

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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[WHOLE No. 54.]

### TO WRITERS AND READERS.

A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will expire with the next number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

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 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."

MARY P. T., PARKMAN, O.—The reception of your paper on "Natural Progress" is hereby acknowledged.

SIMPLEX, MASS.—Our space will probably soon admit the article on "The True Grounds of Shakerism." We mail copies of the HERALD OF PROGRESS to the Shaker Society at New Lebanon.

J. K. B., SUTTON, N. H.—We think that the communication which you forwarded to us for publication, would accomplish more good if mailed privately to Mrs. J. B., North Elba, N. Y.

C. R. A., TAUNTON.—There's something in the aural emanations of your fraternal note which reminds us of Peter's angel when at the prison gates—a power of deliverance just at hand, full of human love and of strength toward you, yet not quite seen nor experienced.

JOSEPHINE E., LEHMAN, G.—The dream was a beautiful one. I have been one who, living in the Summer Land, where all things are beautiful to the pure in heart, sees a storm cloud in your nearing future. You have only to stand fearlessly and hopefully as it approaches, and you will receive no injury.

"IS H. MELVILLE FAY A MEDIUM?" ANSWER: We do not know, but we have recently heard that Wm. H. Fay is a genuine medium, and that H. M. P. is not. As this position has been strongly taken and urged by a correspondent, we consider the subject an open question, and await further evidence.

SOL. M., NOBLEVILLE, IND.—The hieroglyphic letter, written by a medium "with closed eyes," contains only two sentences intelligible: 1st, "Do not bar up the hospitable door." 2d, "Lazarus is wandering over the prairie." What these sentences apply to is not clear to us. Do you know?

J. A. HEINSHOH AND DR. G. LANGSDORFF.—We shall watch with lively interest the progress of your deliberative investigations. That Spiritualism and Science are not contradictory, is daily becoming more apparent to the American mind. The same discovery will be made ere long in France, England, and Germany.

JAMES N. S., ST. LOUIS.—On reflection we have concluded to decline your defense of the "Harmony Springs" theoretic leaders. We can see no good to come of further explanations. It should be remembered that our journal went forth with lengthy statements favorable to the parties, and explanatory of their internal habits and economies, long prior to the publication of any unfriendly criticisms.

"MRS. E. E. B., B. B." BROAD CREEK.—Let your approaches to the presence of the Spirit World be always at stated times of the day or evening. Never protract the interview beyond an hour. Be completely and symmetrically harmonious and honorable in your dealings with your celestial visitors. Any other course will ultimate in confusion and disappointment.

HENRY S., OF BEAVER CREEK, IND., writes a friendly word, as follows:  
"BROTHER DAVIS: I see some of your correspondents complain of your paper not dealing in the marvelous sufficiently. My experience is the reverse. I surely have failed to get several subscribers for you on account of the superabundant marvellousness. But to the minds of your subscribers and readers, within my knowledge, your paper is just the thing."

"SPIRITOSCOPES."—Many communications have reached us in regard to the mechanical construction of the "Spiritoscopes" used by our friend Dr. A. Harlow, of Chagrin Falls, O. We have not given much attention to the form and utility of this instrument, and would therefore suggest the propriety of addressing the Doctor himself on the subject. He will unquestionably treat his correspondents to prompt and truthful responses.

J. W. M., LA FAYETTE, IND.—We'll whisper not of thy disadvantages; not of thy destiny. We iterate the words of an angel whispered to one like unto thee: "All a Delly bath crowned thee with, restore to him. Of his love thou hast partaken. Of his joy thou hast shared. Restore to him, with tenfold usury, each talent he has given. Oh, bring not to his sacred altar an empty life. Train high each faculty he has endowed thee with; culture it to the highest point of thy capacity!"

S. W. L., KY.—Let not the tricks and frauds of priests and politicians unsettle your faith in mankind. Self-conquest would, of necessity, increase your faith in others. The walls of Freedom's temple must be erected without the sound of the hammer, and you can prepare material for the edifice by every well-directed "Address" to the people about you. Therefore, Brother,—  
— "Do thy work; it shall succeed  
— In thine or in another's day;  
— And, if denied the victor's meed,  
— Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay."

A. B. F., CLYDE, O.—You are not in our debt. We acknowledge thy spontaneous service. The spiritual might of true friends, like the flow of everlasting truth, turns the wheels of Progress! May you and your collaborer wield the sickle of Reason in the ripened fields of universal truth. Gather sheaves of wheat wherever you go, thresh and grind their berries in the mill of honest Reflection; then freely give the elements of "the bread of life" to the dwellers of every theological Kansas through which you pass. As it is more blessed "to give than to receive," so you may expect that the benighted and fed will reward you with abundant gratitude, emphasized by only a little gold.

CONNECTICUT.—We have read your words of "Self." You are one of the fortunate. Many have "committed the crime" of permitting a husband to go to California. Poor, whispering tremblers! are they who inhabit the bleak and bare creeds of Old Theology. Lift up thy voice in the wilderness of Ignorance; for the evil days, long foretold, have come upon the people; and it is high time for the strong to help the weak, and for the inspired builders of the NEW to teach those who dwell in the dark, sad homes of error and misdirection. Sister! lift up thy voice, and let its accents be melodious with the springtime of spiritual truth.

A SUBSCRIBER, residing in Michigan, writing to renew subscription for another year, says:—"We are rather of the Abolition persuasion, and like the firm stand taken by the HERALD OF PROGRESS on the Slavery question—only not quite enough of the right principle!"

ANSWER: The world is too prone to worship the Age of Moses. We feel more happy and at home in the Age of Love, whose eternal guardian angel is Wisdom. In order to "fight the good fight," we must employ the best of weapons with all our heart, and mind, and strength. We floundered to the inspired through the conditions!

W. T. K., ("INQUIRE,") DAVENPORT.—"MR. EDITOR: In No 22 of your paper is an engraving of a dial or suspension plate, for the purpose of obtaining communications. A handle is placed at the top. QUERY: Of what use is this handle?"

ANSWER: The handle at the top of the engraving was a mistake of the artist. The original diagram sent us by the Lancaster Circle had a slight flourish of the pen, which misled the engraver. The suspension dial is fastened at the top simply by a string. Mediums best adapted to this kind of communication are classed as "Automatic," "Motive," "Tipping," &c. Some cases of the "Impressional" type are also gifted at the dial.

SIMON T., OF GREENSBURG, IND., writes in connection with the article of that corner of the vineyard. From his private letter we take the liberty to extract a few words: "I have lived to be called 'an old man,' but find that I am only a child. Hereditary darkness has been driven from my path. And a channel to the fountain of Light and Love, and to those thoughts forever lost, has been opened to me. Among the loved departed are two beautiful children, who bring me sweet tidings from their heavenly home! Besides all this, our neighbors are fast opening their eyes to the light. They begin to move with us in the search for Truth. Our Spiritual meetings are better attended this winter than ever before. Our last public meeting (Jan. 13) was crowded to overflowing. Two discourses were delivered through the trance-mediumship of Mrs. Howard, of Indianapolis. Subject of morning discourse: 'Does man live after death?' evening: 'Nature.' Both subjects were sublimely treated, and gave us a foretaste of the good time coming!"

### MY MOTHER.

BY WATSON.

While Hope's bright flickering star before  
Points onward to the heavenly shore,  
And with its witching ray inspires  
A faith in all that love desires,  
Doubt takes a cautious look behind,  
As if some passed by joy to find,  
Across the years there shines a star,  
That sheds a purer light by far;  
At dawning life it hovered near,  
And kept my infant heart from fear;  
Its purest beams of love were shed  
Around my little cradle bed,  
And as my mind began to form,  
It sheltered me from every storm;  
Through all life's doubtful, devious way,  
Has been my guide and constant stay,  
And in maturer years, more bright  
It sheds its golden rays of light.  
Oh, mother! canst thou ever know  
The love thy son would fain bestow?  
Can I thy priceless love repay,  
Thy toll through many a weary day,  
Or can I shed a ray of light  
Upon the gathering clouds of night?  
Let me but wipe the falling tear,  
And soothe thine every care and fear,  
And guide thee with a gentle hand,  
Up to the happy spirit land.  
Nay, listen to the words of cheer—  
Thy angel friends are waiting near,  
To lead thee to that home above,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;  
Nor wilt thou then forsake us here,  
But often, often linger near,  
And guide us as in days of old,  
Up to our Heavenly Father's fold.

### The Physician.

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

### Spring Time Diseases.

WHAT TO EAT AND DRINK.

BY A. J. D.

We are about to emerge from the Winter months into the terrestrial thawings and atmospheric changefulness of the coming Spring. The eccentric action of this peculiar season upon the fluids and solids of the body, is irregular and disease-generating. Dense fluids descend from the brain and lungs, and disperse through the lower viscera—laying the foundation for various stomach, membranous, and liver disorders, resulting in obstructions, diarrhoea, congestions, and inflammations. Meanwhile the lighter and rarer fluids ascend from the bowels and liver, and diffuse themselves through the solids and nerves of the throat, face, and brain. These current and vital changes occur in every human body, just as surely as the upward flow of sap in trees, at the very beginning of the Spring months. In the perilous passage between Winter and Spring more children get sick, and more adult invalids depart for the next Sphere before they should, than during any other season of the year.

PREVENTIONS AND REMEDIES: May holy angels throw their strong, white arms around the multitudinous little ones of earth; and may the understandings of all parents be opened to the true ways of life and health. Especially do we pray for the protection and conservation of the diseased, the suffering, the famishing, and the unhappy. Let them organize themselves into systematic, thorough-going, wide-awake defenses against the approaches and invasions of the ruffian Gen. De Bility. Each human being is provided by the Father and Mother with ample constitutional means of resistance. Whole troops of Vital Forces are sent in every visceral organ of the body; indeed, it is literally true to say that every organ—from the top of the head to the depth of the abdomen—is naturally an impregnable fortification.

Incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that man's body is a strong tower of defense, a fort of marvellous construction, which no atmospheric changes can affect or touch, if the proprietor but understood the shielding power and vast sweep of the Invisible Will. Faith, knowledge, imagination, affection, intuition, and fidelity, enter as ingredients into the composition of WILL. It is not what phrenologists term Firmness, it is not a sort of jockassical principle of stubbornness in the mental constitution—not a "will" and a "won't" propensity—quite otherwise; by Will we mean the concentrated whole-heartedness of the brain and soul-life flowing like sunlight within the blood to any desired part of the physical economy, distributing the fertilizations of sublime health and strength through every crevice and tissue and nerve of the dependent frame.

We admonish each of all our readers to put forth this regenerating, this anti-suicidal, this immortal energy of the internal Spring. The Spring is about to burst upon you with all its varied terrestrial and atmospheric characteristics; with its fickleness of sunlight, hesitancy of temperatures, and with its changefulness of electrical and magnetic currents. Go forth, then—armed with well-balanced manhood! Like a strong, well-formed, beautiful woman go forth lovingly to greet and cheer on the Spring; do not remain in the house all day, whether sick or well, but walk forth panoplied with the WILL power, and thank the universal God of Nature that in him you "live, and move, and have a being." Be always very thankful; let your face shine with gladness; your cheeks blush with youthful vigor (although the record may be that you are more than sixty years old); and the host of overseeing intelligences will drop a "new lease upon life" in your heart, which will then steadily beat against your bosom as the nearest friend you have.

Do not get a "bad cold;" do not permit yourself to cough; do not get the habit of taking on rheumatic pains. All these ailments may be prevented. Bathe your feet in cold water before walking; keep them protected against the dampness of the ground; breathe deeply while walking, allowing the breath to escape only through your nostrils; swing your arms, firmly shutting and opening your hands occasionally; be strong and energetic, not flexible as India rubber, in putting forth muscular effort; get honestly warm and generally fatigued—earn and deserve your weariness—then, on returning to thy habitation, go into thy chamber, lock the door against every external intruder, and resign thyself to the nourishment of slumber. Nature will faithfully awaken you at the right

moment: then, whether sleepy and rested or not, arise and resume the business of the hour.

During Spring months it is better to eat almost no meat. Whether sick or well, this counsel is applicable to you. Eat various kinds of simple puddings for dinner; only one compound, with bread and butter, at any meal. Farmers and merchants, mothers and children—each and all, better keep "Lent"—and grow healthy by fasting in the early Spring months. The following is a good dinner for two days of each week: "Take half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of potatoes, boiled, quarter pound of fat, chopped fine, two eggs, well beaten. Mix with milk, and boil three hours." A large family of course, would require a larger pudding than these proportions indicate.

Abolish the demon, "coffee." Don't spend another copper to obtain this copper-colored enemy of lung, liver, stomach, bowels, throat, brain, and reproduction. Nature will allow you to use black tea not too strong; never oftener than twice a day, seldom at night. Let all families manufacture a beverage for Spring drinking; to be used at any time, even at meals, instead of warm drinks, ale or porter; for it will give a healthy fluidity to the blood before warm weather, open the bowels moderately, and assist the feeblest digestion.

A SPRING BEVERAGE.—Six ounces of sassa-parilla, four ounces of liquorice, two ounces of wild cherry bark, and one table-spoonful of each cinnamon and red pepper. Boil in two gallons of rain water until the quantity is about half reduced. Let children and adults drink a wine-glass of this whenever thirsty. Do not sweeten it much; nor allow yourself or little ones to indulge in sweets.

Better eat an orange before breakfast than at any other time during the day. Give your children oranges without the pulp or seeds. They cannot easily eat too many oranges in the Spring. They contain very rare properties of strength to the sick and debilitated. Dyspeptics would do well to walk before breakfast, and eat a couple of oranges breathing as above directed in the meantime. Consumptive and bilious persons may obtain much relief from the free use of oranges anywhere between early rising and the second meal. Let every reader of the HERALD OF PROGRESS give evidence of the glorious faith that is within him.

### Exhausted Primates.

FEEDING MAN WITH MINERALS.

Our esteemed Philadelphia correspondent sends us the following curious diagnosis, which he received from a medical practitioner, who resides not far from the "hub of the universe." The correspondent, writing for information on some obscure point of the diagnosis, says:

"Some six weeks ago a person, in Boston, had a flaming advertisement representing himself as being able to cure very difficult cases of disease pertaining to males and females. I wrote to him and stated my case in full. I will give you some extracts from his letter, viz: 'Cold water never alone could cure you, for you, as well as all other human beings, are compounded of some seventy-five primates, one or more of which has become exhausted, and therefore must be restored before you can regain perfect health. In your case the absent primates appear to be 1st, Lime; 2d, Manganese; 3d, Phosphorus; 4th, Iron; restore these to the system (after treating the chronic inflammation of the parts involved,) and you must get well at once.' He then describes the treatment which is necessary, and adds, 'this will cure you perfectly, just as surely as that one and one makes two.' I did not try this treatment, as his charge for furnishing the medicines was fifty dollars."

Our correspondent wants us to answer many questions concerning this doctrine of the "primates"—whether they consist of metals, salts, &c.—and wants to know whether man must take "cordials," etc., in order to keep his "primates" in sufficient quantity and equilibrium.

### OUR ANSWER.

The learned words at the head of this article contain considerable intelligence when applied to soils or plants; but they mean absolutely nothing, when applied to the constituents of the constitution of man. The diagnosis above given is without foundation in Nature. It is simply unsound and ridiculous in the eyes of Science; but the theory is dangerous to the public, who know little of the chemistry of human existence.

All substances in the world are composed of sixty-four (not seventy-five) simples, called "primaries," because we first find them in rocks. These rocks, by means of pulverization during the labor and lapse of ages, result in soils. From these soils vegetables are unfolded, which lift up and still more perfect and refine the "primaries," until they be-

come sufficiently attenuated and potentialized to unfold and sustain the organization of animals. Man's constitution is a reservoir for all the ultimates of rocks, soils, vegetables, and animals. He does not exist nor subsist on the primaries. The basic elements are first taken up by the lower orders of plants; they progress through all the ascending grades of vegetable bodies, till they form part of the air, and water, and food of animals; and, still passing gradually upward, they (the primaries) ultimate in the human organism. Man, therefore, is composed of ultimates; not of crude "primates."

In view of this truth how shallow, not to say mischievous, is the above diagnosis! The patient must take medicine compounded of gross and indigestible primaries! Rocks, metals, earthy matters, must be dissolved or mixed with liquor and syrup, and then spooned out to the unfortunate victim! Chemistry of itself will expose the fallacy. The higher orders of plants will not appropriate the crude properties of the sixty-four simples. It is necessary to feed plants with manures of other plants, or with fertilizers that have been refined by passing hundreds and hundreds of times through the life-processes of lower orders of animals. For this reason our intelligent farmers and horticulturists find valuable manures in fish, in pulverized bones of animals, and in lime composed of the infusorial remains of departed ages.

The truth, then, is precisely and unmistakably this: Man's body is compounded of ultimates (which were once contained in the primaries), and it is therefore impossible to strengthen him, or to cure his maladies, by dosing him with crudities and mineral masses; for these all are foreign, incompatible, and consequently disadvantageous, if not poisonous, to his physical and spiritual constitution. If our correspondent will from this hour obey the simple laws of life and health—as to diet, sleeping, drinking, exercise, breathing, willing, and magnetism—he will find all deficiencies of his body, even the evils of transgressed laws, gradually supplied and transformed to good. "Throw physic to the dogs," scorn the chicanery of advertising pretenders, and at once set up for yourself. This prescription will cure you as certainly as that "two and two make four," and our fee is not fifty dollars!

For the Herald of Progress.

### An Assault on Medication.

Whenever in the human organism the currents of vital electricity are stopped, or this electricity is thrown out of equilibrium, by any cause whatever, there is pain, discord, disease. Restore this equilibrium, cause the vital currents to flow anew, and the disease is cured.

Human electricity, or vitality, or the nervous fluid, (no matter what name you give to that something) is a product peculiar to the human organism. I hold that every living body develops electrical emanations peculiar to itself; the higher its station on the scale of development, the more refined these exhalations. The human body is the most developed, most refined organism, on our earth, and so its vital electricity must be the most refined fluid developed by earthly bodies. Suppose in some part of such an organism the two electricities, positive and negative, are thrown out of equilibrium, or the currents refuse to flow aright, will something grosser, inferior, be able to restore harmony? I cannot believe in this. Not one kind of medicine is up to the standard of the human organism, so I doubt the healing powers of them all.

There is a patient sick with chlorosis. The chemist and physiologist tell us his blood contains not enough iron. What's to be done? Of course feed him on Peruvian syrup, or any other preparation containing a large amount of iron. 'Tis clear as daylight, this will remedy the deficiency. Or there is a consumptive patient. Physiologists, if I don't mistake, have found his organism to be lacking in phosphorus matter. There is phosphorus enough in the world—give him hypophosphates. But stop a little! On what did those patients live? I imagine on pretty nearly the same aliments that kept other persons in good health. It seems, then, these latter found iron and phosphorus enough in the same nutriment that did not provide the former with those elements. Where then is the deficiency, in the patient or in the food? Those patients had not the power to assimilate the iron and phosphorus offered to them in their food. Reinvigorate this appropriating power and the patient is cured; without this, all the phosphorus and iron in the world are of no use to him, and to feed him on it would be much like pasturing a muzzled ox in a luxuriant meadow. The very same process of reasoning applies to all so-called nutritive medicines.

There is another class of medical remedies (quinine, calomel, and the like.) that will kill diseases, or at least their symptoms, but always, also, a large portion of the patient's vitality. There is no curing, only killing.

But I am reminded that medicines did and do yet effect cures. Well, let us look a little behind the curtain. Can any drug doctor's medicines affect a patient favorably, unless the latter have implicit confidence in his doctor? The same medicine from one physician for! The same medicine where it fails to do so if will cure a disease where it fails to do so if administered by another one. Where, in such a case, lies the curative power—in the medicine, the doctor, or the patient? I believe it is in the last, and the former two are but the crutches for the patient's pneumatic powers.

Hippocrates discovered reliable remedies for many diseases. These are the same yet, are the remedies so? No; it seems as if every generation wanted its own peculiar specific for the same complaint. No sooner has a chemist discovered some new poison than the M. D. is after it for experiments on the human organism. They must have new specifics; the old ones have had their run. So will it be with the new. First there are some eminent cures (whether owing to the patient's or the medicine's healing powers, I leave undecided here); the medicine continues to cure as long as doctor and patients retain confidence in it. But failures will come; some patients' vital forces being no match for their diseases and the drugs combined, the confidence in the old medicine decays, a new one is introduced, praised, doubted, and abandoned in its turn. So it has been for centuries past, and so it will be, as long as men will try to cure something superior by an inferior agent.

Hydropathic and steam treatment call out the vital energies of the sick to increased reaction, but there is no healing power in water and steam themselves. And if the patient's vital energies are already too debilitated to produce an energetic reaction, then it becomes the magnetizer's task to throw on more magnetism, or vital force; this is the only remedy than can be given which is up to the plane of the patient's organism.

Every good physician is of a positive disposition, and cannot approach the sick bed without establishing a mutual interchange of vital electricity between himself and the patient; there is real material assistance to the struggling vital energies of the patient. And how often may you hear of some physicians, "He is a very good doctor, only it's a pity he drinks so much, but he makes his best cures when he is drunk." Does he cure because the liquor illuminates his intellect, or because it arouses his vital energies to a high pitch, and causes the superabundance to flow over on the patient? I am in favor of the latter hypothesis.

Respectfully,

H. STUEBE.

A Bottle of Bliss.

OPIMUM EATING BY DOESTICKS.

[In the last Sunday Mercury we found the following extraordinary delineations of "Opium Eating," which we print for the benefit of the *Hasheesh* portion of the community. Mr. Doesticks, P. B., says:]

When you can purchase a temporary heaven for sixpence a fluid ounce, and buy a bottle of bliss for half a dollar that shall last you a week, what is the use of living a life of rigid morality, of toiling through long years of ascetic self denial to win a doubtful paradise beyond Geenwood? Hear ye, and listen: Whenever you observe on a street corner the glaring lamps and colored lights intended to denote to the world that a druggist there hangs out, be sure that in that savory shop you may buy the key to the realm of pleasant dreams and ineffable self-satisfaction, cheap for cash.

Heaven is for sale, and Bliss on draught to order. To be sure, you get such an after-taste of bitterness, such a thorough saturation of all imaginable mental torture, that you'll wish you hadn't been quite so premature in your reachings after the highest mortal happiness. You will be quite ready to remark, that if such a Hell is the price of Heaven, you prefer to remain a mortal of ordinary sensations, and forego the heavenly bliss, and so be excused the pangs of hell until you've settled that little account with Nature, got a receipt in full from old Grim Death, and have no more to say about it.

Need I say that I mean opium, in the form of laudanum? Bliss, disguised as bitter nastiness.

Dampfoot, whose experiences in the South of late have given excuse for him to take to drinking, or to any other expedient that promised an hour's forgetfulness from the unpleasantness of his real situations, has written me a glowing letter about the amount of cheap bliss to be found in the extracts of that sweet-scented flower, the poppy.

Thought I'd try it—thought of De Quincey, the laudanum drinker; of Ludlow, the *hasheesh* eater; and made up my mind that I would try the experiment, which in their cases, to say nothing of Dampfoot, resulted in such peculiar developments. Didn't know exactly how to get the necessary amount of the drug into me—knew that too much would get me into a sleep to which that Rip Van Winkle would be but a short nap, and that too little would simply make me sick—went and looked at some opium—it resembled book-binder's paste colored a nasty black—didn't know how much to take—thought I'd get half a dozen lumps, each big as an egg, make them into a stew and eat the stew.

Thought I wouldn't. Thought I'd get a huge pipe and smoke all day, but found that I couldn't probably dispose of more than half a pound in ten hours. So I thought I wouldn't.

Then I thought I'd buy a couple of sandwiches, spread them thick with opium, like French macaroni, and eat them for lunch.

Thought I wouldn't.

Thought I'd swallow a pint or so of opium pills.

Thought I wouldn't.

Then thought I'd take my allowance in laudanum—bought it—paid for it—swallowed it—no matter how much—not a gallon—no even a quart—not more than a pint, if even so much as that. Lay down on the sofa to enjoy the blissful effects.

Well, the blissful effects began to come along in the course of half an hour. First I was rich: had twenty thousand dollars in the bank; had a good many valuable houses in the city; owned half the N. Y. Central Railroad, and had so much prairie-land in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, that I couldn't run from one end of it to the other in two days on a lightning-express train. Then I had a wife—in fact, two wives—and in twenty minutes I had twenty wives—all beautiful, accomplished, and affectionate. Then I was a hero: had just returned from war, after killing eighteen thousand men, and was receiving due honors. Then the *Sunday Mercury* had raised my salary to three hundred dollars a week, and just sent in their check for five weeks' back salary. Then I had more wives—thirty more—handsomer than the first ones, and richer. Then I was a patriot: I had just returned from Washington, after assassinating James Buchanan, and was receiving the plaudits of a grateful nation therefor. Then somebody had died and left me more property, and I was a charitable benefactor, and was relieving the wants of all the poor folks in the city, giving every man three barrels of pork, nine bags of flour, thirty-six bushels of potatoes, and a red cart and gray jackass to drag them home for him.

Then the *Sunday Mercury* had raised my salary to a thousand dollars a week, and was paying me three months' salary in advance. Then I was a hero again—of another variety this time: I had just saved a thousand lives or so, and the city was in delight about me. Then I had more wives—lovelier than before and richer—each one with her pocket full of seed pearls, and three pecks of diamonds stitched into her petticoats. Then I was king, and was bossing everything and every body to my heart's content, and theirs. Then all my wives had large families that I hadn't seen before—all boys, and all soldiers, and all generals; then they were all politicians, and all Presidents of Republics; then they were all editors; then all merchants; then all clergymen, and all Beechers—but, whatever they were, I was the father of them all, and they numbered a hundred, then a thousand, then ten thousand. Then the *Sunday Mercury* had raised my salary; it was now forty thousand dollars a week—stationary found and gas-bills paid for me—and the proprietors had just sent me round two years' pay in advance, in gold, and six draymen were dumping it into the coal-hole by the cart-load.

Then I began to be more extravagant, and undergo various metamorphoses. First I was a freezer of vanilla ice-cream; then I was a gold fish; then I was a baby, with a hundred interested and enthusiastic relations; then I was a Christmas tree; then I was a balloon bound straight for the moon, and with gas enough to carry me there, and with letters of introduction to the Man in that interesting planet; then I was a sixteen pound trout, and Barnum had bought me for a thousand dollars; then I was a clipper ship, the pride of the country; then I was Page's Venus; then I was a canary bird, with five extra notes to my palate; then I became a flying-fish; then I became a shark, and swallowed the flying-fish I just had been; then I changed into a sailor, and speared the shark that I was a minute before; then I became the boatswain, and flogged the sailor who had speared me as a shark; then I was a slung-shot, and caved in the head of the boatswain who had flogged me when I was a sailor; then I was a policeman, who melted down the slung-shot; then I was a Police Commissioner, and broke the policeman; then I became the people, and elected a new Commissioner; then, as the people, I got myself into an election-riot; then I changed into the military, and artilleryed myself as the people, and bayoneted myself, and charged on myself, and dispersed myself; then I was suddenly metamorphosed into a huge buckwheat cake, and was delicately browned on the griddle, and my arteries and veins, the sweetest and purest butter, then I was floated in the clearest and most transparently beautiful maple molasses—which is the highest and best fate of a buckwheat cake; then I changed again, and the *Mercury* had put up my salary to five thousand dollars per week for four days, and had just sent sent in a blank check for me to fill out for any number of years in advance—my twenty thousand sons had grown up to be the best and noblest of men, and held the leading positions everywhere in the country; then I was about to be mayor of the city, had it not been for a crowd of determined citizens, who had resolved that I should be Governor of the State; and I was rescued from this last thing by another crowd, who had all voted for me for the President of the United States; and I had just given my consent to fill that responsible post to the best of my ability, when I was forcibly seized by an army of our first families and our best society, and compelled to accede to their demand to act as Dictator of all North America; but before I had a chance to fairly say "Yes" to this proposition, I found myself declared Conqueror of the World, and was being invested with royal robes and things.

From this time things began to go by contraries. I wasn't so rich as I had been—I wasn't rich at all; in fact, I was a beggar—I hadn't twenty thousand sons; I hadn't any sons, only one, and he was in the Penitentiary for stealing a spavined gray mare and a buckskin bridle. I wasn't a conqueror; I wasn't a governor; I wasn't anybody; I hadn't saved anybody; I hadn't killed anybody; I didn't have any maple molasses on me, nor any buckwheat cake at all; but I was a screw-steamer with 700 passengers, and all of them sea-sick at once; then I was a pig, with my throat cut; then I was the What-is-it? then I was myself, with my salary stopped and my work doubled; then I was a slice of bread, and preserved all the feelings of a man while I was toasted very brown on both sides; then

I was a sausage, and was fried; then I was an eel, and was first speared, then skinned alive, then stewed, and then eaten.

Then I was a turkey, and was roasted; then I was an oyster, and was salted and peppered, and vinegared, and Worcestershire-sauced, and devoured alive on the half-shell.

Then I was myself, and was asleep, and had six anvils on my breast and two fellows forging lumber wagon tires on each anvil; then the anvils changed to billiard balls, and Benjamin Phelan was playing a match game on it; then there was a three story house on my chest, a tenement house at that, and a row in every room; then my head was a carpenter's shop, with a turning-lathe in one corner; and for the last three hours of my laudanum sleep (for I fell asleep after two hours of bliss) I thought my skull was a steam boiler for a side-wheel steamboat and that thirty-four men, half inside the boiler and half out, were engaged in setting the last rivets. To accomplish this feat, I imagined that they drilled holes through the bone with a cold-chisel, heated the rivets red-hot, and clenched them on both sides with seventeen-pound sledge-hammers.

For the last half-hour, I suppose it was, but which really seemed like six weeks, I thought I had made the acquaintance of his Honor, Satan, and that he was favoring me with his devoted personal attentions, and had taken off my scalp, battered the top of my head, run a pitchfork through my body, and was toasting me like a muffin.

That was the last of my experience of opium-eating; the first part of it was delicious, blissful, was heavenly; but the last three hours—well, words are of no use.

Dampfoot and his friends may go on—may continue eating opium, or drinking laudanum; but as for me, I shall never try it again till I reach that pitch of insanity when I shall be willing to risk my mother's Bible on a horse-race, or bet my eternal salvation that I can go clean over the moon at one jump, or that I can walk across the Pacific ocean under water, without coming to the top to take breath.

Laws and Systems.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Letter from a Native of the North.

CHAGRIN FALLS, O., JAN., 1861.

A. J. DAVIS, SIR: In the HERALD OF PROGRESS of January 19th (No. 48), is a letter from a "Native of the South," which appears to have been written in a spirit of candor which we seldom see exhibited by those who enter upon the discussion of our present political difficulties. Will you allow a Native of the North to offer a few remarks in answer, through the medium of your columns?

I was born and lived until I was sixteen years of age, in a slaveholding State, and I can now, from memory, count more than fifty slaves owned in the same township (Seneca, Ontario Co., N. Y.) and within less than three miles of my father's house. After I had obtained what was called a sufficient knowledge of a profession, I was admitted to all the rights of citizenship in the State of Alabama, and resided there for six years; not in the cities, but in the country, following a profession which necessarily brought me into an intimate acquaintance with all classes of her citizens, and made it necessary that I should visit their negro quarters at all hours of the day and night. I have also spent a large amount of time among the non-slaveholding population, (the cow drivers of the long-leaf pine woods), and have listened to their anecdotes of life among the Win-grass Georgians, the Whorth Pond South Carolinians, and the condition of the slave owner and his slaves, on the rice-plantations of the last two States. Now, allow me to say, that although there may be persons at the North whose prejudices against the "Peculiar Institution" arise from their ignorance of the character of the "African Race," I think I ought not to be classed among them. My prejudices have nothing to do with races, but my aversion is produced by as intimate a knowledge of the effects of that Institution, as my power and opportunity of observation admit of. Allow me, then, to state the facts which have given me this aversion.

1st. Its requirements are contrary to the Constitution of the United States, inasmuch as the freedom of speech and of the press is, and must be, abridged in States where the Institution exists. (Vide Art. I, Amendment to the Constitution.) In Alabama it is a penal offense to speak publicly, either for or against it.

2d. The right of the people to be secure in their houses, papers and effects is violated in almost all the Slave States, not by statute it is true, but by the acts of mobs, in order that the Institution may not be endangered. (Vide Art. IV, Amendment Constitution of United States.)

3d. In a great majority of the cases where persons have been executed, or otherwise punished for alleged crimes, no legal trial has been had, the whole thing being done by illegally constituted tribunals, so that every such execution is a murder, and every such punishment a barbarous infliction. (See Arts. V and VI, Amendment to Constitution.)

4th. No common or free school system exists, or can be permitted in any of the Slave States without endangering the existence of the Institution. By this state of things, the poor are to a great extent prevented from giving their children a requisite degree of education, so that each generation is plunged deeper in ignorance and barbarism.

Now, believing, as I do, that the above conditions are the legitimate offspring of the In-

stitution, and that it cannot live where these conditions do not exist, I cannot consent to have it spread over the Territories. There are now four millions of slaves in the Union. These four millions displace an equal number of free white citizens. Add to these, two millions of freemen, necessary to take care of, and keep them in subjection, and the State is weakened in a degree equivalent to a loss of six millions of its inhabitants.

There are many other reasons which might be stated why the people of the free States should not permit Slavery to extend beyond its present limits, but I forbear adducing them, lest I should be supposed to be seeking a quarrel with persons against whom I have not the least unfriendly feeling.

A NATIVE OF THE NORTH.

The Teachings of Nature.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

For the Herald of Progress.

Astronomical Controversy.

SOME REMARKS ON THE CIRCLE'S ANSWER TO ARKTOS.

(See HERALD OF PROGRESS, No. 49.)

You say: "... which induces us to believe, that our views in relation to mathematical calculations in astronomy are not understood."

Perhaps Man is apt to err. But I would remark, that it might sometimes be difficult for readers to understand exactly, what you wish to explain. I have read your articles repeatedly, and it seems to me, that Mr. Trowbridge has answered you well, and has fairly proved that you ought to be somewhat better acquainted with the literature of mathematical astronomy.

"That either some of the professors have made the ground very insecure, or that astronomy itself is in the habit of visiting lager beer shops."

I am sad to read such words from your pen, for they illy become a Circle, that pretends to commune with "spirits." Astronomers, such as Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Brahe, Newton, Huygens, La Place, W. and S. Herschel, Bessel, Arago, Olbers, Leverrier, Argelander, Littrow, Madler, Humboldt, &c., &c., never have made the ground insecure, and popular writers and text-book authors—not always exact in their reports—have not the power to make it insecure, science taking no notice of them. Astronomy, furthermore, never has been in the habit of visiting "lager beer shops." It is a sober, serious, and noble science, and always behaved worthy of its elevated objects. If you could not refrain from using the harsh expression: "lager beer shops," why did you not, at the same time, add that peculiar native expression: "wusky stores"? I think I can see through your meaning. It was intended to cast ridicule on a certain nation, but it is out of place this time. If you would think but one moment of what that nation has done for the advancement of mathematics and astronomy, by such men as Copernicus, Kepler, Euler, W. Herschel, Gauss, Littrow, Argelander, Galle, Bessel, Humboldt, and many others, you would not make use of such insinuations.

What have we done, in this country, for the advancement of astronomical science to compare with those great geniuses? Pray, let this question be answered by "spirits," with universal justice, for the benefit of our population!

"Be it known, that we have the higher opinion of mathematical deductions, when predicated on 'truths, existing in nature.'"

Truth! a cheap word, if empty of meaning, but a valuable one, if significant! What is truth? I ask you, like Pilate, and I shall not be the last to ask this question. It will be repeated through all eternity, without ever obtaining any sufficient response either by science or by any "Circle."

Astronomy, I have already told you, does not concern itself with the causes and ends of mathematical facts. It is a calculating science, a geometry, and an arithmetic put in practice, and the basis from which it starts, is mathematical facts (elements), obtained by careful observations, and not by physical or philosophical explanations. Be the supposed "elliptical" orbits of satellites and planets produced as they may, the observations and consequently also the necessary mathematical principles, remain the same, without being modified in the least, more than the results of mathematical calculations. Astronomers have been able for a long period to determine the place any planet or fixed star would occupy in space at any given time, and in relation to any place on the earth; the exact time of eclipses and the time the inner planets cross the disc of the sun; and Leverrier, in 1846, discovered the planet Neptune by calculation, founded only and solely upon these pretended errors.

You are only partially right in respect to Comets. Astronomy never assumes to know more than it can observe and calculate, and it always performs this successfully, whenever it is enabled to make repeated observations. With comets, which leave our solar system in their orbits, science always makes conjectural calculations only, and does not pretend to know more in this respect. But what is better known, is, that there are, at least, six inner comets, which revolve around the sun in 3,30; 5,47; 5,58; 6,44; 6,62; 7,44 years, and of which are known, first, their revolutions in days, second, their eccentricity, third, their Aphelion distance, fourth, their Perihelion distance, fifth, their major axis, sixth, their inclination to the ecliptic, etc., etc.

Astronomy is, according to your assertion, ignorant as to the origin of the motion of the

heavenly bodies (and you are right; it never successfully endeavored to make any new philosophical explanation since the "mechanical" one of Isaac Newton); but do you not see that pure astronomy does not, and cannot, take into account these researches, as they do not in the least affect or influence its mathematical calculations? Be assured that, even if your motion-theory be well founded, Kepler's laws and Newton's demonstration will nevertheless be considered as mathematical truths, and will forever form the key to the calculations of the orbits of heavenly bodies.

"Pen-made ellipses and the imaginary ideas of inertia with the... notions of centrifugal force."

You seem to be considerably troubled about these "pen-made" ellipses. Let me tell you, why. Probably you had formed the idea at school, that the planetary orbits were as elliptical as a goose-egg. And now, after obtaining better notions, and seeing that you were wrong, you believe that others are still in the same error. But such is not always the case. I, for instance, have never met with any tolerably well-instructed persons in Europe, who had fallen into this error, and I trusted this was the case in our country. This, therefore, is nothing new, and every correct school book and astronomy will inculcate this idea, as well as its twin-sister, that our earth does not resemble an orange.

In respect to the notions of inertia and centrifugal force, I have only to remark, that the whole of our future controversy would turn on expressions differently understood, and that Mr. Trowbridge has already explained the matter clearly.

"Arktos denies that elliptical orbits exist in our system."

Yes, I do, and I think I am able to prove it to the satisfaction of any unprejudiced astronomer, as well as to that of every man of common sound understanding. But of this at another time, when I shall give my elucidations to the friendly inquiries of Mr. Trowbridge. As to the rest, I own that I am not able to see how the "spirits" of the Circle have shown me, "that they have already stated the fact." The expression, "spiral curves," used in my article, has given rise to misunderstanding. I am probably the cause, not being acquainted sufficiently—I regret to say—with the mathematical terminology of the English language. I meant to say *serpentine* curves, which expression I had added in parenthesis; but the term, *waving* curves will, perhaps, convey my notion in a more correct manner. I deny, that *epicycloidal orbits exist in our system*; and assert that THE ORBITS OF THE SATELLITES AND PLANETS FORM ELLIPTICAL WAVYING CURVES.

And thus it appears, as though I still must differ with the "spirits." Many of them very often, indeed, use a somewhat strange idiom, which I cannot, I confess, always "digest." But this is no proof, that my mental stomach is weak or deranged; it is still possible, that the food, presented in many of these "trance speeches" may be indigestible. I belong to that class of individuals who see, judge, and examine for themselves, and who do not easily permit themselves to be ruled by any strange dogma, belief, fancy, or authority.

"This, for want of a better name, man (!) has called a planetary nebula. He is ignorant of its nature;... this is, however, the great central sun of the 'pigmy universe.'"

How on earth did the Circle acquire these ideas! Any one versed in astronomical literature will smile at such statements. The Circle, or the good "spirits," precisely resemble a pupil, who has read or heard something at school about "planetary nebulae, but has not exactly caught the idea. No such single planetary nebula, which the Circle asserts to be the center of our "pigmy universe," is known in astronomical science; on the contrary, by the industry and perseverance of astronomers, more than 3,000 such "planetary nebulae have been discovered and described, so that it must be asked, *which of all these is meant?* The Circle probably, in this particular, confounds his "far-off planetary nebula" with the constellation of the "Pleiades." Such assertions ought not to be uttered by a body of men, who intend to reform a science and propagate truths.

"Owing to our own preconceived notions, truths coming through us may receive coloring adverse to their clear comprehension by ourselves and others."

Assuredly a good word in its place. It might seem, indeed, as if the Circle were a clouded glass, through which the spirits are looking. If we do not accept this, it remains but to remark, that the "Spirits of the sixth Circle" would likely do well, to go to school for a time and study "earthly" astronomy.

ARKTOS.

Statements of Astronomers.

REPLY TO MR. TROWBRIDGE.

LANSCASTER, Feb. 2d, 1861.

MESSERS. A. J. DAVIS & CO., GENTLEMEN:—In reply to Mr. T., (see HERALD No. 48) the *Lancaster Circle* beg leave to remark that as the gentleman has admitted in his last article, that he was unacquainted with much which has been asserted by writers on physical astronomy, he must of necessity be unqualified to discuss the question of the comparative ignorance or wisdom displayed by writers on that science. We therefore decline any further controversy on that part of the subject.

Mr. T. asserts "that it matters not whether Bouvier states that the projectile and centrifugal forces are the same or not, whether the work is recommended by a dozen respectable names—it is not true that the centrifugal and projectile forces are the same." Now,

to us, and to the argument, Messrs. Editors, we beg leave to say that "it matters" a great deal, because, either Bouvier and his backers or Mr. T. has asserted what is positively false in fact—themselves being the witnesses—and this contradiction between them triumphantly proves our first proposition—"that there was very little known on the subject." Let the gentlemen, therefore, settle the question of ignorance between themselves. To us it makes little difference which party makes their "exit at the diminutive extremity of the trumpet."

Again, Mr. T. thinks it strange that Dr. Olmstead should recommend the work of Bouvier, which contains statements which he considers false, and quotes a passage from the work of Dr. Olmstead, which he (Trowbridge) professes to think proves the reverse. If the reader will take the trouble to examine Dr. Olmstead's statement, as quoted by Mr. T., he will discover that the term projectile force is used by this astronomer synonymously with centrifugal force itself. He says: "A body revolving in an orbit about a center of attraction is constantly under the influence of two forces—the projectile force, which tends to carry it forward in a straight line, which is a tangent to its orbit, and the centripetal force, by which it tends towards the center." It appears, then, that Olmstead has but two forces—the projectile (or centrifugal) and the centripetal—identical with the assertion of Bouvier on the same subject. The discrepancy which Mr. T. thinks he has discovered between them must be owing to some imperfection in the glasses of his spectacles.

The careful attention of the reader is invited to the following elucidation by Mr. T. of his own assertions in a previous article. Mr. T. says, "Although I said that centrifugal force is simply the tendency of the planet to move in a straight line in consequence of its inertia." Again he says, "Nor was I aware before that I stated that it is the tendency of centrifugal force to move in a straight line." First, Mr. T. admits that he said "that centrifugal force is simply the tendency of the planet to move in a straight line, in consequence of its inertia." He then, almost in the same breath, tells us he was not aware that he had stated "that it is the tendency of centripetal force to move in a straight line." If this explanation satisfies the reader, we would be sorry to throw the gentleman into a greater dilemma by requiring any further solution, and therefore dismiss the subject.

"As to the first move," Mr. T. says, "I have nothing to say." Now as this was one of the original questions at issue between us, the reader will be able to determine upon which banner "victory has perched," and where we presume it will remain, at least until displaced by the forthcoming "Nebular Hypothesis."

But to conclude: Taking it for granted, Messrs. Editors, that Mr. T. understands the difference between the terms centripetal and centrifugal forces, we can only regard as a jest the example he has given "of a big stone falling from the top of a big house," in reply to our challenge; because such an example, given to prove that a body may move in a straight line in virtue of centrifugal force, would be inexcusable even in the mental caliber of a school-boy.

We remain very respectfully yours,  
THE LANCASTER CIRCLE.

For the Herald of Progress.

One Perihelion and One Aphelion.

MR. EDITOR:—I perceive that the Lancaster Circle thinks it a "pity that S. M. B. did not give all the facts in relation to the apparent diameter of the sun in his article in No. 46 of your paper." I will now gladly furnish more facts.

Micrometer measurements for one year on the apparent diameter of the sun, commencing at Perihelion, are as follows:

Jan. 1, 32' 36", Feb. 1, 32' 30", March 1, 32' 20", April 1, 32' 09", May 1, 31' 48", June 1, 31' 36", July 1, 31' 32", Aug. 1, 31' 34", Sept. 1, 31' 46", Oct. 1, 32' 2", Nov. 1, 32' 18", Dec. 21, 32' 36".

The above measurements were made at noon, and will tell their own story, while they will correspond with observations made in any one year for hundreds of years to come. It will be perceived that the difference in the apparent magnitude of the sun from perihelion to aphelion, is 1' 48" of a degree; sufficient to be detected by a "home-made transit instrument." But such an instrument would not be sufficient to enable us mortals to detect the difference in the apparent magnitude of the sun from its rising to its setting, and therefore we cannot, from observation, ascertain that we "have two perihelions and one aphelion in a day." I am not aware that any mortal on earth has yet been endowed with the necessary mechanical skill and perception that would enable him to discover a difference by micrometer measurement, in the apparent diameter of the sun from its rising to its setting, save that little difference caused by the refraction of our atmosphere; and that only has a tendency to contract the sun's apparent vertical diameter, while his horizontal diameter is not affected.

But I will give one more fact in reference to perihelions. We are all more or less familiar with the phenomena of solar eclipses. Some eclipses are central but not total, others are both central and total. Would not all central eclipses be either total or annular as a necessity, were it not for the fact that the orbit of the moon is in the form of an ellipse, with the earth in one of the foci? Mathema-

ticians have demonstrated the relative distances of these bodies from the sun, and their deductions accord with observed phenomena. Both observation and theory fix the moon at perihelion in time of total eclipse, and at or near aphelion in time of annular eclipse. Were the facts different from these, then all eclipses would be different, and consequently the predictions of astronomers would not be verified by observation with that extreme accuracy that they are now known to be.

I will only add, that upon the accuracy of astronomical deductions rest the interests of the commercial world, and that all the lives of those who "go out to sea in ships" are dependent upon their absolute truthfulness. Every ocean navigator, at least, knows the value of these observations and calculations, and knows them to be more "practically true" than some of the teachings from the "upper air."

Yours again, for fact and experiment.  
S. M. B.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Power of Prophecy.

WHO WILL SOLVE THE PROBLEM?

FRIEND DAVIS: I do not propose to solve the problem of prophecy, but I will give you my view of it, or how it appears to me it can be solved. It may be the means of inciting others to add something further on this interesting subject.

Every active cause in Nature must produce an effect. The amount of this effect will bear an exact and invariable relation to the amount of the cause—i. e., a great cause will produce a great effect, and a small cause will produce a small effect. Also, the same cause will always produce the same effect. These relations are dependent on the immutability of the Laws of Nature. We have an assurance of this immutability in various ways. I cannot now stop to point them all out, but I will mention that so far as Science has developed them, the laws of Nature are invariable. An effect itself may become a cause to produce another effect, and so on through many successions of causes and effects. Thus, a cause acting to-day may produce an effect that will not be felt before ages hence, but that effect is certain. As an illustration, the causes now in operation in the regions of space, will produce eclipses that are to happen, and the science of astronomy is so far perfected, that the astronomer is able to predict any particular eclipse that will not happen before one thousand years hence.

The difficulty in the case is to be able to calculate from the cause, when understood what the effect will be, and when it will be perceptible, or when it will happen. The greatest difficulty is to determine the exact time when a thing is to happen. The astronomer is certain that eclipses will occur, and he can, with comparative ease, set moderate limits within which any particular eclipse will happen; but, when these limits are narrowed down, the difficulty of predicting the eclipse becomes more difficult in a rapid ratio. One reason of this is, that minor causes are in action and affect the time of the result, but do not control the result itself. This is exemplified in prophecies themselves, by being left comparatively indefinite in regard to time.

There are apparently several ways in which the result of the action of causes can be arrived at. I say apparently, because, in reality, about the same organs of the mind are employed in the most of them, at least. The first is mathematical calculation. This is the only really practical way in which the great mass of mankind can arrive at exact results; but it is too well understood to be treated of in this connection. A little exercise enables a person to make various difficult (so far as mathematics at present are concerned) calculations in an instant of time, and still arrive at results very nearly correct. For instance, suppose you wish to throw a stone at a certain object, for the purpose of hitting it; you always, in the first place, make an estimate of the size and distance of the object, and then what expenditure of vital force will be necessary in order to carry it to the spot. After making the estimate, you then have the ability to apply the amount of force at the end of your arm, or even at the end of a sling. In these estimates you take into consideration the shape of the stone and the resistance and influence of the air in retarding and changing the course of the stone. You will now see that similar calculations are constantly made by the human mind in the every-day experience of life. But in doing these we do not seem to go through a calculation similar to that made by means of mathematics; but we see the result, sometimes only approximately, and sometimes almost exactly; and the more experience we have—that is, the more we exercise this faculty of the human mind—the more nearly can we come to the truth. You will at once perceive the application of this to the question in view. It is to show that the human mind can see through the action of causes in an indefinitely short space of time, and perceive what the result will be of such action.

We see this same principle illustrated in another way. There are certain individuals who seem to show a wonderful development of some particular organ, or organs. 1st. Calculation, or the power to make arithmetical calculations such as to add, subtract, multiply and divide. This organ is occasionally developed to such an extent that the possessor goes through with the most tedious numerical calculations with the greatest rapidity.

For instance, Truman Henry Safford, now of the Nautical Almanac Office, at Cambridge, Mass., when a boy, is said to have multiplied 365 repeated six times, making a number composed of eighteen figures, by itself, in something like a minute and a half, and to have given the correct product. The faculty in his case was extended beyond the organ of Calculation, for he could make other mathematical calculations with the same apparent ease. I recollect of reading some time ago, of a colored girl who was idiotic on, I think, all other points, but she could make arithmetical calculations with the greatest rapidity; that is, she could give the result almost at once. I think that I recollect of seeing a similar case reported in the HERALD OF PROGRESS a few weeks since.

Now in all these cases the individual does not seem to go through the ordinary process of calculation, but to see through to the result which he can at once give. I have myself some faint conception of how it is done. My organ of calculation is only a little more than a medium, but I have at times seen the result, as it were; but that apparent illumination would immediately pass away, and I have almost always found it necessary to go over the calculation in the ordinary way. But I saw enough to give me some idea of the manner in which such results can be arrived at.

2d. Tune. Many individuals possess the organ of Tune so highly developed that they can sing a tune after hearing it once. 3d. The organs for rhyming in poetry are sometimes so well developed, that the possessor can make rhyme more easily than he can write blank-verse or prose. For instance, Alexander Pope. 4th. With large reflective faculties, one individual can, with the greatest ease give a reason for almost everything (that needs such explanation) that he may hear. Such an individual, if he possesses large perceptive organs, will trace, through the principles of cause and effect, the course of events, so as to predict the results for the future. Such a person can prophesy in the ordinary way.

Now all these things go to prove that when an organ is highly developed, it seems to act spontaneously; that is, it sees at once the results that ordinarily can only be arrived at by a course of reasoning and study. This is the manner in which I explain instinct in brutes. It is but the action of organs fully developed. Do not mistake the size of an organ for its development. The organ of Constructiveness in Man, may be (and is) many times larger than in a bird or a bee, but in the former it has to be educated, and in the latter it knows exactly what to do, as soon as it has an occasion to be used. For a proof of this, I will refer you to the cases of large Calculation before mentioned. And universally he who has an organ, or organs, the best developed, will learn the thing, or things, to which it, or they, apply, with the greatest ease and facility. If the organ be small, its work will be on a small scale, and if large, it will be on a large scale. You will notice this fact, that the lower the order of the animal in the scale of being, the more perfect the instinct; and the nearer the animal approaches to man, the more do we perceive of reason, and the capability of being educated, and the less of perfect instinct. You will now at once see that he who has highly developed Causality, can easily trace the action of causes so as to tell approximately what will take place, although he may not be able to give the time. We have now only to suppose that there exists in the human mind an organ—not yet much developed—especially adapted to prophecy, (and Mr. Buchanan, of Ohio, has discovered such an organ, I believe, which he calls *Providence*.) to enable a person to see the effects of causes, to explain the whole matter. DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

Oil Wells of Canada.

DETROIT, Jan. 28, 1861.

BROTHER DAVIS: Lecturing in this place, I took the opportunity, between Sundays, of visiting the famous Oil Wells of Canada. A few notes with regard to them may not be unacceptable to some of the HERALD'S readers.

They are situated from twenty-eight to thirty miles south-east of Port Sarnia, in a flat, swampy, and densely wooded country. The stiff soil is underlaid with a very uniform deposit of tenacious, drift clay, the thickness of which varies from fifty to one hundred feet. In it are occasionally found boulders of primitive rock, and masses of limestone, evidently torn from the underlying formation and transported but a short distance from the place of their original deposit. In the drift clay, or at the base of it, most of the oil hitherto found has been discovered at depths varying from thirty to seventy feet.

At Kelly & Adam's wells I found them pumping by hand from four to five barrels a day from each well, of dark oil, having the consistency of Orleans molasses; but I have no doubt that, with proper appliances of pumps and steam engines, forty or fifty barrels could be easily produced.

Eight or ten miles south of these, at Underhill's well, where five or six thousand gallons flowed over and ran down Black River when it was first opened, we found a man "greasy as a tallow ketch," drawing up oil with a common wooden pump at the rate of twenty barrels per day.

At Williams' wells, two miles from there, asphaltum covers the ground for two or three acres, in some places more than two feet in thickness. The gas disengaged from the oil seems to have produced an eruption, and elevated this part of the country above the general level, and the oil overflowing, its more

volatile properties have been evaporated, and this bed of asphaltum is the result.

It is a common idea, even with Geologists, that this oil has been produced from beds of coal; but this oil field is of itself sufficient to show the incorrectness of this notion. The limestone found in this region, under the drift clay, I recognize as a member of the Hamilton Group of the Devonian Formation, and as such is geologically many thousand feet below the lowest member of the carboniferous formation, below which workable coal beds are never found.

The truth is, that this oil, found so abundantly in Canada, Mecca, Ohio, Titusville, Pa., and many other localities, is not coal oil, but coral oil. Stored away in cells, forming in the aggregate immense reefs, as it was collected from the impure waters of the early oceans by minute coral polyps, it has been driven by heat and pressure into reservoirs and crevices, where man's ingenuity is discovering it day by day. I have in my possession many specimens of this fossil coral, with the oil plainly visible in the cells.

In Canada the oil fever is raging. Land is changing hands rapidly, and selling from 8 to 1,000 dollars an acre, according to its supposed propinquity to the oleaginous deposit. On the Michigan side of the river I have no doubt that oil will yet be discovered in large quantities, though at a greater depth. Mr. White, of Port Huron, who accompanied me on my Canadian trip, took me to one spot about three miles west of Fort Huron, where gas is passing off continually in quantities sufficient to light a large city, good evidence of oil beneath, from which the gas is disengaged.

I hail these discoveries; they are all tending to usher in that bright day in whose beams the wide world shall rejoice.

Yours for Progress,  
WILLIAM DESTON.

Voices from the People.

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

A SCRAP OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

AN OLD MAN'S PRESENT HABITS AND PAST EXPERIENCES.

[The following letter, designed for only our private eye, is too good to be lost to the public.—Ed.]

EUCLID, Ohio, Feb. 10, 1861.

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR BROTHER: In this you will receive three dollars, State Bank of Ohio, (good as the wheat,) to apply mutually on account of A. P. and myself, who consider ourselves life-subscribers to the HERALD OF PROGRESS. Brother McN., is also another of the same. . . . My subscription can hold on many years, as I passed my eightieth mile-post on the 15th of last month.

I try to obey the laws of health the best I know how, eat sparingly, and principally a vegetable diet, and never fail to sponge myself from head to foot thoroughly in cold, and often ice water, with plenty of the best castile soap, every morning of my life. This has been my practice for the last ten years; and I have not the least doubt that, if I had obeyed the laws of health in early life, I might, in this my old age, meet the change called death without pain.

Few men have performed as much hard labor during life as I have, and at this age, although comfortably situated, I feel that day lost in which I don't do something to benefit my race. My present residence stands within ten rods of where I pitched my tent fifty-seven years since, then the densest forest I ever saw. I was accompanied by my wife and two children, and possessed a yoke of oxen, a cow, and seventy-five cents—my sole means wherewith to buy land, subdue the forest and support a family. So you see that I know something of pioneer life.

The fact is, I was born and raised on the borders of civilization, without schools, but not entirely without the "benefit of clergy." My parents were members of a Calvinistic Presbyterian Church; my religious experiences very nearly tallied with that of thousands of others brought up in the same manner, only I never joined any church, not because I thought the church was not right, but because I could not screw up my feelings to believe that I had experienced the new birth and was what I considered a church member and a child of God ought to be.

Frequent occurrences convinced me that it would be to my worldly advantage to have the mark of the Beast on my forehead or in my hand, but an abhorrence of hypocrisy prevented my joining the church. Ignorant as I was, still I was in possession of an inquiring mind, but I had very few books and a very poor chance to obtain any, as most of my neighbors were as bad off as myself. At length I succeeded in borrowing "Paine's Age of Reason," under the injunction of secrecy, as it was considered by the owner to be contraband goods. I next sent, by private conveyance, to an Eastern city, and bought "Volney's Ruins" and "Burns' Poems," and got a hard schooling from the presiding Dominie for so doing; but by this time I had become a hardened infidel, and what made the matter worse, I was honest enough to own it.

After wading through the mists of ignorance and the fogs of Theology the best part of my life, I finally got hold of "Nature's Divine Revelations," then the "Great Harmonia," and, at length, all the writings of A. J. D., Judge Edmunds, Doctor Hare, &c., &c., almost to the end of the chapter, Mrs. L. Maria Child's "Progress of Religious Ideas," and Strauss' "Life of Jesus" among the number.

I think you will readily see that by this time I am gone, hook and line; for no man of common sense that can do even the small amount of reading I have, and think only a little between spells, can honestly ever subscribe to the popular Theology of the day. How thankful do I feel that my sun didn't go down at noon, and that my afternoon of life is so free of clouds! I honestly can assure you that I have not the least fear of Death as the King of Terrors; I now consider it the friend of mankind. I do know, if I know myself, that I have no fear of what

is beyond the tomb; on the contrary, all is light, and everlasting day.

Spiritualism is doing its silent work—lifting that enormous bundle you may see tied to the back of not only "Bunyan's Pilgrim" but of every Christian Pilgrim living in the valley of destruction, and striving to reach the "Celestial City." Theology has bound the bundle and laid it on the shoulders of them all, and, grievous as it may be to be borne, she is not willing to lift it with one of her fingers. But, thanks to Goodness! Spiritualism is fast loosening the bundle and unlocking the massive doors of that great castle erected by King Ignorance and put in possession of the Giant Despair, and is telling the prisoners to go free. The good time is coming; the day star has risen, and the close observer may see the gray dawn of the morning on the summits of the mountains.

Your Brother,  
WM. COLEMAN.

JESUS AS MISSIONARY TO HADES.

The Apostolic creed, which is good orthodox authority, says that Jesus was crucified, dead, buried, and descended into hell. As the word "buried" supposes him to have gone into the grave, the next clause, "descended into hell," implies that he entered into the spirit world. Then the question arises: Why did he go to hell? The answer is given by the Apostle Peter: "Being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit, by which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison." "For, for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." (1 Peter, iii. : 18, 19, iv. : 6.)

As the above-named creed is good orthodox authority all over Christendom, and none but skeptics dispute the word of Peter, it appears that one point in the Apostolic faith was, that Jesus went down into hell and preached the gospel to wicked spirits.

From this I shall draw several inferences: 1st. That benighted sinners who are not enlightened in this world may be taught in the world to come.

2d. That men who preach not for money, but to enlighten their hearers, and lead them to salvation, having lost none of their love by going to heaven, will preach the Gospel without money or price to darkened souls in the Spirit World.

3d. Those who believe they can pray souls out of Purgatory would do better to wait until they get to the Spirit Land, and then, like Jesus, go and preach them out.

4th. Protestant Orthodoxy, which makes death shut down the gate of eternal damnation upon all whom it finds in wickedness, is as unlike the preaching of Christ as the dreary darkness of a cloudy night is unlike the golden beams of a lovely day.

5th. As Jesus found Antediluvians "which sometime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah," in hell, where they had been more than two thousand years, it is evident that Purgatory is a hard road to go to heaven in.

6th. But there is a chance of progression from hell to heaven, or Jesus would not have gone to that dark region to preach the Gospel.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1861.

[Our correspondent is probably aware that the descent of Jesus into "hell," according to the so-called Apostolic Creed, was not a descent into what is now popularly understood as a place of torment. The "hell" of that Creed is properly *Hades*, which means the *unseen world*, and is synonymous with the Hebrew word *Sheol*. King James' translators of the Bible render both these words by the term *hell*, which may have been a fair conveying two centuries since, but does not convey the meaning now.]

That many Christians in the days of the Apostles held to a purgatorial state for the wicked after death, is quite clear from the New Testament; but a large number also held that the wicked did not survive death, among whom we must reckon Paul, and the author of the Gospel "according to Luke," who makes Jesus tell the Sadducees: "They that shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, (that is, the future life), and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage." Of course some, in the opinion of the writer, were extinguished at death, and had to do their marrying this side of Jordan. The New Testament gives no certain light about the future state. It teaches both extinction of the wicked by death, and purgatorial cleansing of the wicked after death.—Ed.]

A SMELL OF GUNPOWDER.

ATTON, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1861.

BROTHER DAVIS: As a sign of our troublesome times, I would relate a circumstance: On Tuesday, Oct. 2d, 1860, while with Mr. L. Post, a prominent politician, but an honest yet skeptical citizen, at his place of business here, after a remark upon the excitement of the day, and amid the most profound quiet, without smoke or noise of any kind, or the least apparent cause, our room was suddenly filled with the scent of burnt gunpowder, so much so as to be very disagreeable. That it was not upon our persons we knew from not detecting it while searching other portions of the isolated building for its cause.

It gradually disappeared, after lasting perhaps five minutes. I do not believe we are to have much civil war; but whether the world generally is to be at logger-heads or not, the event above narrated must be, as my grandfather used to say, "the fore-end of some runner."

WM. H. JOHNSON.

SEWARD'S LAST SPEECHES.

Sidney Howard Gay, writing in the Independent, of Mr. Seward's recent speeches, says:

"There is not upon record a more striking instance of how long and how eloquently a man may create and achieve a most brilliant success in saying nothing. There were two things which Mr. Seward at this moment might do, and which one in his position was imperatively called upon to do—either to speak to the purpose, or to keep silent. He has done neither, for he has spoken without saying anything, and been silent without holding his tongue."









Notices of New Books.

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

RELIGIO-POLITICAL PHYSICS: or, the Science and Art of Man's Deliverance from Ignorance-Engendered Mysticism and its resulting Theo-Moral Quackery and Governmental Enslavement. By CALVIN BRANCHARD, No. 76 Nassau Street, Price 20 cents.

The future transformation of Church and State into institutions which shall adequately satisfy the wants of individual man so far as society can do it, is foreshadowed in nearly every direction in our current literature.

The two great movements in which this insurrection comes most palpably to view, are the Comtean Philosophy, and Spiritualism.

This Philosophy denies individual permanence to man beyond death, and construes the longing for a future life as the reaction from bitterly disappointed desire in the present state of being.

Spiritualism also looks forward to the renovation of Church and State, and is thus compelled to assume toward them the attitude of censor and judge.

THE RISING TIDE, an earnest Spiritual paper published and edited by Mr. and Mrs. Daniels, of Independence, Iowa, is a weekly visitor—very welcome; and we sincerely wish that the "Friends of Progress," in all that region of the West, will extend to our friends, the Editors, a helping hand and hearty sympathy.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—We acknowledge the daily receipt of this "No Compromise" Journal, under the editorial management of competent persons, and it is our deliberately formed conviction, that the Tribune will be patronized and prosperous!

THE TRIPWEEKLY PUBLISHER, Haverhill, Mass.—This Journal comes regularly to our Sanctum. Independence on all questions that divide public opinion, and neutrality on no subject, is its leading characteristic.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—This large, very neatly printed and well illustrated weekly must be invaluable to all inventors, artisans, and scientific students. It is truly a progressive Journal in all that pertains to science, the mechanic arts, manufactures, &c.

maxims: Cultivate yourself, aspiring always after Excellence; beware of injuring any of your faculties, particularly your spiritual ones; and love your neighbor.

We have been led into this train of reflection by the perusal of the pamphlet the title of which appears above. It is significant of the spread of the Comtean Philosophy, as straws show which way the wind blows.

The scientific denial of a future life, and the abominable abuse, and seemingly not only fractured, but even in the last stages of decay, is founded as securely as is gravitation, and indivisibly and irrepressibly includes all mankind."

Again: "Religion is as necessary to, and inseparable from the social Organism, as gravitation is necessary to, and inseparable from, the Universe."

But: "Man's holiness-befogged or 'heavenly' desires are the very quintessence of sensuousness; they are nothing more or nothing less, than substantial nature's drafts on development, which will most assuredly be paid, in the very currency which can alone discharge them when legally presented."

"Let that figment of the imagination—duty—and its horrid correlate—the evil-foel delusion—be consigned to where science and art have doomed so many less complicated barbarisms."

"Whatever aims to repress, instead of to satisfy, the natural passions, is either folly, quackery, or fraud."

A religion which recognizes no duties, but the gratification of desires which are the "very quintessence of sensuousness," will doubtless be quite a novelty under the sun; and the Church built upon such a religion will be much more remarkable for the variety of wild beasts it will contain, than anything seen on earth since the days of Noah's Ark.

We think the pamphlet pushes the Positive Philosophy to results, which the more distinguished of its defenders would be loath to sanction; but we think them legitimate deductions from its principles.

THE LIVING HOME JOURNAL, published at Wilmington, Delaware, Dr. J. A. BROWN, Editor.—This little paper is the new agent of a great Institution, situated a mile out of Wilmington on the Newport Pike, for the benefit of imbeciles and the insane.

This Report was in accordance with the award at the FAIR OF THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, at the Fair of the American Institute, New York.

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THE KRICKEBECKER MAGAZINE.—It is many months since we have looked upon the face of the old "Knickerbecker," and the March number before us is certainly much improved in volume, appearance, and interest.

Hunt's MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.—This monthly Commercial Review, established in 1839, by the late Freeman Hunt, has entered upon its forty-fourth volume.

DEPARTED: From Lansing, Mich., Jan. 24, 1861, ELIZA M. CLYDE, aged 70 years. She had been, for a long time, an ardent admirer of the teachings and phenomena of spiritual intercourse.

DEPARTED: On the 1st of February, 1861, JOSEPHINE H., youngest daughter of Chester and Julia A. Carleton, aged nine months and nine days.

They are going, gently going, In their angels robes to stand, Where the stream of life is flowing, In the far-off silent land.

LAURA McALPIN.

Miscellaneous. WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.

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Patent Laws of the United States. With other information of importance to Inventors, Patentees, and Assignees.

Patent Laws of the United States. With other information of importance to Inventors, Patentees, and Assignees.

NEW JERSEY LANDS. Parties desirous of purchasing New Jersey lands will find it to their advantage to call on, or address, B. Franklin Clark, TRIBEUNE Buildings, or 135 East Broadway, New York.

THE LANCASTER CIRCLE. As we have been frequently importuned, any question having for its object Progression, and proposed in a spirit of serious inquiry, will be answered by the spirits of the Lancaster Circle.

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