

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

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## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

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

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

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

## Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

T. H. U., NEW YORK.—"Self" will be published before long.

ARKTOS, OF ILL., will accept our thanks for recent contributions.

J. P. MENDOTA, ILL.—Your Essay is safe and afloat. Do not know when it will be published.

GEORGE N. S., BUFFALO.—Your communication is deemed worthy of a place in our columns.

W. D., PHILADELPHIA.—Your article on the "Great Problems," is accepted.

C. B. S., HARTFORD, CONN.—Your "Moral Bombshell" will not be exploded until we hear from you.

R. F., ELKHART, IND.—We are glad to keep you on our list. It will be necessary for you to guard your property against swindlers.

R. K. TOMLINSON, BUCKS CO., PA.—"War, Slavery, Land Monopoly," &c., will soon be given to our readers.

R. D., STEUBEN CO., N. Y.—Address Mrs. Mary Gove Nichols, care of E. W. Nichols, Esq., Orange, N. J.

J. COVERT, N. Y.—"Heat as a Disinfectant and Cure," and "Will Man live again after Death?" are on file for publication.

E. M., SOUTH BOSTON.—Send us your story, Brother. We will examine it, and report. Thanks for your contributions.

THOMAS R. H., NEWPORT, R. I.—The objections you urge against a certain statement will be met one of these days. Your experiences may be needed as evidence, when the subject is open to general discussion.

W. H. M., VERMONT, N. Y.—Thanks, kind Brother, for your fraternal interest. "Love's Adieu" and "November Voices" are accepted; the latter will be published very soon.

J. B. L., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Our readers will hail with joy your contribution from "The Fountain of Perpetual Youth." It will soon appear, accompanied by a suitable illustrative diagram.

GEORGE STEARNS, OF MASSACHUSETTS, has just contributed another paper—Item No. 4—entitled: "The Antidote for Bibliolatriy." It is well written, truthful, critical, and will be read with interest.

C. J. T., COLOMA, MICH.—Your poem, "Hills and Valleys," is on file for publication. The vocation you have chosen, Brother, is a truly noble one. Some of the greatest geniuses in history were teachers of the young.

D. T., CANTON, CONN.—The beams of radiant Summer sometimes glow from the open fireplace. The sparkle of the consuming fuel will soothe your saddest hours. We give you joy, and bid you behold with gratitude every ray of sunshine from affection's sky.

M. A. T., PRINCETON, MINN.—Your "Lines for the Warriors" are welcome. We think, friend, that the article entitled, "Moral Diseases Incident to a New Dispensation," in No. 95 of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, will answer some of your inquiries.

WYONA, CHIEF OF THE PAWNEE NATION, writes us to say that he has just finished the composition of a work on "The Progressive Age of Reason." We trust that "Wyona" will find a liberal publisher and a great many readers.

DR. G. V. LANGSDORFF, OF MANNHEIM, IN BADEN, GERMANY, in a private letter to us, says that "Mr. Reichenbach was in London lately, but has returned. I hope to hear, in his next letter, what he has experienced there."

A FRIEND residing at Auburn, N. Y., says that "Mrs. Eliza C. Walter, Box 545," in that city, is a very reliable psychometrist, for the delineation of character by letter. The applicant should inclose \$1 to pay the lady for the use of her time.

WM. H., FRANKFORD, PA.—At present we have no instructions or explanations for you. We have known instances where the medium power has returned, in a new form and more convincing, after a long period of non-intercourse with the departed. Perhaps it will be thus with you.

W. C., MANCHESTER, CONN.—The heartfelt gratitude of our household goeth forth to thee and thine. Thy words of friendship and encouragement are blessed and welcome. When summer again fills the air with balm, how gladly would we join once more the home group "in the same little cottage."

A. B. C., CONN.—We can answer such questions only by enumerating the general principle. Did you not get a full-orbed reply in No. 94? See our answer to "Alpha."

F. W. COFFIN, ASHLAND.—You want us to publish an article "contrasting the old idea of Death with that which Spiritualism teaches." We refer you to the Discourse in another column.

L. M. P., WATERLIET, O.—Sister, how joyous will be thy spirit when the "Realm of the Beautiful" shall become thy home! But even while working and waiting, many an Eolian strain from "that better country" will reach thine aspiring nature. Thy two poems are in our drawer, awaiting publication by-and-by.

AMOS B., GORHAM.—Your spirit friends have given you a number of truths of great importance. We like your own views. For others' benefit we will give your words: "I am almost sixty-eight years old; have never bound myself to any church or creed; but have ever been a Free Thinker. My motto is: Freedom for mind and body; not that freedom which misdirects Nature's laws, but that freedom which always brings happiness to all concerned." [Amen.—Ed.]

"INQUIRER," PENN. YAN.—The restlessness is occasioned by the absence of large and attractive responsibilities. Everybody, old and young, spiritual and material, would be restless if the weight of atmosphere was removed. We feel better with air pressing upon us, fifteen pounds to the square inch! So the mind needs a large and pleasurable pressure to steady its thoughts and systematize its operations. Oh, what a blessing is attractive labor!

C. E. S., PHILADELPHIA.—Perhaps you have too long practiced thinking only on what addresses your physical senses. If so, like every other bad habit, it is unfavorable to meditation. The first effect is stamped on memory, which grows weak and external. Can you not read a little, and then think it over, until the thought is fixed? Then read nothing more for some time. Try to absorb the spirit of everything. It is always better to remember the spirit than the body [or words,] of what you read or hear.

DELOS DUNTON, OF ILL., writes to correct Mr. Coonly's report of the St. Charles Convention. He was represented, in a single sentence, as teaching the objectionable doctrine of Free Love. On this head Mr. Dunton says: "I advocated no such doctrine as Free Love, but went to the other extreme, and said that there should be no such thing as lust; that amateness should be entirely under the control of reason and conscience; and that, in my opinion, it should never be gratified except for the production of offspring."

W. HANCE, MORROW CO., O.—The hoped for explanations have not been received. So, after waiting a reasonable length of days, your letter was destroyed. You are in a valley between Mounts Use and Justice. It is neither pleasurable nor painful, but very necessary. [See the "Magic Staff."] In the fifth volume of the Harmonia you will find our philosophy of Immortality. When you get further on in the direction of Justice, both special and general, you will be able to write us a more satisfactory account of experience.

O. P. D., OF POKAGON, MICH., asks the following: "Must the unfavored ones, who receive no light to the spiritual senses during earth life, be also laggards in the race of knowledge in spirit land?"

ANSWER: Not necessarily. Do you not know that many a "dull boy" has turned out a talented and energetic man? So with the spirit. In this life very slight impediments often chain and imprison the higher faculties of man's mind. But Death, which is the chemical retort through which the individual passes in order to reach the Summer Land, often unclashes the chain and throws open the prison doors of materialism and hereditary misfortune. And yet the willfully ignorant in the Spirit Land are as slow as they were on earth. The interiors of character are not easily changed.

DR. A. COMSTOCK, OF PHILADELPHIA, after poetically stating that he has loaned Uncle Sam "three thousand dollars to crush the rebellion out," and after poetically counseling the Government to seize and hang Davis, Floyd, and Beauregard, and the other leaders of the "rascally seceders," and after further poetically suggesting the confiscation of all lands, cash, and negroes belonging to the rebels, bursts forth in the following reformatory and progressive strain:

Divide their country into farms,  
A hundred acres each,  
And send a million Yankees down.  
Who terra-culture teach;  
A million of mechanics, too,  
Well versed in every art,  
And who a knowledge of their skill  
To others will impart;  
And let a million teachers, too,  
A home in Dixie find,  
To shed the light of Science there—  
On each benighted mind;  
And let Morality her rays  
Of purity impart,  
And true Religion spread abroad  
Her influence in the heart;  
Then will the land with plenty smile;  
All wars and discords cease,  
And these United States be blest  
With everlasting peace.

## Pulpit and Rostrum.

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

## Harmonial View of Death.

A LECTURE,

BY MRS. MARY F. DAVIS.

Nature is the interpreter of man. In her multiform phenomena, and the subtle laws which underlie them, can we find a sure clue to that being which we are and possess. Hence, if we would make ourselves proprietors of that knowledge which is the sum of all knowledges, namely, a knowledge of the soul, we must be humble students of Nature outside of man, no less than of Nature in his essence and organization.

Kneeling thus reverently at the vestibule of her great temple, she will ere long introduce us into the holy of holies, where we shall see the pure transparent glow of a spiritual light enveloping all things, so that they stand transfixed before us, and we behold their richness and their significance.

Then the lightest breath of golden-robed summer, the faintest carol of singing-birds, the most gauzy cloud floating adown the deep of noonday, the sunset brilliancy of autumn hills, the vast, enveloping ocean, the grand old eaves, and the ever-moving, ever-changing panorama of seasons, and suns, and stars, and human forms—these all alike strike upon the electric chain of being, and awaken us to wonder and wisdom, joy and worship.

This is because Nature outside of man represents what is within him. It is because the spirit is the fountain of all forms, forces, and attributes—of love, wisdom, power, virtue; of beauty, sublimity, eternal repose, and eternal activity; it is because of this that we feel ourselves related to the broad universe, spreading off into immensity around us. Hence, the mute violet and the shining stream have a language that we can understand, and the surging meadow and forest oak have each a mission to our deepest consciousness. The sea-beat answers to our heart-beat, and within the soul chime melodies that are repeated by every orb that floats in the infinite abyss of motion. How truly said the great poet: "I live not in myself, but I become Portion of that around me: and to me High mountains are a feeling. . . . I can see . . . Nothing to loathe in Nature, save to be A link reluctant in a fleshy chain, Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee, And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain."

Thus gently doth Nature teach her attentive children. Through the cycles of eternal change there flows an anthem of eternal melody; sad and gay, grand and pathetic, by turns, but ever pealing through the universe in rhythmical cadence and unbroken harmony.

When we go a few miles apart from the rush and crush of a busy city, we find that all its discordant sounds gradually melt and blend, until at last we hear only a murmur like the soft tread of forest streams, or the wavy chime of distant bells. Thus it is when we ascend the mountain of contemplation and serenely overlook the kingdoms of the world and the realm of Nature. Time and space, accident and circumstance, life and death, all settle into their own place on the scale, like the major and minor notes in a grand oratorio; and we listen, soothed and satisfied, to the rise and fall and never-ceasing flow of the one universal anthem.

Nature, then, is our friend. Nay, more. She is our Mother. When saddened by sorrow, or crushed by care and toil, we can go into her blessed sanctuary and lay our anguished heart upon her great heart. Pulse to pulse, life to life—thus reposing and believing—we feel the waters of peace distilling, drop by drop, upon the center of our souls, till at last we rise into the budding freshness of new energies and higher hopes.

Tenderly does our Mother Nature lead us into the serene depth, the holy silence, where dwelleth our Father God. When we obey her, she caresses us and clothes us with beauty and happiness. When we disobey her, she repels us and sets upon our being the seal of deformity and pain. When our soul becomes weary of companionship with the body, then does she gather the frail form in her loving arms and lay it away to rest, opening the door, meanwhile, for the spirit's ingress to the higher and better mansions of our Father.

And this is what we call DEATH. More surely than any other change comes this great change to every child of earth. What may occur in our experience the next week or the next year, with whom we may seek or avoid companionship, what perilous or pleasant paths we may tread, what oceans we may sail or lands traverse, we know not. Human events, like the ebb and flow of the sea, take place with that alternation which marks the order of universal nature; but when our vision would read the veil and read the law which

might interpret the past and prophesy of the future, we find the infinite soul overlaid by the deep shadow of a finite existence.

Hence, uncertainty attends our forward steps in life, but concerning death there can be no doubt. As surely as we exist, so surely will the moment come when the soul will go out with the last gasp of the quivering frame.

There are periods in human experience when this certainty seems to follow on our track like the footsteps of fate. We dread the stealthy foe, yet cannot elude his grasp. We love life and hate decay; we rejoice in health and shrink from disorganization. Yet surely, steadily, each moment bears us nearer and still nearer the returnless wave. Then comes the fearful illustration of the power of the conqueror—the tragedy of mortal disease, holding in its iron grasp those we love best; the heart-agony of the last farewell—the cold, white form—the coffin—the grave.

In all this Nature seems unkind, life a failure, the fleeting joys of a few brief years no compensation for the mysteries and miseries of existence.

Such is the feeling of the stricken heart, such are the contemplations of the struggling soul, as long as the rays of the spiritual sun fail to penetrate the thick folds of earthly being. Not until the very God warms into life the germs of our latent Spiritual consciousness, not until we can walk serenely in the light of our Father's smile, shall we see clearly the perfectness and glory of our Mother's work, and rest in sacred faith and holy joy within her protecting arms.

That is a low state of mind over which a dread of death holds predominance. In high and heroic moments we can be swayed by no such fear. When some great truth or sublime passion seizes and absorbs the soul, how insensible are we to all that can disturb or destroy the body! Then we feel related to omnipotence, and in our potentiality are so fully aware that we cannot cease to be, that mere personal safety is a matter of no moment and no concern.

When a fierce Roman soldier broke into the study of Archimedes, and advanced with uplifted sword to cleave him in twain, the philosopher paid no heed to his own danger, but, intent upon a scientific truth, merely requested time to finish his theorem.

Socrates knew no sublimer hour than that in which he conversed sweetly and calmly with his friends, while drinking the deadly hemlock.

There has been many a religious martyr burned at the stake, who, during the long agonies of that terrible death, has had a countenance radiant as a seraph's, with the unspeakable joy of a blameless spirit, dauntless in its godlike adherence to the principle of Right.

How encouraging to know that there are moments when any human soul can be thus grandly defiant, thus nobly self-poised and transcendent! For if one can become heroic, then another and all others can; and if, during a few shining moments, the spirit can be brought to triumph over sense, then the time may come when existence will be overarched and interfused with this diviner life, which will make all moments and all deeds sublime.

But now, instead of walking the earth erect, with an ever-present consciousness of a princely power, which no change can diminish, no decay mar, no death destroy, we skulk and creep like craven souls, and tremble lest some dire destiny overtake us.

To this unworthy tendency the theologies of the world have always lent their powerful aid. That which is called Christian has especially conduced to degrade man. It teaches that from the first we are totally depraved; that "from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, [us,] but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores." To be saved from this horrible spiritual putridity, we must debase ourselves still more before a terrible potentate—submit to the shameful dishonor of imputing our sins to an innocent person, or, at least, of accepting a reprieve through the torture and death of that unoffending being; then "put our hand upon our mouth and our mouth in the dust," and writhe and crawl, like disgusting worms, at the feet of a dread and revengeful demon, misnamed—Deity.

In many ways does this narrow theology tend to belittle, debase, and disgrace humanity. It not only fills life with low aims and ignoble deeds, but it teaches most unnatural, unwholesome, and repulsive views with regard to death. Contrary to all the beautiful lessons of Nature in the visible sphere which we inhabit, Christian theology assumes that man was first created with an imperishable physical organism; but, in consequence of disobedience to a whimsical command of his Maker, the law of his existence was at once arbitrarily subverted by this short-sighted and capricious monarch. The matchless twain of Eden ate

"The fruit Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste Brought death into the world, and all our woe,"

and the austere Judge who owned the luxurious garden, and placed his ignorant children in reach of its tempting fruit, smote not only the terrified pair and all their posterity with his prolonged vengeance, but cursed the very ground for their sake.

We see that, according to this theological romance, Death is an arbitrary decree of a revengeful tyrant; and hence it becomes, to the misdirected imagination, an event of terror, hate, and indescribable foreboding. The thought of it is to many an incubus, pressing upon the faculties by night and by day, and paralyzing the best energies and most exalted hopes. Devout church-members, pastors of flourishing congregations, and zealous tract societies, awaken into morbidly intense activity this ever-lowering fear, by presenting Death as the first, the last, the only subject worthy the attention of a human being during the days, months, and years of earthly life. To be prepared for that awful event, to be ever watchful lest it come as a thief in the night, to wait in solemn, mournful apprehension, for the "king of terrors," to keep in constant view of others, and especially the young, startling visions of

"The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear,  
Of agony"

connected with the grave, to consider all motives, all acts, small and mean compared with the absorbing, overwhelming effort of preparing for the narrow house and the destroying worm—these seem to be among the great aims of sectarian propagandism and dogmatic theology.

'Tis true that the earth smiles in its fresh spring loveliness, and waters come gushing in wild abandon from merry mountain streams, and bending skies are mantled all over with a flush like that of joy, and white lambs gambol upon sunny slopes; but man, the noblest, best of God's creatures, must sit in sackcloth and ashes, ever reflecting on

"That hushed, Cimberian vale,  
Where darkness, brooding o'er unfinished fates,  
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day—  
Dread day!—that interdicts all future change."

As though it were not enough to blaspheme the Divine humanity by calling it wholly sinful; but our swift moments must be laden with this deadly weight of anxiety concerning the most golden circumstance among all those which cluster upon the rosary of our passing years! The great, earnest, strong hours of a whole lifetime, made to bend in subservience to the few insignificant moments during which the spirit changes its apparel, or the mortal puts on immortality!

But enough. We will turn from this erroneous, oppressive, and repulsive view of man and his relations to God, and contemplate life and its changes in their real beauty, grandeur, and significance. We will seek truth; not in the muddy channels of theological speculation, but in the broad and blooming fields of Nature. We will inquire of the plant, the animal, the ever-changing yet ever-steadfast nature of man, and of the golden spheres beyond which angels inhabit, and see what answer they will bring to satisfy the deathless yearnings of the spirit.

In our researches hitherto we have been wandering from home—from the clear, deep fountain of knowledge, wisdom, and joy. Physically, we have turned ourselves out of doors by allowing ordinary impulses and appetites to hold sway over the higher faculties of our nature. Intellectually, we cultivate a feverish restlessness which we denominate "activity;" and under its impelling force we go driving through colleges and books, and foreign countries, forgetting that vast libraries are locked up in the labyrinth of our own souls, with volumes more elaborate, and comprehensive, and beautiful, than were ever written—unmindful that wild sierras, and soft, Italian skies, and surging Mediterraneanians, and cloud-capped Alpine peaks, are but a faint reflex of a gorgeous inner world which the outer bodily temple doth but conceal and guard! Spiritually, we resort to creeds and dogmas, and feed on the mildewed husks of a religion from which the live kernel has long since emerged, all unconscious that a Divinity sits in the deep sanctuary of our being, waiting to transfuse celestial ambrosia through our hungered spirits, and fill our whole natures with the sweet radiance and sacred bliss of purity, harmony, and love!

But we need be wanderers no longer. This new Religion, which we term SPIRITUALISM, is bringing us more and more into a grateful recognition of this interior life, with its immense facilities and enjoyments. We are beginning to experience, more and more frequently, those intense momentary exaltations during which whole seas of hitherto hidden wisdom seem struck out of the rock in which we are imbedded, and swiftly surge before our startled vision. The angel world is bending low to bless us with a baptism of strength and aspiration, that thereby we may leap into that illuminated atmosphere which invests all

things with the glow of inspiration. The world no longer seems

"A fleeting show For man's illusion given,"

but a glorious sphere of actual, earnest, sublime endeavor. We no longer dawdle away existence in preparing to die, but we make ready to live the largest, truest, purest lives of which we are capable.

On the very summit of life has she reared the temple of Humanity. Low down, in the mineral kingdom, did she commence the pyramidal structure. Patiently, through long cycles of ages, she, our Mother, wrought, forming, combining, dissolving, and reconstructing, placing deposit upon deposit, and strata upon strata, building up the vegetable kingdom on a mineral foundation, causing the complicated animal structure to spring from the vegetable world, linking motion to matter, life to motion, sensation to life, and intelligence to sensation, until, at length, man stood upon the apex of that vast and glorious mountain.

We are, then, truly related to the external universe by every fiber of our being, and yet superior to it all. Hence that mysterious sympathy which we feel in solitary places, that deep, restful lull which contact with green fields and graceful trees will give us, that sublime joy of communion with mountains and stars, that dear consolation in sorrow and despair, which comes in the voice of rushing, mighty waters; and, amid all, that feeling of supremacy over time and change which rises like an aroused spirit within us, at such moments of contemplation.

It was more than poetic fancy—it was an everlasting truth—that came welling up from the gifted soul of George Herbert, when he penned the following noble lines:

"Nothing hath gone so far But man hath caught and kept it as his prey; His eyes dismount the highest star; He is in little all the sphere. Herbs gladly cure our flesh because that they Find their acquaintance there.

More servants wait on man Than he'll take notice of; in every path He reads down that which doth befriended him When sickness makes him pale and wan. O mighty love! Man is one world, and hath Another to attend him."

Feeling this intimacy with our universal Mother, we can but inquire her aim in thus perfecting her organic work, in thus concentrating the riches of the outer universe in the form and essence of man's nature.

Neither long delayed nor equivocal is her response. She tells us that the lower kingdoms of Nature constitute a factory, so to say, by means of which the human body was constructed; and that the body, in turn, becomes the cradle, or vehicle, or dwelling, by means of which the spirit is organized, perfected, individualized, and made immortal. Not that matter creates spirit; this could not be; but the peculiar combination of matter which exists in the human structure, makes it possible by means of that structure, and by that means only, for spirit to become organized and indestructible. As electricity, though existing previously in a latent and intangible state, is eliminated by means of the galvanic battery, so spirit, though existing previous to and separate from the body, is, by means of the external organism, evolved, so to say, and enabled to gather to itself the form and substance which are imperishable.

It plainly appears, then, that this life is but the beginning of an unending existence, and this world, with all its beauty, is but a mere shadow of that which is to come. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the mind of man" the blessed realities which Nature hath in store for all her children. "I feel my immortality o'erstep All pains, all groans, all time, all fears—and peal, Like the eternal thunders of the deep, Into my soul this truth—'THOU LIV'ST FOREVER.'"

What, then, is death? What, but a mere circumstance in an endless existence, less momentous than a journey into a far country, less than an unworthy deed, less than the rupture of friendship's ties, less than the hour of physical distress, which you, my friend, have often experienced! Like falling asleep on a bed of sand to awake in a garden of roses, would be the natural departure of the spirit from earth. Could we truly live till childhood had ripened into youth, and youth into manhood, and manhood into old age, so that the spirit could have the full benefit of a life on earth, then would the body fall off like a worn out and useless garment; and the soul, in the fresh-born vigor of immortal youth, would leap joyously into the atmosphere of its higher and better home.

Only thus can Death be truly a messenger of joy. Nature shrinks from violence and pain; and decease occasioned by evil practices, or the departure of childhood and youth for the far land of souls, or the severing of body and spirit by disease or accident, are events always to be shunned and lamented. Little children are happy in the Summer Land. Loving spirits shelter them under their pro-

tecting parental care, and they constantly progress in knowledge and wisdom; but it is of great importance that the spirit should accompany the body into the vale of years, in order that it may gather to itself those experiences and memories which will doubtless be of vast advantage in that sphere of existence which succeeds the present.

Who among the loved ones that have gone before, and are now blessing the world with a gentle, welcome baptism of angelic guardianship—who among that shining band give us the greatest strength and the wisest guidance? Childhood comes with words of love, and delicate, fond caresses; and our hearts, which they left so stricken and desolate, beat once more with a sudden and overwhelming joy. But when we need more than love—when our dim eyes grope for the light of wisdom, that our feet may not stumble—do we not seek counsel of those whose length of days on earth gave them a deep realization of the perils and temptations, the sufferings and triumphs, which attend our rudimentary state? The more we seek the deep, interior life of the soul, the more do we come into communion with the disembodied who have entered the shining gateway of eternal peace. In such blessed intercourse, we find that Death is no longer the "King of Terrors," but a kind and gentle friend who opens the door to the upper and better mansions of our Father. The dark portals of the grave become illuminated with celestial radiance, and the mists of the "valley and shadow" melt into the soft, roseate hues of a golden morning, on whose atmosphere float angelic forms waiting to bear us in their loving arms to the land of the blest.

But the best result of that self-culture which yields so rich a harvest of spiritual intercourse, is that it gives us to ourselves. The effort to attain the summit of that sacred mountain, brings into exercise the dormant energies of our spiritual natures, so that at last we are truly "born again" into this beautiful fullness of spiritual life. Then we appreciate our riches; then we realize our strength. "We shall mount up with wings as eagles; we shall run and not be weary; we shall walk and not faint." What was once dark and mysterious in the operations of Nature now becomes luminous and beautiful; and the soul rests in an unwavering faith on the eternal supremacy of Good.

Because I am, therefore I cannot cease to be. Thou, O friend! desirest immortality because thou art immortal. Thou aspires to goodness because thou art the Good. Thou lovest the beautiful because thy soul is a fountain of beauty. All principles are eternal, and the fact that we can comprehend them is ample proof that we have a conscious existence parallel with them. We need no outward testimony to give us a guarantee of eternal life, for when we have attained the power to glide into this inner sanctuary of the soul, we know that the genius there enshrined

"Lives through all life, extends through all extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

The soul is absolute. Essentially, it knows neither time nor space; but relatively, it takes on the conditions of both. Emerson says: "As there is no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so there is no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases—and God, the cause, begins. The walls are taken away. We lie open on one side to the depths of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God."

These are the words of an inspired teacher, and we accept them gratefully. But since there is another side to the soul on which impinge the bodily organs and functions, and all the conditions of mortality, it is but natural to inquire what follows on the severing of those ties which hold body and soul in an earthly union.

We have seen that, by means of the body, the soul is enabled to start on its eternal pilgrimage as an individualized entity; but as the steam which is generated by the fire and water of a locomotive soon dominates both the engine and the train, so the spirit, when once evolved through the agency of the body, dominates that body and all its concomitants. Holding this absolute sway, the inmost nature, which I have called soul or spirit, clothes itself with a spiritual body which is now intermediate, but becomes outermost when the connection between soul and body is dissolved. This intermediate spiritual body permeates the physical, giving warmth to the blood, strength to the muscles, and life and sensation to the whole visible organism; while that, in turn, gleams from Nature's storehouse her choicest viands and devotes them to building up and perfecting this interior form which is to pass on with the spirit into the Second Sphere.

In that natural, peaceful life which Nature intended for man, this reciprocal process goes on till the meridian of years is passed, and then the spiritual forces gradually withdraw from the external form in order to complete the internal temple, and strengthen and beautify it for an exit to the better land.

Hence, the falling step, the tottering frame and sunken eye of age, while the spiritual body within is young, and strong, and beautiful, awaiting its peaceful journey to fairer groves than those of blest Arcadia. And now the shrunken form is still and pale, and the mourner stands with hushed breath beside the death-bed. To the physical sense all is over; but to the spiritual vision there has just commenced a sublime apotheosis. Above that lifeless head plays a halo of light, and anon it spreads into a large radiant wave and rises on the sustaining air. Gradually, this luminous, nebulous, wave-like emanation, takes form and features very like, and yet vastly unlike the prostrate body beneath

it. At first it is as though the aged one had returned to helpless infancy with its soft, pliant limbs, and innocent eyes. Then the spiritual form gathers fullness, and buoyant youth, in its grace and glory; stands, as it were, transfigured before the inner vision.

Around the new-born spirit is the angel band which has been waiting to give it welcome. They hear it upward, and with strains of heaven-born music launch on the bosom of that magnetic river which sets toward the Spirit Home. Swiftly, beyond the clouds, and planets, and suns, they soar, till golden hills, and pellucid lakes, and the fragrant breath of countless star-gemmed flowers, and the full orchestral burst of myriad love-full voices, guide them Home from their far journeyings.

In the bowers and beside the crystal streams of that high and holy Home begins the new life of the late enfranchised being. Blessings and beauties before undreamed of in his wildest imaginings cluster thick around him, Avenues to knowledge, wisdom, and progression, open on every hand. Loving eyes beam upon him, gentle hands clasp his own. By all that is great and glorious he is moved to be noble, good, and great. Earth, with its pain and grief, and multifarious causes of evil, is behind him. Heaven, with its harmony and joy, and multifarious cures of the effects of evil, is before him. His mighty soul, which once struggled in vain to force its way through the integuments of the flesh, now rises grandly up and claims its kindred and its destiny. Deep gratitude fills his being for the kindly ministrations of Death, and in the garden of an eternal Eden he is forever blest.

Reported for the Herald of Progress. The End Not Yet.

AN ORATION, Delivered at the Annual Exhibition of the Lawrenceville (N. Y.) Academy, for 1861, BY T. G. TAYLOR.

We stand upon the threshold of existence. We look forward to the glories of the unending future, rather than backward upon the scenes of the narrow past. We see, on every hand, old things passing away to make room for the new: old customs giving place to the improvements of the present age, old creeds and superstitions tumbling by the earthquake shock of intellectual agitation and progression, old governments and tyrannies falling beneath the stroke of universal liberty. Everything is constantly changing; for the world moves, and progression is the inherent motive of Nature, the everlasting and ever-acting principle of the universe. And if we inquire when the earth shall arrive at perfection, and cease to advance, all things answer, as with a single voice, "the end is not yet."

This is an age of inventions. Science speaks to us, and teaches us those laws of Nature and the results of combination which have hitherto escaped the eyes of ingenious men. As a result, we see the prairie torn up and cultivated by ingenious machinery, and wealth and taste increasing everywhere; we behold the splendid palace steamers riding swiftly and gracefully on the smooth surface of the blue Hudson; we view the steam horse, with brazen nostrils and sinews of steel, harnessed to the chariots of man, and whirling him rapidly over the plain; and in every civilized land we observe the intricate network of electric wires, which radiate the light of intelligence to millions of people as swiftly as sunbeams flash through the solar system from our central sun. And if one pause to ask whether the next fifty years will produce results equal to those of the last half century, we answer, the end is not yet.

Not only shall these monuments of genius, these gigantic creations of the human intellect, continue to benefit mankind, but those who will soon live in our places shall go further and deeper in investigation, and produce results far superior to the highest achievements of to-day.

But the advancement of the mechanical world is only an imperfect index of the grand progress onward which the intellectual world has been and is yet making. Nature and science are beginning to assert their heaven-born supremacy, while learned ignorance and boasting authority are being tried in the supreme tribunal of Reason, and receiving the righteous condemnation of Justice. There has been in the past continual advancement; but whatever improvement the world may have made, far back in the long ago, is ours to-day. Even as man is the actual microcosm, the epitome of all that is or will be, so is the present moment the essence of the entire past. We have the advantages that have been, and the hopes of what is to come. And when we consider the radical improvement which the world is now making, we can but hope and trust that the hour of our moral and intellectual redemption is at hand. Men are beginning to learn how mighty a responsibility is the gift of reason, and to feel that they can no longer be permitted by Him who gave that reason for their guidance, to exclude the light of honest inquiry, and bow with blind and zealous idolatry before the tyrant Opinion. They are beginning to knock boldly at the door of Truth, knowing that they shall not seek in vain. The persecution of Church and State can no longer quell their efforts or arrest their progress. They fling their banner to the liberal breeze, and we read their motto—"Yet upward, yet onward." They respect and reverence the light of the past, but do not think ALL has yet been written; and they do believe that the social and religious world should keep pace with the industrial. Religion and Philosophy—twin sisters of Virtue—are joining hand in hand, and going forth in their united strength, to conquer the venerable errors of a

thousand years. And the end is not yet. On the contrary, the day is just breaking, and the light which now beams forth so beautifully is but the early flush of morning twilight. Its beams only touch the tops of the lofty eminences, but its effulgence is slowly stealing down the mountain sides, and those who stand upon the lesser heights are beginning to feel its influence. Ere long it shall shed its radiance over the plains and in the valleys, and the millions shall rejoice in the full rays of truth. It shall even penetrate the dreary dungeon, and the lone prisoner shall feel that he, too, is a man, created for a noble existence, to receive and impart light and happiness.

The end is not yet. We do not realize the extent of our secret and silent influence. We do not know how far our words and deeds may affect the happiness of some near friend, or of many friends, or of the entire world. Then speak that word of judicious advice or encouragement, and humanity shall be wiser and better for it. Be true to yourself, and those thoughts which burn in your brain may reveal the wonders of hidden truth, and you may be a teacher of mankind, and long after you have graduated from this life—this preparatory course—and entered a higher class in the university of existence, those thoughts may shake the world and stir the hearts of millions of intelligent immortals. Our revolutionary fathers, our Franklin and our Washington, have apparently left us; but their influence is with us to-day, and their thrilling words and noble deeds, which brighten the pages of history, "still live" in secure immortality. In this hour of our nation's peril they speak to us in the language of '76, and rally our freemen around the glory-crowned banner, to defend the honor of their country.

We never before lived in time of war, but it is war time now. Every part of our extensive land has learned the stern and terrible truth, that these are times which try men's souls. It is the day of blood and chivalry; 'tis the hour when martyrs are born and die, when death is clothed in majesty, and glory lights the way to the grave. And the end is not yet.

Let us wrap around ourselves the sublime inquiry, "What is the end for which we are striving?" Preparing to tread the classic halls of learning? This is an object, but it is not the end. Fitting ourselves for usefulness in life? This, too, is our purpose, and a most worthy motive, but it is not the end. Working and waiting for a peaceful rest beyond the grave? Still no; for only in activity is the heaven of joy and contentment found. The end is only in eternal and infinite progression. We are to-day wiser and happier, even as we are older, than ever before. The past is gone like a beautiful dream; but let it go. Its work is done. It has taught us the solemn truth that we LIVE. When shall this existence cease? When shall the dark waters of oblivion roll over us—when shall you and I sleep forever? When shall this microcosm—this universe within me—cease its surging life-tide? When will this imprisoned spirit cease its struggle for higher good—cease its efforts to pass beyond the limits assigned it—cease its aspirations for nearer and holier communion with its God? Shall death close the scene of all that is for you and me? No. It shall rather draw aside the curtain of the material which veils the hidden beauties of the spiritual, and reveal to us the bright and boundless beauties of the Inner Life. And as the ever-new beauties of Paradise unfold to the enraptured vision—as the swift-advancing spirit goes on in its course of love and happiness, and higher, holier realms of perfection are reached—we shall still be able to look forward to a joyous, endless future, and to exultingly exclaim, Thus onward and upward forever and ever—THE END IS NOT YET.

The Teachings of Nature.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Progress of Scientific Discovery.

CHEMICAL ELEMENTS DETECTED IN THE SUN.

Some two years since there was invented in Germany, by Bunsen and Kirchhoff, an apparatus for resolving the light from the flame emitted by different chemical substances—into its different colors. These colors are always uniform for the same substance, and it has been discovered that the light from a compound consisting of different elements, when subjected to this prismatic operation, gave out colors in the spectrum (or resolved ray of light) by which the presence of each element could always be infallibly detected. The application of this prism of Bunsen and Kirchhoff, has already resulted in the discovery of several new metals hitherto unknown to chemistry. But what is still more wonderful, by means of it, the presence of some of our terrestrial chemical elements have been detected as constituting the source of solar light. We subjoin a brief account of the peculiar process by which these results are obtained, which we find in a recent number of the Photographic Journal of London. The account makes part of an address by Professor Henry E. Roscoe, of Owen's College, Manchester, delivered at the Royal Institution.

THE FLAMES OF CHEMICAL ELEMENTS.

"The colors which certain bodies impart to flame have long been used by chemists as a test for the presence of such bodies. Thus Soda brought into a colorless flame produces a bright yellow light, and substances containing Soda in any form give this yellow color. Potash gives a violet flame; Lithia and Strontia impart to flame a crimson color, whilst salts of Barium tinge it green. These colors

are produced by the incandescence or luminosity of the heated vapor of the various bodies placed in the flame. It is only because these substances are volatile, or become gases at the temperature of the flame, that we observe the peculiar color. If any substance, such as Platinum, which is not volatile at the temperature of the flame, be placed in it, no coloration is observed. The higher the temperature of the flame in which the same substance is placed, the greater will be the luminosity; and the more volatile the salt of the same metal, the more intense is the light produced.

"Heated to the point of incandescence in any other manner, the vapors of these metals and their salts give out the same colored light. Thus, if we burn gun-cotton, or gun-paper, steeped in solutions of these various salts, we get the characteristic colors. The well-known colored fires owe their peculiar effects to the ignition of the vapor of some peculiar substance. Thus, in red fire, we have Strontium, in green fire Barium salts, present in the state of luminous vapor.

"Bunsen and Kirchhoff applied these facts to the discovery of new chemical elements in a most novel and beautiful manner, by examining these colored flames, not by the naked eye, but by means of a prism or an apparatus for separating, decomposing, or splitting up the light, produced by the incandescent vapor, into its different constituent parts.

PROPERTIES OF THE SOLAR SPECTRUM.

"If we pass white sunlight through a prism, we get the well-known solar spectrum discovered by Newton. The red, or least refrangible rays, appear at one end; and we pass through all gradations of color—noticing on our way certain dark lines, or spaces, showing the absence in solar light of some particular rays—lines with which we shall have much to do—until we arrive at the violet, or most refrangible end of the spectrum. If, instead of using white sunlight, we pass the rays from the yellow Soda flame through the prism, we get the Soda spectrum, and we find that instead of a continuous spectrum, all we see is one bright yellow line, showing that every kind of light, except that bright yellow ray, is absent in the Soda flame—or that the Soda flame gives out only one kind of light.

"And as each metal—Sodium, Potassium, Lithium, Calcium, Strontium, Barium, &c.—communicates a distinct tint to flame, so each gives a distinct and characteristic spectrum, consisting of certain bright-colored lines, or bands of light of the most peculiar form and tint.

"The actual spectra of these metals can be beautifully seen in the simple apparatus designed by Bunsen and Kirchhoff.

UNIFORMITY OF METALLIC SPECTRA.

"In each spectrum of these metals, the form, number, position, color, and tone of the bright lines, remain perfectly constant and unvarying; so that from the presence or absence of one of these lines, we may, with absolute certainty, draw conclusions respecting the presence or absence of the particular metal, as we know of no two substances which produce the same bright lines. None of the bright lines produced by any one metal interere in the least with those of any other; and in a mixture of all these metallic salts together, each ingredient can thus be easily detected.

COMPOSITION OF THE SUN'S ATMOSPHERE

"We come now to the conclusions regarding the composition of the sun's atmosphere, which have been drawn from these facts and from experiments based upon them.

"The solar spectrum invariably contains, as we have said, a large number of dark lines, or spaces, or shadows. These have been called Fraunhofer's Lines, (and designated by certain letters of the alphabet,) from the name of their discoverer. They show us that in the sun's light certain kinds of rays are wanting; and as these lines are always present, exactly in the same position, we see that certain kinds of rays are always absent in solar light. There are many thousands of these lines in the whole length of the spectrum. Only a few have been, as yet, mapped and named.

"What is the cause of these constant dark lines? And we must remember that it is in sunlight alone that these particular lines occur; in the light of the fixed stars, as well as in artificial light, other lines are found. It is the discovery of this cause by Kirchhoff, which gives the subject such peculiar interest, as it enables us to draw conclusions respecting the composition of the sun's atmosphere.

INDUCTIVE REASONING BY WHICH THE PRESENCE OF KNOWN CHEMICAL ELEMENTS IN THE SUN'S ATMOSPHERE IS PROVED.

"The points of the case are put as concisely as possible under the following heads:

- 1. The solar spectrum invariably contains certain fixed dark lines, called Fraunhofer's Lines.
2. The spectra produced by the luminous vapor of all metals contain certain fixed bright lines, invariable and distinct for each metal.
3. All and each of the bright lines thus produced by certain metals, viz: Sodium, Potassium, Magnesium, and Iron—are found to coincide exactly with certain of the dark lines of the solar spectrum.
4. Hence there must be some connection between the bright lines of the metal and the dark solar lines.
5. The connection is as follows: Each of the dark fixed lines in the solar spectrum is caused by the presence in the sun's atmosphere of the luminous vapor of that metal which gives the coincident bright line.

ILLUSTRATION.

"By taking a special case we may more easily understand the matter. Let us examine the question why it is to be concluded that Sodium occurs in the sun's atmosphere? In the following sentences, the reasoning on this subject is rendered clear:

- 1. The light emitted by luminous Sodium vapor is homogeneous. The Sodium spectrum consists of one double bright yellow line.
2. This bright double Sodium line is exactly coincident with Fraunhofer's dark double line designated as D.
3. The spectrum of a Drummond light (like that of all incandescent solids) is continuous. It contains no dark lines or spaces.
4. If between the prism and the Drummond's Light, a Soda flame be placed, a dark double line, identical with Fraunhofer's dark double line D, is produced.
5. If, instead of using Drummond's Light, we pass sunlight through the Soda flame, we

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see that the line D becomes much more distinct than when sunlight alone is employed.

6. The Sodium flame has, therefore, the power of absorbing the same kind of rays as it emits. It is opaque for the yellow "D" rays.

7. Hence we conclude that luminous Sodium vapor in the sun's atmosphere causes Fraunhofer's dark double line D; the light given off from the sun's solid body producing a continuous spectrum.

8. In a similar manner, the presence in the solar atmosphere, of Potassium, Iron, Magnesium, Nickel, and Chromium has been proved.

KIRCHHOFF'S EXPLANATION OF THESE FACTS.

"Kirchhoff's own words may, perhaps, render this matter still more plain. 'The sun,' says he, 'consists of a glowing, gaseous atmosphere, surrounding a solid nucleus, which possesses a still higher temperature. If we could see the spectrum of the solar atmosphere without that of the solid nucleus, we should notice in it the bright lines which are the characteristic of the metals it contains. The more intense luminosity of the internal nucleus does not, however, permit the spectrum of the solar atmosphere to become apparent; it is *reversed*, according to my newly discovered proposition, so that instead of the bright lines which the luminous atmosphere by itself would have shown, dark ones appear. We do not see the spectrum of the solar atmosphere itself, but a negative image of it. This case, however, with an equal degree of certainty serves to detect the metals present in the sun's atmosphere. All that we require for this purpose is a very accurate knowledge of the solar spectrum, and of the spectra of the individual metals.'

"Kirchhoff is at present engaged in continuing these observations; and although only about two years have elapsed since the first discovery was made, he has already mapped more than seventy lines in the solar spectrum, produced by iron. He has shown that a well-known group in the Green ray is caused by Magnesium, whilst other coincident lines prove the presence of Nickel, Chromium, Potassium, and Sodium in the solar atmosphere."

The Professor is said to have concluded his address by expressing his belief that the dawn of a new stellar and terrestrial Chemistry has been announced, thus opening out for investigation a bright prospect of vast fields of unexplored truth.

Voices from the People.

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

Effects of Evil Conditions on Human Nature.

TENEMENT HOUSES IN NEW YORK.

THE ABUSE AND ITS CURE.

At the last meeting of the New York Sanitary Association, the Rev. C. Ever gave the following interesting account of a part of our city and its population, which have been hitherto greatly neglected; and for which he asked the attention and care of the Sanitary Association and of the charitable public. Mr. Ever said:

"I cannot take you, as it were, by the hand, and lead you into certain of those living graves known as tenement houses; for the details, to be described, are such as cannot be brought before this audience—such as should not be even spoken of. But I may say that there are houses in this city by the hundreds, through which, after they are once built, it is impossible ever afterwards to pass a current of pure air; that in cellars, six feet below the ground, there are twenty-seven thousand people in this city, who make their abode, cook, eat, sleep, live together in all the multitude, without the neatness of the ant; that there are many single blocks containing nearly twice the number of families residing on the whole of Fifth avenue; single blocks that contain as many families as would inhabit a continuous row of dwellings, similar to those on the Fifth avenue, three or four miles in length; there are multitudes of blocks, any ten of which contain to-night a larger population than the whole city of Hartford, or the city of Utica, though they each cover an area of several square miles.

"Nor are these vile dark spots confined to one locality. They are not alone at the rear of the City Hall. You cannot go the Williamsburg Ferry, at Grand street, without passing within a stone's throw of them. You cannot enter Trinity church without coming into dangerous proximity with some of these houses of slow murder. You cannot pass down town by the Sixth avenue railroad without almost crossing their pestiferous shadow. In Laurens street there is a cluster of buildings, eight on each side, facing each other, which is appropriately called Rotten Row. Here, poverty, filth, crime, and disease are concentrated in one vast urban ulcer. We are told that in a space only one hundred and eighty feet long by fifty feet deep on each side, there are huddled together one thousand two hundred and fifty persons. In one room, says a visitor, six persons are living, with hens scratching about on the bed. In some of these tenement houses of our city the ceilings are so low as not to allow persons to stand erect, and there is one house mentioned which the rapacious landlord has had constructed to hold one hundred and twenty-six families.

"Now, why has this state of things grown up? It is partly because of the princely rents that come out of it. Some of the worst classes of these houses rent for their entire value every year. The little miserable block I spoke of above, yields \$7,650 a year. A little two-story rear building is mentioned, containing ten apartments only, and fourteen families, which yields \$2,000 per year, or thirty per cent. on its assessed value. The rooms rent for, perhaps, an average of eight dollars a month.

"Now, here are families by the hundreds, living each in one room, and paying for it nearly a hundred dollars a year because they think it is cheap; and paying this for no comforts—nay, absolutely renting, with their miserable shelter, an atmosphere charged with vigorous seeds of disease and death. Can we wonder that in the last fifty years the ratio of deaths arising from diseases from domiciliary causes, over which we have no control,

have increased, in many instances, one hundred per cent.; in cholera infantum, two hundred and fifty per cent.; and in diarrhoea, one thousand per cent.—while, in the same time, there is no variation in the ratio of mortality from disease not due to such external circumstances?"

"But is it alone at the door of avariciousness that this state of things is to be laid? Is it not to be laid at the door of this community at large, which goes on obliviously allowing such a state of things to exist and which does not demand of its legislators correction of the evils by the wholesome restraint of law?"

"But before I go on, Mr. President, let me in a word or two allude to the consequences of this enmeshing of human beings—of this emptying of men, women, and children into an almost inevitable condition of filth. In these dens men and women come at last to breathe over and over again their own foul breaths, and those in the upper stories the rising breaths, in addition, of such as live below them. Nor is this all the poison that fills the air of some of these houses. The fetid animal exhalations from the persons of hundreds of the inmates mingle their bane; the deathly gases from lights and stoves, the fumes of miserable food, (in Rag-Pickers' Row the nameless and innumerable stench from thousands of old gathered street rags,) the effluvia from pallets of disease and sometimes from the corpse itself, unite to give those human beings an atmosphere of death to breathe. Every inhalation is a poison. Each sends but corruption down the arteries and into every fiber of the system.

"In many of these dens, too, men and women are cut off to a great extent from the invigorating influence of a full supply of light, and there, wallowing in filth, and moving about in dimness, if not in darkness, dispelled but by the glimmer of a lamp, and breathing poison, what can result but a depressing and a sinking of the vigor of the human system. Now, as 'the body is the basis of the soul,' we are not enough aware how much upon the changing conditions of the one, depends the condition of the other. What must result then, to the mind, the morals, the soul? What but death? And the process is certain, for we are told that pure air, the clear light of heaven, and water, are 'unequaled in their stimulating and vitalizing power.' I am not here as an excuser in any way for inebriation. But I think we must admit that, in the sliding scales of man's will and propensities, there are passions and desires within us which can be so roused as to be next to invincible. And if you make a man a brute, you must not wonder if afterwards he acts the part of a brute.

"For when the human system, deprived of its powerful natural stimulants, air, light, and water, begins to sink, what is the consequence? The inevitable consequence is a growing craving for some artificial stimulant to keep up its drooping vigor. God made man for air and light, but man makes his fellow a brute. And besides, the more the system droops the more does it become a prey to cheerlessness and depression of spirits and melancholy; and these drive it with more unerring force to the intoxicating cup for relief. And so, there they stand, the twin friends, melancholy and ardent drink, first to chain the man down to a sloth, and neglect of person, and mind, and family, from which at last he has no desire to rise, and then to let loose all the other passions to run their riot.

"I hinted just now of the deaths that these vile spots are giving to our lists of mortality. What, indeed, first directed my attention to this whole subject, was a statement in private conversation by a member of the Sanitary Association, that by a proper system of laws eight thousand lives might annually be saved in this city. The last year, which was unusually healthy, some six thousand lives, it seems, were needlessly sacrificed.

"Now, Mr. President, however with the moralist we may discuss the question as to whether or not the state has a conscience, one thing is certain, the state possesses a moral character, and has moral and many other duties identical with those of the individual—the duty of humanity, the duty of purity and order, the duty of intellectual progress. The state recognizes the 'duty of paying debts, of keeping treaties, of preventing cruelties, of prohibiting indecent acts, of assisting the progress of science and intellectual culture;' and if it is her duty to educate all her people; by what intellectual alchemy can we make it not equally her duty to take such measures as shall tend to unfold and expand the moral sentiments.

"I think I may say, then, that the moral sentiments are unfolded by good habits. And such habits, if not voluntarily entered upon by these poor people, should be created by law. Let these tenement houses in their present condition be prohibited by law; and let the people so vote that they shall be abolished by law. Let it be rendered by law impossible for one thousand two hundred and fifty people to live together in one block—let it be rendered impossible by law for one hundred and twenty-six families to crowd into one house. If they do not know what they should have, give them by law space, and light, and air, and water, Nature's stimulants, and you then not only dispense with the violent necessity for liquor, which the brutal passions of man, roused by the depression of the human system, must and will have, and you not only clear away much of the crime which follows the intoxicating cup, but above all, you create habits of at least a moderate degree of cleanliness, habits of ventilation and the like, and so you unfold gradually their moral sentiments. You open a door which is now absolutely closed to the moralist and religionist proper."

"Now, in conclusion, the state, I say, has a moral character; and the performance of its moral duties devolve in the last event upon the community at large. What, then, shall the community of this state say to the record against them which this closing year is making, viz: six thousand lives needlessly, recklessly slaughtered by the state of New York, Six thousand lives! that might have adorned the earth with labor; that might have rendered happy thousands of homes; that might have added to the material wealth and welfare of the nation; that might have aided in restoring to it order and peace: some of which, under proper culture of the state, might have opened secrets from the arcana of art or science and have endowed with them time and eternity! Six thousand lives slaughtered by the state of New York!"

Memory in the Book of Life.

Boston, Sept. 17th, 1861.

FRIEND DAVIS.—Thinking that the following statements would tend to convince skeptics, reform the immoral, and add incontestible evidence of the truth of our spiritual philosophy, I send them to you.

It is well known to most persons, that the experience of all who have been resuscitated after partial death from drowning, has been something like the following: The moment they begin to go down for the third and last time, they are actually going through the (death or) change process, and at that crisis they see, as with the flash of lightning, EVERY GOOD AND MEAN ACT OR THOUGHT OF THEIR WHOLE EARTH-LIFE, even those which memory at other times would wholly fail to recall, and some of which their authors would never wish to recall. But the infallible pen of the great Jehovah is bound to record every good as well as every bad act in the book of life. How important is it, then, that all should strive to live pure and honest lives, that they may have what money cannot buy, a clear conscience, while passing through the portals of their eternal home.

I deem the philosophy of the above to this: That the brain is a tablet upon which every thought and act, in its appropriate place, is microscopically daguerrotyped with natural-spiritual chemicals, or by some spirit process, there to remain until the spirit-substance or form is freed, or raised from its more dense material body by the death or change process. And I believe that the more blotted that brain tablet is, with bad thoughts or acts, the longer will its owner have to remain undeveloped in the lower spheres for its purification. Hence the importance of so living upon earth as to keep the body or "Temple of Life" free from "all evil."

That the whole mass of matter composing every brain, is sufficiently ample to receive and microscopically record every act and thought, is to me evident, from the fact that, supposing a person to live from birth to the age of one hundred years, there can have passed only a certain number of seconds of time, consequently the number of thoughts and acts would be equally limited. Now if every individual were capable of receiving a thought or performing an act every second of time during life, there would be ample room in the brain to record them all; and the fact that at least one-third of life is spent in sleep, when thoughts and physical motions are comparatively inactive, only makes the views I have thus far advanced the more probable.

As a healthy development of the muscular system is dependent upon its being used only in a natural manner, then may the brain be dependent for its healthful development and activity upon its natural use, by our living only natural-spiritual lives. To give you my views of a true natural life for mankind would occupy too much of your columns at the present time. With the hope that the HERALD OF PROGRESS is permanently established, I remain, yours respectfully,

THOMAS J. LEWIS.

Education of Children.

NUMBER ONE.

The right education of youth is a theme of vital importance, and yet the public mind, teachers of youth, are comparatively ignorant upon this subject. Parents intrust the shaping of the minds of their children to ignorant and uninterested teachers, and teachers take hold of their work mechanically, not seeming to know or feel that it is with mind with which they are to deal. The enjoyment of the child and man depend much upon the way he is educated. The future will be what the people make it, and they can best make it right by a proper training of youth. The children of our land have commenced an endless existence, and their future capabilities of enjoyment depend on their early training.

Education properly means to train or unfold all the faculties of mind in harmony with each other. The germ of all the child can be in within, and it is the business of the educator to unfold that germ and give it a healthy action. Education has been and is too much of an external and superficial kind, often embracing that which is deleterious to the natural growth and permanent good of the child. The thoughts and feelings of the child should be kept right in preference to any external appearance. The real and permanent good of the child should be paramount in the education of children. Present convenience or appearances should always be of the least consideration. The highest boon that can be bestowed upon a child, is capability of permanent enjoyment. A child may have wealth, he may have popular favor, popular respectability, but without internal harmony, right feelings, and a capacity to enjoy, he will not, cannot be happy. In the education of children there is too much negative treatment, too little affirmative or positive.

There are few children who should be directly opposed. They can be influenced to do much easier than they can be prohibited from doing. Most teachers and parents apply the negative treatment in educating children; the consequence is that the fault they would cure is only concealed, and when the restraint is removed, the fault or error acts with renewed power. The positive method is far preferable, because it not only suppresses the evil, but cures it. To illustrate: A child has large combativeness, so large that it tends to nervousness and extreme irritability. The negative mode would oppose or forbid, the effect of which would be to call that faculty into extreme action. The positive would prevent its action in every instance, if possible, by developing, by proper motives, other faculties; this method, if daily followed, would cure the evil which would result from its extreme growth. The negative treatment often produces serious results. I knew a child who was nearly ruined in health by the negative process of instruction. The child had large combativeness, and with a childish inclination to do many little things thought to be wrong, was constantly opposed, and thus kept incessantly irritated, which affected the spine, producing the worst form of disease. The positive treatment was applied, and a permanent cure effected. The change was not instantaneous, but by daily calling into action other faculties, when the combative impulse was inclined to take the supremacy, its power was weakened while others were strengthened,

and the child now lives, gentle and amiable, a good example of the good results of positive treatment, which is nothing else than a practical exemplification of the precept, "To overcome evil with good." E. C. SOLSVILLE, N. Y.

For the Herald of Progress.

The New Industrial Education.

Our friend, the inventor, of whom I have before spoken, has desired me to introduce his promised article to the public, with "such amendments" as I might "think proper." I have simply altered the phraseology, here and there, a little, chiefly to take it away from the too commonplace Associational idea, that all must be equally physical workers, and to avoid what might have become an unjust generosity toward the moneyed classes of the outside world. The institution is well worthy to be called THE NORTH AMERICAN UNIVERSITY OF INDUSTRY, ART, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL EDUCATION, and as such I herewith present our Brother's plan:

The leading sects have managed to control and direct nearly all the institutions of learning in all countries. The Unitarians and Universalists have their schools, but so also have their sectarianism and bigotry, often equal in extent and intensity with the other denominations; and it may be truly said that there is not in this country a truly liberal university or college where an education can be obtained without the illiberality of sectarianism.

By the plan here presented, the university may be made almost entirely self-sustaining, and at the same time secure to all its students, male and female, an education both practical and thorough.

Let twenty or thirty selected families go, with what means they can command, upon a large, well-selected tract of land, say two thousand acres, with the view of working this to the best advantage; uniting with the farming such mechanical and manufacturing pursuits as may be desirable; conducting everything according to the most approved scientific methods; using agricultural machinery to the greatest extent, &c. These families may purchase this domain, or they may ask the public to do it for them, rendering an equivalent in the free instruction of a certain number of students for each term, the full course to be, say, from the ages of twelve or fifteen to twenty-one. The entire control and proprietorship should be in these resident families, who should constitute not only the Faculty, but also the Board of Trustees; and they can well afford to take students, or apprentices, from twelve to twenty-one, educating them thoroughly with their own children, for a comparatively small money equivalent, and in many cases defraying all the expenses of board, clothing, school books, &c. All should labor, say from five to eight hours a day, which will leave six or eight for study, three or four hours for meals and recreation, besides the requisite time for sleep.

The members of this association, or company, should be practical, determined, industrious, self-denying individuals, actuated by a strong desire for the advancement and elevation of their race, with enough of this world's wisdom to secure them against failure or from want of human needs, and enough of the higher and nobler qualities to make them happy in their work of philanthropy. Vital and practical people only, rather than mere dreamers and enthusiasts, can succeed in such an undertaking.

It is desirable to have all the trades, arts, and sciences, represented in the company. Agriculture and horticulture, practical and scientific, with manufacturing industry, should constitute the main source of our material prosperity, and at the same time not only furnish intellectual improvement by the study of the sciences therewith connected, but secure that physical training and development now so shamefully neglected in nearly all our institutions of learning.

I believe it is demonstrable that such an organization can be made as will secure to the institution all the financial advantages so universal among the Shaker communities, without the drawbacks attendant on their system, and without any material interference with the desirable sanctity of private abode. Each family may have their own private apartments, or even separate dwellings, and by the economy arising from division of labor, and the general use of the most approved labor-saving machinery, much of the drudgery and annoyance of country life may be avoided, and more time afforded to more agreeable and profitable employments. The warming and ventilation of the tenements by the escape steam of an engine, the steam laundry with its mangle, the coffee roaster and mill propelled by power, the hot and cold water furnished where desired, the well-ordered bakery, the sewing and knitting machines, the culinary conveniences which science and skill have devised, would here be easily and cheaply used.

In this enterprise the great question will be whether an institution can afford to give youth of both sexes a liberal education for six to eight years labor, of six to eight hours daily. From extensive experience in manufacturing and other industrial pursuits, I am not only satisfied that it can be done, but that the truth of it can be demonstrated to any reasonable mind. Besides, this amount of labor is indispensable to secure due physical development, while more than six hours of daily intellectual exertion of young persons, before arriving at physical maturity, is not only unnecessary, but, as a general thing, injurious. To discuss this matter as elaborately as might be desired would require too much space; but a few remarks will satisfy most persons that there is at least plausibility in the view here taken.

In many industrial pursuits young persons now support themselves, even when laboring under great disadvantages, with not more than this amount of effective labor. Board and clothing constitute the main expense of education, and these would or should be very simple, and produced mainly and directly by the work of their own hands. Then, by proper organization and division of labor, with the judicious use of machinery, the value of their labor may be greatly increased, perhaps quadrupled. Some writers contend that four or five hours of daily labor, if properly directed and systematized, ought to support adults, male or female, sufficiently well.

It is proposed that those twenty or thirty families be joint, resident proprietors of the institution, with many of whom a prime object will be the education of their own children,

and among whom it is expected there will be a sufficient number of educated and talented persons for professors and teachers, and all vital and practical coöperators and learners. Some will be adepts in the various trades, part connected with manufacturing and agriculture, and the young men would here be prepared either for these or the learned professions, law, physic, or divinity. Our young men will graduate, fully educated and prepared practically to enter upon any pursuit—sound minds in sound bodies—neither ignorant of work nor ashamed of it—with knowledge and ability to use it—complete men, and not the puny, fractional things turned out so largely by Yale, Harvard, etc.

The young lady graduates, too, will have rosy cheeks, well-developed physical constitutions, and highly cultivated intellectual and moral powers. They will not only be highly accomplished in music, dancing, drawing, and other fine arts, but will possess, also, those higher accomplishments, the ability to make good bread and good butter, in which most of our educated women are now so deficient.

It may be objected that the twenty or thirty who might unite for this purpose, would hardly have the means to erect such edifices as recent custom has required for universities. Indeed, so important a part does brick and mortar play in education of late, that many seem to think the living teacher as nothing in comparison. Put the living teacher of one of our best academies in a log school-house, and the academy has gone there with him; and the teachings of the philosopher in the grove of Academus were quite as effective and valuable as if they could have been given in the Temple of Minerva. It may be that the first lessons in Euclid will be illustrated upon a barn door, and the first lectures on Agricultural Chemistry may be delivered from a potato heap; but, by our own hands, we can gradually secure better conveniences. The educational scholar may remember that Fellenberg once sent out from Hoferyl a colony of poor boys, to try the experiment of educating and supporting themselves upon an uncultivated mountain side in Switzerland, and how they, with their devoted teacher, built them a house from materials found upon the spot, converted an uninviting sterile waste into a productive field, and, by alternating labor with study, made satisfactory advances in learning. A valuable lesson may be learned from this.

It is of course expected that a liberal charter can be obtained, that the institution will be held on the joint stock principle, the shares taken by the proprietors according to their means, and made transferrable as private property. The value of this stock will be expected to increase in value with the enhancement of the value of the real estate, by cultivation and improvement; but for many years the earnings will necessarily be mostly expended in improvements, and the proprietors receive little besides their mere living, like most other country proprietors. And that they will receive a better living than many poor professors in our poor colleges now receive, is evident. If they do not succeed in drawing many students at first, they may at least enjoy the fruit of their own labor, surrounded by society of their own selection, and educate their own children. If at any time any should wish to withdraw, they can dispose of their stock to such as might be acceptable to the institution.

Lands not unsuitable to their purpose have been offered in Indiana, at from five to eight dollars per acre, on long lease, the interest only to be paid annually, with the privilege of paying up and taking fee simple at any time; but perhaps it may be thought best, if sufficient means are at command, to take lands of higher value, with orchards and other improvements. In either case a few families should go on first, as pioneers, to prepare for the rest, and thus grow up gradually from small beginnings. A committee should be empowered to make a selection of site, embodying as much agricultural and civil engineering skill as can be obtained.

Suitable persons desiring to enlist in such an enterprise of coöperative industry, may make application to D. J. Mandell, Athol Depot, Mass. (inclosing stamp,) who will devise some means of putting them in communication with those who are taking the initiatory steps in this undertaking. They should state as much about themselves as convenient, so as to more readily facilitate the organization, and probably an early meeting of those interested will be held. Among the members it is desirable that there should be at least one physician, civil engineer, and teacher of mathematics, a teacher of the natural sciences, and especially agricultural chemistry, a linguist, architect, and draughtsman, the various mechanics, persons practically acquainted with the various manufactures, and several farmers, horticulturists, &c.

So far the author of the above. He desired that I should say something in favor of families with children. The more little ones, the better—provided their parents are willing that they should be effectually put into good training. And I will add that good names continue to come in, expressive of an interest in my special idea of coöperative beneficiary organization; and to this particular branch of the general movement we are already calling out distinguished persons, who are well adapted to shine in the professorships of the above described University; the very last name offered being that of a wealthy, successful, and progressive physician, of Ohio, eminent as a surgeon, associated with a medical college in Cincinnati, and who says, "I would be very glad to connect my name with such an institution."

Those who wish additionally to communicate on the subject can, as above directed, address, with stamp, D. J. MANDELL, Athol Depot, Mass.

P. S.—Since preparing the above, I have seen an inquiry in the HERALD OF PROGRESS, asking what guaranty we can have for the preservation or purity of matrimonial relations in an associative movement. We have certainly had no "guaranty" outside of association, and the fact that some who are careless of woman's honor have undertaken to make themselves prominent in social enterprises, has incited me to my present special effort to practicalize the matter in its higher and truer expression, and place it substantially under the leadership of those whom we know will do it justice, in all its departments. The few such already found will be sufficiently multiplied by and by. D. J. M.

Through the wide world he only is alone Who lives not for another.—ROBERTS.

Letter from a Brother in the Army.

CLOUD'S MILL, VA., Nov. 26, 1861. FRIEND DAVIS: The night has brought its hours of silence to the old mill, and they bring, as one after another they creep along, thoughts of the many friends I no longer meet—friends, whose eyes every week travel through the richly-laden columns of the HERALD; and so I am reminded of my promise, now and then to drop a line to that same HERALD, that the said friends may know how I thrive, and what I see down in this land of secession and "sacred mud."

The shadows on the bare rafters and the rough brick walls, have softened some of their roughness, and the singing of the water heating upon our stove sounds so familiar, I can almost imagine I am back again in some of the quiet, snug homes it has been my fortune to find during the three years just past; but the exclamation of the guard, and the clanging sword of the Lieutenant as he comes into the door, dispels the illusion; the singing kettle suddenly has a very hum-drum sound, and becomes only a common kettle, decidedly Virginian in its style, while the bricks and rafters bear the unmistakable dust-marks of a mill, and a secession mill at that; but it is my home now, and really, I begin to be strongly attached to it.

Being in the immediate vicinity of our outer pickets, far out beyond our outer regiments, there is, of course, enough excitement to keep one alive, at least; it took me some days to get accustomed to the novelty of the situation, but now there is no strangeness in the daily booming of the heavy guns from the batteries that crown the hills in every direction; there is no novelty in the constantly passing squads of scouting cavalry and infantry; the hundreds of going and returning pickets pass unnoticed, unless an unusual supply of captured cabbage, or the straggling of a half-concealed, unfortunate turkey, attracts attention; and I even listen, morning and evening, to the distant strains of the different regimental bands, without a thought only of the glorious music, so electrifying or soothing, as the case may be—so soon will one become accustomed to the greatest changes. But do not suppose that we lack hours of even intense excitement; our position with the advance of a great army, a powerful and treacherous enemy close to our front, would utterly preclude any such supposition; each day has its rumors, some true and some false, of pickets driven in, of scouting squads capturing and being captured, &c., &c.; now and then a half-frightened, half-rejoicing "contraband," with his bundle, comes tremblingly in, with a story of escape from his "secessh massa"; material for many hours of mirth are furnished by the quaint expressions of the fugitive, while "Jo," or "Jake," or "Bill," goes rejoicing on his way to freedom, with a hearty "God speed you" from my soul at least.

A good saddle-horse at my disposal as an assistant of Prof. La Mountain (furnished, of course, by our venerable "Uncle Sam.") gives me a fine opportunity for observation, of which I have not failed to avail myself, until I have already become pretty familiar with the roads and lanes from Alexandria to our outer pickets; beyond that, having no particular desire to occupy a tobacco prison, I have not ventured; still the enemy has not passed unnoticed, for, though I cannot get inside their lines, fortunately, I am favored with opportunities which few have—I can go over their lines; and so, with the Professor, I paid them a morning visit a few days ago. I cannot say what were the remarks of Jefferson D., Esq., as we floated above his encampments at Centerville, and I do not know that Mr. Beauregard spilled his coffee when he received information that the hated Yankees were so near; but I do know that both of the above-named gentlemen, by looking straight up from Centerville about ten o'clock that morning, could have seen, and that without a very powerful glass, two inquisitive Yankees taking notes, which in three hours from that time were in the hands of our General. We had indeed a glorious ascension, the wind being from the east, in the right direction to take us towards Manassas; we cut entirely loose from the earth, and went up, up, up, until the Professor's able assistant, Mr. Albert Kendrick, of Troy, with our guard of forty men, were a little cluster of dots, and our barricaded mill a mere hand breadth square; off to the east lay Washington and the white tent-dotted hills of Maryland; then came the Potomac, like a silver ribbon, narrowing north towards Leesburg, and broadening out away to the south and south-east; right below us, encampment upon encampment, lay the Grand Army of the Potomac; the thousands of white tents covering all the hill-sides; the black, moving squares and lines, which we knew were our own true soldiers; the brown earth fortifications upon each commanding eminence, every angle as plainly marked out to our view as though a map was beneath—and the blended, softened, harmonized music of the many bands, now swelling out full and clear, as it pulsed up to us, now toned down to the gentlest strains, were sights and sounds never to be forgotten.

I think I was; though, as the sequel proved, unnecessarily so that time, for we soon reached the higher current to the east, and rapidly sped on to safety, landing in a very short time right in the midst of our camp, not two miles from our starting-place. That was one day's experience, and I am sure you will agree with me, it was exciting enough.

I shall probably have many such if this war continues long; should it be my fortune, as then, to escape the danger which I well know attends these reconnaissances, I may give you a more full description of the scene; I am afraid now I am intruding too far upon your valuable space, and will close. But first, let me say to my friends, one and all: Do not, if you please, forget me now I am away from your midst; now, more than ever, can I appreciate the blessings of communion with those who, with me, are watching the great movements of the age; and a page, a line, a word from you, whether we have corresponded before or not, would be precious to me; I miss very much the society of progressive minds, and my soul prays that it may not be forgotten by them.

The shadows have grown deeper on the rafters; the "corporal of the guard" has gone his rounds, and a new footfall is sounding up and down before the entrance to the old mill; and so I am reminded it is time for me to roll up in my blanket, and sleep until the morning music of the distant bands arouses me to another day of excitement and danger—perhaps of strife and blood. So to you, friends, Good night! Fraternally, yours, N. FRANK WHITE.

Poetry.

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

THE CONTRAST.

See the contrast! woman, woman! See thy Sister bowed with care, Seated on the cold, damp door-step, While the night-dews gem her hair; All alone, while her betrayer Mingles with the happy throng, Boasting of his many conquests, Laughing o'er his deeds of wrong. See the contrast! she whose heart-strings Have been severed by his hand, Is neglected, scorned, and hungry— Dying in a Christian land! Is her vile seducer blameless? That he's petted and caressed? While his victim's on the door step, He is welcomed as a guest. See the contrast! mothers court him, But his victim they despise; Maidens smile and bid him welcome, While they bid the lone one rise From her low seat on the door-step, And begone; and words of scorn From their curling lips forth issue On a heart already torn. See the contrast! maidens, matrons, See the oppressor and oppressed! She is driven from your door-step— He is welcomed as a guest! Who the guilty? Who the blameless? Shame upon the craven soul That condemns the weak and erring, Round whose heart the serpent stole.

DAY DREAMS.

Oh! those joyous, thrilling day-dreams! How I love to float away, Down the echoing aisles of Memory, At the closing hours of day; View the half-forgotten faces Freshly into being start— Weave them brightly blooming garlands From the Eden of the heart! Now, a Mem'ry spreads her pinions, We are standing side by side, Near a smoothly flowing streamlet, Where the wild flowers kiss the tide; And the moon-beams gild the water Which doth mirror back the sky, While the daisies bow their blossoms To the zephyrs' lullaby! And I murmur words of fondness, As thy hand is clasped in mine; Listen to thy loving accents, Press my burning lip to thine! Oh! that burst of wild emotion! Oh! that holy hour of bliss, When our warm lips met so fondly In that long and rapturous kiss! And our mutual vows ascended To the throne of God on high, Where the angel made the record: "Theirs is love that cannot die." VERMONT, N. Y., March, 1861.

OUR FALLEN HEROES.

Wreaths of glory crown the brave, Who, our glorious flag to save, And for freedom, truth, and right, Nobly perish in the fight. Light supernal round is shed Where repose the noble dead; Flowers immortal brightly bloom O'er each patriot's hallowed tomb. Freedom's harp of thrilling sound Breathes inspiring music round; And in sweet, symphonious lays, Spirit voices chant their praise. As the stars which brightly gem Night's cerulean diadem, So each bright, illustrious name, Glides the immortal scroll of fame.

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1861.

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For a simple suggestion as to what is doing in the scientific world, read the article on the "Chemical Elements Detected in the Sun."

The "Tenement Houses in New York" is a subject well worthy of the attention of reformers. Even orthodox people perceive that pig-stye socialism is one of the elements of our anti-social order. It should be read in connection with the plan for a "New Industrial Educatorium," see third page.

"PUT HIM OUT."—By late Congressional reports we learn that, in opposition to Mr. Lovejoy, and others, Mr. Blair, of Missouri, approves the recent inhuman order of Gen. Halleck, against the admission or retention of slaves of rebels within the lines of the army. This course shows the exact position of the Blair family, and shows, too, exactly, on what grounds the Blairs predicated their opposition to Gen. Fremont. It seems to us that the Cabinet, as well as Missouri, might live and prosper with the Blairs left out.

"THE HARMONIAL VIEW OF DEATH," on our first page, is a lecture to which we invite attention. At the present time, while tenderly cherished and deeply loved ones are being borne by the hand of disease from many a home circle, and our brave sons of Freedom are falling on the tented plain or the battlefield, by "the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday," it is highly important that all should learn the beautiful truths of Nature concerning the sublime apotheosis of the human spirit.

Thoughts for Thinkers.

A natural Principle, though million-placed and invisible to the senses, is forever one and inseparable. Man's mind, though submerged in matter and buried in abject ignorance, is destined for harmony and wisdom. Nature is the visible manifestation of God; but God is equally a manifestation of Nature: each inspires, directs, companions, and reflects the other. You cannot learn orthodox theology from Nature; neither can you obtain creedal religion from God; for God and Nature, though infinitely diversified, are essentially and practically One. The great living principles of interior truth and goodness, which constitute the vitals of Christianity, are natural and indigenous to the spiritual constitution of man. When man's spirit is awakened in the direction of truth and righteousness, whether by an angel's influence or the tongue of man, then his intuitions arise to the pyramidal heights wherefrom great truths become visible and attractive.

The Musselman and the Methodist are equally subjects of inspiration. The Presbyterian is no nearer to God than the Persian, or the worshiper of Brahma and Buddha; for God and Nature are no respecters of either persons or creeds. Man's success in life will be in exact proportion to the measure of his capacities, the propitiousness of his circumstances, and the extent of his obedience to the natural laws of his body and mind. If he is good-spirited and truth-loving, he will be benefited by every error and chastened by every misfortune. If it be true that John saw an angel standing in the sun, or if it be true that any man at any time ever saw a spirit, it is most reasonable to presume that the same experience will continue to form a part of all human history.

There is a divine power working in all that occurs in human life and society—indeed, unless there be such a power, life and society would be impossibilities. Without rills and rivers there could be no lakes, no seas. "The river of life, clear as crystal," is from the heart-currents and love-rills of the infinite Father and Mother. True religion is derived from Nature. Miracles innumerable are incessantly performed by Nature to attest the divinity of her mission. Stars in the sky, and the grass beneath, are her signs and wonders. And truth is the golden door of entrance to the human heart.

Where Nature is, there is no man-made theology. Where there is a true child of Nature, there is no creed, no falsehood, no hypocrisy. The children of Nature are perpetually young. Selfishness is the bitter lesson of existing forms of society. Benevolence and natural generosity are checked by the artificial restraints of civilization. Nature is democratic, and maketh haste to break down the barriers of selfishness and aristocracy, but creeds and bigotry erect insurmountable fortifications. The age of Nature will not come until men become wiser and more respectful of whatsoever is natural and reasonable. The chaotic mind, viewing Nature with the senses, sees no harmony or unity. The ancients believed in many contradictory gods, because they experienced many contradictory influences from invisible sources—somewhat as mediums in these days, under similar influences, are impressed with different theories of the next world. Polytheists were ancient Spiritualists. Their gods, in these days, are called "spirits." Men have faith or doubts from the operations of their own minds; but their daily conduct is determined by that influence which is the most powerful, either from within or without. The reason why Nature does not impart to some minds a knowledge of God is, because such persons do not interrogate her in the fullness of their hearts. If you know what it is to love a Principle, though it be only the common law of chemistry or gravitation, then you so far know what God is, and what his will is, in Nature and in you. It is, however, more elevating to love the principle of Love, or Justice, or Truth, or Freedom, or Beauty, or Harmony; for by the sanctity and spirituality of love for such principles your soul is lifted magnetically toward the heart of Nature, which is God. Men love what is nearest to their state of mind and body. A change in condition necessitates a change of appetite. All persons who are monotonous in character are unchangeable in habits. Like strong wagons they roll in the same ruts for a whole generation. Death is the lever that lifts hundreds of human-wagons out of earthly tracks. Death is a pivotal event in human progress.

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Principles of Reconstruction.

CONSTANTINE, Mich., Dec. 8, 1861. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: In a recent issue of your HERALD, (No. 94,) under the head of "Paraphrased," please see "Not all a Joke." Since you have heard from me, I have written much (inspirationally) upon governmental affairs. Allow me to give you a short extract from one of these effusions: "The original creation of this vast, this beautiful superstructure, [meaning our Government,] was deficient in many respects, no one of which was sufficient, in and of itself, to have caused its overthrow, or disruption, save one. All other defects, time, with its necessary, gradual progression, would have ultimately subdued and rounded into perfect harmony. When a new creation is made, let the superstructure be ever so grand and beautiful in its proportions, it must have for its basis principles that are eternal in their natures, and eternal in their tendencies, else it will not endure the action of time. In the organization of this Government, from ignorance of the divine law of Nature, one important element was omitted. It is a creation by wisdom alone. It should have been a creation of LOVE and WISDOM. Then it would have stood. No power exists to disorganize that which has been united by a natural law." In another part of the communication the remark is made, "Upon that escutcheon let the eagle and the dove embrace." I presume, Mr. Editor, that you recognize that the two principles embodied in Man and Woman, will be united in the reorganization of our Government. Do you? Respectfully yours, A. COFFINBERRY.

Principles of Reconstruction.

By the arrival of the screw steamer Hansa, from Bremen, via Southampton, we have European news to Nov. 28th. The intelligence had just reached England of the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell upon the Trent. It caused intense excitement in Liverpool, and a public meeting was immediately held to condemn the act. But the leading journals acknowledge the legitimacy of the seizure according to the law of nations. The seizure and burning of the American vessel, the Harvey Birch, by the rebel steamer Nashville, Nov. 18th, also created considerable excitement. The captain of the Birch was attempting to obtain redress from the public authorities, and the commander of the Nashville was endeavoring to gain permission to refit in an English port, his success being highly probable. The funds declined on the Paris Bourse 1/2 per cent. upon the receipt of the news of the seizure of Mason and Slidell. Reports from most of the manufacturing districts of France were quite unfavorable. In flour and corn, prices were declining. In the Italian Chamber of Deputies, the bill for levying the war-taxes passed by 191 to 10 votes. The Italian army is in future to consist of 90 regiments of infantry, seven brigades of Bersagliers, and 22 regiments of cavalry. The Swiss Government had demanded satisfaction from the French Government for the fresh violation of Swiss territory by gendarmes of the latter power. The Turkish troops, under Dervish Pasha, routed 8,000 insurgents near Piva, in Bosnia, on the 21st ult., after a four hours' fight. Victor Emanuel was proceeding thoroughly in the work of dissolving the convents throughout Northern Italy. The measure met with no resistance from the people. This

Principles of Reconstruction.

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conservative prudence which worldly knowledge imparts to practical minds, is to be superseded by the God-code, derived from the fountains of internal love and from the infinite resources of divine Wisdom. It is not at all improbable that the people will one day come to see the truth that a perfectly married pair, well educated and duly qualified, would make a better President and Vice President than could any two persons of the same sex. The ticket might read, for example:

FOR PRESIDENT, JOHN CHARLES FREMONT. FOR VICE PRESIDENT, "OUR JESSIE."

A Compliment to Dr. Gardner. The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity held a levee at Lyceum Hall, Wednesday evening, December 4th, in compliment to Dr. H. F. Gardner. The Banner of Light speaks of the occasion as a pleasant and brilliant affair. Remarks were made by the chairman, Mr. Wetberbe, Dr. A. B. Child, Judge Ladd, Miss Doten, and others, and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, in which some sixty couples participated.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mr. J. V. Mansfield, in consequence of the large number of letters received, withdraws his proposal to answer sealed letters for subscribers of the Banner of Light. Dr. A. B. Child advertises a new book to be called the "A. B. C. of Life." Mrs. Laura Cuppy writes the Banner acknowledging a satisfactory answer through Mr. Mansfield, to a sealed letter addressed to her former husband, Harvey McAlpin, of Port Huron. Mrs. Abbott, developing medium, has left this city to be absent during the winter. Father Beeson and the Indian maiden, Laroogua, are laboring for the poor Indian in eastern Pennsylvania. Rev. Samuel Longfellow, late of the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, is spending the winter in Berlin, Prussia. Theodore Tilton's Lecture on "The Latest Phases of the War," gave great satisfaction to a numerous and intelligent audience, at Orange, N. J., on the 4th inst. Mrs. J. Elizabeth Jones is delivering lectures on "Moral Beauty"—the proceeds to be appropriated to supplying the needs of the camp hospitals. Frederick Douglass' recent Fraternity Lecture receives a very disparaging notice from a Boston Letter-writer. The Anti-Slavery Standard bearer the damaging paragraph without comment. Would it thus serve a Garrisonian colored man? Henry Ward Beecher's Thanksgiving Sermon is severely criticised by his anti-slavery friends, while pro-slavery journals copy the pointed paragraphs denouncing emancipation by the Government, with great thanksgiving.

BRIEF ITEMS.

—Mr. Potter from the Committee on Public Lands, has reported a bill providing homesteads to actual settlers, and providing a bounty for soldiers in lieu of grants of public lands. He explained that the homestead feature of this bill was heretofore passed, but there is an addition that all soldiers, marines, and seamen shall be entitled to homesteads by the provisions of this act. It contains a section giving a bounty of \$80 to the three months' volunteers. —The following fact is what a morning paper styles, "A Southern Test Medium": "Paper money at the South is at thirty-five per cent. discount for gold. United States Treasury notes, or demand notes, are freely taken at par! This is the kind of test that tells. They talk loud, but they trust only Uncle Sam as their banker. —Our Government has replied to the invitation of England, France, and Spain to take part in the expedition against Mexico, declining to have anything to do with it. —There are in Boston twenty-three Unitarian Congregations, fourteen Baptist, twelve Trinitarian Congregational, eleven Episcopal, twelve Methodist, four Presbyterian, twelve Catholic, and five Universalist. —A company of over fifty children, including some lads from the Newsboys' Lodging House, left the office of the Children's Aid Society, for homes in the West, a few days since.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

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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.

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

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Strangers' Guide AND N. Y. CITY DIRECTORY

Prepared expressly for this Journal.

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