

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

Vol. 2., No 38.]

{ A. J. DAVIS & CO., }  
274 Canal St.

NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

{ TWO DOLLARS }  
per Year.

[Whole No. 90.]

## 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 perusal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."

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

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

## Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

J. A. H., BOSTON.—The invention is designed to economize in matter of fuel and light.

POEMS DECLINED.—"The Tree of Liberty," "My Mother Lives," "Night Impressions," "The Planetary System."

E. K., CHESTER CO., PA.—We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of "Memories." They will very soon find place in our columns.

H. E. M., HARTFORD, CT.—The communication of your friend, from the spirit of a fallen hero, is hardly adapted to our columns at present.

C. M. S.—Your touching lines on "The Rag Picker," are received, and were not for the length of the poem we could promise its publication are long. We will try.

J. P. RICHARDSON, N. Y.—We make no such claim. The combination of "workers" is substantially as given in the book. The loss of the parties was over \$17,000.

L. L. L., FARMERSVILLE.—"Fairy Glee" is received. It is graceful and cheery, and shows that with care and study its author may excel in that kind of composition; but the poem has minor faults which somewhat mar its beauty.

B. B. H., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Many impurities which remain in common salt, even after it is pronounced "first rate," and ready for market, will come out by washing the salt in a solution of bicarbonate of potash.

MARY V. D., NEW ALBANY, IND.—There is an intermediate influence operating. All your efforts in that direction will prove ineffectual. "Right about face!" good Sister; then, fixing your eyes on hope, "forward, march!"

"ELISHA," HARTFORD, CT.—The other or next life is not, in any respect, as low and miserable as this. We regret the disgusting and trashy stuff which is put forth as truth concerning the "Better Land."

MRS. A. B. A., AND HER SISTERLY FRIEND, OF ADELPHI STREET, BROOKLYN, have not visited this office for several weeks. Their sojourn in Vermont must be very attractive in these autumnal days, notwithstanding the desolating war and the news of its evils.

## The Physician.

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

## Medical Whispers.

BY THE EDITOR

Our New Volume, "The Harbinger of Health," is calculated not only to serve purposes of public use, but to facilitate our dealing with special applications for relief through these columns, thereby affording needed time for investigations in other directions, as heretofore promised. All persons, therefore, suffering with any form of disease, are recommended to provide themselves with a copy of the HARBINGER OF HEALTH, which, for one dollar only, will be sent from this office, postage paid. If, however, other and more specific directions are required, and can consistently be given, they will appear in this department, which will continue to be a constant feature of the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

"Severe Attacks of Colic."—JOHN P., of Ohio, will find his best remedy in the cholera mixture given in this column.

"Night Sweats."—MRS. B. REED, IND. Night Sweats are caused by a weakness in the vital forces, being unable to send off impurities through the bowels and kidneys. Hence the skin is called upon to do extra labor. The true remedy consists in strengthening the kidneys, arousing the liver, and keeping the bowels regular.

"Injuries of the Brain."—J. C. C., NEW YORK COLLEGE. It is most dangerous to bleed a person so injured unless he is large bodied and plethoric. The extremities are pale and cold, pulse feeble, and the mind insensible. Take such a patient out in the open air, and apply friction to restore circulation.

tion in capillary vessels. Administer no alcoholic cordials. A strong cup of black tea is best.

"Sore and Weak Eyes."—W. H. B., ROCKFORD, ILL. The kind of weak eyes you describe may be cured by remedies prescribed in the "Harbinger." Do not look at the light of fire or lamps.

"Predisposed to Consumption."—X., COOKSVILLE, WIS. Practice the Breathing remedy, (see "Harbinger of Health") and every morning take a table-spoonful of the purest olive oil. Stand straight and grow strong.

"Remedy for Asthma."—Dr. DUCLOS, chemist and druggist, writing on this subject, says: "From all the facts observed and trials made, I formed this conclusion, that sulphur lotum is a wonderfully powerful preventive of asthma. All the cases in which I administered it have been modified; a certain number entirely cured." [The best treatment for all affections of this character is suggested in the new volume. Let no one expect to cure asthma without lifting and strengthening the diaphragm. Any treatment that will lift the fallen diaphragm will cure asthma. Ed.]

"Fits and Cramping."—E. L. SKINNER, PA. It is most evident that drug-treatment has brought your husband to his present deplorable condition. His foods and drinks sour in his stomach, and the nervous system, leading to the brain, is exceedingly deranged. REMEDY: Avoid hearty food at breakfast and supper. Wear a belt of raw onions around his waist, and give him onion soup for dinner every day. Sometimes let him swallow a little clear lemon juice, or a teacup full of hop tea immediately after the fits.

"Dyspepsia and Debility."—A. S. MAHASKA, IOWA. There are many monopolizers of the land, but "thank God!" no man has yet been able to fence in the air. This unspeakably glorious blessing is open to all. It is free and full of health for the very sick and downcast. Open your thoughts to the true cure for difficult breathing and dyspepsia. You never can be strong, cannot digest food, cannot make fresh blood of life, without plenty of pure air. Throw back your shoulders, pound your chest, put on the power of Will, and inhale Nature's divine breath.

"Fever and Ague Remedy."—MUSKOGAN, MICH., Oct. 23, 1861. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: Your remedy for the Fever and Ague came to hand just in time. Our family were nearly all sick when your simple cure first met our view in one of the HERALDS. I immediately applied the remedy, and it had the desired effect. To our little girl, who is about nine years of age, I gave a small tablespoon twice and a half full, as I feared the quantity required for an adult would be too much for her. We feel truly grateful to you, and your invisible counselors, for the timely aid.

Yours, for Progression,

ADALINE MERRITT.

[The reader will find the prescription referred to by our correspondent in the "Harbinger of Health," page 386.—Ed.]

"Cholera and Cramp Remedy."—Some years ago, while residing in the city of Hartford, Ct., we had occasion to prescribe the following efficacious mixture. We give the original proportions, but it is easy to prepare a less quantity by equally lessening the proportions. Dose: In cases of cramp, cholera, internal coldness, and diarrhoea, from five drops to a tea-spoon two-thirds full, in warm or cold water: One quart alcohol, one ounce myrrh, one ounce guaiac, one half-ounce Cayenne, two drachms cloves, two table-spoonfuls ginger, one and one-half grains opium, six ounces camphor, six ounces prickly ash, one-half pint molasses. These articles should be put together, and permitted to get acquainted with each other, several hours before using. Keep this preparation in the house. If you do not need it yourself, others may.

"A Private Bottle Wanted."—MESSRS. EDITORS: The writer of this is in a delicate state of health, being very nervous, and expectorating profusely; I am proprietor of a fashionable drinking saloon, whose patrons are continually soliciting me to take "a smile." Of course, I cannot refuse without depriving my own house of a shingle, and shaking that confidence which patients put in physicians who swallow their own medicines. But I might as well dig my own grave with my teeth, as to drink upon every invitation. I, therefore, wish to have a private bottle, containing something which will benefit my health, and not injure my pocket.

You will confer a great favor by stating in your paper what I ought to keep in that bottle, and what drinks would be most beneficial to my state of health. You will probably tell me to apply to a physician. I intend to do so, but am desirous to get your advice. M. C. BOSTON, MASS., August 6, 1861.

In replying to this letter, the Editor of the Scientific American remarks: The very best liquor for your private bottle is a compound of 8 parts of oxygen to 1 of hydrogen, called by apothecaries aqua pura, and in the Anglo-Saxon, pure water. The only known remedy for nervousness like yours, is a blister in the palm of the hand, raised as directed on page 100 of our current volume. As you ask our advice, it is to pull down your "shingle," which, if you think of it, you will see is not a very nice one for a man's name to be on, and enlist in Gen. McClellan's army, where the strict discipline will remove you from any liability of falling into the most destructive of all habits to which you are now so dangerously exposed.

## New York Central Park.

ITS USE, BEAUTY, AND SIGNIFICANCE.

Reader, have you visited Central Park? If you are on Manhattan Island, the pleasure is cheaply purchased. An hour's time, a ride on the Third, Sixth, Eighth, or Ninth Avenue cars, and five cents, is the total cost. To those more distant, we will attempt, with feeble words of description, to carry the Park—at the simple cost of a perusal, and four cents for a copy of the HERALD OF PROGRESS!

We have an additional motive in attempting this work, imperfect though we know it will be, in the thought that hundreds of our readers may be induced to avail themselves of future opportunities to pay a personal visit to this primal attraction of the metropolis of America. All who love Nature's beauty need not hesitate to do so at considerable cost.

Approaching the Central Park by way of the lower entrances, a broad expanse opens before us, new and inviting in a city, because totally divested of buildings. No high brick walls, no sharp roofs, no solid pavements, none of the appliances of trade or commerce. The city is behind, the country before. Yet not the country in its wild, careless naturalness, but the country in a dress adapted to the city. The "rustic," in a suit of "Sunday clothes," that sit not at all ungracefully, that he bears by no means awkwardly, but an easy natural garb, with the rough edges, sharp corners, and coarse outlines, rounded down, without marring the natural grace and beauty. Harmony marks this marriage of nature and art.

The surface is diversified by broad, splendidly-graded, well-watered streets, for carriages; fine, smooth roads, for equestrians; and spacious graveled walks for pedestrians—these interlace and cross each other in all manner of pleasant and surprising ways, by means of beautiful bridges—the artistic feature of the Park. These bridges are constructed in every possible style and form. Some of huge blocks of marble and granite, impressing one with their solidity, permanence, and strength; others of brick, with bright, tantalizing colors, and fanciful shapes, and yet others of graceful and slender iron framework, conveying an idea of airy lightness and utility, all nicely adapted to the ground they occupy, seeming to have grown where they are, as a part of the natural features of the place, so exactly do they fit the positions assigned them.

Then we pass down a spacious flight of stone steps, through a marble archway, and up again beyond, where stretches away a broad, beautiful Mall, or common, covered with grass, oh, how fresh and green! Its rich verdure all the more brilliant from contrast with the wide, graveled walks, and streets, and an occasional rocky surface left exposed. Anon appear beautiful grassy slopes, dotted with shrubs and flowers, with here and there a graceful arch spanning a ravine, the whole effect being to charm the beholder with a sense of fitness, elegance, and exceeding beauty.

Young trees of thrifty growth line the broad promenade through the Mall, which feature of the Park, Nature imperatively demands time to perfect. Even now she responds generously to the request for shade, and artificial awnings cover the seats, which thickly strew the broad common, when the heat requires.

At the end of this promenade we reach the Terrace, a magnificent structure of heavy masonry, covering the approach to the broad landing at the lake. This wide Terrace reminds one of tales of Oriental splendor, and, viewed from either direction, is a magnificent masterpiece of skill in design and workmanship. Thus, through these elegant and artistic approaches, we reach the lake, or the first of a series of little lakes, embosomed among the rocks, and shrubs, and trees, their surface dotted with the graceful swans, that seem a part of the park itself—floating, not like aliens of recent and rare importation, but as if "to the manor born."

Now, by means of a light bridge spanning a neck of the lake, we reach the ever-glorious Ramble. Here, reader, fail not to wander easily, leisurely, and observantly, through the narrow paths, with their leafy borders of luxuriant foliage and dense shade, with occasional rude seats and rustic buildings, and here and there a lofty point of observation from the surface of some grand old rock, giving a vision rivaling the fabled beauties of fairy land.

If, perchance, you are upon a moonlight tour, seek a point, in range with one of the broad avenues running down the island, and see how striking is the contrast in looking from the peaceful scene immediately at your feet, to the gorgeous array of lights along the brilliant thoroughfare. At one view you have the calm of nature, wrapped in slumber and veiled in pale, mellow light, with the splendor and glare of a metropolis, like a row of brilliant diamonds in a setting of emerald and green.

Forget not to seek the cave, the rustic bridge, the rocky landings, and all the cozy nooks where rest, peacefulness, and quiet, steal in upon the spirit like a pleasing spell. With all these are combined beauties of prospect, charming the eye, sweet odors from the thousand blooming plants and shrubs, the joyous songs of birds, the low hum of distant city din, like muffled music, all gratifying the senses, and yielding to the spirit a fullness of happiness and bliss.

Only three years since, we are told, this charming resort was a rocky wilderness covered with wretched hovels. Now we see the thickly-wooded "Ramble," with its autumn-colored crimson beeches, golden elms, silvery willows, and dark green firs, their varied tints reflected in the glassy surface of the lake, and their branches blending in charming confusion with the rocky summits of the hill.

At every point in this diversified and extended Ramble, some new surprise awaits the observant visitor. Here a deep glen, with its rocky base, there a slight rustic bridge, spanning the stream which is tributary to the lake below, and anon you are invited to dart up a steep, rocky path, to an eminence commanding a cheering outlook upon the lakes, the Mall, and the city in the distance.

Ample provisions for visitors are here found—quiet little cottages, with their attendants and manifold conveniences, frequent hydrants for clear Croton, and a bench or seat at every angle. Do not fail to take the trip of the lakes, if your visit be on a week-day—for the boats, be it observed, unlike the swans, traverse the lakes only six days in the week. The Park is open to the public on Sunday, and the swans are not repressed, by the sacredness of the time, in their free movements; but no instrumental bands lend their music on Sunday, as on Saturday, to the other attractions of the place; and no human hand lifts an oar to move the light row-boats which are moored on the lake—afloat though it be Sunday.

But detailed description, where are so many and varied claims upon the attention, is alike unsatisfactory and impossible. We can only say, in general terms, that the Park is a gallery of art, a reservoir of beauty, a school of refinement, a fountain of poetical and exalted inspiration.

We indulge in no extravagance, kind reader. This unrivaled resort is all and more than we have pictured it. To the appreciative soul, we fear not to excite too high expectations. Yet there are doubtless those who listlessly travel those beautiful paths, to whom the varying scenes are "quite pretty," or "rather neat of the two!" Yet others, unhappy souls, may visit this Park, and, carrying discontent and unhappiness within, will see neither beauty, harmony, or good taste, in the bountiful rivalry of nature and art. Such persons forever walk with a pebble in their shoe, a beam in their eye, and the more gorgeous the splendor which meets their gaze, the more sensitive will they be to some real or fancied imperfection or fault.

The Central Park, though abounding in works of artistic skill, is not artificial. Its chief excellence consists in the careful adaptation of every production of art to the contiguous or surrounding natural features. Where change from the rough and rugged model has been requisite—and these transformations are many and pleasing—Nature has not been rudely arrested in her course, and warped and twisted to suit a caprice, but rather skillfully directed, or entreated and beguiled, into pleasing conformity with the necessities of the case, or the intelligent desires of artist minds. The Park is an enduring monument to New York city, a choice commentary upon the naturalness of her artists, teaching all coming generations an important lesson respecting the true mission of art.

Here we learn that the highest achievement of art is not a departure from, but an approach to, Nature, as a model. That art is not an imitation, but an interpretation of Nature. Her office is not to supplant, but to support and inquire of her great Teacher. And success is secured when, in their sacred intimacy, the pupil asks of Nature great questions, and asks intelligently, with the power to comprehend the reply, which, to every intelligent questioning, comes as surely as the echo answers from hill-side or forest.

The savage, in the purity and simplicity of his character, asked of Nature but few and simple questions, but to these there came responses so true and unerring as to render him, in the accuracy of his interpretations of each sign and signal on Nature's broad answering face, a fellow to his companions of the forest wilds—the bear, the beaver, and the bee.

The progress of science enables the chemist to-day, by the aid of microscope and retort, to come from his great Teacher with a thousand glorious replies to his intelligent questions; while the astronomer, by glass and formula, secures responses to other and not less important inquiries.

The architects, landscape gardeners, and

artists, who directed the transformation of the rocky, barren wild, in the heart of this Manhattan Island, to the verdant, fertile, and boundlessly beautiful "Park," have but put to Nature repeated, well-directed, and nobly-inspired inquiries, as to what, how, and when, the change should be. They asked; Nature replied; and lo! the barren rocks blossom like the rose!

This is no new work for Nature to do. For countless ages the same process has been going on. With no help, not even an idle question from man, granite rocks have been slowly transformed to fields of tropical verdure. All the myriad forms of beauty, seen on mountain and plain, in tree, and shrub, and flower, are Nature's spontaneous offering to man, provocative of such free, happy, and successful questions as these Central Park artists have just propounded. True, these mighty changes were only wrought by the centuries, but a day now is what centuries were before man's immortal existence began. The wash of ages was requisite to fill, with fertile deposits, crevices which now the hand of the laborer covers between sun and sun. The process is the same, only Nature, beset and quickened by the restless, tireless pertinacity and haste peculiar to humanity, has consented to do in a season, what, unsolicited and undisturbed, she occupied ages in performing. Less grandly, perhaps, in the scale, is this more rapid work accomplished, but not less successfully in all that pertains to elegance, grace, and beauty.

A few years since the rapidly increasing throng of this commercial emporium began, through prophetic fear, to pray, with painful earnestness, that Nature be not too far removed from them. From a thousand souls, all unconsciously rose one united, though undefined petition for—something. Intelligent men, acting as mediators between the denizens of the city and Nature's great heart, began to ask intelligent questions. Where, when, and how, can Nature respond to the manifold needs of this great people? Nor was the question simply an external one. The great philanthropic heart asked Nature for a remedy for growing evils, which the Churches, the Prisons, and Police failed to check.

The health reformer, with mind intent upon pure air, green grass, and fresh flowers, implored Nature to restore these country blessings to the city poor.

The laborer, wearied by six days' close confinement in crowded streets, damp cellars, and close garrets, asked for light, air, and freedom one day in seven, for himself, his wife, and his child.

The philanthropist, sighing over the inequalities observable in streets, dwellings, and churches, prayed for a democratic resort, a public rendezvous, as free to the poor as the rich; a garden, a paradise for the beggar as well as the millionaire.

The artist, poet, and lover of beauty, desired more free and unobstructed communion for every hungry and thirsty soul, with Nature's great fountains of beauty, glory, and grandeur.

The Spiritual Reformer sought an inspiring foretaste of the freedom, the beauty, the gorgeous splendor of the "Summer Land"—that the weary and sad—seeing—might take heart again.

Thus an unexpressed but spontaneous and irrepressible desire rose from every class and from every heart. Intelligent, wise, and benevolent as bountiful Nature ever is, lo! here is her response!

Capitalists, seeing their selfish interests subserved, lent power to art to apprehend Nature's multiplied resources; and thus were satisfactory responses rendered to each and all of these imperative demands.

The New York Central Park is a magnificent, bountiful, and ever glorious testimony to the munificence of Mother-Nature in responding to wisely directed interrogatories.

One word more: Let no reader fail to embrace an early opportunity to visit the Park, take a tour of the Lakes, and enjoy long pleasant hours in the "ramble." We trust not many will have to answer for a sin like ours, of having lived so near this vision of beauty for eighteen months without visiting it. Now, happily, we can unceasingly give thanks for this blessed gift to the poor of New York city—an immense garden of delight, free to all! Not a beggar in the streets, but may, by title as clear as that of the Fifth Avenue belle, roam at pleasure through the multiplied paths of this modern Eden.

The Park is best approached by the Sixth or Eighth Avenue Cars. Our preference is for the route by the single cars of the Eighth Avenue, running from corner of Broadway and Canal Street, only a few doors from this office. This carries one to the western side entrance, a short distance from the Lakes and the Ramble. The lower entrance possesses other advantages for those whose capacity for enduring fatigue is greater, and to these we recommend the Sixth, or two horse cars of the Eighth



Avenue, running from Broadway and Canal street, or from the Astor House.

At some time not far distant, we hope to give some statistical information respecting this great central feature of the city, with the names of its projectors, to be remembered by those who enjoy the fruits of their wise forethought. The originator of the plan deserves to be immortalized among the world's benefactors.

C. M. P.

## THE NEW DISPENSATION.

INTEGRITY—FRATERNITY—UNITY.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE AGE:

### ONWARD TO HARMONY!

"Through the years and the centuries, through evil agents, through things and atoms, a GREAT AND BENEFICENT TENDENCY JOBBASTFULLY STRAINS."

## The War for Freedom and Progress.

Be watchful, O Americans! . . . For when you think that your Government is complete, then are you on the way to death; and when you think that your Church can enlighten you, then are you on the road to papal supremacy.—Report of American Delegation in 1853: See PARENTS AGE AND INNER LIFE, p. 117.

For the Herald of Progress.

### The Crisis of '61.

ITS MAGNITUDE AND CONSEQUENCES.

MR. EDITOR: I propose to write something concerning the momentous struggle, for weal or for woe, which is now going on in the United States. As an humble citizen, and as one who must draw the sword against the enemies of my country, no man living can have a greater interest in the welfare of the nation than I; and with no other motive to prompt than my hope that this government shall be saved from destruction, and the cause of its troubles removed forever, I propose to write a few revolutionary papers, for the purpose of rousing in the hearts of the people of the North one universal sentiment in favor of UNION AND LIBERTY.

No time since the launching of Noah's ark upon the deluged world, no time since the royal hordes of Africa were entombed beneath the waves of the Arabian Sea; no time since Jesus Christ hung bleeding upon the cross at Golgotha; nor the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, nor the battles of the Revolution; no time, since "creation's dawn," has there been, so trying to the honor and integrity of man, as the present.

The present time is to act as the "recording angel" of the destruction of the noblest and freest government upon earth, or it will bear testimony of one of the greatest victories ever achieved in the name of Liberty—the liberation of four millions of slaves!

The history of every nation whose domestic feuds have resulted in violent warfare, will warrant such an assertion; and to bear it up, I need only cite the history of Mexico, St. Domingo, Spain, the French and German Revolutions, or the more recent struggle in Italy. In every case, either the bane was removed, or the government relapsed into anarchy. Thus, in judging by the past history of other nations (and human nature is the same the world over), any mind of ordinary reflection can easily discern that reconstruction and liberty, or anarchy and slavery, will be the fated destiny of this once glorious Republic.

Politicians, Cabinets, and Presidents, may sneer at the conclusion. Let them sneer if they will; but this crisis has already arrived at a point which has not only baffled the wit and wisdom of these time-honored heads, but has spread dismay and consternation throughout the length and breadth of the land. Many of the people begin to feel that they have been led on by a misplaced confidence in the ability of the President; many more have had their faith shaken by a very apparent duplicity of some of the heads of departments, especially that of SIMON CAMERON, the Secretary of War; and, also, by an apparent shiftlessness in the department of the navy; thousands of others complain of the extraordinary pay of government officers; while the whole nation fairly droops at the looseness with which our army transactions have been carried on, giving full scope to every manner of knavery and chicanery which the wily and crafty may choose to practice upon those who are under authority. Everything has gone to prove, on every hand, that "all is not right;" that somewhere, in the machinery of this government, there is a wheel that does not turn. There is a clashing 'twixt the rising tide of public opinion and the FRESIDE PATRIOTISM that sits in Washington.

Six months ago there was a public sentiment which ruled in the heart of every loyal American; but where is that public sentiment to-day? Then it was "Liberty and Union," with Lincoln and his noble Cabinet at the helm of the "ship of state," with the glorious "19th of April, 1775," alongside the more glorious "15th of April, 1861," inscribed upon its banner. But now the war-cry has almost arisen to: "Freedom and Freedom, and the liberation of every slave whose masters are determined upon the destruction of our government!"

Then it was that seventy-five thousand armed men were to suppress a rebellion within three months that the united South had pondered upon for thirty years!

Then it was that the great heart of the united North began to pulsate and respond to the cries and groans of our bleeding country. Millions of freemen held themselves in readiness to lay down their lives and their fortunes in defense of their country's liberties. Not only the banks of the great cities of the North

unlocked their sales, but thousands of our men of wealth opened their pockets to the chief executive,—millions of money were at his disposal; and a National Loan instituted at that time would have furnished means adequate to have made a speedy termination to this fratricidal war.

Then our nation's colors were unfurled to the breeze from almost every house-top in the loyal States; and the cannon and drum re-echoed the war-cry of: "To arms! to arms!" and "Down with the rebellion!" from every city, hamlet, and village. Then the hope that beamed from every eye, and the joy that filled every heart to overflowing, and our confidence in our nation's leaders, gave us the delightful expectation that the sword would soon put an end to our country's troubles; and that, forever.

But six months have passed before the vision of the fireside patriot and the hopeful statesman; and a vastly different state of things has been inaugurated within our borders. Armies have been raised, armed, fed, and clothed, in the Confederate States, that have superseded every idea of nine-tenths of the people of the North; and our three months' campaign is among the notable things that were. I will neither praise nor condemn the President for that; though it looks like a piece of short-sightedness on the part of one placed in such high authority, to think that such a small number of undisciplined soldiers would be able to wage war against such fearful odds as the South would bring against us. I will leave it to the future historian to relate the story of the three months' enlistment, and to make record of the Bull Run battle! It is passed now; and I would to heaven that the memory of it was buried forever, that its opprobrium might not bring disgrace upon the pages of our future history. But enough of this.

I believe, as I said before, that there is a rising tide of public sentiment, which will clash against the present policy of the Administration at Washington—that the people, rising up in the strength of their manhood, would lay the ax at the root of the tree, and, doing as Fremont has already done in Missouri, declare every slave to be a freeman whose master is found in arms against the government!

The proclamation of Fremont was hailed with joy by every liberty-loving freeman of the great North-west; and, sooner or later, the East will inhale the health-giving properties of the Western gales, which are pregnant with the principles of liberty and freedom, and, in spite of the President, his Cabinet, or Congressional law, declare that this war shall end in the complete overthrow and destruction of the Slave-power of the South. Let the people once be aroused, and the voice of the people heard and obeyed by those in authority, and no other cause on earth will be more glorious than ours. As Thomas Paine said of the contest with Great Britain, in his papers to our Continental soldiers, while that war was going on: "The sun never shone on a cause of greater worth." 'Tis not the affair of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom; but of a continent—of at least one-eighth part of the habitable globe. 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually involved in the contest, and will be more or less affected, even to the end of time, by the proceedings now. Now is the seed-time of continental union, faith, and honor. The least fracture now will be like a name engraven with the point of a pin on the tender rind of a young tree; the wound will enlarge with the tree's growth, and posterity read it in full-grown characters."

So I say of the cause in which we are now engaged. It is not the concern of a day, a year, or a century; the future millions yet unborn, who will live to make their homes upon the fertile plains of the Western World, will read the record which will be made of this war, and suffer or enjoy according to the deeds of their ancestors. 'Tis not the concern of a city, a state, or a republic; but it will have an influence, for good or for evil, on every nation on the civilized globe.

Europe is looking upon the fate of this government with the greatest concern; and the greatest wonderment of Europeans is, since the South have themselves united, and taken the offensive attitude that they have, that the North does not also unite, and the President declare this war to be what the people would like to make it—a war that will exterminate slavery and the slave-power forever. Were it possible, I would suffer death a thousand times, if it could only be the means of bringing such a state of things about. I would not only make the oppressed of our own, but of every nation on earth, rejoice; and the day on which every slave in America would be declared free, would be celebrated as the birthday of Freedom, as the "4th of July" was celebrated as the birthday of Independence. But let this war be continued as a political war, and there will not be patriotism enough in the North to save the government from total destruction.

The best blood of our nation would be made to flow in vain; a debt which posterity could never pay would be contracted; and untold years of anarchy and civil broils would follow, where peace and happiness might have reigned supreme.

Then rouse, ye freemen of the North!—Rouse in the name of our fathers who fought and bled for Independence! Rouse in the name of the God who fought our battles then, and who can fight our battles now! Rouse ye, then, in the name of Liberty! "O ye that love mankind! ye that dare not only oppose the oppression, but the oppressor, stand forth! Every spot of the Old World is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round

the globe. O America! receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind!"

JOHN W. EVARTS.

ATLANTA, Ill., October, 1861.

For the Herald of Progress.

### Citizenship at Home and Abroad.

BY DR. MORACE DRESSER.

Shall the institution of slavery forever war against humanity not only, but eternally retard the progress of civilization? Must slavery always violate the rights of citizenship, and trample in the dust the sacred privileges guaranteed by the Constitution to every American citizen? Will it be allowed forever to intrench itself within inclosures of its own arbitrary erection, and from its battlements and towers of strength make proclamation to all men outside its more than Chinese walls, that the onward march of a better social culture, of equal rights, of just government, shall be stayed by its proud and almost omnipotent behests? It has, from the first, presented a brutal barrier—a dehumanized or animalized condition of society—which, bordering on barbarism, has resisted the rising tide of Northern advancement in morals and the humanities. Its defiant words and wicked doctrines, from the very beginning of the government, have crystallized into atrocious acts of barbarity upon all persons within its reach who dared to exercise the freedom of speech or of the press.

Not to go back much more than twenty-five years, among the many cases of the inflictions of slavery upon free white men, and good and peaceable citizens, we may instance the merciless flagellation of the Oberlin student, in the public square of Huntsville, led thither in vacation, engaged in the laudable business and worthy purpose of selling the Cottage Bible, from the profits of whose sales he designed to pay his college bills. We remember it was said, and we have never heard it contradicted, that some of his Presbyterian brethren of that place, with whom he had just before been a communicant at the Lord's Supper, were members of the committee of inhabitants who decreed that he should receive, in kneeling posture, on his bare back, twenty lashes, well laid on, and who helped to form the ring around him, in the Plaza, at the infiction. The murder of Lovejoy, at Alton, and the destruction of his press, by sinking it in the Mississippi River, is another instance of the cruelty and vandalism of the institution, still fresh in the memory of this generation. We have not room nor inclination to recite specially more cases of its abomination. Its persecutions and imprisonments of schoolmasters and ministers of the gospel are well known. Travelers and others, sojourning in the Slave States, who lacked caution, and spoke too freely, have suffered every indignity, and sometimes been unable to escape the sanguinary edicts of Lynch law.

Such being fact, and that but faintly shadowed here, what is American citizenship, at home, but an empty boast—a right resting on contingency? Abroad in foreign lands, where kings will and emperors hold sway, our citizens are safe in life and limb; indeed, those who are only quasi citizens, foreigners not fully naturalized, having only declared their intentions to become citizens, are protected by the National Government. Witness the case of Kozta, on the distant shores of the Mediterranean—a national vessel, with its guns, dictates terms and commands respect for American citizenship only in embryo, in Europe! Its chief officer received the unbounded applause of the public, and, finally, the honorable awards of our government, for his fearless boldness in enlarging the person of a foreigner not yet entitled to the immunities of American citizenship. This was well; it should be so.

The Constitution of the United States originally provided that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens [of the United States] in the several States. Subsequently, by amendment, it was further provided that the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and, besides, that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law. But slavery provided otherwise, and claimed to be paramount—to be superior even to the Constitution. The government winked at its arrogance and succumbed to its audacious claims. Slavery has been allowed to dogmatize and to dominate—first, in respect to the persons of its citizens, then in respect to the provisions of its Constitution, and, finally, in respect to the government itself, till its audacity has culminated in the present insurrection, whose object is its entire overthrow.

The war now waged against the government is confessedly a war for the extension and perpetuity of African slavery on this continent—not that holding to "service or labor, (another name for servitude, it is true), as defined, limited, and regulated in the Constitution, but as enunciated in the satanic league of the States in rebellion. African slavery and commerce in negroes, on sea and land, are the corner-stones, the key-stones, in the temple of their mammon god. Let success attend their rebel arms, and slavery and the slave trade will become continental.

The strife is bloody, but slavery shall yet lick the dust. The civilization of the nineteenth century contributes its modicum in behalf of freedom, and counts upon the truth of the maxim, *nullo vestigio retrosum*. Some of the empires and kingdoms of the Old World, those of the elder civilizations and culture, are looking on wistfully, and sending up to heaven their kindly prayers in our behalf. The auto-

crat of Northern Europe and Asia, having banished from his wide domains all serfdom of his subjects, and wrapping himself in polar furs, sends greeting with good wishes to our government. And now shall the nations brand, on the face of the monarch queen of the isles, whose crown is in holy alliance with that of her northern neighbor, shame, shame, to recognize piratical rebels as belligerents, per public law, and to admit them as fit for fellowship in the family of nations? God forbid that a government, which has set free 800,000 slaves, at an expense to the nation of £20,000,000, shall so far forget its honorable philanthropy, and so deeply and indelibly blot and blacken its bright pages of history, as to commit so great a wickedness.

However much to be deprecated may be the existing internecine war, and however deplorable the state of affairs may be which it has precipitated upon the nation, it is time that the political and social elements should be shaken, and our institutions feel the shock of some regenerating impulse. The State had become a stagnant, Stygian pool, which, for long years, had generated monsters of wickedness, and sent forth exhalations poisonous to the public virtue. The declaration, *I am an American citizen*, had no power or prestige, in some parts of the Union, to save from the hurt of the bowie-knife and halter of the lawless mob. Paul could cry out, in his travels through the provinces of old Rome, "I am a Roman citizen," and barbarism and cruelty stood abashed before him. How long will it be before the rights of citizenship shall be respected alike in all the States, and free discussion of all questions of government shall prevail everywhere?"

For the Herald of Progress.

### Non-Resistance Resisted.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., 1861.

MR. EDITOR: I am delighted with the standpoint you have taken with regard to the war question, and all I wonder at is, that there can be found any progressive minds who expect, by submission to the South, to gain any point of progress. What has even Christ, the emblem of non-resistance, gained by giving himself passively to his enemies? Was their hate thereby changed into pity, charity, or repentance? No. Were his followers spared? No. Nor will our enemies experience any change of heart, if we would passively submit to their roguish scheming; but they would rejoice, and humiliate us the more for our cowardice; and progress, in their hands, would be at an end, particularly if we would continue to let them rule us, at their pleasure.

What I am most astonished at is, that a man should write a book, and venture to prove that "Whatever is Right," and then should find fault with those that take up arms against an aggressive set of villains.

If the good Christians have such a dread for death, they ought to be excused; for their idea of a future life is entirely too vague to give any hope or consolation—it is based on a mere belief, for which they have no substantial proof; but when with the Spiritualists the belief has become a knowledge—as it is a knowledge that our earth is a globe, that there is a China in existence, although we have not seen it, &c., &c.—what is it, then, to them that they should dread to leave that miserable earth-life, where there is nothing but strife and vexation, sorrow and sickness? If the next life is but a continuation of this, it is, of course, for many reasons, superior to this. Should, therefore, a perhaps premature death deter us from lending our arm to bring about one of the greatest reforms on this continent—the abolition of slavery? Why, even Christ, as the report says, was not afraid to die *prematurely*; and why, you naturally ask, should his followers be afraid? Because they are afraid of hell and damnation. This, certainly, is not the cause of dread with Spiritualists, who pretend that there is no hell and damnation, except within us, and that these may be here or hereafter. And I verily believe that, if there is any hell, we can enjoy it in no place better than here on earth, encased in a body that encumbers the spirit as a clog to nearly every higher aspiration.

So, then, if I offer up this physical body for a good cause, as I consider it—though to all appearance the leaders of this cause mean to narrow it down to no advance at all, but believing in a higher guidance that will work things all for the good—I shall feel satisfied to enter into a higher state of existence, if even prematurely, and more so than any that are daily killed by lightning, or any other so-called accidents.

Excuse these rambling thoughts of one who cannot see any good coming of passive non-resistance against a murderous set of criminals.

Yours, for eradicating the cause of all this distraction, OTTO KUNZ.

### FRENCH VIEWS OF THE WAR.

A gratifying change in the public opinion of the French nation is evident from the tone of two leading articles recently published, one by M. Edouard Laboulaye, in the *Journal des Debats*, and the other from M. Juif, editor of the *Paris Press*.

From the first we quote:

"To encourage the Southern States, to hasten a premature recognition, to interpose in aid of slavery, to link our name to the perpetuation of bondage, would be to give the lie to all the past. In America, and everywhere, France can be allied only with freedom. It will be time enough to recognize the South when the separation is won. But now and always, our true ally will be the people who, in 1776, proclaimed that every man had freedom for his birthright; the people whom Lafayette loved; the people who are and will be faithful to the glorious traditions of Washington and his friends."

## Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

### The Gain of Godliness.

MR. EDITOR—I clip the following from the editorial columns of the last *Banner of Light*: "A GENEROUS OFFER.—Mr. J. V. Mansfield, the well-known medium for answering sealed letters, has generously offered, for the space of three months, to answer *gratis* a sealed letter for every subscriber who remits us two dollars for the *Banner* one year. Three three cent postage stamps must accompany each letter to prepay return letters. Mr. M. makes this offer solely to aid us in extending the circulation of our paper, which is the best way to benefit the cause."

Here is an offered guaranty to every two dollar subscriber of the *Banner of Light*, that a letter to any spirit friend will be answered. Answered by whom? By Mr. Mansfield? No! He but acts as the spirit's amanuensis. By whom, then? Obviously by the spirit addressed, else any mortal could answer as well, and the offer is a pretense and cheat.

Very well. We are then to understand that Mr. Mansfield is prepared to say that any spirit in the wide realms of spirit-land, whom an inhabitant of earth may choose to address, will respond to the letter, through Mr. Mansfield's hand, and all for two dollars sent the *Banner* for one year's subscription.

Any tenant of the spirit home, who left a question unanswered, which mortal would like to know, will, "on call," come to Mr. Mansfield, and indite or dictate a letter of reply.

If this be true, Mr. Editor, it is a pity to hide the talent under a bushel. Why is not Robert Bonner, of the *New York Ledger*, made acquainted with this new method of building up the circulation of a paper. If Mr. Mansfield can guaranty a reply to all subscribers of the *Banner*, he can to all subscribers of the *Ledger*; and Mr. Bonner would make a better investment in purchasing Mr. Mansfield's time and "gifts" at ten thousand a year, than in employing Edward Everett or James Buchanan.

Bonner is not quite up to the latest dodge, or he would be advertising in flaming capitals: "The *New York Ledger* and a letter from any spirit in Kingdom Come, for only two dollars."

Truly, with the authorized promise of the cooperation, if needed, of any and every spirit in the spirit world who ever inhabited earth, or ever had a friend, no paper need suffer for want of spiritual support. What shall hinder the fortunate sheet from reaching at once a circulation of an hundred thousand copies?

But is this guaranty worth anything? Does Mr. Mansfield control all spiritdom? Will any and every spirit come at his bidding and answer every pertinent or impertinent query?

I confess myself slightly skeptical on this point. I would accept the guaranty of the publishers of the *Banner* for 52 numbers of that paper, as a tangible, and sure return for my two dollars; but will I have "thrown in" a letter from a spirit friend? If Mr. Mansfield fails sometimes to reply to letters containing a dollar, will he not miss here and there, one who sends him only three stamps? Now Mr. Editor, this whole thing looks to me a little like humbug. Yes, a good deal like it, unless indeed Mr. J. V. Mansfield owns the spirit world and can deal out answering emotions to suit the demands of a thousand letter writers.

That he will generously give the time to sit and await an answer, I do not doubt. But to talk of "answering," means that either he or some helping spirit will do up the business by the wholesale, and answer as any shrewd mortal could a letter clairvoyantly read.

The Editors of the *Banner*, I am sure, would not knowingly lend themselves to any system of fraud, or any unwarranted extravagant promises. But is not this a little more than even credulous Spiritualists can expect "on demand?"

Yours, A FREEMAN.

[From the Boston Investigator.]

### Quack Advertisements.

WHAT A "CHRISTIAN MAN" CAN DO.

MR. EDITOR: I suppose the most of your readers are familiar with a class of quack advertisements which have appeared of late years, purporting to come from "Retired Clergymen," "Old Physicians," and "Former Sufferers." They are anonymous, of course, as the business is *infamous*, the parties are ashamed to advertise it over their own proper names. Hence these miserable pretenses, under the name of a "Former Sufferer," a "pious Clergyman," retired from preaching hell fire, or an "Old Physician," whose sands of life are almost run. The marvel is, that this manner of swindling has not ere this run itself out; but the fact is, these advertisements pay, and often line the swindlers' pockets with gold.

These charlatans are found in all our large cities, and some cities not large—that is, they hail from these different localities where we shall find some "Dr. Culverwell," some "Howard Association," or some "Former Sufferer," who takes these means for sponging \$5 or \$50 from the unsuspecting invalid. I say found; and yet the real personages in Brookline, in Bedford, N. Y., and in New York city, the real Adam, Emerson, in Charles-town or Haverhill, Mass., is never found. The real actors are not often seen, as they are ashamed to be known as engaged in this mean business. However, having recently got hold of one of these creatures who has been acting behind a "secession" (concealed) battery, I think it my duty to spot him. If we are to take his word for it, he is a very meek, a very "humble benefactor," "a Christian man," and I am told that he has even attempted to pass himself for a "preacher" in Boston; perhaps that, ere long, he might advertise his trash as "a retired clergyman." That he is a Spiritualist, I infer from his advertising in the *Spiritual papers*, from one of which (*HERALD OF PROGRESS*) I have taken his advertisement, which is as follows:

"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 3-8, Mass. A very important circular to the married sent on receipt of stamp."

Believing that the conductors of that paper would not, knowingly, be a party in any unworthy business, I procured the "Warning Voice" and the "very important circular," and



ending them to be a cheat, I now propose to show what one who calls himself a "Christian man" can do. Here are two paragraphs from his so-called "Warning Voice," and from which it will be seen what this "humble benefactor" warns people to do—it is to send him \$5 in gold. Hear him:

"It is with a profound sense of my responsibility as a Christian man, and a humble benefactor, that I write this tract and send it broadcast over the land."

"Upon receipt of FIVE DOLLARS, (Eastern bills or gold preferred,) I will send, by return mail, the remedies (nostrums) together with advice, safely concealed and free of postage. Respectfully submitted, D. H. Wellington, Box 3—S. Mass."

The secret is here disclosed. This "Former Sufferer" is now suffering for the want of "five dollars," and this is one of his methods for getting it; but, mind you, it is not his only method; for observe what he says also of his "very important circular to the married." Well, that "important circular" is now before me, and reader, what do you imagine it can be? Why, it is nothing more nor less than a very modest request to have the reader send this "humble Christian," "D. H. Wellington," the small sum of \$12 1/2 for eighteen different books, on the sexual system, which he keeps for sale! The titles of some of these books no decent editor would permit to appear in his columns; but here is a part of one of them: "Being a complete analysis and description of every part of woman's form, and showing her capacities for procreative duties—illustrated with beautiful colored pictures of the most perfect female forms." Whether the wife, or sister, or the daughter of this "humble benefactor," "D. H. Wellington," served as the models from which these pictures were drawn, he does not tell us.

And here it is in place to show how and why it is that the sale of this specific and extreme class of books is a nuisance and a crime. The good of society will not allow a man to make a nuisance of his own body: if he attempts to exhibit his own nudity, the laws interfere and stop him. So of certain anatomical pictures, such as are sold by this "humble Christian." If a bookseller were to expose these books for sale in his shop-window, he would be liable to an indictment for so doing. Such books are injurious, because they lead to injurious excesses in the social relations of life; and to corrupt these relations is a misdemeanor or an infamous crime, which the good of society will not tolerate. Hence it is that this class of crimes are committed in secret, and under the cover of fictitious names, such as "Retired Clergymen" and "Former Sufferers;" and we see also in this fact the reason why the criminal puts on the cloak of benevolence and affects piety, calling himself "a Christian man" when he does these mean acts. The bitter pill must be sugared, and affecting to be a very Christian man, it is thought will divert suspicion as to the infamy of his conduct.

Now, Mr. Editor, let me ask the attention of the editors of the HERALD OF PROGRESS to this "Christian man," whose anonymous advertisement appears in their columns, and I hope they will give this article a place also in their paper. The reasons why they should publish this exposure, will be obvious at once. The HERALD, not more than any other paper, can be supposed capable of discriminating always between the advertisements which are offered for publication. Nevertheless, there is some responsibility resting on papers, and the more, certainly, when they publish advertisements like the above, without any responsible name attached to them.

C. L. M.

FULTON, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1861.

[REMARKS: We hereby tender our very grateful acknowledgments to "C. L. M." for the full and timely exposure of the fraudulent advertisement which, by some error of judgment, found its way into our columns. All well-authenticated evidences of fraud, imposition, pretension, or quackery, should be published in order to guard the innocent and brand the guilty. We have resolved to keep a still more vigilant guard over our advertising columns, so that nothing of the character complained of shall gain access to the public. If our friends can aid us in detecting the "wolf in sheep's clothing," let them do so for the sake of humanity and justice.—Ed.]

For the Herald of Progress.

## Not Yet Arrived—"The Coming Man."

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, DEAR SIR: I perceive that a writer, whose letter you published in last week's HERALD OF PROGRESS, laments your departure from his "conception of the Christ." You "respond (not as the Christ responds) in the line of war."

Well, perhaps there are many who find occasion for regrets that A. J. Davis does not, in his inculcations, correspond with the model of eighteen centuries since, or with the modern conception of the coming Christ. I must confess that this fact gives me pleasure. I would not conceal the gratification it affords me to know that you have not entered "the holy of holies"—are not a "regenerate and truly saved spirit," according to this exalted standard.

My own estimate of the character of Christ, (Jesus of Nazareth,) is so high, that I am sure, had he foreseen how his very name would be worshiped above every other name, he would have done some naughty thing just to prevent it. He would, perhaps, have been tempted of the Devil more absurdly and more successfully than is recorded in "holy writ." The only trouble in such a reflection is, that let him have "cut up what caper he might," we would now, perhaps, be none the wiser for it, since "none are so blind as those who won't see;" and sacred historians have a reputation for convenient blindness and idiocy.

But as for the Christ, (of the past,) whether or not he would "go in for the war," we can only infer from his temperate language towards the "hypocrites" and "generation of vipers," and his mild treatment of the money-changers, how he would deal with those who make merchandise of human souls, and steal the livery of Democracy to serve oppression withal. Doubtless he would count them his opposing friends, and humbly cry "peace," and desire the government to "let them alone."

As to the "coming Christ"—men manufacture this stolid, soulless image, to hang a virtue upon, much as tradesmen place wax figures in their shop windows, for the display of choice merchandise. It is all very well—as a trick

of the trade—but it is to be expected that living workers in this nineteenth century will resemble the ideal being, much as the passing men and women resemble the wax figures in a show window.

Their outward excellencies will lack the luster of the "show figure;" but a more active and intelligent spirit animates the form, and the external, though travel-stained and worn, perhaps, by use, is quite as serviceable, and bears scrutiny as well as the glittering excellencies which the imagination throws over the ideal being.

It might be a novel spectacle to see a Christ publish a medical book, and still more to edit a weekly paper; nevertheless, it is yet to be determined whether the man, with his books and papers, and perchance his imperfections and faults, may not serve humanity as successfully as the ideal, with his marvellous virtues and superhuman characteristics.

Yes, Mr. Editor, I am glad we are not to be afflicted with another Christ just yet. The "gods" belonged to past ages; it is time for ours now.

Yours, ROBERT RESTIC.

## The Teachings of Nature.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

## The Revolutions of the Sea.

In the year 1842 a French scientific gentleman, Mr. J. Adhémar, published a work bearing the title of "Les Révolutions de la Mer (The Revolutions of the Sea)," in which he attempted to show that the mass of the waters about the two poles of the earth is transferred alternately from the north to the south and from the south to the north of the equator every 10,500 years. The work in which an effort was made to demonstrate this singular proposition, remained comparatively unnoticed for nearly eighteen years, when it suddenly attracted great attention, and was even very favorably noticed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

The theory is so singular, and withal so ingeniously defended, that we will endeavor to present it, with the more important arguments adduced in its support. In order to make the theory more intelligible, we will commence with an explanation of—

### THE PRECESSION OF THE EQUINOXES.

The orbit of the earth, as is well known, is an ellipse, or, in common language, an oval. Let the reader take a rule, and join the extremities with a string twice its length. Keeping this string tautly stretched with a pencil, let him draw a curve upon paper entirely around the rule. This curve will sufficiently represent the orbit of the earth for our purpose; it will be an ellipse; and if points are made at each extremity of the rule, they will each represent a focus of the curve. A straight line drawn through both foci, and terminating each way in the curve, will constitute the major axis of the ellipse. Draw a straight line perpendicular to this major axis through either focus to the bounding curve, and its extremities will represent the equinoctial points, if the sun be supposed to be in that focus through which the line passes. That is, those points will be the real place of the earth about the 21st of March, and the 23d of September, every year. The extremities of the major axis, on the other hand, are the points occupied by the earth on the 22d of June and of December. But as the sun seems to us to move, and we seem to stand still, on the 23d of September we seem to see the sun at the real vernal equinoctial point, and on the 21st of March he appears to be at the opposite point; and on the 22d of June the sun seems to be fixed at the winter solstitial point, and on the 22d of December, at the summer solstice. For while we, riding on our little cockle-boat of an earth, are traveling around the sun, we seem to see him traveling in a great circle in the heavens among the fixed stars, setting out from one constellation and returning to it again, in a year. This great circle in the heavens we will call the *Ecliptic*. When the sun in its annual course reaches the apparent autumnal equinox, it seemingly goes below, or to the south of the equator, and recrosses it to the north, at the apparent vernal equinox, on the 21st of March. Owing to the situation of the sun in one of the foci of the earth's orbit, the actual distance traveled by the earth from September to March (or while the sun is south of the equator,) is considerably less than that passed over from March to September (while the sun is north of the equator.) The North Pole of the earth has, therefore, a longer summer and a shorter winter by eight days, now, than the South Pole. This is true of the North Pole during a period of 10,500 years, at the expiration of which time the longer summer and shorter winter will fall to the South Pole. We will show how this happens.

The earth is a flattened spheroid; that is, there is more matter distributed over its equatorial belt, than over the belt which may be supposed to surround it in the direction of the poles. Hence the attraction of the sun and moon upon it cause it to tend to revolve from west to east about the poles of the *Ecliptic* once in 25,868 years. But as with this movement there coöperates another, which cannot here be explained, the actual revolution is accomplished in 21,000 years. The effect of this revolution about the poles of the *Ecliptic* is to make the equinoxes seem to go from east to west 50' 1" seconds a year, or to make a complete revolution in the heavens in 21,000 years. That is, suppose the sun to rise in a certain constellation at the vernal equinox this year—in 10,500 years hence it will rise at the directly opposite part of the heavens. This apparent movement of the equinoxes is called their *Precession*. Now, as the poles of the earth's equator are inclined to the *Ecliptic* at an angle of 23 degs. 28 mins., the movement of the

earth that causes the apparent precession of the equinoxes, really turns that part of the earth which is above the plane of its orbit down below it, and lifts the lower part above it, once in every 10,500 years. So that not many thousand years since, the present South Pole of the earth had its summer between March and September, and its winter between September and March.

### CONSEQUENCES OF AN ANNUAL EXCESS OF HEAT OR COLD OF EIGHT DAYS, CONTINUED IN ONE HEMISPHERE FOR 10,500 YEARS.

"At the period," says M. Adhémar, "which corresponds to the spring and summer of our hemisphere, the earth is more remote from the sun than during the spring and summer of the Southern hemisphere. Hence it follows that during the two longest seasons, which correspond to the spring and summer of our hemisphere, the earth receives less heat each day, because it is more remote from the sun; whilst during the two shortest seasons, corresponding to the spring and summer of the Southern hemisphere, the earth being nearer the sun, receives more heat."

Mr. Herschell thence infers that there is a compensation, and that the quantity of heat which the earth receives from the sun, while traversing any part of its orbit, is proportional to the angle described around the sun. M. de Humboldt observes, however, that there should be a greater loss of heat by radiation in the southern hemisphere during a winter which is eight days longer. The accuracy of this remark cannot be denied; in truth, from the fact that the earth receives the same quantity of heat during the different periods of the year, it does not follow that this heat is distributed equally in the two hemispheres. The temperature of a place does not depend upon the quantity of heat received, but upon the quantity preserved, or rather, upon the difference which exists between the heat received and that which is lost in a given time; a locality will grow cold, when the heat issuing from the sun is less than that which is lost by radiation; and when the conditions are reversed, it will grow warm.

"Now, for the North Pole, the year consists at present of 4,464 hours of day and 4,296 hours of night, whilst at the South Pole there are 4,464 hours of night, and only 4,296 hours of day. The South Pole, then, will lose in a year more heat than it receives, since the total duration of its nights exceeds that of its days by 168 hours; and the contrary will be true for the North Pole. So that, at the end of the year, the difference of heat in the two hemispheres will be represented by 336 times the amount the earth receives from the sun, or loses in an hour by radiation."

"Let us now imagine the globe surrounded on all sides by water; it is plain that during a winter at the Antarctic Pole, more ice will be formed near it than at the Arctic Pole during the corresponding winter, and this difference, repeated for thousands of years, will, in the end, become enormous."

"Let us suppose that, at the end of two or three thousand years, the ice formed at the North and South Poles be called respectively B and A; there will be no change in the equilibrium of the seas, because the ice, having a specific gravity less than that of the water, the two masses, A and B, will float, and their weight will be equal to that of the volume displaced by the portions immersed in the water. But after this time, the mass A having augmented at a much more rapid rate, not only by the excess of the winter at its pole over that of the other, but still more in consequence of the cooling of the atmosphere caused by the radiation from such an immense accumulation of ice, there will come a time when the lower surface of the ice stratum will touch bottom, and as the increase of the ice can no longer occur in that direction, the center of gravity of the globe will shift from its center towards the South Pole, drawing with it the waters spread over the surface of the earth, and laying bare a large portion of the continents of the northern hemisphere."

But the shifting of the center of gravity, M. Adhémar supposes, would be at first gradual, and would advance farther and farther toward the South Pole with the augmentation of the ice-cap or glacier in that hemisphere, and the consequent heaping up of the sea-waters about it. At present, for example, the depth of the sea in the southern hemisphere is to that in the northern as 1 to 9; and the sea surface in the latter is to its land surface as 419 to 1,000; while in the southern hemisphere it is as 129 to 1,000. Hence M. Adhémar concludes that the center of gravity of the globe is four-tenths of a league to the south of its actual center, and that an ice-cap of a few miles in thickness and twenty degrees radius would suffice to lift the total mass of the southern seas to a level of a league above the continents in that hemisphere. When this ice-cap, together with the cold in the southern hemisphere, has reached its maximum, it would begin to melt, and the other hemisphere would begin to grow cold and to accumulate a similar ice-cap. M. Adhémar thus describes the melting of the glacier or ice-cap, as it has occurred in the north:

"The northern hemisphere 10,500 years ago was covered with an ice-cap similar to that which now exists at the South Pole. Now, when the first of these two hemispheres began to grow warm, the second began to grow cold. Then its waters began to flow southward, at first extremely slowly. At the surface, for a long time, this movement would not be apparent; but at lower depths, nearer the center of attraction, currents were formed to which we should probably attribute the immense deposits of sand and smooth pebbles which are scattered over so large a portion of the north. Finally, when, by the rupture of the great gla-

cier, the center of gravity, suddenly shifting, passed rapidly from the north to the south, the entire mass of waters covering the northern hemisphere rushed towards the south. The principal force, combining with the oblique forces resulting from the various figures of the mountain declivities, created a great number of torrent currents, which, radiating from the pole to the equator, like the sides of an immense fan, bore away the fragments of the northern glacier into the plains of Russia, Poland, and Northern Germany. When the boulders torn from the mountains of the north by these immense masses of ice, were dropped upon the soft and liquid arenaceous deposits, they plunged into them to all depths, in proportion to their weight and the softness of those deposits at the time of their fall."

The theory of M. Adhémar may then be briefly stated as follows:

On account of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, one pole of our globe grows colder than the other during 10,500 years, as it is deprived annually of eight days' solar heat which the other enjoys. The cold thus increasing during so many thousand years, causes an immense ice-cap, or glacier, to accumulate at the pole, which is thus yearly losing heat, and this in time draws the center of gravity of the earth toward that pole, which is followed by an accumulation of waters about it. At the end of 10,500 years, or one half the period required for the entire precession of the equinoxes, that pole begins to get more warmth than the other pole, and its ice-cap to melt, while at the other, the corresponding great glacier begins to form. This melting process finally reaches its maximum, and a comparatively sudden breaking up (débâcle) of the ice-cap ensues, and the heaped waters rush in great ocean-torrents to the pole where the cold is augmenting. Of course, this great decennial deluge does not occur precisely when the maximum of cold is felt at one pole, and the maximum of heat at the other, but from three to four thousand years subsequently, if we rightly apprehend M. Adhémar.

The grand cause of these decennial floods is the same as that which produces the precession of the equinoxes, namely, the revolution of the earth every 21,000 years about an ideal axis crossing that between the poles at an angle of 23 degrees 28 minutes; the effect of which is to cant each pole alternately above and below the plane of its orbit, every 10,500 years. M. Adhémar anticipates a second deluge to the north some millenniums hence, as the last, which is known to us as that of Noah and Deucalion, was from north to south. Says he: "Since the year 1248 (the date at which the commencement of our winter coincided with the perihelion passage of the earth) our hemisphere has been cooling down, whilst the southern has been growing warm; and when the ices of the North Pole shall exceed in amount those of the south, the center of gravity of the globe will cross the plane of the equator, the mass of the southern seas will be drawn to our hemisphere, and the continents near the Antarctic Pole will be abandoned by the water, which will submerge those we inhabit."

Again: "The sum of the hours of night in our hemisphere had attained its maximum 11,094 years ago (in 1842) and was beginning to diminish; but according to tradition, the deluge occurred 4,000 years ago; consequently, our hemisphere began to grow warm 7,094 years since. These 7,094 years will doubtless appear sufficient to explain the melting and breaking up of the ices of the North Pole. We ought then to infer that the next irruption, which will be from south to north, will occur in 6500 years."

### THE DRIFT PERIOD EXPLAINED BY THIS THEORY.

"In surveying the northern countries of Europe," says M. Adhémar, "we everywhere meet with traces of an immense catastrophe to which savans have given the name of *Diluvium* of the North. The indisputable evidence of this great phenomenon are the enormous masses of debris (fragments) torn from the mountains of Sweden and Finland, and covering a considerable extent of Germany, Poland, and Russia."

"The same phenomena likewise appear in North America, where the ground is strewn with fragments of rock that originated in the polar regions. Finally, the Plains of Lombardy are covered with an immense number of boulders of all sizes that came from the mountains of Switzerland. The beds of sand and the boulders thus transported to a great distance from their primitive site, have received the name of erratic boulders."

"These deposits, covering immense countries, are sometimes 180 feet in depth; some have the form of elongated hills running in a north and south direction; others form vast plains almost perfectly horizontal. Finally, the fragments of erratic rocks are found scattered on and below the surface of these beds, where they are buried at all depths."

"It is certain, that whatever may have been the cause, one of the most extraordinary events has furrowed these northern districts of Europe, before the origin of man, (?) and that its influences, were extended over a very wide space; perhaps the phenomenon embraced a vaster field than that we have just described; for traces of a similar one are to be seen over the area of Canada and the greater part of the territory of the United States of America, running from north to south."

"M. Durocher supposes that a great volume of water, issuing from the polar regions, and probably accompanied with ice, submerged the countries of the north from Greenland to the Ural mountains. The current rushed from north to south, inundating Norway, Sweden, Finland, abrading the mountains and rocks which it met on its course, polishing their

surfaces, and marking them with furrows and striae by means of the fragments which it tore away. The perfect state of preservation of the presence of enormous masses of ice in the torrent which crossed our hemisphere. Their great weight does not allow us to suppose that they could have remained suspended in the rolling currents."

### FOSSIL ANIMALS OF THE DRIFT PERIOD, AND THEIR RELATION TO THIS THEORY.

"To explain," says M. Adhémar, "the presence of so great a number of animals discovered in an upright position, and preserved with their skin and hair in good condition in the midst of the ice, Cuvier is obliged to suppose a sudden cooling down of the temperature of the region they inhabited. But it is difficult to conceive of a country becoming all at once so cold as to freeze all its inhabitants. It is more natural to think that they were driven back by the seas into the midst of the ices that covered the northern hemisphere and which were then of immense extent, since their increase, combined with the breaking up of the ice about the south pole, had determined that movement of the waters which advanced from the south northward."

"The six elephants of which Buffon speaks, found near the Ohio in America, certainly never came to die there without having been driven to that locality. The lake of salt water on the banks of which they were found, is a proof of the presence of the sea, at the moment of their death in the ice. Driven by the waters to the 60th parallel, which then formed the limit of the great northern glacier, the mastodons there fell down exhausted by fatigue, hunger, and cold; and their bodies were immediately covered with masses of snow, which subsequently transformed into mountains of ice, preserved them to our days. Then these bones are found nearly on the surface of the earth, which proves that the animals to which they belonged were driven into the northern regions by the irruption which moved from south to north, and which preceded the last, and consequently occurred 14,500 years ago."

### CUVIER'S VIEWS OF THE REPEATED IRRUPTIONS OF THE SEA.

M. Adhémar's theory receives some support from the opinions known to have been entertained by Cuvier, who says: "Fossils have taught us that the beds which contain them have been gently deposited in a liquid, that their changes of place corresponded to those of that liquid, and that their being laid bare was occasioned by the change of place in that liquid, and that this laying bare has occurred more than once. From them (fossils) we learn for a certainty, the important fact of repeated irruptions of the sea, and that we may hope to know the number and the epochs of those irruptions. \* \* \* \*"

"If there is any point settled in Geology," adds Cuvier, "it is, that the surface of our globe has been the victim of a great and sudden revolution, the date of which cannot have been farther back than five or six thousand years; that this revolution has caused the countries which were once inhabited to disappear, and the species of animals now best known; that on the contrary, it has laid bare the bottom of the sea, and from it formed the countries now inhabited; that it is since this revolution, that the small number of individuals it had dispersed have spread over the lands thus laid bare, and propagated upon them, and consequently, that it is since this epoch only, that our societies have resumed their progressive movement, that they have formed settlements, erected monuments, collected natural facts, and formed scientific systems."

"But those lands to-day inhabited, and which the last revolution [of the sea] laid bare, had already been inhabited before, if not by men, at least by land animals; consequently, at least one preceding revolution had submerged them beneath the waters; and if we may judge by the different orders of animals, the remains of which are there found, they had perhaps been the subjects of two or three irruptions of the sea."

A simple fact, potent to the commonest observation, adduced by M. Adhémar in support of his theory, is the very great mass of water, measured both by depth and area of surface, to be found in the southern hemisphere, as compared with the northern. The southern continents also run out into the sea for the most part in sharp peninsulas, while the northern run close to their pole in rounded outlines, or into a broad front. There must be some great natural cause for this unequal distribution of land and water in the two hemispheres.

Whether the theory of M. Adhémar is tenable, and explains this with other phenomena, for which it is brought forward, it remains for the reader to judge. Even if he must condemn it, he will, we think, admit that it is at least a highly entertaining and suggestive speculation.

"You Greeks," said the old Egyptian priest to Solon, "are always young; you speak of one deluge, but there have been many."

Let us hold with M. Adhémar until the contrary is shown, that they are nearly decennial, occurring once every ten thousand five hundred years.

D. L.

Don't do it.—Never make use of an honest woman's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in a mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a most reckless manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men last to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity.—*Exchange*.



Poetry.

"The truly beautiful ever leaves a long echo of harmony in the soul."

For the Herald of Progress.

CONSOLATIONS.

Thou'rt gone, dear father! still I hear thy voice  
In all sweet summer sounds of bird and bee;  
Softly it whispereth: "Let thy soul rejoice!  
Time passeth swiftly—thou shalt come to me,  
Where ne'er a blossom fadeth, nor a cloud  
May the deep glory of the sunlight shroud."

Thou'rt gone, dear mother! still forever near  
I feel thy presence, sweeter than the balm  
That breathes from morning flowers, and full of  
cheer,

And hope, and blessedness, each grief to calm,  
And brighten each dark place; till we discern  
How richly burdens into blessings turn.

And ever it is thus—they are not dead,  
But gone to that bright land before, and thence  
Around our paths, though dark and drear, they  
shed

Many a blest, a heavenly influence—  
Giving a foretaste of the peace that waits  
When death hath opened the eternal gates.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

[The following sublime Battle Hymn, from the *Evening Post*, was written by the poet-musician, James G. Clark. There is a lofty melody in these expressive lines, well befitting the heroic spirit in which the PATHFINDER marches, amid the tremendous war of elements, to the red field of strife.—Ep.]

O! spirits of Washington, Warren, and Wayne  
O! shades of the Heroes and Patriots slain!  
Come down from your mountains of emerald and  
gold,

And smile on the banner ye cherished of old :  
Descend in your glorified ranks to the strife,  
Like legions sent forth from the armies of life ;  
Let us feel your deep presence, as waves feel the  
breeze  
When the white fleets, like snow flakes, are drunk  
by the seas.

As the red lightnings run on the black jagged  
cloud,  
Ere the thunder king speaks from his wind-woven  
So gleams the bright steel along valley and shore  
Ere the combat shall startle the land with its roar,  
As the vail which conceals the clear starlight is  
    riven  
When clouds strike together by warring winds  
    driven,  
So the blood of the race must be offered like rain  
Ere the stars of our country are ransomed again.

Proud sons of the soil where the Palmetto grows,  
Once patriots and brothers, now traitors and foes,  
Ye have turned from the path which our fore-  
fathers trod,  
And stolen from man the best gift of his God ;  
Ye have trampled the tendrils of love in the  
ground,  
Ye have scoffed at the law which the Nazarene  
found,  
Till the great wheel of Justice seemed blocked  
for a time,  
And the eyes of humanity blinded with crime.

The hounds of oppression were howling the knell  
Of martyrs and prophets, at gibbet and cell,  
While mercy despaired of the blossoming years,  
When her harp-strings no more should be rusted

But God never ceases to strike for the right,  
And the ring of His anvil came down thro' the  
night,  
Though the world was asleep and the nations  
seemed dead,  
And Truth into bondage by Error was led.

Will the banners of morn at your bidding be  
furled,  
When the day-king arises to quicken the world?  
Can ye cool the fierce fires of his heat-throbbing  
breast,  
Or turn him aside from his goal in the West?  
Ah! sons of the plains where the orange tree

Ye may come to our pine-covered mountains for  
tombs;  
But the light ye would smother was kindled by  
One  
Who gave to the universe, planet and sun.

Go, strangle the throat of Niagara's wrath,  
Till he utters no sound on his torrent-cut path ;  
Go, bind his green sinews of rock-wearing waves,  
Till he begs at your feet like your own fettered  
slaves ;  
Go, cover his pulses with sods of the ground.

Till he hides from your sight like a hare from the  
hound;  
Then swarm to our borders and silence the notes  
That thunder of freedom, from millions of throats.

Come on with your "chattels," all worn, from  
the soil  
Where men receive scourging in payment for  
toil;

Come, robbers; come, traitors; we welcome you  
all,  
As the leaves of the forest are welcomed by  
fall.

The birthright of manhood awaits for your  
slaves,  
But prisons and halters are waiting for knaves;  
And the blades of our "mud-sills" are longing  
to rust  
With their blood who would bury our stars in the  
dust.

They die unlamented by people and laws,  
Whose lives are but shadows on Liberty's cause ;  
They slumber, unblest by Fraternity's star  
Who have blocked up the track of Humanity's

Regarded, when dead, by the wise and the good,  
As shepherds regard the dead wolf in the wood ;  
And only unhated when heaven shall efface  
The mem'ry of wrong from the souls of the race.

The streams may forget how they mingled our  
gore,  
And the myrtle entwine on their borders once  
more;  
The song-birds of Bence may return to our glades

Columbia may rise from her trial of fire  
 More pure than she came from the hand of her  
 sire;  
 But freedom will lift the cold finger of scorn  
 When history tells where her traitors were born

Andrew Jackson Davis upon  
the War.

We have received an extra issued from the office of the HERALD OF FREEDOM, which contains Mr. Jackson's views upon the war. As Mr. Jackson professes to be familiar with the world of spirits, we expected to find in his views a revelation of the future, which might reconcile us to the inevitable decrees of fate—but we were disappointed. Mr. Davis' opinions, like those of ordinary individuals, are of the vague, early and late, and never, variety, and variations in the words of spirits. He says, in substance, if we pursue a certain line of conduct, certain results will follow. Now, we supposed, from the teachings of Mr. Jackson himself, in many of his published works, that this earth was a place where effects are pro-

duce, and not a separate cause. The world, that is, the plain earthly people, as we can, will try to illustrate the views of Mr. Davis in relation to the world of causes and the world of effects. The world of causes may be represented as an exhaustless reservoir of water, and the beings on this earth as so many mills, and the water as the power which turns them. The water upon the mills—which represent men—and they are made to go fast or slow, or may be kept stationary, as suits the pleasure of the spirits. The mills themselves are simply agents acted upon, and have no volition of their own. This is the mill theory of Mr. Davis and his disciples, and hence it is that they are not only a lower form of good, and that man is not accountable for his actions.

If we have stated Mr. Davis' views correctly and if we give credit to his statements that he has been in the world of spirits, and knows what is going on there—we have a right to expect that he can tell us about the future. Having continued communication with spirits, he can probably learn from them what is to take place in this generation—just as a miller might be supposed to know how many revolutions a wheel would make acted upon by a certain force of water, and what amount of work it would perform.

Mr. Davis views as a politician will attract little attention, because they conflict with his theory of cause and effect; but his views as a Spiritualist would, doubtless, attract considerable notice, especially if they referred to the future. Let him publish the events of the next six months in advance, and show us what must happen, for we are going round and round, without knowing the "why or the wherefore." We want more light, friend Davis.—*Boston Evening Traveler*, Aug. 13, 1861.

There is a strange and mischievous admixture of truth and error in the above passage. The error and mischief, however, greatly preponderate; so much so, in fact, that we are moved to make a brief reply. The misrepresentation of the teachings of our philosophy is glaring, and cannot but be detrimental to the progress of common sense among men.

The writer in the *Boston Traveler* has evidently confounded the doctrines of Harmonial Philosophy with the theories propounded by several prominent Spiritualists, who, it would seem, know as yet little or nothing of the great general principles which we inculcate. We are misapprehended and mis-stated, very frequently, on the most vital and essential points of philosophic and spiritual truth; and this, too many times by eloquent and publicly pledged Spiritualists, and by a class of writers indicated by the foregoing quotation. If we suffer in the hands of friends in this particular, and to this extent, it is unreasonable to expect better treatment from enemies and strangers.

It is true that, in the new philosophy this world is regarded as the realm of Effects, and that the world of Causes is invisible and hidden from sensuous observation; but it is not true, as the writer alleges, that "the spirits are so many millers," by whose management the "mills" (or mankind), "are made to go fast or slow, or may be kept stationary." We are represented as teaching that "the beings on this earth are so many mills," under the incessant influence of spirits, and that "the mills themselves are simply agents acted upon, having no volition of their own." The *Boston Traveler* writer professes to have gleaned this doctrine "from many of our published works," and so imparts, as he pretends, reliable information to the many readers of that respectable journal.

We deny the charge in toto, having not the least foundation in works on the Harmonial Philosophy, and we hereby challenge any one who can intelligently read the English language, to find any such doctrine in those works.

And yet we have been many times asked, in all sincerity, by very worthy persons, whether we did not teach that the "world of spirits was the region of Causes, and this world the sphere of Effects, under the control and administration of spirits?" And, replying negatively, we could not but observe the astonishment of the questioner, who supposed himself reasonably well-informed concerning the teachings of Harmonial Philosophy. And here it may be remarked that this unfortunate misapprehension of the truth, in this essential particular, has led to more sectarian prejudice and bitter mis-statements than all other things put together. Supposing us to teach and believe this doctrine, the world has accused us of every imaginable folly and fanaticism. The truth is, we have had to battle *against* the superstitions of certain spiritualists in this very particular, knowing that several mediums and prominent characters did profess to be "mills," passively under the control of "millers." Such mediums, or "mills," and such Spiritualists, or "agents without volition," have far more than the prejudice of the world,) done very much to set back the

side of investigation among intelligent and truth-seeking minds. This being the fact inside the arena of Spiritualism, how can we complain when an "outsider" gets things "mixed up," as this *Boston Traveler* writer has done. Consistently with his erroneous premises, he says: "Having continual communication with spirits, Mr. Davis can probably learn from them what is to take place in this generation—just as a miller might be supposed to know how many revolutions a wheel would make, acted upon by a certain force of water, and what amount of work it would perform." On this principle, he calls upon us to "publish the events of the next six months in advance."

Now, if this writer had ever read ten lines of our philosophy of Prophecy, as given in "Nature's Divine Revelations," and as further illustrated and enforced in subsequent works, he would have had too much sense to have publicly made that statement and request. The world's Causes (see 5th vol. Harmonia,) is composed of IMPERSONAL PRINCIPLES, which, as intelligent thoughts of God and Nature, execute the ends and designs of the universe. Men are personalities and powers, not "mills" and passive "agents," and the spirit world is composed of beings that were once men, women, and children, on earth. Although we hold that "evil is only a lower form of good," we *deny* that "man is not accountable for his actions." And although we know and teach that spirits hold communication with mankind, in many diversified forms, we *deny* that spirits are *masters* of individuals on earth—*deny*, also, that they can "make men go fast or slow, or keep them stationary at their pleasure"—and *deny* that any human, however much he may enjoy communion with the spirit world, can be put in possession of very accurate information respecting the details of the future. We have urged and illustrated this doctrine over and again, and began to rest in the assurance that no conscientious man, friend or enemy, would put in our mouth a different gospel. Alas! for the departed in the realms of science and philosophy, if the living be thus misconstrued and twisted out of joint by uninformed friends and careless or quack editors.

It is not denied that the affairs of men are more or less influenced and modified, or diverted into different channels, by power and wisdom emanating from groups and co-operative Brotherhoods in the spirit land; but that spirits exert *supreme* control over the thoughts, motives, and actions of men, is a doctrine which, although urged by a certain class of Spiritualists, is strenuously and constantly *opposed* by every one who accepts the fundamental teachings of the Harmonical Philosophy. And we trust that our friend of the *Boston Traveler* will make all reasonable reparation in the columns of that journal. We pray that, for the time being at least, he will become a "mill," turned by the waters of truth and justice, capable of grinding out a better grist of reasons for neglecting our political Programme, and that the public may obtain from the same many loaves of the "bread of Life."

There is an invisible Cause producing spontaneously external Effects; and these may be divided into *series, degrees, and representations*. At first, Matter and Motion existed: and these formed one *series*. Veget-

table production and its essential developments and accompanying life, are a second form and degree. Animal organization is a *third* development or an ultimate of the inward or first Cause: and its kingdom is a *third* form and degree—the whole forming *three series*. First, Matter, spontaneously producing and reproducing Ends or Ultimates. Secondly, Motion, graduated and developed according to the perfection and utilization of matter into forms, suitable as agents, and perfect as ultimates, to develop its inward principle to the external sphere. Again (for a more particular distinction), first, Matter; secondly, perfect degree of vegetable existence; and thirdly, matter in animal organization as its highest state. These are three *series* or *degrees*. Secondly, Motion as a coexisting principle with Matter, Life as an effect, and Sensation as an ultimate or end: constituting *three series* or *degrees* of the progression of matter and its inherent motion, or of the development of the great Cause internal, which progresses to, and produces external and visible forms. These classifications must be understood, in order to arrive at the corresponding principles which are all invisible, yet creating infinite ends and ultimates, from eternal, invisible, and potent laws of causation.

The laws that govern Nature go on with steady and unchangeable progression. They are not at any time retarded or accelerated. Nothing can prevent the natural results of these laws. They are estab-



lished by one great Positive Power and Mind—and equalled by a negative or ultimate Equilibrium. Hence their continued and united forces, by the influence of which all things are actuated, governed, and developed, and pass on in a steady process of progression. Every particle of matter possesses the same power which governs the whole universe; and in each particle you see a representation and evidence of these divine laws. Thus in the stone you may see the properties of the soil; in the soil the properties of the plant; in the plant, the properties of an animal; in the animal you see Man—and in Man you cannot see, but you can feel, the immortal principle.

Nature, then, is composed of these innumerable combinations of matter, and is a manifest type of the whole universe. The Great Positive Mind is the interior and Divine Essence—is the creative Cause of all external effects. The Great Divine Mind is a Soul, existing as a perfect organization of essential properties, essences, and attributes; and the mode by which this Essence or Soul exists, is the form or outward development of the whole UNIVERSE. The Divine Essence being the Soul, the Universe is the Body. Moreover, the latter is a perfect representative, or, in other words, is a bold and clear expression of the interior possessions of the Divine Mind. The Universe is the mode by which the Divine Essence exists.

Man is the highest and most perfect combination of organized matter. He therefore exercises an unlimited proprietorship over all below his exalted position, and is the governor, director, and lord of all subordinate creations. He in this sense pervades all below him. At the same time he is dependent upon the perfect fulfillment of every office which is sustained by the subordinate kingdoms; and without them and their perpetual contributions, he could not possibly exist. Man, then, is not only the highest form, but comprehends likewise the lowest; and without the lowest, the highest could not be. He therefore should practically acknowledge his dependence accordingly; and in properly doing this, he would so perfect his wisdom as that he might be truly the director, governor, and lord of all things.

The all-important truth to be established in the mind is, that the interior essence is the soul and creator of all external forms, which forms determine and demonstrate the mode of such soul's existence. The form which every particle of matter assumes, is that created and determined by the peculiar essence which is latent in the particle itself. A knowledge of this truth conveys to the mind a perfect conception of the interior, creative Cause of all things, and its attributes as displayed and developed in its external form.

As everything is constantly assuming form, which is an express likeness of its interior cause, so the soul is constantly evolving thoughts, which are suggested by influences proceeding from the outer, or from the promptings of its own internal principles; and the thought is the form of these suggestions. The forms of thoughts are words—these always being the express likeness of the thought evolved.

Every mind must conceive of the existence of a Cause as the parent of any effects visible to the senses. And the cause must be admitted as corresponding to the effect, or else the effect cannot be attributed to any producing cause. Hence it follows that all external and visible things are effects, prompted, created, and unfolded to the outer world, by a corresponding interior cause; and that the cause must be the real reality, or else such tangible effects could not have been produced. So all material things created by man are the forms of his thoughts; and these are the offspring of the soul. The form of man is a likeness, a type, a representative of the cause which animates and unfolds it to the outer world. The outer senses are typical of the inner ones; for they are unfolded from the corresponding parts of the interior essence.

And we feel authorized to affirm, from the nature of our impressions, that if man were differently situated and superiorly educated, he would not be so far removed from the spiritual world as he now is in his sphere of thought. And, moreover, he would recognize the proper use of all things, and apply them to his wants, as directed by the governor of all things, which is Wisdom. And he would recognize the relation existing between the natural and the spiritual world; and that, too, without experiencing a metamorphosis or transformation of the real man from the outer to the inner world.

#### REMOVALS.

Mrs. Forest Whiting, Healing and Developing Medium, and Madame Jacobs, Professor of Music, have removed from Thirty-first street to No. 69 Third Avenue, near Twelfth street.

Mrs. Phoebe Ferguson Tower has removed to No. 162 Third street, between Second and Third Avenues.

#### Do Spirits Feed on Men?

Mr. A. J. DAVIS: A correspondent of the *Boston Investigator* copies the following extract from the report of the Annual Festival of the St. Charles (Ill.) Religio-Philosophical Society, published in the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* for Oct. 12. I observed the paragraph at the time, and thought it must have escaped your observation:

"L. K. Coonley opened the Conference by some interesting experiences and remarks, in substance as follows: 'The question is often asked, How do spirits live? By facts which I have seen, I am convinced that they feed on the magnetism of the living. I once knew a little girl in Kentucky who had a ravenous appetite, and who, after eating a hearty meal, would be thrown into spasms. By the aid of my clairvoyant powers, I determined that the spirits of two negro women were feeding on the magnetism of the child, which induced her to eat such quantities of food. By talking with them, I soon persuaded them that they were injuring the child, and when they sought their food elsewhere the child immediately recovered. They did not know as they were doing wrong. I believe this to be the source of much disease.'"

By giving your opinion as to the correctness of these positions, you will oblige at least one

CONSTANT READER.

#### ANSWER.

The magnetism of certain peculiarly organized human beings is excessively exhausting. Some persons seem to possess the power, often unconsciously to themselves, of living and feeding upon the very life of sympathetic natures near them. Impressible temperaments are thus exhausted, with a painful and sickening fatigue or weariness, by the vampirism of contiguous persons. This terrible experience is too extensively known and exhibited among the falsely married to be concealed from the observation of intelligent minds. One or the other, either the husband or the wife, so-called, is the victim. Weariness, listlessness, dejection, and emaciation, are the effects of such magnetic feeding, while the fed and nourished vampire is cheerful, with a hearty appetite, and plenty of bodily substance.

This all is true, and the extent of such experience is greater than is generally believed. And it was doubtless something of this sort which Mr. Coonley saw with his clairvoyance, and not a spirit-magnetism, as he supposed.

It is the supreme folly to assert that the child ate large quantities of food in order to gratify the hunger of "two negro women" now in the spirit world. All diseases can be adequately accounted for without reference to trans-mundane causes. No philosopher will encroach upon foreign and "holy ground" to explain effects which are logically traceable to causes about him in the present world. And when Spiritualists attain to the position of true philosophers, using their reason in a reasonable and natural manner, we shall hear no more of such superstitious doctrine as that propounded by Mr. Coonley. The little girl in Kentucky is not the first instance where a ravenous appetite, stimulated undoubtedly by worms, has produced "spasms" and other symptoms very far from the spiritual.

#### Heresies in the Church.

Roman Catholics have a brief, summary, and effective method of expelling heresy from the Church. They resort to "Papal Bulls," "Excommunications," and "Anathemas," as soon as the "enemy" shows its head within the sacred precincts.

Not so with Protestants. Let a heresy arise within a Protestant Church, and at once occurs a conflict of opinions as to its treatment. Questions of policy creep in, and altogether the affair becomes one of exceeding embarrassment.

Thus did the General Convention of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches in Wisconsin, recently assembled at Milwaukee, find the work of declaring themselves respecting popular tendencies to heresy.

We quote from the report in the *Milwaukee Daily Life*:

"A resolution was offered from the Business Committee, deprecating the growing indisposition in Orthodox Churches and ministers to maintain the cardinal doctrines of evangelical faith, and recommending greater faithfulness in preaching the doctrines of original sin, the atonement, and justification."

"A member proposed that eternal punishment of the wicked be added to the doctrines specified, which amendment was accepted."

"A spirited discussion ensued; all the speakers protested their soundness in the faith, and their belief in the importance of these doctrines, but several objected to the resolution, that it implied the unfaithfulness of the ministry on this point heretofore, and some thought it had the appearance of aiming at certain persons who were in fault, and whipped them over the shoulders of the Church generally. One Brother said he had no hesitation in saying that the resolution meant Henry Ward Beecher and the Independent, and their sympathizers, and he wanted to see a plain and faithful declaration against them."

"Another said he would not magnify Beecher into importance, by making him the subject of a resolution—that he believed the body of the Church was sound, and that the danger was not so great as some brethren imagined. The Brother who preceded the last speaker replied that in his judgment, the prevalence of apostasy from these doctrines in the Church was alarming, and demanded action; and as for the character of Beecher's teachings, he would point to the fact that, among semi-infidels and opposers of evangelical truth everywhere, they were received with approbation—Universalists, Swedenborgians, and Spiritualists, were loud in their sentiments."

"Several others concurred in admitting a general and growing unsoundness in the faith. One Brother suggested that the specific doctrines named be stricken out, and that they simply assert their faith in the Bible."

"As the discussion proceeded, it became evident that the feeling of the Convention was averse to adopting the resolution, and when it

reached the point where action must be taken, the question arose how the resolution could be disposed of. It must not be voted down. It was proposed to lay it on the table—but that, too, was not expedient—it would look bad. Finally, upon suggestion to that effect, leave was granted to the Business Committee to withdraw the resolution, which was done."

#### OUR NATIONAL RELIGION.

A recent order of the Adjutant General of the United States, (in conformity, it is said, with an Act of Congress,) directs that all chaplains in the army must be "regularly ordained clergymen of a Christian denomination." Article I of the Constitutional Amendments reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

Are the Acts of Congress and the Adjutant's order in conformity with this? Suppose a regiment of Jews should wish a Rabbi, will the Adjutant General impose upon them a clergyman?

The words of the Constitution apply to the "Christian" as well as other religions, and here not even that is the established religion and church, an "Act of Congress" to the contrary notwithstanding.

#### A CLEAR CASE OF FRAUD.

It is related by one of the dispatches from the battle-field at Edward's Ferry, that when our brave boys were trying to make their way from the trap into which they had been foolishly led, back across the Potomac, a poor negro, with a small skiff, employed himself the whole night in ferrying over the fugitives. He succeeded, in this way, in saving the lives, or in securing the escape, at least, of no less than one hundred persons. His master all the while, was probably on the Virginia shore, trying to send a Minie ball into the hearts of our men.

Now, as the "service" of this fellow did not belong to himself, but his master, what right had he to lend his labor to our suffering soldiers? Was he not defrauding his owner? Will not some of our Generals insist upon delivering him up, to be properly punished for so audacious a use of his muscle? Of course, no one will be so insane as to propose that he should be emancipated for this timely rescue of so many loyal troops. That would be Abolitionism; that would be interfering with the sacred institution; that would be confessing that negroes are men, and entitled to a decent respect.—*Evening Post.*

#### JESSIE AND MR. BLAIR, SEN.

The Cincinnati Press tells of the following good 'un by Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, while on her recent visit to the Capital, to ferret out the origin of the hostility which had manifested itself toward her husband. At one of the interviews with the President, Mr. Blair, Sen., father of the Postmaster-General and Frank P. Blair, was present. Mr. Blair turned to Mrs. Fremont and said:

"Mrs. Fremont, allow me to say to you that in my judgment, madam, your proper place is at the head of your husband's household at St. Louis, and this intermeddling with the affairs of the State is, to say the least of it, in very bad taste on your part. And in conclusion, I wish you to understand that here is where we make men and unmake them."

"Mr. Blair, permit me to say to you that I have seen some men of your making, and if they are the best you can do, I advise you to quit the business."

#### WOOLEN MITTENS.

An officer from West Point, who commands one of the finest regiments in the service, suggests that woollen mittens for the soldiers will be greatly needed when the cold weather begins. Will not all who can employ themselves in this way help to furnish five hundred thousand pairs? They should be knit with one finger, to allow a free use of the first finger and thumb. It is said there were more soldiers disabled in the Crimean war from frost-bitten fingers than from any other cause. All newspapers please copy this.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for October. American Edition. L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton St., New York.

This number has the following table of contents:

Democracy Teaching by Example, an article on American affairs; Meditations on Dyspepsia, No. 2, The Cure; Chronicles of Carlingford; The Book Hunter's Club; Social Science; What seems to be Happening just now with the Pope; Among the Lochs; and Captain Clutterbuck's Champagne, a West India reminiscence. Several of these articles are calculated to attract and reward readers.

Blackwood is furnished at \$3 per year, or with one of the Reviews, \$5; with the four Reviews, \$10.

For the Herald of Progress.

#### S. J. FINNEY IN PHILADELPHIA.

FRIENDS AND READERS OF THE HERALD.—Our worthy and most eloquent Brother, Selden J. Finney, has favored the Spiritualists of Philadelphia with a course of stirring and instructive lectures, calculated to teach a pure religion, a sound morality, progression, truth, and love of liberty. His closing discourse was a master-piece of heart-arousing patriotism, fervid and beautiful language; of facts abounding with historical research; of appeals from the loving heart of humanity to the Father heart of God, in behalf of the enslaved. The enthusiasm of the audience could not be curbed; I, who pride myself on self-control, went home and wept for joy, that such a brave, bold, uncompromising champion of the oppressed should be found in the Spiritual ranks; one not afraid of public protracted opinion, or aristocratic prejudice. God bless our noble Brother! is surely the prayer of many hearts.

That lecture "On the present crisis of our Country," should be published and distributed all over the land; wherever free speech is acknowledged, and devout, beautiful, and patriotic sentiments are honored.

Our Spiritualist friends in all portions of the country, wherever Secession has not barred the way to advancement, should avail themselves of the ministrations of this true Spiritual teacher. Would that all hearts were imbued with such strict sense of justice, such fervent love of country; our victory over treason and rebellion would be swift and sure.

Yours for truth, CORA WILBURN.  
PHILADELPHIA, Oct., 30, 1861.

#### Persons and Events.

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

#### PERSONAL ITEMS.

Geo. M. Jackson, the trance speaker, has, we understand, enlisted for the war, and is active in organizing a company. Joel Tiffany and Gen. Bullard, of Waterford, N. Y., are said to be engaged in "getting up" a "big gun" to blow the rebels "all to pieces." Mrs. Frances Lord Bond has entered upon a lecturing tour through the State of Wisconsin. Those desiring her services will address her at Madison, Wis., care T. N. Bovee, Esq. Rev. John Pierpont, late chaplain in the Twenty-second Massachusetts Regiment, (Col. Wilson,) has accepted a situation in the Treasury Department. John Brown, Jr., with his company, arrived recently at Chicago, en route for Missouri. Rev. A. H. Reid, of Berlin, Wis., has determined to devote his time to presenting the necessities of the army hospital to the Western public. His wife is superintendent of the nurses in the army hospital at St. Louis. Gen. Fremont was remembered in a prayer from a Troy (Wis.) pulpit lately, as "a man between two fires—the enemy in front, and a distrustful and slanderous people behind." Bayard Taylor has prepared a lecture for the coming winter on "The American People," as compared with the people of other countries. We trust that all Lyceum lecturers will, during the coming season, either abate from the usual high charge, or give the surplus to the volunteers.

#### BRIEF ITEMS.

Adjutant General Thomas, who accompanied Secretary Cameron to Missouri, has published a full report of his visit, with all the gossip he heard about Fremont. We imagine few Generals or officials of any kind could endure creditably the unlimited publication of all the rumors and reports their avowed enemies can collect among their enemies. We are yet to hear Gen. Fremont's defense. It will be time to believe him guilty when proved to be so. The Pacific Telegraph has recently been completed, and we are now in constant communication with San Francisco. One of the early messages was a "call" for the Atlantic Cable.

The Federal Army continue to refuse to accept the proffered services of the slaves of rebels, but rather return them to aid their masters in destroying our government and nation.

J. N. Parker, an educated and highly respectable Indian of the Tonawanda reservation, applied for admission into the volunteer service and was refused. Mr. Parker writes to the *Buffalo Courier* a patriotic letter, regretting his inability to fight in the battles of freedom.

A Connecticut capitalist, writing for the Government loan, says: "I would take more if the Government would slip their hand down nearer the butt end of the stalk, and strike—which they have eventually got to do to have their bonds worth a rush."

In the case of Fremont and Blair, it is said the President has admonished the parties to leave off quarreling and go to fighting.

Various Washington correspondents unite in imputing to Secretary Seward the policy of compromising with the rebels, and then diverting the martial energy of the nation into the channel of a foreign war. The Independent—strongly Seward heretofore—accepts this as his probable policy, and denounces it, as every loyal citizen will.

The New York 44th, or Ellsworth Regiment, is called the finest body of men ever enlisted on this continent.

The great naval expedition, recently sailed, consisted in all of eighty vessels. Of these, three are steam frigates, six others are sailing men-of-war, twenty-six are gunboats, twelve ferry-boats, and thirty steam and six sailing transports. They carry from thirty to forty thousand picked soldiers.

Secretary Cameron's instructions to Gen. Sherman, accompanying the Naval Expedition, are to avail himself of the services of any persons, whether fugitives from service or not, and to assure loyal masters that Congress will compensate for such services. This shows progress.

Gen. Fremont's body-guard, only 300 strong, recently charged upon a force of some 2,000 rebels, at Springfield, completely routing them. This body-guard are now working without pay, since the Government refuses to recognize commissions issued by Gen. Fremont.

The Naval Expedition did not take a large force of contrabands from Fortress Monroe—only about 80, instead of 600, accompanying the fleet.

In the case of the Savannah pirates, on trial before the United States Circuit Court, the jury failed to agree.

The blockade of the Potomac, by the rebels, has caused a fuel panic in Washington. Prices are such that citizens are petitioning the government to supply the people at reasonable rates.

A letter-writer, near the army in Missouri, writes: "Thirteen negroes, all one family, had arrived at a federal camp twelve miles from here. They are the property of a rebel clergyman in Sterling Price's army, and are very anxious to obtain their freedom, complaining bitterly of bad treatment by their master."

It is said that Major-General Butler every month deposits the amount of his pay in the treasury, on account of the 7.30 notes.

The quota of Indiana for the war is 34,000 men. The State has now in the field 30,000 infantry, 1,800 cavalry, and 600 artillery; making a total of 32,400.

—One of the Georgia soldiers lay with a fearful shot-wound in his side, which tore out several of his ribs. The life-blood of the poor fellow was fast oozing out, when one of the United States troops dashed forward from out of the melee, and fell, sharply wounded, close beside him. The Georgian recognized his uniform, though he was fatally hurt, and feebly held out his hand: "We came into this battle," he said, "enemies—let us die friends. Farewell!" He spoke no more, but his companion in disaster took the extended hand, and escaped to relate this touching fact.

—A rigidly pious old lady down East says: "This civil war is a judgment upon the nation for permitting women to wear hoops." Quite as sensible as some of the pulpit theories on the same subject.

—The *Lawrence Sentinel* says: "With the exception of the Atlantic, the manufacturing business of our mills is but little behind that of ordinary times."

—The following rules are laid down for the direction of ladies wishing to knit socks for the soldiers: Get large needles and a coarse yarn. Cast on seventy-eight stitches, and knit the leg ten inches before setting the heel. The heel should be three and a-half inches long, and knit of double yarn, one fine and one coarse, for extra strength. The foot should be eleven or twelve inches long.

—The Mayor of Louisville, Ky., has issued a proclamation requesting the citizens to close their places of business at four o'clock P. M., in order that they may devote the remainder of the day to drill. The practice is also universal in the river towns of Indiana.

—The other Sabbath afternoon, while the Universalist minister at Readsboro, Vt., was in the midst of his sermon, the entire audience suddenly rushed into the street to see some elephants belonging to a traveling show which was then passing the church.

—Intelligence from Spain states that three hundred volumes of Spiritualist literature had been publicly burnt by order of the Bishop of Barcelona.

—Statistics show that tobacco-smoking is becoming more general in most countries, and that in England it has increased one-quarter in ten years. The calculation also shows that as tobacco contains, on an average, three per cent. of nicotine, 7,500,000 kilograms of that poison are annually consumed. A few drops of it cause death.

—For organizing an army, feeding, clothing, and equipping it, and going into war business in general, the American people stand a loan. Prentice says: "It seems absurd to swear a bitter secessionist not to be guilty of disloyalty. You might as well swear a mad dog not to bite."

—Certain persons are endeavoring to revive in Paris the ancient custom of the use of the funeral pyre, and the preservation of the ashes of the dead in urns instead of the system of inhumation.

—Sewing machines are being imported into England at the rate of nine thousand per annum.

—Dr. Winship lately lifted a platform on which stood twelve men, the whole weighing 1,900 pounds. The doctor is fast becoming a very Samson.

—Queen Victoria now reigns over 174,000,000 of people. Of this number British India has 135,000,000.

—There are 5,598 boats belonging to the Erie Canal, of which 1,346 are of greater tonnage than the vessel in which Columbus discovered America; and it may be added that the aggregate cargoes these boats can float in a season, from the lakes to the ocean, would load the combined fleets of the world.

—As an improvement upon the barbarous word "telegram," the more expressive one of "tell-a-whopper" has been suggested.

—Pliny Martin, a young lad in Utica, N. Y., died of diphtheria on the 24th of August last. On the 6th of October his little playmate, Stephen Northrup, in his tenth year, died of the same disease. Among the last words he spoke were, "Wait, bubby Martin, wait; I am coming."

—At the Social Science Congress held at Dublin lately, fifteen of the essays were written by women.

—A new society is being organized in Buffalo, for the promotion and study of the natural sciences.

—On the Corn Exchange in this city, Oct. 31st, there was a rise of 1½ to 2 cents per bushel for wheat, and 2 to three cents for corn, with a pressing demand for shipment. The sales reached 600,000 bushels.

—Three Congregational Churches in Springfield, Mass., have adopted the plan of having but one sermon on Sunday, giving up the afternoon to the Sabbath-school.

#### Conjugium.

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

**Married:** In Freeport, Ill., Oct. 17th, at the residence of Mr. Frank Corbin, by the Rev. Mr. Cassidy, Geo. S. CORBIN to CLARA S. CAMERON.

**Married:** At Naples, Ill., Oct. 7th, by the Rev. W. SEARS, Mr. SAMUEL S. ROCKWOOD, of Sheridan, N. Y., to Mrs. SARAH PUTNAM, of Naples.

#### 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 Guilford, Medina Co., O., on the 24th October, Mrs. SARAH A. STOKES. The joys of conscious immortality cheered our departed Sister during her protracted illness. Patience had its perfect work, and the beauteous rays of hope opened the door that leads the spirit to anticipate its home in the house of "many mansions." With fearless footsteps she entered the angel's ferry-boat, and bidding her friends adieu, passed gently over to that land from whence the spirit, full robed in love and wreathed with flowers, so oft returns. Her work was finished, and evermore her numerous friends will bear her record—how dear it is to love and be beloved.

R. P. WILSON.

[Banner of Light please copy.]



## Attractive Miscellany.

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

## THE BOOK WORLD.

When the dim presence of the awful night  
Clings in its jeweled arms the slumbering earth.  
Alone I sit beside the lowly light  
That like a dream-fire flickers on my hearth.  
With some joy-teeming volume in my hand—  
A peopled planet, opulent and grand.

It may be Shakespeare, with his endless trains  
Of scintillating thoughts, a glorious progeny,  
Borne on the whirlwind of his mighty strains,  
Through vision-lands forever far and free;  
His great mind beaming through those phantom  
crowds,  
Like evening sun from out a wealth of clouds.

It may be Milton, on his seraph wings  
Soaring to heights of grandeur yet untrod;  
Now deep where horrid shapes of darkness cling,  
Now lost in splendour as the first of God;  
Girt with the terror of avenging skies,  
Or wrapt in dreams of infant Paradise.

It may be Spenser, with his misty shades,  
Where forms of beauty wondrous tales rehearse,  
With honeyed vistas and with cool arcades  
Opening forever in his antique verse.  
It may be Chaucer, with his drink divine,  
His Tabard old, and Pilgrims twenty-nine.

Perchance I linger with the mighty Three  
Of glorious Greece, that morning land of song,  
Who bared the fearful front of Tragedy,  
And soared to fame on pinions broad and strong;  
Or watch, beneath the Trojan ramparts proud,  
The dim hosts gathering like a thunder-cloud.

The rest of time can sully Quixote's mail,  
In wonted rest his lance securely lies;  
Still is the faithful Sancho stout and hale,  
Forever wide his wander stricken eyes.  
And Rosinante, bare and spectral steed,  
Still throws gaunt shadows o'er their every deed.

Still can I robe me in the old delights  
Of Caliph splendid and of Genii grim.  
The star-wealth of Arabia's thousand nights,  
Shining till every other light grows dim;  
Wandering away in broad, voluptuous lands,  
By streams of silver and through golden sands.

Still hear the storms of Camoens burst and swell,  
His sense of vengeance raging wild and wide;  
Or wandering by the glimmering fires of hell,  
With dreaming Dante and his spirit guide;  
Loiter in Petrarch's green, melodious grove,  
Or hang with Tasso o'er his hopeless love.

What then to me is all your sparkling dance,  
Wine-purled banquet, or rain-fetters blaze,  
The roaming through the realm of rich Romance,  
Old Bookworld and its wealth of royal days—  
Forever with those brave and brilliant ones  
That fill Times channel like a stream of suns!

For the Herald of Progress.

## Regina Lyle.

BY CLARA WENTWORTH.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE DAWN OF LOVE.

"Thou must in this world, Love! around thy way,  
E'en through this vision's rough path and change-  
ful day

Forever floats a gleam—  
Not from the realms of moonlight or the morn,  
But thine own soul's illumined chambers born—  
The coloring of a dream!"  
"Love, shall I read thy dream?"

[FELICIA HEMANS.]

He was not cast upon our shores by the fury of the passing tempest; no accident had occurred to detain him in the quiet fisher village; there was no romantic incident attendant upon his coming; but as a stranger to our wild and rugged scenery, to our world-apart life, he came, a gentleman of leisure and fortune, the first one of his type mine eyes had looked upon. For when I had been to the neighboring town with father, I had not come in contact with any of the refined portion of its community. Stepping out of our covered wagon, or the light sleigh in winter-time, I made a few purchases and returned home, making no acquaintances; and the persons I had met with at church were those of our own class; and so haughty and contemptuous had been my manner towards the few rustic beaux who had called on "Tom Wakely's pretty darter," that, setting me down for a proud, conceited, foolish lass, they left me to my own reflections forever afterward.

Father was, as usual, indifferent about the matter, as the thought of my settlement in life never seemed to trouble him. But my mother scolded me roundly for holding up my head so high, and for dismissing Bill Hunter and Harry Felt so unceremoniously. "You couldn't get a better chance in a life-time, Jinnie," she protested. "Bill's father's well to do, and he's come seven or eight miles to see ye, and you stick up yer head like a peacock, and put on all the fine airs of the gentility. Yer allers forgettin' Mrs. Lyle's 'junctions to ye—to be a humble-minded Christian, for of sich is the kingdom to cum! It's only real great folks as is really humble, as our John says; but I can't put it in his words, he's so highfalutin', John is. And if you and him go on this way, the Lord only knows what'll become of the pair of ye—you'll be a withered, skinny, cross old maid, and he a crabbed old bachelor."

"Very well, mother," I said, laughing; "then we can live together in peace and harmony. But do let me alone with that coarse, gruff Bill Hunter!"

"Not a bit coarser nor gruffer than yer own blessed father," replied my mother, warmly. "But if you be so set against him, what have you agin Harry Felt? He's been to the city, and has a heap of larnin', and his folks owns a good lot of land."

"He's a clown and a disagreeable fellow," I cried, indignantly; "all he's brought from the city is profanity and bravado; he tells the most extraordinary stories, all fabrications of his own, no doubt, and he swears at every third word."

"He be a great swearer, sure enough; but men folks allers swears. My Tom's as good a

man as walks the footstool, but he does say terrible long, Our John's a proty for good manners and keepin' of the Lord's commandments. But human critters differs. If you ever wants to git settled for yourself, yer musn't be so very pertickler and fastidious—what's that long word Mrs. Lyle told me the meaning on?"

"Fastidious?" I suggested.

"Yes, that's it—you musn't be so fastidious; and as yer complainin' so often, why don't you try, for a change, by gittin' a good husband?"

"That would be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire," I replied. "No, mother, of all the men in our neighborhood, I could not love one; they're all repugnant and utterly disagreeable—pry don't mention any of them, I implore you."

"How you talk!" said my mother, taking an ironical survey of my person. "Mebbe you think a prince, or a count, or a duke, will come along and make ye a princess?"

"I have no such fancies; but, if my prayers are heard, I shall meet with some one worthy of my love and respect."

"I want to know," was mother's peculiarly New England phrase when anything surprised her, or any reply was needed implying doubt or perplexity. "One would think, to hear you talk, we was all Hottentots and wild Injuns. Mind, Jinnie, the day may come when you'll think yer poor father and mother better than all the highfliers you'd be runnin' after."

"Mother, hold on—hold yer yap!" cried my father's voice, and he entered the cosy sitting-room. "Don't be all the time a-scooldin' and a-worritin' the gal. Regie, put on yer straw hat and go onto the beach; there's a strange gentleman wants to find a good p'int o' observation, and as I've got to go to L— this very minnit, I said I'd send my darter to show him 'Look-out Rock,' for John's a-goin' with me."

"You're eternally blowin' an' hawkin' about somethin'," said mother, testily—she had a number of the strangest expressions, all self-coined, at her command. "Why couldn't you show the feller the way?"

"Because I hain't got time, I tell ye; got to take a lot o' fish to L—, and can't wait a minnit. Come, Regie, be spy, gal!"

I took my hat from its peg, and, attired as I was in my blue calico dress, forgetting even to take off my checked apron, I stepped out of the house, carrying my hat in my hand, and humming one of the Scotch melodies I had learned from John. I sauntered slowly along the beach, thinking no more of the dream of the preceding night that had so oppressed me on my first awakening. In that dream the coils of a beautiful, jewel-glistening serpent, had been wound around me; with superhuman efforts I had torn myself from the encircling death-clasp, and had crushed the monster beneath my feet. I had rent asunder its threatening jaws, and wrenched out, with wild shrieks of triumph, its forked and venomous tongue! Quivering, bleeding, settling into stillness from the last agony, I turned from the conquered foe to gaze into the pale but exultant face of my benefactress, Agnes Lyle. The dream had haunted me with a vague sense of overhanging evil, until my mother's remarks concerning my village admirers served to dispel the lingering gloom of my thoughts and restore my usual cheerfulness.

I had formed no idea of the stranger I was to meet; I thought not whether he was old or young; I cared not how he looked. I had paid no special attention to my toilet. My hair, dark and lustrous as it was by nature, was put back plainly from my face, and fell in a mass of curls adown my neck; there was no art in the arrangement of this, and I put aside the waving tendrils from my brow and cheek, because I loved to feel the fresh, invigorating sea-breeze on my face, and catch each murmur of the whispering, ever-teaching waves. John said that I wore my hair in the most becoming manner; and he often said to me: "Regina, you are a thousand times more beautiful than the tight-laced, wasp-waisted, artificial women of the city; your grace is natural, your smile comes from the heart, your voice is musical, and the sun and air have given your fair cheeks a healthful rose-glow. You are a rare and precious bit of porcelain, mixed up with the rough clay of this region, sister. Regina, I am proud of you!"

John's praises were very pleasant to my ear; but ambitious and aspiring as I was, I was not vain. Conscious of the possession of beauty, I returned thanks to the great Giver for the precious boon. It was my mind and heart stagnating for want of the stirring angels' power that I sighed and longed for change. I walked on, listening delighted as ever to the ocean's song; my eye wandering from point to point of the varied, beautiful scene before me. The first changing colors of the autumn's glory tinged the maple and the oak with crimson and with yellow gleams; the deep emerald green of the woods was here and there subdued in spots of russet brown; and from the pine groves, the cedar depths, the hemlock glooms, arose the plaintive cry of some solitary bird, the melancholy farewell refrain of its summer joy. A far the grand hills loomed mistily, and the mysterious horizon line appeared. On the blue bosom of the sea, the lone isles smiled invitingly; and beneath, the treacherous reefs lay hidden, swept over by the balmy winds. The white-sanded, rock-bounded beach, extending its furthest curve to the distant lighthouse; the white and dingy cottages, the village church, and the rugged, hilly path leading to the nearest town; the wildwood path through the forest; the white sails of skiffs and larger craft—all the rocky grandeur, rural sweetness, and solemn beauty of the varied scene is impressed on my memory unto this hour. As I saw it then, that dear home picture, illumed by the morn-

ing's sun, and bright as a poet's dream of heart-rest, it was impressed upon my soul's view forever. Oh, cottage home! oh, murmuring sea! oh, happy days! ere experience blighted hope, or disenchantment breathed upon life's fairy chapel!

I saw the person I was in search of, sitting on a rock and throwing stones and shells into the waves beneath. Without hesitation or embarrassment I approached him and said: "My father has sent me to show you 'Look-out Rock,' sir."

The stranger turned, and flashed full upon me a pair of hazel eyes, from whose lucid depths a magnetic current seemed to leap into sudden and luxuriant life! The face I gazed upon was beautiful in its regularity of feature, in its expressive intellectuality, blended with all the refinement of gentleness. The finely chiseled mouth betokened firmness as well as suavity; the colorless complexion was an evidence of thoughtfulness and mental application; the hand I saw was unused to labor; it was delicately white as that of a woman; the hair that curled and waved over his brow and head was dark; not purplish black, like mine; nor yet with golden gleams upon its chestnut shadows. It was a dark brown, lustrous and beautiful to behold; and his figure was tall and manly, yet without the vigor that distinguished our hardy sea-coast dwellers; and as he sprang to his feet, it was not with the elastic spring of my brother John. I felt that the stranger's eyes were upon my face, fixed there in wondering surprise and admiration, and I felt the warm, conscious blush, as it rose to my very temples, and a strange and sweet confusion held me spell-bound to the spot. I felt irresistibly drawn towards him. I longed to lift my downcast eyes to his countenance, and to scan again the perfect features revealed in the first hasty glance. Ere I had made an effort to move or speak, the stranger had descended from his rocky seat, and taking me by the hand, said, in a voice that sounded like the ocean's most entrancing music to my fascinated ear: "Are you Thomas Wakely's daughter, Regina?"

"That is my name, sir," I faintly replied, and I trembled beneath the searching looks bent on me.

"Beautiful! most beautiful!" he murmured, as if to himself; "fairer than report has ever heralded. Will you show me the rock your father mentioned?" he said, in a louder tone, and he released my hand.

Instantly my self-possession returned, for, putting on my head the straw hat I still held dangling by its cherry-colored ribbons, I put down its broad-rimmed front and shaded from his ardent glances my glowing cheek and joy-illumined eyes. "I will show you the way, sir," I replied, and walking slowly beside him, jumping lightly over little pools and other obstructions, we reached the place, and I showed him the path of ascent.

"Will you not come up with me?" he asked, in a soft, pleading tone. I hesitated for a moment, then I went on and stood beside him on the flat surface of our favorite rock.

"Who named this place 'Look-out'?" it is indeed a most appropriate name; it would be a fine spot for an observatory."

"So brother John and I concluded," said I, forgetting my momentary confusion and the strange whirl of my thoughts when the stranger had first met my sight; "and so we named it, and this is our favorite place of discussion and debate."

The look now bent upon me I felt, rather than saw, was quizzical in the extreme. My olden spirit arose within me. This haughty gentleman deemed me a poor, illiterate, ignorant girl, whose only possession was her pretty face; he should find that I was not devoid of intellect; that even with him, fresh from the advantages of city intercourse and polish, I, the fisherman's daughter, could cope successfully.

I know not what perverse spirit impelled me—for what was this man to me?—but I went on recklessly: "Yes, sir, I have a very intelligent and well-read brother, whose native intuitions supply the place of application and study. He has taught me much, and we come here to talk over religion, politics, philosophy, poetry, all that we revere and prize. There is no better reader than my brother John; and though I have never seen a play, if the actors can do as well in eliciting tears and laughter, then must they move a multitude at will. We are here apart from the world, as it were, but we can appreciate all that is beautiful in art as in nature; we learn from surrounding objects what we cannot learn from books; and we are not at all devoid of resources, though far removed from the refinements of life."

"It is impossible! it is a miracle!" he cried. "You were not born in this bleak region, or you were educated elsewhere! Your thoughts, your mode of expression, all evince the culture of a fine mind. Miss Regina, think me not impertinent if I presume, on so slight an acquaintance, to ask of you the solution of this problem. Are you really the daughter of Thomas Wakely, the fisherman?"

"I am indeed his daughter, sir, and am proud of my honest father and good mother; and I was educated yonder," I said, pointing to the school-house in the village. There must be one genius in a family, sir, and we have one—my brother John. Did you think I meant myself, sir? No, I have more humility than that. All my good humor had returned, for the stranger stood before me, hat in hand, in a respectful attitude; he had called me Miss Regina. The oppressive feeling that had at first weighed on me in his presence had melted into air.

"Do you know," he said, talking slowly and with emphasis, "that I have heard in the ad-

joining villages of the fame of your beauty and goodness? but that I should find it joined to so rare an intellect! I was not prepared for this. Miss Regina, allow me to make myself more fully known to you: My name is Allan Graham, and I reside in New York city. I am on a visit to this rock-bound coast and the interior; and it is a rare pleasure to a traveler and a stranger to meet with the refinement, sensibility, and good taste he has been accustomed to at home. I have sisters, young and beautiful—how delighted they would be to form such an acquaintance, in a spot like this."

I felt flattered, pleased—I knew not why. "I should be sorry company, I fear, for fine ladies from the upper-tendons," I said, with a smile.

"What know you of upper-tendons, child? nay, excuse me, Miss Regina; do not become prejudiced against that class, I pray you; and do not believe one-half of what you read about them. My sister Elvira is, I confess it, rather proud and reserved, but Linda is as sweetly unaffected, as frank and lovely as yourself; though she was born in the city, and splendidly accomplished, she lacks your grand air and truly dignified movements. Do you know that the name Regina suits you well? That, standing here beside you on this rocky elevation, I might, with little stretch of fancy, imagine this your throne, you some commanding empress, and I one of your most devoted subjects, humbly awaiting your imperial will?"

There was no sarcasm in his tone; for, proud and susceptible as I was, I should have detected it at once. I was charmed, delighted; the links of the chain were tightening around me, and yet I stayed, laying bare my thoughts, my feelings, before this stranger, with all the confiding frankness of my nature. I told him of my childhood's days, of the first opening years of my youth, of my benefactress, Agnes Lyle, of all save my ambitious hopes of life; something that I could not define restrained the utterance of that portion of my thoughts.

He listened with interest, with a kindly glow of feeling, methought; and when we returned to the contemplation of the glorious scenery around, he said: "Such a spot as this must be deeply imbued with legendary and romantic lore; these dim old forests must have their mysterious tales, these rocks and isles their history; for it is a scene for romance to revel in and poetry to run wild. With your fine appreciation of all the marvels of Nature, with your quick perception of all that is lovely and good, may you not have framed for yourself the legends of this place—formed them from materials furnished by a fertile imagination and a poetic soul, rather than from traditional facts?"

Delicious flattery!—almost clairvoyant insight! I replied, with some confusion, that I had indeed committed to paper a series of sketches, entitled "Legends of the Sea and Shore," partly in verse, part in prose.

The stranger smiled, and responded, "I knew by the formation of your head that ideal predominated; may I not crave the favor of perusing one of these effusions?"

"If you remain long enough in the neighborhood," I replied, "I will submit to your critical eye the 'Story of the Pirate's Cave,' a legend accredited by many in these parts. My version of it is but a new rendering of an old, old tale."

"I shall be most happy to peruse it," said Allan Graham, with a graceful bow.

"And you must go to the place the story tells of, and see there a venerable disciple of faith or fanaticism, I know not which, dwelling in a hut in the very forest's depth, and digging for the treasures said to have been deposited there two centuries ago."

"Digging for concealed treasures!" exclaimed my companion, "at this age of the world? And what guarantee has he you speak of that he will ever attain the object of his search?"

"He has the promise of the spirits from the other world," I replied, between jest and earnest.

"Ah! I see," said Allan Graham; and you, do you believe this new, strange mystery, this doctrine of spiritual intercourse?"

"I do not know much about it," I responded, "and I do not doubt that, as with all new truths, it is surrounded and obscured by crudities and imperfections; but why should the gates of the other life be closed upon us so completely? Why should there not be interchange of thought between spirits here and spirits there, although they may not, as is alleged, be visible to the eye or felt to the touch of flesh—why not? What the heart longs for so intensely, it is in the power of God to grant."

"True, true, it may be so," he gravely replied.

We were interrupted by the loud, joyous barking of Major, at the foot of the rock; he was calling me for a ramble on the beach. In the glance that I exchanged with Allan Graham at parting, there was a rich and glowing promise for the future. I stepped, singing gayly, over the pebbled path, and I wasted wild greetings of great gladness to the ever-hymning sea; my heart cried out, exultingly, "I have found a friend!" And when I returned to my humble abode, how more than usually repulsive appeared to me its homely features, how utterly distasteful the manners of my kindred. I shrank from my father's rough caress when he returned that night, from my mother's usual discourse with more than common aversion; even John's hitherto welcome presence brought me no pleasure. I retired early to my own quiet chamber, there, amid the murmur of the waves, to dream, waking and in slumber, of the handsome stranger I had met that day.

(To be Continued.)

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REPORTS OF THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE, AND SUPERINTENDENT OF THE SCHOOLS, OF THE TOWN OF CONCORD, MASS., with a notice of an Exhibition of the Schools, in the Town Hall, on Saturday, March 16, 1861.

These "Reports" were compiled by the Superintendent of the Concord schools, A. Bronson Alcott, and constitute a pamphlet of some 77 pages. Though bearing no unobtrusive title, this pamphlet contains subject matter that would be an ornament to literature; and the work would prove, in the hands of all teachers, an important aid in their arduous and responsible task. The Superintendent, who is boon companion to the classic Emerson, and one with Plato and Pythagoras of old, throws out hints on various topics, all along these pages, which would be of great advantage to both teacher and student, and indeed to lovers of thought and culture the world over. As regards the work of teaching, Mr. Alcott says:

"Teaching is an instinct of the heart; and with young children particularly. It needs kindly sensibilities, simple feelings, and sincere; love abounding. Young women are better suited to the work, and more excellent than most men. This interest is essential in all; for admirable as one's qualities may be in other respects, and surpassing her gifts, the secret touch of sympathy is the sole spring of success. The heart is the leader and prompter. No amount of learning avails without it. The qualities of the dispositions blend with the truths to be inculcated, and become their conductors. A certain feminine essence mingles with the subtle influences, and the most diffusive. Genius is of both sexes, and there is the genius of sentiment as of intellect; it has the best attributes of both—the tenderness and strength, tempered finely, and telling on the subject. So we see how swiftly and easily the vivacious teacher quickens the stupidist, and subdues the unruly, by the pure power of her presence, the arts of her persuasiveness and command; while yet another, more learned, perhaps, and accomplished, according to the received judgments, shall painfully fail of getting the attentions, or winning the regards even of the best. Mind refuses to be driven by mechanism—it moves by magnetism. It hates routine, dislikes mere rote and repetition. Even the drill of lessons must have love and sense insinuated, to be relished by the child, or long remembered.

"The schools have been gainers largely in coming so generally under this music of persuasion, these kindly drawings of the heart. Any one loved by children, and esteemed by parents, is, of necessity, a good influence, and the teacher we want. Speaking of the pleasures of study and of her school-master, Lady Jane Grey says, charmingly:

"Mr. Elmer teaches me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him,"—so absorbed is she in her subject, and all her sensibilities are so quickened by the magnetism of his touch. Now, we may not be so fortunate as to put Elmer's, or genius like his, in our school-houses, yet we can have next best, namely: Men or women there who love teaching, and can instruct in the rudiments of good learning and the virtues. Moreover, we can prove our regard for such by amply rewarding their services. If we would have good schools, we must pay the price for them; nor can we overpay, if we would."

## STORIES.

"Stories are the idols of childhood. They cast about it the romance it loves and lives in, rendering the commonest circumstances and things inviting and beautiful. Nor do I know any means equally acceptable and so immediately conducive to the ends of teaching; insinuating so softly and persuasively the purest moral for the fancy and the heart. I never visit a school without coveting a life for its opportunities for enjoying the pastime of telling tales, every faculty and affection finding free scope in this play of all delights. The old memories waken, and youth returns again—

"Yea, a deeper import lurks in the legend told our infant years, Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn: For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace; Delightfully dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans, And spirits, and delightfully believes Divinities, being himself divine."

## POETRY AND FICTION.

"Fancy liberates us from the senses, and is ever a pleasant companion. Parables, poems, histories, anecdotes, are prime aids in teaching; the readiest means of influence and inspiration; the liveliest substitutes for flagging spirits, fatigued wits. The great teachers, from Pythagoras down—the sacred teachers of all time—have sanctioned the use of them; and the human race still testify to the delight it receives from these master-pieces of genius—the smallest child, according to his capacity of enjoyment, as the maturest mind. Plutarch is delightful for his anecdotes; Shakespeare is the joy of all, wherever his name and books have penetrated—Spenser, too, Chaucer, and Milton. Scott is a general favorite: then of the earlier and later minor poets—Robert, Crashaw, Vaughan, Cowper, Thompson, Gray, Burns, Tennyson, Wordsworth; at home, Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow."

## READING BOOKS.

"The reading books should be simple, and addressed to the ages and comprehension of the classes. Children cannot read with spirit and grace what is not theirs by fancy, by sense;—nothing that lies out of their affections. Good reading is a gift of inspiration, a matter of the heart. Not a little of the bad reading in the schools arises from the difficulty of finding meanings where none are meant for them in the text, and so they mouth and mar their utterances. Voice and sense should suit. Give sense—a text charged with meaning, and suitable to a child's years—and he shall express himself elegantly and well. A boy carries a good deal in his head, but it is not ponderous enough usually for Webster's speeches to enter and flow freely off his tongue, or Everett's periods mellifluously. The training of the voice proceeds on the affections, as melodized by their flow—eloquence being fu-

ent thought, dissolving views passing before the eyes and melting to the ear. Nor should we call on gentle boys and girls to read pieces they dislike, or did not cordially select. They may not understand the sense always, but should be attracted to the sound by the subtle significance of its fitness; their tastes and elocution being so cultivated best. It is a pity the flowers of rhetoric, the strong Saxon phrase, should be plucked so freshly in the sports and conversations of the young, yet spoiled, or marred, so badly in parlors and schools—places one would think specially designed for cultivating the art of discourse."

## AMUSEMENTS.

"Young people find ways enough of amusing themselves, and we best leave them much to their choice in such matters; yet some slight superintendence seems becoming—some interest shown by us in their pleasures—since these exert a commanding influence in forming their tastes and characters, and cannot be safely neglected by their guardians. They are a school for the fancy and the heart; they may play the part of the school of virtue or of scandal, as well or ill chosen. The streets are the gymnasiums of the young, the world they live in largely, the widest, the freest range, they know and are permitted to enjoy. Herein are they fairly launched into life, and left free to follow their inclinations—masters of themselves for the time, and servants of their senses and devotees. "Let us play," is the privileged version of their creed, and they enter with the unctious of enthusiasm into the sweet sports they love. Then they show what they are; casting all reserve aside, their souls leap sunward, glossy gay in their abandonment to fancy and fun. And now is the teacher's golden opportunity for learning the temper and tendencies of these enthusiasts at their pastimes outside. Nor need his presence mar their sports. Any indifference to these matters shows some defect of sensibility and an unfitness for his task. A teacher should have much good company in him, and tact at making himself as agreeable out of doors as inside. Sound health, flowing spirits, sprightly wits, sympathy, sane sense, a genial temperament, tell best—a harmony of tenderness and grace that draw love and confidence at once."

## SCHOOL GOVERNMENT.

"The accomplished teacher combines in himself the arts of teaching and of ruling: power over the intellect and the will, inspiration and persuasiveness—qualifications not always found united in one person, and constituting genius properly. And this implies a double consciousness in its possessor that carries forward the teaching and ruling together, noting what transpires in motive as in act—the gift that in seeing controls. It is the sway of presence and of mind; a conversion of the will to his wishes, without which other gifts are of little avail."

## NATURE AND CULTURE.

"Nature is the armory of genius. Cities serve it slightly, books and colleges chiefly as they celebrate nature. The mind craves the view of mountain, ocean, forest, lake, and plain, the open horizon, the firmament—an actual contact with the elements, familiarity with the seasons as they rise and roll, thus getting the grasp, the scope, and poise, which cities fail to confer. Nature is the first school of eloquence: her images bait the senses to pluck free and fair the befitting rhetoric. A good writer is a pensioner of sun and stars, of fields, woodlands, water, skies, the spectacle of things; agencies these more than libraries or universities, competing successfully for the prizes of inspiration. Take them from the student's landscape, and his studies are of small account. Nature contrives to blend her substance with the mind's essence, thus tinting with life and color the phrases of discourse as neither books nor professions can. Literature shows pale and poor from inside chambers and halls; and whoever would strike effective strokes for truth and ideas, for the times, must be aloft often and early to import the stuff of things into his thoughts—the sprightliness and point that tell tenderly and deeply upon the soul of mankind. "Afield all summer, and the winter spent in studies indoors," is the good Anglo-Saxon rule, and as good for the Anglo-American of to-day. We must take the seasons into us, drinking off their cup daily, if we will live in earnest and take life with the zest that life is and the health it gives. For never is the mind weaned from Nature or ideas; pasturing at these meadows, she plucks their fruits unrestrained, loving to be abroad, musing and amused."

## STUDIES IN THE MIND.

"In common with every interest of a social or spiritual nature, education has shared the misfortunes arising from the extreme absorption of mind in affairs, and the consequent impoverishment of ideas that thoughtful and devout persons complain of so generally. For when the pure mind is forgotten, or dropped aside from men's regards, institutions, men themselves, are already unsound at the core, the culture and fashioning of men becoming of secondary account.

"The mind, with its faculties and powers, are the tools we use in this work of living. By these invisible implements we deal with things and affairs. Our bodies are handles for them! And the prime office of education is to put us fairly in possession, and instruct us in the sleights of their uses, their bearing directly and skillfully upon life and its opportunities. Yet, singularly enough, we have nearly omitted the mind from our list of studies, and children grow up instructed better in everything else than in the knowledge and use of themselves. We have no available metaphysics, and speak at hazard concerning the springs of thought and sensibility, as if definite perceptions of our powers and implements were superfluous, and self-knowledge might be dispensed with by us without detriment or loss. We teach, or affect to teach, the encyclopaedia of things, but make the merest mention of ideas which give rank to all we know or conceive of knowable; and our youth are growing up, as ourselves have grown, better instructed in all matters else, than in the mystery of the mind. Of physics and affairs, all gain some knowledge, since these are components of our parts, visible and animal, we dealing sensibly with them and daily. But the powers thus engaged are not theirs: they are above and beyond them, metaphysical in essence, and spiritual; the mind itself, personal and transcendent."

These extracts will serve to show how rich is the mine from which they were here and there gathered; and, exploring which, we

cannot but feel how favored is the community whose children and youth are recipients of thought-gems from the lips of such as Sanborn and Thoreau, Emerson and Alcott.

## [ADVERTISEMENT.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD OF PROGRESS: Through the professional skill of Dr. C. Robbins, of Charlestown, Mass., I am cured of Epileptic Fits, which hung, in all their fearfulness, over me for nearly twelve years, in contravention of the skill of our most eminent physicians in Connecticut and elsewhere.

SARAH J. FULLER.

Hingham, Mass., October, 1861.

—At the recent Bristol County Fair, the Mount Hope Iron Co., Somerset, Mass., exhibited a specimen of chain made wholly by machinery, without welding.

—An expression is reported as having been used by the Emperor Napoleon, when pressed about the Roman question: "Have patience; it is a ripe pear, which will fall of itself."

—A correspondent for the Gospel Banner, writing from Canton, N. Y., states that one of the students in the Theological School at that place is a lady—a graduate of Antioch College.

—The valuation of all the property in the State of New York, as fixed by the Board of Equalization of Taxes for 1861, is \$1,441,767,430. By the census of 1860, the population was 3,851,563, showing the people to be worth \$374 apiece on the average.

—The Western Railroad Gazette says that from twelve to fifteen tons of raspberry jam, and from three to four hundred gallons of raspberry wine, are made annually on Sugar Island in the Sault St. Marie River. The raspberries are gathered by the Indians, and the jam is made by Mr. P. S. Church, who sends it to Chicago and other cities on the lakes.

## PROF. S. B. BRITTON, HOTEL OF THE INVALIDES, 407 Fourth St., New York.

Applies Vital and Galvanic Electricity, Human Magnetism, and the processes known to the scientific Psychologist in the treatment of every form of disease, and as a means of promoting mental, moral, vital, organic, and functional development.

The forces that energize and unfold the human body, and the renovating power whereby all cures are wrought, are within, and essentially belong to the vital constitution. It is only necessary to call these into action, and give them a proper direction, and a symmetrical development and harmonious organic movement inevitably follow. This proper distribution, and consequent equilibrium of the vital motive power, is HEALTH. Those who have been taught by bitter experience that health is not to be bottled and boxed up, and sold by every apothecary, should be admonished—before it is too late—to seek the priceless boon by a resort to natural means and rational methods. It is of the utmost importance that those who are sensible of a gradual decline of vital energy, and especially the young, who exhibit any tendency to an abnormal growth, should receive immediate attention.

"The relief administered by Prof. Britton in severe cases, is a very curious fact. To us outsiders it is as great a mystery as the milk in the coconut."—N. Y. Daily Tribune.

"Prof. Britton has evidently studied man much more thoroughly than many physicians and chemists of highest pretensions."—Home Journal.

"To cure the chronic unbelief of a boasting skeptic, Prof. Britton gave him an emetic without a particle of medicine. The gentleman vomited in less than one minute!"—Springfield Republican.

"Prof. Britton's discoveries have attracted the notice of many medical men, who regard them as contributions of great importance to the healing art."—Jersey City (N. J.) Telegraph.

"Prof. Britton has been eminently successful in the treatment of some of the most aggravated forms of disease. The cure of Miss Sarah E. Lockwood presents a strong case; the facts are well known in this community, and may be said to have occurred within our own observation."—Stanford (Conn.) Advocate.

"At the conclusion of a public lecture, a lady presented herself to Prof. Britton, stating that she had a very bad cold, and a consequent sore throat, and—wonderful to relate—in less than ten minutes she was entirely and permanently relieved from all hoarseness and soreness."—Jersey City Sentinel and Advertiser.

"We were much struck with Prof. Britton's wonderful experiments in illustration of his philosophy. His command over the functions of life, motion, and sensation in his patients, is apparently perfect and entire."—Brooklyn (L. I.) Daily Eagle.

Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., Sundays excepted.

## "AMERICA AND HER DESTINY."

This lecture, delivered in August last, at Dodworth's Hall, by Emma Harding, can be had of Messrs. Ross & Tousey, New York, or Bela Marsh, Boston. Single copies, 5 cents. Reduction by the 100. Also for sale at this office. Postage, one cent.

## BOOK STORE.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, 288 Superior Street, (a few doors east of the Public Square), Cleveland, O., has for sale a general assortment of Juvenile and Liberal Books, among which are the complete works of L. Maria Child, Theodore Parker, Andrew Jackson Davis, Baron d'Hoebach, Rev. Robert Taylor, Robert Dale Owen, Henry C. Wright, and Thomas L. Harris.

LOOK AT THIS.—One of the best Healing and Developing Mediums of the age is Mrs. Forest Whiting. Call and test her power, at No. 69 Third Avenue, below Twelfth St., New York.

## 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.

DR. C. ROBBINS, Charlestown, Mass., with his NEW REMEDIES FOR EPILEPTIC FITS AND ST. VITUS' DANCE, has treated over seven hundred cases successfully. A large majority of failures were from refusal to follow his dietetic regulations. 89-91

MADAME ALEXIS, Test Medium, also Medical and general business Clairvoyant, who has gained such celebrity in Boston and other cities, can be consulted from 9 A. M. until 8 P. M., at No. 176 Varick St., New York. 891f

## 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. 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 av. 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 34, 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 Avs.  
Mercantile Library Association, Astor Pl. nr Broadway.  
N. Y. Society Library, University Pl. nr 12th St.

## HOTELS.

Astor House, Broadway, fronting the Park.  
St. Nicholas, 515 Broadway.  
Metropolitan, 582 Bro. way.  
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.

## 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 Peck 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 Staten Island, N. Y., and Erie R. R., from Chambers St. to Long Dock, N. Y. Battery, every 15 min.

## EXPRESS OFFICES.

Adams' Express Co. 59 and 442 Broadway.  
American and Kinsey'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.

## 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.

## GALLERIES OF ART.

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 Av.  
N. Y. Historical Society Rooms, 2d Av. cor. 10th St.  
Brady's National Photograph Gallery, 785 Broadway.  
Gurney's Photograph Gallery, 707 Broadway.

## PROMINENT CHURCHES.

Grace Church, 804 Broadway—Episcopal.  
Trinity, Church opposite Wall Street—Episcopal.  
Rev. Dr. Chapin'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. Hawker's, 267 Fourth Avenue—Episcopal.  
Dr. Tyng's, Stayrean Sq. and E. 16th St.—Episcopal.  
Rev. H. W. Beecher's, Brooklyn, nr Fulton Ferry.  
Rev. T. L. Harris, University Hall, Washington Sq.  
Rev. G. T. Flanders, 2d Av. & 11th St.—Universalist.

## SUBURBAN RESORTS.

GREENWICH CEMETERY, on Ogwanus 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 CLAIRVOYANT 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 foot of 61st, 106th, and 122d Sts. The shortest route to these streets is by 2d or 3d Av. horse cars. Fare 6 cents, ferriage free.

Hudson River 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 FLEETING 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 3¼ P. M., and returns from Poughkeepsie at 6¼ P. M. It makes several landings on the route.

FOR YONKERS, HARTFORD, DOBBS FERRY, LIVINGSTON, 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 SHREVEPORT, 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 10¼ A. M. or 3 P. M.

Mass is performed by a choir of artists at the Catholic Churches on West 16th St. near 6th Av. and on East 28th St. near 3d Av. every Sunday morning at 10¼ A. M. Admittance 10 cents, which is paid to the sexton after he has shown a visitor to a seat.

VESPER SERVICE is performed at the 16th St. Church at 4 P. M., and at the 28th St. Church at 4½, free. 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 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 Av. SUNDAY CONFERENCE, 19 Cooper Institute, 3 P. M. LAMARTINE HALL, cor. 29th St. and 8th av. Sunday 10¼ A. M.

## PUBLIC MEDIUMS.

Mrs. Abbott, Developing, 221 6th av. Hours 2 to 5 P. M.  
Mrs. M. L. Van Houten, Test and Medical, 54 Great Jones St. All hours.  
Mrs. H. S. Seymour, Psychometrist and Impressionist Medium, 21 West 13th St., between 5th and 6th av. Hours from 9 to 2 and 6 to 8.  
Mrs. D. C. Price, Natural and Medical Clairvoyant, 103 Prince St. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.  
Charles Colchester, Test Medium, 371 Fourth St. J. B. Conklin, Test Medium, 599 Broadway. 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Mrs. Fish, Medical Clairvoyant, 344 Second avenue, near Twenty-second Street. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.  
Mrs. Johnson, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 52 Columbia St.

Mrs. Sawyer, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 64 High St., Brooklyn.  
Mrs. Sarah E. Wilcox, Test and Healing, 558 Broome St.  
Mrs. R. A. Beck, Test, Developing, and Healing Medium, 27 Fourth St., N. Y. 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

MAGNETIC & ELECTRIC PHYSICIANS.  
James A. Neal, 371 Fourth Street. Hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M.  
Prof. S. B. Britton, 50 Bond Street.  
Dr. N. Palmer, 60 Amity Street.  
Dr. W. Reynolds, 287 Bowery. Hours 2 to 5 P. M.  
Mrs. P. A. Ferguson Tower, 152 3rd Street.

Mrs. Ward (Electric) 195 Nassau St. Brooklyn. Take Flushing avenue cars from Fulton Ferry.

Mrs. A. D. Giddings, 238 Greene St., cor. 4th. J. E. F. Clark (Electric) 84 West 26th St. John Scott, 50 Bond St.

Mrs. Towne, Milton Village, Ulster County, residence of Beverly Quick.

Dr. J. Lowendahl, 163 Mott St. bet. Grand & Broome.

Mrs. M. C. Scott, 99 East 25th Street, near 3d Av.

Mrs. Gookin, Medical Clairvoyant and Developing Medium, 1151 Broadway.

Mrs. W. R. Hayden, Medical Clairvoyant, 66 West 14th St., west corner 6th avenue.

## 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. Bleecker St. and Broadway below Bleecker, 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 16 tickets for 25 cents.

For public hacks the legal rates are: For any distance not exceeding one mile, 50 cents for one passenger, 75 for two, and 35 for each additional one. For any distance exceeding one mile, but less than two, 75 cents is allowed for one fare, and 5 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 packages are carried upon drays. The carmen who own them are allowed to charge ¼ 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 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