

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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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...

"Frozen Feet, &c."—GEORGE R. N. You will find a general good treatment for frozen feet in No. 95 of this Journal...

"Remedy for Choked Cattle."—AS SOON as discovered, raise the animal's head and pour down its throat one gill or more of oil of some kind...

"Stagnant Particles."—SAMUEL DARE, SELDOM. The only cure in the "Harbinger" for such a case will be found in the directions for rubbing and pounding, and magnetizing the parts affected...

"Cure for Dropsy."—J. B. H., MORNING, Ill. If your wife is afflicted with this distressing complaint she should not eat anything in the morning, but for a breakfast drink a tumbler half-full of good sweet oil...

"Cure for the Yells."—A. C., of ELBRIDGE, N. Y. It will be necessary to strengthen the diaphragm. When at the point of falling asleep, the diaphragm is suddenly relaxed...

"Movement Cure."—C. SHREAGER, BERKS Co., Pa. Your liberal inclosure "for services rendered" was duly and thankfully received. Few persons feel and express in like manner...

"To prevent Conception."—We are in frequent receipt of letters from parties in the marriage relation who are most anxious to obtain knowledge sufficient to prevent an increase of family...

"Independence as a Cure."—MRS. P., New York. Most of your symptoms arise from an unbalanced state of the vital forces. First of all, then, put your nerves in a steady condition...

"How to check a Hemorrhage."—An exchange says: "A medical friend, whose European experience gives value to his testimony, and whose heart has been pained by the number of deaths which have already taken place in our army from the loss of blood from wounds, begs us to suggest that the per-chloride of iron, an article to be obtained from all our larger druggists, will check hemorrhage even from large blood-vessels promptly and effectually..."

"Treatment for Diphtheria."—The following method of treating this terrible epidemic, is recommended by Dr. Terrill, of 15 Light street, this city...

H. A., REDFIELD, O.—We can assure you that Dr. G. is a well-educated physician, and a man of honor and humanity. His statements we know to be correct. You need not fear to trust her case in the hands of Mr. N. He is reliable.

L. H., NEW YORK.—What a good constitution you had to start life with! and how little you have obeyed its laws in your girlhood. Will you not caution every one to avoid exposure on the road to health. Do not let a trifle turn you away. Go right onward, Sister, obtain health, and teach wisdom from experience.

The Physician.

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

Medical Whispers.

BY THE EDITOR.

Our New Volume, "THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH," is calculated not only to serve purposes of public use, but to facilitate our dealing with special applications for relief through these columns, thereby affording needed time for investigations in other directions, as heretofore promised...

J. C. NEWTONS.—If, as you say, "the desire is natural," we will not prescribe anything to disturb it.

A. T., MILFORD, IND.—The treatment for "Stiff Ankles" will help your daughter. Better rub the cords with Cajuput Oil every morning.

BESS S., THOV.—Cannot get a whisper for the case you mention. Kneading over the uterus will eventually lead to absorption or excretion.

BYRON R., IND.—The "Harbinger" contains everything needful for your restoration. See the scrofula syrup and preparations for the skin.

Laura A. M. K., Wis.—It seems to us that "The Harbinger" will speak many things very plainly to you. It was duly mailed to your address.

A. ROBBINS.—Tell your wife to open and shut her eyes in warm water just before breakfast and dinner. This will save her from having much neuralgia in them.

SARAH J., LEWIS, OHIO.—Cannot give you the Doctor's address. At last accounts he was himself overworked and half-sick. We give you, instead, the address of Mrs. Caroline E. DORRIS, NEWARK, N. J.

LOIS P., INDEPENDENCE, O.—We know of nothing better for you than the cholera mixture, applied externally, and, according to directions, internally also, whenever your sufferings are severe. Make a less quantity.

CHARLES R. C., MOSTELLO, Wis.—Hip disease, especially in the young, should be treated magnetically. Your unfortunate son should be placed in charge of a magnetic Medium.

J. W., OCTOBER, Pa.—Your brother's son might be healed by a Magnetic physician. Perhaps you may receive good by addressing Dr. C. Robbins, Charlestown, Mass. He has made "fits" a specialty for the past fifteen years.

Hiram L., SYRACUSE.—Your wife's letter was probably not received. It is not on file. For a perfect mastery of throat and lung disease, see the new medical work. Encourage your companion to practice on the principles therein explained.

NATHAN ALDRICH, Cass Co., Mich.—If the cornea, which is the transparent and most prominent part of the eye, is attached to the inner coatings, an operation would be unsafe. Open and close your eyes in warm vinegar and water.

H. A., REDFIELD, O.—We can assure you that Dr. G. is a well-educated physician, and a man of honor and humanity. His statements we know to be correct. You need not fear to trust her case in the hands of Mr. N. He is reliable.

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"Truth Will Out."—Many pride themselves upon being wild young men, who are only wild beasts.

must die. He has no ability, until this struggle is decided, to digest food; and to cram his stomach with it, or to irritate the digestive organs with tonics and stimulants, is merely adding fuel to the fire; it is adding another to the great burdens the vital powers are obliged to sustain, and thus lessening the chances for nature to effect a cure.

Cloths wet in cold water, well covered with dry ones, should be applied to the throat and upper part of the chest, and renewed so often as they became warm or dry.

Frequent sips of cool water may be taken, sufficient to allay the painful sensations of thirst. The bowels should be freed by copious enemata of tepid water; the feet, if inclined to be cold, must be kept warm and comfortable by warm blankets or bottles of hot water.

"Curvature of the Spine."—The editor of the "Electric Journal" says: "We have this day seen a fine little boy, nine years of age, who is so deformed by a curvature of the spine, and other bones of the body, that he is really an object of pity. The history of the case is as follows: When about two years of age his parents observed that he showed symptoms of deformity. They applied to a regular physician, who regularly pronounced it feeble, and as regularly gave opium, chalk, and mineral waters, thus still further debilitating, and otherwise aggravating the disease, until the present deformity is the result. The difficulty with the child was that the nutrition was defective. The food did not contain sufficient lime, salt, sulphur, and potassa, to make bone; consequently the bones were mostly made up of animal matter, which made them soft and deformed by the weight of its body. What the child wanted was to have those elements which were wanting in his food, administered to him. If it had had this, after this deformity would have been obviated, as I have demonstrated hundreds of times. This case is by another monument erected to regular quackery."

"Poisonous Bites."—Almost all poisonous bites arise from the acidity of the virus; thus follows that an alkali is the best antidote, because an alkali and an acid are as much opposed to each other as light and darkness, as sweet and sour. And as expedition is sometimes the life of a man, it is of considerable practical importance to know what is the most universally available remedy. A handful of the fresh ashes of wood is the most generally accessible, pour on enough water, hot is best, to cover it, stir it quickly, and either apply the fluid part, that is the ley, with a rag or sponge, or have less water, and apply a poultice made of simple water and fresh wood ashes. Renew the poultice every half-hour until the hurting is entirely removed. As to minor insects, the relief is almost instantaneous. The next most convenient remedy is common spirits of hartshorn, a small vial of which should be in every family, and in every traveler's trunk, or carpet-bag, in summer-time, at least. Saleratus, dampened and applied to the wound or stung place, is not as powerful as hartshorn. It failed recently to cure the sting of a bee, the gentleman dying in convulsions within an hour after he was stung; this arose from some peculiarity of constitution, an "idiosyncrasy," as physicians term it.—"Journal of Health."

"To prevent Conception."—We are in frequent receipt of letters from parties in the marriage relation who are most anxious to obtain knowledge sufficient to prevent an increase of family. To each and to all, and one for all, we say that there is one doctor who can communicate the requisite information. He is an honorable man, a philanthropist in his way, is a believer in Spiritualism, and will not charge money for his instructions. Let all who seek to know the true secret, address "Dr. Frederick W. Evans (Sister) Lebanon, N. Y.," &c. No further notice will be hereafter taken of letters on this subject.

"Independence as a Cure."—MRS. P., New York. Most of your symptoms arise from an unbalanced state of the vital forces. First of all, then, put your nerves in a steady condition. This will promote a better circulation of blood. In addition to the movements recommended in the "HARBINGER," you should take a warm water bath once a week. After drying the surface of your body, give it a good coating of sweet oil. Study the laws of Health, and act up to your convictions, never once asking your family or neighbors whether they approve or not. It would greatly improve your health to feel the firm and power of moral and social independence.

"How to check a Hemorrhage."—An exchange says: "A medical friend, whose European experience gives value to his testimony, and whose heart has been pained by the number of deaths which have already taken place in our army from the loss of blood from wounds, begs us to suggest that the per-chloride of iron, an article to be obtained from all our larger druggists, will check hemorrhage even from large blood-vessels promptly and effectually. Four or five drops are sufficient to check completely the flow of blood from anything except the largest arteries, and a half-teaspoonful will arrest bleeding even from these. He advises that each non-commissioned officer should be provided with a small flat tin bottle of this, containing, say a couple of ounces, which he can wear in his breast-pocket, and that the bottle should have wound around it a little batt of cotton, on which the iron could be dropped or poured to apply it."

"Treatment for Diphtheria."—The following method of treating this terrible epidemic, is recommended by Dr. Terrill, of 15 Light street, this city—"The proper and only rational plan of medication, consists in local and general bathing, regulated precisely and at all times by the local distress and superficial temperature of the patient, and a due regard to pure air and proper ventilation. The patient is not inclined to take, and does not require food of any kind until the severity of the local inflammation and the violence of the fever have materially abated. The practice of continually stuffing the patient on stimulating slop-food, or on food of any kind, because he is weak and prostrated, is a most pernicious one, and is enough of itself to cause a fatal termination in many cases. In these low diarrheas and malignant forms of diseases, all the powers of the constitution are struggling with all their energies to throw out the morbid matter. If they succeed, the patient will recover; but if this effort is unsuccessful, the patient

MARY B., LEONIDAS.—Warm are our thanks for the renewal of your interest.

F. T. L., MASS.—Extracts from your lecture, on "Self-government," are received and filed for publication, but not at present.

S. H. W., VICTORY, N. Y.—Be very patient. Your questions, if not answered in reply to others, will be reached in time—or eternity. We cannot promise definitely. Have you not had some of your queries answered?

"Autobiography."—We were told, three years ago, that Mr. Giles B. Stebbins thought of writing an autobiography of seven large volumes. Whether the first part is ready, we do not know. Will Friend Stebbins keep us "posted" as to the said autobiography?

Is Christianity yet Discovered?

OUR POSITION DEFINED.

"THE HERALD OF PROGRESS."—This paper is ably edited by Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis. It has already some circulation in England; but many of our readers would find, in some of its articles, matter which would seriously offend their religious beliefs. We refer especially to those which deal with the Bible, and with the divinity of our Saviour, and which we believe to be unnecessary offensive to that large class which happily holds the opposite belief, and to have nothing to do, either in their original idea, or in their method of treatment, with any form of Spiritualism. In our opinion, they are only the relics of a shallow materialistic view of the Bible, and betray the folly of dealing with spiritual truths from the natural plane of thought. All the small discoveries of natural discrepancies which have been made over and over again; but to those who can feel prophetic truths, and the real power of prophetic writing, they are powerless to divert them from their great need of a revelation from God to man. A larger scope and a deeper insight would remove the Bible writings altogether from the attacks of these small, and, however, very numerous still, in this country as well as in America, and whose existence dates for some centuries before modern Spiritualism. We have every wish for the fullest and freest discussion of the subject in all its bearings; but such articles are not in any way needed, and we conceive that a building up of spiritual facts will never be possible without taking as its basis not only the spiritual truth of the Bible, but Christ as the corner-stone.

"When they argue from the inconsistencies in the Bible books, that the whole are therefore false, they show mainly their own want of understanding. The idea at the bottom of all this weak criticism is, that Christianity still remains to be discovered; an opinion from which we early dissent. For we believe it was written in the spirit of these Bible books long ages ago, and that our main purpose is to bring it forth these into a new and living power.

"In other respects our readers will find in this Paper, free, sterling thought, and much valuable reading."—From the Spiritual Magazine.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER. NEW YORK, Dec. 1861. "MRS. J.—hopes the editor will excuse her mentioning that she deeply regrets to find the otherwise valuable journal so bitter (?) against the Religion of Revelation. For her own part, she feels since she has been a Spiritualist, her faith in Jesus, as the Divine Man, in a corporeal and sinless body, greatly confirmed; and this she can say, although disliking Spiritualism and Methodism as much as the editor himself does."

ANOTHER CRITICISM.

"THE HERALD OF PROGRESS throws open its columns to all classes of religionists. The reader will find occasionally, from some of its correspondents, the utterance of a pure spiritual Christianity; but most frequently its pages are occupied by that orthodox would properly denounce as rank Infidelity, and of this character are the editorial articles. Davis, indeed, does not acknowledge the divinity of Christ; and it will thus be seen that Spiritualism does not mean any defined doctrine or creed."—B. COLEMAN, Esq., in the Spiritual Magazine.

OUR ANSWER.

"Freedom of thought in matters of Religion is so great a novelty in the world that it is still the occasion of measureless alarm wherever it makes its appearance. There are certain doctrines, opinions, and beliefs, current in all religious systems, which to challenge, or to doubt, however reverently the doubt be expressed, is sacrilege. Religion is the love of sacred objects, and to cast suspicion upon the sanctity of those objects is to wound the religious sentiment. But if the things thus held in reverence are unworthy of regard, or unworthy of the measure of regard bestowed upon them, what are we to do? Must we forego criticism, lest we offend the pious emotions of the devout? Or shall we not rather lay bare the imperfections of the adored object, and thus purify the religious sentiment? If we are not permitted to do this, what system of false religion may not endure forever? If the sensibilities of the worshiper are to guarantee his beliefs immunity from criticism, why then the crocodile worship of the Egyptian will, in this respect, stand on the same footing with the Christian mysteries. Christianity, in its early history, advanced by offending the religious sense of thousands of worshippers. Old gods never give place to new without seriously disturbing the reverence of innumerable adorers. Shall any special phase of Christian worship, or belief, now claim exemption from criticism, on the plea that the sentiments en-

gaged to that belief are too sacred and tender to be questioned? Hardly; it is too late in the day for the plea to avail. The day of judgment is opened, and Religion itself is on trial.

Freedom of thought in religious matters means precisely this: That every doctrine, every belief, every form of worship, the intrinsic truth and excellence of which are not self-evident, is open to question. There is no other limit than this. Religion must rest at last on axioms that are vouched for by the universal reason of man, and when these are reached a system will be discovered that is not sensitive to criticism. Calm in its own beautiful strength, it will invite the assaults of Reason, knowing that it has nothing to fear therefrom, but everything to gain. If the opposite principle is taken as the rule, namely, that what passes as sacred in any worship, creed, or system of religions, is to be taken as verily sacred, and shielded from the assaults of doubt and denial simply because it is accepted, then all idolatries, even the grossest, repose on a foundation that can never be shaken.

Doubtless criticism of religious opinions should be conducted with candor and kindness, and regard for the sensitive piety which maintains them; but it speaks ill for the sincerity of the devotee, if he winces under the manner in which his cherished beliefs are assailed, more than at the real strength of the arguments which are directed at their heart. And so we are inclined to think that the gist of the offensiveness of the modern attacks upon the accepted Christianity, consists more in their essential truthfulness than in the mean and vulgar spirit in which they are too frequently put forth. We think so because we are not willing to suppose that the mass of Christian worshippers are hypocritical in regard to their creeds, or that the real truth is less dear to them than they seem to account it. Men do not tremble at the mode of the assault upon the outworks when the enemy are pressing into the citadel.

What is Christianity? Who knows, who can tell amid the confused babble of more than three hundred Christian sects? This divine revelation, that is said to be a method of leading the world to the reign of love and peace, by the acceptance of a common faith—what, after eighteen hundred years, has it produced? Much more doubt whether there ever was a Christ, than unity in the views of his functions or office. If some few have discovered Christ and Christianity, they have lamentably failed in coming to a common understanding of what they have discovered, and failed still more seriously in bringing their discovery to the knowledge of the millions. So far as our experience has gone, those who have "found Christ" are considerably inferior in human virtues to those who are "without Christ in the world." We speak, of course, of technical Christians—those who profess (!) the accepted religion. We certainly would not send a Pagan to "the works" of modern Christians to learn the superior excellence of their system.

Suppose we were to refer him to the sects for a knowledge of their faith. What would he get? From one he would learn that Christ is God, while God is not Christ; from another that he is a mere man, though divinely inspired; from one that he is to be worshipped; from another that worship is to be paid only to God; from one that every sentence of the Bible is infallible truth; from another that only the spirit of the book is infallible. If, like a true philosopher, he were to generalize the doctrines of the various sects, all that he would find, common to all, would be that there is a Supreme Ruler of the Universe, and that man survives death. The only tenet on which all the churches coincide is simple theism, with the Christ omitted. This is what a Pagan would learn from the united creeds of all phases of Christian belief.

But perhaps Christianity is discovered in the New Testament. How can it be when within its contents are contained the eggs that have hatched into these multitudinous hostile, quarreling, jangling, and wrangling sects? The Christianity of the New Testament, forsooth! The Church has been looking for it there ever since the spiritual manifestations of her early days ceased, and the result has been, and will continue to be, ever-widening religious discord. Practical unity can never grow out of the interpretation of written documents. The letter of the New Testament is the instrument of the indefinite pulverization of the Church; and of the divinity of its contents in this respect, we do not entertain a doubt. When the Church is ground to powder, the Kingdom of Love will come; but they cannot both occupy the earth at once.

But suppose we take the worship of Christ as God to be the essence of Christianity. Is there any prospect of its universal triumph, or any tendency thereto? We have had a historical trial of this religion for eighteen hundred years, and the thoughtful reception of it, in point of mere numbers, is less than in the

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

Numerous letters yet remain in our drawer waiting for suitable "Whispers," which may appear in our next number.

"PATIENTS," EVERYWHERE.—The editor cannot find time to reply to correspondents by mail. Business letters will be answered, if necessary, from the office, without delay.

D. E. T., NEWARK.—Yes, William R. Hayden was once editor of the "Star-spangled Banner."

S. D., KITTITOWN.—The work may be ordered through this office. Price, postpaid, 50 cts.

"FRANK," BATTLE CREEK.—Your paper, on the importance of a "Systematic Movement," will receive attention very soon.

V. N., LINWOOD, O.—The package for Victor's son is received; also your remittance for the extra papers.

JOHN C., CLEVELAND, O.—The expression is contained in Acts xxiii: 9. The question is put in Heb. 1: 14.

DR. BENJAMIN, N. Y.—Swedenborg was born at Stockholm, in Sweden, on the 29th of January, 1688. His father was a Bishop and a voluminous author.

"ISAAC," PHILADELPHIA.—We hereby acknowledge for publication your epistle to the brethren. "The Bible the Test of Truth," must be a consolation to you.

third and fourth centuries. We admit that the *unthinking* reception of it is greater now than then. But what is the value of the worship of Christ among thoughtless millions, when his divinity is put on a level with that of the Virgin Mary? Is the power and value of a religion to be estimated by the number of its brainless adherents?

Among thinking Christians the worship tends to perpetual discord, because the true ideal of the Christ has no touch-stone of fact, and hence there must be as many Christs as there are heads to picture him. Think of Pio Nono and Dr. Bushnell partaking of a common sacrament on the ground of their love of a common divine Master! Every strong-minded religious genius, as for example, a Kingsley, puts into the ideal personality of his Christ, attributes that require a new ritual of worship; and, therefore, if his ideal prevails largely, there arises a new sect to correspond. Methodism, Presbyterianism, Campbellism, Shakerism, Quakerism, are but so many religious sects originating in as many varying phases of the ideal of Christ. "But we can go to the gospels to correct our ideals." Alas! these ideals came out of the gospels, which are the fertile sources of hundreds more. The truth is, Christ is not discovered—and never can be by study of the sacred documents. The accepted Christ is nothing but a temporary religious idol created by that same skeptical spirit of inquiry, that in Voltaire, Strauss, and Feurbach, reduces the portrait of the New Testament to that of a simple Galilean reformer. The Christ of John Calvin is something more than second cousin to the Christ of Servetus. The paterfamilias of both is to be found in the Evangelists.

The human mind has no touch-stone for its Christ, we repeat; and therefore Christ-worship must give way to some other form of religion; especially the accepted ideal of him. If this ideal could be revealed to the senses, it would be a very different matter; and even then we might inquire how long it would continue such after the senses could grasp, and measure it. A *seen* Christ would soon pall on the religious appetite, even in heaven.

The great secret of religious progress consists in divorcing the sentiment from fixed ideals, that is, idols, and giving it room to expand indefinitely upward. Nothing can command our everlasting adoration, but an object that can reveal forever new and unthought-of attributes. The religious world clings to the received Christ—a being who sets the two sacraments above all natural duties—because its aspirations for a perfect life are unsatisfied. If it were filled with generous devotion and glorious hopes of endless life and love, its Christ would vanish, because that personage would fall short of its realized aspirations.

With no power to verify this Christ and reveal him to the world, or to point out any *sure* way to find him, it is simple impertinence in the churches to insist on adoration of him as a known reality, or upon any reliable source for discovering his precepts. The more such claims are asserted in his behalf, and the more dogmatically they are put forward, the more thorough and profound will be the aversion of the world to them. The received Christianity must extend its authority by something better than simple arrogance, and so complacent an assumption of being undoubtedly right, that no doubt of its pretensions can be legitimately entertained. We say received Christianity; for a scheme of Christian doctrine commending itself to universal acceptance on the ground of its intrinsic rationality, and of claims that are self-evident, *does not exist*, and is not known to a single human soul. "The divinity of Christ must be accepted." Very well; but of what Christ? Is it Pio Nono's, or Swedenborg's? Is it Count Zinzendorf's or Ann Lee's, or Ignatius Loyola's? "Who will show us Christ?" If we ascend into the theological heaven, we cannot find him; if we descend into the sectarian Hades, he is not there.

There is another scheme of action and precept sometimes styled Christianity. We will briefly sketch its features. It teaches self-sacrifice, and devotion to the welfare of man, humility, temperance, chastity, and purity of thought and life. It teaches adherence to Truth in all possible relations—in action, by honesty, integrity, and the love of excellence;—in speculation, by the utmost freedom of inquiry, and the disowning of all dogmatic authorities, by unpretending sincerity, and the utmost faith in Truth itself. It teaches that God is no respecter of persons, and that the road to Heaven is open from all places, and to all hearts that seek it in simple, child-like trust; that no creed, no book, no personal mediator, is the infallible and indispensable conduit to man of the divine graces and the divine beatitudes. If any one has found in the editorial columns of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, infidelity to this sort of Christianity, we would tell him that the error is anything but intentional; and any appearance of it would be to us an occasion rather of sorrow than boasting. To the Christ that is the author of such Christianity, we acknowledge fealty; but we are certain that he is not concerned as to whether we are baptized or whether we partake of the symbolic bread and wine; neither is he desirous to be worshipped, nor that we should belong to a sect, nor that we look upon the Bible as infallible. He is no timid and anxious Deity, in constant distress lest we should not call him Lord! Lord! This is the Christ that seems to us to say to poor sectarian bigots: "Come unto me, all that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" But it is very certain that he will never be seen complaining and lamenting among men that he is not worshipped as the Supreme Deity. He is altogether too modest for that! He does not wish to be flattered, much less to be adored! This is the *meek and lovely* Christ

that exerts our devotion. It is in his name, that we give even technical "in-jets" free speech, and call them no hard names. Are we not right in so doing? D. L.

Childhood.

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

The Slaves, the Dog, and the Mule.

AN EGYPTIAN LEGEND.

A Story for Christmas and New Years.

BY STEPHEN J. W. TARDOR.

I presume there are very few of the youthful readers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS who have not seen the famous tales of the *Thousand and One Nights*; and the story I am about to tell, though containing nothing miraculous or impossible, has a somewhat similar air to the wonderful narrations told by Shehrazade to her husband. This oriental complexion comes from the fact that I have just been reading an Arabian legend, given by a French traveler, entitled, *P. Aric et le Trésor*. On taking my pen to write something for your amusement, my fancy continued to rove in the same regions. I have also reproduced an incident or two set forth by the Frenchman, but with so many modifications as hardly to be the same. Little folks, however, are like great folks, in not relishing long prolixes. I will not weary you further with this, but rather introduce you immediately to the characters of my narrative.

I.—THE CRUEL MASTER.

In that quarter of *El Kahira*, or Cairo, as it is called in our English tongue, where the Mussulmen reside, in a house of ordinary size and appearance, there was a young man weeping over the loss of his father, who had just been buried. The name of this young man was Rajeb. He was without either father or mother, as the latter had died many years before. Rajeb was alone in the world, and had no one to depend upon but himself. With grief he realized how illly prepared he was to battle with the difficulties of life. He had not been brought up to business. His father had always humored his caprices, and allowed him to arrive at manhood without any trade or profession. He unfortunately had great expectations, and relying on these he had neglected to acquire the means of making himself independent. He had an old and infirm uncle, who resided at Birket, about ten miles from Cairo, where the caravans meet. This uncle was supposed to be immensely rich, although he lived in a very parsimonious style, and would almost die rather than part with money. He was unmarried, and had no other relatives than Rajeb, who was consequently his legal heir. But old Jenson—for that was his name—showed no intentions of dying. With all his ailments and complaints, he tenaciously adhered to life, and Rajeb fared like many other people who wait for dead men's shoes. And now his father's death compelled him to do something for a livelihood, as otherwise he would soon be reduced to want.

His whole fortune consisted of the house, and the sum of one thousand sequins—a sequin being a Turkish coin worth then about two dollars. This sum, he well knew, would soon melt away, in such a city as Cairo. After long considering what he should do, he determined to convert the lower room of his dwelling into a store, and to invest his money in some kind of merchandise. He accordingly went out to see what purchases he could make. As he proceeded moodily and unobtrusively along the streets, he was suddenly aroused from his meditations by loud groans and heavy blows. Looking up, he perceived he was passing a splendid mansion. Out of the front door rushed a poor black slave, and close behind him followed his enraged master. The latter was beating the former most cruelly about the face and head with a heavy whip. The slave's face was gashed and bleeding. His right eye was lacerated and swollen, and the sight of it was destroyed by a cut of the lash. As the master smote, the slave, who was old and feeble, screamed and fled. The tyrant who beat him, pursued, and said, "I'll kill you, rascal, I'll kill you!" Then with the butt end of the whip, which was loaded with lead, he struck him on his head with all his strength. His victim fell bleeding and senseless on the ground. The inhuman master stamped on the breast of the slave as he thus lay prostrate and unconscious. The wretch was about to repeat the cruelty, when Rajeb thrust him aside and cried out, "Stop, assassin, in the name of Allah, stop!"

"How dare you?" exclaimed the master, "how dare you interfere with me for punishing a slave?"

"This is not punishment," said Rajeb, "it is murder. See! the poor black appears to be killed!"

"Dead or alive, it is nothing to you," roared the master, "and I will not be interfered with!"

Thus speaking, he plucked out a dagger and menaced Rajeb with a blow. The motion excited yet more the indignation of the young man, and instantly knocking the dagger from the other's hand, he likewise tumbled him over on the ground. By this time several police officers reached the place, and a crowd were gathered about the parties. The officers took the combatants into custody, and raising the senseless slave in their arms, all three were brought before a magistrate near at hand. When they came to the office, the black showed some signs of returning consciousness, and after taking a draught of water, regained

possession of his senses, though he was weak and faint.

II.—THE SLAVES.

When the case was heard it appeared that Abou-Zobo, the master, was enraged at Saladin, the poor bondman, because he refused to continue the scourging of a female slave who had already been terribly beaten. This slave was also brought into court, and her back was found raw and lacerated with stripes. The crime of Aurine, this second beaten victim, was her refusal to submit to the lust of him who "owned" her.

When the magistrate had learned the facts, he informed Abou-Zobo that he had broken the laws of Cairo, and the precepts of the prophet Mahomed, by which slaves were protected against inhuman cruelties; that he was liable to imprisonment, fine, and the confiscation of his property in the slaves. Had the magistrate meted out justice with unswerving impartiality, he would have punished the brutal Abou-Zobo in all these modes; but such is the influence of wealth that the confiscation of the slaves themselves was the only penalty inflicted. Accordingly the slaves were then appraised by the judge, and offered for sale for the benefit of the city treasury.

While this was transacting, Saladin crept to Rajeb and said, "Allah bless you, my protector! Oh! can you not buy us? We will serve you faithfully. We will work for you day and night!"

"Poor fellow," said Rajeb, "gladly would I do so, but I am too poor to purchase slaves."

As he said this, Saladin and Amine, who had also approached him, both sighed deeply, and their eyes filled with tears.

"Oh! that we could be servants to a man that has compassion for the miserable!" said the weeping girl. "Oh! that our protector was rich!"

Rajeb's heart was filled with grief for the hapless creatures, and he was very sorry he could not purchase them and restore them to liberty. Saladin was valued at two hundred and Amine at three hundred sequins. This amounted to half his fortune; and reflecting that he could not afford to buy them, he was about to leave the court room, when he noticed Abou-Zobo whispering to a slave-dealer. He was satisfied there was a plot to regain the confiscated servants. Then giving way to his generous impulses, he immediately purchased them both, and the three left together for his house. As he was going out he passed near Abou-Zobo, and that person muttered:

"We shall meet again, young man; I mean to have vengeance for this!"

On their way home Rajeb called at a clothing store where garments for both sexes were sold, and expended twenty sequins more for handsome and suitable dresses for his new servants. When they arrived at his dwelling he carefully attended to their wounds, and when they had each taken a bath and put on the clothes Rajeb had given them, they came to him, and kneeling down with tears of gratitude in their eyes, they took his hands, kissing them, told him they would be faithful to him till death.

"Let us work," they said, "and see how industrious we will be!"

Rajeb noticed there was an uncommon grace and intelligence about these slaves. They expressed themselves in good Arabic, and showed marks of culture and education. He learned that they had been kidnapped from a Mohammedan province in Nubia; that they belonged to the same tribe, and that letters and the arts were cultivated to a considerable extent among them. Saladin was now about sixty years of age and had been much respected in his tribe. Amine was twenty years old and had been stolen at the same time as Saladin. They had been in slavery ten years. They were first sold to Abou-Zobo's father, with whom they had lived till within a few months, when they fell by inheritance to Abou-Zobo himself. Before that time he had been connected with a caravan, but on his father's decease he had moved into the paternal mansion, and taken possession of the property. Having been long together, and under these circumstances, an affection like that of father and daughter existed between Saladin and Amine.

Saladin taught her all he could, and her quick powers of intellect enabled her to profit readily by instruction. She was black, it is true, but she was a black Cleopatra. Her features were Caucasian in shape, her eyes dark and sparkling, and her teeth like ivory. Her figure was finely formed, graceful, and rounded into those proportions of tropical luxuriance which the Turks consider so essential to beauty. Saladin's appearance and many form were equally striking, and notwithstanding his sixty years, and the cruelties he had suffered, he was still active and vigorous. Such were the "chattels" whose bones and sinews, and even whose souls Abou-Zobo pretended to own; whose bodies he scourged, and whose submission to his unbridled passions he exacted.

III.—OSTRICH FEATHERS AND FANS.

Rajeb revolted at the idea of owning slaves. As soon as he had made his purchases neat, clean, and as comfortable as their wounds would permit, he examined Saladin's injured eye; he found the sight destroyed, but was still in hopes that the organ, when healed, would not be much disfigured, as proved to be the case. He found himself unexpectedly with two slaves on his hands, and with nothing about which he could profitably employ them. He determined to treat them as human beings and lay his case frankly before them. This he did, and then told them he should that very day secure them their liberty in accordance with all the forms of law; he would then try to find something for them to do, and when they had repaid the expense they had occasioned

him he should have no further claim upon them. Saladin and Amine were penetrated with gratitude, and protested they were willing to serve him for life; but he was firm in his purpose.

At this moment one of Rajeb's neighbors entered the house to borrow some rice, and stopping a little while to chat, said the Bey had been searching all over Cairo trying to find a fan of ivory and ostrich leathers colored and made like one pictured among the paintings in the great pyramid. He wanted it to present to his new bride. He had failed to find one or anybody who could make it. The neighbor had no sooner gone than Saladin said the dyeing and working of ostrich feathers, and the carving and ornamenting of ivory were employments with which he was familiar before he was kidnapped, and that he thought he could make a fan of any specified pattern.

This chance visit and gossip of his neighbor turned Rajeb's thoughts into a new channel. He invested his remaining funds in ostrich feathers, ivory, dye-stuffs, tools, and other necessary articles. He commenced the manufacture of plumes, feather ornaments, fans, and the like. He and Amine both became pupils of Saladin and soon rivaled their instructor in expertness. Amine surpassed him, for whatever her hands touched seemed to go by magic. Rajeb opened a pleasant shop in his house for the sale of his articles, and in a very short time his merchandise was in repute throughout all the city. He furnished the Bey with a fan that was the admiration of the whole court. This, of course, procured Rajeb the patronage of the aristocratic and wealthy circles, and that made his manufactures at once fashionable. Saladin and Amine were indefatigable in their labors, and were both steadfastly faithful and trustworthy. As a cook and housewife Amine had no superior in Cairo, and as a shopman and workman Saladin was all that could be desired. The hum of business and the songs of content went up in Rajeb's house from morning till night, and the carols of Amine's happy voice awakened Rajeb and Saladin at the dawn.

IV.—NEW TROUBLES.

At the end of the year Saladin and Amine had paid for themselves and remunerated Rajeb for all the expenses he had incurred for them. But his house was their home. They were hired at liberal wages, and nothing would have induced them to leave their protector. The three were strongly attached to each other—or, I should say the *four*, because during the last three months of the year the house had yet another tenant—this was a large and noble mastiff.

During one of Rajeb's walks in the suburbs of Cairo, he saw a farmer on the point of killing a fine dog. On inquiring he found the animal had been caught in a destructive trap that had been set for wild beasts, and his leg hopelessly broken, as the farmer said, so that he could be of no use on the farm, and therefore he was going to kill him. Rajeb pitied the poor mastiff, who looked up confidently in his master's face while threatened with the death-club. Rajeb willingly paid five sequins to save him, and had him taken home. There, with Saladin's assistance, he splintered and bandaged the leg, and took such care of it, that Ponto, for such was the dog's name, in a few weeks was as well as ever. He proved a noble watch-dog, and at night when the others slept, Ponto guarded the premises with unflinching vigilance.

Such was the state of the Rajeb household. All were prosperous. Rajeb was free from debt, and besides his house and merchandise, had amassed money to the amount of three thousand sequins. In a year he had trebled the amount left him by his father—thanks to the fortunate day his compassion led him to purchase Saladin and Amine. Only one thing troubled them. Occasionally they saw Abou-Zobo pass the house; his mean countenance scowling with hatred, and his malignant eyes threatening them with some harm. Alas! their dread was too well founded.

One night after they had noticed Abou-Zobo passing by, they closed up their shop as usual, retiring to bed, and leaving the faithful Ponto in the shop. About two o'clock the next morning Rajeb was awakened by a terrible barking of the dog and a smell of smoke. He hastily threw on some clothes and rushed to the door. The house was on fire. The flames were bursting up the only stairway by which he could descend. He was alarmed for his life. To throw himself from the window was dangerous and nearly certain death, as the fence pickets of a neighbor's yard were directly under it.

Just then he heard something strike the side of the house, and heard Saladin's voice, crying:

"Master! master! Awake! awake! Fire! fire! Here's a ladder! here's a ladder!"

Rajeb ran to the window and leaped on the ladder, which was held by Saladin and Amine, and reached the ground in safety. He was just in season, for he had no sooner touched the earth than the roof and walls of the house fell in. The inmates had all saved their lives, but everything else was lost. Saladin and Amine had been awakened by Ponto, and on getting out and observing Rajeb's danger, they took immediate means to save him. The family were safe, but entirely destitute.

The exertions of the people who had by this time assembled, prevented the fire from spreading further. At sunrise the danger was over to the adjoining houses, and Rajeb, Saladin, Amine, and Ponto looked mournfully on the smoldering heap of what had been their house. Amine wept as if her heart would break. The grief of the other three,

for Ponto seemed to share their grief, was deep and silent.

Rajeb had no doubt his house had been burned by Abou-Zobo, but how could he prove it, and if he did prove it would that restore his property? In looking about the premises he found trod down in the rubbish, a piece of cloth which had been torn from a coat, on which was a singular button. Saladin recognized it as like some worn by Abou-Zobo. It seemed as if Ponto had jumped through the window and seized the incendiary and torn his clothes in the struggle. Rajeb had Abou-Zobo brought into court, but all the evidence he had was the button which had been found, and the judge was unable to convict on that alone, though, notwithstanding all the riches of Abou-Zobo, nearly all those conversant with the circumstances believed him to be the criminal.

During the trial of the suit, Rajeb's neighbors willingly received him and his servants into their houses. Their honesty and goodness were such that they were beloved by all who knew them, and all deplored their loss. As soon as Rajeb had recovered a little from the shock, he told Saladin and Amine that as he had no claim upon them, they were at liberty to consult their own best interests. They both declared they would not permanently separate from him, and that he must not drive them to do so.

Rajeb was touched with their affection, and determined to exert all his courage and resolution to reinstate himself in his old business. He consented, however, that Saladin and Amine should assist him and have an interest in proportion to their contributions. Amine was hired out at good wages to a pastry cook near by. Saladin was employed at an ample remuneration as head servant in a flourishing coffee-house in the street where he was well known.

While Rajeb reflected upon what he should do, Ibrahim, a Jew, who also lived in the street, and who was generally supposed to be very hard-hearted because he loaned money, came to him voluntarily, and offered to supply him with funds to any amount he wished, for the rebuilding of his house and the restoration of his business, and this without any other security than a lien on the property itself. Rajeb gladly accepted the offer. He had the rubbish immediately cleared from the ground, employed numerous workmen, and soon had a house more neat, commodious, and handsome than that which had been burned down.

Saladin's and Amine's wages assisted him in buying stock, and at the end of six months the family were reunited. Rajeb gave a little party on the occasion of his taking possession of his new dwelling. The pastry-cook, the keeper of the coffee-house, the Jew, and other neighbors and their families, made a cheerful and happy assemblage. They all heartily wished their host success, and those who had marriageable daughters told him there was but one thing wanting to insure success, and that was a good wife.

Rajeb commenced business again with a debt of five thousand sequins to the Jew, and several hundred to Saladin and Amine. His merchandise, however, found a ready sale, and he confidently looked forward to the time when he should be free from debt, and have money laid by in store. He was in this happy state when a new crisis took place in his life, checking it with great joys and great grievances. He fell in love!

V.—THE RESCUE.

He was one afternoon walking by the river Nile, near where the canal empties into it, when he observed two pleasure-boats sailing along, one a splendid barge with a score of oars, and the other a small craft with only two. The larger one in passing the smaller one overturned it, and Rajeb heard the screams of a woman, and saw the flutter of a white dress as she was precipitated into the water. In a moment he plunged into the stream and swam to the spot. As the drowning woman rose to the surface, he seized her by her dress and bore her to a little island near by in the river. He drew her out on the beach and proceeded to assist her. He tore the veil, with which all Mohammedan women cover their faces in public, from her face. The first glance he caught of her charming countenance, straggled and convulsed as she was, showed him that she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Rajeb loosened her clothes, to give more freedom to her respiration, and rendered her other assistance, which soon had the desired effect. She began to breathe regularly, and opening her eyes, inquired where she was. When she saw Rajeb, her first impulse led her to gather her clothes about her, and deep blushes overspread her features.

"How did I come here?" she said, "and where is my father?"

Rajeb explained the circumstances, and quieted her fears about her father by telling her he had succeeded in getting upon the boat—which had been turned bottom-side-up—and had floated down the stream. He told her her father could not but have noticed him swimming with her to the island, and that some time might elapse before he could get there, as his oars were lost. He also told her the barge which had overturned her father's boat belonged to a rich and insolent man named Abou-Zobo, and that he had not even stopped to see whether the persons whom he had precipitated into the water were drowned or not. Rajeb's eyes feasted themselves on the countenance and figure of his lovely companion as he addressed her. The warmth of the weather was such that the wetting did her no harm, further than frightening her. She wrung the water out of her clothes as well as she could, and their limp condition made them so cling to her as to reveal the elegance of her

form more completely than if they had not been wet.

Her dress was composed of common materials, and she appeared to belong to the same rank in life as herself. She was unmistakably rich, however, in beauty and modesty. Rajeb was enraptured as he gazed. His companion was superlatively lovely. She was young, and her figure, charming as it was, had not yet attained its full perfection of beauty. Her eyes, beaming with innocence and intelligence, were dark and melting, and her luxuriant ringlets of silky hair matched her eyes in color. There was, too, throughout her features, the ennobling stamp of mind—the imprint of a heart capable of loving deeply and unchangeably.

A conversation naturally arose between the parties thus thrown together, and they each learned the history of the other. Her name was Therezah, and she was the daughter of Abul, a cloth merchant. She was taking a pleasure-ride with her father when the accident happened which precipitated her into the river, where she would have perished but for a courageous and noble deliverer. Her eyes moistened as she said this, and her voice assumed a tenderness of tone which made it tenfold music to Rajeb's ears.

In those warm climates, where the sun heats the blood as well as the earth, and in those countries where women are secluded from general society, courtships advance with a rapidity unknown to colder regions, and to American communities. Two hours elapsed before Abul could reach his daughter, but when he arrived Rajeb had already declared his affection—Therezah had acknowledged she returned it, and had consented that her lover should ask her hand of her father. Abul thanked Rajeb heartily for his generous conduct, and invited him to call at his home. He carried him to the mainland, and then rowed to his own house, as he lived on the bank of the river. Rajeb went home with a new emotion in his bosom. The beauty and grace of the young girl had touched his heart, and he felt that she was necessary to his happiness. She was constantly in his thoughts, and, sleeping or waking, there was a lovely form before him, her handsome eyes melting with tenderness, and her white neck and bosom adorned by a profusion of dark tresses.

He determined to ask her in marriage without longer delay. He was well received by Abul, who really liked the young man who had saved his daughter's life, and who was thrifty and honest, as he had satisfactorily ascertained. But when they came to talk of the marriage-present to be made to the father by the bridegroom, according to the custom of the country, Abul demanded five thousand sequins. Therezah's beauty was known, and he had many offers for her hand, which he had hitherto refused on account of his daughter's resemblance to his deceased wife, and his own desire to keep her with him. Alas! Rajeb had not the money, but Abul was inexorable. He consented, however, to wait six months for Rajeb to procure the stipulated sum. In six months Therezah would complete her seventeenth year—an age older than women usually are in Cairo and tropical countries when they marry. If Rajeb then could comply with the conditions, he might receive Therezah—otherwise he must retire forever.

Rajeb returned to his mansion, conceiving on the way the most sorrowful reflections. How much at this moment did he realize the power of riches! How sensibly did he appreciate the privileges which attended wealth! As may well be supposed, he slept less this night than upon the others succeeding his meeting with Therezah. He tortured his mind in attempting to invent some plan by which he could immediately raise five thousand sequins. He could not sell his house and merchandise, as both were held by the Jew as security for the loaned money. He could think of no other way than the slow means of his business.

VI.—DESIRE FOR MONEY.

For five and a half months Rajeb, Saladin, and Amine devotedly applied themselves to their labor. In that time, such was the demand for their elegant articles, they succeeded in amassing two thousand sequins. This sum Rajeb knew he ought to pay to the Jew, but such was his necessity, that he determined to apply it to the marriage portion, and if he could, he resolved to borrow three thousand sequins more from the same person. He waited upon Ibrahim and confidently explained his situation, showing that all his happiness in life depended upon his having five thousand sequins at the end of two weeks. He exhibited a schedule showing the exact state of his business, and the resources upon which he might probably calculate to pay his debts. The friendly Jew, thoroughly convinced of the young man's integrity and ability, promised to loan him the sum desired. It was agreed that Rajeb should, in the mean time, gain what he could himself, and that whatever deficiency there then might be, should be supplied from the coffers of Ibrahim. The morning was now advanced, and Rajeb bid adieu to his kind friend, wringing his hand with grateful emotion as he left him.

The next day Rajeb hastened to impart his good news to Therezah. Ever since their acquaintance they had kept up a clandestine correspondence. As often as he could Rajeb would row himself in a little boat under the latticed window of her room, which, fortunately for them, overlooked the river. The duenna who had charge of Therezah was favorably inclined to the lovers, and had often been mollified by generous presents from Rajeb. She allowed the intimacy, and as often as the little boat took its station, she permitted the lovers to exchange bouquets, one of which was tossed

in and the other out of the window, and each bouquet was freighted with a letter; for Therezah, unlike most of the women of the city, had been taught to write in order to assist her father in his accounts.

Sometimes Therezah would stealthily keep the lattice open for a few moments, and thus give Rajeb an opportunity to see her. They then tossed kisses to each other, and indulged in various affectionate signals which are always greatly relished by lovers. After such an interview, Rajeb would be unusually happy for several days, and there would be a strife between him and Amine as to which could sing the merriest and sweetest songs. When his arrangement with Ibrahim seemed to render it certain that he should succeed in gaining the object of his wishes, as I have said, he hastened to communicate the joyful intelligence. He was successful in flinging his bouquet into Therezah's room and in having one dropped from her window into his boat. She stood by the open lattice. She saw by his beaming and happy looks, that his news was good. Their exchanges of the little panomimes of love were this time doubly enthusiastic. But the rigor of Turkish customs gave them but a moment for these pleasures, and Rajeb had very soon to hurry away. In his own house he read her note.

It was fortunate indeed that Ibrahim had come to his succor. Therezah wrote him that there was another competitor for her hand, and this was the hated Abou-Zobo, the rich. All the particulars were not communicated in the note, but enough were told Rajeb to inform him of the state of affairs. A few days before, as she was attending worship in a crowded mosque, a woman beside her fainted from the closeness of the air, and in falling, so grasped Therezah's veil as to pull it quite off, and to scatter her long hair all over her shoulders and down her back. She was thus exhibited in all her beauty to the whole congregation and created a general hum of admiration. She covered herself again as soon as possible, but before she could do so, her exquisite loveliness had been gazed over by Abou-Zobo, who was there, and who did not lose sight of her till he traced her home. He then sought out her father and offered himself in marriage.

Abul told him she was promised to Rajeb, provided he brought there on his daughter's seventeenth birthday, then near at hand, the sum of five thousand sequins as a marriage present. Abul was dazzled at the idea of having for a son-in-law the richest man in Cairo. He told Abou-Zobo that he was satisfied Rajeb would be unable to raise the money, and that if he did not, the engagement was at an end. Abou-Zobo was more earnest in his suit when he found his rival was the man he hated. Regardless of Therezah's wishes, and not asking about her feelings, he said if he could be at once accepted, he would double the marriage present—treble it—quadruple it! Each offer was rejected. Although Abul loved money, and considered it right for a father to marry his daughter "advantageously" without consulting her, he had yet honor enough to abide by his word. His word was pledged to Rajeb, and by that he should stand. If Rajeb brought the five thousand sequins, as stipulated, Therezah would be given to him. If he failed, Abou-Zobo could take his place by quadrupling the sum.

This piece of commercial shrewdness Abul allowed himself—such conduct being in accordance with public opinion in Cairo. There marriage is a matter of commerce. Among the Turks women are married to money, to rank, to position, to a home. How fortunate that the like is never done in Christian countries! How happy we should be that no such thing ever happens in our glorious republic! Abou-Zobo was obliged to take his leave on these terms, but he resolved to secure Therezah even if he had to kill his rival. Neither Rajeb or Therezah knew all this, but they knew Abou-Zobo had offered himself. They knew he possessed countless riches. They knew he was utterly unscrupulous and wicked. Oh, how Rajeb rejoiced that Ibrahim had come to his assistance! Yet he trembled lest something might intervene to thwart his anticipations. Only some ten days of the time remained unexpired, and he resolved to go the very next day and get the money and have that certainly ready.

VII.—GRATITUDE AND DEVOTION.

Rajeb arose in the morning with this project in view. He little thought of the difficulties which were to thicken in his path. When he went to the Jew's house, he found that Ibrahim had died suddenly of the apoplexy a few hours after their last interview. He also learned that Abou-Zobo had bought the note he had given the Jew, doubtless mercifully to enforce its payment as soon as it became due, which would be in six months more. He returned home with a heavy heart. He had hardly strength to cross the threshold, and as he did so, fell senseless on the floor. When his consciousness returned, he found himself lying on his bed, and the faithful Saladin, Amine, and Ponto standing around him. Ponto could not speak; but Saladin and Amine were shedding tears, and exclaimed, "What is the matter, master?" for so they would always call him, "what is the matter?"

With a broken voice and many sighs, Rajeb explained everything to them. "I must lose my angel," he cried; "never can she be mine."

Saladin and Amine wept, and Ponto mournfully licked his master's hand. Suddenly Saladin dropped on his knees. "Oh, master," he exclaimed, "sell me—sell me! I have grown young and stout since I have lived with you. I would bring three thousand sequins."

"No, no," said Amine, her dark eyes glist-

ening through her tears, "no, no! Let me be sold, and not an old man like Saladin."

Rajeb was unutterably affected. For some moments he could not speak, and only clasped their hands in silence. Then he said, "Dear friends, could I be happy while living on your sweat—your blood, your lives? Oh, no, dear friends, no! Therezah would shrink from me with horror if I brought money obtained at such a sacrifice. No, no, I would sooner die than be guilty of selling those I love. But I have one last resource left. It is desperate indeed, but it is the only one left. I will go to Birket and see my uncle. Miserly as he is, he may take pity on me, and lend me the money I need. I will start by the dawn of day."

The night seemed very long, and the first indication of light found Rajeb dressed and prepared for his journey. He set out on foot for the residence of his uncle, that he might make no inroads upon his funds by expensive traveling. He walked over the ten miles very briskly, thinking of Therezah, and the buoyancy of youth led him to build some air-castles on his route. It must be his uncle would lend him the money—he could not refuse—his affairs would prosper—all would be well. So he cheered himself with his thoughts. Arrived at the place where his uncle lived, he inquired of some bystanders for the house of Jonsouf the Rich.

"Jonsouf the Rich?" cried they; "say, rather, Jonsouf, the miser—Jonsouf, the curmudgeon—Jonsouf, the penurious wretch, who begrudges the dogs the well-picked bones he casts from his table! There is his house."

Tremblingly Rajeb entered the dwelling, because what he had heard threatened destruction to his airy hopes. He was received by a small man, much advanced in age, miserably clad, his beard long and dirty, and all his appearance filthy and disgusting.

"What do you want?" said the miser, for such he was, in a tone of crabbed suspicion.

"Ah! my dear uncle!" said Rajeb, clasping him in his arms, notwithstanding his repulsive manner, "do you not recognize me? I am Rajeb, the son of your only sister—the little Rajeb, whom you formerly dandled, when at my father's house in Cairo. I have come to visit you—to learn of your health and happiness!"

"Well, then, I must ask you to dine, I suppose," said the affectionate Jonsouf; "but I cannot give you much of a feast. I am a wretched old man, destitute, and miserably poor."

Thus speaking, he led Rajeb into a narrow, dirty apartment, with no other furniture than an old mat stretched on the floor, upon which he sat down. Jonsouf brought no pipe, no coffee, no sherbet. But Rajeb was patient, and showed no disappointment or ill humor. The old man was penetrated with a feeling of unusual generosity. He went to a neighboring shop and bought some black bread, and a bit of poor cheese, the latter being an extraordinary luxury, and its purchase caused the provision-dealer to open his eyes with astonishment.

Rajeb had need of some soup and a leg of roast lamb to refresh himself after his walk. As it was, however, he munched his uncle's worse than Spartan bread without grumbling, and ate the cheese with as good stomach as he could. During the repast he mentioned the subject which had brought him there. At the first word of his nephew, Jonsouf took the hint, and exclaimed:

"I am very poor. No dervise is more destitute than myself. I am penniless, having expended my last para for the food we are eating!"

VIII.—ROLLO, THE MULE.

Rajeb perceived that he could make no impression upon a heart harder than marble, and after having in vain endeavored to soften him by a recital of his history and a description of Therezah's charms, he despairingly gave over the attempt. With a bursting heart he left the house a few moments to take the air. Everything appeared to him black and hideous. He cursed the avarice of his uncle with bitterness of spirit, and being his heir, he almost wished for his death, though his natural goodness and gentleness of disposition forbade such a thought. In this state of mind, he chanced to cast his eyes upon an emaciated mule lying in a little stable on his uncle's grounds. The appearance of the beast was so starved, and showed the marks of such extreme ill-usage, that, in spite of his own miseries, Rajeb could but pity it.

Mules in Egypt and Arabia, are not the dull, obstinate animals we see in Europe and America, but are generally sprightly, kind, and sleek creatures—the favorites of ladies and opulent people. Rajeb naturally loved animals, and he felt distressed at the condition of the poor mule before him. Forgetting all else for a moment, he ran instantly to a merchant, and purchased a measure of barley, which he gave the poor beast, who thrust his nose into it with an excess of eagerness and delight, fairly braying with pleasure. Then Rajeb also brought him drink. After this charitable action, he entered the house to take his leave of his heartless uncle. As he was going out, the old man said to him:

"I have a mule in my stable which I do not need, and the keeping of which is very costly. I was obliged to take it of the widow of a man who owed me. It was all I could get for nothing by the family. I could get nothing else. The woman begged me her dead husband, but I silenced her by saying before he died, 'Since then the mule has become so obstinate and gait, in spite of the feed I give him, that I cannot sell him. I will not keep him any longer, and before you go, may I ask you—'"

"Ah! thought Rajeb, "he is going to ask me to accept the beast as a present."

"May I ask you," continued the miser, "to assist me in selling him, that I may get wherewith to live?"

Rajeb consented, and they proceeded together to the stable. Rajeb caressed the mule, who recognized him immediately, gazed at him with intelligence, and striking his feet upon the ground many times, seemed to say: "Buy me: buy me!"

Pitying the animal, and interested in his welfare, he determined to do so. The cunning miser noticed his inclination for the mule, and insisted on the exorbitant price of an hundred sequins for it. This sum he consented to give, and said he would send it next day by his servant Saladin.

"Servant me no servants!" said the old miser; "cash on delivery is my motto. I will go with you to Cairo and get the money."

They walked together leading the mule by his halter. The animal seemed to know that he had changed masters, and to rejoice at the transfer, for his step was more elastic as he strode along, and he carried his head jauntily on high. Jonsouf noticed the metamorphosis, and muttered more than once, "I might have sold him for a higher price. It is a noble beast!"

IX.—GOOD FORTUNE.

Arrived at Cairo, Rajeb paid for the mule, and invited his uncle to spend the night with him. The miser, perhaps unwilling to be away from his concealed hoards, refused, saying he would prefer to return immediately. Rajeb then concluded to let Saladin accompany him home and return the next morning. About midnight he was startled at being awakened by Saladin, who stood by his bedside with a bloody face and his head tied up with a bandage. Saladin said that when he and Jonsouf had gone five or six miles, and it had got to be dark, they were set upon by a gang of thieves. He defended himself as well as he could, and Jonsouf shouted terribly for help. They were both knocked down and the robbers succeeded in rifling Jonsouf of his money, and making their escape just as assistance reached the spot. Saladin was only bruised and temporarily stunned, and soon recovered his senses. Jonsouf was dead.

Rajeb wept at this news; for miserly as Jonsouf was, he was still his uncle. In the morning he saddled the mule, whom Amine had named Rollo, and who had been well fed and cared for, and started for Birket to see his relative properly buried and to examine his premises. When he reached the town he rode directly to his uncle's house, and putting the mule in the old stable, he commenced a search for the gold and diamonds the old miser was supposed to have been worth. He rummaged without success. Nothing was to be found. He left not a corner unsearched. All was vain. He spent nearly a day in the labor, and finally gave up the attempt. He went to the stable to get Rollo and pursue his bootless journey back to Cairo. His last hope had been crushed. He saw the lovely Therezah a prey to Abou-Zobo. He felt that his grief and despair would kill him, and was not sorry that he would soon hide his disappointments in the grave. He entered the miserable building where the mule was fastened, and was about untying it when the animal shook his head, erected his ears, and stamped its fore feet violently upon the ground.

At every attempt Rajeb made to unloose the halter, these motions were repeated, till the thought flashed upon him to dig in the earth where the mule struck its feet. He lost no time in procuring a pick and shovel, and fell lustily to work. Rollo showing evident signs of pleasure. Rajeb had not dug very far when the pick struck a box. He disinterred it, and found it filled with golden coins. He proceeded in the work, and, in short, found the earth under the old building literally a gold and diamond mine. Scores of chests, containing money and jewels, were brought to light, and sacks of diamonds and precious stones. He hired six stout men to assist him in the labor. He had Saladin and Ponto brought from Cairo to help him in watching and taking charge of his treasures. It was several days before he secured all his riches and safely stored them. Far from being less wealthy than his rival, Abou-Zobo, he saw himself suddenly made the richest man in all Cairo. He ran to the stable where his faithful and intelligent Rollo was tied, and throwing his arms around his neck, he spoke to him and caressed him as if he had been capable of understanding his words. He returned to Cairo, but resolved to keep his good fortune a secret from all but Saladin and Amine till after Therezah's birthday.

Saladin and Amine's joy was without bounds, and while they shed tears of joy, they envied Rollo with garlands of flowers. Ponto, observing an unusual and evidently welcome commotion, capered about and barked in chorus. It required a number of days for Rajeb to get all his property transferred to his own house. When this was accomplished, there was a suspension of business. Ostrich feathers and fans were at a discount. There was a general holiday.

The first consequence of riches was the hiring of two additional servants—a female to relieve Amine, and a male to do all the hard work for Saladin. Rajeb did not know what to do with himself till the time arrived to reveal his wealth. He already had visions of building a splendid mansion, and to get an idea of what was suitable, he went to the great square where the Bey and the most noble and wealthy citizens resided. There he learned that the Bey's eldest son was going to Constantinople to fill an important military post, and that he wished to sell his magnificent house, splendid gardens, rich furniture, pictures, slaves, horses, and in fact the whole establishment just as it was. Rajeb waited

upon him and at once purchased the whole, stipulating that the transaction should be kept a secret for a few days. The liberty of every slave was immediately secured, but they were all retained at liberal wages, and thus had an opportunity to show their gratitude by indemnifying their benefactor.

X.—THE RIVALS.

At length the seventeenth birthday of Therezah arrived. Rajeb dressed himself in plain clothes, and with exactly the requisite sum proceeded to Abul's house. Ponto followed his master, and took his station beside the door, to wait till he again came out. Abou-Zobo arrived about the same time, arrayed in the richest stuffs that could be procured. Golden chains, bright gems, and rare jewels, abounded in profusion on his person, while Rajeb was entirely destitute of them. Twenty of Abou-Zobo's slaves, dressed in a rich livery prepared for the occasion, bore each a thousand sequins in a large embroidered bag, as a marriage present, while Rajeb only offered the five thousand, and brought no slaves to present them. Abou-Zobo looked with disdain on the unostentatious Rajeb, and, addressing Abul, sneeringly remarked that he wondered how any man could think of inviting a beautiful girl to embrace poverty and humiliation. Rajeb said he claimed the fulfillment of Abul's promise, but not contrary to Therezah's own wishes. He declared he was willing to abide her decision between them.

Therezah was informed of the conversation, and came into the room. As Rajeb saw her, without a veil, her cheeks blushing, and her countenance and figure answering all his conceptions of beauty, his anxiety almost overcame him. His heart grew paralyzed within him. He already repented his rash temerity and his foolish secrecy. He knew the power and seduction of riches. Why should not Therezah, like others, be influenced by them? He feared the result, and felt that all his opulence would be worthless without her he loved. He was ready to sink down upon the floor. He gasped for breath, and darkness was clouding his vision, when Therezah ran to him. She clasped her arms around his neck, and, kissing his cheek, exclaimed, "Rajeb is my choice! It is him I love. Poverty and beggary with him would be better than the wealth and the power of a sultan with another."

XI.—THE WEDDINGS.

Abou-Zobo angrily left the house, muttering curses, and casting looks of hatred and malice at the young couple. When he had gone, Rajeb related his good fortune to Therezah and her father. The time for the marriage was fixed at a week from that day. Abul obligingly retired, leaving the two lovers together. The hours ran away delightfully till evening. Rajeb then left to return home. Ponto, who had faithfully waited all this time for his master, joyfully followed after him.

Rajeb's step was elastic, his heart was light, and he moved along humming a succession of joyous songs. As he passed through one of the narrow streets for which Cairo is famous, he was suddenly set upon by three men armed with daggers. He was naturally courageous and remarkably athletic, and also cool and collected in danger. With a quick blow he knocked down the first villain and snatched his weapon from him, just as he was assaulted by the next. This wretch struck furiously at him, piercing through his clothes, and slightly wounding him in the side; but simultaneously, Rajeb stabbed his adversary to the heart, and killed him instantly. While this was taking place, Ponto had seized the third scoundrel and held him fast, thus preserving Rajeb's life. The noise of the struggle had now attracted several members of the police. All the parties were taken before a magistrate. The dead man was examined, and was found to be Abou-Zobo, who had treacherously sought to assassinate his rival. The bleeding assassin whom Ponto had seized and torn, and the one whom Rajeb had felled to the earth, confessed their guilt, and that they were hired to kill Rajeb. They were imprisoned for trial, and Rajeb was set at liberty.

I shall not describe the splendid wedding which was had when Rajeb and Therezah were united, nor the jollities and festivities which transpired when the married pair took possession of their mansion; nor the dances and ceremonies with which they were welcomed by their servants, whom Rajeb had emancipated. I shall not narrate how the Bey and his officers were also present on this occasion, and partook of a feast with their new neighbors; how Amine was particularly admired as a Venus "cut in ebony;" how Saladin became Rajeb's steward and assistant; how Ponto was universally caressed; how Rollo partook of the general good fortune, had a servant to attend him, and was never used for anything else than to carry out his master or mistress upon an occasional airing; how, as soon as it was known Rajeb was the richest citizen in Cairo, it was straightway discovered that he was one of the wisest of men, how—but all these circumstances, "with many things of worthy memory," as Grumio says in the *Taming of a Shrew*, shall die in oblivion, unless my readers can exercise a Yankee's shrewdness, and guess them out.

I shall relate but one incident more. Among those persons who witnessed the festivities of the servants who welcomed Rajeb and Therezah to their home, was one of the Bey's chief generals, Ali-Seyd. He was the son of a Turkish officer, who had lived a long time in the Mandingo country of Africa, and had there married a daughter of one of the native chiefs. Ali-Seyd, who was born of these parents, fortunately lived in a country where mulattoes like himself, and negroes, were judged according to their merit, intelligence, and ability, and were not proscribed an ac-

count of their color. He had distinguished himself as a statesman and as a soldier. He had attained a high station, wealth, and influence. One of the princely houses and gardens in the great square was his. He was struck with the natural grace, fine proportions, and dark beauty of Amina. As soon as he gained her acquaintance, he was equally pleased with her goodness, virtue, and intellect. She became his wife, and was permanently settled as a neighbor to her dear friends, Rajeb, Thera-zah, Saladin, Ponto, and Rollo.

Poetry.

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

"WHY THUS LONGING, THUS FOREVER SIGHING?"

By Mrs. L. M. Willis. Within my life unceasing longing— Within my heart unending hope— Rest and action, thought and feeling, Never bound their eager scope. Like a river ever moving, Like a sea with ceaseless flow, All these pressing hopes and longings Through my being come and go. Sometimes hope has away, then beauty Weathers my life with every charm; Promise glides the hour with blessing, Silent is each harsh alarm. Sometimes, urging forward, wishes Like a tempest tide come on, While sweet peace and holy trusting From my waiting heart have gone. Better than all hopes and wishes Is the longing of the life, For it is the silent urging Of the soul to nobler strife. Let my hopes die like the summer, Let my wishes turn to dust; Yet with longing I can onward Press with earnest zeal and trust. Longing! 'tis the life within me, 'Tis the sign and seal of God, 'Tis the promise of the to-be, 'Tis the morrow yet untrod. All I long for—that is coming; For the longing is the sign By which I know the great All Father Touches his pure life to mine. 'Tis the vibratory motion On the golden-fretted wire That unites my life to Heaven, That binds me to the better, higher. Angels touch the chord, and quickly Flits the current to my life; God is near and not afar off, Earth and heaven no more at strife. Then like carrier-doves my wishes Fly upon the wings of prayer, Nor rest until their full-plumed pinions Touch the calm, celestial air. Then the cold and sordid pathway Of a worldly good, or gain, Seems too vain, too dull and lifeless, For even wishing to obtain. Silent then each petty feeling, Gone each fear of what may be— It is enough that God and heaven Are the spirit's certainty. Surer than the certain present, Or all the eye or ear hath known, Is the longing of the spirit— 'Tis its future—'tis its own.

For the Herald of Progress. LINES FOR THE WARRIORS. BY M. ADDIE T. Tell us, ye gallant leaders, For what is this grievous war? To spread pain and desolation From the East to the West afar? Fight ye for freedom and progress, Freedom for one and all Throughout our beloved country? Is the Union alone your call? Or is it for Union and Freedom, Sounding from shore to shore? Then on, ye brave, to the conquest! For the right ever triumphs o'er Oppression and wrong, though proudly They rise in vengeance and might, Yet angels are hovering o'er you, In armor of purest white. And God and justice are for you— Onward from East and West, Till all our glorious country In freedom and peace shall rest! Till southward our banners waving, Earth's trembling kings shall see, As the words re-echo in thunder— "The Union is truly free."

For the Herald of Progress. SELF. BY T. HULBERT UNDERWOOD. Shovel out the loam earth! Shovel in the dumb clay! With the darkness and death He is happy to-day. Press it down hard and cold! Not a hair-breadth of space Will he have 'twixt the mold And the cloth on his face. Press it down! press it down! Stow him snugly away In his quilt of cold ground And his blanket of clay. Leave no mark of the spade On his desolate tomb, Where no prayer will be said, And no flowers bloom. It is well—it is done! We have buried him deep, And we'll leave him alone In his honorless sleep.

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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THE EDITOR'S DRAWER is overflowing with a large and rich variety of original Articles, Letters, Questions, and narrations of Spiritual Facts, which will be published to the world as rapidly as possible.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—We give room in the present number, to a large installment of literature of the lighter and more pleasing sort, as a fitting accompaniment to holiday recreations and enjoyments. A modern thinker, who is also an advocate of the "gymnasium," says: "There is not a person in the world who can afford to be a full-grown man" through all the twenty-four hours. There is not one who does not need, more than he needs his dinner, to have habitually one hour in the day when he throws himself with boyish eagerness into interests as simple as those of boys. No church or state, no science or art, can feed us all the time; some morsels there must be of simpler diet, some moments of unadulterated play." So if we would have health of mind, we must give way, now and then, to the poetical and imaginative faculties, instead of holding the mind to a continual contemplation of philosophical and abstruse subjects. Therefore we invite our readers to the holiday feast furnished in the miscellaneous department of the present issue, both in "The Egyptian Legend," by Judge Tabor, and the continuation of the people's favorite, "Regina Lyle."

The Harmonial Platform.

WHO CAN ADOPT IT?

Numerous correspondents and subscribers to this Journal, who have not read works on the Spiritual Philosophy, frequently ask questions which have been many times answered in those works. A very common question is, "What do you believe, or teach, on this or that social or political subject?" We herewith furnish a synopsis of doctrines, in the form of Resolutions, which may be regarded as an embodiment of the Harmonial Platform. When new light shall dawn upon our reason, we shall make haste to publish the news, for the sake of Progress and Truth. To-day, and for the present, we stand and work upon the following platform:

I. Resolved, That it is the constitutional prerogative of the Human Mind, freely, and fearlessly, and dispassionately, to examine into and investigate each and everything to be found in the Bible as well as out of it; that the Old and New Testaments are our friends and teachers, but not our guides or masters; that any theory, hypothesis, philosophy, sect, creed, or institution, that fears investigation, openly manifests its own weakness and implies its own error.

II. Resolved, That all true Liberty and Happiness are predicated upon the twofold principle of individual sovereignty and collective reciprocity; therefore, that all religious systems and all forms of government, opposed to the practical enjoyment of such self-sovereignty as the basis, are essentially barbarous and vitally antagonistic to the real needs of the man and woman of the nineteenth century.

III. Resolved, That Religion is Justice; that Heaven is Harmony; that Love is the Life of the Universe; that Wisdom is the Order of the Universe; that Distributive Liberty is the natural result of Nature's Laws in exercise.

IV. Resolved, That every form of theological sectarianism is anti-progressive, and practically retards the development of brotherly love among men, and militates not less against the expansion of the eternal principle of Distributive Justice; and that, therefore, all sectarian distinctions and local attachments to creeds should henceforward be abandoned, as worse than useless, by every teacher of individual development, by every lover of social harmony, and by every friend of political and religious liberty.

V. Resolved, That, whereas, in the constitution of our government it is an essential or fundamental principle that "all men (in the generic sense) are created equal . . . with certain inalienable rights . . . to secure which governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed;" and whereas our government practically denies not only the right of liberty to the slave, but likewise practically denies the right of suffrage to women; therefore, Resolved, that our government, though the best known on earth, is in effect despotic and opposed to the principles of equal Justice and universal Liberty.

VI. Resolved, That America is now but the representative of Transitional Republicanism and Sentimental Liberty; that political antagonism and local monopolizations are natural to this form of civilization; that the Harmonial Philosophy points the pathway to organic and constitutional freedom; and, therefore, that every Harmonial Philosopher should use his political influence to put in office only such

minds as will legislate according to Nature and Reason, and work for equal Justice and universal Liberty.

VII. Resolved, That, in accordance with repeated ocular demonstrations, and the coincidental attestation of thousands of worthy and intelligent minds in the United States and in Europe, we believe, first, in the sympathetic nearness of the spiritual world (the Second Sphere) to the natural world (the First Sphere); second, in the possibility of an intellectual and impressionable intercourse between the dwellers of these two worlds; third, that they extend and continue indefinitely beyond the chemical event of physical death; fourth, and in the special providence, general guardianship, and local ministrations, of those who have passed from earth in advance of us; fifth, in accordance with the accumulative evidence, we believe that these ascended personages are earnest in their associated and combined endeavors to assist mankind toward a practical realization of the "Kingdom of heaven on earth"—in the form of a higher social order, wherein each individual, male and female, without complexional distinctions, or intellectual or moral differences, will enjoy an equal right to Liberty—inducing all to be good, and wise, and happy.

VIII. Resolved, That modern Spiritualism is not antagonistic to, but is essentially in harmony with the Spiritualism of past centuries.

IX. Resolved, That the Harmonial Philosophy is the best and most rational exposition yet known of the immutable laws of Father God and Mother Nature; a philosophy which can rescue modern Spiritualism from eventuating, as almost all ancient has done, in superstitious ignorance and localized bigotry, in bondage to external authorities, and in sectarian organizations detrimental to mankind's advancement.

X. Resolved, That the Mosaic Dispensation (the past) was an age of Force, or Compulsion; that the Christian Dispensation (the present) is an age of Love, or Impulse; that the Harmonial Dispensation (the future) will be an age of Wisdom, or Harmony. Accordant with the Intuitional experience of all illuminated minds, and with the testimony of nations, as found in their several maxims and sacred scriptures, we believe that an exercise of Wisdom (which embraces the totality of man's intuitional and intellectual consciousness) is necessary in order to harmonize the elements of Force and Love—the Lion and the Lamb—and bring these elements of mankind practically to bear upon the physical, political, and spiritual interests of the race—in a word, to harmonize Man with himself, with his neighbor, with Father God, and with Mother Nature.

XI. Resolved, That the human mind, while it is the master of one set of circumstances, is no less the subject of another set which is positive to it; that man is not absolutely, but comparatively "a free agent;" that man's character is formed favorably or unfavorably in exact correspondence with the character of the influences which surround and act upon him before as well as after birth; therefore, that individual redemption from, or progress out of, social error and relative imperfections, is possible only through the instrumentality of a higher Society Construction, which shall, by its concordances of interest, destroy all motives for the perpetration of commercial antagonisms, destroy all conflict between producer and consumer, all incompatibilities between interest and duty, and provide with equal justice for the inception, for the gestation, for the birth, for the training, for the education, and for the spiritual development, of every son and daughter of the Brotherhood of Humanity.

XII. Resolved, That "evil," so called, is not a transgression of any Law, either physical or moral; but that evil (and sin) arise from internal conditions and from external circumstances over which individuals have no absolute control; therefore, that the Harmonial Philosophy teaches universal Charity toward both the agents and the victims of crime; and points to the progressive improvement and harmonization of those conditions and those circumstances which mold and influence the human character prior as well as subsequent to the event of birth.

XIII. Resolved, That the commercial and mercantile relations instituted among men, and perpetuated by the present social disorder, are those of extreme selfishness, leading directly and inevitably to Indigence, Larceny, Oppressive Monopolies, War, Slavery, Disease, Delusive Doctrines, Professional Drones, and to the development of diverse Unproductive Classes, the effects of which cannot be removed and prevented by any change short of a HARMONIAL DISPENSATION—overthrowing, by its mighty power, all superstitions, liberating equally man's affections and his reason from the slavery of error and fear—harmonizing the law of Self-Sovereignty with the marsh law of Social Reciprocity—securing to Woman an equally free career with Man, and resulting in good, in wise, and in happy neighborhoods, which will honor human nature by living, as the inhabitants of higher planets do, in strict and natural accord with the Divine Laws of Existence—fulfilling the spirit of the prayer uttered by our Elder Brother, the gentle Nazarene.

XIV. Resolved, That we heartily rejoice in the efforts which benevolent men in all civilized nations are making to ameliorate the condition of their fellows—the poor, the ignorant, the enslaved, and the criminal; and that, while we encourage Reformers, Teachers, Missionaries, Statesmen, and Ministers of every shade and degree, we at the same time very fraternally, and earnestly, and conscientiously urge upon them the necessity of a better acquaintance with the Harmonial Philosophy; to the end that they may be more correct in their estimations of Man, in their reports of Deity, and in their contemplations of Nature—rendering them more efficient in devising the adaptation of instrumentalities to the development of those humane and universal objects which all true reformers and benevolent minds design to accomplish by their associated efforts.

AMERICA AND HER DESTINY.—Miss Harding's recent discourse meets with universal commendation. It may be had of Bela Marsh, Boston; J. M. Higgins, 117 Randolph street, Chicago; or at this office. Price 5 cents; by mail, 6 cents.

Mr. William Lloyd Garrison will deliver an address on the War, at the Cooper Institute, Tuesday evening, January 7th.

A Gratuitous Notice.

Two little circulars were handed us a few days since, with a request to "notice," which we have not the strength to refuse. The circulars are each embellished with a handful of chain-lightning, and are altogether "electrifying" in their intended effect.

The first page contains a "proclamation," in substance as follows: 1. "We propose to cure, in five minutes, diseases usually beyond the reach of medicine; some dozen or more in number; 2. "In ten minutes," "all kinds of female diseases;" 3. "In fifteen minutes;" "male and female private diseases;" 4. "In twenty minutes;" "old sores, salt rheum," &c.; 5. "In thirty minutes;" "rheumatism;" "insanity;" and kindred trifling afflictions; and, "in a few treatments;" "strange and frightful diseases," without number.

At first blush, (we hope there were many before the whole of these circulars was written) the simple minded may be "electrified" by this "proclamation," forgetting that it is one thing to "propose to do," and quite a different thing "to do!"

Beside, if this "electrical" treatment seemed likely to fail, a streak of lightning would dispose of a case, in either class, in less than five minutes. There are other than "electrical" methods, also, by which not only all complaints, but all complainings are "cured," and in shorter time. The hangman of the Tombs, sundry plug-nuglies in certain dark alleys, and the rebel army, could all give information as to the various modes of treatment.

One "disease" mentioned in the first class inclines us to make application on behalf of some correspondents, since it is "proposed" to cure in five minutes—"inability to collect the thoughts;" We hesitate to apply for any editorial writers, through fear that by some mistake the operation might be prolonged, and the excess of treatment induce so successful a "collection of thoughts" as to require a microscope to observe the focalized result. Fearing, in our own case, being thus drawn to too fine a point, we prefer the usual non-electrical methods.

Turning to another page of the printed sheet, we find that salvation from "strange and frightful diseases" is not all that is "proposed" here. Added to the blessings enumerated above are certain other positive attractions. We are promised "the most exquisite and blissful experience known on earth," for only three dollars! in the shape of a perfumed Turkish bath! Nor is this all: We are invited to "leave the dull world," and "wide awake mingle amid the most glorious visions which it has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive." And this delightful "mingle" costs but twenty-five cents! What an "opening" for curious Yankees! To "revel amid gorgeous sunlights, sky blue rivers, and moonlit seas" for a few cents. A "walk under the eastern palm trees, with the plumed Saracens," thrown in—to say nothing of a "dance with the red-lipped Hours of Aiden!" "Music the most delicious, sounds and sights the most wildering, flowers, stars, and angels, circling, in one unbroken glory," around a quarter of a dollar invested in "hash-eesh canly!"

Thus has the problem, how to transcend superlative bliss, a ready solution. The Turkish bath is the "most exquisite and blissful experience of earth," but the "rapture of Paradise" is "more passing lovely than anything known on earth." And a most important item in this imported "rapture" is the exceedingly low price at which it is afforded. The *net bliss* involves an expense of three dollars; while the *dry rapture* is afforded "at a cost of from two to six cents!"

Seriously, reader, if persuaded to believe that at the hands of any living man, by the aid of any "electrical" or other agent, or through potent "spirit power," you can, after violations of physical laws, entailing organic disease, be "made whole" in one minute, or five, or thirty, you are cherishing a delusion. The age of miracles has not "passed"—rather, has never yet come. Seemingly miraculous cures are seen at the hand of every skillful operator, by new and unfamiliar methods, just as apparent miracles are performed by Hermann, Anderson, and other tricksters.

He who imparts the lesson that we may expect instantaneous relief from the effects of dire disease, instead of being a benefactor, is an ignorant or willful trifler, and mischievously interferes with the operation of the slow but only sure healing processes of nature. We do not deny that susceptible persons may be "made whole" by a powerful psychological effort, when there exists a simple disturbance in the circulation of Nature's fluids, or a deep seated belief in some imaginary weakness or "complaint."

But to make these exceptional cases a basis for promising cures of "inveterate cases of almost any curable chronic disease, in from five to thirty-five minutes," is to induce expectations on the part of a credulous public, which are not only doomed to disappointment, but which create distrust, impatience, and uneasiness in the minds of those who, by simple and natural methods, aided by their own self-healing energies, are slowly regaining improved health.

Steady, persistent industry, is not stimulated by constant tales of gold mines and oil wells yielding enormous profits. Neither are men taught to depend upon their own recuperative powers, which are the only sure dependence, by rehearsing cases of instantaneous "miraculous" cures by electricity, or by laying on of hands. Especially dangerous and mischievously does this become when young men are gravely assured that in "Syphilis" and kindred diseases, "the taint is effectually driven out of the system in fifteen minutes." Reader,

no honest and intelligent physician dare say this.

It is a fearful fact, but a fact nevertheless, that no power on earth can "effectually drive the taint out of the system;" and the sooner all such rash promises of cure are branded as lies, the sooner will men learn that Mother Nature most rigidly imposes the penalty for violated law, and permits no escape.

When added to these extravagant and pernicious "proposals," the public are recommended to use "Hash-eesh Canly," for sundry weaknesses and diseases, with assurances that "its enchantment surpasses the wildest dreams, or the intoxication of liquor or opium," and at the same time "it does not cause any bad after effects," we feel moved to ask if there is no law to reach such a vile traffic, no grand jury to take cognizance of such specious attempts at a base fraud upon the ignorant and credulous.

The Great Conflict.

This lecture, by Leo Miller, advertised elsewhere for sale in pamphlet form at this office, is thus noticed by the Providence (R. I.) Journal:

Leo Miller, by particular request, will repeat his lecture on "The Great Conflict, or, The Cause and Cure of Secession," at Pratt's Hall, this (Tuesday) evening. This lecture was first delivered in our city on the evening of the 8th inst., to a crowded house, and was received with the most intense enthusiasm by all who were present. Though radical, it addresses the reason and intellect, and throughout burns with passages of soul-stirring eloquence, devoted patriotism, and invincible logic. The style and argument of the lecture have the rare virtue of being something new, which, where so much is said on the Crisis, is a relief to the public, and highly commendatory of the genius and ability of the speaker.

Not Religious and Emotional.

BOSTON, MASS., Dec., 1861.

MR. DAVIS, DEAR SIR.—I have no fault to find with your work as a whole—though, of course, you sometimes give publicity to views which my mind is not in mood to adopt as correct. But this matters not—or, rather, this must be so—if we are both true to our best knowledge and judgment. We probably differ much from each other in temperament and in early education, and our inner natures crave, to some extent, different kinds of food. Although you at times, in your writings, let forth streams of deep religious feeling and devotion, yet this is not so common with you as my cravings would be glad to find. Were your religious nature called to more frequent and vigorous action, your weekly issue would be more to my taste. Yet it by no means follows that the Herald of Progress would be better for such a change as is here hinted at. I would have you as free to pursue your own course, as you can desire to be. The hint above given I know will be kindly received, and that is all I ask for it.

Perhaps, in your own judgment, the general tone of your writings is religious. I should characterize it (unjustly it may be) as moral and intellectual, rather than religious and emotional. If the two cannot be harmoniously blended, the kind you furnish is better common daily food than the other would be. But if the food you place upon your table were seasoned a little more with the effusions of the heart, they would be appreciated with greater relish by some of your guests. M. N.

REMARKS.

We are attracted by the spirit of our correspondent. It is kind, considerate, catholic, fraternal, and philosophic. There is much wisdom in the heart of his love. But yet, having been educated in the school of religious emotion, his love is not sufficiently fed by our weekly ministrations. He thinks that we are, for the most part, "intellectual and moral." He would like our journal better if it contained more addressed to the feelings—"religious and emotional."

Now it seems to us that the world has been too long under the sway of feeling, impulse, and emotion. It is time that the age of Thought and Investigation should dawn. It is time to cause the "effusions of the heart" to flow in the harmonious channels of wisdom. Perhaps we do not make many demonstrations of delight, but this we know: we feel very deeply, reverently, and emotionally, all the truths we advocate. We do not "shout and pray," nor make a parade of our quiet spiritual enjoyments, because we do not feel moved to testify our emotions and joys in such manner. Persons who think but little are generally loud-mouthed and explosive in public. Many such will pray aloud on Sunday and scold aloud on Monday. Our experience is, that ministers of the gospel do not search for truth, nor speak it as devotedly as do persons who are merely "intellectual and moral." Furthermore, we have observed that, as a general thing, the "religious and emotional" people are the most unreliable in word and deed. We know persons in the ministry, of every sect, who are very trustworthy. They have not been intellectually and morally injured by indulging their "religious and emotional" feelings. But such instances are extremely rare in the sects of Christendom. Of a noted preacher it was said that "he was too much of a man to tell a lie and too much of a priest to tell the truth." We would rather be a man than a minister. It is rare to meet a minister who is yet a Man and a Brother. The profession is unfavorable to a full, fresh, trustworthy development of the "intellectual and moral" powers. Last year Dr. Spring, of this city, boasted that he had been in the Christian ministry half a century without altering his mind on a single cardinal point in his belief. Of course the Doctor has been long and devotedly faithful to feelings purely "religious and emotional." But what shall we say of his powers "intellectual and moral"? He stands just where he stood fifty years ago! Boasts of his

conservatism, and yet lives in the most living Age ever known on earth.

No, Brother! This journal is designed to promote intelligence and morality, not at the expense of "religion and the emotions" of worship, but rather at the expense of superstition, bigotry, sectarianism, and empty ceremonies.

Talk with a Policeman.

Christmas morning, returning from the post-office, our route led through the limits of the Sixth ward, well known as embracing some of the worst portions of New York.

We asked a policeman near at hand, if he did not consider that man worthy of being taken care of. "No," said he, "that man is able to take care of himself, and if his wife would go home about her business, there would be no trouble."

That may be a Sixth ward lesson, thought we, but thank heaven there are other wards that teach differently.

"But," again urged the policeman, good-naturedly, "we have no room for such cases. The police justice would discharge them if we arrested them. The fact is, the institutions are full now. We have nine thousand on the island already, and seventy were brought into our (one) station house last night, and even those were only the worst cases."

Only think of it, reader! In one small police district in New York, after allowing a "large liberty," seventy arrested on one night for drunken and disorderly conduct! and no cases so trivial as that of driving a wife home through the streets with brutal threats and menacing gestures!

Nine thousand criminals and vagrants now in the penal institutions! Is there not a dark as well as a bright side to New York? How few understand the fearful realities of the Sixth ward! These facts are but a faint outline of the least distressing features of the case.

A Vegetarian Dinner.

The patients, boarders, and invited guests of the Hygienic Institute, No. 25 Light street, under charge of Drs. Miller and Jones, were regaled on Christmas Day with a dinner, provided with the following Bill of Fare:

Bread, unleavened brown bread, Graham biscuit, Graham crackers, boiled sweet and Irish potatoes, celery, beets, squash, Lima beans, canned sweet corn, canned tomatoes, cracked wheat, corn starch, apple puffs, rice jelly cake, raspberry pie, pumpkin pie, plum pudding, (with sauce of milk, sugar, and corn starch) stewed peaches, apples, of five varieties, nuts, of four kinds, oranges and figs.

The table was provided with milk and sugar, but no butter or salt; no spices whatever, and neither these, nor any lard or other grease was used in the preparation of any article. We can vouch for the palatableness of a large part of this "Bill of Fare," not excepting a delicious "plum pudding," compounded of meal, milk, sugar and raisins, in some unknown proportions.

Of the toasts and after dinner speeches, we have not space this week for remark. Among the guests we observed Judge H. K. Low, of Sullivan county, state senator elect from the 9th district. He is a devoted friend of dietetic and hygienic reform; and, in consequence, we may conclude that having tasted "bran bread," his theology would not be regarded as "safe" by the strictly orthodox, since bran bread is believed to tend irresistibly to infidelity.

Mr. Redpath Converted.

We copied from a late number of the Pine and Palm "an explanatory word" of retraction from Mr. James Redpath. The next issue contained a longer statement, from which we extract the following:

"It is right now that I should confess, publicly and contritely, that my recent change in political policy proceeds solely and irresistibly from a change of heart—from an acceptance, full and unreserved, of the doctrines and plan of salvation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. * * * Not the blood of the slaveholder, but the blood of the Redeemer, can truly free the slave * * * Hitherto I have conducted this movement (Haytian emigration) from a sense of duty to man; henceforth I shall seek to conduct it as a duty to God and man. May his Holy Spirit guide, direct, and uphold me!"

From the above we have reason to expect higher, purer, nobler, more just and consistent exhibitions of character in Mr. Redpath's future conduct, than could be looked for from an "unregenerate" man. It will afford us pleasure to chronicle any such manifestations of an enlarged conception of human responsibility, and a quickened sense of justice and right.

Immortality Illustrated.

Fuseli, a French artist, and a profound thinker also, was on one occasion debating the question of the immortality of the soul with a disbeliever.

"I do not know that your soul is immortal," said Fuseli to his companion; "perhaps it is not; but I know that mine is."

"Why so?" demanded his companion.

"Because," said Fuseli, "I can conceive more in one minute than I can execute in a lifetime."

Removal.

Dr. E. B. Fish, Magnetic Physician, and Mrs. Fish, Medical Clairvoyant, have left the city, and are located for the present at No. 55 Academy street, Poughkeepsie. Those desiring medical examinations, or treatment, in that place, will do well to call on Mr. and Mrs. Fish.

Probabilities in War.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune. Sir: Suppose the North should drive the South into such a strait that they should see no hope of success for themselves, without other aid, would they give up and forfeit the lives of several of their leaders, and the banishment of many more, and the loss of the property of most of their people? It is unreasonable to suppose they would do so.

Would England accept them? Would it not be the most important bargain for England that she ever made? For in that case, she would control the culture and price of cotton and the manufacture of it, despite the whole world, by laying such a duty on its export as would secure to them such a monopoly, and thus she would vastly increase her national strength, and have a controlling influence over this whole continent.

Perhaps France would object. Suppose she did; it is not improbable that England could satisfy her and Russia by allowing them to partition the Turkish empire; or if she thought that too great a price, could she not, with the South and with the blacks on their side, maintain the country, notwithstanding the opposition of France united with us at the North? W. M. GREEN.

ORANGE, N. J., Dec. 22, 1861.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper was recently thrown violently from his carriage, and sustained a fracture of one rib. Rarely was in Switzerland, at last accounts, looking around for a horse vicious enough to be operated upon in public. Mrs. Lander, (the gifted wife of the poet-hero, Gen. Lander) lately made an ascent in a balloon with Prof. Lowe.

Rev. Edward Brooks Everett, a son of Hon. Edward Everett, died at the residence of his father, Summer street, Boston, at the age of thirty-one years. Lady Morgan's letters are being prepared for the press by Miss Jewsbury. Mr. John Vandenhoff, the tragedian, was buried on the 29th of October, at Kensal Green Cemetery, near London.

Rev. William H. Channing is installed as minister of the First Unitarian Congregation of Washington. General Heintzelman has refused emphatically and honorably to permit slaveholders, whether loyal or disloyal, to search his camps for runaway slaves. Previous to leaving Aberdeen, Madame Lind Goldschmidt placed in the hands of the Lord Provost a sum of 100 guineas, to be distributed as he thought best among the local charities, or among the general poor of the city. Kosuth is said to be seriously ill. His friends fear he will not survive the winter. His disease (a kind of consumption) baffles the skill of his physicians. Mrs. S. A. Douglas has persistently refused to entertain the proposition, forwarded by special messenger and flag of truce from Gov. Reid, of North Carolina, that the two sons of the late Senator Douglas be sent South to save their Mississippi estates.

Mrs. Douglas, the natural and legal guardian of the boys, says that they belong to Illinois, and must remain at the North. Gen. Winfield Scott has returned to this country from his brief visit to Europe. Charles Dickens has declined an invitation to run for Parliament.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

By the arrival of the Persia, bound to Canada, we have European advices to the 15th instant.

His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, expired at noon of Sunday, the 15th of December, of gastric fever. His illness was not considered dangerous until the preceding Friday. He was born at Rosenau, August 26th, 1819, and was married to Queen Victoria, February 10th, 1840.

The Earl of Derby (tory) had been consulted by the Government. He approved of its policy in reference to the American difficulty, and suggested that ship-owners instruct the captains of outward-bound ships to signalize any English vessels that war with America is probable.

The steamship Australasian also sailed from Liverpool on the 13th, with troops for Canada. In Paris (on the 13th) the Bourse was heavy, in consequence of the attitude of England and America. Rates closed at 67.

Advices from Vienna of the 10th, state that during the Emperor's stay in Venice, he liberated all political prisoners. A Naples dispatch of the 13th states that Borges, the brigand chief, had been executed. Arrivals of American wheat and flour had been heavy at Liverpool. But a small business was doing, and prices were in favor of buyers.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A bill has passed the Senate prohibiting the sale of liquors to soldiers in the District of Columbia. The bill is an amendment to a former bill, and prohibits not only the sale of liquor to the soldiers, but the drinking of it on the premises. The penalty is a fine and imprisonment and revocation of license.

The Tribune publishes a card from a "Soldier's Mother," affirming that Gen. Stone refused the wife of an officer alleged to have been killed at Ball's Bluff, a flag of truce, to facilitate a search for her husband, while he afforded the wife of a rebel officer an opportunity to visit New York. Also that Gen. Stone affirmed that the rebels were gentlemen, and many of them his intimate friends.

Charleston harbor has been effectually closed by sinking vessels in the channel, and all the business portion of the city having been consumed at the late fire, it is probable that as a commercial city, it will henceforth only be known in history.

The London Spectator asks Rev. Dr. Cumming why he has taken a fresh lease of his dwelling house, if, according to his prediction, the world is coming to an end in 1867. Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, has given notice, in the United States Senate, of a bill to place one of the hospitals in Washington in charge of a homeopathic physician.

A captain in the Sicksle's Brigade writes, from Charles Co., Md.: "If you were here you would be astonished to see how rapidly the army is becoming what is commonly termed abolitionized. The more our officers and soldiers see of the institution of slavery, the more they detest it."

A resolution has passed the House providing for amending the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, so as to forbid the recapture or return of any fugitive from labor, without satisfactory proof first being made that the claimant of such fugitive is loyal to the Government.

Twelve miles south of Chicago the Illinois Central Railroad Company are engaged in building a continuation of corn-crisbs, said to be eleven miles in length, along the line of the road, with a total capacity exceeding 2,000,000 bushels.

Quarrels do not always descend from generation to generation. Mr. Charles Dickens, Jr., was married in London, on the 19th ult., to a daughter of Mr. Evans, one of the well-known firm of Bradbury and Evans, publishers of Punch.

A pair of deer have been placed in the Central Park, near the Mall; and a pair of cranes, presented by Mr. C. Granville White, of Brooklyn, are objects of interest. Mrs. Crawford, widow of the sculptor, has presented a copy of each of her husband's works, in plaster, for the ornamentation of the Park.

Col. Vandever, of the Ninth Iowa Regiment (a member of Congress), thus denies that he has returned fugitive slaves: "I say, then, emphatically, that I never have returned, and God helping me, I never will return to slavery, a fleeing fugitive. I would submit to be cashiered or shot rather than perform so menial an office. If I thought by engaging in this war for the vindication of our Constitution and our flag, the office of slave-catcher was to be superadded to the duty of a soldier, I would spurn the service with scorn and contempt."

Conjugium.

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

Married: At the Hygienic Institute, 15 Light street, New York, on Christmas Eve, Dr. FRANK R. JONES and Miss MARTHA MILLER, both of the above-named Institution.

Miss Miller is entitled to the credit of having persisted, or, rather, conscientiously, adhered to the Reform or American costume, on all occasions, during a two years' residence in the city. Our friend, Dr. Jones, has now the legal right to continue yet more effectively the encouragement and support he has extended her in this reform.

They who suppose that the fair bride must necessarily possess in an extraordinary or even slight degree those Amazonian characteristics popularly ascribed to "strong-minded women," would be happily disappointed on acquaintance. The "heroic" elements of character ever evinced by martyrs to principle are here embodied in a slight and youthful form, and manifested by a character timid and sensitive to an extreme.

It would doubtless be difficult to convince the thoughtless devotee of fashion that the adoption of so unpopular a dress, even though largely promotive, as it is, of bodily health and comfort, could spring from other impulses than zealous fanaticism or selfish love of singularity. Yet we secretly believe that, so far from any such motives influencing, the real sacrifice of pride and wounded feeling, to a stern conviction of duty, is so great as to call for a generous meed of praise. The victim of the rack, scaffold, or stake, is not the only martyr. To certain natures the social torture inflicted because of a simple transgression of the rules of fashion, demands even greater heroism to withstand.

The conscientious few who have adopted the "Reform dress" from convictions of duty, may come to feel that the cost is too great for the end attained, and assume the long skirts again, but they will still merit respect for the strength of character which inspires frail, delicate women, to disregard every dictate of worldly policy, and at a heavy cost, show for a time their fidelity to sacred principles. Nor will it betray consumable weakness if they fail to "endure to the end." Some new disciple will take up the cast-off mantle, and to each succeeding representative of a needed reform the task will be lighter, till at last even Mrs. Grundy will assume the improved dress, and loudly declare she "always liked it."

But we did not contemplate a homily, by way of marriage congratulations, and may not be excused for the personal character of these reflections. It is only a noble and praiseworthy, let the cause be whatever it may. A whim or caprice, if held as a duty and conse-

crated as a sacred conception of right, challenges respect. How much more a recognition of the plain teachings of Nature and the simple rules of Health, especially when such convictions are at war with inclination, and the spirit triumphs over the weakness of the flesh.

Our congratulations are tendered to both parties of this union (wherein is strength) of two co-laborers in the cause of health reform, especially since we feel a conviction that in this relation there is recognized, and will exist, absolute equality of rights, personal and pecuniary. May such unions be multiplied! C. M. P.

Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: From his residence in Bristol, Conn., on the morning of Dec. 4th, 1861, Mr. ASHBA BRAN, aged 61 years. His progressing spirit left the mortal form, which was almost wasted away with consumption, and was no longer a suitable habitation for it, well prepared to take the place assigned to it by a life of usefulness among the inhabitants of a brighter world. Mr. Bran had been a Spiritualist for eight or nine years, and the knowledge which he had of his beautiful Philosophy, was most consoling to him, especially during the time when disease preyed upon his mortal form. He had much to live for, a large circle of relatives and friends, two kind and loving daughters, and a true and devoted wife. But as they are strongly imbued with the same views which he entertained of a future life, they will not mourn him as lost, but will look forward with the bright anticipation of meeting the husband and parent in the realms of immortal life, where separation is unknown between true and congenial spirits. A beautiful and appropriate discourse was delivered on the funeral occasion, by Mrs. E. D. SIMONS, a much esteemed friend of the deceased. A. T. F.

Departed: From Walworth, Wis., Oct. 24th, MARY E., daughter of Reuben and Carolina Fairchild, aged three years and eleven months.

Seldom does death occur more distressing than the one here recorded. The mother had just left the room for a moment, when startled by the cry of fire, she rushed back to find her darling little Mary enveloped in flames. Her clothing was removed as soon as possible, but too late to save her. Her body was burned to a crisp. She lingered about a fortnight, when she passed on to the higher life. As her last hour approached, her infant tongue was occasionally employed in singing some plaintive airs she had learned by her mother's side. How sweet to the afflicted parents to know that little Mary yet lives.

New Publications.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, No. LXX, November, 1861. American Edition; Leonard Scott & Co., No. 79 Fulton street, New York.

CONTENTS: 1. Pascal as a Philosopher. 2. What is Money? 3. Plato and Christianity. 4. Spain. 5. Poets and Poetry of Young Ireland. 6. Edmund Burke; his Life and Genius. 7. Scottish Humor. 8. Comets. 9. Mr. Mill on Representative Government.

Of the above-mentioned articles those on Pascal, Plato and Christianity, and the Life and Genius of Edmund Burke, for the general reader, will doubtless possess the greatest interest.

It is a favorite aim of this Review to nurse the Christian Faith of the Nineteenth Century. In order to do this, in nearly every issue there is a series of articles tending to show the limits of Reason, that is, how far man can believe upon evidence, and how much he ought to believe upon no evidence. The cardinal tenets of Christianity it has abundantly demonstrated to fall in the latter province. For our own part we receive all its teachings with the greatest deference; and that portion of our faith which rests on as rational grounds, is greatly strengthened by a careful perusal of its labored essays. The art of casting out Reason where it conflicts with the Bible, or with the tenets of the current popular religion, is nowhere exhibited with a greater skill in logic, or such affluence of rhetoric. We commend it to every skeptic who is fond of such intellectual jugglery as that by which Zeno proved the impossibility of motion, as well as to all babes in faith.

The articles of a more secular character are generally all that can be desired for perspicuity of style and manly thought. It is only in matters of religion that it falters with us in a double sense.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY, No. CCXX; October, 1861. American Edition. Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street, New York.

CONTENTS: 1. Life of Shelley. 2. Life, Enterprise, and Peril in Coal Mines. 3. The Immutability of Nature. 4. Newton as a Discoverer. 5. The Growth of English Poetry. 6. Plutarch. 7. Education of the Poor. 8. Alexis de Tocqueville. 9. Church-Rates.

The single article in this number of the Quarterly on "Newton as a Discoverer," is worth the yearly price (\$3) of the Review.

HARPER'S FOR JANUARY contains an illustrated article: "The Franconian Switzerland, by Bayard Taylor; "History of the U. S. Navy," illustrated, by Benson J. Lossing; the usual Serials; a very interesting contribution, containing personal recollections and incidents respecting Samuel F. B. Morse, the father of telegraphing; also several entertaining stories, Editor's Table, &c.—altogether an interesting number.

Attractive Miscellany.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Regina Lyle.

BY CLARA WENTWORTH.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

"Ah! whither now are fled Those dreams of greatness? those unsold hopes Of happiness? those longings after fame? Those restless cares? those busy, bustling days? Those gay-spent festive nights? those veering thoughts,

Lost between good and ill, that shad'd my life? All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives, Immortal, never-fading friend of man, His guide to happiness on high."

[THOMSON'S SEASONS.]

We were saved—taken from the wreck of the once good ship "Meridian" by a brig destined for the same coast. Once safely on board the friendly vessel, and the tension of my nerves gave way. I was ill and delirious for several days, and have but a confused recollection of the manner of our rescue. I knew that the worst fury of the storm was spent; that the azure and golden beams of sunset streaked the sky as we embarked in the boats and put from the disabled bark. When I recovered fully, I was delighted to behold the perfect harmony that existed between Mrs. Barton Lee and young Elmer. No frown lowered on her brow as he sat lovingly beside Althea, his arm surrounding her waist, his blue eyes beaming love upon her. She placed no interdiction on their familiar converse; she called him "Elmer" with the gentlest accents of affection. Her manner towards me, too, was more cordial; she greeted me with more freedom; she became more confiding and affectionate.

Althea did not appear to suffer from the result of the terror and alarm that had prevailed during the fearful passing of the tempest. She was serenely calm as ever; the happy Elmer Darwin lived in a paradise of bliss; to him the present was fraught with life's choicest fulfillment.

Mrs. Nash resumed her vivacious manners, but she curbed the expression of her inordinate love of dress, at least for the remaining days we spent together. Mrs. Hilton kept her word; though an occasional angry gleam shot from her eyes, she controlled the unruly member that so often had offended. The gentlemen resumed their usual characters; our good captain his wonted cheerfulness. But Mr. Hammond was a changed and altered being; he spent much of his time in conversation with Althea, and to the rest he spoke but little; he was often plunged in deep thought, and spent much time in the solitude of the little cabin allotted to him and the rest of the male passengers; for the dimensions of the brig "Alexander" were not like those of our lost packet, and her accommodations were very limited.

On the morning succeeding our timely rescue, the body of little Albert Hammond was committed to the deep. It was a solemn and impressive ceremony, and from it the heart-broken father retired to his cabin, which, with a delicacy that does honor to human nature, was left at his entire disposal—the captain, Messrs. Nash and Hilton, remaining on deck, and sometimes sleeping there; and the mourner appreciated this consideration, and with his keen sorrow mingled remorse for his disbelief in human goodness. Towards faith in God and man he was approximating, through the divine ministrations of trial and bereavement. And the interpreter of things holy, teaching, and beautiful, was Althea Lee to him.

Six days we spent on board the brig; then we landed at a place called Martinez, and for a few days we reposed from the past fatigue and excitement. Mrs. Lee's warm thanks to the captain of the "Alexander" were accompanied by a substantial present to himself and crew; the other passengers also evinced their gratitude by a handsome contribution, for they had saved their money and valuables, and had only lost their clothing. As we left the vessel's side we were cheered enthusiastically by the Yankee crew and her gallant commander.

In a comparatively comfortable little steamer, the only one at that time plying between the ports of Martinez and Arganova, we pursued our voyage, and in twelve hours we safely reached our destination. With delight and wonder I had gazed upon the first tropical landscape that greeted me; in Arganova I deemed myself in the fabled Elysium of the past!

Mountains towering heavenwards in eternally green and blooming summer vestments; forests reaching to the farthest stretch of vision, whose emerald beauty was relieved by snowy clusters and abundant crimson berries of the coffee growth; valleys fertile with unending harvest wealth; gardens rainbow-bright and dazzling with the multifarious forms of loveliest flowers; royal palm and stately cocoa mirrored in the limpid streams; mango groves and bowers of tamarind; hedges laden with the bloom and fragrance of the choice rasta (the mignonette of the North); with the ripe pomegranate's glow; the bridal blossoms of the orange and its delicious fruit; golden banana clusters; saintly lilies drooping by the lakelet's margin, amid cedar ranks and interlacing vines! Each home nest, wood-embellished; spice breathings on the air, the summer's gay and fervent benedictions resting on earth, and sky, and sea!

The house prepared for us was romantically situated on an eminence that overlooked the sea; its interior decorations were lavish, and in keeping with the style to which Mrs. Barton Lee was accustomed; a number of free colored servants were engaged; and to this sea-side palace, surrounded by floral magnificence, almost imbedded in the luxurious tropical foliage, the lady bade me welcome as to a home.

I no longer felt weighed down to the earth by the sense of dependence, although my carefully-guarded secret caused me many a reminiscent pang, although I still shed bitter tears for the knowledge and the disenchantment of my youth. But here, a new life opened before me; a mingling of the realization of my ideal dreams with the practical uses of affection and talent; from Althea I learned more than had ever been imparted by books; more than ever I had gained from even the loftiest teachers of the new Spiritual faith.

A change, permanent and beneficial, had passed over the proud heart of the mother; she began to have faith in the outpourings of her gifted child's soul-language; she comprehended somewhat of what she had termed her "mysticisms"; she took pains to understand the heavenly inspirations of that angel-heart; despite of the recurring suggestions of the older pride of family and station; despite the timidly ventured remonstrances of her fashionable cousin, Mrs. Dorman, and her aristocratic daughters, she persevered in the course that brought happiness to Althea. She permitted and encouraged the visits of Elmer Darwin, and smiled (sometimes I thought it yet cost her a supreme effort) on the unrestricted intercourse of the happy lovers.

Occasionally, the lady shed tears over letters that she received. Althea sometimes inquired of her mother: "Have you heard from—you know where, mamma?" And she would reply:

"All is well dear; all is the same as usual." On one or two occasions in my remembrance, mother and daughter were closeted together for some time; when I was called in I noticed that Althea's face was agitated; that Mrs. Lee had been weeping copiously. The sight of trouble on my loved invalid's usually placid countenance so disturbed me, that I was haunted by it for weeks.

In that home of quiet, beauty, and abundance, I soon recovered my former healthfulness of frame, and almost my former hilarity of spirits. I was the friend, the companion of Althea, and as such, presented to the few visitors we received; for Mrs. Lee refused the earnest solicitations of her relatives to mingle with society at large.

I was the confidant of Elmer Darwin, to whom he confided all the inexpressible wishes of his pure young heart. In the love that called forth all the divinest emotions of his manliness, there could find admission not one ray of the earthly hope of possession; not a breath of passion dared breathe on the vestal altar of his hallowed truth. By no name of earth could the bride of his spirit be pledged to him forever; no priest of this lower world could for them utter the marriage rites that bind the loving in a sacred bond of household union. For them God himself was the ordaining high-priest who received their souls' eternal truth-pledge; the seraphim of celestial love were the attendant witnesses; and on the attesting scroll of eternity was recorded the alliance of those kindred hearts. The world has few such examples; rare are the instances of such entire self-abnegation as was manifested by the Nazarene spirit of Elmer, who, for this frail and spiritual being, for the love he bore her, could make a sacrifice of youth's most glowing hopes and passionate desires. I have heard him recite to her, with deep feeling, impossible to render, those exquisite lines of Moore:

"Oh, call it by some better name,
For Friendship is too cold;
And Love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold.
And Passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all he sees,
As while as warm, will set as soon—
Oh, call it none of these!
Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they;
And if thy tongue, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name."

And that he loved her with a rare and exceptional love I could not doubt, witnessing his complete devotion—the reverential tenderness with which he always approached her.

He was as fine a specimen of the nobility of young manhood as could be imagined by the ideal longing of sweet maidenhood; tall, athletic, with a blending of grace and strength; majestically erect, and healthfully blest; his blue eye expressed tenderness, the purest and most devoted, as well as the man's fixedness of purpose, the spirit's high resolve; intellect beamed from every lineament; and the flexible, almost womanly mouth, denoted gentleness and sympathy, the deepest commiseration with all forms and phases of human suffering. And yet that face bore stamped on every feature the indomitable courage, the unflinching moral bravery of a dauntless, death-defying soul. Around the broad white forehead clustered a mass of dark brown hair, waving and curling in profusion over the well-formed head, that bore itself with dignity, as if the crown of spiritual glory rested upon it for all time. No marvel that Althea loved him; that she recognized in him the kindred spirit, hers unto all eternity!

I thought of the widely differing character of the love that Allan Graham had offered me;

and while I blessed these pure young lovers, I shuddered at the memory of the past.

Mrs. Lee would have rendered complete the sacrifice of her pride and worldly prejudices by adopting the youth as one of her own household; but his manly independence refused to live upon her bounty, and he continued firm in his resolve to continue a seafaring life; and he made two more voyages to the North under his uncle's instructions—for Captain Darwin had obtained another vessel, and still followed his perilous career. The widowed mother of Elmer was well provided for by her brother-in-law's generosity; she resided in his house, with his family, at some distance from the city of New York; the joy, hope, and consolation of her life was bound in this son, her only remaining child. With filial and enthusiastic affection he ever spoke of this beloved, gentle mother.

During his absence my Althea bore up with remarkable fortitude—never shedding a tear when he came to sayfarewell, nor demonstrating extravagant joy on his return. But in her unusual silence, in the abstraction of her eye and manner, we knew that she pined for his presence; by her radiant, though ever colorless face, we knew of the unspeakable joy at her heart when he was near. The mother, ever trembling for the treasure she deemed more of heaven than her own, could not permit one shadow of care or disappointment to cloud her innocent life; therefore, with all the eloquence of maternal love, she prevailed on Elmer to renounce his projects of the sea, and remain in their vicinity. And again the heroic heart of the young man made another sacrifice, and on the altar of that all-absorbing love placed the votive offering of his ambition, and resigned himself to the monotonous life so greatly at variance with his enterprising spirit.

Althea sighed when he told her that he had taken rooms near by the "Casa Flores," as their charming home was called: "You give up all for me," she said, with a look of grateful love. "I accept the sacrifice, for in it lies your greatest discipline; and out of it will arise your soul's advancement; these few months, or years, will not be lost. And when I am gone, you will have many tokens to remember me by."

These allusions to her departure from earth, rarely as they were expressed, filled us all with the deepest grief. Often, rushing from her presence as the haunting thought intruded itself upon him, he would fly to me for solace, assurance, and comfort. He would kneel before me, questioning me minutely of every circumstance connected with Althea's health,—with tears that he dared not shed before her, he would implore me to give my opinion concerning her chances of life.

"Oh, Regina, if she were to die, I could not outlive her long! Oh, would that we had died together on the sea!" he would exclaim; "I cannot bear to see her fade and pine away! God grant I may be called before her!" But she faded not visibly to our sight; no diminution of her ethereal bodily powers, no falling away of her serene and spiritual loveliness, occurred to augment our fears, or cause our hearts to throb with apprehension. She remained in the same condition physically; but each day her mind gained knowledge, her soul soared on inspiration's brightest pinions, far beyond the boundaries of mortal insight; she was, to all intents and purposes, our guide and teacher. By her ministering hand of love I was led out of the misanthropic gloom, the once darkening skepticism; I believed again in love and friendship, in the existence of nobleness, justice, and truth, among men.

The once confirmed Atheist and hater of his kind, the sorrow-bowed Oscar Hammond, left Arganova a changed and bettered man. He had been to see us frequently, and Althea led him towards the light, the warmth, and the beauty of faith. At the hands of the Church he would have scornfully rejected consolation; from the creeds of men he had turned in disgust; but the helpless maiden, bound down by heavy bonds of affliction, radiant and smiling from her imprisonment—this youthful philosopher, extracting only honey from the seeming bitterness of so cruel a fate—this fair, pale, beautiful apostle of sublime truths—she charmed, and touched, and convinced his heart. He saw her denied the common privileges of the young, set aside from pleasure, almost from companionship, yet resting securely in her hope of immortality—in her gained certainty of the compensating worlds beyond.

She made a convert of him—not to any revealed or sanctioned form of religion, but she led him to the acceptance of that natural, unperverted faith, that has its mainspring in the soul. He returned to his native city with a renovated heart—the child-heart of the past; and his memory of the lost Albert was a sainted one; he hoped for the promised reunion in another world.

Mr. and Mrs. Nash resided in the capital, some thirty miles distant; once only they called upon us during our sojourn in the tropic seaport. Mr. Hilton and his wife removed to Las Tomas, a town in the interior. Mrs. Dorman and her proud lady-daughters sometimes called on us; their society was not congenial; Mrs. Lee seldom returned their visits—I never. Captain Darwin was a welcome visitor to our little palace; his jovial manners and hearty, good-natured laugh, always enlivened our invalid. Finding employment in one of the mercantile houses for a portion of his time, Elmer devoted the rest to his idolized Althea—the physicians giving hopeful and encouraging accounts of her condition. He had made arrangements for his mother to come and live with him; and while she gratefully accepted the offer, she postponed it for awhile, as one of her nieces demanded her attention; the youngest daughter of good Captain Darwin

was in a decline, and could not bear that her beloved ministering aunt should leave her, and the health of this sufferer was so precarious that she could not be removed to a warmer climate. Letters full of maternal solicitude and devotion, of filial tenderness and love-like descriptions of the angelic Althea, passed constantly between them.

And I, but for the intruding memories of the past, was happy; my gifts of improvisation delighted mother and daughter, and were highly appreciated by Elmer, who looked to me as to an elder and well beloved sister. I had a few suitors, too, whom I firmly and kindly rejected, to the evident satisfaction of Mrs. Lee, though she said, "Do you intend becoming an old maid, Regina?"

And I, smiling, would say, in self-defense, "You cannot well do without me, and Elmer cannot quite take my place with Althea."

And my angel, looking at me with an arch smile, would remark, "It will not be so always; your ideal will appear some day."

Thus, in this calm, still, blessed home-life, passed on two happy years.

"Regina, you have been to me as a daughter—faithful and devoted as a sister to my afflicted child. She was drawn towards you at first sight, and I have learnt to value and respect her clear-seeing intuitions. I have been slower and more wary in bestowing confidence—it is my nature; but now, I think, I know you well. I am about to confide to you the cause of my great sorrow; you are the only being to whom I would tell the fearful tale."

Thus spoke Mrs. Barton Lee, as we sat on the shady veranda, in the delightful sunset hour. Before us sparkled the sapphire-gleaming sea, and in the gorgeous light of the departing day the mountains glowed with a gemmed luster, the brilliant reflex of the tropic sky. Clouds of amber, purple, gold, and azure, overhung the crimson glory of the setting sun; and all the fragrant prayer-breath of the flowers arose from earth—Nature's evening sacrifice to God. The white sails glistened in the distance, like the peace-wings of messenger-birds. Over sky and sea, over the quiet town and ever-flowing river, was cast the hallowed spell of silence, that was so eloquent of peace and harmony, of invocation and response from above. Then rang the "Ave Maria" bells, and the voice of human prayer broke the charmed stillness.

Mrs. Lee's eyes were fixed in sorrowful retrospection on the paradisaic scene before her. I silently pressed her hand; I could not utter the sympathy I felt.

"I am a native of the South, you know that, Regina," she continued, "but you do not know that to live in its luxurious atmosphere means to imbibe, with the first breath of life, prejudices and opinions that after years fall to be totally eradicate. My family was wealthy, and proud, as all Southerners are, of their ancestral dignity. I am descended from the nobility of England; once I was proud of this, now I smile in self-pity at the past delusion. I was celebrated for my beauty, wit, and intellect; I had many suitors; I selected one, and he met with the approval of my family. We were to be united soon; but then was sent to me my first great sorrow; my intended was thrown from his horse and killed, in sight of my father's gates. I knew nothing then of resignation, of trust and faith in God. I was a self-willed, rebellious, haughty, all-defying woman; I raved for many days, then I was prostrated by severe illness, and I arose from my sick-bed a changed, heart-broken, miserable wreck of my former self! I struggled for outward self-control, and I attained it; I made ambition my idol, and enthroned it in the place of love. I sought oblivion in the pursuit of pleasure, in the giddy revel, in the whirl of excitement, and I succeeded in drowning thought and reflection in a flood of frivolous enjoyments. I became acquainted with Barton Lee; he was a widower, without living children, influential and respected in society. There was no opposition to his suit; after a few months of stately and formal courtship I was married to him."

She paused, and heaved a deep, weary, heart-wrung sigh, that was almost a sob. "I had been educated in the peculiar views of my associates, with the ideas that the institution of slavery attaches to the respective claims of master and dependent. I deemed the negro rightfully owned by the superior white man; I looked on him as the inferior of our more favored race in all things, and I treated my father's slaves accordingly; not with cruelty, for that was not in my nature, but with indifference, caring not nor thinking ever beyond the mere physical comforts allotted them. Our people were well fed, well clothed, and conveniently lodged; my parents were lenient and indulgent, my father's moral character was without a stain. I had never witnessed the evident signs of that soul-degradation that is the worst feature of this, our great national sin. I was aristocratic in my feelings; I loved power, and pomp, and display; for his broad lands, for his wealth and possessions of human chattels, I married Barton Lee! I had not long been installed as the mistress of his mansion before I became aware that a curse rested upon its splendors; that for past and present sins its master was haunted by avenging fiends, that not yet in the guise of remorse, still allured him on to excess and crime! I witnessed cruelties undreamt of; I beheld tyranny and oppression rampant; and I knew that my hearthstone was polluted by the grossest immorality. I sought to interfere, to check his headlong career of viciousness; it was in vain, for intoxication held him almost constantly in its demon grasp, and my remonstrances only incited him to acts of still more fiendish malignity. Honor, decency, and manliness, justice, mercy,

and forbearance, were laughed to scorn. He trampled on his marriage vows with satyrical heel, on me, his wedded wife, the envious sharer of his greatness, he-heaped abuse—torments of the lowest vituperation—all the mad-ness born of drunkenness and foulest orgies—profanity such as would have shocked the habitual scoffer! Libertinism shrank in horror; cruelty and motherly heart shrank in horror; the wretched names of the olden Roman emperors, I was compelled to witness in silence and in tears, powerless myself to act. My sons, from earliest childhood, were imbued with the absolute spirit of selfishness that marked my husband; they were miniature tyrants, and my influence was all too weak to withstand the strong current of his ever-opposing and unbending will. I lived to behold my children demoralized, and I could not wrest them from the hand leading them to swift and sure destruction.

"Oh, Regina, there are sorrows in all stations; but terrible, beyond all power of description, is that woe which can find no alleviation in sympathy by the communication of its wretchedness. I was surrounded by all the appurtenances of fashion, ease, and luxury; I was the wife of a man honored in the councils of his State—dubbed Honorable by the voices of the public. And I was the most miserable being alive!

"I will spare you the recital of his manifold tyrannies. I will not still further inflame your hatred of the South by the relation of the scenes I was compelled to witness, and from which, believe me, I shrank back appalled. Oh, child! my life for years was worse than that of the condemned criminal, for I feared the vengeance of those outraged blacks. I trembled for the retribution awaiting such heinous crimes, and dreaded that it would include the innocent. I have often sent my food away untasted, possessed by the thought that it might be poisoned. I have lain awake at night, with every nerve strained to its utmost tension, listening for the stealthy tread of some avenging husband or father. My midnight rest was broken by the cries of helpless bondmen and women writhing beneath the lash! My husband, and, oh, dear God! the sons I bore in agony! lost to all shame, all sense of honor, all fear of the Lord, all love of humanity, before my very eyes have oft dragged forth their victims to disgrace and punishment! And this, Regina, is the life I led; the life so many haughty Southern dames are chained to; such are the horrors they are obliged to endure, and from which pride, necessity, public opinion, permit no flight. No tortured soul in Gehenna can suffer more than do these fated women, whose souls so oft protest against the doom that makes them passive and seeming participators of cruelties from which each womanly sense revolts.

"Such is real life on many a Southern plantation; such are the fruits of that great moral evil, that bane and curse of the Southland—slavery! Its reactive influence is terrible, its retributions fearful in the extreme. Before my Althea was born my parents had departed for the better world. In his last moments my father performed the only act of justice he had refrained from during his life—he emancipated his slaves. My beloved mother had preceded him into eternal life. The rest of their property was willed to me, their only child; but the poor creatures I had brought in dowry to Mr. Lee had been sold one by one, and the proceeds appropriated to his own uses; whatever their fate, they were blest in being rescued from his hands.

"I wept with grief and foreboding when my daughter was born, and I shrank in terror from her father's step, in loathing from his approach; I feared that his very presence would contaminate my innocent babe. As she grew up in beauty, grace, and sweetness, I sought by all the means within my power to keep her from his influence, from the society of her brothers. Under the plea of her delicate health, I partially succeeded in keeping her near me; in withdrawing her from the pernicious example of those who should have proved her guardians and teachers. She was all a mother's fondness could desire; on her my broken heart rested; for her sake I sought to live, to bear every burden, to endure faithfully to the end.

"She displayed wonderful and precocious intelligence, and to it was added a fearless, dauntless spirit; all but Althea trembled in the presence of the master; she, smiling, gentle, and caressing, ever confronted him with loving words, and clear, unshrinking eye, and he occasionally lavished a kind remark, a fatherly and tender word upon her.

"Between Mr. Lee and myself all semblance, even, of affection, had ceased; in company we met, and smiled, and exchanged the customary civilities. I had learnt to fear as well as to despise him, and he had long since forgotten all respect towards me. The same coarse language and vulgar epithets, applied to the lowest menial on the place, marked his address to me. He had lifted his unmanly hand against me, and in the paroxysms of his drunken fury shattered the furniture and mirrors in my apartments, and left the impress of his unsparring madness on my person! You weep for pity, Regina, dear, and your cheeks are flushed with indignant crimson. Oh wait, the worst has not been told!

"My child was ten years old, when, one day, with disheveled hair and frenzied aspect, my pretty maid, Lucilla, burst, with loud cries, into my sitting-room, and, clasping my knees, implored my intercession to save her from the doom of infamy to which the master's fiat had devoted her. She was a new purchase, this lovely light mulatto girl, with her pomegranate cheek and lustrous oriental eyes. She was pure in spirit and in heart, and plead for her woman's honor with an eloquence that moved

me to the soul. What could I, the chained victim myself, promise that hapless one? I felt that her fate was sealed.

"But my Althea, comprehending only that the suppliant was incurring some fearful risk or danger, promised her mediation with the father she never dreaded to appeal to. She had saved many a one from present and impending punishment, and was idolized by all the colored people. She stroked Lucilla's glowing cheek, and assured her of protection and safety.

"Oh the masser will call for me, and I darsn't hide; and, oh dear, I darsn't go to his room when he calls me; I'm afraid, afraid!" sobbed the poor girl.

"When papa sends for you, I will go with you," said my angel, "and I'll coax him to forgive you and not frighten you again. Stay here, now, in mamma's room." The grateful Lucilla kissed my child's hands, and, yet trembling, crouched down in a distant corner.

"At every sound in the adjoining room or passages, the defenseless creature started, with a low cry of alarm. At last a summons came from the master; Lucilla was to attend him immediately. The girl's face blanched to an ashen hue; she arose and tottered forwards. Althea sprang agilely towards her; with serene face and smiling lips she said, "Come!" and put forth her little hand.

"I saw them depart together, and heard their retreating steps. I apprehended no danger for my child, for, in his worst excesses of passion, he had never lifted his hand against her. I sat immersed in deep and painful thought, when suddenly a loud, piercing scream, rang through the house—a sound so weird and terrible that it curdled the life-blood in my veins; for with it, partaking of all the agony, terror, and despair, there mingled the voice of my own beloved child!

"I rushed from the room; I ran with the speed of an avenging fury up the broad stairs, and burst into my husband's chamber. There, in a corner, lay the bleeding form of the sacrificed Lucilla, writhing in the death throes; and prostrate at the feet of the unnatural father, and most inhuman master, lay, cold, and pale, and lifeless, my erst smiling and blooming child, the only consolation of my wrecked and miserable life!

"And he, the murderer, the double assassin!—he stood like one bereft of reason, with bloodshot eye, blanched face, and nervously twitching hands, almost sobbed from the inebriate state that had led to the commission of such a fearful deed. With a show of tenderness and regret, he lifted Althea from the carpet, and sprinkled water on her deathlike countenance.

"I snatched her from him and bore her to my room, calling imprecations at whose memory I now tremble, on his head. My daughter was restored to consciousness; but the graceful motions of her fairy form could no more delight my eye—my child was paralyzed! and never, oh never more, would her aerial feet dance round me, or press unaided the flowery earth! Oh, Regina, it was a blow that blighted utterly—that crushed me to the dust!"

The stricken mother wept; and, overcome with tender pity for her, with horror and burning hatred of the monster who thus had darkened two noble lives, I knelt before that lady, bowed my head upon her lap, and rained my tributary tears upon her hands. When she had recovered somewhat from the agitating effects of the harrowing recital, she continued:

"He did not strike her to the earth; he offered her no violence; but when, disregarding her plea for poor Lucilla, he had disheathed the knife in that suppliant victim's heart—the death shriek of the girl—the sight of blood—the revelation of so demon-like a nature—all combining, had acted on the frail and sensitive organism. My blessed one fell to the ground, never more to arise from it erect and healthful, with lithe and supple limbs, with rose-decked cheek.

"Since that day no gleam of youth's brilliant coloring has returned to her face; no strength has come to the frame thus visited by a father's cruelty. Her prospects destroyed, her young life clouded, robbed of the greater portion of life's God-decreed enjoyments—oh, Regina, do you wonder that I hate that man? that Althea, angel as she is, shrank from the thought of him? though, forgiving saint, loving spirit! she yet makes filial inquiry for him, and sighs to think of the miserable, wandering life he dooms himself to, with the brothers she knows so little of.

"After the uninvestigated murder of my maid, and the dread calamity attending it, he seldom dared to visit my rooms. Althea was seized with convulsive tremblings whenever he approached; her health was so precarious that for a time life hung trembling in the balance with death. At last Mr. Lee absented himself from home, staying away for months, and remaining only a few days when he returned. I was, to all intents and purposes, a deserted wife and forgotten mother, for he took his sons with him, growing youths as they were, and much as they needed my guidance and control. Whenever they returned it was to a course of reckless dissipation and remorseless cruelty. My daughter regained in time the tranquillity of her spirit, and a comparative degree of health; the cause of her sad condition was never known, not even to the servants of the house, for there had been no witnesses to Lucilla's death—to the terror-stroke that had fallen so heavily on my poor child.

"When at home, my sons, like their father, avoided us; and, under the plea of ill health, I almost secluded myself from society. At the urgent desire of Althea—long withstood, for I dreaded the ordeal to her nerves—I resolved upon the voyage hither, and we left Bellvue, my ill-fated home, while the master,

with his boys, had sailed for Europe. It is my intention never to return; I have available means in a bank of the United States, and can live in comfort with my dear one. I trust he will never discover our retreat; I have taken every precaution to prevent it; for I fear the sight of him now would prove a death blow to Althea, she has not looked upon his face so long. From a confidential agent I receive news of him occasionally; alas! they are bitter tidings to the heart of a wife and mother. My husband a murderer, an irreclaimable drunkard, and my sons addicted to almost every form of vice! Regina, you have now the secret of my life!

I could refrain no longer. I must tell her all. With tear-filled eyes, and taking both her hands, I said:

"In return for your confidence, dear madam, I owe you the secret I have guarded so long from all the world. You, I know, will not despise me; you will love me still. Dear Mrs. Lee! I, too, have suffered from that monstrous evil of our time, I am—"

I was interrupted by the appearance of Manuela, the lady's maid, who announced two gentlemen to see the Senora.

Mrs. Lee arose thoughtfully and took her way to the reception saloon. With a heavy heart I rejoined my beloved invalid.

(To be Continued.)

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

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Mrs. C. M. Stowe may be addressed, till farther notice, at Sturges, Mich.

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

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

J. H. Randall will respond to calls to lecture at the East, addressed Northfield, Mass.

Geo. M. Jackson, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at Prattsburgh, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney will make engagements for lecturing. Address Lawrence, Mass.

G. B. Stebbins will speak in Portland, Me., in January. Address care, Bela Marsh, Boston.

J. H. W. Tooley may be addressed, for the present, New York City, at the office of this paper.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell, Inspirational Speaker, will receive invitations to lecture, addressed Hastings, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Frank Chase, Inspirational Medium, will answer calls to lecture on Politics and Religion. Address Sutton, N. H.

Herman Snow, formerly Unitarian minister, will address Spiritualists and friends of Progress not too remote from his residence, Rockford, Ill.

Rev. M. Taylor speaks every other Sunday at Stockton, Me., once in two months at Troy, Me., and will answer calls for other days.

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

W. K. Ripley speaks in Bradford, Me., each alternate Sunday; every fourth Sunday at Glasgow and Kennebec.

[N. Y. Sunday Dispatch.]

Miss De Force has been obliged to return to the West, owing to ill health. Address through January, Owensboro, Ky.; February, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will lecture in Springfield, Mass., four Sundays of January. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Rev. J. D. Sawyer will attend to any invitations to deliver six or more lectures on Doctrinal Christianity, directed to Coxsackie, N. Y.

William Denton has closed his labors in the mineral regions of the West, and will spend the winter in the Eastern States and Canada. Address Palmsville, O.

William Bailey Potter, M. D., will lecture on Scientific Spiritualism, in Western New York and Northern Ohio, until spring. Address care of C. S. Hoag, Medina, N. Y.

E. Case, Jr., may be addressed care Mrs. James Lawrence, Cleveland, or at Florida, Hillsdale Co., Mich., for engagements this winter in the West. Mr. Case opens his lectures with appropriate songs.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller will receive calls to lecture in Northern Ohio and Michigan this winter; also attend on funeral occasions, if required. Permanent address, Conneaut, O., care A. S. Hickox.

Leo Miller will speak in Somers, Conn., the two first Sundays in January; in Marblehead, Mass., the last three Sundays in February; in Chicopee, Mass., the two first Sundays in March. Address Hartford, Conn., or as above.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture each Sabbath of January at Hall, Amos Place, New York City. In March in Philadelphia. Address care of Mrs. E. J. French, 8 Fourth avenue, New York.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak at Dublin, Wayne Co., Ind., on the evenings of Jan. 1st and 2d; at Knightstown, Henry Co., the 3d; Greensboro, 4th and 5th; Paris, 6th and 7th; Mchansburg, 8th and 9th. He will take subscriptions for the Herald, and have our publications for sale.

F. L. Wadsworth will lecture in Battle Creek, Mich., every Sunday until further notice; in Providence, R. I., four Sundays of May, 1862; Taunton, Mass., first two Sundays of June; Marblehead, Mass., three last. Address accordingly. He will answer calls to lecture in New England during the summer of 1862.

Miscellaneous.

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GARDNER'S Rheumatic & Neuralgia COMPOUND.

A Certain, Safe, and Permanent Cure FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, AND SALT RHEUM.

IT IS AN INTERNAL REMEDY, Driving out and entirely eradicating the Disease. IT REQUIRES NO CHANGE IN DIET OR BUSINESS, AND

May be taken by Children and Persons of the most Delicate Constitutions, WITH PERFECT SAFETY.

TESTIMONIALS.

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

After suffering with Rheumatism twenty years, and being confined to my bed several weeks last spring, I was entirely cured by the use of one bottle of "Gardner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound." NORMAN T. AYRES, 75 Franklin Street, Boston.

Having been a constant sufferer from Neuralgia for eighteen months, and been driven by excruciating pain to the trial of numerous remedies, without obtaining relief, I was induced to try "Gardner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound." I have taken but one bottle, and am entirely well. D. D. BAXTER, Dry Goods Dealer, 5 Appleton Block, Lowell, Mass.

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

"Gardner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" has entirely cured me of sufferings of several years' standing. W. E. HODGKINS, 1 Old State House, Boston, Mass.

My son, ten years of age, has been for three years a great sufferer from Salt Rheum, his hands covered with sores, and in constant pain: one bottle of your Compound cured him. J. W. HAMMOND, 92 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"Gardner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" has entirely cured me of Neuralgia. W. C. THOMPSON, Proprietor Pearl Street House, Boston, Mass.

One-half a bottle of your Compound cured me of a severe attack of Neuralgia. FANNIE S. THOMPSON, Pearl Street House, Boston, Mass.

I certify that my friend, Wm. T. Gillien, Esq., presented me with a bottle of "Gardner's Rheumatic Compound," in 1856, when I was suffering with a pain (in) attack of Neuralgia and Rheumatism, and that it proved to be of decided benefit. ALBERT SMITH, Ex-Member of Congress from Maine.

I think it the best and most efficacious medicine for that disease I ever used. WILLIAM C. KITTREDGE, Fair Haven, Vt.

The undersigned hereby certify that they have used "Gardner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound," for the cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and found, in every case, immediate and permanent relief. We have full confidence in its healing qualities, and would recommend it to all who are afflicted with these harassing diseases, as one of the safest and best medicines ever offered to the public. S. HANCOCK, JR., 20 South Market Street, Boston.

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