Acre, and laid him, bound hand and foot, wounded as he was, at the door of their tent.

They were soon asleep, but the wounds of the Arab kept him awake, and he heard his horse neigh at a little distance. He wanted to see him again, and stroke his neck once more; so he crept along, with his hands and feet bound as they were, until he came to where his horse was tied.

"Poor friend!" said he, "what will you do among the Turks? You will be shut up under the roof of a khan, with the horses of a pacha or an aga; no longer will the women and children of the tent bring you camel's milk, or barley, in the hollow of their hands; no longer will you gallop in the desert, free as the wind of Egypt; no longer will you part the waters of Jordan which cool your sides; no longer will you carry your master proudly over the desert. If I am to be a slave you may be free. Go; return to our tent, which you know so well; tell my wife that Abou el Mark will return no more; put your head into the folds of my tent and lick the hands of my children."

Having spoken these words, he untied, with his teeth, the fetters which held the courser bound, and set him at liberty. The noble animal did not bound away to the desert, but bent his head over his master, and seeing him in fetters on the ground, took his clothes gently in his teeth, lifted him up, and set off at full speed for home.

Without ever resting he made straight for the distant but well known tent in the mountains of Arabia. He arrived there safely, and laid the master at the feet of his wife and children, and then the noble horse fell dead with fatigue. The whole tribe mourned him, poets wrote his praise; his name is still spoken with pride by the Arabs of Jericho.

#### PROVIDENCE NOT TO BE INTERFERED WITH.

We heard a curious story the other day, of a professed Christian, residing on — street, who owns a large pile of money. A poor neighbor, belonging to the same church, was in great need of a small loan, by means of which he could save his little home from being lost. He called on the man who owned the money, and requested a little aid. The man considered the case, and replied: "Well, Mr. —, I have the money, it is true, and could spare it, and would do so if it were not for one consideration. It seems that Providence designs that you should suffer this trial, and if I should help you out, I might interfere with the purposes of Providence in regard to you."—*Schenectady News.*

#### A LITTLE boy had one day done wrong, and

was sent, after maternal correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father. His offense had been passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be made better, and never to be angry again, and then, with childish simplicity, he added, "Lord, make my temper better, too!"

#### UNLESS Christianity be viewed and felt in a

high and comprehensive way, how large a portion of our intellectual and moral nature does it leave without object and action.—*COLERIDGE.*

You may depend upon it, that a slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.—*COLERIDGE.*

EVIL is a phantom always to be rendered in the first person and singular number, but always is rendered, by spirit infants, in the second or third person, and plural number.—*DR. A. B. CHILD.*



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(Dr. Campbell NOW (September, 1860) weighs 180 lbs., and every sign of the disease has disappeared.) "I have used 'Winchester's Hypophosphites,' in Phthisis, Anemia, and Chlorosis, with marked success, curing a case of Consumption where tubercles, no doubt existed in the second stage of development. I cured a case of Chlorosis at once, and several cases of Anemia, where great debility existed."—IRA BARROWS, M.D., Providence, R. I.

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## Hereditary Tubercular Consumption.

The wife of James C. Howe, M.D., of Haverhill, Mass., had inherited Tubercular Consumption, far advanced with frequent bleedings from the lungs. Dr. Howe used the ordinary "tonics"—including several bottles of some preparation of the Hypophosphites, containing Iron, which only increased the hectic and other troublesome symptoms. She was much emaciated and very feeble, when she began the use of "Winchester's Preparation of Lime and Soda." Improvement was at once perceptible, and now (May, 1860) she is well, and is free from all signs of Consumption.

## "Galloping" Consumption.

"In October last I gave a young man, aged 20, fifteen grains of the Hypophosphites daily. He had all the symptoms of the disease, and was rapidly sinking, and his loss of flesh was so rapid that it threatened to be a case of 'Galloping' Consumption. There was unmistakable evidence of crude tubercle in the lungs. When he had taken the Hypophosphites for a month, the hectic became vor



## Notices of New Books.

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

LETTERS OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE. From 1827 to 1858, with extracts from Varnhagen's Diaries, etc. Translated from the Second German Edition, by FRIEDRICH CAFF. New York: Budd & Carleton. Price \$1.25.

An intimate friend of the late Baron Humboldt was Varnhagen von Ense, an eminent literary character of Berlin, a man of refined tastes, high culture, and generous sympathies. Among the vast circle of his acquaintances there was probably no one whom Humboldt prized more dearly, no one to whom he was more willing to confide his most secret thoughts. The volume of letters before us, is a gleaming from the familiar correspondence of these two men, and treats upon all topics that could interest persons who were at once courtiers, men of science, and literary celebrities. But most of the letters of the collection are from Humboldt himself, to his friend Von Ense, those of the latter having been lost. They are edited by the niece of Von Ense, Miss Ludmilla Assing, who herself is not without literary skill and distinction in her own country, as the following allusions to her in the correspondence will testify:

HUMBOLDT TO VARNHAGEN.

BERLIN, June 30, 1857.

"I am at a loss for words to express to you, my honored friend, and to the amiable and brilliant artist and authoress, Ludmilla Assing, what pleasure you have provided for my solitude, by 'Elisa von Ahlefeldt,' a pleasure still to be enjoyed by all who will deprive me of it for a few days. Who can read without emotion a fate so tender, so simple, told in such glowing language, by Miss Ludmilla? who can escape the most anxious reflection about the tortures of sentiment which the most noble and cultivated of mankind are skilled in inflicting on themselves about passion half dogmatic in character, for the gratification of which the difficult institution of civil marriage is inadequate?"

Again:

"A little gift for Miss Ludmilla Assing, the brilliant authoress of 'Elisa von Ahlefeldt,' an autograph of my young friend Friesen, with sentiments of sincere thankfulness." [An inscription on a present to Miss L. A.]

So the editing of these letters could not have fallen, perhaps, into better hands than those of the favored niece of Von Ense, although the fluttering among the crowned worthies and grandees of Europe that ensued on the publication of the correspondence, seemed to prove that many letters had been brought to light, which it would have been politic to suppress.

We have no space to quote from the letters to illustrate the political opinions of Humboldt, nor his relations to kings and princes. That the present Emperor of France, Prince Albert, and the old, demolished king of Prussia, appear in the correspondence to very great disadvantage, is already well known. We are more interested in the hints we gather from it in regard to Humboldt's religious opinions, as indicative not only of his own attitude toward accepted doctrines, but of that of the foremost scientific men of Germany; and our quotations must mainly bear upon these points. A few extracts will suffice for our purpose.

HUMBOLDT TO VARNHAGEN.

BERLIN, March 21, 1842.

"I will retain your 'Christliche Glaubenslehre,' [Christian Dogma.] I who long ago, in Potsdam, was so delighted with Strauss's Life of the Saviour. One learns from it, not only what he [the reader?] does not believe, which is less new to me, but rather what kind of things have been believed and taught by those black coats [parsons] who know how to enslave mankind anew; yea, who are putting on the armor of their former adversaries."

So in a letter written a few days later to the same friend, he says:

"Since the inquisitorial sentence against Bruno [Bauer] has been so presumptuously published, I deem it my duty to retain your Strauss no longer. I return you that remarkable book, which caused me to indulge in much meditation. Accept my best thanks. The method of the author is excellent; it makes us acquainted with the whole history of the faith of our time, particularly so with the Jesuitical trick of so many people who declare publicly their belief in, and their adherence to, all the dogmas of the Christian mythology, after the fashion of Schleiermacher, and after having 'drained the chalice,' are followed to the grave by a solemn cortege of court equipages, although in fact they had always discarded the orthodox belief, and substituted for it pseudo-philosophical interpretations."

To one acquainted with the peculiar character of the "Glaubenslehre," there can be no doubt from the tone of these extracts as to the color of Humboldt's theology. The Life of Jesus, by Strauss, has been greatly and deservedly extolled, simply as a masterly sample of historical criticism, and for its display of intellectual strength. The "Glaubenslehre" exhibits the ability of Strauss, in our view, still more decidedly. In it the origin, historical development, and probable final form, of every doctrine of Christianity, are most exhaustively treated, and a critical judgment passed upon each in succession. We need not say that these doctrines are treated, however, from a purely negative standpoint, and that under his searching analysis, they nearly all evaporate in the thinnest possible gas, leaving but an infinitesimal residuum of truth and fact. Even the ideas of God and Immortality in his crucible are resolved—the former, into a "dialectic process," [self-evolving movement] of the Universe—the latter, into the Perpetuity of the Race. In short, Strauss makes individual man a mere bubble on an eternal tide, that flows from no deter-

minate source, and reaches no definite Whither. Notwithstanding these unsatisfactory results of his criticism upon Christian doctrine, as a storehouse of the opinions of dignitaries in the church during the lapse of centuries, it is invaluable, especially as the statement of those opinions is sustained by pertinent quotations from the authors passed in review. The abstract character of the work, and its heretical bearing, will probably prevent its appearing in English for many years. [For the readers of the HERALD, however, it is our intention ere long to collect from these citations by Strauss, a summary in a series of articles of the "things," that, as Humboldt says, "have been believed and taught by those black coats, who know how to enslave mankind anew." These "things believed" will be found to be sometimes beautiful, more often horrid, and not unfrequently laughable.]

For the spirit of the latter of the above extracts, and the almost open avowal of his disbelief in the total body of doctrines stated in the "Glaubenslehre," it is quite clear that Humboldt's orthodoxy was extremely ragged. He was "delighted with Strauss's Life of the Saviour." Well, so are we; but we find this delight no great recommendation to the kindly charities of the churches.

The following extract will show his regard for the infallibility of the New Testament.

HUMBOLDT TO VARNHAGEN.

December 3, 1841.

"Bruno [Bauer] has found me out to be a pre-Adamite convert! When I was a boy the court preachers reasoned in this way: I was confirmed by one of them, who told me that the biographies of the Evangelists were finally manufactured out of memoranda made by themselves during their lifetime. Many years ago I wrote: All positive religions contain three distinct parts—First, a code of morals, very pure and nearly the same in all—next, a geological dream—and thirdly, a myth or historical novellette; which last becomes the most important of all."

The last sentence alludes to Bauer's view of the gospels. This is a critical examination of the first three in connection, in which the mythical theory of Strauss is carried out to its legitimate consequences. Strauss, in the Life of Jesus, had admitted a large percentage of historic tradition into the gospel story. Bauer, Wilke, and others, show that the mythic element enters them in much larger proportion than Strauss allows—that nearly every scene can be resolved into a pure picture, and that the freedom with which the later Evangelists treat the story of Mark (considered the first writer,) proves that they did not view their own narratives as descriptions of fact. It is the covert allusion to this opinion of Bauer's that the Gospels are religious romances, that explains the meaning of Humboldt's language, that a historical novellette makes part of the sacred writings of all religions. He therefore did not agree with the "black coat" who confirmed him, that the Evangelists composed their Gospels out of memoranda of facts, but rather with the ultra Straussians—if we may use the expression.

DID HUMBOLDT BELIEVE IN A FUTURE STATE? We find in the correspondence but two passages that will serve to answer this question. In the letter of April 6th, 1842, above cited, he says:

"What displeases me very much in Strauss, is his frivolous manner of speaking of natural sciences, which makes him accept without hesitation, the formation of organism from inorganicism, and which enables him to believe easily in the origin of man as springing from the primitive sod of Chaldaea! That he seems to think very little of the blue regions on the other side of the grave, I might cheerfully forgive him; the more so, as we are the more agreeably and willingly surprised, when we expect little."

Again, in a letter dated August 27th, 1843, he writes to his friend:

"You will observe that my political ire is still the same; that I am always very much attached to this life, having learned from you that, according to Kant's doctrine, there is not much to boast of after our dissolution." The fair inference from these extracts is, that he considered the existence of the individual after death as "extremely doubtful at least, though he may have entertained a hope of a future life as being barely possible. And this is the attitude of the scientific mind of nearly all Germany and France. It has lost faith in the "Christian mythology," and silences the craving for a better existence than is allowed us here, by an obstinate devotion to the study of purely physical phenomena. If a future life awaits him who surrenders his body to the grave, the savans of the nineteenth century, it is quite clear, will never more believe it, unless the fact shall be disclosed by natural revelation. Is not the evolution of Modern Spiritualism a most signal instance of the adaptation of supply to demand? We think so. The profound prevalent skepticism is but the harbinger of the birth of a new faith which Science can corroborate.

We have exhibited but one phase of the action of the masterly intellect of Humboldt. For a portrait of the man as friend, student, statesman, and philanthropist, we must refer the reader to the Letters themselves. Though many of them are simple notes, there is abundant material in them for a correct judgment of their author in all those relations which interest feeling and curiosity. The translation is elegant and flowing, and with the exception of an occasional phrase or sentence, unfolds the sense of the original in good, idiomatic English.

NOBILITY of birth is like a cipher; it has no power or value in itself, like wealth or talent, but it tells with all the power of a cipher when added to either of the other two.

## Of Writers and Speakers.

"Our Philosophy is affirmative, and readily accepts of testimony of negative facts, as every shadow points to the sun. . . . No man need be deceived. . . . When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens."

MRS. ALMIRA F. PEASE will respond to calls to lecture, addressed Delphi, Ind.

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., answers calls to lecture in the trance state.

A. B. FRENCH, Clyde, Sandusky Co., O., will answer calls to lecture.

J. M. PEEBLES speaks every alternate Sunday at Battle Creek, Mich.

MRS. TAMAR DAVIS, Bridgeton, N. J., will answer calls to lecture on God, Christ, the Bible, Christianity, Man, etc.

L. JUDD PARDEE may be addressed care of C. E. Sargent, 907 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MRS. E. J. FRENCH will speak at Lamartine Hall, corner of 29th street and 8th Av., New York, every Sunday evening.

R. P. AMBLER will receive calls to lecture at the West during the fall or winter, addressed Lyons, Mich., care D. M. Fox.

MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY will answer calls to lecture addressed 1905 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

H. B. STORER, New Haven, Ct., has again entered the lecturing field. For engagements, address as above.

MRS. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture during the month of October, in Portland, Me.

MRS. FRANCES LORD BOND will answer calls to lecture, addressed care of Mrs. Thomas C. Love, box 2213, Buffalo, N. Y.

MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON, Trance Medium, will answer calls to lecture in New York and vicinity, and will attend funerals.

G. B. STEBBINS will speak at Ann Arbor, Mich., every other Sunday during the year, and in places in that vicinity when called upon.

MRS. S. L. CHAPPELL, inspirational speaker, will receive invitations to lecture in Central New York the coming summer. Address, Phoenix, N. Y.

E. CASE, Florida, Hillsdale Co., Mich., will visit Central and Western New York for lecturing purposes. Address as above.

S. P. LELAND, Middlebury, Summit Co., Ohio, will answer calls to lecture on week evenings, and attend funerals at places in that vicinity.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture at Cleveland, Milwaukee, Chicago, and other cities West and South, during the fall and winter. Address, 8 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

F. L. WADSWORTH will speak at Providence, during October; Williamantic, Conn., Nov. 4th and 11th; Putnam, Conn., Nov. 18 and 25. Address accordingly.

SELDEN J. FINNEY will speak at Oswego, N. Y., during November, and will spend the season at the East. Address till November, Plato, O., during November, care J. L. Pool, Oswego.

GEO. W. JACKSON, Trance Speaker, Putneyville, Wayne county, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism and kindred reforms in Western New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio.

LAMARTINE HALL, NEW YORK.—Meetings for free Spiritual discussion are held every Sunday at 3 P. M., at the Hall corner Twenty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue. Lectures by Trance Speakers every Sunday Evening.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Putnam, Conn., Oct. 7; Warwick, Mass., Oct. 14; Leominster, Mass., Oct. 21; Foxboro, Mass., Nov. 4; and Portland, Me., the three first Sundays of December. Address Greenwich Village, Mass.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER lectures during October, at Oswego, N. Y.; November, Cincinnati, Ohio; December, Milwaukee, Wis.; January, Lyons, Mich.; February, Elkhart, Ind.; March, St. Louis, Mo. Applications for week evenings should be sent in advance, addressed Lowell, Mass., box 815, or at the above places.

MISS MARTHA F. HULETT (Post office address, Rockford, Ill.,) will speak during October, at Hannibal and Quincy, Illinois; November, Beardstown and Springfield, Ill.; December, in Macon, Georgia; January, 1861, Cincinnati, Ohio; February, Toledo, Ohio; March, April, and May in the East.

J. H. RANDALL, Inspirational Speaker, intends to travel in the Western States the coming fall and winter, for the purpose of lecturing upon the Harmonial Philosophy and kindred subjects, and is desirous of communicating with the liberal minds that may be disposed to give him their attention. Address Northfield, Mass.

MRS. S. E. WARNER'S post-office address for the month of October will be "Xenia, Clay County, Illinois." She will lecture in Toledo, Ohio, the four Sundays of November, and in Elkhart, Ind., the Sundays of December next. Those who wish to secure her labors for the winter and spring of 1861, will address her as above, or at Milan, Ohio.

WM. DENTON will answer calls to lecture on Geology, Theology, and Spiritualism. His geological lectures are illustrated by paintings occupying several hundred square feet of canvass, and numerous specimens of minerals and fossils. Address, Painsville, Ohio.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Conesus, N. Y., Oct. 7th. Chagrin Falls, O., 14th. Toledo, O., 21st and 28th. Lyons, Mich., through November. Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2d and 9th. Beloit, Wis., 10th. Milwaukee, Wis., 23d and 30th. Applications for week evenings made in advance will be punctually attended to.

MRS. C. M. STOWE will lecture during October in Toledo, Ohio. The balance of the fall and winter Mrs. S. intends visiting Ohio, New York, and the New England States. Those desiring her services on week evenings, in places near her Sunday appointments, also during the fall and winter, may address her, care of A. C. Stowe, Vandalia, Cass Co., Michigan.

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