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## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will 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.

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 personal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."

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

We are constantly 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."

We are constantly receiving letters from sick ones, who expect immediate attention. Let it be remembered that we promise to prescribe for diseases with which persons may be afflicted; but we do not promise to make particular examinations, nor to respond immediately to any application for medical aid.

P. C. C.—Grieve not the spirit, O Brother! but obey the voice of Truth and Justice. Fear nothing.

W. H. M., VERMONT, N. Y.—"Joan of Arc" is accepted. It is *apropos* of the times, and will be published at no distant date.

W. F. V.—"Be Brave" may well be the watchword of the present. We think your lines will find place in some future number of our paper.

WEVIL J.—"The Barber of Brentford," has reached us, and the narrative will receive early attention.

J. B., OF WASHINGTON, will accept our hearty thanks for his excellent paper on the Buoyancy and Velocity of Birds. It will be published.

K. GRAVES, OHIO.—Your criticism on Mr. Gerrit Smith's recent discourse on "Miracles" will appear as soon as our space will admit it—perhaps next week.

CLAUDE LAWRENCE, N. Y.—Your paper entitled "The Herald of Progress, Banner of Light, and W. A. DANKIN," will be published in our columns.

S. J. F., PLATO, O.—Thy thoughts, Brother, concerning "What Sets the Brain in Motion," are welcome guests. Our readers shall, ere long, be put *en rapport* with them.

F. A. B. J., PHILADELPHIA.—We think your subject well treated. But you will not expect its appearance very soon, as our space is all mortgaged to other subjects just now.

"HENRY," N. Y.—An influence of much power is upon your surroundings, but not upon you. Disease can be met as quick as spirit would pray for deliverance, and yet there's just now no word, no medicine.

A. N. MILLER, OF WASHINGTON, IOWA, a reformer and medium, has arrived at this office in the portable shape of a portrait. We shall put it (or him) in the circle of speaking mediums, in which we think he may make much advancement.

H. H. P., CECIL CO., MD.—The only desirable mediumship is that which enriches the spirit instead of the purse. Speculation with "lottery tickets," or any other agents of ill-gotten wealth, beggars the immortal nature of man or woman.

M. H. M., WEST LIBERTY, IOWA.—We appreciate the humanitarian impulse which prompted your lines. They are on file for examination. Friend, let your own spirit answer the question of mediumship. Your usefulness does not depend upon that mode of development.

MR. CHARLES COLCHESTER, No. 30 BOND ST., N. Y., has written us, for publication, a fair letter relative to Prof. Spence's analysis of the performances of H. Melville Fay. We shall try to make room for it in our next issue. The controversy is a good one, and we wish to give to both sides an open field.

DAVID TROWBRIDGE, OF PERRY CITY, N. Y., is hereby informed that his late package of valuable papers is in our possession. The contributions of this very thoughtful and conscientious writer are always acceptable and "profitable," as are all scriptures that are "given by inspiration of Good."

THE PATENT OFFICE DEPARTMENT, at Washington, D. C., will receive our cordial acknowledgments for packages of choice "seeds." France and England, thus represented, have already sprouted in our "garden," and much of the fruit thereof promiseth to feed the hungry of the household.

L. M. W., COLD WATER, MICH.—"HYPATIA" is received. Many thanks. It will soon appear in our columns. May the angel of health henceforth attend thee. A light, nutritious diet, such as will promote easy and quick digestion, more or less daily exercise in the open air, protective apparel, and especial attention to keeping the feet warm at night by wrapping them in flannel, are good preventives to the diseases of a bilious climate.

J. M. TEULASON, NEENAH.—There is no paper published by Spiritualists for children. One of these days, not far distant, when the "ECLECTIC (OR HARMONIAL) PUBLISHING HOUSE" is organized and ready for operations, you may look for new books and periodicals for children. For the present we work for the advancement of "children of a larger growth," varying in ages from twelve to eighty years.

CATHERINE T. M., ILLINOIS.—Your epistle, so full of star-light, notwithstanding the night that envelops you, was carefully read. Go teach thy Brother. Lift up the voice of thy spirit, and say: Turn within then, O child of earth! Listen to the voice of the Spirit of Love, and embrace its holy evangel! Submit not to the rule of thy outward and impure nature; but cause pride, unkindness, revenge, and all manner of selfishness, to give place to charity, forgiveness, and pure disinterestedness; for these are the offspring of Love. Thus shalt thou be filled with heavenly purity, and aid in the hastening of the glorious period of human unity and redemption.

MR. CHAUNCEY DUTTON, OF YORKVILLE, will find in Swedenborg's *Arcana Celestia* the following descriptive passages:

Those who are in self-love see nothing but errors and perversities in man. Hence it is that such persons do not see anything in their neighbor but his evils; and should they see anything good they call it nothing, or construe it into something evil. They too are in continual contempt and derision of others, and publish their errors whenever occasion offers; and continually propose to condemn, to punish, and to torment.

It is far otherwise with those who are in truth from love. These look out for what is good, and if they see anything evil and false, they excuse it, and, as far as they are able, seek to amend it. They hardly see another's evil, but observe all that is good and true in him, and what is evil and false they strive to construe into good. In this spirit are all the angels—who take it from the Lord, who bend all evil to good.

Those who are in mere doctrinals, and not in charity, dispute on every subject, and condemn all without distinction whose sentiments, or, as they term it, belief, do not accord with their own.

## Attractive Miscellany.

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

(From the Atlantic for July.)

## The Haunted Shanty.

As the principal personage of this story is dead, and there is no likelihood that any of the others will ever see the *Atlantic Monthly*, I feel free to tell it without reservation.

The mercantile house of which I was until recently an active member had many business connections throughout the Western States, and I was, therefore, in the habit of making an annual journey through them, in the interest of the firm. In fact, I was always glad to escape from the dirt and hubbub of Cortlandt street, and to exchange the smell of goods and boxes, cellars, and gutters, for that of prairie grass and even of prairie mud. Although wearing the immaculate linen and golden studs of the city Valentine, there still remained a good deal of the country Orson in my blood, and I endured many hard, repulsive, yea, downright vulgar experiences for the sake of a run at large, and the healthy animal exaltation which accompanied it.

Eight or nine years ago (it is, perhaps, as well not to be very precise, as yet, with regard to dates,) I found myself at Peoria, in Illinois, rather late in the season.

The business I had on hand was mostly transacted; but it was still necessary that I should visit Bloomington and Terra Haute before returning to the East. I had come from Wisconsin and Northern Illinois, and as the great railroad spider of Chicago had then spun but a few threads of his present tremendous mesh, I had made the greater part of my journey on horseback.

By the time I reached Peoria the month of November was well advanced, and the weather had become very disagreeable. I was strongly tempted to sell my horse and take the stage to Bloomington, but the roads were even worse to a traveler on wheels than to one in the saddle, and the sunny day which followed my arrival flattered me with the hope that others as fair might succeed it.

The distance to Bloomington was forty miles, and the road none of the best; yet, as my horse "Peck" (an abbreviation of "Pecatonica") had had two days' rest, I did not leave Peoria until after the usual dinner at twelve o'clock, trusting that I should reach my destination by eight or nine in the evening, at the latest.

Broad bands of dull, gray, felt-like clouds crossed the sky, and the wind had a rough edge to it which predicted that there was rain within a day's march. The oaks along the rounded river-bluffs still held on to their leaves, although the latter were entirely brown and dead, and rattled around me with an ominous sound, as I climbed to the level of the prairie, leaving the bed of the muddy Illinois below. Peck's hoofs sank deeply into the unctuous black soil, which resembled a jetty tallow rather than earth, and his progress was slow and toilsome. The sky became more and more obscured: the sun faded to a ghastly moon, then to a white blotch in the gray vault, and finally retired in disgust.

Indeed, there was nothing in the landscape worth his contemplation. Dead flats of black—bristling with short corn-stalks—flats of brown grass, a brown belt of low woods in the distance—that was all the horizon inclosed: no embossed bowl, with its rim of sculptured hills, its round of colored pictures, but a flat

earthen pie-dish, over which the sky fell like a pewter-cover.

After riding for an hour or two over the desolate level, I descended through rattling oaks to the bed of a stream, and then ascended through rattling oaks to the prairie beyond. Here, however, I took the wrong road, and found myself some three miles farther, at a farm-house, where it terminated.

"You kin go out over the perairah yander," said the farmer, dropping his maul beside a rail he had just split off; "there's a plain trail from Syke's that'll bring you onto the road not fur from Sugar Creek." With which knowledge I plucked up heart and rode on.

What with the windings and turnings of the various cart-tracks, the family resemblance in the groves of oak and hickory, and the heavy, uniform gray of the sky, I presently lost my compass-needle—that natural instinct of direction, on which I had learned to rely. East west, north, south—all were alike, and the very doubt paralyzed the faculty. The growing darkness of the sky, the watery moaning of the wind, betokened night and storm; but I pressed on, hap-hazard, determined, at least, to reach one of the incipient villages on the Bloomington road.

After an hour more, I found myself on the brink of another winding hollow, threaded by a broad, shallow stream. On the opposite side, a quarter of a mile above, stood a rough shanty, at the foot of the rise which led to the prairie. After fording the stream, however, I found that the trail I had followed continued forward in the same direction, leaving this rude settlement on the left. On the opposite side of the hollow, the prairie again stretched before me, dark and flat, and destitute of any sign of habitation. I could scarcely distinguish the trail any longer; in half an hour, I knew I should be swallowed up in a gulf of impenetrable darkness; and there was evidently no choice left me but to return to the lonely shanty, and there seek shelter for the night.

To be thwarted in one's plans, even by wind or weather, is always vexatious; but in this case, the prospect of spending a night in such a dismal corner of the world was especially disagreeable. I am—or, at least, I consider myself—a thoroughly matter-of-fact man, and my first thought, I am not ashamed to confess, was of oysters. Visions of a favorite saloon, and many a pleasant supper with Dunham and Beeson (my partners), all at once popped into my mind, as I turned back over the brow of the hollow and urged Peck down its rough slope.

"Well," thought I, at last, "this will be one more story for our next meeting. Who knows what originals I may not find, even in a solitary settler's shanty?"

I could discover no trail, and the darkness thickened rapidly while I picked my way across dry gullies, formed by the drainage of the prairie above, rotten tree-trunks, stumps, and spots of thicket. As I approached the shanty, a faint gleam through one of its two small windows showed that it was inhabited. In the rear, a space of a quarter of an acre, inclosed by a huge worm-fence, was evidently the vegetable-patch, at one corner of which a small stable, roofed and buttressed with corn-fodder, leaned against the hill.

I drew rein in front of the building, and was about to hail its inmates, when I observed the figure of a man issue from the stable. Even in the gloom there was something forlorn and dispiriting in his walk. He approached with a slow, dragging step, apparently unaware of my presence.

"Good evening friend," I said.

He stopped, stood still for half a minute, and finally responded:

"Who air you?"

The tone of his voice, querulous and lamenting, rather implied: "Why don't you let me alone?"

"I am a traveler," I answered, "bound from Peoria to Bloomington, and have lost my way. I don't see, as you know, and likely to rain, and I ask, as how I can get any farther to-night."

Another pause. Then he said, slowly, as if speaking to himself:

"There ain't no other place near'n four or five mile."

"Then, I hope you will let me stay here."

The answer, to my surprise, was a deep sigh.

"I am used to roughing it," I urged; "and besides, I will pay for any trouble I may give you."

"It ain't that," said he; then added, hesitatingly: "fact is, we're lonesome people here—don't often see strangers; yit, I s'pose you can't go no further—well, I'll talk to my wife."

Therewith he entered the shanty, leaving me a little disconcerted with so uncertain, not to say suspicious, a reception. I heard the sound of voices—one of them unmistakable in its nasal shrillness—in what seemed to be a harsh debate, and distinguished the words: "I didn't bring it on," followed with: "Tell him, then, if you like, and let him stay"—which seemed to settle the matter.

The door presently opened, and the man said:

"I guess we'll have t' accommodate you. Give me your things, an' then I'll put your horse up."

I unstrapped my valise, took off the saddle, and, having seen Peck to his fodder-tent, where I left him with some ears of corn in an old basket, returned to the shanty.

It was a rude specimen of the article—a single room of some thirty by fifteen feet, with a large fireplace of sticks and clay at one end, while a half-partition of unplanned planks set on end formed a sort of recess for the bed at the other. A good fire on the hearth, however, made it seem tolerably cheerful, contrasted with the dismal gloom outside. The

furniture consisted of a table, two or three chairs, a broad bench, and a kitchen dresser of boards. Some golden ears of seed-corn, a few sides of bacon, and ropes of onions, hung from the rafters.

A woman in a blue calico gown, with a tin coffee-pot in one hand and a stick in the other, was raking out the red coals from under the burning logs. At my salutation, she partly turned, looked hard at me, nodded, and muttered some inaudible words. Then, having leveled the coals properly, she put down the coffee-pot, and, facing about, exclaimed:

"Jimmy, git off that cheer!"

Though this phrase, short and snappish enough, was not worded as an invitation for me to sit down, I accepted it as such, and took the chair which a lean boy of some nine or ten years old had hurriedly vacated. In such cases, I had learned by experience, it is not best to be too forward; wait quietly, and allow the unwilling hosts time to get accustomed to your presence.

I inspected the family for a while in silence. The spare, bony form of the woman, her deepest gray eyes, and the long, thin nose, which seemed to be merely a scabbard for her sharp-edged voice, gave me her character at the first glance. As for the man, he was worn by some constant fret or worry, rather than naturally spare. His complexion was sallow, his face honest, every line of it, though the expression was dejected, and there was a helpless patience in his voice and movements, which I have often seen in women, but never before in a man.

"Henpecked in the first degree," was the verdict I gave, without leaving my seat. The silence, shyness, and puny appearance of the boy might be accounted for by the loneliness of his life, and the usual "shakes," but there was a wild, frightened look in his eye, a nervous restlessness about his limbs, which excited my curiosity. I am no believer in those freaks of fancy called "presentiments," but I certainly felt that there was something unpleasant, perhaps painful, in the private relations of the family.

Meanwhile, the supper gradually took shape. The coffee was boiled (far too much for my taste), bacon fried, potatoes roasted, and certain lumps of dough transformed into farinaceous grape-shot, called "biscuits." Dishes of blue queensware, knives and forks, cups and saucers of various patterns, and a bowl of molasses, were placed upon the table; and finally, the woman said, speaking to, though not looking at me:

"I s'pose you hain't had your supper?"

I accepted the invitation with a simple "No," and ate enough of the rude fare (for I was really hungry) to satisfy my hosts that I was not proud.

I attempted no conversation, knowing that such people never talk when they eat, until the meal was over, and the man, who gladly took one of my cigars, was seated comfortably before the fire.

I then related my story, told my name and business, and by degrees established a mild flow of conversation. The woman, as she washed the dishes and cleared up things for the night, listened to us, and now and then made a remark to the coffee pot or frying-pan, evidently intended for our ears.

Some things which she said must have had a meaning hidden from me, for I could see that the man winced, and, at last, he ventured to say:

"Mary Ann, what's the use in talkin' about it?"

"Do as you like," she snapped back; "only I ain't a-goin' to be blamed for your doin's—the stranger'll find out soon enough."

"You find this life rather lonely, I should think," I remarked, with a view of giving the conversation a different turn.

"Lonely!" she repeated, jerking out a fragment of malicious laughter. "It's lonely enough in the daytime, Goodness knows; but you'll have your fill o' company afore mornin'."

With that, she threw a defiant glance at her husband.

"Fact is," said he, shrinking from her eye, "we're sort o' troubled with noises at night. Praps you'll be skeered, but it's no more'n noise—unpleasant, but it never hurts nothin'."

"You don't mean to say this shanty is haunted?" I asked.

"Well—yes: some folks 'd call it so. There is noises an' things goin' on, but you can't see nobody."

"Oh, if that's all," said I, "you need not be concerned on my account. Nothing is so strange, but the cause of it can be discovered."

Again the man heaved a deep sigh. The woman said, in rather a milder tone:

"What's the good o' knowin' what makes it, when you can't stop it?"

As I was neither sleepy nor fatigued, this information was rather welcome than otherwise. I had full confidence in my own courage; and if anything *should* happen, it would make a capital story for my first New York supper. I saw there was but one bed, and a small straw mattress on the floor beside it for the boy, and, therefore, declared that I should sleep on the bench, wrapped in my cloak.

Neither objected to this, and they presently retired.

I determined, however, to keep awake as long as possible. I threw a fresh log on the fire, lit another cigar, made a few entries in my note-book, and finally took the "Iron Mask" of Dumas from my valise, and tried to read by the wavering flashes of the fire.

In this manner another hour passed away. The deep breathing—not to say snoring—from the recess, indicated that my hosts were sound asleep, and the monotonous whistle of the wind around the shanty began to exercise a lulling influence on my own senses.

Wrapping myself in my cloak, with my valise for a pillow, I stretched myself out on

the bench, and strove to keep my mind occupied with conjectures concerning the sleeping family. Furthermore, I recalled all the stories of ghosts and haunted houses which I had ever heard, constructed explanations for such as were still unsolved, and so far from feeling any alarm, desired nothing so much as that the supernatural performances might commence.

My thoughts, however, became gradually less and less coherent, and I was just sliding over the verge of slumber, when a faint sound in the distance caught my ear.

I listened intently: certainly there was a far-off, indistinct sound, different from the dull, continuous sweep of the wind.

I rose on the bench, fully awake, yet not excited, for my first thought was that other travelers might be lost or belated. By this time the sound was quite distinct, and, to my great surprise, appeared to proceed from a drum, rapidly beaten. I looked at my watch: it was half-past ten. Who could be out on the lonely prairie with a drum at that time of night? There must have been some military festival, some political caucus, some celebration of the Sons of Malta, or jubilation of the Society of the Thousand and One, and a few of the scattered members were enlivening their dark ride homewards. While I was busy with these conjectures, the sound advanced nearer and nearer—and, what was very singular, without the least pause or variation—one steady, regular roll, ringing deep and clear through the night.

The shanty stood at a point where the stream, leaving its general south-western course, bent at a sharp angle to the south-east, and faced very nearly in the latter direction. As the sound of the drum came from the east, it seemed the more probable that it was caused by some person on the road which crossed the creek a quarter of a mile below. Yet, on approaching nearer, it made directly for the shanty, moving evidently much more rapidly than a person could walk. It then flashed upon my mind that this was the noise I was to hear, *this* the company I was to expect! Louder and louder, deep, strong, and reverberating, rolling as if for a battle-charge, it came on: it was now but a hundred yards distant—now but fifty—ten—just outside the rough clapboard-wall—but while I had half risen to open the door, it passed directly through the wall and sounded at my very ears, inside the shanty!

The logs burned brightly on the hearth: every object in the room could be seen more or less distinctly: nothing was out of its place, nothing disturbed, yet the rafters almost shook under the roll of an invisible drum, beaten by invisible hands!

The sleepers tossed restlessly, and a deep groan, as if in semi-dream, came from the man. Utterly confounded as I was, my sensations were not those of terror. Each moment I doubted my senses, and each moment the terrific sound convinced me anew. I do not know how long I sat thus in sheer, stupid amazement. It may have been one minute, or fifteen, before the drum, passing over my head, through the boards again, commenced a slow march around the shanty. When it had finished the first, and was about commencing the second round, I shook off my stupor, and determined to probe the mystery.

Opening the door, I advanced in an opposite direction to meet it. Again the sound passed close beside my head, but I could see nothing, touch nothing. Again it entered the shanty, and I followed. I stirred up the fire, casting a strong illumination into the darkest corners; I thrust my hand into the very heart of the sound, I struck through it in all directions with a stick—still I saw nothing, touched nothing.

Of course, I do not expect to be believed by half my readers—nor can I blame them for their incredulity. So astounding is the circumstance, even yet, to myself, that I should doubt its reality, were it not therefore necessary, for the same reason, to doubt every event of my life.

At length the sound moved away in the direction whence it came, becoming gradually fainter and fainter until it died in the distance. But immediately afterwards, from the same quarter, came a thin, sharp blast of wind—or what seemed to be such. If one could imagine a swift, intense stream of air, no thicker than a telegraph-wire, producing a keen, whistling rush in its passage, he would understand the impression made upon my mind. This wind, or sound, or whatever it was, seemed to strike an invisible target in the center of the room, and thereupon ensued a new and worse confusion. Sounds as of huge planks lifted on one end, and then allowed to fall, slamming upon the floor, hard, wooden claps, crashes, and noises of splitting and snapping, filled the shanty. The rough boards of the floor jarred and trembled, and the tables and chairs were jolted off their feet. Instinctively I jerked away my legs, whenever the invisible planks fell too near them.

It never came into my mind to charge the family with being the authors of these phenomena; their care and distress were too evident. There was certainly no other human being but myself in or near the shanty. My senses of sight and touch availed me nothing, and I confined my attention, at last, to simply noting the manifestations, without attempting to explain them. I began to experience a feeling, not of terror, but of disturbing uncertainty. The solid ground was taken from beneath my feet.

Still the man and his wife groaned and muttered, as if in a nightmare sleep, and the boy tossed restlessly on his low bed. I would not disturb them, since, by their own confession, they were accustomed to the visitation. Besides, it would not assist me, and so long as there was no danger of personal injury, I preferred to watch alone.

I recalled, however, the woman's remarks,



remembering the mysterious blame she had thrown upon her husband, and felt certain that she had adopted some explanation of the noise.

As the confusion continued, with more or less violence, sometimes pausing for a few minutes, to begin again with renewed force, I felt an increasing impression of somebody else being present. Outside the shanty this feeling ceased, but every time I opened the door I fully expected to see some one standing in the center of the room. Yet, looking through the lattice windows, when the noises were at their loudest, I could discover nothing.

Two hours had passed away since I first heard the drum-beat, and I found myself at last completely wearied with my fruitless exertions and the unusual excitement. By this time the disturbances had become faint, with more frequent pauses. All at once, I heard a long, weary sigh, so near me that it could not be ascribed from the sleepers. A weak moan, expressive of utter wretchedness, followed, and then came the words, in a woman's voice—came I know not whence, for they seemed to be uttered close beside me, and yet, far, far away:

"How great is my trouble! How long shall I suffer? I was married in the sight of God to Eber Nicholson. Have mercy, O Lord, and give him to me, or release me from him!"

These were the words, not spoken, but rather moaned forth in a slow, monotonous wail of utter helplessness and broken-heartedness. I have heard human grief expressed in many forms, but I never heard or imagined anything so desolate, so surcharged with the despair of an eternal woe. It was, indeed, too hopeless for sympathy. It was the utterance of a sorrow which removed its possessor into some dark, lonely world, girdled with iron walls, against which every throbbing of a helping or consoling heart would beat in vain for admittance. So far from being moved or softened, the words left upon me an impression of stolid apathy. When they had ceased, I heard another sigh—and some time afterwards, far-off, retreating furiously through the eastern darkness, the wailing repetition:

"I was married, in the sight of God, to Eber Nicholson. Have mercy, O Lord!"

This was the last of those midnight marvels. Nothing further disturbed the night except the steady sound of the wind.

The more I thought of what I had heard, the more I was convinced that the phenomena were connected, in some way, with the history of my host. I had heard his wife call him "Eber," and did not doubt that he was the Eber Nicholson who, for some mysterious crime, was haunted by the reproachful ghost. Could murder, or worse than murder, lurk behind these visitations? It was useless to conjecture; yet, before giving myself up to sleep, I determined to know everything that could be known, before leaving the shanty.

My rest was disturbed, my hip-bones pressed unpleasantly on the hard bench, and every now and then I awoke with a start, hearing the same despairing voice in my dreams. The place was always quiet, nevertheless—the disturbances having ceased, as nearly as I could judge, about one o'clock in the morning. Finally, from sheer weariness, I fell into a deep slumber, which lasted until daylight. The sound of pans and kettles aroused me. The woman, in her lank blue gown, was bending over the fire; the man and boy had already gone out. As I rose, rubbing my eyes and shaking myself to find out exactly where and who I was, the woman straightened herself and looked at me with a keen, questioning gaze, but said nothing.

"I must have been very sound asleep," said I.

"There's no sound sleepin' here. Don't tell me that."

"Well," I answered, "your shanty is rather noisy; but, as I'm neither scared nor hurt, there's no harm done. But have you never found out what occasions the noise?"

Her reply was a toss of the head and a peculiar snorting interjection. "Hngh?" (impossible to be represented by letters.) "It's all her doin'."

"But who is she?"

"You'd better ask him."

Seeing there was nothing to be got out of her, I went down to the stream, washed my face, dried it with my pocket-handkerchief, and then looked after Peck. He gave a shrill whinny of recognition, and I thought, seemed to be a little restless. A fresh feed of corn was in the old basket, and presently the man came into the stable with a bunch of hay, and commenced rubbing off the marks of Peck's oory couch, which were left on his flanks. As we went back to the shanty, I noticed that he eyed me furtively, without daring to look me full in the face. As I was apparently none the worse for the night's experiences, he rallied at last, and ventured to talk at, as well as to me.

By this time, breakfast, which was a repetition of supper, was ready, and we sat down to the table. During the meal, it occurred to me to make an experimental remark. Turning suddenly to the man, I asked:

"Is your name Eber Nicholson?"

"There!" exclaimed the woman, "I knowed he'd heard it!"

He, however, flushing a moment, and then becoming more sallow than ever, nodded first, and then, as if that were not sufficient, added:

"Yes, that's my name."

"Where did you move from?" I continued, falling back on the first plan I had formed in my mind.

"The Western Reserve, not far from Hudson."

I turned the conversation on the comparative advantages of Ohio and Illinois, on farming, the price of land, etc., carefully avoiding the dangerous subject, and by the time breakfast was over, had arranged, that, for a consideration, he should accompany me as far as the Bloomington road, some five miles distant.

While he went out to catch an old horse ranging loose in the creek-bottom, I saddled Peck, strapped on my valise, and made myself ready for the journey. The feeling of two silver half-dollars in her hard palm melted down the woman's aggressive mood, and she said, with a voice the edge whereof was mightily blunted:

"Thankee! it's too much for such as you had."

"It's the best you can give," I replied.

"That's so!" said she, jerking my hand up and down with a pumping movement, as I took leave.

I felt a sense of relief when we had climbed the rise and had the open prairie again before us. The sky was overcast and the wind strong, but some rain had fallen during the night, and the clouds had lifted themselves

again. The air was fresh and damp, but not chill. We rode slowly, of necessity, for the mud was deeper than ever.

I deliberated what course I should take, in order to draw from my guide the explanation of the nightly noises. His evident shrinking, whenever his wife referred to the subject, convinced me that a gradual approach would render him shy and uneasy, and, on the whole, it seemed best to surprise him by a sudden assault. Let me strike to the heart of the secret at once, I thought, and the details will come of themselves.

While I was thus reflecting, he rode quietly by my side. Half turning in the saddle, I looked steadily at his face, and said, in an earnest voice:

"Eber Nicholson, who was it to whom you were married in the sight of God?"

He started as if struck, looked at me imploringly, turned away his eyes, then looked back, became very pale, and finally said, in a broken, hesitating voice, as if the words were forced from him against his will:

"Her name is Rachel Emmons."

"Why did you murder her?" I asked, in a still stronger tone.

In an instant his face burned scarlet. He reined up his horse with a violent pull, straightened his shoulders so that he appeared six inches taller, looked steadily at me with a strange, mixed expression of anger and astonishment, and cried out:

"Murder her? Why, she's livin' now!"

My surprise at the answer was scarcely less great than his at the question.

"You don't mean to say she's not dead?" I asked.

"Why, no!" said he, recovering from his sudden excitement, "she's not dead, or she wouldn't keep on troublin' me. She's been livin' in Toledo these ten years."

"I beg your pardon, my friend," said I; "but I don't know what to think of what I heard last night, and I suppose I have the old notion in my head that all ghosts are of persons who have been murdered."

"Oh, if I had killed her," he groaned, "I'd 'a' been hung long ago, an' there'd 'a' been an end of it."

"Tell me the whole story," said I. "It's hardly likely that I can help you, but I can understand how you must be troubled, and I'm sure I pity you from my heart."

I think he felt relieved at my proposal—glad, perhaps, after long silence, to confide to another man the secret of his lonely, wretched life.

"After what you've heard," said he, "there's nothin' that I don't care to tell. I've been sinful, no doubt—but, God knows, there never was a man worse punished."

"I told you," he continued, after a pause, "that I come from the Western Reserve. My father was a middlin' well-to-do farmer—not rich, nor yit exactly poor. He's dead now. He was always a savin' man—looked after money a little too sharp. I've often thought since: how's ever, 'tisn't my place to judge him. Well, I was brought up on the farm, to hard work, like the other boys. Rachel Emmons—she's the same woman that haunts me, you understand—she was the girl o' one of our neighbors, an' poor enough he was. His wife was always sickly-like—an' you know it takes a woman as well as a man to git rich farmin'."

So they were always scrimped, but that didn't hinder Rachel from bein' one o' the likeliest gals round. We went to the same school in winter, her an' me. (It isn't much schoolin' I ever got, though, an' I had a sort o' maternal hankerin' after her, as far back as I can remember. She was different lookin' then from what she is now—an' me, too, for that matter.)

"Well, you know how boys an' gals somehow git to likin' each other afore they know it. Me an' Rachel was more an' more together; the more we grewed up, only more secret-like; so by the time I was twenty an' she was nineteen, we was promised to one another as true as could be. I didn't keep company with her, though—leastways, not reglar; I was afraid my father'd find it out, an' I knowed what he'd say to it. He kep' givin' me hints about Mary Ann Jones,—that was my wife's maiden name. Her father had two hundred acres an' money out at interest, an' only three children. He'd had ten, but seven o' 'em died. I had nothin' agin Mary Ann, but I never thought of her that way, like I did towards Rachel."

"Well, things kep' runnin' on; I was a good deal worried about it, but a young feller, you know, don't look far ahead, an' so I got along. One night, how's ever,—I was just about as dark as last night was,—I'd been to the store at the Corners, for a jug o' molasses. Rachel was there, gittin' a quarter of a pound o' tea, I think it was, an' some sewin'-thread. I went out a little while after her, an' follered as fast as I could, for we had the same road night to home."

"It weren't long afore I overtook her. 'Twas mighty dark, as I was sayin', an' so I hooked her arm into mine, an' we went on comfortable together, talkin' about how we just suited each other, like we was cut out o' purpose, an' how long we'd have to wait, an' what folks'd say. O Lord! don't I remember every word o' that night? Well, we got quite tender-like when we come to Old Emmons's gate, an' I up an' giv' her a hug and a lot o' kisses, to make up for lost time. Then she went into the house, an' I turned for home; but I hadn't gone ten steps afore I come agin somebody stan' in the middle o' the road. 'Hullo!' says I. The next thing he had a bolt o' my coat-collar an' shuck me like a rattier-dog shakes a rat. I knowed who it was afore he spoke; an' I couldn't 'a' been more skeered, if the life had all gone out o' me. He'd been down to the tavern to see a drover, an' comin' home he'd follered behind us all the way, hearin' every word we said."

"I don't like to think o' the words he used that night. He was a professin' member, an' yit he swore the awfullest I ever heard." Here the man involuntarily raised his hands to his ears, as if to stop them against even the memory of his father's curses.—"I expected every minute he'd 'a' struck me down. I've wished since, he had; I don't think I could 'a' stood that. How's ever, he dragged me home, never lettin' go my collar, till we got into the room where mother was settin' up for us. Then he told her, only makin' it ten times harder 'n it really was. Mother always kind o' liked Rachel, 'cause she was mighty handy at sewin' an' quiltin', but she'd no more dared stan' up agin father than a sheep agin a bull-dog. She looked at me pityin'-like, I must say, an' just begun to cry,—an' I couldn't help cryin' nuther, when I saw how it hurt her."

"Well, after that, 'twan't to no use thinkin' o' Rachel any more. I had to go to Old Jones's, whether I wanted to or no. I felt mighty mean

when I thought o' Rachel, an' was afraid no good'd come of it; but father just managed things his way, an' I couldn't help myself. Old Jones had nothin' agin me, for I was no stiddy, hard-workin' feller as there was round—an' Mary Ann was always as pleasant as could be, an' well, I oughtn't to say nothin' agin her now; she's had a hard life of it, 'longside o' me. Afore long we were bespoken, an' the day set. Father hurried things, when it got that far. I don't think Rachel knowed anythin' about it till the day afore the weddin', or maybe the very day. Old Mr. Larrabee was the minister, an' there was only the two families at the house, an' Miss Plunkerton,—her that sewed for Mary Ann. I never felt so easy in my life, though I tried hard not to show it."

"Well, 'twas all just over, an' the kissin' about to begin, when I heerd the house-door bust open, sudden. I felt my heart give one jump right up to the root o' my tongue, an' then fall back agin, sick an' dead-like."

"The parlor-door flew open right away, an' in come Rachel without a bunnet, an' her hair all flown by the wind. She was as white as a sheet, an' her eyes like two burnin' coals. She walked straight through 'em all an' stood right afore me. They was all so taken aback that they never thought o' stoppin' her. Then she kind o' screamed out,—'Eber Nicholson, what are you doin'?' Her voice was strange and unnatural-like, an' I'd never 'a' knowed it to be her, if I hadn't 'a' seen her. I couldn't take my eyes off of her, an' I couldn't speak; I just stood there. Then she said agin,—'Eber Nicholson, what are you doin'?' You are married to me, in the sight of God. You belong to me, an' I to you, forever, an' forever!"

Then they begun cryin' out,—'Go away! Take her away!' What'd she mean? an' old Mr. Larrabee etched bolt of her arm. She begun to jerk an' trundle all over; she drew in her breath in a sort o' groanin' way, awful to hear, an' then dropped down on the floor in a fit. I bust out in a terrible spell o' cryin'; I couldn't 'a' helped it, to save my life."

The man paused, drew his sleeve across his eyes, and then timidly looked at me. Seeing nothing in my face, doubtless, but an expression of the profoundest commiseration, he remarked, with a more assured voice, as if in self-justification—

"It was a pretty hard thing for a man to go through with, now, wasn't it?"

"You may well say that," said I. "Your story is not yet finished, however. This Rachel Emmons—you say she is still living—in what way does she cause the disturbances?"

"I'll tell you all I know about it," said he, "an' if you understand it then, you're wiser 'n I am. After they carried her home, she had a long spell o' sickness—come near dyin', they said; but they brought her through, at last, an' she got about agin, lookin' ten years older. I kep' out of her sight, though. I lived awhile at Old Jones's, till I could find a good farm to rent, or a cheap one to buy. I wanted to git out o' the neighborhood; I was oneasy all the time, bein' so near Rachel. Her mother was wuss, an' her father fallin'-like, too. Mother seen 'em often: she was as good a neighbor to 'em as she dared be. Well, I got sort o' tired, an' went out to Michigan, an' bought a likely farm. Old Jones give me a start. I took Mary Ann out, an' we got along well enough, a matter o' two year. We heard from home now an' then. Rachel's father an' mother both died, about the time we had our first boy—him that you seen—an' she went off to Toledo, we heard, an' hired out to do sewin'."

She was always a mighty good hand at it, an' could cut out as nice as a born maunty-maker. She'd had another fit after the funerals, an' was older lookin' an' more serious than ever, they said. "Well, Jimmy was six months old, or so, when we begun to be woke up every night by her cryin'. Nothin' seemed to be the matter with him; he was only frightened-like, an' couldn't be quieted. I heard noises sometimes—nothin' like what come afterwards—but sort o' crackin' an' snappin', such as you hear in new furnitur', an' it seemed like somebody was in the room; but I couldn't find nothin'. It got wuss and wuss; Mary Ann was sure the house was haunted, an' I had to let her go home for a whole winter. When she was away, it went on the same as ever—not every night—sometimes not more 'n once a week—but so loud as to wake me up, reglar. I sent word to Mary Ann to come on, an' I'd sell out an' go to Illinois. Good pervainin' land was cheap then, an' I'd rather go further off, for the sake o' quiet."

"So we pulled up stakes an' come out here; but it weren't long afore the noise follered us, wuss'n ever, an' we found out at last what it was. One night I woke up, with my hair stan' on end, an' heerd Rachel Emmons's voice, just as you heerd it last night. Mary Ann heerd it too, an' it's little peace she's giv' me sense that time. An' so it's been goin' on an' on, these eight or nine years."

"But," I asked, "are you sure she is alive? Have you seen her since? Have you asked her to be merciful and not disturb you?"

"Yes," said he, with a bitterness of tone which seemed quite to obliterate the softer memories of his love, "I've seen her, an' I've begged her on my knees to let me alone; but it's no use. When it got to be so bad I couldn't stan' it, I sent her a letter, but I never got no answer. Next year, when our second boy died, frightened and worried to death, I believe, though he was scrawny enough when he was born, I took some money I'd saved to buy a yoke of oxen, an' went to Toledo o' purpose to see Rachel. It cut me awful to do it, but I was desprit. I found her livin' in a little house, with a bit o' garden she'd bought. I s'pose she must 'a' had five or six hundred dollars when the farm was sold, an' she made a good deal by sewin', besides. She was settin' at her work when I went in, an' I knowed me at once, though I don't believe I'd ever 'a' knowed her. She was old, an' thin, an' hard-lookin'; her mouth was pale an' sot, like she was bitin' somethin' all the time; an' her eyes, though they was sunk into her head, seemed to look through an' through an' away out 'thor side o' you."

"It jist shunt me up when she looked at me. She was so corpse-like I was afraid she'd drop dead, then and there; but I made out at last to say, 'Rachel, I've come all the way from Illinois to see you.' She kep' lookin' straight at me, never sayin' a word. 'Rachel,' says I, 'I know I've acted bad towards you. God knows I didn't mean to do it. I don't blame you for payin' it back to me the way you're doin', but Mary Ann an' the boy never done you no harm. I've come all the way o' purpose to ask your forgiveness, hopin' you'll be satisfied with what's been done, an' leave off bearin' malice agin us.' She looked kind o'

sorrowful-like, but drew a deep breath, an' shuck her head. 'Oh, Rachel,' says I,—an' afore I knowed it I was right down on my knees at her feet—'Rachel, don't be so hard on me. I'm the unhappiest man that lives. I can't stan' it no longer. Rachel, you didn't use to be so cruel, when we was boys an' girls together. Do forgive me, and leave off hauntin' me so.'"

"Then she spoke up, at last, an' says she, 'Eber Nicholson, I was married to you, in the sight o' God!'"

"I know it," says I; "you say it to me every night; an' it wasn't my doin's that you're not my wife now; but, Rachel, if I'd 'a' betrayed you, an' ruined you, an' killed you, God couldn't 'a' punished me wuss than you're punishin' me."

"She giv' a kind o' groan, an' two tears run down her white face. 'Eber Nicholson,' says she, 'ask God to help you, for I can't. There might 'a' been a time, says she, 'when I could 'a' done it, but it's too late now.'"

"Don't say that, Rachel," says I; "it's never too late to be merciful an' forgivin'."

"It doesn't depend on myself," says she; "I'm set to you. It's th' only comfort I have in life to be near you; but I'd give up that, if I could. Pray to God to let me die, for then we shall both have rest."

"An' that was all I could git out of her."

"I come home agin, knowin' I'd spent my money for nothin'. Since then, it's been jist the same as before—not reglar every night, but sort o' comes on by spells, an' then stops three or four days, and then comes on agin. Fact is, what's the use o' livin' in this way? We can't be neighborly; we're afraid to have anybody come to see us; we've got no peace, no comfort o' bein' together, an' no heart to work an' git ahead, like other folks. It's jist killin' me body an' soul."

Here the poor wretch fairly broke down, bursting suddenly into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. I waited quietly until the violence of his passion had subsided. A misery so strange, so completely out of the range of human experience, so hopeless, apparently, was not to be reached by the ordinary utterances of consolation. I had seen enough to enable me fully to understand the fearful nature of the retribution which had been visited upon him for what was, at worst, a weakness to be pitied, rather than a sin to be chastised.

"Never was a man worse punished," he had truly said. But I was as far as ever from comprehending the secret of those nightly visitations. The statement of Rachel Emmons, that they were now produced without her will, overturned—supposing it to be true—the conjecture which I might otherwise have adopted. However, it was now plain that the unhappy victim sobbing at my side could throw no further light on the mystery. He had told me all he knew.

"My friend," said I, when he had become calmer, "I do not wonder at your desperation. Such continual torment as you must have endured is enough to drive a man to madness. It seems to me to spring from the malice of some infernal power, rather than the righteous justice of God. Have you never tried to resist it? Have you never called aloud, in your heart, for Divine help, and gathered up your strength to meet and defy it, as you would to meet a man who threatened your life?"

"Not in the right way, I'm afraid," said he. "Fact is, I always tuck it as a judgment hangin' over me, an' never thought o' nothin' else than jist to grin an' bear it."

"Enough of that," I urged—for a hope of relief had suggested itself to me—"you have suffered enough, and more than enough. Now stand up to meet it like a man. When the noises come again, think of what you have endured, and let it make you indignant and determined. Decide in your heart that you will be free from it, and perhaps you may be so. If not, build another shanty and sleep away from your wife and boy, so that they may escape, at least. Give yourself this claim to your wife's gratitude, and she will be kind and forbearing."

"I don't know but you're more'n half right, stranger," he replied, in a more cheerful tone. "Fact is, I never thought on it that way. It's lightened my heart a heap, tellin' you; an' if I'm not too broke an' used-up like, I'll try to foller your advice. I couldn't marry Rachel now, if Mary Ann was dead, we've been druv so far apart. I don't know how it'll be when we're all dead; I s'pose them'll go together that belongs together—leastways, 'tought to be so."

Here we struck the Bloomington road, and I no longer needed a guide. When we pulled our horses around, facing each other, I noticed that the flush of excitement still burned on the man's sallow cheek, and his eyes, washed by probably the first freshet of feeling which had moistened them for years, shone with a faint luster of courage.

"No, no—none o' that!" said he, as I was taking out my porte-monnaie; "you've done me a mighty sight more good than I've done you, let alone payin' me to boot. Don't forget the turn to the left, after crossin' Jackson's Run. Good-by, stranger! Take good keer o' yourself!"

And with a strong, clinging, lingering grasp of the hand, in which the poor fellow expressed the gratitude which he was too shy and awkward to put into words, we parted. He turned his horse's head, and slowly plodded back through the mud towards the lonely shanty.

On my way to Bloomington, I went over and over the man's story, in memory. The facts were tolerably clear and coherent: his narrative was simple and credible enough, after my own personal experience of the mysterious noises, and the secret, whatever it was, must be sought for in Rachel Emmons. She was still living in Toledo, Ohio, he said, and earned her living as a seamstress; it would, therefore, not be difficult to find her. I confess, after his own unsatisfactory interview, I had little hope of penetrating her singular reserve; but I felt the strongest desire to see her, at least, and thus test the complete reality of a story which surpassed the wildest fiction. After visiting Terre Haute, the next point to which business called me, on the homeward route, was Cleveland; and by giving an additional day to the journey, I could easily take Toledo on my way. Between memory and expectation the time passed rapidly, and a week later I registered my name at the Island House, Toledo.

After wandering about for an hour or two, the next morning, I finally discovered the residence of Rachel Emmons. It was a small story-and-a-half frame building, on the western edge of the town, with a locust-tree in front, two lilacs inside the paling, and a wilderness of cabbage-stalks and currant-bushes

in the rear. After much excitation, I had not been able to decide upon any plan of action, and the interval between my knock and the opening of the door was one of considerable embarrassment to me. A small, plumpish woman of forty, with peaked nose, black eyes, and two upper teeth, confronted me. She, certainly, was not the one I sought.

"Is your name Rachel Emmons?" I asked, nevertheless.

"No, I'm not her. This is her house, though. Will you tell her a gentleman wants to see her?" said I, putting my foot inside the door as I spoke. The room, I saw, was plainly but neatly furnished. A rag-carpet covered the floor; green rush-bottomed chairs, a settee with chintz cover, and a straight-backed rocking-chair, were distributed around the walls, and for ornament there was an alphabetical sampler in a frame over the low wooden mantel-piece.

The woman, however, still held the door-knob in her hand, saying:

"Miss Emmons is busy. She can't well leave her work. Did you want some sewin' done?"

"No," said I; "I wish to speak with her. It's on private and particular business."

"Well," she answered, with some hesitation, "I'll tell her. Take a cheer."

She disappeared through a door into a back room, and I sat down. In another minute the door noiselessly reopened, and Rachel Emmons came softly into the room. I believe I should have known her anywhere. Though from Eber Nicholson's narrative, she could not have been much over thirty, she appeared to be at least forty-five. Her hair was streaked with gray, her face thin and of an unnatural waxy pallor, her lips of a whitish-blue color, and tightly pressed together, and her eyes, seemingly sunken far back in their orbits, burned with a strange, ghastly—light. I remember thinking they must shine like touchwood in the dark. I have come in contact with too many persons, passed through too wide a range of experience, to lose my self-possession easily; but I could not meet the cold, steady gaze of those eyes, without a strong internal repulsion. It would have been the same as if I had known nothing about her.

She was probably surprised at seeing a stranger, but I could discern no trace of it in her face. She advanced but a few steps into the room, and then stopped, waiting for me to speak.

"You are Rachel Emmons?" I asked, since a commencement of some sort must be made.

"Yes."

"I come from Eber Nicholson," said I, fixing my eyes on her face.

Not a muscle moved, not a nerve quivered, but I fancied that a faint purple flush played for an instant under the white mask. If I were correct, it was but momentary. She lifted her left hand slowly, pressed it on her heart, and then let it fall. The motion was so calm that I should not have noticed it, if I had not been watching her so steadily.

"Well?" she said, after a pause.

"Rachel Emmons," said I—and more than one cause conspired to make my voice earnest and authoritative.—"I know all. I come to you not to meddle with the sorrow—let me say the sin—which has blighted your life; not because Eber Nicholson sent me; not to defend him or to accuse you; but from that solemn sense of duty which makes every man responsible to God for what he does or leaves undone. An equal pity for him and for you forces me to speak. He cannot plead his cause; you cannot understand his misery. I will not ask by what wonderful power you continue to torment his life; I will not even doubt that you pity while you afflict him; but I ask you to reflect whether the selfishness of your sorrow may not have hardened your heart, and blinded you to that consolation which God offers to those who humbly seek it. You say that you are married to Eber Nicholson, in His sight. Think, Rachel Emmons, think of that moment when you will stand before His awful bar and the poor, broken, suffering soul, whom your forgiveness might still make yours in the holy marriage of heaven, shrinks from you with fear and pain, as in the remembered persecutions of earth!"

The words came hot from my very heart, and the ice-crust of years under which her lay benumbed, gave way before them. She trembled slightly; and the same sad, hopeless moan which I had heard at midnight in the Illinois shanty came from her lips.

She sank into a chair, letting her hands fall heavily at her side. There was no movement of her features, yet I saw that her waxy cheeks were moist, as with the slow ooze of tears so long unshed that they had forgotten their natural flow.

"I do pity him," she murmured at last, "and I believe I forgive him; but oh! I've become an instrument of wrath for the punishment of both."

If any feeling of reproach still lingered in my mind, her appearance disarmed me at once. I felt nothing but pity for her forlorn, helpless state. It was the apathy of despair, rather than the coldness of cherished malice, which had so frozen her life. Still, the mystery of those nightly persecutions!

"Rachel Emmons," I said, "you certainly know that you still continue to destroy the peace of Eber Nicholson and his family. Do you mean to say that you cannot cease to do so, if you would?"

"It is too late," she said, shaking her head slowly, as she clasped both hands hard against her breast. "Do you think I would suffer night after night, if I could help it? Haven't I staid awake for days, till my strength gave way, rather than fall asleep, for his sake?—wouldn't I give my life to be free?—and would have taken it, long ago, with my own hands, but for the sin?"

She spoke in a low voice, but with a will earnestness which startled me. She, then, was equally a victim!

"But," said I, "this thing had a beginning. Why did you visit him in the first place, when perhaps, you might have prevented it?"

"I am afraid that was my sin," she replied, "and this is the punishment. When father and mother died, and I was layin' sick and weak, with nothin' to do but think of 'em, and me all alone in the world, and not knowin' how to live without him, because I had nobody left—that's when it begun. When the deadin' kind o' sleeps came on,—they used to think I was dead, or faintin', at first,—and I could go when my heart desired me, and look at him away of where he lived, 'twas consoling, and I didn't try to stop it. I used to long for the night, so I could go and be near him for an hour or two. I didn't know how I went; it seemed to come



## The People's Lyceum.

"Let truth be more be gaged, our conscience disengaged, our science be disengaged of godlessness."

[The following Paper was read by Prof. PATTON SPENCE, M.D., before the New York Spiritual Conference, at Clinton Hall, Tuesday evening, June 18th, 1861.]

SUBJECT: WHAT DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF A CORRECT INTERPRETATION OF SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS MAY BE TRACED TO MEDIUMS?

Opposition is of great service to any cause. Opposition and skepticism have advanced rational Spiritualism much more than unquestioning credulity; for while simple credulity has been almost equivalent to so much dead weight—a drag and an incumbrance to philosophical Spiritualism—skepticism and opposition, by being not only exacting but suggestive, have hastened our progress toward the true science of spiritual manifestations. Not long ago some ten or a dozen of us Spiritualists recorded in an authenticated form what we then believed to be spiritual manifestations, made in the presence of Mr. H. Melville Fay. We were neither skeptical enough nor exacting enough, for we are all of us now satisfied that the supposed spiritual manifestations were wholly the performances and dexterous doings of Mr. Fay himself. A little less credulity and a little more skepticism at the time, would have prevented us from reporting as spiritual what we now know to be mundane performances. Many similar narrations of supposed spiritual manifestations are on record, all such records being made more, of course, from the impulse of credulity than of skepticism.

Now all science is based upon facts, and those who are trying to build up a true science of spiritual manifestations, are necessarily much embarrassed by all such records of human doings as spiritual manifestations. Much time and labor, therefore, must be spent in separating the genuine from the counterfeit—the wheat from the chaff; for just so long as the philosopher has his facts wrongly classified, having the works and doings of men mixed up with the works and doings of spirits, his generalizations and his explanations will continue to be erroneous; because in his generalizations he tries to embrace facts that do not belong together, and in his science he endeavors to make one and the same explanation apply to phenomena and appearances which are brought about by entirely different forces and instrumentalities, and through entirely different methods.

Again, I well remember the time when, in the early days of Spiritualism, one of the objections brought against our interpretation of certain phenomena was this: that the medium is merely a thought-reader, and of himself, without any aid from spirits, merely gathers from the mind of any one in rapport with him, the facts that are there treasured up and (to him) legibly recorded by some of nature's unknown methods. To most Spiritualists the objection, at that time, seemed too absurd to be noticed; for they were sure that it implied an impossibility—the conscious or unconscious reading of one person's mind by another person; and they were sure that any one who could accept such an explanation, rather than believe that the phenomena in question were the results of spirit agency, had swallowed the camel, and was straining at the gnat. A few years have elapsed and we all now know that the conscious and unconscious reading of one person's mind by another, is an every-day occurrence—a fact grounded in the nature of things. Yet multitudes of such facts have been placed upon record as the genuine doings of spirits, when there was no spirit engaged in their production except the spirits of persons in the body. Here then is another mountain of labor thrown upon the philosopher. Facts, we repeat, are the basis of all science; therefore, as the philosopher plods patiently through the records of Spiritualism for the last ten or twelve years, the class of facts of which we speak must be reduced to order: the wheat must be separated from the chaff; the mundane must be distinguished from the spiritual. This will be done, difficult as it may now seem to us, and inextricably mixed up and entangled as the facts of this class now appear to be. There can be no reliable, scientific Spiritualism, until this is done.

Again, I equally well remember that in the early days of Spiritualism, the skepticism and opposition of the time raised the following objection to certain phenomena that were attributed to spirits. They contended that there is such a thing as the involuntary and unconscious action of the mind, and that, under certain conditions favorable to the operation of that kind of unconscious and involuntary action, persons called mediums would innocently do certain things, such as write, speak, move ponderable substances, which they themselves, and others would attribute to spirits, not knowing that the true source of the power manifested, and of the thoughts expressed, was in the mediums themselves. This explanation and this valuable suggestion from the opposition, received at first no countenance, or favor, or even charity, from the large majority of Spiritualists. The idea that a person's mind could do anything, or think of anything, or produce anything, and yet that person have no consciousness that his mind was doing, thinking, or producing, seemed to most Spiritualists too absurd to be entertained for a moment.

Yet I believe that nearly all Spiritualists not only entertain the idea now, but know it to be true—that there is such a thing as the involuntary and unconscious action of the mind. I was fully prepared myself to entertain the idea when it was first presented; or I should rather say that, as a teacher of the science of human physiology, in the Medical Department of the

University of the State of Missouri, I had already advocated that principle, having reached it by an independent process of my own. The splendid researches of the celebrated Dr. Marshall Hall, of England, had prepared the way for me by his demonstrations of what he termed the reflex action of the spinal cord. That principle, which every physiologist accepts as an established, incontrovertible truth, I extend beyond the spinal marrow up to the brain itself, under the name of the reflex action of the cerebrum, in which I included not only all action of the cerebrum, which is involuntary, but also all that action of the cerebrum which is unconscious. Here then is another mountain of labor thrown upon the philosopher. The records of facts are again voluminous, and again they are mixed up in an almost inextricable confusion—there is no separation of the results of the unconscious and involuntary action of the minds of either the real or of the supposed mediums, from the results produced by spirits through the instrumentality of the minds of the mediums. On the record these two very different classes of facts are blended together and dove-tailed into each other; but until they are separated and properly classified, the philosopher will be embarrassed and thwarted in all his endeavors to get at the true science of either.

This subject, the reflex action of the cerebrum, or the involuntary, unconscious action of the mind, was dwelt upon at the last meeting by Dr. Gray, who then made some valuable and very suggestive remarks on what he was pleased to term, if I remember right, the ganglionic action. His remarks I listened to with much pleasure and interest, not only on account of their intrinsic value, but also because they woke me up to the bearing and importance of facts which I had accumulated and principles which I had long ago embraced, but which I had suffered to lie dormant and useless in my own mind. Leaving this subject for the present, however, with the intention of trying to do it full justice in some other way and on some other occasion, I will now merely remark, that if ever I have got glimpses of something that is superhuman—something that is divine, it is when I have seen the occasional outcroppings movements of a great shadowy infinitude of power, made manifest through the unconscious and involuntary action of what, for want of a better word, I shall still continue to call mind, but which, nevertheless, in its higher and more superlative degrees of action, is as far superior to mind as mind is to the clouds under our feet. It is not mind strictly speaking. It neither moves nor acts according to any of the known methods of mind, but according to methods that are peculiarly its own. It does not think, it does not reason, neither does it explain itself, or transfer itself to the thing which we call mind, or conscious intelligence. Yet it does great and wonderful things without effort, without study, without fatigue, as surely and as unwearily as organic power builds up every organic thing, true to the infallible principles of the highest mathematics. It is visible as an invisible something that seems to stand back of everything—back of the bee that works out a problem which puzzles the mathematician—back of the bird that takes an observation which is true to the latest discovered principles in optics and perspective—back of the rudest tribes of America or of Africa, when they were building up their wonderful languages, whose principles are so profound and so deeply laid that they themselves do not understand them. It is visible in the foreshadowings of prophecy; it is visible in the wonders of poetry and of music; it is visible in all those products of the mind which can never be premeditated, which can never be willed into being, and which excel the products of reason and understanding just in the degree that they are involuntary and unconscious.

Mediums, too, have had this element of their nature mysteriously touched by spirits in many ways no doubt; but particularly would I now call attention to the testimony of mediums to this fact, namely, that they have, at times, held communion with spirits by a method which is grand and wonderful beyond description. In fact they all declare that they cannot explain the process; yet they tell us that they understand all that is imparted to them by that process, as well as if it had been told to them in words; still no words were used, but something more comprehensive than words. The most marked feature in this process of communion with spirits, according to the testimony of every one with whom spirits have communed in this way, including Swedenborg, is this: that in the process a little seems to embrace a great deal—a sentence containing a volume—a moment's communion imparting the equivalent of hours of talk by our method. The thoughts, ideas, or things imparted (for they do not seem to be either thoughts or ideas such as we impart to each other) appear to be transferred from the spirit to the medium, not little by little, or part at a time—not word by word, or sentence by sentence; but they appear to be transferred from the spirit to the medium all at once, *en masse*, as though the intelligence to be communicated was first fully wrought out and perfected by the spirit, and then by some danger-repeating or electrotyping process transferred bodily and almost instantaneously to the conscious understanding of the medium. The uniform testimony of mediums also is, that the intelligence imparted by this method always makes everything perfectly clear and comprehensible to them for the time being; but that when they return to their normal state, they generally find it not only impossible for them to reproduce it by our mundane methods of thought, so as to impart it to others through the instrumentality of words and sentences, but they also find it im-

possible to reproduce it to their own normal or usual self-hood. It is therefore not only untranslatable, but it cannot be reproduced by the mere exterior thing called mind.

All these facts which need to be classified and reduced to system. They all point us to a power in man which is little noticed and less understood. It is evident that this power does, at times, act independently of spirits; it is also equally evident that it is often stimulated and acted upon by spirits. But this department of mind and of mediumship is an almost unexplored region; and hence, of the vast volume of the recorded facts of Spiritualism, no one can say how many and which are the natural outgrowth of this power which is innate in man, and how many and which are the results of the dealings of spirits with this power in mediums. Here then is another mountain of labor for the philosopher—labor which must be performed before there can be such a thing as a reliable science of Spiritualism.

Again, some of the early objectors to the Spiritualist's interpretation of certain phenomena contended that thoughts are not nothing, but that they are realities, which the mind gives off, and that these realities have an existence somewhere, floating, as it were, in an element of some kind; and that mediums, by coming in contact with these thoughts, receive in a natural way what Spiritualists suppose is imparted to mediums by spirits. This objection was also ridiculed in those days; but now it is conceded by Spiritualists that something like this may occur, and often does occur. I say something like this; for it is a subject which is still in its infancy, and of course we do not understand it well enough to give it a definite form. As near, however, as we can get at it, there seems to be what may be called a mental sphere, by which is not meant a round portion carved out of space somewhere, but simply a pervading element in which the products of the mind have their being, and are eventually fossilized, as it were, packed away by a natural process, as natural as that by which the relics of plants and animals are packed away in the solid strata of the earth. In that mental element these fossilized products of the minds of all ages are safely and accurately stored away; or, to vary the illustration, they are there daguerretyped by some of Nature's universal transferring processes. In this mental sphere there are not only the dead, fossilized thoughts of the past, but also the living thoughts of the present. Not only are thoughts recorded there, but also everything that takes, or has taken shape, form, color, or outline in the human mind.

Probably every one is, more or less, in unconscious rapport or connection with the things of this mental sphere. Some persons, however, get into conscious relation or rapport with the things of this mental sphere; that is, they perceive the things therein existing, and are conscious at the time that they are perceiving what they do perceive. Such persons can also bring over to us whatever they perceive in the mental sphere, and in the usual way impart to us the information which they thus obtain. It is also equally certain that spirits may and do put mediums into the same kind of rapport—conscious and unconscious—with the things of the mental sphere. There is, however, much chaos and confusion in this ill-understood department of mental science. The principal, though not the only cause of the error and confusion, is this: a simple rapport, or relation of any kind with phenomena, or a simple perception of phenomena, does not, of itself, necessarily impart to us a knowledge of the science of those phenomena, or a correct understanding of their relation to other phenomena, or a comprehension of their relations to the mind thus in rapport with them, or thus perceiving them. If this were not true, then every one that perceives the external world, even through the physical senses, would understand the science of external nature, and the true character of its relations to it. Such, however, we know is not the case in the material sphere, if I may so express myself; neither is it so in the mental sphere. Therefore, my consciously or unconsciously perceiving the thing of the mental sphere; or my being in conscious or unconscious rapport with them, does not necessarily enable me to understand how I got into that rapport, or into that position where I can perceive the things of the mental sphere. It does not necessarily enable me to know whether, unassisted, I gravitated into that relation by some unknown natural process, or whether some spirit, by an equally natural process, assisted me into that relation. Furthermore, that perception of, or rapport with the things of the mental sphere, does not, of itself, necessarily enable me to know whether I am really perceiving things that are in the mental sphere, or things that are in the material sphere, or whether I am perceiving the pictures and psychological impressions which a spirit is producing on my mind, or whether I am perceiving the actual existences of the spiritual world, and receiving the actual thoughts—the genuine productions of a spirit's mind—supposing that spirits have such a thing as mind in our occupation of the term.

To illustrate my meaning: If I am in rapport with the mental sphere, and perceive a human form, I cannot tell from that simple perception whether I am clairvoyantly looking at a real man in the material world, or whether I am clairvoyantly looking at a real spirit in the spiritual world, or whether I am perceiving a picture or an image of a man which a spirit is impressing on my mind, or whether I am perceiving a fossilized ideal man of the mental sphere, or a living ideal man of the mental sphere. Mediums and clairvoyants may tell you that they can discriminate between these different classes of perceptions; but it is not so; they inno-

cently deceive themselves. This department of mediumship and mental science requires time and labor—much time and great labor—to reduce all of its facts to order and system—to a scientific classification and to a scientific interpretation. Until this is done, phenomenal Spiritualism cannot properly be called a science.

## The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

## Immortality.

As we view this important subject from various positions, there seems to be an innate feeling within us, that the present life is not the end of our existence. And when we take into consideration the unbounded beneficence of the all-wise Creator, and the grand display of universal Nature, we must conclude that the workings of infinite wisdom have not been in vain, but through all their stupendous instrumentalities, God has breathed into man the essence of life, and established his immortality.

If we could plunge into the very depth of chaos, we could see emanating from its liquid mass, individualized worlds, which seem to separate from their former condition and establish their own peculiar positions among the worlds that swim in the great ocean of space; and upon their surface may be seen new and distinct forms of a higher order of development, each establishing its peculiar individuality. Thus there is a perpetual and imperceptible power moving through the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, which shows that the universal tendency of nature is to individualize.

Man, being the masterpiece of all these great workings, is endowed with motion, life, sensation, and intelligence. Having emotions, aspirations, and undying hopes, it is reasonable to suppose that the cause which formed the faculties of the human mind, has provided means for their gratification, by an immutable law of adaptation. Then as we find that every organ has its gratification, we may think that the greatest desire of the mind—which is for immortality—shall be gratified also.

But lo! modern science brings the key to unlock this great and intricate question. Clairvoyance clearly demonstrates, that mind can take cognizance of facts and transactions, even at distant localities, independent of the physical senses; which shows to us conclusively that the mind can live independent of the physical organism.

Spiritualism has brought man into intimate communication with the inhabitants of the future world, who identify themselves by an accurate delineation of their character, which testimony amounts to absolute knowledge. They reveal to us also a new philosophy to cultivate our immortal parts, and stimulate us to love each other, that we may live rightly and die sweetly.

Oh, glorious hope! Oh, light divine!

That comes from heaven on man to shine.

MARY.

For the Herald of Progress.

## Remarkable Manifestations.

BROTHER A. J. DAVIS: I have with me a young man, Daniel Dyer, who gives promise of becoming one of the best mediums of the age for the physical manifestations of spirits. No man has been able to bind him with ropes, but that spirits will release him in a very few minutes; and this is done in the presence of the members of the circle in a darkened room. As soon as the light is extinguished, the ropes are heard moving. Spirits also tie him themselves as firmly as any man in the body can tie him; and this is done in a manner that shows the utter impossibility of his doing it himself.

Spirit lights of a splendid character are also produced in the room in his circles. I never have before witnessed such beautiful spiritual pyrotechnics as are exhibited through him.

Spirits speak through the trumpet in his presence with a clear, distinct utterance. Every word is understood. These conversations through the trumpet are oftentimes carried on in as familiar a manner as between two persons in the body. The trumpet seems to be passing about the room, while the voice is issuing through it. Various other interesting manifestations take place in his circles.

While the manifestations are going on, the young man is conscious, and often sees and describes the spirits and their method of procedure.

Not over twenty-five persons are admitted into any one circle, and thus far has not been a single failure in the manifestations. This is remarkable considering the length of time he has been acting as a medium, which is only two months. His medium powers are so great, and he is so reliable, that I have concluded to travel with him for the purpose of holding circles.

GIBSON SMITH.

CAMDEN, Me., June 8, 1861.

[NOTE:—We suggest to our Brother, before setting out on his travels with this remarkable medium, that it shall be a part of the programme, in every sitting, that at some point during the performances a light shall suddenly be turned upon the medium by some one of the witnesses, appointed for that purpose. There is so great liability to deception in all dark circles, that the sudden and unexpected introduction of a light should always be made an accompanying test. The spirit who is unwilling to submit to such a test will generally be found snugly ensconced in the body of the medium. A spirit of this sort lately performed in New York. The chemical elements with which he wrought were so very subtle and delicate that the least ray of light deranged

of itself. After a while I felt I was troubling him, and doing no good to myself, but the sleep came just the same as ever, and then I couldn't help myself. They're only a sorrow to me now, but I s'pose I shall have 'em till I'm laid in my grave.

This was all the explanation she could give. It was evidently one of those mysterious cases of spiritual disease which completely baffles our reason. Although compelled to accept her statement, I felt incapable of suggesting any remedy. I could only hope that the abnormal condition into which she had fallen might speedily wear out her vital energies, already seriously shattered.

She informed me, further, that each attack was succeeded by great exhaustion, and that she felt herself growing feebler, from year to year. The immediate result, I suspected, was a disease of the heart, which might give her the blessing of death sooner than she hoped. Before taking leave of her, I succeeded in procuring from her a promise that she would write to Eber Nicholson, giving him that free forgiveness which would at least ease his conscience, and make his burden somewhat lighter to bear.

Then, feeling that it was not in my power to do more, I rose to depart. Taking her hand, which lay cold and passive in mine—so much like a dead hand that it required a strong effort in me to repress a nervous shudder—I said:

"Farewell, Rachel Emmons, and remember, that they who seek peace in the right spirit will always find it at last."

"It won't be many years before I find it," she replied, calmly; and the weird, supernatural light of her eyes shone upon me for the last time.

I reached New York in due time, and did not fail, sitting around the broiled oysters and celery with my partners, to repeat the story of the Haunted Shanty. I knew, beforehand, how they would receive it; but the circumstances had taken such hold of my mind—so burned me, like a boy's money, to keep buttoned up in the pocket—that I could no more help telling the tale than the man I remember reading about, a great while ago, in a poem called "The Ancient Mariner." Beeson, who, I suspect, don't believe much of anything, is always apt to carry his railleury too far; and thenceforth, whenever the drum of a target-company, marching down Broadway, passed the head of our street, he would whisper to me, "There comes Rachel Emmons!" until finally became angry, and insisted that the subject should never again be mentioned.

But I none the less recalled it to my mind, from time to time, with a singular interest. It was the one supernatural, or, at least, inexplicable experience of my life, and I continued to feel a profound curiosity with regard to the two principal characters. My slight endeavor to assist them by such counsel as had suggested itself to me was actuated by the purest human sympathy, and upon further reflection I could discover no other means of help. A spiritual disease could be cured only by spiritual medicine, unless, indeed, the secret of Rachel Emmons's mysterious condition lay in some permanent dislocation of the relation between soul and body, which could terminate only with their final separation.

With the extension of our business, and the increasing calls upon my time during my western journeys, it was three years before I again found myself in Toledo, with sufficient leisure to repeat my visit. I had some difficulty in finding the little frame house; for, although it was unaltered in every respect, a number of stately brick "villas" had sprung up around it, and quite disguised the locality. The door was opened by the same little black-eyed woman, with the addition of four artificial teeth, which were altogether too large and loose. They were attached by plated hooks to her eye-teeth, and moved up and down when she spoke.

"Is Rachel Emmons at home?" I asked.

The woman looked at me in evident surprise. "She's dead," said she, at last, and then added, "let's see—ain't you the gentleman that called here, some three or four years ago?"

"Yes," said I, entering the room; "I should like to hear about her death."

"Well," 'twas rather queer. She was failin' when you was here. After that she got softer and weaker-like, an' didn't have her deathlike wearin' sleeps so often, but she went just as fast for all that. The doctor said 'twas heart-disease, and the nerves was gone, too; so he only giv' her morphy, and sometimes pills, but he knowed she'd no chance from the first. 'Twas a year ago last May when she died. She'd been confined to her bed about a week, but I'd no thought of her goin' so soon. I was settin' up with her, and 'twas a little past midnight, maybe. She'd been layin' like dead awhile, an' I was thinkin' I could snatch a nap before she woke. All 'twonst she riz right up in bed, with her eyes wide open, an' her face lookin' real happy; an' called out, loud and strong, 'Farewell, Eber Nicholson! farewell! I've come for the last time! There's peace for me in heaven, an' peace for you on earth! Farewell! farewell!' Then she dropped back on the pillow, stone-dead. She'd expected it, 't seems, and told the doctor to write her will. She left me this house and lot—I'm her second cousin on the mother's side—but all her money in the Savin's Bank, six hundred and seventy-nine dollars and a half, to Eber Nicholson. The doctor writ out to Illinois, an' found he'd gone to Kansas a year before. So the money's in bank yit; but I s'pose he'll git it, some time or other."

As I returned to the hotel, conscious of a melancholy pleasure at the news of her death, I could not help wondering—"Did he hear that last farewell, far away in his Kansas cabin? Did he hear it, and fall asleep with thanksgiving in his heart, and arise in the morning to a liberated life?" I have never visited Kansas, nor have I ever heard from him since; but I know that the living ghost which haunted him is laid forever.

Reader, you will not believe my story: BUT IT IS TRUE.

I know the families that have a way of living through everything, and I know the other set that have the trick of reason for it. I know the years when the fevers and the dysenteries are in earnest, and when they're only making believe. I know the folks that think they're dying as they're sick, and the folks that never find out they're sick till they're dead.

[O. W. HOLMES.]



all his operations? With battered tin trumpet and well-worn lead-cord, he still permeates the country, ready to enlighten all who study Spiritual facts only with an "eye of faith." (See.)

## Poetry.

"The only beautiful ever known a long side of honey in the soul."

For the Herald of Progress.

## QUESTIONS.

BY ADA E. DUNBAR.

When you lie on your pillow at night,  
Is there ever a tear on your cheek?  
Are your sad eyes tired of light?  
Is your poor heart weary and weak?  
Do you long for a rest in the sky?  
Do you wish for a scorching wings?  
Are you lonely? then love me, for I  
Think often those very same things.

Do the angels call you by your name?  
Do they sing 'midst the deepening gloom?  
Do you listen so closely, to watch,  
That your clothes brush the door to the tomb?  
Do you feel you're not strong enough given  
Alone through this rough world to roam?  
Are the walls almost down? Are you very near  
Heaven?  
Then love me—we're both going home.  
SYRACUSE, June, 1861.

## Childhood.

"Then later revelation: silver stream,  
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine  
Whence all things flow."

For the Herald of Progress.

## Wonders of Nature.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

NUMBER FIVE.

## THE FIRE ROCKS.

"Around the globe of liquid lava, by a constant reduction of temperature, a crust is formed. This crust, I told you in the previous lesson, formed the igneous rocks. They are called igneous, because originating in or having cooled from a melted state. These rocks underlie all the other rocks which I shall describe. They form the solid framework of the globe, and gird it around with chains of mountains. They are not of the same age, for though underlying, generally, the others, as the central portions of the earth are, as we found, still liquid, of course it furnishes an inexhaustible source, so that whenever a crevice happens to break through the crust, this lava flows out, and hardening, forms rock, which, of course, overlies the others. This fact has confused the classification of the rocks, for while the igneous belong to the oldest or first formed class, they also belong to all others, even the most recent."

"What do you mean, papa, by the term you so frequently use, *Rock*? I know very well what a rock is, but I suppose as a term in science it has a different meaning."

"Yes, its meaning is somewhat modified. In common usage, rock means only what is otherwise called stone; but when used as I have used it, it includes not only stones properly called rock, but clay, sand, even water and air; everything which enters into the formation of our earth."

"Water and air, did you say, papa?"  
"Yes. If you never saw water except as ice, you would call it a beautiful transparent rock, and what vast beds there would be of it! The ocean would be an exhaustless quarry. You see the classification is a true one."

"If the earth should be constantly kept at the freezing of water, as it is in winter, what a cheerless world we should have, should we not? all the water changed to rock!"

"I suppose, my child, you well know you nor I would be here to enjoy the scene. With the freezing of the waters of the earth, all life, both of plant and animal, would be wholly suspended. Water is the universal agent by which life is manifested."

"What a terrible scene a few degrees of cold would produce! I shudder to think of it!"

"Never fear; the sun ever will return to warm our globe every summer, and destroy the cold of winter."

"I shall ever regard water differently from what I have done before."

"Water, and air, and soft earth are all rocks. We include everything in the term. But to simplify and make the subject easy to remember, I will divide rocks into orders, or families. First, there are the igneous rocks, or those cooled from a melted state; these are generally the lowest. Second, there are the aqueous rocks, or those formed by water. In this lesson I shall describe the prominent igneous rocks."

To present their arrangement to your eye, I will write out their names:

Igneous Rocks (produced by fire)—Granite, Syenite, Porphyry, Greenstone, Trachyte, Basalt, Amygdaloid, Serpentine, Lava.

Granite is composed of three minerals—quartz, feldspar and mica. These materials are sometimes very coarse, the crystalline fragments being over a foot in diameter, and at other times they are so fine as to be scarcely discernible. Between these extremes are an almost infinite variety of gradations. The coarse-grained is more liable to decompose, and hence is not as good for building purposes as the fine. Granite is a very common rock. Almost all the loose stones you see scattered over the fields are granite,

and you will observe that scarcely two of them are alike. It is usually gray, sometimes whitish, and at others flesh-colored. The white grains you observe in this fragment are the quartz, the flesh-colored, the feldspar; and the black, shining scales, the mica. Granite enters largely into the formation of mountains; the lofty craters of the Andes, the Himalaya (the highest in the world), the Alps, the Rocky, and the Alleghenies are granite. It forms some of the grandest and most sublime scenery on our planet.

Syenite differs from true granite only in having the mica, these black scales, removed, and a mineral called hornblende substituted for them. The Egyptians built many of their monuments of this rock, and time has scarcely changed its surface. Mount Sinai is a mass of syenite. The famous granite of New England, of which the noble buildings of Boston are built, including Bunker Hill Monument, are of syenite. It is broken out in the quarries in immense blocks by steel wedges. It is much softer than after it has been exposed to the air.

Porphyry.—This rock, which was very noted in ancient times, cannot be accurately described. Its name signifies purple, which is the usual color of ancient porphyries, but it is of every color. The ancient porphyry is composed of crystals of feldspar, such as I showed you in the specimen of granite, cemented together with finer grains of feldspar. But this structure is not permanent. The term porphyry designates only a certain form of rock. It is the hardest of all rocks, and, when "polished," the most durable.

Greenstone.—This includes many varieties of rocks, the base of which is feldspar. It is sometimes called trap, from the Swedish word *trappa* (stairs), because they are usually arranged like steps.

Trachyte is of a grayish, or whitish color, and differs more from the preceding in the form of its materials, than in difference of constitution. Feldspar is the predominant constituent.

Basalt is a dark, black, or greenish rock, very much like greenstone, but differs in a more regular columnar structure. Basalt produces some very singular scenery, as the Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave. When it was poured out through enormous fissures in the earth's crust beneath the bottom of the ocean, it was pressed down by the enormous weight of the water, and cooling slowly, it crystallized in great masses, running in the same direction, very much like candles when packed in a box. These stood upright, and having been upheaved from the bottom of the ocean, now astonish the traveler with what seems a work of giant art.

Amygdaloid.—This term, like porphyry, is not confined to any one sort of rock, but indicates a certain form which extends through the trap family. It was produced in this manner: When lava flows out of a volcano, the gas and vapor it contains form vacant globular places throughout its mass. When the lava is forced forward when almost solidified, these globular vacancies are lengthened out and become oval. Now, water containing lime or quartz dissolved, penetrates into these cavities, and deposits whatever it holds dissolved. The cavities are thus filled, the lava becomes solid. The substance deposited takes the form of the cavity, which is oval, like an almond, and hence the name amygdaloid, from the Greek word, *amygdalea*, an almond.

Serpentine is a greenish, mottled rock, sometimes slightly stratified. It is an elegant ornamental rock, little used in this country, although it exists in immense quantities. Table-tops and mantels are sometimes made of it, and are very beautiful.

Lava embraces all matter ejected from volcanoes. It contains a vast number of mineral substances. In that of Vesuvius alone over one hundred have been detected. Its form depends very much on the manner in which it is cooled; when cooled in the air, it is light and porous, like pumice, and will sometimes float on water; when cooled under pressure, solid rock results. But to volcanoes and their products I shall devote another lesson by-and-by. Your present lesson is a dry one, but necessary to be learned in order to understand the more interesting ones which follow.

## AN HONEST BOY.

A newsboy by the name of Michael Partidge, who helps support his widowed mother by selling newspapers, sold to Mr. Bacon, clerk of the American House, last night, a copy of the *Times* and one of the *Press* for two cents—one cent each, as it was late. Mr. Bacon took from his pocket what he thought were two new cents, and the boy left. Ten minutes afterward he returned and told Mr. Bacon that he had paid him wrong. Mr. Bacon insisted that he had given him just what he asked—two cents. The boy showed two quarter eagles—\$5—saying that he gave him those instead of cents. The clerk gave him a quarter of a dollar for his trouble.

So little did the boy think of this act of honesty, that he had said nothing about it till we met him this morning, and inquired into the facts. When asked why he did not keep the gold he said: "I knew it wasn't right change, and I had no business with it; so when I found it out, I went back." He is an Irish boy 14 years old—helps support his mother, and lives with her in the old "Bee Hive," foot of State street.—*Hartford Times*.

God sometimes gives to man a guiltless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not childish, and the faculties in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow without sign of decay. This is that sought for land of Beulah, where they who have traveled manfully the road of life abide awhile, show to the world a perfect manhood, while life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them.

## HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

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More Whispers to the sick will be given in our next.

Read Miss Hoyt's impressive and truthful

portraiture of Rev. T. L. Harris, given in the present number.

The PHYSIOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT in this

week's issue contains a very important article. It is a truthful analysis of the Disorders

of the Liver, and should be read by every possessor of that interesting organ.

"THE WONDERS OF NATURE," in another

column, will, we trust, be read attentively by our young friends. Hudson Tuttle is doing

much for the education of childhood, by winning the youthful mind into the exhaustless

field of Natural Science.

The article of Prof. Payton Spence, on the

obscurities in Spiritual Manifestations arising from the peculiarities of mediumship, will be

found highly suggestive. It is a topic deserving of careful study, and the investigation of it

will probably cast more light on the contradictory communications received through mediums, than inquiry in any other direction.

The article appears on our third page.

## "The Haunted Shanty."

This story, selected from the *Atlantic Monthly*, to which we yield so large a proportion of our space this week, is far more suggestive than credible. We print it because of the phenomena that are introduced in a somewhat romantic sketch. But we observe that the writer is not as gifted as Poe. His facts are naturally grouped, but unphilosophically explained. Poe's wonderful sights and sounds, however startling in their development to the senses, were never unphilosophically solved.

If the builder of this Shanty tale had more knowledge of the established facts of modern Spiritualism—if he was somewhat better informed respecting what is, and what is not possible to the mental constitution of man—he would not have solved his marvellous facts by a violation of the laws of mind and of common sense, which he has conspicuously done in all the interesting points of his story.

If there was any such isolated "Haunted Shanty" on the prairie of Illinois, between Peoria and Bloomington, only nine years ago, it is probable that some one, not a Cortlandt street merchant of this city, would have heard of it—especially since the "noises" were made so alarmingly loud in the middle of the night—and it is still more probable that Eber Nicholson would have been found out and questioned by some neighbor quite as worthy of his confidence.

We trust that spiritual story-writers will inform themselves concerning the fundamental laws and causes that underlie the facts and developments of Spiritualism. And we venture a hope that conductors of periodicals so able as the *Atlantic* will exercise a goodly share of justice and reason in the selection of their literature. They must have known the object of the writer of this story. They could not but perceive that the author of it was manufacturing a series of facts and characters, and taking testimony from them wholly at variance with the observation and experiences of thousands of intelligent minds on both sides of the ocean.

What was the object aimed at by the writer of the "Haunted Shanty"? His object was this, to inculcate the atheistic or materialistic hypothesis, (contradicted by a world of facts,) that all the "voices," "sounds," "moving of ponderable bodies," and other "phenomena," styled spiritual in these days, are all explainable by the operation of laws and forces exclusively human and earthly. He attempted to illustrate, by means of false facts and characters, the theory that "there is nothing spiritual" in the wonderful experiences of Spiritualists.

The theory sought to be conveyed by the story is: That persons yet living in the body may produce mysterious sounds, speak audible words, and develop surprising effects, at very great distances. The writer makes a lady medium of Rachel Emmons, who is "pale," and subject to strange "spells" of sleeping. He wants to show that what was voluntary at first becomes involuntary at last, and that therefore the medium makes "manifestations" at a distance unconsciously. This explanation will do for those only who are almost totally ignorant of the genuine facts of Spiritualism.

## The Physician.

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

## Medical Whispers.

BY THE EDITOR.

"French Brandy."—S. M. K., CAMBRIDGE.—In making the *Scrophula Syrup*, prescribed in this journal some weeks since, French brandy is always to be preferred. Red-faced brandy is a dangerous article.

"Cure for Burns."—The *Medical Gazette* of France says, that, by an accident, charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour, the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions.

"Loss of Appetite."—EUGEN G. D., BELLINGHAM, O. If you continue the rhubarb and charcoal, according to directions, the symptoms will disappear. The loss of flesh, and the low appetite, are good signs. Your desire for food will return when the liver is less indolent. Few people die from starvation, but hundreds die every year from gluttony.

"Sore Eyes."—M. J. E., MESOPOTAMIA.—The cause of diseased eyes lurks in the digestive and nervous systems. Her appetite should fall for a while. The hydropathic pack would do her good. Tell her to wash her eyes in a strong tea made of witch-hazel bark. This wash will, with a proper diet, heal the inflamed lids and prevent much soreness.

"Artichokes for Swine."—This very productive tuber will soon become one of the principal crops raised for feeding swine. The immense crop that an acre will produce—five hundred bushels, or thirty thousand pounds—the eagerness with which swine feed on it, the ease with which it can be raised, all point to this tuber as one that should be extensively grown.

"The Universal Gospel."—Mr. J. H. W. Tooley, in a recent lecture at Chicago, is reported to have said: "The new expression of the Universal Gospel will come through science, not theology, and will teach health and happiness instead of sin and sacrifice. To effect this, physiology must take the place of Theology, and teach men the science of life. Then sound minds will grow with healthy bodies—true lives and natural loves resulting—the spirit being in harmony with God, Nature, and itself."

"Treatment for Neuralgia."—Some time since we published, at the request of a friend, a recipe to cure neuralgia. Half a drachm of sal ammonia in an ounce of camphor water, to be taken a tea-spoonful at a dose, and the dose repeated several times, at intervals of five minutes, if the pain be not relieved at once. Half a dozen different persons have since tried the recipe, and, in every case, an immediate cure was effected. In one the sufferer, a lady, had been subjected to acute pains for more than a week, and her physician was unable to alleviate her sufferings, when a solution of sal ammonia in camphor water relieved her in a few minutes.—*Exc.*

"Injustice to the Girls."—The *Dublin Magazine* says truly: "At present it is only our sons whom we care to put forward, and we leave the girls to chance. Nothing can be more unjust. Our sons are strong, can work for themselves, and will always be more or less in requisition. Our daughters are weak, and yet we give them no aid, we teach them no trade, no profession, and we apply our savings not to their dowry, but to pay the debts and encourage the selfish extravagance of our boys."

"Piles Cured by Horse Chestnuts."—FREMONT, IND., June, 1861: To A. J. DAVIS:—Recently, in conversation with a gentleman (a mason by trade) he stated that, some years since, he was attacked with the piles, which readily disappeared, in consequence (as he verily believes,) of carrying a horse chestnut in his pocket, and continued well for about five years; during which time he carried it (the chestnut,) in his pocket; becoming worn out, he threw it away. The disease returned in a few weeks, but was again promptly removed by resorting to the same remedy, which he still uses.

He also informed me that an acquaintance of his (also a mason,) related to him a similar experience respecting the sanative influence of this apparently very simple remedy.

Truly yours, S. W. CORBIN, M. D.

"General Debility."—S. T. M., OF BRUNSWICK, ME., says: "I am a sufferer from no apparent disease, but possess little vigor of either body or brain. I desire to know if this arises from some defect of organization, or is it a weakness I may some time surmount?"

ANSWER: It is unworthy an immortal spirit to surrender its powers to that lawless wretch, the meanest sinner among five hundred diseases, known in these parts as "GEN. DEBILITY." Concerning the duration of bodily infirmities, we give answer in the poet's words:

"Naught eternal is  
Are therefore finite. Can the robber steal  
From God? All souls are His, and Him deriv'd,  
And thus are good, and Good alone is endless.  
But Evil, having birth from second causes,  
Created things, gross matter, and their laws,  
Is not from all eternity with God,  
But hath a recent origin, and thus  
Hath not an endless, but a casual being.  
And must expire where its reign began."

Obey the laws of bathing in cold water every morning; arise early; go out into Mother Nature's auroral embrace; rest an hour before dinner; put on the Will power; step strongly; and thus summon forth your yet dormant energies. You may conquer.

"Honey of the Bee."—The secret of flowers, gathered by bees, is a watery solution of cane sugar. In the process of this transformation, the cane sugar is decomposed into three different kinds, which constitute honey. The heat which the bees maintain in the hive causes this change. Weak acids, as well as heat and moisture, can effect a similar conversion of cane sugar.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan.—Eclectic physicians, and the lovers of progress generally, will be most happy to learn that there are prospects that Prof. Buchanan, the old and tried veteran of medical reform, will once more enter the field of medical progress. Prof. Buchanan has in contemplation moving to Philadelphia, for the purpose of making it his residence during the disturbed state of the country. In such an event, he thinks he may be induced to engage as a medical teacher in the Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia. We are in hopes that his contemplated plan will be put in practical operation, and that we shall have the satisfaction of adding his name to the corps of teachers already connected with that school.

"Bleeding from the Nose."—Z. K. Q., OF LOTT'S CREEK, IOWA, writes: "I have been troubled with bleeding at the nose, periodically, for about eight or nine years; sometimes it bleeds every day for some time, until the blood becomes pale, and I feel weak, and sometimes dizzy. Sometimes the blood is hot as it passes through my nose."

REMEDY: The general cause is concealed in the nervous system. Debility of the nervous power is the usual cause of all hemorrhages, whether from the lungs, anus, nose, stomach, or other parts of the body. And, therefore, the true remedy consists in whatever restores vigor to the nervous system. Witch-hazel bark, or borax, pulverized, applied within the nostril, will stop the bleeding very soon. Cold water should be poured on the wrists and nape of the neck, until the parts are very much reduced in temperature. Also, before the bleeding is likely to commence, press the large veins on either side of the throat, rubbing downward, thus arresting the determination of blood to the head. This should be remembered in sudden attacks of headache. Lift the nervous vigor by a gentle diet of fruits and grains. Animal food is unfavorable to a rapid rebuilding of the nerve-powers. In addition to the foregoing, we suggest, as conditions of cure, "temperance in all things," and plenty of "time."

"Sugar in the Liver."—GEORGIA, of Vermont, complains of great languor and low spirits; brick-dust deposit from kidneys; inclined to costiveness; sour stomach frequently; complexion yellow, with brown spots here and there on the face; no great suffering, but much depression and weariness.

CAUSE AND REMEDY: The liver is the sugar-making organ in the human economy, and is the first of all the visceral confederates to report any deficiency or excess in this particular. The above symptoms prove that there is an excess of bile (or old, worn-out, broken-down, blood globules or eggs,) and that there is too much sugar and alkali sent out from the liver. The condition of the kidneys and stomach, taken in connection with the pallor and languor, are evidences unmistakable. The true remedy consists in a cheerful spirit (a very difficult medicine to obtain under some circumstances,) and plenty of nutritious food, which must be selected wholly from the vegetable kingdom. For supper eat no stewed berries or fruit. Nothing sweet, nor sour, nor salt, but only a tumbler-full of Indian meal porridge, with a little unbuttered bread. Retire very early; arise, if possible, before the sun; walk out, breathe, and think of the Summer Land. Cultivate the spirit of Hope. Truth is more lovely than persons; worship it; let them not enter the sanctuary of Thought. For breakfast drink one cup of black tea (sans milk or sugar,) and eat nothing. Let hunger assail the citadel. Do not yield. For dinner eat whatever and as much as your appetite demands. Never sleep after dinner. This course of treatment will effect a cure in about four weeks. Take a mild cathartic two or three times.

"Pseudo Health."—HENRY T., OF ONEIDA, will consider himself hereby authorized and duly commissioned to "whisper" the ensuing statement to every individual who "enjoys miserable health," or whose symptoms are variable, now up, now down, under the treatment of some college-bred physician, to wit: That it is impossible to communicate health and strength to the human body. Let the remark be a thousand times emphasized and enforced from the mouth of every sacred canon: That no human body can be stimulated up into a healthy and harmonious condition. The constitutional vigor is increased or diminished only by and through the Pneumogastric and Sympathetic Nervous Systems; and these Systems, with all their manifold complications and diversified ramifications, are dependent upon that Power of Will, which (being warned by love and directed by wisdom,) occupies the chambers and convolutions of the brain. All health is born legitimately. It, like Venus, arises out of the "foam of the sea" of life—THE BLOOD. Nothing can develop Blood save the process of digestion, the organs of which, in order to fulfill their beautiful mission, require to be supplied with plain, nutritious food. A roasted potato is more nutritious than eight ounces of fish or fowl; and a quart bowl of porridge, made of equal parts of Indian meal and rolled Graham crackers, is more health-generating and more strength-giving than two pounds of porter-house beefsteak; in like manner, you will find it chemically true that five long, deep, well appropriated inspirations of pure air are more invigorating than a cup of either wine, brandy, or coffee.



## Foundations and Corner-Stones.

The aspiring mind of man is ever seeking new forms of association, is ever making new experiments in social life, with the hope to grasp the philosopher's stone, and enter upon a harmonious and happy future. But all efforts have thus far failed in securing even an approximation to the destiny aimed for, and it has become evident to many minds that the inner conditions of the man are those which require to be first regulated, and that outer growth, as manifested in the various associative forms of life, will accord with the inner state.

The entire individual has to become subordinate to the will, and the will has to regulate, and guide, and control each separate passion, into a state where harmony shall grow from that which before was most antagonistic. Fear, envy, hope, jealousy, misguided amativeness, expectation, joy and sorrow, and all other distinctive qualities of the mind, that take each their turn of rule over the being who possesses them, have to give place to a series of harmonizing attributes, which can never be otherwise than in accord.

It is by the combined power of aspiration and will that such changes in the human organism are to be brought about. These two forces, acting in concert, will secure the co-operation and aid of the highest of the angel worlds.

It is well known that the nature of man, when acted upon by the Divine influence of musical harmonies, affiliates with, and becomes susceptible to the society of those who live the higher life. From this we may deduce that these same organisms are capable of such regulation and control that they may be brought into a condition where they become, as it were, a harp upon whose strings the angelic host will ceaselessly produce such harmonic chords that every act and experience in life will vibrate through the system a thrill of inspiration.

Until these important changes are accomplished, and new conditions reached, human beings cannot unite any more permanently in new organizations than they have under the old and now decaying institutions of the past.

"HEAVEN IS A STATE." How promising and how full of hope the thought, that the members of the sects, who style themselves the Christian Church, are among those who are reaching a knowledge of this important truth. The definition of the word, as quoted here, is the one now given from some of the popular pulpits of the day.

Through the education of the most enlightened and advanced portions of the human race, and by the associative powers of the mind, "Heaven" has come to be regarded as the expression in our language which conveys to the soul the greatest amount of high, and noble, and beautiful thought. It is, in one respect, synonymous with home—a true and real home—inasmuch as it conveys in its expression a sensation as of a place where the unfortunate "cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

But it has taken our race a long time to learn that its first meaning is one which involves simply a condition, and that the heavenly home is the ultimate or result which follows a comprehension of, and life resulting from such condition.

In our article of last week, the phrase was used, "basis principles of the new structure." We now refer to the necessity that principles should be personified—embodied—in order that they may have a vitality that shall be of service when practical works are entered upon.

It is requisite that the Foundations and Corner-Stones of new edifices, which are intended to be permanent, shall be made up of those whose principles are firm and unyielding; whose morals are so pure as to be unchangeable; whose power shall lie in the balance between, and accord of the attributes of justice and love, and whose wisdom shall be sufficient to guide them into ways of pleasantness and paths of peace.

## MEDIUMS AND PHYSICIANS.

Our readers will observe the names of the principal Magnetic Physicians, Healing and Test Mediums, in this city, in our Strangers' Guide and City Directory. We may have omitted some names; if so, they will be added as soon as we are advised of it.

This arrangement of names and addresses so frequently desired, will, we think, be alike satisfactory to our advertisers and readers. We make no charge for the space thus occupied. If, however, more extended notice is desired, it will be afforded at our regular advertising rates. Terms to be found elsewhere.

## A MERITED TRIBUTE.

Miss HARRIET J. HOWELL, a young woman as beautiful in person as she was noble in character, died on Saturday last, at the residence of Marcus and Rebecca Spring, at Eagleswood, N. J., of an illness induced by over-exertion in fitting herself for duty as an army nurse. She was a native of England, and a daughter of the late Rev. H. C. Howells, formerly of Pittsburgh, Pa., whose devotion to the anti-slavery cause, twenty-five years ago and since, endeared him to many of his friends. Her death has sent a pang to the heart of every one who knew her. She has laid down her life in devotion to a cause in which she enlisted, not alone from patriotic impulses, but from a sense of religious duty.—*Anti-Slavery Standard.*

⚡ We have received from Mr. Bruson, of Chicago, too late for insertion this week, an announcement of a new volume by Mrs. Harding, soon to be published.

## Notes of Progress.

A Chicago correspondent writes that Chas. H. Foster, the test medium, is producing somewhat of a Spiritual revolution in that city.

Rev. J. H. Tuttle, pastor of a leading Universalist church, has visited the medium, and received such remarkable tests from departed relatives, that our correspondent writes, "He wept like a child and exclaimed, 'What a glorious thing it is to know that we are to live on through eternity!'"

Rev. Mr. Livermore, editor of the *New Covenant*, has also witnessed striking manifestations, and is said to be convinced beyond a doubt that spirits can and do communicate. Whether he will permit the readers of his paper to know of this change in his opinions remains to be seen.

## GROVE MEETINGS.

There will be a Grove Meeting at Southington, Ohio, on Saturday and Sunday, July 6th and 7th. Mrs. C. M. Stowe and E. Whipple will be present as speakers. All are cordially invited to attend.

A good time is expected.

The friends of reform will hold a Grove Meeting at East Norwalk, Huron Co., Ohio, on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of August next. S. P. Leland, Mrs. C. M. Stowe, and G. W. Hollister are engaged—other speakers expected. An invitation is extended to all, irrespective of party or sect, to attend.

## Brief Items.

—The ship *Monarch*, from Liverpool, recently arrived at New York, brought nine hundred and forty-nine Mormons as passengers.

—It is intimated that Dr. Russell's letters to the *London Times*, from the South, have been tampered with by his Southern friends. If this is true, certain incongruities are explained.

—Louis Napoleon lately ordered a pair of skates from Philadelphia. A magnificent pair, of solid steel, have been sent him.

—Gen. Prentiss, commanding at Cairo, is said to be not only a brave and efficient officer, but a man of noble qualities, and strictly temperate in his habits. It is said Garibaldi is a total abstainer. Lincoln it is well known is such, and so was the late Col. Ellsworth.

—The skirmishes thus far in Virginia have demonstrated the unflinching bravery of the volunteers. If they can but be led by competent Generals, they will not be found wanting.

—It is alleged that Messrs. R. M. T. Hunter and Senator Bayard recently made a stealthy visit to this city, to further the interests of Jeff. Davis by enlisting New York Democrats in favor of a compromise.

—The *Times* correspondent charges the government with an indiscriminate use of passes to the Federal camps, by means of which rebel spies are enabled to inform the enemy of every movement.

—It is said of General Scott that he is more popular after than during a campaign. He is proverbially slow, but sure. This was a characteristic of the Duke of Wellington. The North will believe that he is slow, they only desire to know he is sure.

—Already some Northern Democratic papers begin to speak of the "assumption by the government of powers not warranted by the Constitution, as indications of an alarming character." Disloyalty may not dare show its head, but it exists, even at the north.

—The New York dailies have contemplated an increase in price, in consequence of the loss of advertising patronage. It is probable that they are not making money very fast during the war.

—The library of Rev. Theodore Parker, bequeathed to the Boston Public Library, has been removed to that institution. It numbers upwards of eleven thousand volumes, many of them very rare and valuable.

—Cornelius Vanderbilt has authorized his agent in Washington to offer the steamship Vanderbilt to the government at a valuation to be determined by three Commodore; or, if this offer is not accepted, to present the vessel.

—It is believed by many that the Mormon leaders in Utah, are encouraged by current events to hope to be able to throw off their allegiance to the United States. They are making unusual efforts to hasten immigration from Europe, so as to strengthen themselves for future contingencies.

—The *Tribune* publishes a letter from Prof. Payton Spence, advocating the practicability of balloon photography, as a means for ascertaining the situation of an enemy. Photographs of battle-fields are already used by the French, and if they can be taken from balloons, as Mr. Spence strongly urges, the Government may be at once placed in possession of ample data for intelligently directing a campaign.

—A bank riot occurred recently at Milwaukee. The mob destroyed a large amount of property, and injured several persons. The cause was the action of the city banks in throwing out country notes.

—Patent preserved potatoes are now furnished in England, at a cost of two cents per pound. They are warranted to keep for a long time in all climates.

—The Boston *Post* says: "Who wants a better 'National Him' than Gen. Scott?" The *Hartford Courant* answers, "Nobody, Mr. Post. We can get along with that Uncle Psalm!"

—There are one thousand five hundred chiffoniers, or rag-pickers, in Paris, and they earn about a franc a day only.

—There are about seven hundred paper manufacturers in France, and the total production annually is about fifty thousand tons. Only seven thousand tons of paper are annually consumed in the city of Paris.

—A society for the rescue of "fallen women" is actively and successfully engaged in London in reclaiming outcasts. Within the last year they have restored three hundred and fifty women to their friends in the country, where they are leading virtuous and happy lives.

—The reduction of price for taking photographs is owing to a discovery as to preparing the paper, and a more powerful concentration of the sun's rays by the lenses. What actually cost thirty cents to the artist, can now be afforded at one cent.

—A family may live on \$100 a year in some parts of London, paying a rent and having a garden. But they cannot eat meat or drink beer.

—A French schoolmaster has recently been punished with two months' imprisonment for striking a child in his school.

—The Confederate bonds have sold recently in New Orleans for ten cents on the dollar.

—A fund is being collected at the South for the benefit of the family of Jackson, the murderer of Ellsworth.

—The *Hamilton, C. W., Times*, says that four hundred Norwegians passed through that place recently for Chicago. Four thousand are expected during the season. They are a fine class of immigrants.

—Major Winthrop, who fell at Great Bethel, was the author of the article in the *June Atlantic*, describing the march of the Seventh. His last contribution appears in the July number. It possesses a painful interest now. He concludes with a good-by to the Seventh, and "Good-by Everybody!"

—A party of fourteen hundred English workmen recently enjoyed an excursion to Paris. The excursionists are represented to have been well-dressed, intelligent, and well-behaved, and to have enjoyed their visit to the French metropolis hugely.

—Two disasters have attended the movements of the Federal forces in Virginia. A party from Fort Monroe attacked a battery near Great Bethel, and were repulsed with a loss of some twenty killed and seventy wounded. A scouting party on a train upon the Alexandria R. R., was fired upon by the enemy, when passing a curve, and six killed with several wounded.

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

Our last advices from Europe are to the 15th of June, by the arrival of the steamer *Europa*.

—The English Government has resolved to send three regiments of infantry, and a sufficient amount of artillery and munitions of war, to reinforce the garrisons in British America. It is also reported that several English frigates are to proceed from the West India station, to see if the blockade of the United States coast is effective.

—It is said that the Stade dues are at last at an end. No more are to be levied after the first of July.

—The proprietors of the Great Eastern have chartered their ship to the English Government to transport troops to Quebec.

—The Kingdom of Italy has been recognized by the Porte, and its recognition by France, it is said, will probably be hastened by the death of Count Cavour.

—Embassadors from the King of Siam, bearing presents for the Emperor, have been received in Paris.

—Baron Ricasoli has been appointed Premier in the Cabinet of Turin.

—The obsequies of Count Cavour were performed with almost royal pomp; multitudes of the houses of Turin were draped in black; the Chamber of Deputies have also decided that a marble statue to the Count shall be placed in the Hall of Assembly.

—The International Conference of Embassadors of the Great Powers, sitting in Constantinople, have agreed that the Governor of the Lebanon shall be appointed for three years; he is to be chosen from the Christian subjects of the Sultan.

—The *Journal des Debats*, in an important article, holds that if Austria crosses the Danube, France must inevitably recommence the war interrupted in 1859.

—The Pope is said to be seriously ill.

—The Hungarian Chamber of Deputies, on the 14th inst., agreed on an address to the Emperor.

—The French and English Embassies are established at Peking.

—In Morocco, Muley Soliman is said to have been recognized as Emperor by several tribes, and was encamped about twenty-five miles from Fez, with a considerable force. He is represented as in a position to assume the offensive, and make a serious war against his brother, the Emperor.

## Apotheosis.

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

**Departed:** From his earthly form, on the 15th of June, 1861, MAYNARD MARSHALL CLARK, of Weston, Mass., aged twelve years and eleven months. The oldest child of his fond parents, he was in every way worthy of the deep affection which they bestowed upon him. As all who knew him will acknowledge with us, he was, though a child in years, a man in capability and thoughtfulness. His brain was very large and active—too large to be supported by a child's body—and as soon as many of his friends learned that he was attacked with typhoid fever, they felt at once that human skill was not able to keep the restless soul within its earthly tenement. He will be very much missed in the neighborhood, where he endeared himself to every one by his readiness to oblige any one, whilst, unlike most boys, he never was guilty of mischievous tricks, or a quarrelsome disposition.

It is a pleasure to record that his parents are earnest friends of Truth and Progress; and during the few years that he was entrusted to their guardianship, they took great care to leave his spirit free from all shackles of superstition, and ever gave him the example of earnest inquiry and search for truth. It is a great comfort to them to believe that their dear Maynard will be often near them, and that even now he will benefit by their example; that their endeavors to lead a high and noble life will elevate him in the same degree, and perhaps more, than if he were with them in the form. His gentle spirit-presence will often be felt by his little brother, and no doubt it will assist him to lead a good and spiritual life, during every day of which he will endeavor to make himself as dear to his friends as his older brother was before him.

A monthly rose bloomed in his mother's window. With four sweet buds just swelling into beauty: Emblems they were of those dear ones united. From one of whom the cumbrous clay was falling. During his days of sickness one rose blossomed. And all day long its fragrance floated round him. Then vanished with him through the gates of morning.

Leaving the petals, like his young form, lifeless. L. P.

## Pulpit and Rostrum.

"Every one's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems, at the time, to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new."

For the Herald of Progress.

## Spiritual Workers in and around New York.

NUMBER SIX.

REV. T. L. HARRIS.

A shadowless, joyous azure sky spanned the city. Earth, air, and the blue firmament were filled with the fresh splendor of early June. As I crossed the city park in the cool of that summer Sabbath, I felt indeed that the earth was a pleasant place to inhabit, and that angels and God might walk the streets of our cheery city on such a morning without soiling their shining garments. The grand old trees in the park shook their bright emerald leaves above me as I passed, and leapt, and danced merrily in their aerial bath, throwing their pretty, palpitating shadows down upon the white tents below, toying, diving, and turning brisk somersaults in the clear summer wind, casting the while shy looks adown upon the gay soldiers and rakishly costumed Zouaves in the encampment beneath.

The park and adjoining streets were active with martial life. Sunday in New York has become quite a gala day. A few strokes of the political engine have accomplished the work of emancipation from stringent Sunday laws which the arduous reformer has in years of labor failed to achieve. The tall gray church steeples on Broadway, which have gazed austere down, with chill, unsympathizing morality, upon every demonstration of gayety—kept aloof from every popular holiday—which neither Prince nor President, Japanese Embassy or returning Prodigal could incite to decorate their somber fronts with meekest flower or scanty ribbon—have forgotten the rôle they have so long been playing, and, in instinctive impulse, in the hour of the people's uprising, have risen too, and mounted even above the sacred cross the proud flag of our nation. Those mystic colors of red, white and blue, have fluttered a new life into their aged hearts, and one hears from beneath the gay folds, the glad bells ring out, the "Church is born again!"

Yes the Church is born again—born to a ruddy, a vigorous, a healthy life; and every liberal reformatory mind which has added its quota of strength to help it throw off the hardened chrysalis that has threatened to petrify around it, will rejoice in this new birth, though it come through the throes of a convulsed confederacy, though the sword and the rifle are the means of its deliverance.

But Spiritualism, though it is said to number between three and four millions of believers, has neither church nor pastor. This is a curious and significant fact. No other faith than this has possessed sufficient inherent greatness to become thus a power upon the earth, unassisted by some one leading organizing and devising mind. In the inauguration of every other reformation or religion, some one great champion has led the way—some few strong men have trampled down the obstacles, and called for their adherents to follow. But in the simplicity engendered by this strange inspiration, every man, woman, and child is a priest and prophet; and it is the spiritual telegraph, whose wires are in every household, which becomes the leader in the movement, and not the individual.

I was on my way to hear Rev. T. L. Harris, one of the few men to whom a portion of Spiritualists looked in the outset of their conversion for counsel as priest and inspired leader. I knew of him as a man of genius and ambition, but lacking concentration: strong, impetuous in some points of his character, yet deficient in the essentials of leadership; too feverish to be great; too much led by variable impressions to be master. He had believed, with a sort of religious fervor bordering on fanaticism, in the coming of the New Church. I had heard of him as the head of a curious company of people, settling in a wild district of Virginia, known as Mountain Cove. Here he had acted as captain and inspired teacher. In their "Holy Mountain"—a second Mount Sinai, St. Paul, the prophets and God himself, gave him audience. This place was to be the "center of the heavenly kingdom"—the mountain, a "refuge for God's obedient people." But this chosen band, who had been so mysteriously led out of the house of bondage, proved as refractory and complaining as the Hebrew forefathers; Saint Paul became disheartened and returned to the skies; and the youthful reformer, the poetical dreamer, left the mountains of Virginia, with the drear consciousness that he was turning back with less faith in himself and less hope in his fellows. He felt that he was leaving behind the aroma of his youth—that the delicate flecks of light which starred his fresh-plumed wings, had been rudely brushed away. It was an older man, with less dreamy eyes, who came back; there was a weary stoop in his gait, and he wore upon his front the disjointed wrecks of the fair vision which had been so ruthlessly dispelled! This happened ten years ago. Since then he has been known to the public as an improvisatore. Epic and lyric poems, concerning the Starry Heavens, the Morning Land, and the Golden Age, have been chanted through him by the spirits of Dante, Milton, Shelley, Byron, and Keats—brilliant, but fragmentary things, lacking in unity—the strength spread over too wide a surface to prove weighty and effective.

Spiritualism, inasmuch as it is self-sustaining, and ignores authority, has disappointed Mr. Harris. The wide open sea, into which communication with the world of spirits is

drifting the human mind, has startled him—he is not a courageous man—he needs the shore and shallow waters to possess him with confidence. He has swam back to shore now, dizzy with the distance to which he had been borne; but he is too restless and fond of change to remain there very long. He has but just returned from England, where he created some little stir by denouncing Spiritualism as a species of diabolism! a wicked truth, which God had divulged to the world to try saints and entrap sinners!

I found the small chapel of the University where his band of followers meet, well filled; he occupied the desk when I entered. In person he is noticeable, though not prepossessing. A dark, self-absorbed looking man, with limbs loosely knit; the lower part of the body, though not lacking fullness, yet seeming too weak to support the weight of the upper; his chest is heavy and strong; his shoulders sturdy, though slightly contracted; his hair is dark and thick, and he wears his heavy beard cut something after the artists' fashion of painting Christ's. The contrasts of his face are strong, the shading heavy; the external of the man, I should say, being an exponent of the internal. His complexion is colorless—a swarthy white. His eyes are dark, irate, and speculative: the most noticeable feature of his face, as he speaks, is his eye-brows, which are heavy and arched, possessing in a great degree the mobile quality which belongs to persons of quick, ardent temperament; they move in sympathetic eagerness as he talks, now up, now down, immersing themselves in the heavy hair which skirts his forehead, till the brow is buried from sight. The effect upon the spectator, of so much action in a face so marked, is unpleasant.

It is a mistake to suppose that the matter only, and not the manner of a discourse, should be taken into consideration. Mr. Harris talks with his face and his limbs as much as with his tongue. He shakes his head while speaking, to emphasize his words, so constantly, that he conveys no force by the motion. These defects, which would appear as laudable vehemence and fire in a very young man, look like contortions and unreasonable efforts in one of mature years.

In profile, the head of this speaker is of rather peculiar shape; presenting a square flat outline, the sides and back of the head being full and strong.

Christ and the delights of "Conjugal Love" are his great themes. There is a refined sensuality about Mr. Harris, showing itself in his glowing, voluptuous pictures of woman's beauty; he paints her a perfect Hour; she might readily fill Mahomet's paradise. I know of no trait that exalts a man so near to God as his love and honor of woman. But Mr. H. does not give her her full meed. He presents her before the spectator, a real woman indeed, glowing with life; he depicts her with the eye of a man who views her from a physical, and not an intellectual point; he colors her beauties with an artist's skill. A dreamy tenderness languishes in her eye, and hovers about her lip: love is her life—man is her god; she is the Eve of Milton. Intellect she does not need; if her ringlets are long and silken—if her complexion is brilliant and her eyes like doves' eyes, then is she a perfect woman—a fitting mate for a man of mind.

In his discourse, which was disconnected, and, like an artist's studio, full of studies hereafter to be grouped into pictures—he asserted that every medium who used his powers for purposes of gain—every healing medium who received pay for his services in restoring the sick to health, was guilty of *SORCERY*; and that every invalid who employed such medium would, though apparently restored to health, realize, sooner or later, the baneful effects of such services. It was a sore doctrine, I thought, for those who exercised their laborious gifts of mediumship to obtain support, and who might famish in the great city if they did not thus labor. Man, he said, is constantly, in every department of life, exercising, though unconsciously to himself, his magnetic powers: these exert either a beneficial or evil influence. To this magnetic gift, when centered in Christ, he applied that fearful term, "sorcery." The tailor, even, who stitched his coat, he asserted, stitched into it health or disease, evil or good—according to the interior state of the worker—and the wearer would suffer or enjoy, as the case might be!

Mr. Harris does not exercise his gifts as a *trance medium* in the public desk; though that he is often carried into the interior state while speaking to his congregation, and beholds the glories of the invisible world, no person familiar with the peculiar, rapt expression which accompanies this gift, can look upon his dark, dreamy face, and doubt.

Though not, in the full sense of the word, a poet, he is endowed with a rich fancy. Redundant to a fault, he inhabits the tropic zone; under the summer solstice, his teeming brain creates with a wild luxuriance that requires constant weeding; he delights in brilliant colors; if the thing he forms sparkles and flashes with warm lights, it suffices him, even if the crystallization be not a gem of the first water.

The "Epic of the Starry Heavens," which forms a book of nearly two hundred pages, was spoken by him in the course of only twenty-six hours, while in a magnetic sleep, or *trance state*. His appearance at such times is said to be exceedingly ecstatic. The eyes are closed, the countenance wearing that singular, beatific look which characterizes clairvoyant communion with the spirit world.

Shut off thus from external surroundings, with his spiritual senses quickened, and his spiritual faculties intensified, he recounts his visits to the shining planets, treats of their vegetation, describes their inhabitants, the state of their intellectual cultivation, and gives a poetic,



though unsatisfactory idea of the pleasure and pains attendant on life in the world of spirits. The accompanying specimen of his exquisite fancy pleases me, and I trust will please the reader. It is a piece of mosaic which reveals the genius of the man, even as a lock of disheveled hair carries with it the impress of its owner.

There's a tree I behold which in earth begins; It has pulses of crimson in ivory limbs. And its lance-like leaves are transformed, and low

Flowers that are lights, and that shine through the air Like faces of angels through clouds of fragrance; And the leaves are tongues, and with musical cadence

They utter the secrets of life, and tell Of inner virtues in flowers that dwell; And birds that are thoughts that have taken wings

Dive down into snow-white water springs; And gather electric shapes, and glide, Sparkling and singing, upon the tide."

SWAN G. HOYT.

NEW YORK, June 23d, 1861.

## Physiological Department. Disorders of the Liver and Duodenum.

BY JAMES MARLEY GULAY, M. D.

I have been desirous to exhibit in an isolated form the phenomena which are attached to the pure irritation of the immediate primary organs of nutrition, the stomach and small bowels. It must be remarked, however, that cases wherein these organs exclusively exhibit a morbid condition are rare. By far the greater number of instances of dyspepsia involve the great accessory organ of digestion—the liver—in degrees that vary from simple irregularity of function to enlargement and hardening. Irritation of the duodenum, (the short bowel) which is between the stomach and small gut, where the gall-ducts empty the bile to join the chyme as it flows from the stomach, is also a not unfrequent element in dyspepsia, and is always more or less connected with chronic diseased action in the liver. Still, nervous or mucous disorder of the stomach itself always precedes the malady of either and both of these organs, and the consideration of it, therefore, naturally antecedes that of the duodenum and liver. These last, moreover, exhibit symptoms that are independent of the general symptoms of dyspepsia—symptoms which, added to those of stomach irritation, give origin to the state called *biliousness*: a term, he it said in passing, used alike when there is too little and when there is too much bile flowing, of which more anon.

The same nerves of the great ganglionic network, situated at the pit of the stomach, which supply the latter, also by branches supply the liver; and the same mucous membrane which lines the stomach extends to line the duodenum, and thence, through the common gall duct, to line every one of the numberless ramifications of it in the liver, terminating, after infinite subdivisions, in the minutest points, where the great work of biliary secretion goes on. In the liver, therefore, as in the stomach, we have to view two kinds of derangement, one dependent on disordered nervous supply, the other on fixed mucous irritation. As regards the duodenum, we have no means of ascertaining its nervous disorder as distinguished from its mucous inflammation, which is one of the most formidable and intractable of digestive diseases. Still, as *duodenitis*—as chronic inflammation of the duodenum is called—never exists apart from disorder of the liver, I shall speak of both at once, only stating, as I proceed, what additional signs mark its coexistence with diseased liver, which may exist without duodenitis.

Disordered supply of ganglionic nervous energy to the secreting capillaries of the liver is caused by sympathy with some other organ, and almost entirely by the brain and stomach. Any mental shock on the brain is reverberated on the great digestive center of nerves, and tells immediately on the stomach, and very frequently on the liver also. In fact, some passions are said to act more exclusively on the latter organ, such as *vexed amour-propre* and jealousy. The nervous shock thus propagated deranges the secretory action of the blood-vessels of the liver either to diminish, to increase, or to vitiate the bile. Thus we see powerful mental emotions sometimes arresting the flow of bile into the intestines, and causing its retention and appearance in the skin in the shape of jaundice; or in other cases the shock causes augmented action, as evidenced by bilious vomiting or diarrhoea, generally of a diseased character. These are severe cases; but that shocks of a minor degree produce biliary disorder of a minor degree is certain. That disorder claims the epithet *bilious*, and it behooves the physician to ascertain whether the fact of suspended or augmented flow of bile is attachable to the term.

Sympathy with a dyspeptic stomach is another originator of nervous derangement of the liver. It may be presumed, and facts show it, that at all times during dyspeptic irritation, there is a stream of morbid sympathy flowing thence towards the liver, and maintaining there more or less morbid action. But it is equally demonstrable that when temporary exasperation of the dyspepsia takes place, an acute attack of nervous biliousness also supervenes, and this more especially in nervous dyspepsia. The process consists generally in first diminishing and subsequently augmenting the secretion of bile: the reason for which is plain from what was said in the first part of this work on the subject of extension of disease.

A similar, though a more permanent irritation is established when the mucous disorder of the stomach produces mucous disorder of the liver. This occurs more especially when the right or lower end of the stomach is the seat of disease; and as, in extending to the membrane which lines the gall-ducts, it has to pass by that which lines the duodenum, the mucous dyspepsia is that which usually originates inflammation of the duodenum.

Whether, therefore, there be nervous or mucous biliary disorder, the nerves or lining membrane of the stomach are first of all affected. This involves the question of the *modus operandi* of medicines called *anti-bilious*. As I have said before, no internal remedies can reach the liver save through the

stomach: to rouse the former to action you must rouse the latter: you strike at the liver through the stomach. So that whilst you think how cleverly you are urging the liver with calomel, you should also remember that the spear is being driven into the stomach, which may, nay, certainly is irritated before the organ you desire to act upon. *Anti-bilious* is thus synonymous with irritating the stomach; and those vulgar dietetic remedies against "bile"—a wild sort of term, used to express all and everything concerning the liver—viz., bacon, brandy and water, are the best remedies for perpetuating dyspepsia, at the same time that, by causing a temporary stimulation of the stomach, they are esteemed and taken by the populace, not only as *anti-bilious*, but *anti-dyspeptic*. At least, it would be well to ascertain, first of all, in what the *biliousness* consists: is there too much or too little bile? for the term is applied to both facts, and although bacon, &c., may rouse a torpid liver, is it pretended that it will calm an over-active one? The folly of all this lies in the treatment of a word, *biliousness*, instead of looking into the state of the biliary organ. One man with a yellow skin, complaint of bitter mouth and *biliousness*, and would treat themselves or be treated in like manner; the fact being, meanwhile, that their livers are in diametrically opposite conditions, the former being too torpid, the latter too active. There is a great deal of pig-headedness abroad on the score of this "breakfast bacon," and if the reader beheld the tenacity with which patients cling to their bacon, he would acknowledge the necessity for these animadverting remarks.

*Biliousness*, then, signifies disordered action of the liver, of a nervous or mucous character, and that action may cause deficient, excessive, or vitiated bile. The signs of *deficient* bile are, yellowness of the white of the eye and of the skin generally, if the stoppage be great; yellow bitter tongue, thick saliva, acid breath, and sour risings, deficient and highly-colored urine, deficient and pale evacuations from the bowels, dry, obstinate, itchy skin, inappetence, dull headache, somnolence, slow, laboring pulse. The signs of *excessive* activity of the liver are, flushing of the face, especially of the nose and chin, some bitterness of mouth, clean red tongue, with red pimples along the sides, sore or relaxed throat, hot breath, bitter risings, copious urine, especially at night, bright yellow evacuations, of a very small, taper-like caliber, piles, dry skin, exceedingly sensitive to changes of weather, great appetite, but with occasional fits of nausea, acute nervous headache, irritability, restlessness, rapid pulse. The signs of *vitiated* bile being secreted are those of the last-named condition, except that the appetite is indifferent, the urine rather high colored, the intestinal evacuations dark or greenish, and burning as they pass; there is more or less spasm in the region of the stomach, and sometimes piles, at others only itching of the anus. It is in this state that the bile sometimes is so thick or so acrid as to produce vehement spasm of the gall ducts in its passage; and that the concretions of bile called *gall stones* are formed, and cause the same spasmodic state in their passage into the duodenum.

Irritative action is the basis of the two latter of these states, and congestion of the former. When the liver cannot secrete bile, it is because it is oppressed by a load of blood throughout its whole substance; it is a state of feebleness from oppression, and requires a diversion to be made in its favor. The diversion which nature makes is most commonly by sweat, rarely by the bowels. When the liver acts too vehemently, or secretes bad matter, it is because the minute extremities of the gall tubes, and in the case of excessive action, the larger tubes also are in a state of inflammatory irritation, the rest of the liver being in its usual state. Here the aim is to lower, to reduce redundant action, to calm the functions of the liver. From all which it will be perceived, that it is of importance to determine what is meant by *biliousness*, and that one remedy will not do for all kinds of it.

A disordered liver generally begins with excessive and ends in deficient action. The repeated attractions of blood towards its secretory tubes, caused by stimulating food, the passions, &c., each time more and more enfeeble the self-restorative power of the organ, whilst as, each time, more and more blood accumulates in it, in consequence of this waning power, the whole mass becomes at length congested, and the passing attacks of biliousness become a permanent state of jaundice. I need not remark how much the usual treatments of those attacks by mercury must tend to hasten the feebleness alluded to, by the over stimulation and the exhaustion of the capillaries of the part, until, at last, when they most need to be stimulated, the medicine to which they have been so long accustomed fails to excite, and leaves them helpless. In this helpless state it is that so many livers come to the water treatment.

Congestion once established, it goes on to *swollen liver*, a condition which I would compare with that of a sponge expanded with water: there is no actual addition of substance, but only an expansion of the natural cellular substance of the organs. This state is curable. But if it persist for a long time, and be still irritated by attempts to force it to secrete bile, the accumulated blood in it begins to deposit additional substance; sometimes like that of the liver, at others of a yellow, tallow-like appearance, and hard, or a mixture of both. This is *enlarged liver*: it is not curable, and can only be prevented from extending further. Many of the symptoms it gives rise to may be palliated, and the portion of it which is only *swollen* may be reduced, by the water treatment; but the changed structure can in no way be removed. This applies still more to the last stage of liver disease, *hardened liver*, which is a wasting of the cellular tissue of the organ, and an encroachment of the morbid structure already mentioned; so that all its secretory parts are annihilated, and it remains a hard inactive mass, dangling under the right ribs, and acting only the part of a foreign body, irritating the rest of the body directly by its presence, and indirectly by the non-fulfillment of its important function. The signs of each of these conditions are sufficiently decided; but the enunciation of them here would be too long for the aims of this chapter. But such as I have described it is the progress of disease of the liver. At first an attack of biliousness, connected, probably, with nervous dyspepsia; then the mucous membrane becomes involved by repeated attacks of that kind, and by repeated treatments; next, the mucous attacks at length involve the cellular tissue, and congest-

tion is established, which, in process of time and of further irritation, passes into *swelling*, thence into *enlarged*, and, finally, into *hardened liver*.

Let the reader, meantime, picture dyspepsia in its various degrees of intensity accompanying these phases of biliary disorder, and aggravating the quality of the diet, &c., to afford the liver some rest; but for the duodenum there is no cessation of irritation: chyme, mostly of a morbid kind, is passing through it eighteen out of the twenty-four hours; its own malady excites the liver to pour out bile, frequently of an acrid kind, into its diseased cavity; the stomach, extended with food or air, or moving in the act of digestion, draws it mechanically in one direction; the vermiform motion of the small bowels draws it in another; and it lies close down upon the hard, unyielding spine, with a weight of superincumbent viscera above it; so that very little opportunity of self-restoration is given to it; and it seems altogether unnecessary to decrease its chances of this by passing purgatives of all kinds over its sore and irritable surface, as is commonly done. But, as has been observed, the disease was scarcely known to the English medical world until a very few years ago. The French recognized it as an important malady twenty years since; and I was the first to give a detailed account of this and other chronic maladies of the digestive system, as delivered from the lips of the great Broussais. I believe that very many persons who treat themselves for disordered liver labor under this more dangerous malady; I have found several who announced themselves as "liver patients," but proved to have chronic *duodenitis*.

Is chronic inflammation of the duodenum curable? The answer is regulated as in disease of the liver: irritation, inflammation, congestion, and tumefaction of the organ, are curable; not so the enlargement and hardening of it. The two first stages are coincident with ordinary biliousness, with excessive bile; the two next with the vitiation and deficiency of bile, though not invariably; and the last with utter stoppage of the bile, the waxy lip, the bloodless, dropsical skin, and other signs of lapsing vitality and arrested nutrition. The fatal terminations resemble those of liver disease; in fact, *duodenitis* kills by disorganizing the liver.

## TREATMENT OF LIVER DISEASE AND DUODENITIS.

Common biliousness, with bitter rising, &c., is best treated by hot fomentations over the pit of the stomach and liver, continued for an hour every night; by the long sitz bath; wet-sheet rubbing; and the compress over the regions just named, changed every two or three hours. The quantity of water for drinking should not be large, as much water rather excites the liver; only a small quantity at a time should be taken. The food should be chiefly farinaceous, and sparingly given; it should be quite free from any fatty material; milk should be avoided, as the clot it makes in a bilious stomach is exceedingly solid; the exercise should be moderate, and the mind should avoid exciting subjects and objects. The aim of all this is to reduce excessive action, a state bordering on the acute, and for the most part connected with a highly nervous disorder of the stomach. The fomentations do it by drawing blood to the exterior opposite to the irritated parts. The sitz bath acts by driving blood from the upper to the lower organs of the abdomen. The wet-sheet rubbing soothes, by taking the caloric from the nerves of the skin, which is very irritable in the bilious state; and by doing so, tends to quiet the excitement of the brain, also attendant on that state. The frequently changed compress produces a frequent revulsion of blood to the surface, diminishing the febrile heat within. The nervous condition of the digestive organs will not allow of large draughts of water, both because their bulk is irritating, and because they especially excite the liver. Animal food being too stimulating, and succulent vegetables being generative of strong bile, the farinaceous are used as least exciting, both from the small quantity of nutriment they contain, and their slight action on the liver: fatty matters having an excessive action in the contrary direction. The sympathy between the brain and liver is one of the strongest in the body, and, as has been said, strong passion is a very common cause of a bilious attack. Hence in chronic biliousness, the activity of the brain, as shown in great amount of exercise, and in the consideration of exciting subjects, should be avoided.

Such is the *style* of water treatment in ordinary cases of chronic biliousness, where the irritation is generally of a nervous character, but sometimes also of the mucous kind, or where duodenal irritation prevails. Of course, variations of management occur with slightly varying indications; such as great headache, when footbaths are necessary, or great febrile heat, when the wet-sheet packing will be necessary, &c. With regard to the last-named remedy, I must state that I have not found it of good effect in the general run of these cases, except in the instance just mentioned; it appears to augment the tendency to headache, to enfeeble the head, in fact; the hot fomentations answer better, a tumbler of water being sipped whilst they are going on. Scrofulous and languid temperaments require modification of treatment also: but such are rarely seen to suffer under this sort of liver complaint. The great point is to rest the nerves of animal and organic life, and gently to aid them, by the appliances of the water treatment.

But it is otherwise when the liver has reached the point of torpid congestion, of *obstructed function*. The object, then, is to rouse it, on the one hand, and to effect a powerful diversion in its favor, on the other; taking care, meanwhile, that neither in doing the former, nor in rousing other organs in the latter, febrile excitement is allowed to predominate. Excitement of a nervous kind always attends, more or less, the successful treatment of this case, for it is through the instrumentality of the nervous system that the efforts at self-restoration are made; and this nervous excitement produces phenomena of various kinds. Sometimes, when, as a result of the water treatment, the obstructed liver begins to be roused to action, the patient experiences dyspeptic symptoms such as he had hitherto felt; there is heartburn, swelling after eating, extreme flatulence, even tenderness of the pit of the stomach—all indications that the organic nerves of the digestive apparatus are laboring under unusual excitement, and that the brain, too, is roused to a recognition of what is going on. At other times, this last-named organ, the brain, becomes the seat of such phenomena of excitation, and the patient, whose

torpid liver had hitherto stupified his brain, and rendered him nearly insensible to everything, finds himself nervous, almost hysterically sensitive to every wind of circumstance.

## 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."

E. Case, Oswego, Hamilton Co., Mich., will visit New York and New England for lecturing purposes. Address Oswego, N. Y.

Mrs. J. A. Banks will answer calls to lecture, addressed New York, Conn.

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond will respond to calls to lecture, addressed 307, Cleveland, O.

E. Whipple will speak in southern Michigan up to July. Address Scargis, Mich.

Mrs. M. J. Katz will answer calls to lecture at Dresden Laphamville, Kent Co., Mich.

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Leo Miller will speak in Bangor, Me., the first Sunday in July; in the vicinity of Bangor through August; in Providence, R. I., in December.

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Mrs. A. F. Patterson, (formerly A. F. Pease,) will respond to calls to lecture. Residence, Springfield, Ill.

W. K. Ripley speaks in Bradford, Me., each alternate Sunday; every fourth Sunday at Glenshire and Kenosha, Wis.

N. Frank White will lecture at Seymour, Conn., through July. All calls for the year following in the East. Address soon as above.

Frank L. Wadsworth will return East in August. Those wishing to secure his services for the fall or winter months can address him at Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Laura McAlpin will answer calls to lecture. Address care Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, O.; Henry Breed, Toledo, O.

J. H. Randall will respond to calls to lecture, addressed Whitney's Point, Broome County, N. Y. Applications for engagements at the East next fall and winter should be made soon.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier speaks in the East until November, when she will again visit the West, lecturing through November in Oswego, N. Y. Address J. W. Currier, Box 815, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe will receive calls to hold grove or two day meetings, or to lecture in Northern Ohio during June and August. Also to lecture in New England in the fall and winter of 1861-1862. Address care "Sunbeam," Cleveland, O.

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Is beautifully located at Peoria, Ill. No greater facilities are afforded for the rapid recovery of the afflicted than are now offered at this Institution. The Electro-Chemical Bath has been very extensively used, with great improvements in the application of it, and almost marvellous results, for the past two years. All forms of Female Diseases treated with great success. By a special application of the Electro-Chemical Bath, the menstrual function is readily restored when suppressed, from whatever causes, and regulated when painful or otherwise deranged. All who are afflicted with disease should send for a circular. Address 53-tf M. NEVINS, M. D., Physician and Prop'r.

#### ORIENTAL BATHS.

As a luxury, no form of Bath equals the true ORIENTAL, or GRADUATED VAPOR BATH. As a remedial agent for many conditions of the human organism, they cannot be too highly appreciated. For IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION, they are worth more than all the Cosmetics in the world. Separate suites of rooms for ladies. Skillful attendants in both the Ladies' and Gentlemen's departments. Also, Medication and Electro-Magnetic Baths. Open daily, from 7 A. M. to 10 P. M. Sundays, from 7 A. M. to 12 M. PORTABLE ORIENTAL BATHS (a very complete article) furnished to order. Also, Electro-Magnetic Machines. T. CULBERTSON.

#### TECUMSEH SALVE

Is an Indian Prescription for the Cure of Cancer, and has been used with great efficacy in that most alarming disease. Unlike most Cancer remedies, it produces no pain in effecting a cure. It also discharges, on short notice, Carbuncles, Felons, Broken Breasts, and Boils. Let the afflicted try it. References, Mrs. S. B. Baker, 189, and William A. Warner, 199 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, where the Salve can be obtained; or of Mrs. M. M. Chapin, Coxsackie, N. Y. Price \$1 per box. Sent by mail, \$1.25. 55tf M. M. CHAPIN.

**SENT FREE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF NERVOUS SUFFERERS.**—The warning voice on the Self-Cure of Debility, Confusion of Ideas, &c., by a FORMER SUFFERER. Containing, also, an Exposure of the Impositions and Deceptions practiced by Quacks. Address, inclosing stamp, box 3818, Boston, Mass. A very important circular to the married sent on receipt of stamp. 60-84

**MR. AND MRS. DORMAN,** Clairvoyant Physicists, Newark, N. J. Mrs. C. E. DORMAN may be consulted daily, on reasonable terms, at her residence, 8 New Street, near Broad, opposite the Park.

**MRS. TOWNE,** Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, Fishkill Village, N. Y.

### GARDINER'S

#### Rheumatic & Neuralgia

##### COMPOUND.

A Certain, Safe, and Permanent Cure

FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

AND SALT RHEUM.

IT IS AN INTERNAL REMEDY,

Driving out and entirely eradicating the Disease.

IT REQUIRES

NO CHANGE IN DIET OR BUSINESS,

AND

May be taken by Children and Persons of

the most Delicate Constitutions,

WITH PERFECT SAFETY.

### TESTIMONIALS.

"Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" is the best medicine for the disease that I ever saw. CHARLES A. SMITH, No. 1 Old State House, Boston.

After suffering with Rheumatism twenty years, and being confined to my bed several weeks last spring. I was entirely cured by the use of one bottle of "Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound."

NORMAN T. AYRES, 75 Franklin Street, Boston.

Having been a constant sufferer from Neuralgia for eighteen months, and been driven by excruciating pain to the trial of numberless remedies, without obtaining relief, I was induced to try "Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound." I have taken but one bottle, and am entirely well.

D. D. BAXTER, Dry Goods Dealer, 5 Appleton Block, Lowell, Mass.

I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form, for a long time, and suffered more than can be imagined, except by those similarly afflicted. I tried one bottle of your Compound, and can honestly say that I believe myself entirely cured.

JOHN A. MORDO, Pearl Street House, Boston, Mass.

"Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" has entirely cured me of sufferings of several years' standing.

W. E. HODGKINS, 1 Old State House, Boston, Mass.

My son, ten years of age, has been for three years a great sufferer from Salt Rheum, his hands covered with sores, and in constant pain; one bottle of your Compound cured him.

J. W. HAMMOND, 99 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" has entirely cured me of Neuralgia.

W. C. THOMPSON, Proprietor Pearl Street House, Boston, Mass.

One half a bottle of your Compound cured me of a severe attack of Neuralgia.

FANNIE S. THOMPSON, Pearl Street House, Boston, Mass.

I certify that my friend, Wm. T. Glidden, Esq., presented me with a bottle of "Gardiner's Rheumatic Compound," in 1856, when I was suffering with a painful attack of Neuralgia and Rheumatism, and that it proved to be of decided benefit.

ALBERT SMITH, Ex-Member of Congress from Maine.

I think it the best and most efficacious medicine for that disease I ever used.

WILLIAM C. KITTRIDGE, Fair Haven, Vt.

The undersigned hereby certify that they have used "Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound," for the cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and found, in every case, immediate and permanent relief. We have full confidence in its healing qualities, and would recommend it to all who are afflicted with these harassing diseases, as one of the safest and best medicines ever offered to the public.

S. HANCOCK, JR., 20 South Market Street, Boston.

ELMER TOWNSEND, 45 and 47 Pearl Street, Boston.

CAPT. CHAS. G. DOLLIVER, Boston.

SAMUEL WALES, JR., City Hotel, Boston.

C. KIRKES, 215 Washington Street, Boston.

HENRY D. GARDINER, Webster Street, East Boston.

GEORGE H. PLUMMER, 1 Maverick Sq., East Boston.

ABRAM WEEKS, Webster Street, East Boston.

W. S. RANDAL, 718 Race Street, Philadelphia.

G. K. HARRINGTON, 911 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

CHARLES NORTON, 1214 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

C. F. WHEELER, 163 Lombard Street, Baltimore.

W. WILLIS, 159 Gay Street, Baltimore.

GUY FRISBIE, Willsborough, N. Y.

#### The Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound

Has been taken by hundreds of persons for Sore Throat, Humors, with great benefit.

Principal Depot, 87 Kilby St., Boston.

F. C. WELLS & CO., 115 FRANKLIN ST.

AND

O. J. WOOD, 444 BROADWAY,

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR NEW YORK.

For sale by Apothecaries generally throughout the United States.

None genuine unless signed by CHARLES F. GARDINER.

Something more Valuable than Silver or Gold;

BECAUSE

IT WILL RESTORE THE WEAK,

AND

Reinstate the Blood in all its Original Purity and Vigor.

IT IS

PROF. O. J. WOOD'S

### RESTORATIVE CORDIAL

AND

#### BLOOD RENOVATOR.

It is precisely what its name indicates; for while pleasant to the taste, it is revivifying, exhilarating, and strengthening to the vital powers. It also revivifies, reinstates, and renews the blood in all its original purity, and thus restores and renders the system invulnerable to the attacks of disease. It is the only preparation ever offered to the world in a popular form so as to be within the reach of all.

So chemically and skillfully combined as to be the most powerful tonic, and yet so perfectly adapted as to act in perfect accordance with the laws of nature, and hence soothe the weakest stomach, and tone up the digestive organs, and allay all nervous and other irritation. It is also perfectly exhilarating in its effects, and yet it is never followed by lassitude or depression of spirits. It is composed entirely of vegetables, and those thoroughly combining powerful tonic and soothing properties, and consequently can never injure. As a sure preventive and cure of

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, PAINT-NESS, NERVOUS IRRITABILITY, NEURALGIA, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, MELANCHOLY, NIGHT SWEATS, HYPOCHONDRIA, LANGOUR, GIDDINESS, AND ALL THAT CLASS OF CASES SO FEARFULLY CALLED FEMALE WEAKNESSES AND IRREGULARITIES.

There is nothing its Equal.

Also, Liver Derangements, or Torpidity, and Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Kidneys, or any general derangement of the Urinary Organs.

It will not only cure the debility following CHILLS and FEVER, but prevent all attacks arising from miasmatic influences, and cure the diseases at once if already attacked.

TRAVELERS should have a bottle with them, as it will infallibly prevent any deleterious consequences following upon change of climate and water.

As it prevents costiveness and strengthens the digestive organs, it should be in the hands of all persons of sedentary habits.

LADIES not accustomed to much out-door exercise should always use it.

MOTHERS should use it, for it is a perfect relief. Taken a month or two before the final trial, she will pass the dreadful period with perfect ease and safety.

THERE IS NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT.

THE CORDIAL IS ALL WE CLAIM FOR IT.

MOTHERS, TRY IT!

And to you we appeal to detect the illness or decline not only of your daughters, before it be too late, but also your sons and husbands; for while the former, from false delicacy, often go down to a premature grave, rather than let their condition be known in time, the latter are often so mixed up with the excitement of business, that, if it were not for you, they too would travel in the same downward path, until it is too late to arrest their fatal fall. But the mother is always vigilant, and to you we confidently appeal, for we are sure your never-failing affection will unerringly point you to PROF. WOOD'S RESTORATIVE CORDIAL AND BLOOD RENOVATOR as the remedy which should be always on hand in time of need.

O. J. WOOD, Proprietor,

444 Broadway, N. Y., and 114 Market St., St. Louis. Also for sale by all good Druggists. Price One Dollar per bottle.

READ WHAT THE PRESS SAY, after thoroughly testing the matter, and no one can have a doubt. The following is part of a business letter. Its testimony, thus incidentally given, is therefore the more valuable:

MON



## Notices of New Books.

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

THE ATLANTIC, FOR JULY.—In addition to the interesting article we copy this week, the Atlantic contains a valuable contribution from Oliver Wendell Holmes, entitled, "Sun Painting and Sun Sculpture," another chapter of "Agnes of Sorrento," by Mrs. H. B. Stone; Major Winthrop's Last Article, "Washington as a Camp," a terse and interesting sketch of "Ellsworth," by Mr. Hay, private secretary to the President; valuable papers on "Emancipation in Russia," and "The United States and Europe."

HARPER'S MONTHLY, for July presents the following interesting table of contents: The conclusion of Porte Crayon's "Summer in New England," an illustrated article; "New York Circumnavigated,"—just the thing for those visiting the city; continuations of "Philip and Orley Farm," and an article upon Margaret Fuller Ossoli; with sundry entertaining tales, and a spicy "Editor's Drawer."

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

## Dr. Harlow's Spiritoscope.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The undersigned, grateful for past, and anxious for future favors, would inform his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he continues, as formerly, to treat every form and variety of disease, by letter, with increased success, through his *Medical Dial*, or *Spiritoscope*, and having made full arrangements for the accommodation of patients from abroad, *invites* wishing to visit this beautifully picturesque and health-imparting place, (of easy access by back and railroad,) that they may be more immediately under our daily observation and care, can do so with the positive assurance that no pains will be spared to render a brief sojourn here every way pleasant and profitable. Expenses, including board and treatment, will range from four to six dollars per week. Also the following thoroughly-tested remedies, carefully selected and compounded as directed, and pointed out by *spirit intelligence*, are now confidently offered on such reasonable terms as to bring them within the reach of all.

1st. AN ANTIFEVERFUGE, in liquid form, neatly put up in quart bottles, designed for external use in allaying inflammation, opening the pores of the skin, and fortifying the system against sudden changes of weather, thereby preventing colds, influenza, fevers, and disease generally. When applied according to directions it will positively arrest or break up any fever, common to this country, within twenty-four hours, by making two or three applications only.

2d. COUGH MIXTURE, or LUNG SYRUP—unsurpassed in efficacy in Coughs, Colds, Bronchial and Lung Difficulties. Put up in pint bottles, and furnished at one dollar each, or six for five dollars.

3d. BLOOD PURIFIER AND NERVE INVIGORATOR—celebrated in Scrofulous and Cutaneous Affections, General Debility, and Liver Complaint. Prepared in the form of syrup, and sold in quart bottles at foregoing rates.

4th. KIDNEY, or DIURETIC CATHOLICON, has been used with signal success. Urinary difficulties of long standing, and of the most aggravated forms, have been cured by this valuable medicine, now offered to the public, in quart bottles, at one dollar each, or six bottles for five dollars.

5th. UTERINE TONIC, or FEMALE INVIGORATOR, is decidedly an improvement on the various remedies hitherto introduced for the cure of the numerous class of complaints common to females in this country. Only one dollar per bottle, or six for five dollars.

6th. FEVER AND AGUE SPECIFIC.—This well-tried remedy for every possible form and variety of this prevalent disease, is confidently offered, at one dollar per case, as the *simplest*, *surest* treatment, ever introduced.

7th. NEUTRALIZING MIXTURE stands unrivaled as a *safe*, *sure* remedy in Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera-morbus, and Summer Com complaints of children, so common and fatal in many parts of our country. Put up in eight ounce bottles. Price fifty cents each, or three for one dollar.

8th. WOMEN POWDER.—*Safe*, *simple*, and *efficacious* in speedily expelling every kind of worms from the alimentary canal, and restoring tone, strength, and healthy action of the bowels. Put up in ounce papers at twenty-five cents each, or one dollar per half dozen.

9th. STRENGTHENING, IRRITATING, AND STIMULATING PLASTER, Healing Salve, Salt Rheum and Itch Ointment, prepared with great care and recommended in all cases where such articles are indicated. Price twenty-five cents per ounce, or the six different kinds for one dollar.

10th. CATARRHIC, or FAMILY PILLS, compounded from valuable vegetable extracts. Need only be tried to insure their continued use. Price twenty-five cents per box, or six boxes for one dollar.

Other thoroughly tested remedies, free from mineral poison, scientifically compounded, and sold at correspondingly low retail and wholesale prices; all of which have been selected with great care from the vegetable kingdom, and offered for sale, not out of speculative motives, but to meet the wants of numerous individuals, to whom they can be safely sent, anywhere in the Northern States and Canada, on remittance of the price affixed. Mail and Express charges extra. All letters naming, as

before directed, leading symptoms, age, and sex, and containing a fee of one dollar, will be promptly submitted to Dial test, and a written prescription, together with all information received through this instrument from the *invisible*, yet real *Spirit Doctor*, relating to each case, will be immediately returned.

For further particulars address  
A. HARLOW, M. D., Chagrin Falls, O.

N. B.—Testimonials of cures, and reference as to reputation and character, or any other information relating to our business, which is designed to be permanent, given on application.  
A. H.

## Strangers' Guide

AND

## N. Y. CITY DIRECTORY

Prepared expressly for this Journal.

Those who visit the metropolis during the pleasant season are often at a loss how or where to obtain information which will guide them to the various points of attraction found in and near so large and wealthy a city. It is to meet this demand that we have expended the labor necessary to gather and condense the information here appended, and which we trust may prove a valuable "guide-board" to those of our readers who visit the city, and useful also to citizens for reference.

Any of our friends in possession of useful data not here given will confer a favor by supplying it.

## PARKS AND PUBLIC SQUARES.

Battery, with Castle Garden, lower end of Broadway. Bowling Green, entrance of Broadway, near Battery. The Park, opposite Broadway from Nos. 229 to 271. St. John's Park, bet. Laight, Varick and Hudson Sts. Washington Sq. west of Broadway, bet. 4th & 8th Sts. Union Square, Broadway, from No. 860 to 17th Street. Gramercy Park, bet. 20th & 21st Sts. and 3d & 4th Aves. Tompkins Sq. bet. 2d & 3d Aves. and 10th & 11th Sts. Madison Sq., junction Broadway & 5th Ave. and 23d St. Central Park, 5th to 8th Aves., and 59th to 110th Sts. Reached by 3d, 4th, 6th, or 8th Ave. horse cars—most conveniently by the 6th and 8th, which leave head of Canal St., cor. Broadway, and also head of Barclay St., cor. Broadway, adjoining Astor House, every 3 minutes; fare 5 cents.

## PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Merchants' Exchange, Wall St.  
Custom House, Wall St.  
City Hall and Court Houses, in the Park.  
Post-office, Nassau, Cedar, and Liberty Sts.  
The Tombs, Centre, Franklin, and Leonard Sts.

## PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Astor Lib. Lafayette Pl. bet. Astor Pl. & Gt. Jones St.  
Woman's Library, University Bldg. Washington Sq.  
Cooper Union, bet. 7th and 8th Sts. and 3d and 4th Aves.  
Mercantile Library Association, Astor Pl. nr Broadway.  
N. Y. Society Library, University Pl. nr 12th St.

## LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

Historical Society, 2d Ave. cor. 10th St.  
N. Y. University, east side Washington Square.  
Columbia College, 49th St. nr 5th Ave.  
Free Academy, 23d St. and Lexington Ave.  
New Bible House, 8th and 9th Sts. and 3d and 4th Aves.  
N. Y. Hospital, Broadway, bet. Duane and Worth Sts.  
Orphan Asylum, in Bloomingdale, nr 80th St.  
Insane Asylum, Bloomingdale rd, 7 miles fm City Hall.  
Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Wash'n Heights nr 150th St.  
Institution for the Blind, 9th Ave. bet. 33d and 34th Sts.  
Pease House of Industry, 5 Pts. nr Centre & Pearl Sts.  
Old Fellow's Hall, cor. Grand and Centre Sts.

## PROMINENT STORES ON BROADWAY.

Dry Goods, Stewart, cor. Chambers St.  
Lord & Taylor, No. 465.  
Brooks Brothers, 462.  
Devlin, Hudson & Co. 461.  
Haughwout, 490.  
Tiffany & Co. 550.  
Ball, Black & Co. 565.  
Singer, 428.  
Wheeler & Wilson, 565.  
Grover & Baker, 493.  
Appleton, 442.  
Sloane, 591.  
Taylor's Saloon, 367.  
E. Mendes, 645.

## HOTELS.

Astor House, Broadway, fronting the Park.  
St. Nicholas, 515 Broadway.  
Metropolitan, 582 Broadway.  
Lafarge, 671 Broadway.  
Fifth Avenue, junction of 5th Ave. Broadway & 23d St.  
Beverly House, 5th Ave. cor. 8th St.  
Everett House, fronting Union Square.  
Clarendon, 58 and 60 Union Place, Union Square.

## CLUB HOUSES.

Athenaeum, 5th Ave. and 23d St.  
Union, 5th Ave. and 16th St.

## DINING ROOM FOR LADIES &amp; GENTLEMEN.

Baker, 125 Grand St. nr Broadway.

## PROMINENT CHURCHES.

Grace Church, 864 Broadway—Episcopal.  
Trinity, Broadway opposite Wall Street—Episcopal.  
Rev. Dr. Chapin, 548 Broadway—Universalist.  
Dr. Ogden's, 728 Broadway—Unitarian.  
Dr. Bellows', 249 Fourth Ave. cor. 20th St.—Unitarian.  
Dr. Cheever's, Union Square—Presbyterian.  
Dr. Hawker's, 267 Fourth Avenue—Episcopal.  
Dr. Tyng's, Stuyvesant Sq. and E. 10th St.—Episcopal.  
Rev. H. W. Beecher's, Brooklyn, nr Fulton Ferry.  
Rev. T. L. Harris, University Hall, Washington Sq.

## PRINCIPAL FERRIES.

To Brooklyn, from Whitehall St. to Hamilton Av. and Atlantic St.; from Wall St. to Montague; from Fulton St. to Fulton St.; from Roosevelt St. to Bridge St.; from East River to East River.  
To Williamsburgh, from Peck Slip to South 7th St.; from Grand St. to South 7th and Grand St.; from East Houston St. to Grand St.  
To Greenpoint, from 19th and 23d Sts.  
To Jersey City, N. J., from Cortlandt St.  
To Hoboken, from Barclay, Canal, and Christopher Sts.  
To Newark, from Christopher St.  
To Long Dock N. Y. & Erie R. R., from Chambers St.  
State Island, from Whitehall St. or Battery, every 15 min.

## EXPRESS OFFICES.

Adams' Express Co. 59 and 642 Broadway.  
American and Knickerbocker, 72 and 418 Broadway.  
Hawthorne's, National, and Hope, 74 and 442 Broadway.  
United States, 82, 231 and 418 Broadway.  
Washington City, for baggage, 278 Canal St.

## GALLERIES OF ART.

National Academy of Design, 10th St. nr Broadway.  
International Art Institution, 694 Broadway.  
Collection of Paintings, 548 Broadway.  
Goupil's Gallery, 772 Broadway.  
Private Galleries are open on certain fixed days, for details of which inquire of the janitor, at the Artists' Studio building, 10th St. near 6th Ave.  
N. Y. Historical Society Rooms, 2d Ave. cor. 10th St.  
Brady's National Photograph Gallery, 785 Broadway.  
Gurney's Photograph Gallery, 707 Broadway.

## PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

Academy of Music, East 14th St. cor. Lexington av.  
Laura Keane's Theater, 624 Broadway.  
Winter Garden, 667 Broadway.  
Bowery Theater, 48 Bowery.  
New Bowery Theater, 82 Bowery.  
German Theater, 57 Bowery.  
Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway.  
Christy's Minstrels, 657 Broadway.  
Barnum's Museum, 218 Broadway.

## SUBURBAN RESORTS.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY, on Gowanus Heights, L. I., is reached by ferry from foot of Whitehall St., near the Battery, to Atlantic St. or Hamilton Av. Brooklyn. Thence by horse car to the Cemetery. Fare, ferriage 2 cents, cars 5 cents. Cards of admission obtained at the office of the Company, 30 Broadway.  
THE PUBLIC CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS, including the Penitentiary, Lunatic Asylum, Depot for Sick Emigrants, and the House of Refuge, are located on Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands. They are reached severally by ferries from 61st, 106th, and 124th Sts. The shortest route to these streets is by 2d or 3d Ave. horse cars. Fare 6 cents, ferriage free.

HIGH BRIDGE is accessible by Harlem Railroad; fare 12½ cents. Also by Harlem boats, leaving Peck Slip nearly every hour, with landings at 10th and 120th Sts., East River. Fare 6 cents to Harlem.  
To FLEMING, an agreeable passage may be made for 15 cents, by boats from Fulton Market Wharf, foot of Fulton Street, East River.

ASTORIA is beautifully located on the East River, opposite Blackwell's and Ward's Islands. Route by 2d or 3d Ave. cars to 86th St. thence by ferry to Astoria. Cars 6 cents, ferry 4 cents.  
UP THE HUDSON RIVER, as far as Poughkeepsie, a boat leaves foot of Jay St. daily, at 3¼ P. M., and returns from Poughkeepsie at 6¼ A. M. It makes several landings on the route.

FOR YONKERS, HASTINGS, DOBBS FERRY, IRVINGTON, TARRYTOWN, AND NYACK, a boat leaves foot of Jay St. at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.  
FOR CONY ISLAND, a ferry boat leaves pier No. 4 North River, at 10, 1 and 4 o'clock. This is a famous bathing place. The last return trip is at 6¼ P. M. from Cony Island. Boat stops at Fort Hamilton. Fare, with return ticket, 25 cents.  
FOR SHEWENBURT, LONG BRANCH, RED BANK, and other localities in that neighborhood, a steamboat leaves foot of Robinson St. daily. Time according to tide.  
FISHING EXCURSION boats leave Pier No. 4, North River, daily, at 9 A. M. Fare 50 cents.  
THE SPIKE OR TRINITY CHURCH may be reached at any time, on application to the Sexton at the Church. Fee voluntary, if any is given.

## SUNDAY CONCERTS.

Good Music may be enjoyed by lovers of this art if they will attend service at Trinity Church, Broadway, opposite head of Wall St. on Sunday at 10½ A. M. or 3 P. M.  
MASS is performed by a choir of artists at the Catholic Churches on West 16th St. near 6th Ave. and on East 28th St. near 2d Ave. every Sunday morning at 10½ A. M. Admission 10 cents, which is paid to the sexton after he has shown a visitor to a seat.  
VESTER SERVICE is performed at the 16th St. Church at 4 P. M., and at the 28th St. Church at 4¼ P. M. The music is generally very fine, and visitors are expected to drop a small silver coin into the plate.  
At the Unitarian Church where Dr. Osgood officiates, No. 728 Broadway, a new form of Vesper Service has been introduced. It is held on the first and third Sundays of each month at 7:30 P. M. QUARTETTE CHOICES, made up of efficient vocalists, may be heard at all the churches named in this list.

## SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

NEW YORK SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, Tuesday evenings, Clinton Hall, Eighth and Ninth Sts. and 4th Ave.  
SUNDAY CONFERENCE, 19 Cooper Institute, 3 P. M.  
LAWRENCE HALL, cor. 29th St. and 8th Ave. Conference Sunday 2 P. M., lectures in evening.  
FEEK CICLES, 12 4th Ave. 1 to 5 and 7 to 10 P. M. every day except Tuesday. Strike the bell twice.

## PUBLIC MEDICUM

Mrs. Abbott, Developing, 221 6th Ave. Hours 2 to 5 P. M.  
Mrs. M. L. Van Houghton, Test and Medical, 11¼ 3d Ave. All hours.  
Mrs. D. C. Price, Natural and Medical Clairvoyante, 60 Amity St. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.  
Charles Colchester, Test Medium, 30 Bond St.  
J. B. Conklin, Test Medium, 599 Broadway. 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.  
Mrs. Fish, Medical Clairvoyante, 88 E. 16th St. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

## MAGNETIC PHYSICIANS.

Dr. E. B. Fish, 88 East 16th Street.  
Dr. N. Palmer, 60 Amity Street.  
Mrs. F. A. Ferguson, Test, 65 East 21st Street.  
Mrs. E. J. French, 8 4th Ave.  
Mrs. Ward (Electric) 195 Nassau St. Brooklyn. Take Flushing Avenue cars from Fulton Ferry.

## FARES.

To the Central Park, or any point below it, by the 2d, 6th, or 8th Ave. cars, 5 cents.  
To Yorkville and Harlem, by 2d or 3d Ave. cars, 5 cents.  
Anywhere on the route of 9th or 10th Ave. cars, 5 cents.  
To 23d St. cor. 8th Ave. or any point below it on the 8th Ave. Bleeker St. and Broadway below Bleeker, 5 cents in the Knickerbocker line of stages. These are distinguished by their color—dark blue.  
Other lines of omnibuses, through Broadway and the various avenues and leading streets of the city charge six cents, payable on entering.  
Ferry to Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, generally 2 cents, or 16 tickets for 25 cents.  
For public hacks the legalized rates are: For any distance not exceeding one mile, 50 cents for one passenger, 75 for two, and 28 for each additional one. For any distance exceeding one mile, but less than two, 75 cents is allowed for one fare, and 1¼ of a dollar for each additional person. Every passenger is allowed one trunk, portmanteau, or box. \$1 per hour is the time tariff.

## CARTAGE AND PORTERAGE.

Heavy parcels are carried upon drags. The carmen who own them are allowed to charge ¼ of a dollar per mile. Household furniture 50 cents, and 50 cents extra for loading, unloading, and hauling it.  
There are City Expresses having offices in various locations, that carry parcels and packages generally from place to place within the business limits of the city for 25 cents each.  
Porterage is 12 cents for a package carried a distance of half a mile or less, and 25 cents if taken on a wheelbarrow or hand-cart. If half a mile is exceeded, 50 per cent. is added to the tariff, and so on.

The central office of the Metropolitan Police is located on Broome Street, corner of Elm, where may be seen the "Rogues' Gallery"—a collection of photographs of the notorious rogues in New York and other cities. It is an object of considerable interest, and is open to the public.

## Travelers' Guide.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—For Albany Troy, connecting with trains North and West. Tr leave as follows:

## FROM CHAMBERS STREET.

Express, 7 and 11 A. M., and 3:30 and 5 P. M.  
Troy and Albany (with sleeping car) 10 15 P. M.  
Poughkeepsie train, 6 A. M., 12 15 M., and 4 P. M.  
Peekskill train, 5:30 P. M.  
Sling Sing train, 9:50 A. M., and 3:45 and 4:30 P. M.  
Fishkill train, 6:40 A. M.

## FROM THIRTIETH STREET.

Express, 7:25 and 11:25 A. M., and 3:50 and 5:25 P. M.  
Troy and Albany, 10 45 P. M. (Sundays included).  
Poughkeepsie train, 6:25 A. M., 12 40 and 4:25 P. M.  
Peekskill train, 5:55 P. M.  
Sling Sing train, 10 15 A. M., and 4 10 and 4:55 P. M.  
Fishkill train, 7:55 P. M.

A. F. SMITH, Superintendent.

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.—Spring arrangement, commencing March 11, 1861. Passenger Station in New York, corner 27th Street and 4th Avenue. Entrance on 27th Street. Trains leave New York:

For New Haven, 7:00, 8:00 A. M. (Ex.), 12 15, 3 15, (Ex.), 3:50, 4:30, and 8:00 P. M.  
For Bridgeport, 7:00, 8:00 A. M. (Ex.), 12 15, 3 15, (Ex.), 3:50, 4:30, and 8:00 P. M.  
For Milford, Stratford, Fairfield, Southport, and Westport, 7:00 A. M., 12 15, 2:50, 4:30, and 8:00 P. M.  
For Norwalk, 7:00, 9:30 A. M.; 12 15, 3 15, (Ex.), 3:50, 4:30, and 8:00 P. M.  
For Darien and Greenwich, 7:00, 9:30 A. M.; 12 15, 3:50, 4:30, and 8:00 P. M.  
For Stamford, 7:00, 8:00 (Ex.), 9:30 A. M.; 12 15, 3 15, (Ex.), 3:50, 4:30, and 8:00 P. M.  
For Port Chester and intermediate stations, 7:00, 9:30 A. M.; 12 15, 3:50, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 8:00 P. M.  
JAMES H. HOYT, Superintendent.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD.—For Philadelphia, from Pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Camden and Amboy Railroad line for Philadelphia will leave as follows:  
Morning Line, at 6 o'clock A. M., daily, (Sundays excepted), by the steamer Richard Stockton, Captain John Simpson, for South Amboy, and thence by cars and steamboats to Philadelphia. Fare by this line, \$2.25.

Afternoon Express Line, at 2 o'clock P. M., daily, (Sundays excepted), by the steamboat Richard Stockton, stopping at Spotswood, Jamesburg, Highstown, Bordentown, and Burlington, arriving at Philadelphia about 6 o'clock P. M. Fare by Express Line, \$3.00; fare to Freehold and Monmouth, 50 cts.  
Afternoon Way Accommodation Line, at 2 P. M., by steamer Richard Stockton, for South Amboy, thence by cars at 4:30, stopping at all the Way Stations, arriving at Philadelphia about 6:00 o'clock P. M. Fare by this line, \$2.25.

Meals provided on Board. Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper, 50 cents each.  
Returning, passengers will leave Philadelphia at 5 A. M. and 2 P. M., from foot of Walnut Street.  
Accommodation and Emigrant Lines at 1 and 5 o'clock P. M. 1 o'clock Line, 1st class passengers, \$2.25; 2d class passengers, \$1.50. 5 o'clock Line, 1st class passengers, \$2.25; 2d class passengers, \$1.75.  
I. BLISS, Agent.

## Miscellaneous.

## TO THE ADVERTISING PUBLIC.

We present to the readers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS some of the peculiar advantages, as an advertising medium, which its columns afford.

1st. A portion of each issue is devoted to Current Literature and Standard Works of the class which is most acceptable to philosophical, thinking minds. Its articles are carefully read and digested by a large class of thinkers, who invest a proportion of their incomes in Literature.

For these reasons it presents a valuable medium for enterprising PUBLISHING HOUSES to reach a class of investigators who would hardly otherwise be accessible.

2d. As a HERALD OF PROGRESS, it purposes to deal as well in that which advances mankind in the use of the practical sciences of life, as in the ideal which illuminates the mind.

Descriptions of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS, AND NEW AND VALUABLE INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES, will occupy a prominent space in its columns; and those producers and manufacturers who present to the world products of real merit may, through this channel, reach appreciative readers.

3d. The extension of its Health Department to the examination and record of results of ARTICLES OF FOOD, with a view to HERALD to its readers what may be relied on as pure, unadulterated substances, offers a broad advertising field for PRODUCERS who furnish the world with such qualities.

ADVERTISING AGENTS may recommend it as a standard publication, fulfilling all that is possible of what its title promises.

Annexed is a list of prices, the moderation of which—when the circulation is taken into account—ought to recommend it to all judicious advertisers.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

For one insertion, . . . . . 10 cents per line.  
For one month, (each insertion) . . . . . 8 " "  
For two months . . . . . 7 " "  
For three or more . . . . . 6 " "  
TERMS, cash in advance. No advertisement received for less than fifty cents.

## Ornamental Iron Railing.

Wrought, Cast, and Wire—suitable for RAILS, INSRANCE COMPANIES, and OFFICES generally.  
FARM AND HOUSE FENCES, Garden Enclosures, Summer Houses, Lawn and Window Guards, Coal Screens, and Heater Guards of various styles. The

## Composite Iron Railing.

especially adapted to Cottages and Verandas Work, Fences and Cemetery Enclosures: It is the most durable and ornamental made.

GATEWAYS, Iron Fiers, Horse Posts, Ranges, Hay Racks, Stall Guards, Tree Guards and Flower Trellises.

## IRON BEDSTEADS.

Cradles, and Cribs, with Mattresses.

IN LARGE ASSORTMENT.

IRON VASES, Chairs, Scones, and Hat Stands.

Illustrated Catalogue mailed on receipt of four three-cent stamps.

BUTCHERSON & WICKERHAM.

289 Canal St., near Broadway.

General agents for "New York Wire Railing Co." Manufacturers 27, 28, and 31 Lewis Street, New York.

NEW SETTLEMENT,  
WITHIN ONE HOUR'S RIDE OF PHILADELPHIA.

The subscribers having obtained a number of square miles of good land at

## HAMMONTON,

50 miles South-east of Philadelphia by railroad, in Atlantic County, New Jersey, now offer it for sale in SMALL TRACTS, or in FARMS and VILLAGE LOTS to actual settlers.

The Property offered, lying upon the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, has the advantage of several railroad stations, only commenced three years ago, and the population now numbers Twenty-five hundred.

The Settlers who have cleared their land properly, and cultivated it understandingly, have raised large and profitable crops. The soil produces excellent Wheat, Rye, Corn, Potatoes, Oats and Clover, and is particularly adapted to the cultivation of the

## GRAPE,

and finer Fruits. The land is various in quality, from a light trucking soil to a heavy loam or clay soil. Some portions of the tract have a sand surface with a fine sub-soil, other parts are quite destitute of sand surface, being a heavy loam land. It is called the very best soil for choice Fruits and Vegetables.

## THE CLIMATE IS DELIGHTFUL,

being located in the MOST TEMPERATE latitude in America. The winters are short and mild, the mercury being mostly above freezing point. The summers are long, the air pure and invigorating. The country is unsurpassed for its healthiness, fevers being entirely unknown. Many Pulmonary complaints have been cured by a change to this climate. The water throughout is excellent; wells, generally from ten to fifteen feet in depth, to never-failing springs of pure soft water.

It will be seen by reference to the map, this locality possesses the

## BEST MARKETS

for all kinds of produce, of any place in the Union States. Its markets are Philadelphia and New York, two of the largest cities in the Union.

## LOCATION, PLAN OF SALES, AND OPERATIONS.

The course pursued heretofore has been to sell only to actual settlers, or those who would improve within a given time, and the result is, a

## LARGE FLOURISHING SETTLEMENT.

And land has been known to raise in value four-fold in one year. These lands are divided into two districts. The Aston district, north and immediately back of Hammonton Station, containing about thirty thousand acres. The Batsto district, east, between Hammonton, Weymouth Station, and Pleasant Mills, containing ten thousand acres.

The farm lands on the "Aston" will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers, from

\$12 to \$20 per Acre.

The 20 acre farm lots in the Batsto district will be sold from

\$15 to \$30 per Acre.

Village and town lots at Hammonton and Weymouth Stations at VERY LOW PRICES, and in sizes to suit purchasers.

An indisputable title will be given to purchasers.

In the State of New Jersey there is a

## LIBERAL HOMESTEAD LAW,



## Notices of New Books.

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

**THE ATLANTIC, FOR JULY.**—In addition to the interesting article we copy this week, the Atlantic contains a valuable contribution from Oliver Wendell Holmes, entitled, "Sun Painting and Sun Sculpture," another chapter of "Agnes of Sorrento," by Mrs. H. B. Stone; Major Winthrop's Last Article, "Washington as a Camp," a terse and interesting sketch of "Ellsworth," by Mr. Hay, private secretary to the President; valuable papers on "Emancipation in Russia," and "The United States and Europe."

**HARPER'S MONTHLY, FOR JULY** presents the following interesting table of contents: The conclusion of Porter Crayon's "Summer in New England," an illustrated article; "New York Circumnavigated,"—just the thing for those visiting the city; continuations of "Phillip and Orley Farm," and an article upon Margaret Fuller Ossoli; with sundry entertaining tales, and a spicy "Editor's Drawer."

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

## Dr. Harlow's Spiritoscope.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The undersigned, grateful for past, and anxious for future favors, would inform his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he continues, as formerly, to treat every form and variety of disease, by letter, with increased success, through his *Medical Dial*, or *Spiritoscope*, and having made full arrangement for the accommodation of patients from abroad, *invading* wishing to visit this beautifully picturesque and health-imparting place, (of easy access by back and railroad,) that they may be more immediately under our daily observation and care, can do so with the positive assurance that no pains will be spared to render a brief sojourn here every way pleasant and profitable. Expenses, including board and treatment, will range from four to six dollars per week. Also the following thoroughly-tested remedies, carefully selected and compounded as directed, and pointed out by *spirit intelligence*, are now confidently offered on such reasonable terms as to bring them within the reach of all.

1st. An **ANTIFEBRIFUGUE**, in liquid form, neatly put up in quart bottles, designed for external use in allaying inflammation, opening the pores of the skin, and fortifying the system against sudden changes of weather, thereby preventing colds, influenza, fevers, and disease generally. When applied according to directions it will positively arrest or break up any fever, common to this country, within twenty-four hours, by making two or three applications only.

2d. **COUGH MIXTURE, OR LUNG SYRUP**—unsurpassed in efficacy in Coughs, Colds, Bronchial and Lung Difficulties. Put up in pint bottles, and furnished at one dollar each, or six for five dollars.

3d. **BLOOD PURIFIER AND NERVE INVIGORATOR**—celebrated in Scrofulous and Cutaneous Affections, General Debility, and Liver Complaint. Prepared in the form of syrup, and sold in quart bottles at foregoing rates.

4th. **KIDNEY, OR DIURETIC CATHOLICON**, has been used with signal success. Urinary difficulties of long standing, and of the most aggravated forms, have been cured by this valuable medicine, now offered to the public, in quart bottles, at one dollar each, or six bottles for five dollars.

5th. **UTERINE TONIC, OR FEMALE INVIGORATOR**, is decidedly an improvement on the various remedies hitherto introduced for the cure of the numerous class of complaints common to females in this country. Only one dollar per bottle, or six for five dollars.

6th. **FEVER AND AGUE SPECIFIC**.—This well-tried remedy for every possible form and variety of this prevalent disease, is confidently offered, at one dollar per case, as the *safest, surest* treatment, ever introduced.

7th. **NEUTRALIZING MIXTURE** stands unrivaled as a *safe, sure* remedy in Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera-morbus, and Summer Complaints of children, so common and fatal in many parts of our country. Put up in eight ounce bottles. Price fifty cents each, or three for one dollar.

8th. **WORM POWDER**.—*Safe, simple, and efficacious* in speedily expelling every kind of worm from the alimentary canal, and restoring tone, strength, and healthy action of the bowels. Put up in ounce papers at twenty-five cents each, or one dollar per half dozen.

9th. **STRENGTHENING, IRRITATING, AND STIMULATING PLASTERS, Healing Salve, Salt Rheum and Itch Ointment**, prepared with great care and recommended in all cases where such articles are indicated. Price twenty-five cents per ounce, or the six different kinds for one dollar.

10th. **CATHARTIC, OR FAMILY PILLS**, compounded from valuable vegetable extracts. Need only be tried to insure their continued use. Price twenty-five cents per box, or six boxes for one dollar.

Other thoroughly tested remedies, free from mineral poison, scientifically compounded, and sold at correspondingly low retail and wholesale prices; all of which have been selected with great care from the vegetable kingdom, and offered for sale, not out of speculative motives, but to meet the wants of numerous individuals, to whom they can be safely sent, anywhere in the Northern States and Canada, on remittance of the price affixed. Mail and Express charges extra. All letters naming, as

before directed, leading symptoms, age, sex, and containing a fee of one dollar, will be promptly submitted to Dial test, and a written prescription, together with all information received through this instrument from the invisible, yet real *Spirit Doctor*, relating to each case, will be immediately returned.

For further particulars address  
A. HARLOW, M. D., Chagrin Falls, O.

N. B.—Testimonials of cures, and reference as to reputation and character, or any other information relating to our business, which is designed to be permanent, given on application.

## Strangers' Guide

## N. Y. CITY DIRECTORY

Prepared expressly for this Journal.

Those who visit the metropolis during the pleasant season are often at a loss how or where to obtain information which will guide them to the various points of attraction found in and near so large and wealthy a city. It is to meet this demand that we have expended the labor necessary to gather and condense the information here appended, and which we trust may prove a valuable "guide-board" to those of our readers who visit the city, and useful also to citizens for reference.

Any of our friends in possession of useful data not here given will confer a favor by supplying it.

## PARKS AND PUBLIC SQUARES.

Battery, with Castle Garden, lower end of Broadway. Bowling Green, entrance of Broadway, near Battery. The Park, opposite Broadway from Nos. 229 to 271. St. John's Park, bet. Light, Varick and Hudson Sts. Washington Sq. west of Broadway, bet. 4th & 8th Sts. Union Square, Broadway, from No. 860 to 17th St. Gramercy Park, bet. 20th & 21st Sts. and 3d & 4th Aves. Stuyvesant Park, 2d av. bet. 15th and 17th Sts. Tompkins Sq. bet. Aves. A and B and 7th and 10th Sts. Madison Sq. junction Broadway & 5th av. and 23d St. Central Park, 5th to 8th av., and 59th to 110th Sts. Reached by 3d, 4th, 6th, or 8th Av. horse cars—most conveniently by the 6th and 8th, which leave head of Canal St., cor. Broadway, and also head of Barclay St., cor. Broadway, adjoining Astor House, every 3 minutes; fare 5 cents.

## PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Merchants' Exchange, Wall St.  
Custom House, Wall St.  
City Hall and Court Houses, in the Park.  
Post-office, Nassau, Cedar, and Liberty Sts.  
The Tombs, Centre, Franklin, and Leonard Sts.

## PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Astor Lib. Lafayette Pl. bet. Astor Pl. & St. Jones St.  
Woman's Library, University Bldg. Washington Sq.  
Cooper Union, bet. 7th and 8th Sts. and 3d and 4th Aves.  
Mercantile Library Association, Astor Pl. nr Broadway.  
N. Y. Society Library, University Pl. nr 12th St.

## LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

Historical Society, 2d av. cor. 10th St.  
N. Y. University, east side Washington Square.  
Columbia College, 49th St. nr 5th av.  
Free Academy, 23d St. and Lexington av.  
New Bible House, 8th and 9th Sts. and 3d and 4th Aves.  
N. Y. Hospital, Broadway, bet. Duane and Worth Sts.  
Orphan Asylum, in Bloomingdale, nr 86th St.  
Insane Asylum, Bloomingdale rd, 7 miles fm City Hall.  
Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Wash'n Heights nr 150th St.  
Institution for the Blind, 9th av. bet. 43rd and 84th Sts.  
Pease House of Industry, 5 Pts. nr Centre & Pearl Sts.  
Odd Fellow's Hall, cor. Grand and Centre Sts.

## PROMINENT STORES ON BROADWAY.

Dry Goods, Stewart, cor. Chambers St.  
" Lord & Taylor, No. 465.  
Clothing, Brooks Brothers, 462.  
" Devlin, Hudson & Co. 461.  
" Haughwout, 490.  
Porcelain and Glass Ware, Tiffany & Co. 550.  
Jewelry, Ball, Black & Co. 565.  
" Singer, 458.  
" Wheeler & Wilson, 505.  
" Grover & Baker, 495.  
Books, Appleton, 443.  
Carpets, Sloane, 591.  
Confectionery, Taylor's Saloon, 367.  
Chocolate, E. Mendes, 645.

## HOTELS.

Astor House, Broadway, fronting the Park.  
St. Nicholas, 515 Broadway.  
Metropolitan, 582 Broadway.  
Lafarge, 671 Broadway.  
Fifth Avenue, junction of 5th Av. Broadway & 23d St.  
Brevoort House, 5th Av. cor. 8th St.  
Everett House, fronting Union Square.  
Clarendon, 58 and 60 Union Place, Union Square.

## CLUB HOUSES.

Athenaeum, 5th Av. and 22d St.  
Union, 5th Av. and 16th St.

## DINING ROOM FOR LADIES &amp; GENTLEMEN.

Baker, 125 Grand St. nr Broadway.

## PROMINENT CHURCHES.

Grace Church, 804 Broadway—Episcopal.  
Trinity, Broadway opposite Wall Street—Episcopal.  
Rev. Dr. Chaplin's, 548 Broadway—Universalist.  
Dr. Osgood's, 728 Broadway—Unitarian.  
Dr. Bellows', 249 Fourth Av. cor. 20th St.—Unitarian.  
Dr. Cheever's, Union Square—Presbyterian.  
Dr. Hawkes', 267 Fourth Avenue—Episcopal.  
Dr. Tyng's, Stuyvesant Sq. and E. 16th St.—Episcopal.  
Rev. H. W. Beecher's, Brooklyn, nr Fulton Ferry.  
Rev. T. L. Harris, University Hall, Washington Sq.

## PRINCIPAL FERRIES.

To Brooklyn, from Whitehall St. to Hamilton Av. and Atlantic St.; from Wall St. to Montague; from Fulton St. to Fulton St.; from Roosevelt St. to Bridge St. near the Navy Yard.  
To Williamsburgh, from Peak Slip to South 7th St.; from Grand St. to South 7th and Grand Sts.; from East Houston St. to Grand St.  
To Greenpoint, from 10th and 23d Sts.  
To Jersey City, N. J., from Cortlandt St.  
To Hoboken, from Barclay, Canal, and Christopher Sts.  
To Weehawken, from Christopher St.  
To Long Dock N. Y. & Erie R. R., from Chambers St.  
Staten Island, fm Whitehall St. nr Battery, every 1/4 h.

## EXPRESS OFFICES.

Adams' Express Co. 59 and 442 Broadway.  
American and Kinsley's, 72 and 416 Broadway.  
Harnden's, National and Hope, 74 and 442 Broadway.  
United States, 82, 251 and 416 Broadway.  
Manhattan City, for baggage, 276 Canal St.

## GALLERIES OF ART.

National Academy of Design, 10th St. nr Broadway.  
International Art Institution, 694 Broadway.  
Collection of Paintings, 348 Broadway.  
Goupil's Gallery, 772 Broadway.  
Private Galleries are open on certain fixed days, for details of which inquire of the janitor, at the Artists' Studio building, 10th St. near 6th Av.  
N. Y. Historical Society Rooms, 2d av. cor. 10th St.  
Brady's National Photograph Gallery, 783 Broadway.  
Gurney's Photograph Gallery, 707 Broadway.

## PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

Academy of Music, East 14th St. cor. Lexington av.  
Laura Keane's Theater, 624 Broadway.  
Winter Garden, 667 Broadway.  
Bowery Theater, 48 Bowery.  
New Bowery Theater, 82 Bowery.  
German Theater, 57 Bowery.  
Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway.  
Christy's Minstrels, 657 Broadway.  
Barnum's Museum, 218 Broadway.

## SUBURBAN RESORTS.

**GREENWOOD CEMETERY**, on Gowanus Heights, L. I., is reached by ferry from foot of Whitehall St., near the Battery, to Atlantic St. or Hamilton Av. Brooklyn. Thence by horse car to the Cemetery. Fare, ferriage 2 cents, cars 5 cents. Cards of admission obtained at the office of the Company, 30 Broadway. **THE PUBLIC CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS**, including the Penitentiary, Lunatic Asylum, Depot for Sick Emigrants, and the House of Refuge, are located on Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands. They are reached severally by ferries foot of 61st, 106th, and 122d Sts. The shortest route to these streets is by 12d or 3d Av. horse cars. Fare 6 cents, ferriage free.

**HIGH BRIDGE** is accessible by Harlem Railroad; fare 12 1/2 cents. Also by Harlem boats, leaving Peck Slip nearly every hour, with landings at 10th and 120th Sts., East River. Fare 6 cents to Harlem. **TO FLUSHING** an agreeable passage may be made for 15 cents, by boats from Fulton Market Wharf, foot of Fulton Street, East River.

**ASTORIA** is beautifully located on the East River, opposite Blackwell's and Ward's Islands. Route by 2d or 3d Av. cars to 86th St. thence by ferry to Astoria. Cars 6 cents, ferry 4 cents.

**UP THE HUDSON RIVER**, as far as Poughkeepsie, a boat leaves foot of Jay St. daily, at 3 1/2 P. M., and returns from Poughkeepsie at 6 1/2 A. M. It makes several landings on the route.

**FOR YORKERS, HASTINGS, DOBBS' FERRY, IRVINGTON, TARRYTOWN, AND NYACK**, a boat leaves foot of Jay St. at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.

**FOR CONEY ISLAND**, a ferry boat leaves Pier No. 4 North River, at 10, 1, and 4 o'clock. This is a famous bathing place. The last return trip is at 6 1/2 P. M. from Coney Island. Boat stops at Fort Hamilton. Fare, with return ticket, 25 cents.

**FOR SHREWSBURY, LONG BRANCH, RED BANK**, and other localities in that neighborhood, a steamboat leaves foot of Robinson St. daily. Time according to tide.

**FISHING EXCURSION** boats leave Pier No. 4, North River, daily, at 9 A. M. Fare 50 cents.

**THE SPIRE OF TRINITY CHURCH** may be reached at any time, on application to the Sexton at the Church. Fee voluntary, if any is given.

## SUNDAY CONCERTS.

Good Music may be enjoyed by lovers of this art if they will attend service at Trinity Church, Broadway, opposite head of Wall St. on Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. or 3 P. M.

Mass is performed by a choir of artists at the Catholic Churches on West 10th St. near 6th Av. and on East 28th St. near 3d Av. every Sunday morning at 10 1/2 A. M. Admittance 10 cents, which is paid to the sexton after he has shown a visitor to a seat.

**VESEPER SERVICE** is performed at the 16th St. Church at 4 P. M., and at the 28th St. Church at 4 1/2 P. M. The music is generally very fine, and visitors are expected to drop a small silver coin into the plate.

At the Unitarian Church over which Dr. Osgood officiates, No. 728 Broadway, a new form of Vesper Service has been introduced. It is held on the first and third Sundays of each month at 7 30 P. M. **QUARTETTE CHOIRS**, made up of efficient vocalists, may be heard at all the churches named in this list.

## SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

**NEW YORK SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE**, Tuesday evenings, Clinton Hall, Eighth and Ninth Sts. and 4th av.  
**SUNDAY CONFERENCE**, 19 Cooper Institute, 3 P. M.  
**LAMARTINE HALL**, cor. 29th St. and 8th av. Conference Sunday 3 P. M., lectures in evening.  
**FREE CIRCLES**, 124 1/2 av. 1 to 5 and 7 to 10 P. M. every day except Tuesday. Strike the bell twice.

## PUBLIC MEDICUM

Mrs. Abbott, Developing, 221 6th av. Hours 2 to 5 P. M.  
Mrs. M. L. Van Haughton, Test and Medical, 113 1/2 3d av. All hours.  
Mrs. D. C. Price, Natural and Medical Clairvoyante, 60 Amity St. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.  
Charles Colchester, Test Medium, 30 Bond St.  
J. B. Conklin, Test Medium, 599 Broadway. 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.  
Mrs. Fish, Medical Clairvoyante, 88 E. 16th St. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

## MAGNETIC PHYSICIANS.

Dr. E. B. Fish, 88 East 16th Street.  
Dr. N. Palmer, 60 Amity Street.  
Mrs. P. A. Ferguson Towner, 65 East 31st Street.  
Mrs. E. J. French, 8 4th av.  
Mrs. Ward (Electric) 195 Nassau St. Brooklyn. Take Flushing avenue cars from Fulton Ferry.

## FARES.

To the Central Park, or any point below it, by the 3d, 6th, or 8th Av. cars, 5 cents.

To Yorkville and Harlem, by 2d or 3d av. cars, 6 cts. Anywhere on the route of 9th or 4th Av. cars, 5 cents. To 23d St. cor. 8th Av. or any point below it on the 8th Av. Bleeker St. and Broadway below Bleeker, 5 cents in the Knickerbocker line of stages. These are distinguished by their color—dark blue.

Other lines of omnibuses, through Broadway and the various avenues and leading streets of the city charge six cents, payable on entering.

Ferries to Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, generally 2 cents, or 10 tickets for 25 cents.

For public hacks the legalized rates are: For any distance not exceeding one mile, 50 cents for one passenger, 75 for two, and 38 for each additional one. For any distance exceeding one mile, but less than two, 75 cents is allowed for one fare, and 1/2 of a dollar for each additional person. Every passenger is allowed one trunk, portmanteau, or box. \$1 per hour is the time tariff.

## CARTAGE AND PORTERAGE.

Heavy parcels are carried upon drays. The carmen who own them are allowed to charge 1/2 of a dollar per mile. Household furniture 50 cents, and 50 cts. extra for loading, unloading, and housing it.

There are City Expresses having offices in various locations, that carry parcels and packages generally from place to place within the business limits of the city for 25 cents each.

Porterage is 12 cents for a package carried a distance of half a mile or less, and 25 cents if taken on a wheelbarrow or hand-cart. If 25 cents is exceeded, 50 per cent. is added to the tariff, and so on.

The central office of the Metropolitan Police is located on Broome Street, corner of Elm, where may be seen the "Rogues' Gallery"—a collection of photographs of most of the notorious rogues in New York and other cities. It is an object of considerable interest, and is open to the public.

## Travelers' Guide.

**HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.**—For Albany Troy, connecting with trains North and West. Trains leave as follows:

**FROM CHAMBERS STREET.**  
Express, 7 and 11 A. M., and 3 30 and 5 P. M.  
Troy and Albany (with sleeping car) 10 15 P. M.  
Poughkeepsie train, 6 A. M., 12 15 M., and 4 P. M.  
Peekskill train, 3 30 P. M.  
Sing Sing train, 9 30 A. M. and 3 45 and 4 30 P. M.  
Fishkill train, 6 40 P. M.

**FROM THIRTIETH STREET.**  
Express, 7 25 and 11 25 A. M., and 3 50 and 5 25 P. M.  
Troy and Albany, 10 45 P. M. (Sundays included).  
Poughkeepsie Train, 6 25 A. M., 12 40 and 4 25 P. M.  
Peekskill train, 5 55 P. M.  
Sing Sing train, 10 15 A. M., and 4 10 and 4 55 P. M.  
Fishkill train, 7 55 P. M.  
A. F. SMITH, Superintendent.

**NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.**—Spring arrangement, commencing March 11, 1861. Passenger Station in New York, corner 27th Street and 4th Avenue. Entrance on 27th Street. Trains leave New York:

For New Haven, 7 00 A. M. (Ex.) 12 15, 3 15, (Ex.) 3 50, 4 30, and 8 00 P. M.  
For Bridgeport, 7 00, 8 00 A. M. (Ex.) 12 15, 3 15, (Ex.) 3 50, 4 30, and 8 00 P. M.  
For Milford, Stratford, Fairfield, Southport, and Westport, 7 00 A. M.; 12 15, 3 50, 4 30, and 8 00 P. M.  
For Norwalk, 7 00, 9 30 A. M.; 12 15, 3 15, (Ex.) 3 50, 4 30, and 8 00 P. M.  
For Darien and Greenwich, 7 00, 9 30 A. M.; 12 15, 3 50, 4 30, 8 00 P. M.  
For Stamford, 7 00, 8 00, (Ex.) 9 30 A. M.; 12 15, 3 15, (Ex.) 3 50, 4 30, 8 00 P. M.

For Port Chester and intermediate stations, 7 00, 9 30 A. M.; 12 15, 3 50, 4 30, 6 30, 8 00 P. M.  
JAMES H. HOYT, Superintendent.

**CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD.**—For Philadelphia, from Pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Camden and Amboy Railroad line for Philadelphia will leave as follows:

Morning Line, at 6 o'clock A. M., daily, (Sundays excepted), by the steamer Richard Stockton, Captain John Simpson, for South Amboy, and thence by cars and steamboats to Philadelphia. Fare by this line, \$2 25.

Afternoon Express Line, at 2 o'clock P. M., daily, (Sundays excepted), by the steamer Richard Stockton, stopping at Spotswood, Jamesburg, Hightstown, Bordentown, and Burlington, arriving at Philadelphia about 6 o'clock P. M. Fare by Express Line, \$3 00; fare to Freehold and Monmouth, 50 cts.

Afternoon Way Accommodation Line, at 2 P. M., by steamer Richard Stockton, for South Amboy, thence by cars at 4 30, stopping at all the Way Stations, arriving at Philadelphia about 8 00 o'clock P. M. Fare by this line, \$2 25.

Meals provided on Board. Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper, 50 cents each.

Returning, passengers will leave Philadelphia at 5 A. M. and 2 P. M., from foot of Walnut Street.

Accommodation and Emigrant Lines at 1 and 5 o'clock P. M. 1 o'clock Line, 1st class passengers, \$2 25; 2d class passengers, \$1 50. 5 o'clock Line, 1st class passengers, \$2 25; 2d class passengers, \$1 75.

I. BLISS, Agent.

## Miscellaneous.

## TO THE ADVERTISING PUBLIC.

We present to the readers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS some of the peculiar advantages, as an advertising medium, which its columns afford.

1st. A portion of each issue is devoted to Current Literature and Standard Works of the class which is most acceptable to philosophical, thinking minds.

Its articles are carefully read and digested by a large class of thinkers, who invest a proportion of their incomes in Literature.

For these causes it presents a valuable medium for enterprising PUBLISHING HOUSES to reach a class of investigators who would hardly otherwise be accessible.

2d. As a HERALD OF PROGRESS, it purposes to deal as well in that which advances mankind in the use of the practical substances of life, as in the ideal which illuminates the mind.

Descriptions of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS, AND NEW AND VALUABLE INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES, will occupy a prominent space in its columns; and those producers and manufacturers who present to the world products of real merit may, through this channel, reach appreciative readers.

3d. The extension of its Health Department to the examination and record of results of ARTICLES OF FOOD, with a view to HERALD to its readers what may be relied on as pure, unadulterated substances, offers a broad advertising field for PRODUCERS who furnish the world with such qualities.

ADVERTISING AGENTS may recommend it as a standard publication, fulfilling all that is possible of what its title promises.

Annexed is a tariff of prices, the moderation of which—when the circulation is taken into account—ought to recommend it to all judicious advertisers.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

For one insertion, - - - 10 cents per line.  
For one month, (each insertion) 8 " "  
For two months " " 7 " "  
For three or more " " 6 " "

Terms, cash in advance. No advertisement received for less than fifty cents.

## Ornamental Iron Railing.

Wrought, Cast, and Wire—suitable for BANKS, INSURANCE COMPANIES, and OFFICES generally.

FARM AND LAWN FENCES, Garden Inclosures, Summer Houses, Door and Window Guards, Coal Screens, and Heater Guards of various styles. The

## Composite Iron Railing,

especially adapted to Cottages and Veranda Work, Fences and Cemetery Inclosures: it is the most durable and ornamental made.

GATEWAYS, Iron Piers, Horse Posts, Mangers, Hay Racks, Stall Guards, Tree Guards and Flower Trainers.

## IRON BEDSTEADS.

Cradles, and Cribs, with Mattresses.

IN LARGE ASSORTMENT.

IRON VASES, Chairs, Settees, and Hat Stands. Illustrated Catalogues mailed on receipt of four three-cent stamps.

HUTCHINSON & WICKERSHAM,

259 Canal St., near Broadway.  
General agents for "New York Wire Railing Co." Manufactury 57, 59, and 61 Lewis Street, New York.

## NEW SETTLEMENT, WITHIN ONE HOUR'S RIDE OF PHILADELPHIA.

The subscribers having obtained a number of square miles of good land at

## HAMMONTON.

30 miles South-east of Philadelphia by railroad, in Atlantic County, New Jersey, now offer it for sale in SMALL TRACTS, or in FARMS and VILLAGE Lots to actual settlers.

The Property offered, lying upon the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, has the advantage of several railroad stations, only commenced three years ago, and the population now numbers Twenty-five hundred. The Settlers who have cleared their land properly, and cultivated it understandingly, have raised large and profitable crops. The soil produces excellent Wheat, Rye, Corn, Potatoes, Oats and Clover, and is particularly adapted to the cultivation of the

## GRAPE,

and finer Fruits. The land is various in quality, from a light trucking soil to a heavy loam or clay soil. Some portions of the tract have a sand surface with a fine sub-soil, other parts are quite destitute of sand surface, being a heavy loam land. It is called the very best soil for choice Fruits and Vegetables.

## THE CLIMATE IS DELIGHTFUL,

being located in the MOST TEMPERATE latitude in America. The winters are short and mild, the mercury being mostly above freezing point. The summers are long, the air pure and invigorating. The country is unsurpassed for its healthiness, fevers being entirely unknown. Many Palm Trees complete the picture, and a change to this climate. The water throughout is excellent; wells, generally from ten to fifteen feet in depth, to never-failing springs of pure soft water.

It will be seen by reference to the map, this locality possesses the

## BEST MARKETS