

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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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."

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.

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

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

Many Whispers and Answers to Correspondents remain over till next week.

E. W., N. Y.—We make the desired disposition of money sent. The two copies will be forwarded.

JOHN FRENCH, RED BANK.—Arthur Young's reply is received. It will appear in due order.

J. S. WEAVER, CANTON.—See a general prescription of rheumatism in number thirty-four.

"ARTEMISIA," CONSTANTINE, MICH.—Your valued paper and letter have come into our possession.

"DELLA," N. Y.—Your letter has well-nigh convinced us that there are, perhaps, many noble souls scattered all over the world.

F. T. LANE, MASS.—"Spiritualism versus Harmonical Philosophy" is received, and may appear soon.

J. W. F., PHILADELPHIA.—You were "right" in writing us on the vexed subject of "Whatever is, is right." For the present we reserve your contribution.

SMITH M. B., N. Y.—In another column read the "curious facts" incident to the painting of a spirit's portrait. You may apply to the parties named.

E. W. K., GLEN'S FALLS.—It will be hardly possible for us to prescribe for the patient as early as the symptoms seem to demand. Your words, Brother, are welcome always.

O. B. H., BLACK EARTH, WIS.—We are not surprised with what you "whisper." The condition you mention had already impressed its image on our understanding. "Learn to labor and to wait."

W. B. M., NEW YORK.—From the sphere of your letter, we counsel you not to sit in circles for purposes of development. Some other way is wisest for one of your organization.

"M. D.," BROOKLYN.—We fear you will not be strong enough to wait until we reach your case. It is filed for examination. Glad to learn of your progress out of druggism.

EMMETT D., BLOOMINGVILLE, PA.—You remember that in one of our early numbers (see No. 6) several of your questions received attention. Your subsequent interrogatories are filed; no doubt they will have a resurrection.

B. F. BIRSELL, GREEN ISLAND.—The Harmony Springs Association have had a fair and full self-representation in our columns. It is our turn now to say something on the merits and defects of that Theocratic Institution. You may expect to hear from us on those points of general interest.

LYMAN C. H., NEW ALBION.—We deem all questions worthy of consideration. Yours form no exception. But the choice of subjects and the time of answering particular questions come and remain within our jurisdiction. You will observe, Brother, that we more promptly reply to such questions as harmonize with our investigations at the time of their arrival.

L. STONE, OHIO.—We have no knowledge of any anti-rheumatic plant. The best preventive is the wearing of cat's foot next to the parts most easily or usually attacked with rheumatic or neuralgic pain. Indian spirits first imparted a knowledge of such remedies to the native red men.

It is impossible to make an independent or "perpetual motion." This attribute or principle can be found or established nowhere outside of Spirit.

Of the best lightning rod we cannot now write anything. We think that a good tall tree very near human dwellings or out-buildings, is more likely to attract the lightning than the best metallic conductor.

S. S. REMBERT, TENNESSEE.—Your book was received. It will be noticed in that department. We appreciate the yearnings and burnings of your earnest and unsatisfied spirit. Can you not comprehend the philosophy of a future life? The laws of immortality are not mysterious. They are impressed on the stupendous constitution of things. Can you not rely on "that Power which wheels the circling planets round?" Can you not reason calmly from effect to cause, from cause to effect? Can you not see that the other world is as certain and as natural as the present.

J. W. E., ILL.—Glad to learn, brother, that the WILL is your great source of strength. The Father is omnipotent. What shall we say of his "image and likeness?" Surely, the child should inherit somewhat of the Father's spiritual constitution.

"CONSUELO," CHAUTAQUA, N. Y., will hear from us whenever we receive anything definite. The question of "adaptation" is left with the "twain" to solve in the light of their highest wisdom. You have a certain kind of poetic and metaphysical genius, which will require the discipline of life-work in order to render it available to the great throbbing world of humanity. May the angels of eternal wisdom guard and guide your love!

Dr. JOHN T. W.—This correspondent wants a few words of history on the question of ancient gifts. He wants to be certain that revelations and other spiritual gifts did continue in the Church for about three hundred years after the crucifixion. For the truth of this we refer him to Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History. In his first volume, on page 104, he says:

"The light of the Gospel was introduced into Iberia, a province of Asia (now called Georgia), in the following manner: A certain woman was carried into that country as a captive, during the reign of Constantine; and by the grandeur of her miracles, and the remarkable sanctity of her life and manners, she made such an impression upon the king and queen, that they abandoned their false gods, embraced the faith of the Gospel, and sent to Constantinople for proper persons to give them and their people a more satisfactory and complete knowledge of the Christian religion."

QUESTIONS FOR CORRESPONDENTS TO ANSWER.

[The following questions emanate from a valued contributor to our columns.]

1st. What makes a thing right? that is, we call certain things right, and certain things wrong, but what makes them so?

2d. By what means can you tell whether a thing be right or wrong? that is, what is your standard of judgment?

3d. What assurance have you that what you suppose to be right, or suppose to be wrong, really is so?

4th. If there is any wrong in the universe (moral wrong, I mean) who is the author of it?

5th. If you could see everything from the standpoint of the Deity, that is, having infinite wisdom, do you think that you would see any wrong in the universe?

6th. By what rules shall we interpret Nature—meaning by the term animate and inanimate, the acts of man, &c.?

For the Herald of Progress.

A THOUGHT ON CONSCIOUS THINKING, FEELING, AND WILLING.

Our mind corresponds to the universe. In the outer world there are forms and motions. So in our soul, as prints, copies, psychical images from abroad, produced by the instrumentality of our senses. These inner forms and motions, existing and manifesting themselves according to laws similar to those of the outer world, form the only psychical existences, so to say: the psychical All. Our subjective spirit, the soul of the soul, the mirror of the mirror, the spiritual consciousness, is to contemplate this psychical copy, world, and does perform it in three ways, whence the trinity of thought, feeling, and will.

First, the spirit regards all the psychical images, and therewith it discerns them to be the psychical forms (corresponding to outer, material objects); then it contemplates the motions of these forms (governed by psychical attractional laws); and gains a notion of the thinking processes; feeling comes next, which arises, when the spirit, in viewing those facts and notions, compares them with one another in regard to their respective contrasts. *Feeling is, therefore, the result of measurement.* All motions (combinations and separations) in the psychical world are performed according to laws; they must go on that way, and this "must," this necessity, viewed by the contemplative spirit, is acknowledged as will. Will is, therefore, no especial power, governing the human organism; there are natural spiritual laws, that govern man, and no imaginary especial will-power. The whole arcanum of the psychical apparitions has been wrongly observed and understood, until modern times, and even now psychology has not become a true natural science, what, nevertheless, it must become absolutely.

I perceive that our mind is a world of forms and motions, analogous to the outer world; that, as the outer world may be considered in the light of different sciences, viz: natural history, physics, chemistry, etc., our mind also has the same sciences with the same chapters, containing similar matters and similar laws; that the soul-world, as the objectivity of spirit, forms for this latter again an outer world, which develops itself analogically to exterior nature, whereby the spirit itself gradually is brought to consciousness; and that, lastly, thought, feeling and will, which we ascribe to our psychical processes, do not belong to them properly, but to the inner contemplative, subjective, spirit-essence.

ANKTOR.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Prophecy of a Great Battle.

A EUROPEAN WAR.

45,000 PERSONS TO BE SLAUGHTERED IN FIVE DAYS.

MADISON, WIS., Oct. 1st, 1860.

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: E. V. Wilson's Prophecy, made here—which is generally received as being literally fulfilled in the loss of the Lady Elgin—has created quite a sensation.

Brother Wilson returned here during the State Fair, last week, and gave lectures on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings. After each lecture he selected two or three persons for the purpose of delineating their characters. He described them, and gave the time and place of the most marked past events in their lives. This he did to the satisfaction of each person referred to, and to the surprise of the entire audience.

Last Thursday evening I was present at an entertainment given by Brother Wilson, at a Mr. Day's. He devoted most of the evening to the reading of the histories of the strangers present, giving day and date of marked events; after which he gave a prophecy, which he requested to be taken down on paper. It was this:

Between this time and the 7th day of September, 1867, a very great battle will be fought upon the grounds of the Austrian quadrangle. In the five days' battle, over 45,000 persons will be left dead upon the field. Brother Wilson says: "I will prophecy further, that, if a certain man does not die, this battle will be fought in the month of August, 1865; between the French and Sardinians on one side, and Austria, England, and Prussia, upon the other. But if this said man shall die, the event will then transpire sooner by one year and a half, and upon different issues."

"In the last case, the issue will be between Sardinia and Prussia, against Austria, in which England will take no part." This last issue is predicated upon the event that, if the present Emperor of France shall die, three contending parties in France will aspire for power—which, for the time, will neutralize the power of the French nation—at which time Austria will seize upon the opportunity to regain her former Italian possessions, and Prussia will protest against the attempt, and will successfully back up Sardinia in maintaining her position in this great battle.

"Further, I will say of the Emperor Napoleon, that, on the 18th day of March next, he will have come nearer losing his life (I think by assassination) than ever before; but I perceive that he will escape. In the month of September following, all the nations of Europe will become alarmed for the health of Napoleon."

There are other incidents not mentioned. If Napoleon shall live, the event may postpone this great battle beyond the month of August, 1865, but not beyond the 7th of September, 1867.

Brother Wilson stated that this same prophecy was given publicly, in the city of Detroit, in the month of August last.

Respectfully, A. H. DAVIS, M. D.

For the Herald of Progress.

A Horoscope of America.

PROPHECIES OF THINGS SOON TO COME.

CHAGRIN FALLS, Ohio, Sept. 20, 1860.

BROTHER DAVIS: It is the common opinion of Christendom, that the "gift of prophecy" lies entombed in the catacombs of the ages. And it is also true, that the vast majority of "Liberals" in religious growth entirely deny the prophetic gift.

After three successive lectures in this place, discussing the laws and principles of growth and development—the following prophecies were expressed. They were made in the fourth lecture:

"There will be a dissolution of the Union." "A Free Republic will grow up at the North. There will be civil war carried on by the rabble and lower classes among the masses. The Republican candidate will get the popular vote, but will not be elected. There will be two great parties organized."

"The 'Liberals' in politics and religion will unite on the one side, and the Catholics, Democrats, and all conservative men and women on the other side."

"Slavery will be abolished by revolution, insurrection among the slaves, war, and blood."

"Next winter, Congress will get in a broil. They will fight. Blood will flow."

"My consciousness is, that this Nation will be dead as a Nation before the 4th of March next."

"Almost simultaneous with the close of the November election, will be another crash among the banks, similar to the one of 1857."

"By and by we will have great diseases, and new forms of disease, unknown to physicians."

"We will have war, famine, political commotion, and earthquakes, and hurricanes."

"Healing mediums will be developed to cure disease."

"England is to be harassed by France, and Russia will assist France; and when England is crushed as a nation, America will aid her."

"We will have no more Presidents—the present one will not serve his time out."

"Canada will enter the new Republic in America."

"Ohio will be the center of that Republic, and Cleveland will be the capital."

"Our present constitution will be the basis of the new Republican government, but will be remodeled."

"After the transition is passed, Theocracy will be the true form of government."

"Ultimately the Southern States will gradually come into the new government."

"The Negroes will ultimately be colonized in Central America."

"In the transitional or Republican government, woman will take an active part; but in the more perfect form of government, or Theocracy, the male and female elements will be equally balanced."

Such are the prophecies of the lecturer. To say that I know they are true, or to call them all "moonshine" and "fanaticism," would be equally unjust. The most casual observer cannot but conclude, that we are on the eve of great crises both in Church and State. The thrones of the old world are tottering on their foundations—are swayed to and fro by the breezes of Liberty, that blow from off the broad plains of humanity.

The Christian world is divided into more than six hundred contending parties, and in the midst of all these the powerful and increasing army of "Liberals" is marshaling the best minds of the age.

Our own government, during the present campaign, is split into fine fragments; and the great question of human slavery is rending the Nation to the very center. It is totally impossible for slavery and liberty to perpetuate a parallel existence, hence one or the other must succumb. Disruptions in the strata of human nature, therefore, may not be apprehended in vain. I am exceedingly skeptical in regard to prophecies of any character, but submit the foregoing, as they were uttered, thinking they may arouse the latent energies of human thought, and cause men to labor more zealously for the establishment of Human Rights. Thine, for the Truth, H. B. VINCENT.

United States and the Canadas.

A NEW POLITICAL PROGRAMME.

[The following prophetic announcements, purporting to emanate from the spirit of Robert Rantoul, through the medium of John M. Spear, Dec. 30, 1853, may be of interest to the reader of prophecies. We extract it from the *Educator*, page 504. It will be observed that the statements are less specific than those of other mediums—"glittering generalities" predominating—the only fixed point being the prophecy that "there will be a union of the United States and the Canadas."]

"It is now permitted to be prophetically declared that the following events are at hand, and that they will transpire without the aid of miracle, and without suspension of nature's laws:

"1st. Several nations, holding important and highly influential positions on your earth, will soon be engaged in most acrimonious and sanguinary strife."

"2d. The American nation will not be excepted from the great commotions which are at hand."

"3d. The more especially oppressed, enslaved, and hunted, will of absolute necessity be emancipated."

"4th. There will be dissolutions, and unions, and new governments, as necessary results of the mighty national struggles; and among these unions and disunions, there will be a union of the United States with the Canadas and neighboring provinces. These unions will cause a dismemberment of some of the now confederated States; and, as a consequence of that dismemberment, there will arise a new and glorious Republic, which shall have for its basis, 'JUSTICE, EQUALITY, AND UNIVERSAL FREEDOM.'"

"5th. Prominent persons will be placed at the helm of the new ship of State, whose motto shall be, 'ETERNAL PRINCIPLES—NOT PARTIES.'"

"6th. A new religion shall take the place of dead forms, which shall lead to high, energetic action, and to wise endeavors to elevate the oppressed and instruct the uninformed."

"7th. The new Republic will invite to its broad shores the greatly enlightened of all the nations of your earth; and, by new combinations of character, thought, and action, there shall be a new and higher order of beings than has at any former period inhabited your earth."

"These prophecies are presented at this present moment, that greatly spiritualized persons may be wisely informed, and somewhat prepared for the important things which are at hand, and also that they may be unmoved and undisturbed when they transpire. "For the Association of Governmentizers, "From the spirit of) ROBERT RANTOUL."

Papers on Spirit Writings, THROUGH MR. J. V. MANSFIELD.

NUMBER TWO.

MR. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: In my previous paper I cited two witnesses from the spirit world to testify to the great central or fundamental truths of modern Spiritualism—namely, that man continues to exist as an intelligent being after he has passed through the change called death, and that, as a spirit, he has power to return and communicate with those to whom he is attracted in the earth form.

I call these the great central truths of modern Spiritualism, transcending all others in their majestic strength and fixed relations in reform, and against which, I believe, the vast systems of forms and creeds, which now deluge the world, will lash their puissant force like waves against a rock, only to be scattered and dissipated as mists are to the winds. Around these central truths the human family will ultimately rally with fraternal accord—when the ponderous chains of sect and bigotry will fall from the fair form of our beautiful humanity, and man will again be free to interrogate his own nature and take his fellows by the hand as brothers in truth and love.

But I did not sit down this morning to preach to you, Brother Davis, or to tax the patience of your great family of readers. I will, therefore, proceed with the evidence I have to prove—that the spirits of our departed friends return again to earth and have the power to communicate and make themselves known to their friends in the form. I now ask for a candid examination of the evidence of

WITNESS No. THREE.

On the first of September, inst., I wrote on a slip of paper the words, "Amelia, daughter of Col. W.," and simply signed my name. This slip of paper I folded up carefully, so as to prevent the medium seeing what I had written, and was equally careful not to give the slightest intimation of who the party was I addressed. In manipulating this paper for a control, Mr. Mansfield, in advance, declared the influence he felt to proceed from a frail and delicate female, with insufficient magnetic strength to write. He soon, however, began to draw the picture of a hillside, or mountain, with trees upon its summit; in the side of the mountain was a hole, from the hole issued a railroad, and on the railroad were cars; at the terminus of the road was what seemed to be a pile of stones or fragments of rock. He then proceeded to draw a bedstead, with a female figure in a recumbent posture upon it; then another small, delicate figure was drawn, when Mr. Mansfield asked me what it meant.

Of course it was as inexplicable to me as himself. After engaging in a little conversation, he was influenced to write on the picture of the mountain: "My husband's property." I now recognized the spirit by this symbol, for, although I had only addressed her as "Amelia, the child of Col. W.," yet she identified herself as a wife, and symbolized her husband in the manner above presented. When "my husband's property" was written in the manner indicated, I then remembered, and not till then, that Amelia's husband was the proprietor of extensive coal mines in one of the Western States, and that he is still engaged in working them. But where is there any intimation of all this in the simple words, "Amelia, daughter of Col. W."

I said nothing of this communication to the medium, but carefully kept my own counsel and conclusions until September 4th, when I again wrote, "Amelia, daughter of Col. W.," and secured it from the scrutiny of the medium, should he attempt to scrutinize it, in the same manner that I had when I called on the 1st. The medium's hand was soon controlled, when the following was written: "Doctor, the dear one is struggling hard to speak to you, and her dear husband, and her father, the Colonel. She thanks you for your exertions to save her to her parents, but says you come too late. Tell my dear"

Signed "Emma K."

In this message from the spirit of one acquainted with the circumstance alluded to, the symbol of the bed and the female re-

clining thereon finds an intelligent interpretation. But, pray, what is there in the words, "Amelia, daughter of Col. W.," to bring out all this explanation and allusions to things and circumstances? Surely there is nothing, unless the intelligence of the spirit addressed is present and controls the organization of the medium.

But I again, on the 6th of September, wrote "Amelia, daughter of Col. W.," and presented it to Mr. Mansfield, as I had before done. In response, this time, to my call, the gentle presence of my beautiful spirit sister was made known in the following note:

"My dear brother N., the spirit present has not control; she seems a young wife, and holds in her arms an infant spirit. I have heard her speak with my lady spirit friend, Mrs. K., and wonder why her dear parents and sisters do not impart a magnetism that she may be able to speak to them. Her condition is weak, yet she made some imperfect figures not long since, hoping thereby to arrest the attention of her dear ones; but the struggle was great. You now know her condition and must expect accordingly.

"Your sister, EMMA FRANCIS."

Now look, reader, at the concatenation of facts in evidence of the spirit presence of Amelia, in response to the foregoing calls. Three times I called "Amelia, daughter of Col. W.," and see what comes to my call. I have a word of explanation to make, which I think will be appreciated by the intelligent reader.

A year ago I was boarding in a private boarding house in the city of C. Col. W., at that time a comparative stranger to me, with his very interesting family, were boarding in the same house. An only married daughter of Col. W., Amelia, came on a visit to her parents, and, one week after her arrival, died in child-birth. Several eminent physicians were called to relieve the sufferer, and a few hours before her departure I was for the first time called to her bedside, only to witness a protracted dissolution. On her arrival in C. I had been introduced to her by her father, as his friend; and subsequently was informed that her husband was proprietor of extensive coal fields in the adjoining State, and was then engaged in working them. This was all I knew at that time of Amelia, whose delicate form I assisted in depositing with its mother earth. Since then I have cultivated a more intimate acquaintance with the family of Col. W., where I have learned to respect the virtues of our sister spirit Amelia, whose memory still diffuses itself in love through the hearts of her cherished ones, as flowers diffuse their fragrance around happy homes. More anon. Yours, respectfully,

N. B. WOLFE, M. D.

Boston, Mass., Sept., 1860.

For the Herald of Progress.

Portrait of a Spirit.

CURIOUS FACTS INCIDENT TO THE PAINTING.

STEEBENVILLE, Ohio, Oct. 1st, 1860.

MR. DAVIS—DEAR SIR: I am induced to write you, at present, by a love for the spread of spiritual truth as it is now developing itself in this dark, sectarian part of the earth.

As I once told you, we have here a circle of some eight or ten individuals, superintended by a regularly arranged company of spirits, whose Chief gives his name as Mason. Said Mason told us, through one of our trance mediums, on the evening of September 25th, 1859, at our circle, to write a letter to Wheeling, to a young man of that place named John Reed, and tell him to purchase a piece of portrait-canvas a foot square, with other implements for painting, when Mason, the presiding spirit, with others, would influence him to paint the likeness of a female spirit, which likeness would faithfully represent the spirit mother of one of the members of our circle, and which would be easily recognized on its presentation.

This was attended to. The young man sat several times and was influenced, but not sufficiently to be controlled to paint, and finally abandoned the attempt; but still he felt more or less of the spirits' influence, until they got sufficient control to make him understand their meaning. They then told him the reason why their efforts to make him paint had failed, namely: that the influences surrounding him were of such a nature that they could not gain their point, and finally concluded on another plan, which they made known to Mr. Reed.

On the 24th Sept., 1860, they sent him to this place with a carpet-bag containing brushes, paints, canvas, &c., all carefully selected by themselves, directing him to my house, and there they took him from room to room, telling him that each in turn was not the place. From there they took him, in company with Mr. Wyatt, one of our mediums, to other places in town, and finally they entered the house of Mr. Gradwell, a member of our circle, where they went from room to room, until they fixed on one the most secluded, made the young man draw down the window-blinds, darken and magnetize the room, and especially the dark corner where the painting was to be executed, and placing him there, in twenty-four hours they completed the predicted painting, giving the name of the spirit when living. This painting was presented, or shown, to our circle on Friday evening, at my house, when it was immediately recognized by Mrs. Turnbull to be a true likeness of her deceased mother, correct in every respect.

I must not omit telling you that Mr. Reed's occupation, from a boy, has been and is of a very laborious kind. He is what is called a

"boiler" in a rolling-mill, and a very unlikely subject for a painter. It is the unanimous wish of our circle that you publish this article in your HERALD OF PROGRESS, if you deem it worth a place there, together with the signature of each eye-witness for its authenticity. Respectfully,

William Arthur, Martha Arthur, John M. Reed, George Pearce, Alfred Glass, James Wyatt, Margaret Turnbull, Stephen Gradwell, Martha M. Gradwell.

For the Herald of Progress.

On the Rationale of Prophecies

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., Sept. 24, 1860.

A. J. DAVIS, SIR: In reading, as is my wont, your weekly paper, I carefully perused the article on "Prophecies," taken from the *Hesperian*, which you have published in your thirty-first number. I have some personal experience to give about prophecies of that character, which may throw some light on their reliability.

I will at first make a few general remarks, preparatory to my own statement, for the sake of elucidation.

These prophecies put forth in France are political. It will be observed that, to influence the superstitious mind, a PRIEST is said to be the author. An attempt is then made to show that divers persons had read and heard it read previous to the events now passed. It is made in favor of the Bourbon, or legitimate dynasty, which is sustained almost exclusively by the Church and its small party. It annihilates Louis Philippe and his family; it hates Liberty and Progress, and calls them ugly names; and finally, foreseeing that the "Lys," or Bourbons, cannot reign forever, it procrastinates the overthrow of that family to the next century, and concludes with the destruction of the world by fire. Of course the Church will have it that when Monarchy falls the world ends! And as it still believes in the silly idea of a total destruction by fire—as if God's works were not eternal—it thinks it necessary to reiterate the oft-failing prophecy, which for nearly 1800 years has so alarmed those ignorant of the works of the Creator, by again fixing a date for the great event! That date it brings close up after the riddance of the cruel, ignorant, and besotted Capet family.

In 1843, being in Paris, I paid a visit to a young student in law, who contributed occasionally to the works of a "Bookseller's Editor," of that city. One of the partners of the latter called, on business, and while I was engaged conversing with another student, made my friend a singular proposition. He recalled to his mind the immense success certain Prophetic Almanacs had, which advocated views favorable to the interests or prejudices of the people, and suggested the publication of another, which should prophecy the restoration of the Bonaparte dynasty. They then entered into details, showed how prophecies should be written and authenticated, Nostradamus and other celebrities being invoked to give authority to their work.

We know now that predictions of their restoration to power in France, made at that time, would have proved true, and consequently, those ignorant of the manner in which the prophecies were manufactured would put great faith in a publication which announced them.

The Legitimist party in France, while I was there, predicted, in the same manner, the overthrow of Louis Philippe, for 1840. Some of the pretended prophecies were curious, but the most ingenious was a species of calculations of years eventful to the king, which made the overthrow to come off in that year. All this happening to fail, another series of the same announced the event for 1842, and there was a general expectation of it at that time. Again wrong, the prophets altered their ground, and one of them announced the overthrow of the king for some period after 1850, which year I now forget!

These clerical tricks have been and are still largely practiced abroad, so as, by impressing the people falsely, to bring about, if possible, the changes they, in their "pious hatred" of that true principle of religion—Liberty—desire.

I will conclude by drawing attention also to the fact that prophetic mediums, while announcing occasionally, with clearness, events immediately about to happen, become indistinct about distant events, or give merely their own preconceived impressions.

And again, take the interpretations of Bible prophecies, put forth within these fifty years, by priests of the so-called Christian religion. What mystification! what unchristian abuse of their dissenting brethren! what an endless variety of interpretation! and what a chaos of mutual damnation!

Yours, for the Truth,

A.

It is a prevailing folly to be ashamed to shed a tear at any part of a tragedy, however affecting. "The reason," says the *Spectator*, "is, that persons think it makes them look ridiculous by betraying the weakness of their nature." But why may not nature show itself in tragedy as well as in comedy or farce? We see persons not ashamed to laugh loudly at the humor of a Falstaff, or the tricks of a Harlequin; and why should not the tear be equally allowed to flow for the misfortunes of a Juliet, or the forlornness of an Ophelia? Sir Richard Steele records on this subject a saying of Mr. Wilks, the actor, as just as it was polite. Being told, in the green room, that there was a General in the box, weeping for Juliana, he observed, with a smile, "And I warrant you, sir, he'll fight ne'er the worse for that."

Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

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

[Reported for The Herald of Progress.]

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH SESSION.

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

QUESTION: The Divine Individuality.

DR. YOUNG read a paper on the topic. [Omitted for want of space.—Ed.]

DR. HALLOCK: It is to be presumed that the proposer of our question, means by it, to inquire as to our thoughts concerning God. To his mind the answer outlines itself thus:

1. The method. Possessing no power to determine what is essence, I am limited to existence, or the manifestation of essentials; that is to say, I know not what is electricity; but, through its expression, I know that it is, and also, that certain things are predicable of it. I know not essentially, what man is; I only know him characteristically, and for this knowledge I am dependent wholly upon his manifestation. I am to find God then (if at all) by the same process which reveals to me man, and I am to expect, in either case, to find simply an essential fact and its character.

2. The result. I find on every hand, and in an innumerable variety of forms, the manifestation of certain invisible powers, which powers, the evidence derived from their action compels us to affirm, belong to man. They are never seen proceeding from mineral, vegetable, or animal; but always as issuing from man. These powers found States, build ships, impress themselves upon matter in various ways, enact laws. I also find on every hand, and to an inconceivable extent of variety, the manifestation of certain powers never known to issue from mineral, vegetable, animal, or human—powers which not only transcend them all, but which absolutely control them all; in other words, exceeding the human powers, I find the expression of powers superhuman. I observe that the powers which organize States, build ships, and write creeds, do not establish solar systems, do not build oak trees, do not enact the law of the seasons; and yet, the seasons are here, the oaks are here, and astral systems without number are within reach of the human eye. These observations induce, as a natural result, the conclusion, that, in a certain sense, forever distinct from, and transcendently superior to, human individuality, there is a *Divine individuality*—a complex of power—love and wisdom—whose type is man, whose totality is God.

DR. GRAY: There are two ways which have been taken; one is, to accept God as supposed to be self-revealed through Prophets and Seers. The other way is, to find him through the reason. Those who think the revealed word sufficient, deny that reason is competent to the discovery of God; and of those who maintain the right to reason, there are two schools, Deistic and Atheistic, the one affirming the being of God by authority of reason, and the other denying it. From his experience as a Spiritualist he is led to a different conclusion from any of these; that is, he cannot accept the mere affirmation of any seer whether ancient or modern, as to the being or character of God. Neither is reason, *a priori*, competent. Neither is he an Atheist. The philosophy of Spiritualism has led him to study individuality through its representatives. The Atheist says, you cannot see God, nor hear God, etc., therefore he is not. But this conclusion is equally fatal to man. Human individuality is not demonstrable on the terms demanded by the Atheist, for individuality is not cognizable by the senses—we can know it only through its representatives. In the light of these, is predicable of man, first spirit, or essential substance, then individuality, then personality. This latter is purely physical. Of the Divine we can affirm but the esse and the individuality; of the personality we can only conjecture.

Several facts of common observation were cited by Dr. Gray as representative of the Divine individuality, and much friendly question and answer occurred. A lady whose name has escaped the reporter's memory, made some very interesting criticisms, which she promised to reduce to writing and present at the next session.

The question is continued. Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

Laws and Systems.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just—And he but naked, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Woman's Place in the Social System.

[Translated for the HERALD OF PROGRESS from the *Revue de l'Ouest*.]

Of all the questions involved in the grand problem of social organization, the most delicate and the most difficult to answer, beyond doubt, is that indicated by the title of this article. We have already frequently attempted a reply to this question. But the answer, probably, has never been completed, nor sufficiently comprehended; for we still hear a few of our friends raise the same difficulties, and to our plans of association propose this constant objection: "Without the presence of women, no project can be realized."

This is the constant objection, we say; in the fact it dates from a remote antiquity, and the legislator who has related the story of Eve tempted by the serpent, and of Adam tempted

by Eve, evidently aimed only to demonstrate the embarrassments attendant on the presence of the feminine element in the creation and in human society. After Moses, the author or the propagator of this ingenious allegory, came the reformer Jesus, who showed himself full of a tender indulgence for the weakness of woman, but who cautiously entrenched himself against the dangers of love in absolute continence. After the lapse of the first ages of Christian zeal, succeeding reformers found nothing better to do than to cut off women from their ideal of perfection by establishing monasteries. On their side, women who aspired to sanctity entered into convents, and there fortified themselves as well as they could, against man. Nature made sport of these vain endeavors, and licentiousness invaded the retreats of mysticism. Moreover, is not the worship of Mary, the "mystic Rose," the "Queen of Heaven," an homage of the Catholic devotee to feminine beauty, and a confession of the importance of woman in the physical and moral economy of the universe?

Protestantism openly recognized this importance, and extolled marriage; but the unhappy story of Eve still remains, and the daughters of the first deceiver are still condemned to a precarious position and an ignominious dependence. They are corrupted by their position; they are frivolous, sensual, hypocritical and deceptive. Nature did not make them thus; it was theology and civilization that did it. They are then susceptible of reformation as well as men. Like men, they are made for good, and not for evil.

This is admitted in principle in most of the socialist schemes to which our era has given birth. But these schemes do not agree as to the function of woman, nor upon the character of the relations which she is to sustain to man. Saint-Simonism with reason denounced marriage as it is understood and practiced in the old social system, as legal prostitution. It invokes and waits for the freedom of woman; but its waiting, prolonged now for nearly half a century, would seem to show that it has not discovered the best means for attaining that freedom. Fourier, in expounding the mechanism of Passional Attraction, appears in a measure to lose sight of the law of social progress, to which all others are subordinate. Owen, justly preoccupied with the physical lot of the masses, too persistently closed the avenues of the spiritual world. If we excuse materialism in a man, we do not pardon it in woman. The long and sterile homilies of Fanny Wright, the disciple of the English philanthropist, are perhaps the best refutation of the error into which that good man fell—an error which he so publicly and courageously admitted in the latter years of his life. Cabet, alarmed by the clamors raised by the pretended defenders of order, family, and property, against the socialist, endeavored to maintain marriage within the strict limits of the legal bond. But the spiritual intuition failed in his case, as in that of Owen; he was consequently unable to idealize, and purify the union of the sexes. The family, transported with all the selfishness and all the miseries of the old social order, into the bosom of the new world created by Cabet, came in conflict with the most radical communism. Nothing more is needed to explain the failure of the Icarian experiment. The materialist school of the Humanitarians was more logical than the founder of Icaria, declaring as it did, that man should recognize no tie of country nor family, and that he makes the best use of his liberty, when he traverses various lands and abandons one woman for another, without concern for what he leaves behind him. This is the whirling of atoms in space under no other law than chance; but it is not rational liberty.

If we now cast a glance at the socialist sects that build upon a religious dogma, what do we find? The Shakers admit men and women into one and the same community of spiritual and material interests, but they cut the question of marriage by excluding from their society all carnal commerce as impure and contrary to evangelical perfection. Judged by the teachings and the example of Christ, they are certainly right; but their system is in contradiction with the natural or providential law. It may be suitable for some individuals—it is not susceptible of general application.

The Harmonists, or the followers of Rapp, a flourishing community of whom are located on the Ohio a few miles above Pittsburg, have solved the difficulty in the style of the Shakers; though they have not declared their principle so categorically as the disciples of Ann Lee. They advise celibacy as a measure of prudence, instead of imposing it as a rigorous duty. There also woman is held in suspicion, and her moral influence is almost entirely neutralized.

The mystics of Oneida, known by the name of Perfectionists, have discovered something else in the Bible: they have seen that there can be nothing shameful in the constitution of man, the work of God, any more than in woman, who came from the hands of the same Creator, and that consequently, all shame should be wanting to the natural relations which arise between these two beings. It is for the abuse of them only, or for excesses that we ought to blush. Divine inspiration moderates us in the gratification of our desires, and directs us in their reasonable use; but so long as we are not sanctified, we fall into the snares of vice and sensuality. All this with some qualification may be admitted. But the Perfectionists go farther; they affirm, the Bible always in hand, that there should be nothing exclusive in love, and that universal promiscuity is the divine order of

marriage, as absolute communism is the law of social economy. Promiscuity—that is the last word of mysticism, and the finality of materialism. It is the annihilation of personality, and of course of liberty. Man under that system would lose his virility, and woman the last ray of her poetic nature.

Neither promiscuity, nor celibacy, nor legal marriage: we repel these three solutions under all the forms in which they have been presented, and under all the pretexts by which it has been sought to justify them. If the philosophical investigations with which we have so often entertained our readers, have any signification, if our reasonings have reached any result—it is in the demonstration that the infinite multiplicity of the elements and forces of the Universe is resumed in duality—and that duality itself tends to constitute a determinate unity in rational individuality—which is the human being, who is a complete manifestation of the Supreme Reason, or of the grand Whole. The general law by which multiplicity is brought back to unity, is called Attraction; it is only when it acts in a dual system that it takes the name of love.

In the lower grades of existence, multiplicity alone clearly appears; duality and unity are as yet only rudely sketched. If we consider animals, we see that every one belongs to a species consisting of an indefinite number of beings. It has no self-knowledge, is not master of itself; it is subordinate to the organization of that species; it contributes blindly to satisfy the needs of that organization, and to accomplish its destiny. Its unity disappears in multiplicity. We remark further, that in a species the difference of sex does not specially attract one being to another, but the masculine element to the feminine. Duality is still lost in multiplicity. In humanity, reason attains to self-consciousness; hence flows individuality—personality—liberty. The human being is autonomic, that is to say, he can resist the exigencies of the organization of the species, and govern himself in reference to his own good, as he understood it, even to the destruction of his physical life. Instead of being subject to the blind law of Attraction, he recognizes the intelligent law of love. Instead of stupidly finding his mate like an animal, he seeks, and selects from the opposite sex the being who is destined to him. If there were in the world but one man and one woman, they would be made for, and would necessarily love one another: this we can affirm by virtue of that providential law that directs all things. But that law is as sure, as infallible for a thousand millions of human beings as for two; and we affirm with the same certainty that each one of these beings is to find one other made for him, and which can only suit his nature. Or, to speak more precisely, the complete human being is a duality composed of one man and one woman. These two component parts may be a long time separated, but they will not fail to meet again sooner or later, in the rudimentary state of existence, or in the superior life; and their union constitutes the only veritable marriage, which no infraction can destroy, which no human law can annul.

This theory of marriage being admitted, the rights of woman are easy to comprehend, and it is easy to determine her place. Her rights are equal to those of man. Woman ought neither to be sold, nor given away like a dowry, nor sequestered, nor prostituted, nor subjected to bondage under any pretext. She should not be given away in marriage—that is, a husband should not be thrust on her—inasmuch as she already has one assigned her by nature. All she needs, is the liberty to find him. That is her great concern—her first want, as it is that of man—liberty.

The progress of civilization has always been measured by the degree of liberty which women enjoy. Those who imagine that we have reached the summit of social perfection, are under an illusion in regard to the freedom of women among us, and think that nothing can be added to it. But as long as woman is the object of matrimonial traffic, as long as she is eager to have recourse to legal marriage either to escape any yoke, or to secure a position, or merely to satisfy a caprice of self-love, it is evident that she is the slave of an abuse, of an injustice, or at least of a prejudice. The liberty she possesses is only the liberty of a permit—a mitigated servitude. There is no true liberty but that which we take. If, then, women would escape from their vassalage, they must cease to expect grace from their lords, the men, and with a vain delight accept from them ridiculous and hypocritical homage; they must use their own strength. Inferior to man in physical energy, they are superior to him in moral force. It is this superiority which they should establish and maintain. We should not expect on their part to-day, a general insurrection. But there is no reform possible without their cooperation; and the great movement from which we expect the regeneration of the world, should receive a feminine, as well as a masculine initiative. Whenever there shall appear a man with the energy to sustain the rights of free labor, there will certainly be found a woman sufficiently courageous to assert the rights of free love, and to demonstrate by self-sacrifice, by chastity, that the sacred union of the sexes is something else than prostitution regulated by the laws.

It is said that woman is above all things destined to maternity. This is a mistake. Maternity is for her only a secondary function, the greatest caution. Her first part, her first duty, is to exercise a purifying and elevating influence over man. To raise the ideal of social perfection progressively—that should be her constant study, that the noble work which she should never forego.

For the Herald of Progress.

Decline of Quakerism.

FRIEND DAVIS:—The following reflections were induced by a strangely interesting circumstance I witnessed a few days since. Whenever I visit the ancient and peaceful town of Flushing, L. I., one of the early settlements of the society of "Friends," I have been in the habit of rambling in the suburbs, where stood the two magnificent and stately oaks under whose spreading branches George Fox, the founder of what is popularly known as "Quakerism," preached to assembled multitudes nearly two hundred years ago. No one with the slightest veneration for religion, being informed of their association with his earnest labors in the cause of spiritual truths, could look upon these two silent witnesses of bygone times without emotion. To a work so earnestly and prosperously begun, it was no doubt fondly hoped, at the time, to be the advent of a more practical, rational, and dignified enunciation of Christian worship. But, alas! these sacred mementoes of the past are no more. A few years since, in spite of all attempts to prolong their existence—for even in Flushing, aside from the Quakers, there are souls who cherished their remembrance—a storm prostrated one and leveled it to the ground, and until this spring its mate, after blooming yearly in—methought melancholy grandeur, as a living monument of the past—now stands with outstretched branches, a gloomy, barren forest skeleton; a massive, leafless oak, perfectly emblematical, I cannot help thinking, of the condition of that sect of whose promising beginning it was a blooming and silent witness. It was Sunday. On my return I passed the spacious, plain old shingled meeting-house, once so numerous attended. Around it, enclosing the grounds, stood the commodious horse-sheds and other accommodations for its former rural worshippers. All were closed in gloomy silence, save the rustling of the heavy dark foliage of the ancient trees surrounding the humble temple, on whose side was conspicuously marked 1695. I returned home, and for a while gave myself up to the following sad and melancholy

REFLECTIONS:

I have often felt sorrowful when my mind took to reflecting upon the evident decline of that sect of Christians denominated "Friends." Most certainly Quakerism had its rise from a pure spiritual basis. George Fox and his followers, in rejecting all outward formalities and conventionalities of religion, and inviting the influences of divine promptings, undoubtedly had an exalted and proper conception of that homage most acceptable to the GREAT DIVINE MIND, and that discipline of the soul most instructive to immortal beings. But as in the political world it is said, "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," even so in religion, the purity and consequent permanency of the wisest and best organization requires constant watchfulness, to guard the entrance to those opposing causes which sooner or later may prove its destruction. From my youth I have thought that the simple religious discipline of the Friends was the best calculated to satisfy man's spiritual aspirations, and was based upon the most rational conception of Deity; and I cannot help regretting that, from some cause or causes which I can but faintly understand, it is gradually but undeniably declining. So long as this spiritually-guided people were compelled to struggle against popular prejudice and theologic tyranny, so long their energies and self-sacrificing devotedness to truth maintained its healthful vigor and vitality; and the thousands who rallied to their meetings, and their increasing numbers, was sufficient evidence of the anxiety of the multitude to be saved from senseless conformity to empty ceremonies and mummeries of religion. Spiritually made happy in their own salvation from darkness and error, the Quakers felt, as all sincere and unselfish bodies must ever feel, a disposition to extend and promulgate these blessings to their fellow mortals, and render all as serenely happy and joyous as themselves, through the true proselytism of EXAMPLE. And their efforts showed they were eminently successful. Martyrdom, and persecutions, and tortures, had no other effect than to render them more firm, and their forbearance and humility, while it astonished and subdued the rage of the bigots of those times, increased the numbers of their adherents surprisingly. And this aggregation to their numbers, we must remember, arose from no hope of worldly advancement, or any immunity from earthly troubles. There were no allurements to worldly greatness, nothing to flatter vanity, in their religious government. There were no offices of bishops, pastors, elders, or deacons, to aspire to as positions of clerical influence, power, or profit. All was equalization. There were no encouragements to the gratification of those self-deceiving vanities which lurk in our natures, however well disguised, and which will manifest themselves in pious pieties, Sabbath-school parades, surprise parties, strawberry festivals, and pleasant omissions to our modern fashionable "men of God." There was a spiritual healthiness in all connected with Quakerism. No encouragement in their places of worship to voluptuous ease; no tinsel, or stained glass ornaments; no spring-cushioned seats to soothe the impatience and weariness consequent on a polite orthodox sermon. Smooth, strait-backed, hard-bottomed benches—these were all the Friends would allow themselves; something supporting their bodies while their hardness kept them in the "plane of sensation," and

duly impressed them with the important fact that they were indeed mortal. Encouraging no classically-educated "hireling preachers" to expound the will and pleasure of Deity—acting on the common-sense idea that Divine intelligence was a pervading and approachable spirit, and should be worshipped in spirit—in silence each individually drew from the same fountain, and, if no "friend" was impressed to speak, each felt at least the benefit of his own reflections.

Having thus closed every apparent avenue for the entrance of pride, vanity, and worldly ambition to vitiate a work so well begun, it was to be hoped that these conditions would be favorable to its perpetuity, and a pure and active continuation of spiritual light would be its natural offspring. But, alas! as opposition ceased, and the Quakers were "let alone," success, prosperity, and ease seems to have accomplished what their opponents could not. Although the tranquilization of their teachings and simplicity of their religious government disarmed opposition, it at the same time subdued that holy enthusiasm—so to speak—to extend its harmonizing blessings beyond themselves, and quenched that necessary ardor to keep up its vitality.

Wisely closing, as they thought, all the avenues through which the elements of decay might reach them from without, they little thought they were banishing from within a recognition of one of the principal elements of their perpetuity—man's natural progression and irrepressible development. This was an important principle they had overlooked. Acting upon the supposition that their discipline embraced all that could or need be known of man's unfoldings, and guarding themselves against all useless forms and ceremonies, they have gradually settled down to be the very thing they abhorred—a people of mere fastidiousness and form. In closing their doors against all disturbing influences, they have evidently placed the latch on the wrong side. In shutting their doors so exclusively against the developments surrounding them, they have really, as a people, cruelly smothered the vitality they once possessed, by their own self-sufficiency. They were once undoubtedly a spiritually-guided people; but talk now to a Quaker of modern manifestations, and it excites their derision and contempt. As with our churches, the proofs of man's immortality are entirely too familiar, common-place, and vulgar, to harmonize with their refined ideas.

Thus the historic observer, while he may be in some doubt about the causes, is pained to see Quakerism, as a sect whose organization seemed so well calculated to improve the spiritual condition of man, gradually and perceptibly dying out and fading from among us. From the first, perhaps, there was too much exclusiveness—too little reciprocity of sympathy with the outside world. The killing influence of birthright, or hereditary Quakerism, on which they too much depended, has undoubtedly been one of the main causes of its decline—for although most of the conditions essential to promote Spiritualism may be transmitted for a few generations, Spiritualism itself cannot be. A true Spiritualist can no more be born or educated to "order," than the world christianized with money, or salvation carried out on the contract system—saving souls at so much per head.

When my memory takes me back to the days of Elias Hicks and a few of his co-laborers—men who seemed for awhile to fan into flame the dying embers of Spiritualism, and arouse them from the apathy of mere dead formalities, and awaken them up to a sense of self-examination of their discipline, their principles, and their own bearing—I sometimes feel a kind of holy indignation against the present generation of Quakers, as being faithless trustees of a discipline so well calculated, in many respects, to receive and direct attention to those lights so beautifully shed upon mankind in these times. I have been much, from my youth, among them—have been an admirer of them in contrast with other sects, and feel as if I had a right to speak. In meeting with them I have felt as if theirs was indeed a "house of refuge," where I was liberated from the exhibition of that bigotry and childish trifling with sacred things, so manifest in some other kinds of worship. Some of the truest and best specimens of mankind I have ever seen were of this class of people; but now, from their settled coldness and almost dead opposition to all ideas of development and unfoldings of the world, I think, as an organized religious body, they are no more commendable than any of the most fashionable, fiddle, flash, and farce, "totally depraved," orthodox, psalm-singing organizations surrounding us. In truth, the broad-brimmed, shad-bellied, and sugar-scoop uniform of the Quakers has become quite repugnant to me. Its present display seems like a wicked and wanton satire upon a once peaceful and sacred institution. As a soul-satisfying institution it has performed its office, and why not let it quietly slumber among the things of the past.

My mind, of late, has been much exercised on the subject of religious organizations—upon the possibility of forming one of a character that would be ever effective in doing good, and be protective against evil—one whose tendency would ever be to unite man in one vast, unselfish brotherhood—be free from all vindictiveness—an asylum for the oppressed—and which could not be converted by any perversion into an institution for gain, personal ambition, or political power. Pursuing this train of thought, and observing how many avenues there are open to distort the intentions of the purest philanthropists—how many ingenious ways man has ever ready for deceiving himself that he

is doing good, when he is really only gratifying his own vanity—how easy it is for hypocrisy to assume the garb of any of the virtues—that I have come to the conclusion I had been entirely too censorious against all religious church organizations, and my old favorites, the Quakers, in particular, and that I was, in fact, expecting too much of poor human nature; that the world was bad enough, had been a great deal worse, ought to be better, but was getting along pretty well under all the circumstances.

At best, it seems to me all we can do for future generations, after cyphering out ourselves the sum of human greatness, the pains and pleasures of this sphere, and our hopes of the next, is to leave posterity their "grand sum total," explain the rules, hand over the great "black board" of life, and let each, as they necessarily must, work out the important problem of existence for themselves. As in mathematics, no man by carrying "Dabot" in his pocket will ever be much of an arithmetician, even so no slave to mere outward observances of religious forms, ceremonies, and genuflections, can hope for much spiritual illumination.

PILGRIM.

A Modern Inquisition!

SHOWER-BATH IN STATE PRISONS.

We have recently read with painful interest the terrible story of the torture inflicted upon the inmates of our State Prisons, by means of the Shower Bath. The picture which we faintly would wish were overdrawn, is represented by THEODORE TILTON, who seems to possess a clear conception of what constitutes one "a lover of his fellow men," and whose noble efforts come squarely up to that conception. He addresses the plea for the abolition of the shower bath, to the Governor. We cheerfully copy the essential portions, hoping they may reach many human ears, and aid in securing a speedy and sweeping reform in the government of our prisons.

The *Police Gazette*—a journal which is in the interest of everybody else rather than of rogues, and which has never been charged with too much humanity toward State Prisoners—contained in a recent issue an article which is understood to have been from the pen of Mr. Matsell, Chief of Police for many years in New York, in which he describes some of the punishments inflicted upon convicts at Sing Sing in terms fitted to make the reader shudder at the recital. The key-note of the testimony from this old punisher of offenders is in these words:

"The tortures of Sing Sing exceed by far the punishment of the prisoners of Naples, or of any other country in the world."

He then gives a long and painful description of these cruelties, from which only a few passages will be here quoted—as follows:

THE TERRORS OF THE WATER-SHOWER.

"We were present while the shower-bath was inflicted on four of the prisoners. The first stripped and fastened in the box, was a pale, consumptive-looking creature. After being fixed on the stool, the water was allowed to drop on his naked person for a few minutes, which chilled him all over, and the knees shook and trembled, the teeth chattered together, and the eye-balls protruded from their sockets with a painful, despairing glare. Down came the water in volumes upon the head, over the face and the body, filling the box till it reached the nostrils, and in vain was the head shaken from side to side, to get air without water, for no sooner was the mouth opened than the throat filled, and when the victim was evidently suffocating, the bath was stopped. Three or four minutes were given him to spit up the water imbibed and recover, when down came the water again, and the same scene was reenacted for a quarter of an hour, which to him must have been an eternity, in which he bore the sufferings of a hundred strangulations. The others were similarly punished, and when lifted out of the bath were partly insensible, unable to stand, and as soon as full recollection returned, a flood of tears relieved them.

"And what were they punished for? Aye, that is the question; and it was hard work to find it out; everybody's tongue was tied; the answer was insolence; further than that none would speak. But the man under the shower-bath let the secret out; they were sick—they were poor—which is an offense all the world over; they applied to the physician for relief for a pain in the chest—they were denied a ticket of sickness, they could not complete their work, and dying men were shower-bathed because they could not accomplish impossibilities."

The prisoner mentioned in the following portion of this narrative is the man who headed the late insurrection a few weeks ago. The writer says:

"Then came

TOM KELLY.

His was no ordinary case. Half a dozen keepers surrounded his cell when he came out of it, and followed him to the shower-bath. Half a dozen men, armed to the teeth, conducted him to the scene of his sufferings, where were waiting half a dozen more to construe him, should he make the slightest demonstration of resistance.

"Kelly came into the room pale and livid. The lips were compressed, the eyes sunken and half closed, and the cheek-bones projected more prominently than in ordinary cases, from the compression of his jaws.

"Take off your clothes, sir," said the keeper.

"The mandate was obeyed without a reply, and he stripped himself naked and entered the bath. A convict, who stood by, fixed his feet in the stocks, his hands in the armlets, and his head under the bath. As soon as he was placed under it, while no one was looking, he shook his head as much as to say, 'I've got to suffer.' The water was allowed to trickle down his face and warm body for a few minutes before the bath fell upon his head. At length it fell. Tom bore it well; not a shiver of the legs, not a muscular move-

ment of the hands or fingers, not a single cry of distress, although he was actually being drowned for about five minutes.

"You hear it well, Tom," said one of the keepers, after the first five minutes had elapsed, and time had been given him to recuperate.

"It's awful," was Tom's reply; "but I can't ask for mercy."

"Down came the water again, and for five minutes longer the gurgling sounds of a strangulated man were audible, and when he was exhausted, the chord was let up and the water stopped. A few minutes of release was granted, and down came the water again, and the scene was more terrible than the worst execution we had ever witnessed. At length, congestion of the brain was threatened, and a 'hiss' from the physician brought the third scene to a close. Several minutes were allowed the unfortunate man to recover, but the punishment was too terrible to witness to the end, and we left. He had been fifteen minutes under the shower, but had twenty-five minutes more of the same suffering to endure when we left; and for the next forty days the same sort of punishment will be meted out to him, unless he dies under the hands of the keeper.

"It was an awful spectacle to witness this man under the bath. Every muscle contracted, and became corded; sometimes the hands would become convulsed, and every nerve strained, when there would follow a relaxation. Then the water would cease to pour, and then would appear the sufferings of the culprit; the retching, the vomiting, and

"Hanging is nothing to the torture of the shower-bath. The man subjected to the bath for half an hour suffers ten times the amount of pain caused by strangulation, for the simple reason that just as consciousness is about leaving, and when he would be happy to die, he is brought back to a full realization of his sufferings."

THE TERRIBLE EFFECTS.

To the above extracts Mr. Tilton adds the following:

"This same mode of punishment, inflicted on a negro in the Auburn Prison, put him to death. The fall of water on the bare skull—as is well known not only to those who suffer it, but to those who inflict it—stuns the brain, quenches the nervous energy, destroys the power of the will over the muscles, produces emaculation, fever, and an inevitable tendency to wildness of mind, resulting often in partial and sometimes complete insanity. It is a greater barbarity than the use of the scalping knife among Indians. It reduces a man to within one gasp of death, and only brings him back to life after he has wished and tried to die. The Juggernaut itself is less cruel, because, though it tortures its victims, it does not refuse to slay them. The Cat-o-nine was long since abolished from our Navy, and State Prisons, in obedience to a public sentiment which decried it as brutal. But here, substituted in its place, hid in a small dark closet, is an instrument which, at the pull of a string, will more nearly kill a man in three minutes than to fling at a whipping-post for an hour. Forty days under this stunning rain—in which every drop falls like a millstone—in which the flood of water rising above the lips and nostrils strangles the victim with successive drownings, from which he is successively rescued only to be drowned again—in which the passing minutes seem lengthened into a lifetime—in which the mortal agony to the sufferer is beyond the power of any words to describe—if any device of cruelty were ever needed to be invented for racking and ruining the body and mind of a strong man without shedding his blood, could anything more be asked for than this? We know of a stout, muscular, hardy man—a State Prisoner—confined, we will not mention in what prison—who went into the Shower-Bath, carrying with him in his great frame the strength of a giant, who, after his prostration by the shower, was carried exhausted to his bed, where paralysis crept into his limbs, and he has never walked a step since!"

PRISONERS ARE MEN.

"It is now high time that people, living outside of prison walls, should know something of what is going on inside. Tom Kelly's case is thrown upon the public, not for Tom Kelly's sake, but for humanity's. Criminals are human creatures notwithstanding their crimes. God's image may be hid very obscurely in a bad man's heart, but it is still there. For in the darkest nature—buried under the guiltiest passion, under the deadliest malice, under the rottenest vice—still remains some part of the man's immortal manhood—which can be hidden but can never be blotted out, which may never be seen of men, but is never forgotten of God. And because there is in every man's nature some element of God's, it becomes sacrilege to treat even the worst of men as anything worse than men. A prisoner, however bad, cannot be worse than the worst; while it is too sadly true that many a poor fellow who wears the Striped Jacket was never guilty of the crime for which he wears it.

"If he is guilty, you must mend him, if he is innocent, defend him."

—DEAN SWIFT.

"The State has a right to mete out to offenders a just penalty, but has no right to inflict upon them a cruel torture. Cruelty to men, to beasts, or to insects, is despicable. If you slay an ox for food, he has a right to his death by a single blow. If you lift your hand against a fly that stings your cheek, you are to kill the little assassin at a single stroke; but if instead of ending its own miseries with yours, you pluck off its wings and let it go alive, you are to be pointed at for cruelty, and nicknamed a Nero. A majority of men are settled in their opinion as to the propriety of hanging criminals for certain crimes; executing quick punishment with a sheriff's rope; but the moral sentiment of all mankind revolts at the process of killing men by inches.

"The immediate suffering, and the permanent injury, falling to the lot of Tom Kelly during this forty days' flood, is greater than if he were to lose day by day a joint from a finger or toe, or to suffer a gradual clipping of half-inch pieces from his lips or ears. Men unfrequently so nearly dead that they need the most violent stimulus—like men rescued from drowning—to restore them to consciousness.

"Nor is this all. The most disastrous of

the effects of this mode of punishment are of such a character that a proper taste forbids their mention in a public print. But even with the worst left untold, what shall be said of tolerating in a public institution a torture to be inflicted upon a human being, which, in less time than it takes to tell the story, chills the naked body into an apparent corpse, beats the brain into senselessness, clenches the muscles into whip-cords, starts the eyes from their sockets, chokes the throat with the strangulations of drowning, and by successive shock and shudder through the frame, drives the soul well-nigh to its last and final struggle of parting from the flesh!

THE WORD TO THE GOVERNOR.

"We therefore take the liberty of dropping a word into the Governor's ears. That word is this: Let His Excellency remind the Legislature in his next message that as the old brutality of the Cat-o-nine was years ago thought bad enough to be driven by law beyond every prison-wall in the Empire State, so now a still more cruel torture, too brutal to have any rightful place in a Christian age or State, is waiting for a similar perpetual banishment by a similar humane law. In the meantime—before the Legislature shall be able to put a stop to it finally and forever—let His Excellency have ten minutes' conversation with the State Prison Inspectors, and then let the next mail bring down from Albany an order something to this effect:

"To the Keeper of Sing Sing Prison. Lock up the little Chamber of Inquisition where these agonies are suffered—throw the key to the bottom of the Hudson River—and let the door be never opened again. By order of the Inspectors."

The Unitary Home.

Some weeks since the N. Y. Times published a long and very violent attack upon the character and purpose of the late "Unitary Household" in East Fourteenth Street, under the management of E. F. Underhill, formerly of the Tribune. The article represented the establishment to have been of the vilest character, openly and avowedly a place of licentious rendezvous, and even its boasted financial success to have been a base imposition and cheat. It declared that "in no way was the 'Unitary Household' a success, and in no way did it approach to economy or decency."

To these sweeping charges Mr. Underhill makes detailed reply, denying unqualifiedly the imputations against the character and success of the establishment.

Where between these two statements the truth may lie, it is not easy for those personally ignorant of the establishment to determine. Of this much we feel assured, the attack in the Times is too malignant and grossly extravagant to warrant credence. The temperate reply of Mr. Underhill reflects credit upon his spirit, and invites confidence in his statements. We quote:

PURPOSE OF THE UNITARY HOUSEHOLD.

"Now, Sir, the sole purpose in organizing the Unitary Household, iterated and reiterated, was to test the practicability of a co-operative household succeeding under individual leadership, as contrasted with the majority rule of a joint stock association. Free-Love was no more a part of its programme than Spiritualism is a part of the programme of the New York Times, whose editor happens to be identified with hat religious belief."

"I need not tell those who live in the city of New York, that those comforts and luxuries essential to make home attractive and to elevate the tastes of families, are possible only in such families as have at their disposition incomes varying from \$1,500 per annum and upwards. Those whose means are less than this, must either dispense with even comparative luxury and elegance, in housekeeping, seek them at extravagant rates in first-class hotels and boarding-houses, or else be satisfied with the discomforts and annoyances of the cheaper boarding-house; the characteristics of which are anything but homelike. With these facts before me, I sought a remedy. I saw that the cooperation of extensive means and machinery, under the guidance of administrative talent, had so multiplied the productive powers of human industry, and had so distributed the means of clothing men, that no one could tell from the personal appearance of a man whether his wealth was measured by units or hundreds of thousands. I could see no reason why the same means and the same talent could not be made to subserve the economies of the household, and wholesale purchases for cash, the cooperation of numbers, the use of machinery, and the guarantee of mutual security between cooperator and manager, result in even greater comforts than those of housekeeping, though at boarding-house rates. And if people could trust their persons in a public car, and their children in a public school, without fear of defilement, I could not see why they could not with equal safety trust themselves within a common parlor, partake of their meals in a common dining-room, and permit their children to use a common play-room. I repeat, that to test this question was the sole and only purpose of organizing the Unitary Household.

FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

"The Unitary Household was no failure. It ceased to be, because I had not sufficient capital to provide the necessary appliances for convenience and economy without constantly laboring under a load of debt. Nearly all who were inmates will cheerfully state that this was its greatest difficulty, and that the plan evolved meets with their heartiest commendation. That other households, based upon the same plan will be organized, and with large capital, is highly probable.

ECONOMIES OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

"In an economical point of view, also, the Unitary Household was a decided success. The saving of expense from the prices of hotels and boarding-houses of the same grade, was from 25 to 50 per cent., and especially was this true with reference to families. The statement in the Times' article of the rates of individual expenses during the few weeks preceding the closing of the house is a gross exaggeration—the amount being placed by the writer at 40 per cent. above the actual sum. I need no more than allude to the fact. It is asserted, too, that my present private residence is 'the present shelter of the Free

Lovers." The inmates consist of my own immediate family and three other persons, none of whom are Free Lovers, and all of whom stand high in the estimation of the community.

PERSONAL REFLECTIONS.

"In conclusion, and while insisting that my personal views on the subject of love, marriage and divorce never affected my management of the Unitary Household, let me say that these views are honestly entertained, and are the result of years of deliberate thought. I have nothing to retract, but every sentiment I have ever published I am ready to reaffirm, and to discuss it publicly, on any convenient and appropriate occasion. It is seldom that I have found myself on the stronger side, and I am accustomed, therefore, to bear heavy loads. I have never possessed much except good intentions. I possess most of the world's vices, and I trust, a few of its virtues. With the weaknesses of men I sympathize, for I know how poorly adapted is our social mechanism to make even the best of men the reflex of God's image. We must not think that the endowment of the human race with all the characteristics of a Christian manhood is the work of a day. Large bodies move slowly. Upon man himself rests his salvation here, and which he must work out himself, unassisted, except as the genial rays of Christianity soften the asperities of human nature.

MODES OF PROGRESS.

"The race is still in its infancy, and has not yet fully learned that the interests of each are the interests of the whole—that one cannot suffer without its affecting the happiness of all. Human progress in the past has been by improvised leaps, each from the intensity of the effort exhausting for the time the mental energies of the world. The good we have attained is for the most part the result of the logic of experience. But it is relative, not absolute. Each step achieved, while it has ameliorated the condition of the people, has enlarged the vision to comprehend a broader field for active exertion. In America, the formidable barriers, which, in the Old World, made the expression of ideas the signal for wide-spread carnage, were never firmly fixed. The progress of human thought here is by easy gradations, and though great are the changes of ideas in each decade advancing upon those of its predecessors, yet it is innovation without convulsion, and even emotion is scarcely excited by it. To-day the world accepts as good what yesterday it pronounced to be the illusions of the fanatic. Those effete institutions which sepulchral groan at the movements of the present were themselves once groaned at as rash innovations, but in the progress of things they became the theme of the orator's eloquence, and at last are derided by the moving spirit of to-day, because, dead to actual use, they will insist that the morbid signs of reanimation they exhibit are an evidence of their being alive. The instincts of the race are always in advance of its institutions. Last night the poet dreamed of a Utopia; to-day minstrels sing of it, and tomorrow he awakens to behold his conceptions crystallized into a reality."

Poetry.

"The finest poetry was first experience."

For the Herald of Progress.
QUESTIONS.

BY S. S. THOMPSON.

When are we the wisest? When are we the best?
When are we the nearest to our heavenly rest?
Is it in the spring-time of our early-life,
When the world around us is with beauty rife?

Is it when exulting in our perfect trust
We forget that others are, as we, but dust?
When no doubt can chill us, and we listen not
To the tales they tell us of a changing lot?

Ah! we all are happy in that early day,
But its blooming brightness passes fast away;
If we grow no wiser, trusting, loving thus,
In the day of trouble what shall comfort us?

When we find "unstable" written on all bliss,
When dear lips are silenced by an icy kiss,
When bright locks are faded, hearts grown still and cold,
Where is our exulting—where the dreams of old?

When for change and coldness bitter tears are shed,
When the living pain is deeper than the dead,
When we lose our trusting in our fellow men,
We are sterner, wiser—are we better then?

Who shall answer? Onward go the rolling years,
Fate will bring our portion, whether smiles or tears:
In the life unending, in the home above,
Let us hope that Wisdom clasps the hands of Love.
WELLSBORO, PA.

For the Herald of Progress.
AN ODE.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

Wake, Liberty! wake from thy slumber of years!
The Lord has come down to his battle again,
And the light of His face in his glory appears
On the ground where He cherished the hosts of his slain.

Wake, Liberty! see, from the slumbers of death
The dust of thy myriads stirs on the plain;
For the love of his soul, and the life of his breath,
Shall glow in the bosom of Glory again.

O, Liberty! where are the hosts that went down
In the pride of their strength to thy valleys so fair?
They shall bud like the bursting of seeds that are sown,
For the life of Omnipotence nourished them there.

In the valley of vision that treasured their sleep,
See, their life is renewed by the breath of his spirit,
And the trumpet of promise is strong in its sweep,
Where it thrills through thy hosts in the valley of Night!

O, Liberty! wake from the slumber of years!
Thy youth will be strong in its newness of life,
And the arm of the Lord in its glory appears,
When the hosts of Oppression come up to the strife.

The light of His presence thy children will find,
When the trumpet the sound of his warning shall cease,
And the brow of thy beauty again shall be twined
With the garlands that bloom in the valley of Peace.
JULY, 1877.

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ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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Read the article on "Woman's Position." It is a well-written and far-reaching consideration of the great question.

We ask every reader's attention to the *Rationale of Prophecy*, by a Washington correspondent. His solution of the origin of many remarkable predictions, some of which are perfectly fulfilled, is sufficiently rational to be very generally accepted. But we fear its reasonableness will constitute the main reason why many will not accept it. The world does not yet very highly prize its divinest attribute, viz., *Common Sense*.

Let every philanthropic person read the facts of "Modern Inquisition." Christian institutions for the punishment of evil-doers are far more vindictive than corrective and reformatory. Old theology is the mischief-maker everywhere. It is congenial to minds who are learned in ignorance, and for this reason we find its barbaric statutes mixed with nearly all modern institutions for the education of youth or the punishment of criminals. When men shall have outgrown old theology, they will then be prepared for the abolition of the death penalty and for the overthrow of every tyrannical institution, but not till then.

PREVISIONS AND PROPHECIES abound in this week's issue of our HERALD. We print them in order to put on record the prophetic announcements of several mediums, so that the world may have a fair opportunity to test the validity and reliability of such statements. The events foretold are to transpire very soon, or they will not happen, just as the general foreordinations or incidental drift of immutable principles shall naturally and logically determine.

Heretofore many modern mediums have not consented to the advance publication of their prophecies, perhaps because they had not themselves sufficient confidence in the certainty of the predictions. For this reason, or from other causes, the prophecies of such have been kept secret among a select few, who, after the fulfillment, would testify to the foreknowledge vouchsafed to them through the medium. "Your testimony is no evidence to me," says the objector. "If you had received such prophetic knowledge, and if you had the items of such events in your possession, why did you not make the same public in advance of the occurrences foretold?" Timidity on the part of prophetic mediums, and an indescribable dread of being possibly laughed at in case of failure on the part of friends and recipients, have constituted the only grounds of excuse for secrecy in the majority of instances. But now all parties have courageously conspired to make a full confession of supposed prophetic knowledge. They all speak plainly and definitely of things to happen in a very few months or years. "The spirit of prophecy" seems to be poured out freely upon all flesh, as in the days of the first Apostles of Christianity, and thus "our young men see visions and our old men dream dreams."

Of the philosophy of prophecy we will not now write. That the power exists in the human mind, or that the mind may be inspired to reveal future events which seemed to be known only to the higher circles of intelligence, are facts too well established to admit of controversy. But that all things, including so-called accidents and casualties, "are ordered to come to pass" just as and when they do transpire, is a proposition which no thinking mind is willing fully to accept. On the other hand, it is impossible for any conscientious and cultivated intellect not to believe that a Great First Cause wisely works in all the events of existence, alike in small as in great occurrences. Inasmuch, therefore, as the human mind is so constituted that it can neither accept in toto the first proposition, nor reject the second, it becomes an interesting question, both in philosophy and in theology, in what manner and to what extent are the accidents, events, wars, crimes, and casualties of the physical and moral worlds legitimate effects of fixed laws or of superior intelligence? For ourself, we will say just here that we believe in the possibility of one-half, in the probability of one-quarter, and in the certainty of not more than one-tenth part of the great mediumistic prophecies. We mean to include the ancient predictions, both scriptural and unscriptural, in this open declaration of our sentiments; but how the tenth part can be foretold is a mystery. Our reasons may be hereafter given.

The Physician.

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

Several considerable individuals, in view of medical 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.

Origin of Skin Diseases.

Our philosophy of diseases of the skin differs, in several essential particulars, from the received theories of high medical authorities. It is deemed necessary to explain our impressions concerning these distressing afflictions, in order to answer, at one and the same time, scores of letters from persons sorely afflicted with external diseases.

The opinion most generally received is that all eruptive affections originate from unhealthy conditions of the blood. Pimples, pustules, blotches, scabs, itch, rash, salt rheum, measles, scarlatina, fever sores, scrofula, cancers, tumors, erysipelas, small pox, &c., are attributed to depraved and poisoned conditions of the blood. Thousands of patent nostrums are manufactured expressly to take pecuniary advantage of this prevailing error and consequent weakness among men respecting the blood-origin of all skin diseases. There is no exaggeration in the statement that, notwithstanding the barrels of empirical syrups and quack tinctures made and swallowed per annum, in order to cleanse and purify the blood, the number and variety and intensity of skin diseases are constantly and alarmingly on the increase. All through civilized society we observe the palpable evidences of scrofula, erysipelas, cancer, small pox, &c., and the victims, as a general thing, receive but little assistance from the leaders of medical science. Manufacturers and vendors of infallible medicines require their patients to take their medicine according to printed directions on the label. These printed directions, being literally translated from the mysterious depths of the internal sense in which their authors wrote them, would read thus: "The manufacturer and proprietor of this Sovereign Remedy (for all skin diseases) cannot guarantee a permanent cure unless the directions be faithfully and strictly followed; and these important and authoritative directions are, that this infallible preparation be shaken and taken 'internally and externally,' on which conditions alone the proprietor hereby promises to refund the price of the bottle if a perfect cure be not effected." N. B. The foregoing literal translation of "the internal significance" of patent medicine labels, is warranted to be genuine by the writer of this article.

The primary origin of skin diseases is the disturbed condition of the vital principle within the blood; by the positive and negative operations of which, the bodily fluid is kept warm and ceaselessly in motion. This position is established by the fact, everywhere well known and acknowledged, that all persons are not susceptible to the same skin diseases. Certain temperaments do not absorb small pox, the itch, salt rheum, &c.; while others will take on these and yet other skin diseases at the slightest exposure. The depravity, or derangement, originates first in the life principle; then, as a logical sequence, the external will receive the form and embodiment. The soul (which is the vital covering of the immortal spirit) is primarily disturbed; and other consequences will follow, "as the night the day," until the effect itself becomes a disease, and subsequently the cause of like disturbances within the soul. The blood is a dependent subject of the controlling, animating principle; and the diseases of the body, therefore, are indications of diseases existing first in the soul.

When a disease ultimates itself and begins to organize a life of its own, it is then self-evident that the truest treatment is to disorganize the new comer and at once dispel it, somewhat as you would drive a wild beast from the threshold of your house. But in the first instance no treatment would prove efficacious, unless directed toward the vital forces of the entire organism. The true medicines are food, air, light, exercise, sleeping, &c., all which come within the jurisdiction of love, will, and wisdom.

But suppose, from a small bruise or scratch on the foot, shin bone, knee, or finger, a sore is organized and established. Do you not see that the state of the blood is not the cause of the ulceration? The blood may be perfectly healthy, and yet an injury done to the anatomy of the skin may be, and often is, followed by the organization of a cancerous body, or of inflammatory and malignant sores. The anatomy and physiology of the skin are sufficient to demonstrate that, irrespective of the condition of the blood, the injured structure of the cuticle will organize a disease of its own.

It is plain that, in many cases of eruptive diseases, the directest treatment is the wisest. Cancers frequently return because, although sometimes perfectly removed by external applications, the membranes and blood-vessels (not the blood) of the cuticle are not perfectly restored to their original state. The deranged and mutilated parts, after the tumor or cancer is removed, commence forthwith to mal-construct the bodily nutriment into another nucleus, which, in time, is likely to become the center of a similar formation.

Your blood might be as healthy and pure as that of an angel, and yet, if the membrane layers, the delicate nerves, the refined tissues, and the conducting vessels of the skin be disorganized either by sickness or accident,

it will be next to impossible for you to avoid the organization of some external disease. The only possible preventive is the judicious use of your Will and the restorative magnetism of a magnetic hand. Sometimes the act of rubbing a chronic sore with an emollient salve, or simply by bathing and dressing it with the gentle hand, imparts a healing power to the parts, which the maker of the salve appropriates and attributes to the virtue of his prescription. The cause of the restoration is human magnetism, and the Will.

The arteries and veins form a net-work on the true skin; it is also supplied with lymphatic vessels, with glands and capillary nerves; so that, in cases of accident or injury done to the delicate parts, the risk is very great as against the welfare of the system. The skin is full of glandular lungs, so to speak; its health depends constantly on natural ventilation. If the exhalation of bodily vapors be retarded by lack of cleanliness, or if the inflowing magnetism of immensity be excluded by a like cause, the consequences are direful on the brain, and, ultimately, within the soul-forces of the higher organism.

We make these remarks as practical hints to all patients who receive from us prescriptions for cutaneous diseases. We wish the philosophy of skin affections to be practically comprehended—namely: that the condition of the skin is of more importance than the state of the blood—and, that we do not propose to purify the blood by syrups, but rather to balance the vital forces and restore the structure of the skin to its original condition.

MEDICAL WHISPERS.

BY A. J. D.

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."

E. A. BLANCHARD, ILL.—If you will conform with the rules at the head of our department, we will attend to the case of your companion.

S. S. TERRE HAUTE, IND., will find our reply under head of "chronic sore eyes." See our last issue. Your stomach should be thoroughly magnetized every day. Abolish salt food from your list of favorite articles.

"Deafness."—M. SKINNER, CHESTERFIELD, IND. In previous editions of our journal you will find two prescriptions for deafness, either of which would apply to your case. We have knowledge of no medium who could certainly effect a cure for you. Test the prescriptions referred to; then write us the result.

L. M. B., WAUKESHA, WIS., is assured hereby that we would gladly treat the symptoms, but it is our impression that she does not require any particular remedy. The turns will become less and less by using the Will-power. Nothing of this kind would seriously affect an unborn child, because the disturbance is mainly confined to the circulating system. Pregnancy would very likely cure every symptom to which you solicited our attention.

"Rules."—J. W. R., BROOKLYN. The principles inculcated in our philosophy of Disease are within the intellectual grasp of every reader; and we think that every patient is physically qualified to apply our rules of treatment. The scientific name of your disease is of no consequence, so far as the application of this philosophy is concerned. The state or symptoms are the all-essential questions.

"Obliquity of Vision."—MR. ALEXANDER M., of NASHVILLE, writes concerning his son's eyes. The sight of the organs is good, but the affliction is called obliquity of vision. REMEDY: Only a partial relief can be rendered by artificial means. Archery is a fine discipline for the vision. Ninepins and billiards very injurious. It is our impression that a certain kind of spectacles, usually worn by persons in the first stages of old age or weak sight, will assist him greatly in correcting the defect. Hand-magnetism would be useful at times. Avoid night reading.

"Dyspepsia."—ALMIRA W., WATERLOO, WIS. This patient is suffering from the acidulation of food and drink, causing distress in the head and a disturbance throughout the nervous system.

REMEDY: The right hand of a healthy person should be placed on the stomach, and the left hand on the spine, continuing the application until a perspiration starts out beneath each hand. This operation is necessary only after dinner. In other respects adopt the rules given to Mary G. S., Boston, under the title of "Lactic Acid," in number thirty-two.

MISS S. B., WAUKESHA, WIS.—Our earnest Brother, W. D. H., requested us to make an examination of your physical condition and report by letter the result. We make no special examinations either by letter or otherwise. Wishing to do the "greatest good to the greatest number," we promise to prescribe only for such cases as may prove beneficial to many who do not write to us. And those who do write must not expect to receive prescriptions, if their cases or leading symptoms have been covered by whispers in any previous issue of this journal. Comply with our conditions, Sister, and we will cheerfully whisper a prescription into your ear.

"Spitting Blood."—W. T. P., GRAND ST., N. Y. The Indian spirit did a good thing for you, William. But we would substitute for the poultice, the skin of a lamb, the wool next to your throat and breast, every night, after your wife has gently manipulated your neck and chest. Your letter imparts an atmosphere of peculiar attenuation, showing that you are in truth a healing medium, but that you should not be influenced to heal the infirmities of others. We would have you on the responsibility of our suggestion, use the *Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda*. Call at 43 John Street. Whenever you wish to walk far and moderately fast, fix over your mouth a small porous sponge dampened with tincture

"Gravel."—E. D. S., OBERLIN, O. One of these autumn days we feel that we shall have something for thee and thine. No remedy for this affliction has come to us as yet. Magnetize your son's ankles by keeping your netize steadily upon them until a sweating or heat appears beneath your hands. Do moisture appears beneath your hands. Do this every night, if possible; or tell him to try it. No willing is required on your part, but perseverance rather, and faith in the Universal Spirit, who "doeth all things well."

"Coast Diseases."—WM. PHILLIPS, of OREGON, writes to obtain descriptions of and prescriptions for the diseases peculiar to the Pacific coast. He wants to know whether the physical disorders of the Atlantic Coast do not differ widely from affections common on the west side of the continent. These questions may be answered incidentally in the course of our medical articles. Our Oregon Brother says: "I sometimes feel as though I ought to make a public effort to enlighten my fellows. But upon more sober reflection it seems to be whispered in my ear that the best thing I can do is to live a life of natural righteousness, and thus influence others to do the same." We admire our friend's "sober, second thought."

"Wean the Baby."—LUCILLA D. D., WELLSVILLE, N. Y., writes in behalf of a sick lady, whose child is some four months old. The suffering mother is sadly threatened with scrofulous swellings, on her face and in the vicinity of the right breast. The question is, should she wean the little one? The answer is, "Yes, without any delay." Fresh cow's milk would be healthier for the child. But in all cases of weaning obtain the services of a healthy wet-nurse. The after years of the little one will amply compensate for any expense of this kind during its infantile life. An abundant use of cow's milk, as we shall show in our future chapters, is almost certain to induce a tendency to measles and small pox. We think it would be well-nigh impossible for either child or man to have any of the usual eruptive diseases, if cow's milk was less used in early years.

"Stiff Ankle."—S. M. B., HARTWICK, N. Y., writes an account of his stiff ankle, which has been disabled and troublesome for about three years. There is a hard swelling on the outside of the joint, as large as a hen's egg; and a kind of puff swelling on the inside; with much pain, and wasting away of the limb.

REMEDY: Adopt the system of diet recommended for patients afflicted with itch or erysipelas. Frequently lay the hands on the parts affected, thus open the pores of the skin to let the disease escape, and keep up the operations every day until the swellings disappear. Apply nothing else during the day time. Every night put your foot into essence of peppermint and sweet oil, bathe the swellings thoroughly, and then envelop the parts in cat's or woodchuck's fur. Use the entire skin with the fur next to the ankle.

"Decaying Gums and Loose Teeth."—MR. H. C. M., of CINCINNATI, writes as follows: "Dear Sir—Can the gums of a human being be renewed, by any known medicine, after being wasted away by disease? Mine are in that condition, and I am afraid of losing my teeth, as they are fast becoming loose from want of the support of the gums. I have tried everything I know of to help them, but of no avail. Can you not tell me of something to reproduce them, or even keep my teeth from dropping out?"

REMEDY: Only one preparation comes within our knowledge as applicable to the restoration of emaciated gums, namely: White oak bark, pulverized, one ounce, one ounce of camphor gum, quarter ounce of lobelia leaves, put together and tinctured one week in old cider brandy. Clean the teeth and gums with pure soap, using a soft brush, and then saturate the gums with the clear tincture. This process should be adopted immediately after eating each meal.

"A Healthy Reader."—The other day, while on business in the upper part of this vast city, we encountered "a gray-eyed man" whose bodily state was free from ailments of every kind. He began a prosy discourse on the uselessness and injustice of occupying our columns with "Whispers" to sick folks while the millions wanted all our space and talents devoted to the discussion of general scientific and theological questions.

In answer we referred him to the promise made in our initial number, which we meant to fulfill to the very letter, namely, to present papers on the *origin and remedy* of the multifarious "ills that flesh is heir to;" and to impart general physiological instructions from week to week; whereby many maladies may be escaped, painful disorders overcome, and much suffering ultimately prevented.

To this promise the "gray-eyed man of destiny" made no direct reply. On departing he gave us his hand, and smilingly said, "God bless the cause of Human Progress!" Is it always necessary to first experience a sickness before sympathy with the suffering is possible? We think not, although it is true that "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind!"

"Points of the Compass."—J. A. S. EVANSVILLE, IND., wants to know what effect is exerted on either the physical or spiritual body by sleeping in either of the four points of the compass.

ANSWER: In this world the external body is inseparably from the spiritual body; that is, the Motion, Life, and Sensation of the latter are distributed throughout the former, as water through a sponge; so that, whether in sickness or in health, the two bodies are practically and consciously one and the same. The distinction between these dissimilar bodies is realized in advance of death only by those who enter the trance or the state of complete clairvoyance.

All the earth's electrical currents flow northward. These are cold. The human brain is supplied with more blood than all the body besides. The head is therefore warm and magnetic, but sleeping with your head northward is best, because then the earth's cold fluids flow over it and preserve a healthy state. The feet will be warmer in proportion. While sleeping with the head southward has the effect to deprive the extremities of their proper animation, and to fill the brain with extra heat and uneasy dreams. East and North are healthy; while South and West will produce nervous disease in the sleeper; but these remarks apply only to this latitude and longitude. The philosophy of all this we may particularize and illustrate hereafter.

This recommends Garibaldi to break connection with Victor Emanuel, and give up all designs upon Rome, and not attempt anything against Hungary, that country not being as yet ripe for revolution.

Childhood.

"Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow!"

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwined,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeons
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away.

(From the Christian Inquirer.)

Little Jamie's First Skates.

Every day for the last month had little Jamie passed that tempting shop-window. There lay the skates, bright and new. At first there were many pairs; but now only this one pair remained, and they were marked, "Very cheap—only one dollar." One dollar! It seemed such a large sum to little Jamie, as he stood gazing into the window, and thinking of his twelve pennies at home which it had taken so many, many weeks to collect.

Slowly he turned away, and hot tears rushed into his eyes, as he felt that he must give up all hope of owning a pair of skates, this year at least.

"O Jamie!" exclaimed his little sister, as he opened the door of their humble home, "I am so glad you have come. I do so want to hear that beautiful Christmas story again that mother read to us last night. I could hardly go to sleep thinking about it; and when I did, I had such a funny dream!" And little Ettie laughed so merrily that Jamie could not help laughing too, and quite forgetting his own disappointment, said, as he stooped to kiss her rosy little mouth, "What was it about, Ettie dear?"

"Oh! all about Santa Claus. Such a funny old man as he was! And he looked all around the room to find our stockings, and seemed so disappointed when he found we had not hung them up. And then he took our shoes, and filled them full of candy, and told me to remember to hang up my stocking another time, and he would fill it with something better than candy. I mean to ask mother to let me hang up mine to-night, and then, if Santa Claus looks down the chimney, he will see it, and put something in." Jamie did not answer. He knew that their mother was obliged to work early and late to obtain bread and clothing for them, and that she had no money to buy presents with to put in their stockings, so they were never hung up. His little sister could not understand this, so he only kissed her again, and told her to bring her book, and he would read her the wonderful story.

Just as they had finished reading it, their mother came into the room. The children sprang to meet her; but a change came over Jamie's face, as his eyes caught sight of the large bundle she carried in her arms.

"Oh! mother, why didn't you let me go for the work? Did you take that other bundle home, too?"

"Yes, dear: I promised Mr. Lee he should have the shirts at twelve o'clock, so I could not wait until you came home. But, Jamie dear, don't feel badly; I shall have another bundle of work finished this afternoon, which I shall want you to take up to Mrs. May's for me."

It was almost dark when the work was finished, and Jamie started for Mrs. May's. The weather was bitter cold, and the walk was a very long one; but little Jamie's heart was so light that he only laughed when Jack Frost came rushing up to him, and tried to pinch his ears and nose; for in his pocket lay the twelve pennies he had kept so long, and he was thinking what he could buy with them that would please his little sister most, and how surprised she would be, when she woke up to-morrow morning, to find that Santa Claus had really been there.

Past all the bright shop-windows, and through the crowded streets, little Jamie ran, until he reached that part of the city where Mrs. May lived. The house was brilliantly lighted, and, as Jamie stood waiting in the hall for an answer to a note his mother had sent Mrs. May, he could hear merry shouts of laughter, and the sound of many little feet running to and fro. Presently a door at the end of the hall opened, and an old gentleman came out, followed by a noisy troop of children.

"So I am to tell Mr. Santa Claus, if I meet him, that he needn't trouble himself to stop here, for you all have so many things now that you don't know what to do with them!"

"No, no, grandpapa, you are not to tell him any such things, but to ask him to be sure and remember my new sled."

"And my kitchen furniture."

"And a new cradle for my Minnie."

"And, grandpapa, my skates with single runners; and—and—"

"Grandpapa," shouted a voice at the top of the stairs; "please wait one minute; I want to speak to you." And a little blue-eyed girl came rushing down stairs, and standing on tip-toe, she whispered something in her grandfather's ear which evidently pleased him very much.

"How much more shall you need, Daisy?" said he, as he took his purse out of his pocket.

"Will that be enough?"

"Oh! that is too much, grandpapa. One dollar is all I want."

"Well, keep the rest to buy candy with."

"If I only knew some poor little girl who did not know what it was to have Christmas presents," said Daisy, hesitatingly.

"What would you do?" asked her grandfather.

"I would buy enough to fill her stockings!"

"But, supposing she hadn't any stockings to put her feet in, to say nothing of your presents?"

"Then I would buy her some, and—"

"Oh! but she has a nice pair mother knit her," said little Jamie, eagerly, starting forward from the corner where he had been listening intently to what had been said, and thinking only of his little sister. "Oh! it would make her so happy."

Suddenly his eye met the astonished gaze of both Daisy and her grandfather, and he remembered that they did not know who his little sister was, nor who he was, or how he came there; and confused and frightened, thinking that perhaps he had done something very wrong, he sank back into his corner, and covering his face with his hands, burst into tears.

In an instant Daisy was at his side, saying, in a sweet, gentle voice: "Don't cry, little boy. Have you a little sister? and do you think she would really like it, if I bought something to put in her stocking? Perhaps grandpapa will go with us to the store, and then you can tell me what she would like best. Won't you, grandpapa?" she said, looking up at him as he stood in the center of the hall, gazing at the two children, his eyes filled with a strange moisture.

"I will go right up stairs now, and ask mamma." But as she turned to go, Jamie caught her dress.

"No, no; you must not. You are very, very good; but I am afraid my mother will think I did very wrong to tell you, and, indeed, I did not mean to, but when you said you wished you knew of some little girl who never had any Christmas presents, I could not help thinking of our little Ettie, and how she was wishing this morning that Santa Claus would find out where she lived. But I have twelve pennies in my pocket, all my own, and they will buy a good many little things."

"Will they?" said Daisy, looking rather puzzled, for she thought of how many little gold dollars it had taken to buy all she wanted for her brothers and sisters.

"Perhaps," she added, and her face brightened, "if you were to go home and ask your mother, and tell her how very much I should like to do it, she would be willing."

Jamie's face grew as bright as her own, as he listened to the proposal.

"Oh! yes; I can run home and back in less than an hour, and—"

"I think I can answer for your mother's consent, my boy," said Daisy's grandfather. "If it is needful, I can go home with you, and tell her the whole story."

"Oh! that will be splendid!" exclaimed little Daisy; "and I may go too, grandpapa!"

"Go where, Daisy dear?" said her mother, who had come down stairs just in time to hear the last words.

"O mamma! I am so glad you have come!" And little Daisy eagerly poured forth her story.

Mrs. May kissed her little daughter very lovingly when she had finished; and then, turning to Jamie, she said, "This is Mrs. Wilmot's little boy, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am; I am Jamie."

"It is too late for you to go out to-night, Daisy dear, and the stores will be too crowded; but you can give Jamie the money, and perhaps grandpapa will go with him, and help him to choose what to buy."

Daisy knew what her mother said must be right; so, after she had made Jamie promise to buy one nice doll, she stood at the window watching him as he skipped along the street beside her grandfather, and wondering if his little sister looked anything like him, and if she should ever see her.

How like fairy-land it seemed to Jamie, as he wandered through the lighted toy-shops, so full of everything a child's heart could wish for! If it had not been for Daisy's grandfather, he would never have succeeded in buying anything, there were so many things to choose from. But finally their purchases were all made; and as they left the store, Mr. May said:

"You have bought nothing for yourself, Jamie. Isn't there anything you would like to find in your stocking to-morrow morning?"

"Oh! yes, sir—a great many things."

"Perhaps that will help you to find something," he said, putting a gold dollar into Jamie's hand.

"For me, sir!" exclaimed Jamie—"all that money! I am very much obliged to you; but, if you please, I had rather not take it."

"Then give it to me. I think I can tell what little boys like."

They had not walked very far before Mr. May suddenly stopped. Jamie looked up wondering, and what was his surprise to find they were in front of the very shop-window that had attracted his gaze so often! The wished-for skates were still there, looking just as bright and tempting as ever. As Jamie looked at them, he thought of the dollar in Mr. May's hand. He knew he had but to speak one word now, and his wish would be granted—the darling skates would be his own. Suddenly the thought of his mother came into his mind. She had no one to buy her Christmas presents. If he could only get her a pair of warm boots, like what he heard her wishing for the other day, when her feet ached so with the cold! How pleased she would be to find them at the side of her bed, when she got up in the morning!

His eyes were very bright, as, without another glance at the skates, he turned to Mr. May, and said, "If you please, sir, I had rather have a pair of warm boots for mother."

Mr. May had been watching Jamie intently,

while the struggle was going on in his mind. Now without another word, he took his hand and walked away.

When, a half an hour afterwards, he left the happy little boy at his mother's door, the bundle he put into his hand contained, beside the "warm boots," a pair of warm gloves and a thick blanket-shawl.

Little Jamie did not know why his mother's cheeks were so wet when she kissed him after he had told her his wonderful adventure, only making her promise that she would not open her bundle until to-morrow morning; and when, at last, he had fallen asleep by the side of his little sister, he never knew what earnest prayers of gratitude that mother's heart poured forth to the Good Father who had given her such a dear little boy.

And the blessed Christmas morning dawned, and the bright sun looked down on many a happy little boy and girl. But in all the great city there were not two happier children than Jamie Wilmot and his sister Ettie; for Jamie's stocking was as full as Ettie's, and, greatest wonder of all, on the top lay the well-known skates, with a slip of paper around them, with these words: "For the little boy who loved his mother and his little sister better than himself!"

(From the Dial.)

Desor on Parker.

We are enabled, through the kindness of Mr. Josiah D. Whitney, the geologist, to lay before the readers of the *Dial* the following extracts from a private letter to him, from the distinguished naturalist of Neuchâtel. It was when Desor was in this country, some years ago, that the intimate friendship between him and Theodore Parker was formed, which lasted until he followed the remains of the great American to their resting place. The letter serves also to show the tendencies of the scientific mind of Europe in the matter of religion.

NEUCHÂTEL, 10th June, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND: It requires some time for the head and heart to settle again, after they have been shaken so deeply as mine have been of late. You understand that I mean to speak of the death of our dear friend, Theodore Parker. Moleschott writes, "with him a column of humanity has fallen down;" and this is true. There will be a long time before another Theodore Parker arises. But his work, though unfinished, will not be lost: his writings will remain a living fountain for many who are thirsty for truth and righteousness. To me his death has been a hard blow.

I went to Italy with the hope and prospect of meeting him at Rome, and of going thence with him on an excursion to Naples and Vesuvius, which he refused to visit during the winter, because he wanted to see it with me. From thence we were to return to Florence, stay a short time about the Italian Lakes, for the purpose of searching for sub-aquatic (Celtic) habitations, in which he had become quite interested, then come over to my chalet and stay until autumn, when he expected to return to New England. Instead of that, I found him very weak. He had been failing rapidly for several weeks, and the idea of an excursion to Naples had to be given up at once. He had hardly strength to ride some two or three times with me to visit the chief monuments of the Eternal City. Of course, he could not fail to become aware of his declining condition; and all at once his mind became engrossed with one idea, that of leaving Rome as soon as possible, because he could not bear the idea of laying his bones in the cursed soil. It was a trying case, for I did not feel at all sure that he could ever reach Florence; but he was bent upon going, in spite of rain and wind. Dr. Appleton, of Boston, who had attended him regularly, went so far in his kindness towards Mr. Parker, as to accompany us; he also provided for the carriage, the passports, and all the little comforts that might be necessary on the journey. Thus we started on the 20th of April—Mr. and Mrs. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, and myself, with a vetturino—for Florence. He declared that he had "decided upon reaching Florence," that he had "wound himself up to the task, and would get there;" but after that he did not promise anything at all. It was the last effort of his strong, energetic mind. So it happened. But the effort he had to make was followed by a great prostration. As soon as we arrived he went to bed, but not to rise again. He at the same time lost the control of his mind, which, with the exception of a few lucid intervals, was more or less wandering all the time. In one of these lucid intervals he asked for me, and gave me the direction for his burial (which has been followed), observing that he hoped it would soon be over—but did no longer express any regret about his unfinished work. He seemed perfectly resigned. This was the last time he spoke to us in a perfectly lucid way. Still he always recognized his friends, though he was unconscious of the places—he mostly thought himself at Boston, or on board the steamer on his way home. I have tried to cheer him as much as I could. His wife never left him an instant. Miss Stevenson had left him a short time before my arrival, but came back when informed of his failing. His death was a very quiet, and, I dare say, unconscious one: his wife did not become aware of it for a time after his breath came no longer.

I hastened off as soon as possible, and sought some distraction among the collections of Boulogne, Milan, and Turin. It is a hard experience of advancing age, that we must see all those who were dear to us disappear, one after the other, at a period of life when we have no longer the required adaptiveness to form new friends.

Last summer, when at my chalet, at the occasion of the death of my friend Kiehler, with whom he had been staying some time, we decided together that we should write a kind of album dedicated to his memory, and in which all those assembled at Combe-Varia should take part. Mr. Parker promised two articles, one on the Teutonic Races, the other a fine irony upon the pretensions of some modern naturalists (of the Bridgewater school)—"A Bumble-Bee's Thoughts on the Plan and Purpose of Creation." The first was not written out, but the latter has just gone through the press. It is, therefore, Theodore Parker's last production, and will be the jewel of the album. I have given direction to the printer to send several copies to America. The publication of the album must, of course, be somewhat postponed, in order to enable

me to write a short notice of Mr. Parker. The album will now be called, *Ein Nachruf an Parker und Kiehler*.

Will not the scientific and literary bodies of the United States feel ashamed now, for the manner in which they have treated the man who, after a short time, will outweigh them all—the noblest specimen of American scholarship that ever lived? Had he lived but two months longer, I would have secured for him the Secular Doctorship at the Jubilee of the University of Basle, to be celebrated next month.

Lady Noel Byron.

When the only child of Sir Ralph and Lady Milbank was born, it would have been considered a strange prophecy if any seer had told how that infant should be in character simply a good and true woman, without genius or any remarkable intellectual qualities, without ambition or vanity, and that yet she should twice become an object of deep interest to the English people—her name on the tongues of millions, and her merits discussed, once with party heat, and again, after a lapse of more than forty years, with the warmth of well-grounded popular gratitude.

Such, however, has been the lot of that quiet, beneficent, true-hearted Englishwoman, Lady Noel Byron. Her life began with sunshine; then it was shaken by a fearful storm, which clouded the rest of her life; but she, sitting in the shade, sent a multitude into the sunshine, and patiently wore away the last two-thirds of her life in making others happier than she could be herself.

While everybody assumes to know Lady Byron's history, none but her intimate friends seem to have any notion of her character. The chief reason of this is that Lord Byron gave forth two irreconcilable accounts of it; one when he first lost her, and another when it suited him to set up a case of incompatibility of temper. The long tract of time over which she has passed since his death, would have settled the matter in all minds if Lady Byron had desired that it should. But she desired only quiet; and it is by her benefactions only that the chief part of her life has been recognized and will be remembered. Her childhood was spent for the most part at Seaham, in Durham, where Sir Ralph Milbank's estate was situated. She preserved such love for the place, up to her later years, that a pebble from its beach was an acceptable present to her. She was carefully reared, and, for the time in which she lived, well educated.

Mr. Moore and Lord Byron could have known but little of the education of girls at the opening of the century, and must have been bad judges of the minds and manners of sensible women, if they were sincere in their representations of Miss Milbank as a blue, as a mathematical prude, and so forth. Moore, who had no vigorous intellectual tastes, might have been sincere; and he no doubt was so in the plainness of his avowal that he "never liked her." Lord Byron knew better than he pretended. He knew that she was impulsive, affectionate, natural in her feelings and manners, when he first offered to her; and none knew so well as he what she proved herself to be capable of under trial—how passionately she loved him, and how devoted she would have been, through good and evil report, if he had made her companionship possible. When he first offered to her she was, in her girlishness, evidently taken by surprise. She refused him, but desired not to lose him as a friend. When he offered himself again she knew nothing (how should she?) of the profligate spirit in which the deed was done.

Moore's account, in his "Life of Byron," of the way in which the proposal was brought about, and the circumstances under which the letter was dispatched, was the first that most people knew about it. When that book came out, every one saw how wise and how good was the silence which the injured woman had preserved. Her enemies were then convicted on their own confession. To say nothing of what the women of England felt, there was not a man with an honest heart in his breast who did not burn with indignation over the shameless narrative of how the trusting, admiring, and innocent girl whom the poet had wooed before, was now made sport of among profligate jesters, and deliberately proposed as a sacrifice to the bare chances of the libertine's self-restraint. Her husband bore testimony, after the catastrophe, that a brighter being, a more sympathizing and agreeable companion, never blessed any man's home. When he afterwards called her cold and mathematical, and over-pious, and so forth, it was when public opinion had gone against him, and when he had discovered that her fidelity and mercy, her silence and magnanimity, might be relied on, so that he was at full liberty to make his part good, so far as she was concerned.

Since that time there have been many who have believed and said that no one person in England was doing so much good as Lady Byron. It was not done, as her husband gave out, by attending charity balls, or dispensing soup and blankets and maudlin sentiment. Among the multitude of ways in which she did good, the chief and the best was by instituting and encouraging popular education. We hear at present (and glad we are to hear it) much about the teaching of "common things;" but, years before such a process was publicly discussed, Lady Byron's schools were turning the children of the poorest into agriculturists, artisans, seamstresses, and good poor men's wives. She spent her income (such as her husband left of it) in fostering every sound educational scheme, and every germ of noble science and useful art, as well as in easing solitary hearts, and making many a desert place cheerful with the secret streams of her bounty.

There was a singular grace in the way in which she did these things. For one instance: a lady, impoverished by hopeless sickness, preferred poverty with a clear conscience to a competency under some uncertainty about the perfect rectitude of the resource. Lady Byron, hearing of the case, wrote to an intermediate person to say that the poor invalid could never be a subject of pity, as the poverty was voluntary, but that it seemed hard that the sufferer's benevolent feelings should be balked; and she had, therefore, ventured to place at her call in a certain bank £100 for benevolent purposes; and, in order to avoid all risk of unpleasant remarks, she had made the money payable to this intermediate correspondent. This was her way of cheering

the sick room; and the same spirit ran through all her transactions of beneficence.

No one could be more thoroughly liberal towards other people's persuasions, while duly valuing her own. No one could be further from pedantry, while eagerly and industriously inquiring after all new science and literature, in order to learn, and by no means to display. When we say, as we truly may, that her life was devoted, after family claims, to the silent promotion of public morality (without the slightest mixture of cant or dogmatism) of science, of education, of human, and especially of domestic, happiness, wherever she could confer her blessings, we may ask how a much-tried woman's life could be better spent? and, perhaps, how many women so tried could so have spent their lives? What domestic life might and should have been to her all must feel who saw her devotion to her daughter, not only in youth, but yet more in attendance on the slow dying of that one child, and even more still in her labors and sacrifices for her grand-children. It might have been said that she lived for them, if she had not, at the same time, been doing so much for the world beyond.

Those who are gifted with insight and with a true heart might also see by other tokens what domestic life might and should have been to her. They might see it in the countenance, so worn, while so calm, steady and thoughtful. They might see it in the wretched health which made her living from year to year a wonder even to her physicians; and in the restlessness which indisposed her to have a settled home, after the name of home had been so spoiled to her; and in the few and small peculiarities which told of strained affections and of irremediable loneliness in life. They might see it, too, in the love which she won and unconsciously commanded; and especially in the solace and the care which surrounded her in her decline, and the love and gratitude which watched by her pillow as her life ebbed away.

This one child of a happy home grew up almost unconscious of anything beyond it. In her youth she found herself suddenly the subject of the world's conversation, if not of the interest of all England; and she could not but know, when dying, that, notwithstanding her love of privacy, and the steadfast silence of a long life, she would be mourned from end to end of the kingdom, and that her death would create a sensation wherever our language is spoken, and referred to with tenderness in all future time, when popular education, and the power of woman to bless society with all gentle and quiet blessings, engage the attention of lovers of their kind.

She was born in 1792; married in January, 1814; returned to her father's house in 1816; and died on the 16th of May, 1860.—*London Daily News*.

SUBSTANTIAL BOOKS.

It is now quite customary to charge the age with an excessive fondness for light and chaffy literature, meaning by the phrase such books as are either comparatively worthless or positively pernicious to the mind. That certain classes of readers are open to this charge cannot be denied; but that the age itself is obnoxious to the reproach may be doubted. The more intelligent readers, cultivated men and women, students and scholars, if taken as a whole, read proportionably less of this style of literature than ever before. Books are now so multiplied in those departments of thought that interest them, and so many of these works are written in an attractive manner, that the inclination to enjoy light literature has very much diminished among them. The patrons of "trash," as it is called, are chiefly among the newer and younger class of readers. It is here the mischief is working, and will be likely to work, until a higher intellectual and moral culture is attained.

Substantial books are still largely read. The number of thinking readers is constantly increasing, and, we believe, is relatively gaining on the class of superficial readers. Any man who is much in society, knows that the interest in the abstracter modes of thought, in solid knowledge, in the philosophy of truth, is growing; and certain it is, that history, travel exploration, essays, and discussions, never were as popular as now. Publishers affirm that these books pay, and their revenues are the best proof that the public taste has not yet so degenerated as to reject wholesome diet. Just at this time we observe new announcements of Lord Bacon's Essays, and Bishop Butler's works; and judging from the editions of Sir William Hamilton's writings, as also those of Humboldt, Hugh Miller, Prescott, and other leading authors, we conclude that intelligent and scholarly intellect is numerically as well as influentially on the decided advance. One fact, moreover, is beyond question, namely: the religious portion of the community reads more and better books than formerly. On the whole, the literary spirit of the people is improving, and the times are propitious for good writers and good publishers. For some years the harvest on this field will be tares and wheat, but the wheat will make bread and the tares will not—a fact that common sense will one day appreciate.—*Exchange*.

The death of Schiller, which took place in his 46th year, is memorable as well as his birth. It well became him—the manner of his departure. When the inevitable hour came, he bade farewell to his family and friends, and when one asked him how he felt, his reply was: "Calm and calm." Once afterwards he exclaimed: "Many things are growing plain and clear to me." And then he fell asleep in the fullness of his fame. His death was felt, throughout Germany and Europe, to be a great public loss. "According to his own directions," says a German vate citizen; but several young artists and musicians took it from them. It was between midnight and one in the morning when they approached the churchyard. The overcast set down by the grave, the clouds suddenly parted, and the moon, coming forth in peaceful clearness, threw her first rays on the coffin of the departed. They lowered him into the grave, and the moon again retired behind her clouds. A fierce tempest of wind began to wail, as if it were reminding the bystanders of their great, irreparable loss.

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These two works have lain upon our table for several weeks, awaiting review. Both are deserving words of commendation for, at least, the earnestness of the attempts to answer that very difficult question—"What shall be sung at our spiritual and progressive meetings?" We should, however, be sorry to think either of them a final reply. There are peculiar difficulties attending the work of collecting and arranging words and music for Reformatory assemblages; and in order that they may be properly overcome, they must first be correctly understood.

It is vain to attempt to ignore the value of music as an element of religious worship. Want of attention to this single item has been the secret of the failure of many "free meetings."

The German people, from whom we may learn many lessons in simplicity of tastes and habits, and genuineness of social and devotional enjoyment, display a correct appreciation of the normal wants of human beings, in giving such prominence as they do to vocal and instrumental music in all their social gatherings; their Sunday meetings, quite generally, being simply "sacred concerts."

Were we to recommend a plan for small and feeble communities to pursue in establishing and maintaining successful Sunday meetings, we should say: Organize first a choir or glee club, secure, at whatever cost, good music and plenty of it for all occasions, and both speakers and hearers will not long be wanting. The most favorable opportunities for inculcating advanced spiritual truths may yet appear to be found in the lecture or concert room, in connection with dramatic or poetic readings and ballad singing.

It is not at all strange that "the public" fail to be attracted from the churches to spiritual meetings, when they are asked to forsake well-cushioned pews, a fine-toned organ, and well-disciplined choir, for bare and often uncomfortable benches, with no music at all, or faint and discordant efforts to sing a spiritual song "set" to an old orthodox tune. While we would scarcely recommend attempting to compete with the Catholic churches in providing professional singers and celebrated organists, we would impress the truth that Sunday meetings cannot be made permanently inviting and agreeable to that large class who attend chiefly for purposes of recreation and amusement, without the attraction of at least harmonious vocal music. If one-third of our spiritual lecturers were teachers and composers of music—inspired poets and singers, who could furnish real harmonious songs, with sweet, harmonizing, elevating melodies—the world would much sooner be brought out from the clouds of orthodoxy to enjoy the blessed light of reason and intuition.

No one can turn the pages of the old Watt's Hymn Book, without feeling that it is as essentially a sectarian compilation, as the Confession of Faith, or Articles of the Creed. Indeed so obnoxious to more advanced ideas have they become, that we find Universalists, Unitarians, and even Congregationalists, adopting new and improved editions, stripped of the objectionable features. The tunes, however, continue essentially the same, though slightly modified by the prevalence of more modern styles.

The lively exhilarating tunes introduced by Methodist congregations, rouse an enthusiasm to which other denominations are strangers, though it is but a temporary excitement, both words and music lacking that depth and fervor essential to produce a lasting impression. The modern style of music adopted by many fashionable church choirs may please critical "cultivated" ears, but it fails to reach the heart, and hence this also is wanting an important element for devotional singing.

We have been taught to regard a certain variety of music alone as "sacred," just as a given kind of history is called sacred, and another profane. As all true history is sacred, and all false records profane, so every correct harmonious expression of musical sentiment is sacred, and every false, harsh or discordant attempt at musical composition is profane. The relative value of a given description of music, of course depends upon the extent to which it elevates, harmonizes, and inspires the hearer.

In respect to words, we value only correct expression of true sentiment. Whatever conveys our best, highest thought, it is meet for us to sing when we seek devotional influences. We cannot believe it necessary to ring numberless changes upon a favorite idea or truth, accepting good, bad, or indifferent interpretations, because the sentiment designed to be conveyed is good; but rather would adopt as serviceable any and all songs which convey useful lessons, impart wholesome truths, kindle worthy emotions, or inspire lofty sentiments; whether they specially inculcate a religious truth, or contain "pious" words or not.

That good old song of the Hutchinsons,

"There is a good time coming," and other and later inspirations like "What I live for," "Only Waiting," "The world would be the better for it," or such so-called "sacred" pieces as "Where can the soul find rest?" and "Nearer to Thee," are to our mind—and we express only an individual opinion—better for circles or other meetings than far-fetched attempts at embodiments of spiritual or religious doctrines, in long, short, or common meter hymns! A song—both words and music—should be chosen for its entire influence, the general effect upon the listener, rather than for the theological character of the sentiment, or the strict meter of the tune.

There are an abundance of excellent songs stored away upon the shelves of publishers of sheet music, (not a few choice compositions could be found published by H. M. Higgins, of Chicago.) We very much need a new compilation and arrangement from these, of tender and plaintive ballads, lively and cheering songs, of sad and mournful airs, and inspiring lofty anthems, with all shades of musical expression (so far as is consistent with popular simplicity) fitted for all classes of minds and every variety of effect. Among these we would by no means ignore many Ethiopian melodies, so universally and deservedly popular.

The herculean task of selecting these, and with them, words expressive and promotive of our best modern ideas of freedom, progress and spiritual illumination, we hope yet to see successfully undertaken. Meanwhile, we should do injustice to valuable effort in the right direction, not to speak favorably of the two works at the head of this notice.

Psalm of Life comprises upwards of five hundred selections, all of which it would be absurd to presume are "choice," but among which may be found some of the best poetry of the age. That the music is generally "Psalm tunes," is probably owing simply to the fact that all the best of our music is inaccessible without infringing upon copyrights.

The Spirit Minstrel, recently much enlarged and improved, has perhaps more new music, though not covering a wide range in style, but the selection of words is limited, it being more especially devoted to the theme of spirit communion. For this purpose, the use of circles and Spiritualist meetings, the collection is unquestionably the best yet published.

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Departed: From Freeport, Ill., on the morning of Oct. 2d, at two o'clock, ERNEST JUDSON, infant son of Charles K. and Lucy I. Judson, aged five and a half months.

Scarcely a twelvemonth has passed since the bereaved parents parted with little Clarence, their eldest son, who also went in his early childhood to the home of immortal beauty.

From the fullness of his heart the sorrowing father writes us a private letter, from which, for the sake of others in affliction, we make brief extracts. He says: "They are gone—our two little boys—now our two angel boys; and again are Lucy, Lillie, and I, left to constitute our family circle. A few days ago, Lucy, while sitting in a window, fancied she saw Clarence and Ernest before her. Clarence beckoned Erny toward him, and, turning to his mother, seemed to say: 'I want Erny, mamma.' Lucy felt then that Ernest would leave us soon, and when he was attacked with this last illness she feared he would not survive it."

"So deeply was this sweet babe interwoven in all our thoughts, so rejoiced were we all with him, it seemed unbearable, almost, to lose him. Lucy at first felt so, but she now feels that 'all is well' and, though her heart is bleeding, she leans confidently on her faith in her two angels who have gone before, pure and spotless, and will welcome us three, all in our own good time, to that pleasant shore. Ernest had got so that he knew us all, and would jump and laugh, so sweetly, when we came near him. He had beautiful, large, blue, earnest eyes. Just before he was struck with death, he looked at me with his old look, perfectly natural, and as I talked to him he answered me as was his wont. It was his last little talk with any of us here. His next was in Spirit Land. Never shall that little talk fade from my memory."

CLARENCE AND ERNEST. Where the light is ever golden, Where the hills in beauty rise, Where the crystal fountains murmur Plaintive songs of Paradise— There have wandered our two darlings, Wandered where the angels stray, Through the portals of the morning They have passed to endless day.

When the night is falling darkly, And our sad hearts throb with pain; When we yearn with speechless anguish To behold our babes again, They, through all the azure distance, Winged with love will hasten back, From their blissful, summer Eden, To our dark and thorny track.

They will pour the angel sweetness Of their hearts upon our own, They will utter words of comfort When the world is drear and lone; And whene'er the still hour cometh, And the cares of earth retreat, We shall hear their low-breathed music And the tread of cherub feet.

M. F. D.

For the Herald of Progress.

Passed from Earth.

"Another hand is beckoning on, Another call is given; And glows once more, with angel steps, The path that leads to heaven."

In Pomfret, Chautauque Co., N. Y., Sept. 16, ZELLA LEONE, aged 3 months, only child of N. A. and L. A. D. Andrews.

Lyman C. Howe, an inspired teacher of immortal life, addressed the friends on this occasion in an eloquent manner. His teachings told that the little human bud just severed from the parent stem was not forever blighted, but only transplanted to a more congenial clime, where the light and dews of heaven would fall upon its opening petals. The last of his address was given in poetry especially adapted to the occasion, and consequently prompted by the moment. L.

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: In Laona, Chautauque Co., N. Y., Sept. 18th, JOSEPH KINGSLEY.

Though Mr. Kingsley was in the prime of life, yet consumption's withering hand was laid upon him, and he was powerless to resist its grasp. He was sustained in the hours of physical dissolution by a firm faith in a continued life beyond the grave. He passed patiently and calmly, amid the enveloping shadows of disease and feebleness, until life's flower-encircled door was at last opened to his weary spirit, and angels bade him enter upon the realities of immortal life.

Many friends, without distinction of creed or faith, assembled at the Free Church, in that place, to render their tribute of respect to the living and departed. They were addressed by Lyman C. Howe. Those who listened to his inspired and eloquent utterances, must have felt in their inmost souls that it was good to be there; that Spiritualism heralded a gospel of divine origin—a religion worthy to live by and to die by. At the close of the address, Mr. Kingsley announced his presence through the entranced speaker, and addressed a few words of cheering consolation to the assembled friends. L.

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.

JOHN PIERPONT will answer calls to lecture, addressed West Medford, Mass.

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

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

J. H. RANDALL, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at Carbondale, Penn.

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. S. L. CHAPPELL, inspirational speaker, will receive invitations to lecture addressed, Phoenix, N. Y.

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.

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

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.

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

JOHN MAYHEW, M.D., will answer calls to speak on the route from Minnesota to New York during the coming winter. Address, Wyoming, Chicago Co., Minn.

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.

MISS L. E. A. DeFORCE will speak at Grand Rapids, Mich., Oct. 17, 18, and 19; Milwaukee, Wis., 21 and 28; Racine, 23, 24, and 25; Lowell, Nov. 3 and 4; La Crosse, 10, 17, and 24. She will receive calls to lecture South during the winter. Address La Crosse, Wis.

F. L. WADSWORTH will speak at Providence, during October; Willimantic, 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.

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

MRS. H. M. MILLER will lecture during October at Penn Line, Linesville, and Lockport, Penn.; Nov. 4, Conneaut, Ohio. She will receive calls to lecture inspirationally in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. Address, Ashtabula, Ohio.

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.

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.

MRS. S. E. WARNER'S post-office address for the month of October will be "Kenia, 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, Painesville, Ohio.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture at Toledo, Ohio, Oct. 21st and 28th. Lyons, Mich., through November. Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2d and 9th. Beloit, Wis., 16th. Janesville, Wis., 23d and 30th. Milwaukee, Wis., through January. 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.

Miscellaneous.

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MISS S. J. IRISH, Rapping Test Medium and Clairvoyant Physician, No. 290 W. 19th Street, near 9th Avenue, New York. Public Circles every Wednesday evening. Admission 25 cents. tf

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ORRIN ABBOTT, a Healing Medium, under whose hand flesh becomes numb and pain ceases, will receive patients at 421 Sixth Avenue, N. Y., from 9 to 12 A. M., or visit them P. M., Sundays excepted. If any are not benefited, he will expect no benefit in return. 27tf

MRS. ABBOTT, a developing medium, will receive calls at 421 Sixth Avenue, N. Y., from 2 to 5 P. M., Sundays excepted. By laying on her hands, persons soon become influenced, and a few sittings develop them to their various gifts.

MRS. GRACE L. BEAN, CLAIRVOYANT AND TEST MEDIUM, from Boston, is stopping for a few days at the Smithsonian, room 146. Hours from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M., and from 4 to 9 P. M. Terms \$1.00 per hour.

WANTED.—A young American widow desires a situation as housekeeper. References ample. Address Mrs. Emma White, 144 Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn. 33-36

WANTED.—The address of Miss Bennett, who married E. C. Z. Judson, or that of her brother. Any person forwarding the same to this office will be liberally compensated. 33-38*

MR. J. V. MANSFIELD.

This distinguished Writing Test Medium for answering sealed letters may be addressed at Chelsea, Massachusetts, Box 60. His fee is three dollars and four postage stamps. Persons wishing his services will please not write any superscription on the letter they desire the spirits to answer, but seal it so that it cannot be disturbed or tampered with without detection. The answer and the sealed letter will be both promptly forwarded to the writer. 32

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