

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

Vol. 3, No 35.]

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

NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 18, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS
per Year.

[WHOLE No. 139]

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will soon expire, and that he is invited promptly to renew it, to insure the uninterrupted mailing of the paper, and save extra labor at this office. Renewals will in all cases be dated and receipted for from the expiring number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

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

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

Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

"JULIUS," SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Your subscription has been credited, as you requested.

"ELIZA," SOUTH HADLEY, MASS.—Thank you, dear friend. Your inclosure and your words were welcome.

"ELLEN," N. Y.—The taking out a patent abroad will not prevent the inventor from taking out a patent in the United States.

J. J. M., WISCONSIN.—He is a carpenter. One of the best dwellings in Milwaukee was put up by him. We do not know his present address.

J. C. M., POUGHKEEPSIE.—If he was born to blush "unseen," you may never expect to see him blush when accused of the act you name.

A. G., BLOOMFIELD.—He died at the City Hospital in a fit of delirium tremens. It was far better to have died in the army of Freedom.

A. S. J., WEST AUBURN, PA.—We think the afflicted Sister will find in the "Harbinger" all the prescription necessary for her restoration.

"REFORMER," N. Y.—When a system of laws is devised to suit every man's conscience, it will then be possible for one suit of clothes to fit every man's body.

ABEL C., ROCKROVE, IOWA.—No word for you in the line of mediumship. Of the book, you have our opinion in few words. We do not deem the work truly spiritual. It is more wonderful than truthful.

"TRUTH," BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It is best to forgive the hard-hearted man. His wealth is nothing. In our opinion he is a "golden calf." Do not fall down and worship him, even if commanded by your own parents.

H. R., HARRISON STREET, N. Y.—He is, when aroused, a passionate and cruel man. Sometimes he will become partially insane in his fits of anger. We trace this back to his life before birth. His mother, during pregnancy, was often incensed with the conduct of her husband.

P. S. K., NEWARK, N. J.—By the accidental upsetting of the sail-boat the two sisters went down in the tide, until the heavenly stream wafted them upward to the ocean of eternal love. They have several times returned to their still weeping father. They comfort him.

DR. SHAW, OF SHOKROCK, HENDERSON COUNTY, ILL., writes that the cause of Spiritual Truth is progressing in that region. He speaks favorably of several mediums, especially of Mrs. Genung, of Terre Haute, who is a good speaker under inspiration. The Doctor wants traveling speaking mediums to call upon him.

J. M., TROY, N. Y.—Your will is revoked by the subsequent birth of the child, because in the will you made no provision for the child. Better make a new will at once. While you are at it, why not set apart one-twentieth part of your estate for the free distribution of the HERALD OF PROGRESS? We are willing to serve as trustee, and render to the public a faithful account.

For the Herald of Progress The Words of Wisdom.

BY DE VEEB VINING.

The words of wisdom are few and simple. Like the tears of a summer evening, they fall upon the thirsty flowers of thought, invigorating and beautifying them; like the ceaseless pattering of rain-drops on the tremulous foliage of the solemn, mighty forest, they fall upon the ears of earth's countless millions, with a holy, spiritualizing influence; like the gentle sighing of night-winds across the flower-scented meadows, they come freighted with the incense of truth divine, and whisper in strains sweeter than Aeolian music, to the earnest, patient seeker after God-like perfection and harmony. Blessed is their mission!

Their mission is to sow the seeds,
In every heart, of truth and love,
To prompt the soul to nobler deeds
In that bright path where Virtue leads—
To raise the thoughts from earth, above;

To demonstrate the worth of mind
Over the paltry things of sense—
That only in its growth we find
That wealth of happiness, designed
By God as our inheritance.

The War for Progress.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE AGE:
ONWARD TO FREEDOM!

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

Great War Speech by Charles Sumner.

THE POLICY OF EMANCIPATION.

ITS NECESSITY AS A WAR MEASURE.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: Meetings of the people in ancient Athens were opened with these words: "May the gods doom to perdition that man and all his race, who, on this occasion, shall speak, act, or contrive anything against the Commonwealth." With such an imprecation all were summoned to the duties of the citizen. But duties become urgent in proportion to perils. If ever there was occasion for these solemn words, it is now, when the country is in danger—when the national capital itself is menaced—when all along the loyal border, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Indian territories west of the Mississippi, barbarian hordes under some Alaric of the South are marshaling their forces, and when death is knocking at the doors of so many happy homes. If ever there was occasion when country might claim the best and most self-forgetful efforts of all, it is now. Each in his way must act. Each must do what he can; the youthful and strong by giving themselves to the service; the weak, if in no other way, by scraping lint. Such is the call of patriotism. This country must be saved.

GOOD MEN AND GERMAN AND IRISH FOR THE WAR.

Among the omens which I hail with gladness is the union which now happily prevails among good men, in support alike of the State and National Governments—forgetting that they were Democrats—forgetting that they were Whigs; and disregarding all party names, to remember only the duties of the citizen. Another sign, not less cheering, is to be found in the generous devotion which all among us of foreign birth have offered to their adopted country. German, fight as for their fatherland, and Irishmen fight as for Ireland; nor can our cause be less dear to the latter now that the spirit of Grattan and O'Connell has entered into it.

"NO PARTY."

Surely this is no time for the strife of party. Its jealousies and antipathies are now more than ever irrational. Its clamors of opposition are now more than ever unpatriotic. Unhappily there are some to whom its bitter, unforgiving temper, has become so controlling that even at this moment they would rather enlist to put down a political enemy than to put down the rebel enemy of their country; they would rather hang Henry Wilson or John A. Andrew than hang Jefferson Davis or Robert Tombs. Such persons, with all their sweltered venom, are to be found here in Massachusetts. Assuming the badge of "no party," they are ready for any party, new or old, by which their prejudices may be gratified, thus verifying the pungent words of Col. Benton: "Wherever you will show me a man with the word 'no party' in his mouth, I will show you a man that figures at the head or dangles at the tail of the most inveterate party that ever existed." Of course, such persons cannot be expected to take part in a meeting like the present, which seeks to unite rather than to divide, while it rallies all to the support of the President and of that policy of Freedom which he has proclaimed.

PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

Thank God, that I live to enjoy this day! Thank God that my eyes have not closed without seeing this great salvation. The skies are brighter and the air is purer, now that slavery has been handed over to judgment.

By the Proclamation of the President, all persons held as slaves Jan. 1, 1863, within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and do no act or acts to repress such persons or any of them in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom. But beyond these most effective words, which do not go into operation before the new year, there are other words of immediate operation, constituting a present Edict of Emancipation. The President recites the recent Acts of Congress applicable to this question, and calls upon all persons in the military or naval service to observe, obey, and enforce them. But these acts provide that all slaves of rebels, taking refuge within the lines of our army, all slaves captured from rebels or deserted by them, and all slaves found within any place occupied by rebel forces and afterward occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be forever free of servitude, and not again held as slaves; and these acts further provide that no person in the military or naval service shall,

under any pretense whatever, assume to decide on the validity of any claim to a slave, or to surrender any such person to his claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service; so that by these acts now proclaimed by the President, Freedom is practically secured to all who can find shelter within our lines, and the glorious flag of the Union, wherever it floats, becomes the flag of Freedom.

STAND BY THE PRESIDENT.

Thank God for what has been already done, and let us all take heart as we go forward to uphold this great edict. For myself, I accept the Proclamation without note or comment. It is enough for me that, in the exercise of the war power, it strikes at the origin and main-spring of this rebellion, for I have never concealed the conviction that it mattered little where we struck slavery, provided only that we struck sincerely and in earnest. So is it all connected that the whole must suffer with every part, and the words of the poet will be verified, that "in striking tenth or ten thousandth, we strike the chain alike."

PERSONAL—CHALLENGES SCRUTINY.

On this most interesting occasion, so proper for gratitude, it is difficult to see anything but the cause; and yet, appearing before you on the invitation of a Committee of the Commonwealth, I must not forget that I owe this privilege to my public character as a Senator of Massachusetts. It is in this character that I have been often invited before; but now the invitation has more than its accustomed significance; for, at the close of a long period of public service, it brings me face to face with my constituents. In a different condition of the country, I could not decline the opportunity which is afforded of reviewing the relations between us; of showing, at least, how you took me from private station, all untried, and gave me one of your highest trusts; and how this trust was enhanced by the generosity with which you sustained me against obloquy and vindictive assault, especially by your unparalleled indulgence to me through-out a protracted disability; and, perhaps, might I be so bold, of presenting for your consideration some sketch of what I have attempted, conscious that, if not always successful, I have been at all times faithful to my convictions, and faithful also to your interests, sparing nothing of time or effort, and making up by industry for any lack of ability, so that, during a service of more than eleven years, I have never once visited home while Congress was in session, or been absent for a single day, unless when compelled by illness; and during the session which has just closed, filled with most laborious duties, I was not out of my seat, from beginning to end, for a single hour. But this is not the time for such a review. I have no heart for it, while my country is in danger. And yet I shall not lose the occasion to challenge the scrutiny of all, even here in this commercial metropolis, whose interests of business are sometimes placed above all other interests. Frankly and fearlessly I make my appeal. In all simplicity I ask you to consider what I have done, as your servant, whether in the Senate or out of the Senate, in matters of legislation or in matters of business. If there is any person disposed to criticize or complain, let him be heard. Let the whole record of my public acts be opened, and let any of the numerous persons who have come to me on business, testify. I know too well the strength of my case to shrink from any inquiry, even though stimulated by the animosity of political warfare.

DEFENDS HIMSELF AGAINST TWO ACCUSATIONS.

But there are two accusations often repeated, to which I reply on the spot, and I do so with less hesitation because the topics are german to this occasion. The first is that—from my place in the Senate I have proclaimed slavery to be barbarism. Never shall the cause of freedom go by default, if I can help it; and I rejoice that, on that occasion, in presence of the slaveholding conspirators, vaunting the ennobling character of slavery, I used no soft words. It is true that, in direct reply to most offensive assumptions, I proclaimed slavery barbarous in origin; barbarous in law; barbarous in all its pretensions; barbarous in the instruments that it employs; barbarous in consequences; barbarous in spirit; barbarous wherever it shows itself, while it breeds barbarians and develops everywhere alike in the individual and in the society to which he belongs, the essential elements of barbarism. It is true that on the same occasion I portrayed slavery as founded in violence and sustained only by violence, and declared that such a wrong must, by a sure law of compensation, blast the master as well as the slave; blast the land on which they live; blast the community of which they are a part; blast the government which they do not forbid the outrage; and the longer it exists, and the more completely it prevails, must, through its blasting influence, penetrate the whole social system. And was I not right? Since then the testimony has been overwhelming. A committee of the Senate has made a report, which has been extensively circulated, on the barbarities of this rebellion. You know the whole story of this incident that you may see the low-water mark of social life, and I know nothing in which the barbarism of slavery is more completely exhibited than in the fate of our brave soldiers, dug up from honorable graves, where at last

they had found rest, that their bones might be carved into keepsakes and their skulls into drinking-cups to gratify the malignant hate of slave-masters.

The other accusation is similar in character. It is said that I have too often introduced the slavery question. At this moment, seeing what slavery has done, I doubt if you will not rather say that I introduced it too seldom. If, on this account, I had neglected any single interest of my constituents; if I had been less strenuous whenever the foreign relations, or manufactures, or commerce, or finances of the country were involved; if I had failed to take my part in all that concerns the people of Massachusetts, and in all that is embraced within the manifold duties of a Senator, then, indeed, I might be open to condemnation. But you will not regret that your representative, who has been faithful in all other things, has been always constant and earnest against slavery, and that he announced, from the beginning, the magnitude of the question and our duties with regard to it. Say what you will, the slave is the humblest and grandest figure of our times. What humility! what grandeur! both alike inimitable. In his presence all other questions are so petty, that, for a public man to be wrong with regard to him is to be wholly wrong. How, then, did I err? The cause would have justified a better pertinacity than I can boast. In the Senate of Rome, the elder Cato, convinced that peace was possible only by the destruction of Carthage, concluded all his speeches on every matter of debate by the well-known words, "But whatever you may think of the question under consideration, this I know, Carthage must be destroyed." I have never read that the veteran senator was condemned for patriotic ardor. With better reason far, I, too, might have cried, always, "This I know, slavery must be destroyed." *Delenda est servitudo.* But while seeking to limit and constrain slavery, I have never proposed anything except in strict conformity with the Constitution, for I have always recognized the Constitution as my guide, which I was bound in all respects to follow.

Such are the accusations to which I now thus briefly reply. Now that we are all united in the policy of emancipation, they become of little consequence; for even if I were once alone I am no longer so. I place myself, with the loyal multitudes of the North, firmly and sincerely by the side of the President, where, indeed, I have ever been.

BURKE'S DEFENSE.

If you will bear with me yet longer in allusions which I make with reluctance, I shall quote as my unanswerable defense the words of Edmund Burke when addressing his constituents at Bristol:

"And now, gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my accounts with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are against me. I do not stand here accused of venality or neglect of duty. It is not said, that, in the long period of my service, I have in a single instance sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition or to my fortune. It is not alleged, that, to gratify any anger or revenge of my own or my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man, in any description. No! the charges against me are all of one kind, that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far; further than a cautious policy would warrant, and further than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression and distress, I will call to mind this accusation and be comforted."

Among the passages in eloquence which can never die, I know none more beautiful or heroic. If I invoke its protection, it is with the consciousness, that, however unlike its author in genius and fame, I am not unlike in the accusations to which I am exposed.

PROGRESS DURING THIS YEAR.

Fellow citizens, a year has passed since I addressed you; but, during this time, what events for warning and encouragement. Amidst vicissitudes of war, the cause of human freedom has steadily and grandly advanced; not, perhaps, as you could desire, yet it is the only cause which has not failed. Slavery and the black laws all abolished in the national capital; slavery interdicted in all the national territory; the slave-trade placed under the ban of a new treaty with Great Britain; all persons in the military service prohibited from retaining slaves or sitting in judgment on the claim of a master; the slaves of rebels emancipated by coming within our lines; a tender of compensation for the abolition of slavery. Such are some of the triumphs of freedom in the recent Congress. Amidst the doubts and uncertainties of the present hour, let us think of these things and be comforted. I cannot forget that when I last spoke to you I urged the liberation of the slaves of rebels, and especially that our officers should not be permitted to surrender to slavery any human being who sought shelter within our lines, and I further suggested, if need be, a bridge of gold for the retreating bend. And now all that I then proposed is embodied in the legislation of the country as the supreme law of the land.

MILITARY NECESSITY.

It was simply as a military necessity that I urged these measures; it is as a military neces-

sity that I now uphold them and insist upon their complete and most generous execution, so that they shall have the largest scope and efficacy. Not as an abolitionist, not as an anti-slavery man, not even as a philanthropist, if I may claim that honored name, do I now speak. I forget for the moment all the unutterable wrong of slavery, and all the transcendent blessings of freedom, for they do not belong to this argument. I think only of my country, menaced by rebellion, and ask how it shall be saved. But I have no policy, no theory, no resolutions to support; nothing which I will not gladly abandon if you will show me anything better.

"If you know better rules than these, be free, impart them; but if not, use these with me."

OBJECT OF THE WAR.

And now, what is the object of the war? This question is often asked, and the answer is not always candid. It is sometimes said that it is to abolish slavery. Here is a mistake or a misrepresentation. It is sometimes said, in flash language, that the object is "the Constitution as it is" and the Union as it was." Here is another mistake or misrepresentation, which is more offensive when it is known that by "the Constitution as it is" is meant simply the right to hold and hunt slaves, and by "the Union as it was" is meant those halcyon days of pro-slavery democracy when the ballot-box was destroyed in Kansas, when freedom of debate was menaced in the Senate, and when chains were put upon the Boston court-house. Not for any of these things is this war waged. Not to abolish slavery or to establish slavery, but simply to put down the rebellion. But how can this be best accomplished?

In discussing this question with proper frankness, I shall develop and vindicate that policy of which the President's Proclamation is the herald, and to which his administration is publicly pledged. The administration belongs to us, and we belong to the administration. My aim will be to bring the administration and the people nearer together, by showing the ground on which they must meet, for the sake of the Republic, and that it may not perish beneath felon blows.

WAR MUST BE ENDED—PEACE, PEACE, PEACE."

I start, of course, with the assumption, in which you will all unite, that this war must be brought to a close. It must not be allowed to drag its slow length along, bloody, and fruitless, except with death. Lives enough have been sacrificed; graves enough have been filled; homes enough have been made empty; patriot soldiers enough have been sent back halt and maimed, with one leg or one arm; crutches enough have been rendered necessary. Nor is this all: treasure enough has been expended. It is common to think only of the national debt which is now swelling to unnatural proportions; but this will be small by the side of the fearful sum total of loss from the destruction of property, the damage of business, and change of productive to unproductive industry. Even if we do not accept the conclusions of an ingenious calculator, who places this damage at ten thousand millions of dollars, we must confess that it is an immensity, which, like the numbers representing sidereal spaces, the imagination cannot grasp. In the old wars between king and parliament, which rent England, the generous Falkland cried, from his soul, "Peace, peace, peace," and history has gratefully recorded his words. Never did he utter this cry with more earnestness than I now do. But how shall this blessing be secured?

NO SEPARATION OF THE STATES.

I start also with the further assumption that there can be no separation of these States. Foreign nations may predict what rebels threaten, but this result is now impossible. Pray, good sirs, where will you run the boundary line? Shall it be the cotton line? Shall it embrace Virginia in whole or part? How about Tennessee? Kentucky? Or shall it be the most natural line of cleavage, the slave line? And how will you adjust the navigation of the Mississippi and the whole question of slavery? And what principles, commercial and political, shall be established between the two governments? But do not deceive yourselves into the idea that peace founded on separation can be anything but a delusion and a snare. Separation is interminable war—"still beginning, never ending"—worse than the forays which ravaged the Scottish border, or the Tartar invasions which harassed China until its famous wall was built fifteen hundred miles long, and so thick that six horsemen can ride upon it abreast. War will be chronic, and we must all sleep on our arms. Better that it should be all at once rather than that it should be diffused over a generation. If blood must be shed, better for a year than for an age.

But if there be any in the Monroe doctrine—if we could not accommodate ourselves to the foothold of Europe on this continent—how can we recognize on our borders a malignant slave empire, with slavery as its boasted corner-stone, constituting what Shakespeare calls an "impudent nation," embittered and enraged against us, without law, without humanity, and without morals—a mighty Blue Beard's Chamber—an enormous House of Ill Fame. Surely we would not allow the old Kingdom of the Assyrians to be revived near us. But our rebels are as bad.

SEPARATION IS CHAOS.

Nor can you recognize such a separation without delivering over this cherished Union to

chaos. If the Rebel States are allowed to go, back by the Turks, 100,000 strong, and besieged in Vienna, which was at the point of surrender, was suddenly saved by the gallant Sobieski, of Poland. The Emperor, big with imperial pride, thought chiefly of his own super-eminent position—as a pro-slavery Democrat thinks of his—and hesitated how to receive the Polish monarch, who was only a king, when one of his counselors said to him: "Sire, receive him as the savior of your capital." But the Emperor hardly gave to his benefactor more than a cold salute, and we are now asked to imitate this stolid ingratitude.

REBELS MUST BE SUBDUED—THEN CONCILIATED.

The rebels are in arms—aroused—at home—on their own soil—and resolved not to yield. Nothing less than independence will satisfy them; if the war continues, I know not that they will be content with this. Two policies are presented on our side—one a policy which looks primarily to rebel conciliation, and the other a policy which looks primarily to rebel submission. And yet both of these have the same elements, although in inverse order. The first begins with conciliation in order to end with submission, which is the case before the horse. The second begins with submission in order to end with conciliation. The question between them is whether conciliation shall precede or follow submission. Conciliation is always proper where it is possible; but it is now obviously impossible. If anybody believes, at this stage, that any words or acts of conciliation—any forbearance on our part—any hesitation in the exercise of the sternest rights of war—will help us to victory or contribute to put down the rebellion, let me not enter into that man's councils, for they can end in nothing but shame and disaster. I find that they who talk most against the coercion of rebels and the coercion of States, are indifferent to the coercion of four millions of people, men, women, and children, to work without wages, under the discipline of the lash. Without hesitation, I say that the rebels are to be subdued—call it coercion or subjugation, which you will—and our war has this direct object. With victory will come conciliation, clemency, amnesty. But first victory.

To obtain victory, two things are needed. First, a precise comprehension of the case, and, second, vigor of conduct. One will not do without the other. It will not be enough to comprehend the case unless you are ready to treat it with corresponding vigor. And it will not be enough to have vigor unless you discern clearly how the case shall be treated. To this end there must be statesmen as well as generals.

DIAGNOSIS OF THE CASE.

The first duty of the good physician is to understand the condition of his patient—whether it is a case of medicine or surgery; of cutaneous eruption or deep-seated cancer. This is called the diagnosis. And the statesman, in all the troubles of his country, has the same preliminary duty. He, too, must see whether it is a case for medicine or surgery, of cutaneous eruption or deep-seated cancer. And all that he does must be precisely according to his judgment of the case. Of course, if the diagnosis fails, the whole treatment will be a failure.

ACTION, ACTION, ACTION.

Next to a comprehension of the case is vigor in conduct, which is more needful in proportion as the case becomes desperate. This must be not only in the field, but also in council; not only against the armed front of the enemy, but against those more fatal influences which come from the lack of comprehension or the lack of courage. The same vigor which we require in our generals must be required also in our statesmen; the same spirit must animate both. No folding of the hands; no putting off till to-morrow what can be done to-day; no hesitation; no timidity; but *action, action, action*—straightforward, manly, God-like action. It is easy to see that this is required in the field; but it is no less required in every sphere of the government, from the President to the Paymaster.

THUNDERBOLTS.

In war there are some who content themselves with triumphs of prudence, instead of triumphs of courage, and spend much time in trying how not to be beaten, instead of how to beat. They are content to forego victory if they can only escape defeat—forgetting that Fabius was only a defender, and not a conqueror; that a policy which may be fit at one time may be unfit at another; and that a war waged in an enemy's country cannot be defensive, nor can it prevail by any procrastination. People at home on their own soil can afford to wait. Every month, every week, every day, is an ally. But we cannot wait. Not a moment can be spared. It was not in this way that those ancient commanders conducted, to whom was given the title of the "Two Thunderbolts of War." It was not in this way that Napoleon defeated the Austrian forces at Marengo, and shattered the Prussian power on the field of Jena.

But there are "thunderbolts" of the cabinet as well as of war. The elder Pitt, who was only a civilian, infused his own conquering soul into the British ranks, making them irresistible; and the French Carnot, while in the cabinet, was said to have organized victory. Such is the statesmanship which is now needed for us. And there must be generals who will carry forward all that the most courageous statesmanship directs.

APPEAL FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

Armies and men we have of rarest quality. Better never entered a field or kept step to drum-beat. Intelligent and patriotic, they have left pleasant homes in order to offer themselves, if need be, for their country. They are no common hirelings, mere food for powder, but generous citizens who have determined that their country shall be saved. Away in camp, or battle, or hospital, let them not be forgotten. But better than gratitude, even, we owe them the protection which comes from good generals and courageous counsels. O God! let them not be led to useless slaughter, like sheep, and let them not be compelled to take the hazard of death from climate and exposure, as well as from ball and bayonet, without giving them at once all the allies which can be rallied to their support. In the name of humanity, and for the sake of victory, I make this appeal. But the loyal everywhere are allies to the soldiers.

LOYALTY.

Does loyalty depend upon color? Is it the skin or the heart which is consulted? Do you ask the color of a benefactor? As I listen to people who baffle on the question how to treat Africans who are all ready to come to our rescue, I am reminded of that famous

incident where the Emperor of Austria, driven back by the Turks, 100,000 strong, and besieged in Vienna, which was at the point of surrender, was suddenly saved by the gallant Sobieski, of Poland. The Emperor, big with imperial pride, thought chiefly of his own super-eminent position—as a pro-slavery Democrat thinks of his—and hesitated how to receive the Polish monarch, who was only a king, when one of his counselors said to him: "Sire, receive him as the savior of your capital." But the Emperor hardly gave to his benefactor more than a cold salute, and we are now asked to imitate this stolid ingratitude.

THE AFRICAN RACE.

Wherever I turn in this war I find the African. If you ask for strategy, I know nothing better than that of the slave, Robert Smalls, who brought the rebel steamer "Planter," with its armament, out of Charleston, and surrendered it to our Commodore as prize of war. If you ask for successful courage, I know nothing better than that of the African Tillman, who rose upon a rebel prison ship, and, carrying them, carried the ship into New York. If you ask for heroism, you will find it in that nameless African on board the "Pawnee," who, while passing shell from the magazine, lost both his legs by a ball, but still holding the shell, cries out: "Pass up the shell—never mind me; my time is up!" And if you ask for fidelity, you will find it in that slave, also without a name, who pointed out the road of safety to the harassed, retreating Army of the Potomac. And if you ask for evidence of the desire for freedom, you will find it in the little slave girl, journeying north, whom Banks took on his cannon.

SLAVES MUST HELP.

Not now for the first time do I make this appeal. As early as May 28 of this year I offered the following resolution in the Senate: "Resolved, That in the prosecution of the present war for the suppression of a wicked rebellion, the time has come for the Government of the United States to appeal to the loyalty of the whole people everywhere, but especially in the rebel districts, and to invite all, without distinction of color or class, to make their loyalty manifest by ceasing to fight or labor for the rebels, and also by rendering every assistance in their power to the cause of the Constitution and the Union, according to their ability, whether by arms, or labor, or information, or in any other way; and since protection and allegiance are reciprocal duties dependent on each other, it is the further duty of the Government of the United States to maintain all such loyal people, without distinction of color or class, in their rights as men, according to the principles of the Declaration of Independence."

I do not stop to discuss this resolution. You know my opinions, and how I have pressed them in debate.

But you do not know that I have never failed to present them in that quarter where it was most important that they should prevail. On the 4th of July, in a personal interview with the President, I said: "You need more men, not only at the North, but at the South, in the rear of the rebels—you need the slaves. Say the word, and you can give to our armies this invaluable alliance; you can change the rear-guard of the rebellion into the advance-guard of the Union. It is now 4th of July. You can make this day more sacred, and more historic, and do for it better than the Continental Congress." Had that word been spoken at that time, I cannot doubt that the salvation of our country would have then begun.

Of course, such a word would have been a blast from the war-trumpet, justified as a military necessity, according to the examples of history and the heart of man. And such a blast the President has now blown.

HELP FROM THE SLAVES CONSTITUTIONAL.

But it is said that all appeal to the slaves is unconstitutional, and it is openly assumed that rebels who make war on the Constitution are not, like other public enemies, beyond its protection. But why this peculiar tenderness whenever slavery is in question? Battalions may be shot down and property may be taken without due process of law, but slavery must not be touched. The ancient Egyptians, when conquered, submitted easily to the loss of life and property; but when a Roman soldier happened to kill a cat in the streets, they rose on him and fore him limb from limb, and the excitement was so violent that the generals overlooked the outrage, for fear of insurrection. Slavery is our sacred cat, which cannot be touched without fear of insurrection. Sir, I am tired and disgusted at hearing the Constitution perpetually invoked for slavery. According to certain persons, the Constitution is all for slavery and nothing for freedom. I am happy to say that with me just the reverse is the case. There are people who keep apothecaries' scales in which they nicely weigh everything that is done for freedom. I have no such scales where freedom is in question; nor do I hesitate to say, that, in a case of freedom, all such nicety is unconstitutional. The Constitution is not a mere thing, a piece of fluffing, but it is open-handed, liberal, and just, inclining always in favor of freedom, and enabling the Government in time of war not only to exercise any of the rights of war, but including the liberation of the slaves, but also to confer any largess or bounty—it may be of money, or, better still, of freedom—for services rendered. I do not dwell now on the unsavory argument by which John Quincy Adams has placed this power beyond question. Whatever may be the provisions of the Constitution for the protection of the citizen, they are inapplicable to what is done against a public enemy. The law of an Italian city prohibited the letting of blood under the penalty of death, but this was held not to apply to the surgeon who opened a vein to save the life of a citizen. In war there is no constitutional limit to the activity of the Executive, except the emergency. The safety of the people is the highest law. There is no blow which the President can strike, there is nothing he can do against the rebellion, which is not constitutional. Only inaction can be unconstitutional.

JUSTIFIED BY HISTORIC PRECEDENTS.

Search the writers on the law of nations, and you will find an appeal to the slaves justified. Search history, whether in ancient or modern times, and you will find it justified by examples. In our Revolution the appeal was made by three different British commanders—Lord Dunmore, Sir Henry Clinton, and Lord Cornwallis. I do not stop for details. That this appeal was not unsuccessful was evident

from the language of Washington with regard to Dunmore, of whom he said: "His strength will increase as a snow-ball by rolling, and, faster, if some expedient cannot be hit upon to convince the slaves and servants of the impotency of his designs." Washington thought that if Dunmore was not crushed before spring he would be the most formidable enemy the Colonies had. That such an appeal would be proper is admitted by Jefferson, while describing his own individual losses from Cornwallis:

"He destroyed all my growing crops and tobacco; he burned all my barns, containing the same articles of last year. Having first taken what corn he wanted, he used, as usual to be expected, all my stock of cattle, sheep, and hogs, for the sustenance of his army, and carried off all the horses capable of service. He carried off, also, about thirty slaves. Had this been to give them freedom, he would have done right."

From an estimate made at the time, on the best information I could collect, I suppose the State of Virginia lost under Lord Cornwallis's hands that year about thirty thousand slaves.

Letter to Dr. Gordon.

It would be difficult to imagine testimony stronger. Here was a sufferer justly indignant for himself and State; but he does not doubt that an enemy would do right in carrying off slaves to give them their freedom.

APPEAL TO SLAVES UNLAWFUL—THEN WHY NOT TRY?

But admitting that an appeal to slaves in support of the Union is constitutional, and also according to the examples of history, it is said that it will be unlawful, for the slaves will not be heard to it. Then why not try? It can do no harm, and it will at least give us a good name. But if we are not beyond learning from the enemy, we shall see that the Generals most hated on our side, and like Adams and Hancock in the Revolution, especially excepted from pardon, are Phelps and Hunter; plainly because the ideas of these Generals were more feared than any battery or strategy. Of this he is assured. The opponents of an appeal to the slaves are not anxious because it will fail. It only because it may be successful that they oppose it. They fear that it will reach the slaves, rather than that it will not reach them.

IT WILL TAKE EFFECT AMONG SLAVES—SLAVE TELEGRAPH.

But look at it candidly and you cannot deny that it must produce an effect. It is idle to say that its influence will be bounded by our jurisdiction. When the mill-gates are lifted, all the water above, in its most distant sources, hurries on its way; and so will the slaves. Remote Kingdoms trembled at the Pope's excommunication and interdict, and an elegant historian has described the thunders of the Vatican intermingling with the thunders of war. All Christendom shook when Luther nailed his propositions on the church-door of Wittenberg. But an appeal to our slaves will be hardly less prevailing. Do you ask how it would be known? The slave telegraph is not as active as ours; but it is hardly less sure. It takes eight days for a dispatch from Fortress Monroe to the Gulf of Mexico. The glad tidings of freedom will travel with the wind—with the air—with the light—and will gradually quicken and inspire the whole mass. Secret societies, already formed among the slaves, will be the heralds. That I do not speak without authority, I ask you to listen to the words of John Adams, taken from his diary, under date of 24th September, 1775:

"The Georgia delegates gave a melancholy account of the States of Georgia and South Carolina. They said if one thousand regular troops should land in Georgia, and their commander be furnished with arms and clothes enough, and proclaim freedom to all the negroes who would join his camp, twenty thousand would join it from the two provinces in a fortnight. The negroes have a wonderful art of communicating intelligence among themselves. It will run several hundreds of miles in the course of a week or fortnight."

[Writings of John Adams, ed. II, p. 420.] This testimony, which sometimes started by the winding of a horn, and a structure so irrational as slavery will tremble at a sound.

SLAVES ENCOURAGED—MASTERS DISCOURAGED.

From such an appeal two things must ensue: first, the slaves will be encouraged in loyalty; secondly, the masters will be discouraged in disloyalty. Slave labor, which is the mainstay and nursery of rebel supplies, without which the rebellion must starve, will be disorganized, while a panic spreads among slave-masters absent from their homes. The most audacious rebels will lose their audacity, and instead of hurrying onward to deal partial blows at their country, will hurry backward to defend their own firesides. The rebellion will lose its power. It will be hamstringed.

PANIC AMONG MASTERS.

That such a panic would ensue is attested by the confession of the South Carolina delegation in the old Continental Congress, as appears by its Secret Journal, under date of 29th of March, 1779, that this State was "unable to make any effective efforts with militia by reason of the great proportion of citizens necessary to remain at home to prevent insurrection among the negroes, and to prevent the desertion of them to the enemy." It is attested also by the concurring testimony of southern men, in other days—especially in those remarkable words of John Randolph—that the fire-bell of Richmond does not toll at midnight without the mother clasping her infant to the breast, fearful that the slaves had risen. It is attested also by the actual condition of things when John Brown entered Virginia, as pictured in the familiar words:

"He captured Harper's Ferry
With his nineteen men so few,
And he frightened Old Virginia
Till she trembled through and through."

In asserting the efficacy of this appeal I ground myself on no visionary theories or vain hopes, but on the nature of man and authentic history. To doubt its efficacy is to doubt that man is man, with a constant desire for liberty as for life, and it is also to doubt the unquestionable instances in our own history where this desire has been displayed by African slaves. That a government, exposed to the assaults of a barbarian foe, should so long reject this irresistible alliance, is among the questions which will excite the astonishment of future ages.

OBJECTIONS TO PROCLAMATION.

Do you ask the reasons alleged against this appeal? They all resolve themselves into objections of fact. The President, by his proclamation, has already answered them practically; but I shall take them up in detail.

BORDER STATES.

I. The first objection, and most often repeated, is one which it is difficult to treat with patience. We are told that such an appeal will offend the Border States, and that, in this moment of trial, we must do as they tell us. It is, of course, slave-masters who speak for the Border States; and permit me to say, such persons, continuing to swear by slavery, are not competent witnesses with regard to it. Believing in slavery, wedded to slavery, they are as incompetent to testify when it is in question as husband and wife are incompetent to testify for each other. Just in proportion as we have followed them thus far, we have been misled, and we shall continue to be misled as long as we follow them. Their influence has been perpetual paralysis. Nobody can counsel safely at this moment who adheres to slavery, or who fails to see slavery as the origin and main-spring of the rebellion. It is well known that for a long time in England all the efforts against slavery, led by Wilberforce and Clarkson, were discontinued and opposed by the slave-master in the distant islands. Be the proposition what it might, whether to abridge, to mitigate, or to ameliorate, there was always one steady dissent. Put not your trust in slave-masters; do not hearken to their promises, do not follow their counsel. Such is the plain lesson of English history—of French history, of Dutch history, of every country which has dealt with this question; aye, of Russian history at this very moment; and such also is the positive caution of English statesmen. On this point we have the concurring testimony of three names, each of whom is an authority. It is all embodied in a brief passage of a speech by Lord Brougham: "I entirely concur in the observation of Mr. Burke, repeated and more happily expressed by Mr. Canning, that the masters of slaves are not to be trusted with making laws upon slavery; that nothing they do is ever found effective; and that if by some miracle they but chance to enact a wholesome resolution, it is always found to want what Mr. Burke calls the *executory principle*—it fails to execute itself."

These are emphatic words; and as often as I am reminded of the opinions of slave-masters on our present duties, when slavery is in question, I think of them as a solemn warning, confirmed by all the teachings of experience, early and late, in our own country.

OFFICERS WILL FLING DOWN ARMS.

II. Another objection to this appeal is that officers in our army will fling down their arms. Very well. Let the traitors fling down their arms; the sooner the better. They are unworthy to bear arms, and should be delivered up to the hissing and execration of mankind. But I will not dishonor officers, with the commission of the United States, by such an imputation on their loyalty or common sense. As officers they must know their duty too well, and as intelligent men they must know that the slaves are calculated to be their best and surest allies.

"SIDE ISSUE."

III. Another objection is that slavery is a "side issue" which must not be touched until the war is ended. But these wise objectors forget that it is precisely in order to end the war that slavery is to be touched, and that when they oppose this effort they make a "side issue" in behalf of slavery, calculated to weaken the national arm.

SLAVE INSURRECTION.

IV. Another objection has its origin in pity, that the rebels may be saved from a slave insurrection. God forbid that I should fail in any duty of humanity or tenderness even; but I know no principle of war or of reason by which our rebels should be saved from the natural consequences of their own conduct. When they rose against a paternal government, they set the example of insurrection, which has carried death to so many firesides. They cannot complain if their slaves, with better reason, follow it. But this whole objection proceeds on a mistaken idea of the African slave. The story of St. Domingo, so often quoted against him, testifies to his humanity. It was only when Napoleon, in an evil hour, sought to re-enslave him, that those scenes of blood and horror were exhibited, less the cruelty of the slave than the atrocious purposes of the white man. The African is not cruel, vindictive, or harsh; but gentle, forgiving, and kind. Such is authentic history; nor does it appear when the slaves left their masters, on the appeal of the British commanders, during our Revolution, that they were guilty of any excess. It was true that labor was disorganized and the whole community weakened, and this is what we seek to accomplish in our rebel States.

SLAVES WILL OVERFLOW THE NORTH.

V. And yet one more objection is sometimes advanced. It is said that an appeal to the slaves will cause them to overflow into the North, where they will compete with other labor. This ill-considered and trivial objection subordinates the suppression of the rebellion to a question of labor, when, to a candid observer, it is clear that no such question can arise. There is no danger of any such overflow into the North. It is precisely the pressure of slavery, and not the license of freedom, that now causes the overflow that occurs. If slavery were removed, the Africans would go back instead of coming here.

Such are the objections of fact, so far as any exist within my knowledge. If any other has been made, I do not know it. I ask you frankly, have I not answered them?

SUCCESS ONLY THROUGH EMANCIPATION.

But, fellow-citizens, I shall not leave the argument at this stage. It is not enough to show that slaves can render us important assistance by labor, by information, or by arms; and that there is no reasonable objection to calling upon them with other loyalists in support of the Union. The case is stronger still. Without the aid of the slaves this war cannot be ended successfully. Their alliance is, therefore, a necessity. In making this assertion I know well the responsibility I assume; nor do I assume it lightly. But the time has come when the truth must be told. Let me be understood. War is proverbially uncertain, and I will not doubt that fortune will again light upon our arms. The force of the rebellion may be bro-

ken even without an appeal to the slaves. But I am sure that with the slaves our victory will be more prompt, while without them it can never be effectual completely to crush out the rebellion. It is not enough to beat armies. Rebel communities, envenomed against the Union, must be reclaimed, and a wide-spread region must be pacified. This can be done only by the removal of the cause of all this trouble, and the consequent assimilation of the people, so that no man shall call another master. If slavery be regarded as a disease, it must be extirpated by knife and cautery, for only in this way can the healthful operations of national life be restored. If it be regarded as a motive, it must be expelled from the system, that it may no longer exercise its disturbing influence. So long as slavery continues, the States in which it exists will fly madly from the Union; but with the destruction of slavery they will lose all such motive, and will rather prefer to nestle under its wing. The Slave States, by the influence of slavery, are now centrifugal; but with slavery out of the system, these same States will be centripetal. Such is the law of their being. And it should be the policy of the government at this time to take advantage of this law for the benefit of the Union. Nay, from the necessity of the case, this should be done.

FILE IN THE REAR.

A united people cannot be conquered. Defeated on the battle-field, they will remain sullen and revengeful, ready for another rebellion. This is the lesson of history. Even Hannibal, after crushing in the field all the armies of Rome, and ranging at will throughout Italy, was obliged to confess the inadequacy of his triumphs, and he appealed for help to the subjects of Rome, exciting them to insurrection and arousing them against the Roman power. To this long-cherished plan were directed all the energies which he could spare from battle, believing that in this way his enemy could be brought under a double fire. From the beginning of our war we have assumed, as an element of strength, the presence in the Slave States of large numbers devoted to the Union, who would be ready at the proper moment to cooperate with the national forces. It is true that the people of the Slave States are not united, and that among them there are large numbers ready at call to uphold the Union; but these faithful Unionists are not white. The Unionists of the South are black. Let these be rallied and the rebellion will be exposed, not only to a fire in front, but also to a fire in the rear. The two together are necessary to success. The two together are necessary to the operations of war. The Union army thus far is like a single blade of a pair of scissors, which, though of choicest steel, with sharpest edge, must be comparatively useless. Let the other blade be conjoined and the instrument will be perfect, warranted to cut. The scissors of Fate could not cut more surely.

EFFECTIVE FINALITY OF THE WAR.

Is not our duty clear? And is not the President completely vindicated? By emancipation we not only hasten the war to a close, but we give to it that effective finality which will prevent it from breaking forth anew, and which can be obtained in no other way. The head of the hydra will be destroyed and its root exterminated, so that it cannot show itself again. Without emancipation, the whole contest is delivered over to present uncertainty, while the future is left to glare with all the horrors of civil strife unexpressed. There is a chapter of Don Quixote entitled "A Conclusion in which Nothing is Concluded," and this will be the proper title for the history of this war if slavery is allowed to endure. If you would trample down the rebellion you must trample down slavery, and, believe me, it must be completely done. Among the terrible pictures of Dante is that chapter of Calphurn, the high-priest of the Jews, who, as a penalty for his sacrifice of the Savior, was stretched on the floor of hell, where all who passed must tread on him.

"Naked athwart the pathway he must lie,
Condemned, as thou perceivest, to undergo
The weight of every one who passes by."

Such should be the final fate of slavery, naked and dishonored, stretched where all may tread upon it. Never could the rights of war be employed more justly than to create this doom.

PROCLAMATION THE HERALD OF PEACE.

It was easy to see from the beginning that this rebellion had its origin in slavery; that without slavery it never could have broken forth; that when begun, it was contained only through slavery; that slavery was at once the curse that maddened, the principle that governed, and the power that sustained; and the oligarchy of slave-masters, 350,000 all told, were the criminals through whom all this direful wickedness was organized and waged. Such is the unquestionable diagnosis of the case, which history will recognize and which a wise statesmanship must have seen promptly. Not to see slavery in this guilty character was a mistake, and grievously have we answered for it. All are agreed now that Buchanan played into the hands of the rebellion, when, declaring that there can be no coercion of a State, he refused to touch the rebellion. Alas! alas! We, too, may play into the hands of the rebellion, when, out of strange and incomprehensible forbearance, we refuse to touch slavery, which is the very life of the rebellion. Pardon these allusions, which I make in no spirit of criticism, but simply that I may accumulate new motives for that proclamation, which I rejoice to welcome as the herald of peace.

"GENERAL" EMANCIPATION IS THE BEST GENERAL.

There are many Generals already in the field, upwards of thirty Major-Generals, and two hundred Brigadiers; but meritorious and brave as they may be, there is a General better than all, whom the President promises to commission; I mean General Emancipation.

FORCE ALONE CANNOT CONQUER WITHOUT IDEAS.

It is common to speak of God as on the side of the heavy battalions. Whatever may be the truth of this saying, it does not contain the whole truth. Heavy battalions are something; but they are not everything. Even if they prevail on the battle-field, which is not always the case, the victory which they compel is not final. It is impotent to secure that tranquility which is essential to national life. Mind is above matter; right is more than force; and it is vain to attempt to conquer merely by

matter or by force. If this can be done in small affairs, it cannot in large affairs, for these will yield only to moral influences. Napoleon was the great master of war, and yet, from his utterances at St. Helena, the legacy of his transcendent experience, comes this confession: "The more I study the world the more am I convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable." And another Frenchman, of subtle thought and perfect integrity, whose name is linked forever with American institutions, De Tocqueville, has paid a similar tribute to truth. "Force," says he, "is never more than a transient element of success." A government which should only be able to crush its enemies on the field of battle would very soon be destroyed. Surely, in these authoritative words of the warrior and the thinker, there is a warning to us not to put our trust in batteries or bayonets, while an unconquerable instinct makes us all confess that might does not constitute right.

Let the war end on the battle-field alone, and it will be only in appearance that it will end; not in reality. Time will be gained for new efforts, and slavery will coil itself to spring again. The rebellion may seem to be vanquished, and yet it will triumph. The Union may seem to conquer, and yet it will succumb. The Republic may seem to be saved, and yet it will be lost—handed over a prey to that injustice, which, so long as it exists, must challenge the judgments of a righteous God.

PEACE THROUGH FREEDOM.

Thus for the sake of peace, which we all desire, do I now plead for freedom, through which alone peace can be secured. Are you earnest for peace? then you must be earnest for freedom also. Would you uphold the Union against treason? then must you uphold freedom, without which bloody treason will flourish over us. But freedom has been adopted by Congress and proclaimed by the President as one of the agencies in the prosecution of the war. Therefore, it must be maintained with all our souls, and all our hearts, and all our minds. The hour of debate has passed; the hour of duty has come. In opposing solemn acts of Congress, which, according to the Constitution, are now the supreme law of the land, passed for the national defense; in opposing the proclamation of the President; nay, in discouraging freedom, you are as bad as if you discouraged enlistments. It is through freedom, as well as the arms of our soldiers, that the war will be waged; and the same loyalty which supports the one, now due to the other. The discouragement of enlistments is recognized as seditious and traitorous; but the discouragement of this other force adopted by the government for the suppression of the rebellion is only another form of sedition and treason, which an indignant patriotism will spurn. Emancipation is now a war measure, and it must be sustained as you sustain an army in the field.

"LET MY PEOPLE GO."

If the instincts of patriotism did not prompt this support, I should find a sufficient motive in that duty which we owe to the Supreme Ruler, God Almighty, whose visitations upon our country are now so fearful. Not rashly would I make myself the interpreter of his will; and yet I am not blind. According to a venerable maxim of jurisprudence, "Whoso would have equity must do equity;" and God plainly requires equity at our hands. We cannot expect success while we set at naught this requirement, proclaimed in the divine character, in the dictates of reason and in the examples of history, proclaimed also in all the events of this protracted war. Great judgments have been fallen upon the country; plagues have been let loose; rivers have been turned into blood, and there is a great cry throughout the land, for there is not a house where there is not one dead; and at each judgment we seem to hear that terrible voice which sounded in the ears of Pharaoh: "Thus saith the Lord God of the Hebrews. Let my people go, that they may serve me." I know not how others are touched; but I cannot hear of a calamity to our army—of a noble soldier lost to his country—of a bereavement in a family—of a sonful son brought home dead to his mother, without catching the warning: "Let my people go." Nay, every wound, every sorrow, every hardship—all that we are compelled to bear in taxation, in want, in derangement of business, has a voice saying: "Let my people go."

WAR CHANGED IN CHARACTER, NOT IN OBJECT. And now, thank God, the word has been spoken; greater word was never spoken. Emancipation has begun, and our country is already elevated and glorified. The war in which we are now engaged has not changed in object, but it has changed in character. Its object now, as at the beginning, is simply to put down the rebellion; but its character is derived from the new force at last enlisted, which must not only stamp itself upon all that is done, but absorb the whole war to itself, even as the rod of Aaron swallowed up all other rods. Vain will it be again to delude European nations into the foolish belief that slavery has nothing to do with the war; that it is a war for empire on one side and independence on the other; and that all generous ideas are on the side of the rebellion. And vain also will be the other European cry, whether from an intemperate press or the cautious lips of statesmen, that separation is inevitable, and that our government is doomed to witness the dismemberment of the republic. With this new alliance, all such forebodings will be falsified; the wishes of the fathers will be fulfilled, and those rights of human nature which were the declared object of our revolution, will be vindicated. Thus inspired, the sword of Washington—that sword which, according to his last will and testament, was to be drawn only in self-defense or in defense of our country and its rights—will once more marshal our armies to victory, while our flag, wherever it floats, will give freedom to all beneath its folds, and its proud inscription will be at last triumphantly fulfilled, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

WAR FOR ALL MASKING.

But, fellow-citizens, the war which we wage is not merely for ourselves: it is for all mankind. Slavery yet lingers in Brazil, and beneath the Spanish flag in those two golden possessions, Cuba and Porto Rico; but nowhere can it survive its extinction here. Therefore we conquer for liberty everywhere. In ending slavery here, we open its gates all over the world and let the oppressed go free. Nor is this all. In saving the republic, we

shall save civilization. Man throughout his long pilgrimage on earth has been compelled to suffer much; but slavery is the heaviest burden which he has been called to bear; it is the only burden which our country has been called to bear. Let it drop, and our happy country, with humanity in her train, all changed in raiment and in countenance like the Christian pilgrim, will hurry upward to the celestial gate. If thus far our example has failed, it is simply because of slavery. It was vain to proclaim our unparalleled prosperity, the comfort diffused among a numerous people, resources without stint, or even the education of our children; the enemies of the republic simply said, "There is slavery;" and our example became powerless. But let slavery disappear, and this same example will be of irresistible might. Without firing a gun or writing a dispatch, it will revolutionize the world.

Therefore the battle which we now fight belongs to the grandest events of history. It constitutes one of those epochs from which humanity will date. It is one of the battles of the ages, when the millions of Persia were driven back from Greece, or when the Mohammedans, victors in Africa and Spain, were arrested in France by Charles Martel, and Western Europe was saved to Christianity. In such a cause no effort can be too great, no faith can be too determined. To die for country is pleasant and honorable. But all who die for country now, die also for humanity. Wherever they lie, in bloody fields, they will be remembered as the heroes through whom the republic was saved and civilization established forever.

But there are duties elsewhere than in bloody conflict. Each of us, in his place at home, by his best efforts, can do something, not only to sustain the soldier in the field, but also to sustain that sublime edict which will be to the soldier both sword and buckler, while it gives to the conflict all the inspiration of a great idea. In this hour of trial, let none of us fail. Above all, let none of us go over to the enemy, even should his tents for a moment be pitched in Faneuil Hall; and do not forget that there can be but two parties—the party of the country, with the President for its head, and with emancipation for its glorious watchword, and the party of the rebellion, with Jefferson Davis for its head, and no other watchword than slavery.

Rights of Human Nature.

"Know thyself. 'Tis the sublime of man. Our own-life majesty, to know ourselves Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole! This fraternalizes man—this constitutes His charities and his bearings."

[From the Englishwoman's Journal.]

Lives for Leaves.

NUMBER TWO.

Having adverted to cases of suffering and death, we will look in upon them at work. It cannot be said that these work, "as prisoners sure for crime;" for our government would surely demur to the responsibility of placing the worst criminals in a like position, unless the execution of the task were a positive necessity.

Well, here they are—forty of them. The room is large enough to admit of their sitting conveniently, but, being seated, it is not so convenient to rise and move hither and thither. Such an apartment is close enough at any time of the year, and under any circumstances, with such a number of breathing beings as occupants. But what if we tell that through the long summer day the windows may never be opened? This precaution is necessary to prevent the fluff (powder), from being blown into the eyes: the faintest breath would raise a cloud, and should the powder be actually blown into the eye, inflammation and perhaps blindness might result. Some have used preservers, but the fluff, accumulating on the glass, dimmed the vision; and these were not found to answer. I do not say that this rule is never infringed—on some close, sultry day, when the breeze seems too faint to lift even a particle of dust, a sash may, perhaps, be raised without risk, but I say that the contrary is the rule.

But must not the workers themselves breathe on the powder at times? some may inquire. The thought occurs naturally, but I have not finished my picture.

Unlike the flower-maker, whose task is temporary, the leaf-maker is compelled to use great precaution in the use of the powder in towels. One of these is drawn from behind and brought over the forehead, so as to protect the eyebrows and eyelashes (one effect of the powder being to cause the hair to fall off). This towel is pinned behind the neck, the other part falling on the back, shielding the upper part of the clothing. A second towel is folded and twisted in a peculiar manner, so as to lie closely below the eyes—a sort of knot pressing on either side of the nose to prevent any accumulation. This cloth is passed behind, and pinned like the former. A third is placed in two or three folds in the middle, where it is pinned to the second above the nose. It is then carried behind and fastened like the other. This last towel falls in the front; and thus the head, face, neck, and shoulders, are protected. Some have their arms and hands also banded, but the dust lodges about the nails, which sometimes become loose and fall off. And now it will be perceived that the worker does not breathe upon the fluff.

But it may be asked in amazement: "Is it possible people really sit muffled in all these cloths in an apartment with closed windows, and that in the warm weather? Can it be endured?"—It is endured.

Nor is this all. Before each of these forty women is a burner with eight or nine jets of gas. These are required to keep the wax-pot, in which the leaves are dipped before sprinkling, constantly simmering.

Under such circumstances, then, we find the leaf-hand at work, and we have only to imagine the room to be "all of a smoke" with arsenical powder, to gain a tolerably correct idea of the scene.

There is a constant demand for water: the burden of the general craving seems to be: "Give us water, or else we die." The pitchers are perpetually emptying and replenishing, the girls rising in turn and applying the grateful beverage to the lips of their companions, and thus a quenchless thirst is unceasingly appeased.

It may be supposed that the power of endurance so cruelly and constantly taxed, will

sometimes fail. Now and then a hand will falter, and a head will droop. In such case the chin-cloth is removed, and the fainting girl carried out: instances of this kind are of daily occurrence, and it is no uncommon thing for warehouse assistants, &c., to pick their way hurriedly by corpse-like forms lying about on the stairs or landing, or where else they have been left, till they should "come to."

This sketch is from the life. No mere supposition or imagination has suggested it, and yet, it applied to each and all of these establishments, there might be found some slight discrepancy. Just as several flowers from one root vary in form and development, so our description might fail to correspond exactly with every other. But such variations have reference only to minor and unimportant details—as, for example, the mode of muffling the head and face, which is sometimes effected by one long towel; or which sometimes resembles that in which female "dry hands" on pump-stone protect themselves, amid a cloud of dust, in which it seems strange that they can live and breathe, till we remember that a woman can live and breathe when the atmosphere is charged with arsenic.

There is nothing more surely calculated to injure the cause of any class of sufferers, than exaggerated statements of their wrongs and hardships. These may excite sympathy in an increased degree, but the truth will transpire, and that sympathy will fall below the average at which a correct and candid representation might have sustained it. It is right, therefore, to explain that flower-makers have many and great advantages over their sisters in other departments of trade. Unlike the thousands in our city houses who work from morning to night under lock and key, and who, as one expressed it, "work from night to morning besides," the flower-maker has generally proper seasons of rest and refreshment. With the generality of tradeswomen, a walk at noon, the welcome change of the dinner-hour, would be deemed a luxury indeed. And then they break off entirely for tea—a circumstance which will appear trivial, or as a matter of course, perhaps, to some who may not be aware that there are city warehouses, and sweaters' dens especially, where a female never rises from her seat or puts aside her task for any such purpose. Why it is that flower-makers have these privileges above most other in-door workwomen, I do not understand; but the rule, as stated above, appears to have no exception.

And the rate of remuneration, too, is high—higher probably than prevails in any other class of female operatives. Indeed, few things appear at first sight more enigmatical than the position of these leaf-makers as contrasted with their means. How can a female who earns from twenty to thirty shillings per week be so very poor? And why, of all places in this beautiful world, should she make her home in a desolate garret, or in some hard-to-find nook, in a low neighborhood, where the blessed sun steals sadly, as if in sorrow that creatures "made a little lower than the angels" should ever dwell there? To those who may have studied the habits and position of industrial females in this metropolis, the answer will be plain. Nor, in strict truth, will the explanation reflect much credit on their economy and general frugality. This can hardly surprise us; they have never been instructed in these essential principles, and "we do not gather grapes of thorns."

None of these admissions can be understood as an apology for all the waste of health involved in the manufacture of emerald-green leaves. The great fact remains, that health is totally incompatible with this employment, as at present pursued; that not one of all the host engaged in it can be said to enjoy this inestimable blessing. So much negatively. Who may tell the actual pain and suffering silently borne from day to day by these persons, or imagine their condition, when compelled to desist from their deadly toil? Oh, it is pitiable to regard them under such circumstances! How difficult to answer that pathetic, interrogatory look, which searches you as you hesitate at the question "What do you think I can do?"—that is, if you answer advisedly and in accordance with possibilities. Better be dumb in your sympathy, in presence of such appeals, than thoughtlessly reiterate the common speculative, "Couldn't you do this?" or "Couldn't you do the other?"

If any one fact be clear and indisputable, it is surely clear that the employment of emerald green in the manufacture of leaves, flowers, fruits, and other ornamental devices produced by artificial florists, is an evil. The next practical question is: "Does it admit of a remedy?" Happily we readily answer: "It does." Two or three forms of amelioration are suggested.

An antidote in the form of hydrate peroxide of iron has been recommended. A medical gentleman is of opinion that if this powder were mixed in treacle, or something of that kind, and kept in the establishments for continual use by the women, much of the suffering we have adverted to might be prevented. This question certainly demands attention. There is little doubt that this medicine would be most beneficial.

Mr. Paul, the gentleman alluded to, has had large experience and great success in the treatment of this "artificial flower disease," as it has been denominated by another gentleman of the faculty, and it is to be fervently hoped that this suggestion will be attended to. But will it be attended to? This seems a strange question, but it is by no means certain that the females will, in any considerable number, avail themselves of it. The same ignorance and want of confidence in superior intelligence, which renders it necessary for benevolent individuals, in building houses, to smuggle pure air by means of invisible ventilators, and thus secure the contraband blessing against opposition from brown paper, will, it is to be feared, render it necessary to force hydrate peroxide of iron down refractory throats.

Some days ago the writer visited a female of whose recovery little hope was entertained. She was attended by Mr. Paul, and was taking this medicine—a brownish powder, dry. This person stated that her employer had heard of the proposed antidote, and seemed to object, believing it to be of no use, &c. The boon, instead of being hailed with gratitude, seemed likely to be frowned down, as I feel as though I were taxing the credit of the reader with this statement. Well, it does seem hard to believe that any employer should not gratefully accept such a proposition, or endeavor to enforce upon his work-people the necessity of availing themselves of the antidote; on the other hand, it is hard to believe

that a dying woman would lie. On the whole, it seems plain that nothing short of legal prohibition can effectually remedy the evil. Mr. Paul is himself of this opinion, and it is to be hoped that this will follow as a consequence of the commissioned inquiry about to be instituted by government, and which will include in its investigation the case of the poor leaf-worker.

But a long time must elapse before the report of the commissioners be submitted, and longer still must it be ere any measures can come into operation which may be based upon it. Season after season will pass away, and there will be the same havoc of health and life as before. One can hardly regard the necessity for legislative interference otherwise than as a reflection upon the ladies of this country, and to them we would especially appeal. It is they who must be henceforth responsible for the evils resulting from the noxious manufacture; will they resist the fiat of Fashion? Will they consent that life shall be sacrificed for leaves? It matters not that they consent with pain and regret; will they consent at all?

To redress this grievance is peculiarly and emphatically woman's province, and the cause may thus be stated—Humanity versus Fashion. If common sense rebel against the decrees of the latter, we usually ignore common sense; and there are not a few who, if required, might be prepared to sacrifice common decency at this shrine. But are we English women so entirely the slaves of Fashion that, if humanity stir within us, we must stifle it at her bidding?—No.

Perhaps there is no woman who, if she felt that the perpetration of this evil depended on her conduct alone, would not abjure emerald green at once and forever; but what is most disheartening of every call for common effort, is the tendency of most persons to merge their individuality in the multitude; and so, when hearty and simultaneous cooperation is demanded, and would meet the case (and energetic cooperation will meet any case, "heart within and God overhead"), such persons become all at once very modest and retiring. They reason by a sort of mechanical process, blindly accepting such deductions as are found most in accordance with their own indolence or want of decision. "Poor creatures," they will say, "how shocking! What a good thing it is that somebody is going to do something in the matter, but I, of course I can do nothing. It cannot make any difference if there are two or three green leaves in the spray, they are so beautiful," or, "My purchasing a single green wreath cannot do any appreciable harm." But what, my dear madam, if ten thousand be reasoning thus besides yourself?

There are others who are credulous or incredulous at will; they are doubtful of every representation which makes out a case for their sympathies. They have sympathies in common with others, but these center in themselves—are not emanating. As sickly plants, warped and weakened, bend towards their own root, instead of expanding into their original design, so these women, chiefly through a fault of education, have conceived a vague sort of notion that they are exempted somehow from general duties and responsibilities. Such persons occupy a neutral position "in the world's broad field of battle;" they stand aloof from the earnest and the active in life's troubled scenes, being, as they are sometimes denominated, cyphers in social existence. Nay—there are no cyphers; for good or ill we have our being. More fitly might such be termed social nobles, obstructing the genial influences of philanthropy and "destroying much good." Never was there an appeal for redress of wrong to which the response was more simple and easy. No pecuniary sacrifice is required, no wearying toil, no moment of time. I do not, of course, allude to those who are always ready to undertake any and every good work—to whom the patriarchal claim is due: "The cause that I knew not I searched out." These neither seek nor find human recompense; we miss them when they are dead and things get complicated; but in the present case, no opposition or self-denial such as they are wont to encounter every day is required. All that is needed to cure the evil in question, is a mere negation—that ladies generally should decline emerald green in purchasing artificial flowers and devices. Let the poison-flowers hang in the windows, and let the shopman take them in and out for aye, for any favor of yours. Soon would tradesmen complain of "green stock on hand," and orders would be at a dead stand at the manufacturers, so far as this article is concerned. Not that any loss would accrue to the manufacturers, for there are leaves of every color of the rainbow, and black and white besides, and other hues would be accepted instead of the green.

It cannot be doubted that a large majority of ladies need only to be apprised of this iniquity to be induced to withdraw their countenance from the system; but the few of the character we have specified will need line upon line. It sometimes happens that they whom the higher motive fails to influence, will yield to the lower. On the ground of self-interest, therefore, is our appeal to such. "Emerald green," says a physician, "is exceedingly injurious to the wearer. Head-ache, and sometimes erysipelas, is the unsuspected result of green wreaths." From our own observation, we can attest that they cause the hair to fall off, and produce eruption on the forehead—an unsightly appearance, you will allow. Besides, they are dangerous even in a dust-bin; and should your child by chance lay hold on one, and, as he naturally would, put it to his mouth, death would inevitably ensue.

We have known ladies to decline purchases of this kind on account of their cheapness. The article is pretty, but from its low price it is suspected to be inferior. The West-end tradesmen know this very well, and make considerable capital of this scrap of observation. Did you deem to the beautiful wreath because it was "only two and sixpence?" Be it known that I can purchase its exact counterpart for considerably less somewhere else. If the objection of cheapness deter a few in such a purchase, let all the fashionable world know that emerald green is cheap—cheap, though human lives are expended in its production; for flesh and blood are cheap; though actual labor is not underpaid, health, and youth, and happiness, may be commanded for nothing.

If the simple, truthful delineation of human suffering fail to awaken general, practical sympathy, what else can be urged? "The quality of mercy is not strained;" it comes down gently as the dew; and not the earth,

cleft by drought into a thousand fissures, needs genial rain more than do the weary and heavy-laden among those who minister to our necessities unobserved, and in the distance call for the interposition of holy mercy. Let it be borne in mind that every purchaser of the noxious material is the agent of a real, appreciable infliction of suffering, which will be felt somewhere; and when the beautiful wreaths compel our admiration and cause us to hesitate, let us not close our ear to the monition: "This is the price of blood!"

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Progress and Art in Germany.

DRESDEN, Sept. 31, 1862.

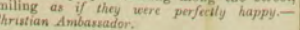
EDITORS HERALD OF PROGRESS: The fulfillment of my promise to write again has been delayed longer than was my intention. Would you believe it, that the reason of it was that my thoughts and feelings are so absorbed in the great struggle that is going on in America, that everything that surrounds me here seems of little importance compared to it, and I supposed your readers to be in the same frame of mind. Alas for frail human nature! If clouds bedeck the sky we forget almost that the sun is still in existence, and may smile on us another day: we give up to the gloom of the hour.

The news of the disaster before Richmond, the state of things generally, have had such a depressing influence on me that I can hardly regain my usual buoyancy and feelings of hope, although I may see now that these reverses may have been necessary, like the plagues of Egypt in olden times; but the dreadful suffering it entails upon the present generation, wrings my heart in sympathy. But let us try to forget for a moment what concerns us so deeply and follow me to the eastern world.

By this steamer you will get the news of Garibaldi's defeat and capture. He is wounded—it is said, dangerously. Shall this glorious hero pass away from us so soon and leave the eastern world in darkness? The papers here, in their comments on the event, say it is favorable to the future of Italy that Garibaldi has not been successful; for if he had marched into Rome, and even driven away the French, they would have returned in greater force and overwhelmed Italy; while now Napoleon is at liberty to withdraw his troops, as it has not now the appearance that he has yielded to force, and as Victor Emmanuel has given the proof that he is able to shield the Pope. That his temporal power has to pass away is universally believed, and intelligent Catholics in Germany wish ardently that it should.

While we speak of religious matters, let me add that there has lately been in the Kingdom of Hanover, one of the most reactionary governments, a sort of religious revolution, which has even manifested itself in riots, so that several persons have been wounded, and, finally, the government has had to give in. The friends of darkness, the old Lutherans in this case, prevailed upon the king to introduce a new catechism in the schools, which was very obnoxious to the more liberal of the confession, who do not want to have their children educated in such intolerant views, that they may come to look upon their own parents as heretics. The most obnoxious feature of it was, however, that the catechism taught the personal existence of the devil, as the good reformer himself firmly believed in the personal existence of the prince of darkness. But now every person of intelligence in the evangelical creeds would deem it almost an insult if it was imputed to them that they believed in a personal Satan, and did not consider it as a figure of speech to mean the principle of evil. No clergyman dare teach it from the pulpit; they either do not mention the subject, or allude to it as taken in the figurative sense. That there is a place called hell, most evangelical Christians do not believe, either, as a natural consequence. Although openly there is no freedom of conscience, and all have to conform outwardly to the rites of the protected and tolerated sects, the Church here considered an institution of the State, still there exist all shades of opinions on religious matters, from the materialist or atheist (a very large class, who comprise a great many of the scientific world) to the very worst of bigots. It is almost strange that the Germans, who have the idea that in America exists a perfect anarchy in religious respects, and that the Americans are a very irreligious people, are by far more irreligious; and this tendency to materialism and indifference to religion, a sort of lukewarmness, has no ennobling influence on the people. A fervent Christian, who is also one practically, if even he holds many errors of creed, is spiritually more advanced than one who is altogether indifferent to all that is high and holy.

The here-prevailing opinion on Americans having no religion is based partly on the fact that there exist so many sects, in which they do ignorantly not perceive a stirring life; and then, because of their fondness for money, it is said gold is the god they worship, to whom they sacrifice everything, every principle, and this cannot coexist with true religion. In a moral sense they are right; but who will condemn a whole nation? Are there not individuals among us here that are just as bad? and if public opinion was not so very strongly against such, there might be even more of that sort; but this holds them in check. A new revelation is greatly needed, and that which has come to us lately, and been accepted in America far more generally than elsewhere, will not be lost, though it may slumber for awhile like glowing coal under ashes. What an ineffable blessing it has been to those famishing and thirsting in the wilderness, whose



leagues in every direction, and was delighted

with the opportunity to communicate any desired information. The officer, being favorable to the Confiscation-Emancipation Proclamation, said: "The Higher Law is going into operation shortly. What will the Virginia planters say to that?"

"What is the Higher Law?"

"The Higher Law is Jehovah's statute, passed by the last Congress, and this army is bound to execute the order."

"Execute what order?"

"To free all the slaves in the South before the lower law of Rebellion can prevail."

"Is there anything that I can labor at in these quarters?" asked the idiotic old man. The officer pointed to a shovel and told him to dig a well-hole, and he would get his own price for the work. He commenced to do so and worked faithfully till night. Next morning he was nowhere to be found. It is now known that the old fellow was a celebrated spy from Lee's army, and the information thus obtained, as to the disposition of the forces under McClellan, was connected with General Stuart's bold operations on the borders of Pennsylvania. How the spy made his escape is a mystery.

THE GOVERNMENT HAS MARRIED A WIFE, AND THEREFORE IT CANNOT MOVE.

The seductive and enslaving wife of the Government is Policy. She appeals to every ordinary sensibility, to selfish ambition, to love of power, to social and political position, to military authorities, and to the whole world's admiration. There is nothing like her power fully to engross and absorb the soul of the Government. Selfishness, in its myriad forms, grows out of her captivating influence. The Government is married to the past, is married to fashionable diplomacy, is married to political party, to conservative habits, to temporal aims and purposes, with the fear of the whole European world before its eyes, and therefore, being wedded to such a bride, the administration is bound hand and foot, and means to accomplish all it can for freedom without running the risk of injuring its future prospects for position and power. Mark these words: *Patriotism will mean very much before the present war is ended.* The North is still ignorant of the physical trials which accrue from a prolonged struggle.

Praying Machines.

The English and American press are paying tribute to the inventive genius of India, which has sent to the World's Exhibition a praying machine. It is thus described:

"The prayer is written on a piece of paper and fixed to the wheel, which revolves on a spindle held in the hand. The idea of the worshiper is that every time the wheel turns the prayer is made. Frequently the wheel is fitted to be turned by a small stream. In the mountains of Tibet travelers see considerable numbers of these praying machines thus driven by water-power."

We have never visited India, and hence have never seen a praying wheel of the kind described, but in a country we have visited there are in operation a large number of machines, which turn out prayers no less stereotyped, and in a manner quite as truly mechanical. We recollect the operation distinctly, though several years have passed since we attended one of the churches in that country, where prayers are thus ground out. The prayers are not written on paper, but printed in large books, elegantly bound. We know of none that go by water, but very many of the praying machines are turned by a small stream of gold! The congregations who thus worship are each supplied with a book, which is connected with the grand praying machine stationed near the altar, so that when the machine offers a given prayer, the same prayer is offered up by each worshiper. This arrangement is rather more expensive and troublesome than those of other churches, where a single machine is employed, with the prayers not printed in a book, but pasted inside. This grinds out less stereotyped, but truly mechanical prayers, to order.

The advantage of "power" is obviously on the side of the India worshipers. If they can do their praying by water-power, or wind up their machines with a crank, the expense will be far less than that of the 30,000 praying machines employed in the country we allude to. These latter are very expensive. The cost is so great that few congregations do more than pay the interest each year, and this sum ranges from \$400 to \$5,000! And the temples in which these machines are erected are very expensive. Far better is the Indian mode of erecting them beside a waterfall or along some mountain stream. In view of these advantages, we trust the praying wheel from Tibet may ere long supplant the more expensive praying machines of the 30,000 churches in America.

Ce Empé.

Fashionable, if not Necessary.

A gentleman of progressive opinions being asked by a sectarian to send his children to Sunday-school, replied:

"Certainly—I shall be glad to have them go. It is at least fashionable, if not necessary, for every child to have the measles, whooping-cough, and religion, and I want mine to get through with all of them as soon as possible!"

Method in Madness.

A report prevails in Ulster County that in 1860 a deranged woman, while being conveyed to the Insane Asylum, threw up her hands and said:

"In eighteen sixty-one the war will be begun; in eighteen sixty-two we'll have all we can do; in eighteen sixty-three we'll all be free! Glory to God!"

Poor Comfort.

The published resolutions of a New York fire company, on the death of a member, read as follows:

"Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty to take from our midst, while in the active discharge of his duties, a brother fireman—therefore be it

"Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased our heartfelt expressions of sympathy, bidding them look to Him who is the Father of the fatherless and the widow's friend, for such comfort as earth cannot afford."

If words have any value whatever in conveying a meaning, we are sorry for a family who must look for "comfort" to one whom it "has pleased" to take away the husband and parent. The committee are right in characterizing the "comfort" to be looked for in that direction, "such as earth cannot afford!" Commend us to earthly consolations rather than such cold comfort!

Private Judgment.

The editor of the *Tribune*, in answer to a personal letter from a correspondent, offers most emphatic and honorable testimony in favor of individual opinions, irrespective of authority. He begins:

"MY DEAR SIR: I think you put yourself (and me) to very unnecessary trouble. What is it to you if I have held and taught erroneous doctrines with respect to secession? Your proper response to any one who asserts that I have, is, that you are responsible only for your own opinions, and accept mine only so far as they seem to you sound and just."

And concludes as follows:

"Better stand on your own convictions, whatever they may be, and disavow all responsibility for those of others."

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

A Patriotic Girl.

The Muncie (Ind.) *Press* says: "At a meeting in this county, held for the purpose of getting volunteers, a young lady went to her betrothed, took him by the hand and led him up to the stand where the recruiting officers were taking the names of those who desired to enlist in the service of their country, and then, without seeming the least abashed, in the presence of the large assemblage, kissed him, and then laid his hand on the roll for him to sign his name."

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—MRS. ELIZA W. FARNHAM will lecture at the Hall at Dr. Miller's Hygienic Institute, No. 15 Laight street, Tuesday evening next, Oct. 21.

—MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE sailed recently from this city to Hilton Head, S. C., to labor in behalf of the freed negroes there.

—DR. O. A. BROWNSON has been nominated for Congress in the Third District of New Jersey.

—GERRIT SMITH has shown his accustomed liberality by paying \$25 extra bounty to each of the fifty-two volunteers from the town where he resides, Smithfield, N. Y.

—MISS ABIGAIL E. DODGE, of Hamilton, Mass., is the author of "Country Living and Country Thinking," including some of the admired essays which lately appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Her *nom de plume* is Gail Hamilton.

—REV. E. H. CHAPIN and family had, at last accounts, left Frankfurt, and were staying at Paris. Dr. Chapin's health is already so much improved that he may return before the expiration of the year's leave of absence so liberally allowed him by his congregation.

—GEN. DAVIS, who shot Gen. Nelson, has been handed over to the civil authorities, and it is said the government will not interfere in the case at all. Should he be discharged by the court, he will be retained in his command.

—PRINCESS PIA, the new queen of Portugal, has received among her bridal gifts an album from the Pope, in which is set in brilliant bits of the veil of the Virgin Mary and a thorn from the crown of the Savior!

—MATT. WARD, who was rendered infamous several years since by the murder of a teacher named Butler for correcting his brother in school, has recently been shot in Arkansas by a guerrilla.

—REV. DR. HAWKS, in the Episcopal Convention, urged treating the rebellious churchmen with "lenity, courtesy, and affection," adding: "We must not lug in all the little dirty questions of the day, which will be buried with their agitation."

—BISHOP CLARK, of Rhode Island, delivered an address at St. Luke's Hospital in this city on Sunday evening last. It was a practical address to working people, and was followed by a liberal benefit for the institution.

—ROBERT SMALLS, the hero of the "Planter," had a public reception in New York at the Shiloh Church, (Rev. Mr. Garnet's,) on Thursday evening, Oct. 2, where he was presented with a gold medal by a number of his new friends.

—HORATIO SEYMOUR, Democratic candidate for Governor, has not only refused to pay one cent for the war, or for sufferers by it, but in endorsing officially the county bonds for bounty, he was careful to write: "Without recourse," to secure himself against the possibility of personal responsibility.

—MR. LEWIS TAPPAN has ordered a bell to be cast for the church of the freedmen of Beaufort, S. C., with this inscription: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." There is one other bell bearing the same inscription, which pealed glad tidings in 1777, but now it is cracked and silent!

—Drs. MARY E. BREED and MARIE E. ZAKREWSKA have issued a call, indorsed by prominent citizens of Boston, for aid in maintaining the Hospital for Women and Children, heretofore connected with the Medical College in that city. Donations of money or supplies are solicited.

—J. R. SPAULDING, formerly editor and part proprietor of the *World* newspaper, has dissolved all connection with that journal, in consequence of its opposition to the Emancipation Proclamation of the President and its support of the Democratic nominations.

—GEORGE D. PRENTICE, the editor of the *Louisville Journal*, has suffered a double affliction. His son was killed in the recent skirmish at Augusta, Ky., a Lieutenant-Colonel in the rebel army.

—GEN. BEAUDREARD, in an intercepted letter, says: "When Louisville is taken, I would construct a work there for the command of the Ohio and the canal, and I would destroy the latter as soon as possible, so completely that future travelers would hardly know where it was. This I would do as a return for the Yankee vandalism in attempting to obstruct forever the harbors of Charleston and Savannah."

—M. JULES GERARD, the renowned lion-killer, is projecting an expedition into Central Africa, the object being to find a favorable place to establish an independent settlement between Sierra Leone and the sources of the Niger, for the purpose of promoting the intercourse and extending the relations between Europe and Africa.

—MISS RYE, an English lady, has recently sent out a colony of female emigrants to New Zealand by a vessel bearing the strange name of Sarah M., a fact which has led to the remark that the vessel, like her fair cargo, is still undecided what name to take. About one hundred young women are passengers by this ship, and another shipload is to follow in January.

—THEODORE WELD, one of the earliest and most eloquent advocates of the anti-slavery movement, but who, for some years past, has been engrossed in teaching, to the abandonment of the public platform, is shortly to return to the field of his former successes. He is to lecture in various places during the coming season, beginning at Music Hall, Boston, early in November. This announcement will be received with hearty satisfaction by his friends everywhere.

—GEN. KEARNEY, in a letter written at Harrison's Landing August 4, and published since his death, has the following estimate of McClellan: "We have no Generals. McClellan is the failure I ever proclaimed him. He has been punished, just as I at once comprehended the moves of the parties. He will only get us in more follies, more waste of blood, fighting by dribbles. He has lost the confidence of all; nor has he a single officer about him capable of bettering us. * * * For McClellan, he is burnt out. Never once on a battlefield, you have nothing to hope from him as the leader of a column. * * * McClellan is dangerous, from the want of digesting his plans. He positively has no talents."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—The English press are quite united in regarding the late battles in Maryland as Union victories.

—The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says that it is asserted in political circles that the British government are no longer so entirely averse to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy as they have hitherto been. It is understood that there is a probability of the question becoming, shortly, the subject of deliberation in ministerial councils.

—An address to President Lincoln in favor of a truce, preliminary to negotiations for peace, has been signed at Brussels by eminent men of almost every European nation assembled at the Social Science Convention.

—The French squadron in China has been ordered to proceed to Japan in consequence of the menacing treatment of the European Legations by the Japanese.

—Rumors are again current in Italy that an amnesty for Garibaldi and his followers had been decided on.

—It is asserted in Paris that the Confederate government has no intention of recalling either Mr. Mason or Mr. Slidell.

—The reports in regard to the health of Garibaldi are satisfactory.

—In Paris it was fully expected that by the 1st of November the City of Mexico would be in possession of the French troops.

Later:

—A Turin paper announced that on Sunday, Oct. 5, a royal decree would proclaim an amnesty to Garibaldi and his followers.

—The Paris *Patrie* hears from "good sources" that nothing is more likely than the recognition of the South on the basis of accomplished facts, very soon to be on the tapis, England and France acting in concert.

—Ten American vessels are said to have been destroyed by the privateer Alabama.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The draft in this State is now ordered for Nov. 10.

—An armed resistance to the draft has been made in Belfast county, Indiana.

—Two severe battles have been fought in Kentucky since our last issue. Both resulted doubtfully.

—Conscripts and paroled rebel prisoners represent the people of the south as growing sick of the war, and say that much feeling exists against Jeff. Davis' government.

—A military company have been organized in New Orleans, denominated the John Brown Guards. They will soon be "marching on."

—Sold post-office stamps, which clearly have not been once used for payment of postage, will soon be redeemed by the government, new stamps being given in their stead.

—*Blackwood* for September contains a discussion on "Sermons," arguing in favor of omitting sermons, wherever it may be convenient, from divine service, and supplying their places by prayers and litanies.

—It is said that the tax bill now before the Confederate Congress will take one-fifth of the value of all agricultural products, stock, income, and profits of business.

—The "Great Northern Cemetery Company," in London, advertise a "funeral train" for the working classes, every Sunday, cheapening the expense of burial to two pounds five shillings. We need similar facilities for the poor in New York. Now one must be worth considerable property to afford to die!

Progressive Literature.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

A Visit to Visionburg;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF A BETTER SOCIAL LIFE.

BY LOUIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

Such is a slight sketch of the origin of the place we are about to visit; of its attractions we will say more when we arrive.

As I have already said, Ernest made an elaborate account of the cost of the village to its inhabitants. He made the same calculation also in regard to several neighboring cities, to aid him in his comparisons, and then drew up a project of a city constructed compactly and economically, wherein all the inhabitants should enjoy equal benefits. In other words, he did not see why an industrious family should not live in a palace as cheaply as in what is too often little better than a pigsty. It was to establish this point that he made his calculations and formed his plans.

By an intelligent application of labor, by the use of machinery and the magic of capital, he determined to try his experiment. Quarries were opened, and marble and stone raised, dressed, cut, and polished, even, by machinery. Bricks were made by the same instrumentality—the power in both cases being obtained from water or steam. Colored marbles and granites were procured from other sections, and applied economically to the purposes for which they were required. His first efforts succeeded admirably. The temple at the springs, with some contiguous buildings, arose as if by magic. Charming villas, some double, some single, some divided into many apartments, to suit the wants of large or small families, sprang up simultaneously. These residences were fire-proof; the dividing and partition walls solid; the floors had beams of iron and hollow brick, impenetrable to sound. Staircases of marble. What machinery did with ease in an hour a man might have taken a week to accomplish. The shaft of a column, accurately cut and fluted, appeared almost by magic out of the rude block. The same work would have taken weeks and sometimes months in the hands of the ordinary workman. Here was a decided saving of time and money. The laborer did not revolt because his business was gone, for he had been given an interest in the constructions. He was really building a comfortable apartment for himself. He was a sharer in so much labor in the enterprise. Ernest was glad to see machinery doing the rough work while the artistic hand of man was left to give the finishing strokes, and to cut into form those minute ornaments which require intelligence to reach. He did not think that man, the intelligent artist, ought to do the work of the horse or the engine. And yet how long has he been a mere working drudge, a machine? So long, that, when progress has presented to him the means wherewith to assume his true position, he has often rejected the offer as injurious to his interests and his fortunes!

Dion had scarcely completed his story ere the "New World," steaming round a projecting cliff, brought us in full view of Visionburg. The scene was superb. Before us and to our right the magnificent stream shone in the sunlight as it flowed steadily toward the ocean. The opposite shores were studded with villages, and beautiful residences embowered in richest foliage dotted the hills. To the left, along what had at first sight the appearance of a bay, at a distance of several miles, was a splendid range of palatial buildings, encased in gardens and woods, and beautiful mansions appeared like jewels set in a dress of verdure. As we approached, the scene became even more pleasing. Distance generally lends enchantment to the view; but here approach only rendered the loveliness, harmony, and completeness of the details more agreeable and surprising. We passed villas and mansions of various sizes and forms, complete in every architectural detail, and reminding us rather of some artist's composition than of the usual sights and scenes of common life. Nature had not here been disguised, but art had been brought in to aid and take advantage of her varied aspects. There was no mean-looking shore-line, with crumbling banks and broken railings; no poverty-stricken cottages, with detached buildings, all at right of the perpendicular, and threatening ruin. But elegant lawns sloped nearly to the water, or, uniting, without abruptness or offense to the eye, and following the varied undulations of the land, were terraces, faced along the shore with rustic marble, and topped with balustrades of the same material. Vases abounded, filled with flowers and creeping plants, and with statuary, united in giving finish to the scene. Steps and stairways conducted to the river, which seemed in these parts really covered with pleasure-boats.

As we approached the city, however, we were struck by the bustle and business on every hand. A wide avenue, some two hundred feet broad, bordered the river for more than a mile, and seemed covered with merchandise and enveloped by the traffic of carts, drays, and vehicles, of every description. Cars plied along the streets, ready to convey passengers and goods to distant parts. Steamers and vessels of every kind crowded the wharves, and added to the interest and excitement of the scene. I could have wished at the first moment a different state of things. I could have desired the calm of a holiday, and the absence of all

New Publications.

REVUE SPIRITUALISTE.—Sme Livraison, 1862. Contents: 1, Spiritual Truth—Remarks by M. Colin; 2, The Re-awakening of the Religious Spirit—Remarks by M. Dupuy; 3, Epistle to Diabolus (poem); 4, Ecstasy; 5, A Word to Spiritualists (in verse); 6, The Spirit of the Dead; 7, Estimate of Spiritual Manifestations—by a magistrate convinced by experiments; 8, Poems—The Unbeliever and the Medium, Hobgoblin, The Wandering Soul; 9, Remarkable Case of Double Presence; 10, Curious Facts—Fetichism and Demonology; 11, Reflections of a Rationalist on Spiritualism in America—from the *Spiritual Magazine*; 12, The death of Mrs. Hume—from the same journal.

This French Spiritual Monthly is published at No. 22 Rue de Boulois, Paris. Price, fourteen francs per year.

REVUE SPIRIT.—August, 1862. Contents: 1, Conférences of M. Trouseau, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine; 2, Necrology; 3, Spiritist Society at Constantine, Africa; 4, Letter of M. Jean Reynaud to the *Journal des Débats*; 5, The Pandos and Kooros; 6, The Planet Venus—by the medium, M. Costel; 7, Letter to the Journal of Saint Jean d'Angely; 8, Punishment of a Miser; 9, Merit of Prayer; 10, Spirit Discourses.

No. 59 Rue Sainte Anne, Paris. Price, 14 francs per year.

this traffic, to have thoroughly studied the aspects and completeness of the place. But the combination of art and work, of beauty and bustle, of pleasure and business, was so new to my tastes that it took me a little time to appreciate it. Heretofore they had always appeared antagonistic. With work, and bustle, and business, ugliness, niggardliness, and ill adaptation to their wants, even, have universally prevailed. This first combination of the two seemed first to shock or surprise, and then delight. It was, as it were, a new element in the world of work. I was about to turn to Dion for an explanation, but, recollecting his story of the village, I did not.

It was the first time that I had seen the approaches to a city in decent condition. Its piers were the very perfection of construction. In place of the ragged looking piles, covered with coarsely-boarded ways, which disfigure all our water-side cities, and particularly our ports, all here was solidly and artistically built of iron, wood, stone, or marble. The skill of the engineer was evident in the substantiality as well as the convenience of the constructions. They were built to last, and intended, therefore, to be cheaper in the end than the temporary and ever to be renewed piers of a false calculation. Here was beauty and solidity against ugliness and insolidity. Like the slight structures called houses, which the limited means of the individual rears, they are a constant source of expense, and require rebuilding in a given number of years. Built by the city for the city they may last a thousand years, and will require little trouble or expense to keep in order.

I made this remark to Dion, who replied by a question, Do you not think that much of the wealth of the old world lies in the solidity of the residences of the people? I supposed that it might be so. He added: It has frequently occurred even there that builders erecting houses on speculation, do not calculate on their standing more than thirty or forty years. Within that time they are expected to pay. After that time they must be taken down or be replaced by similar or better mansions, or be occupied by a different class, who at a lower rent will live in them until they come down. I have known houses which have stood several hundred years in many parts of Europe, and are still occupied by well-to-do tenants, who pay handsome and sometimes even very high rents for them. Such houses are each worth a large estate in the country in point of value. The capital invested, thus almost permanently, in brick or stone and mortar, has been paid over and over again. Supposing the houses cost originally \$20,000, and the rent was \$1,000, and it is often much higher than that, and the house has stood two hundred years, is not this property, small as it is, and not counting many feet in length and width, accumulative wealth continually realizing more and more returns to the possessors? Now supposing this house could have been burnt down after a few years, or had to be taken down to be rebuilt, the same capital which would be used to investigate or create wealth in another direction, must be used again on the same spot in order to realize the same benefits in the shape of rent; and the more this process is renewed of applying the same labor and capital to accomplish the same object, instead of creating a new source of wealth, the slower the accumulation of wealth and the poorer remains the nation. It is therefore of importance to build solidly and permanently, so that we may apply our surplus capital and labor to the creation of other industries, which, thus used, duplicate a nation's fortune in a very few years. It is by no means to the permanent benefit of masons and carpenters to have no other business but masonry and carpentering. There is ample room for them in the increase and useful changes of things in their line; but an unnatural amount of work or profit in any trade or profession is so much national wealth perverted from useful channels, and so rendered in a measure unproductive. No men should be idle, consuming the labor of others, nor by monopoly impeding the industry and prosperity of others. We should thus avoid two classes of dangerous works—capital and labor sunk in unproductive buildings, monuments, temples, &c.; and capital and labor unprofitably occupied in works to be constantly renewed by the same capital and labor. Let us not then sacrifice other trades to stimulate one, as by so doing we impoverish a people, and all occupations sooner or later come in for a share in the general suffering and depression.

CHAPTER XIV.

I had noticed the approach to the city with much admiration and astonishment, and these were increased by a nearer and more critical observation. Nowhere could an unpleasant odor be perceived. The water along the shore was as pure as when the Indian alone steered his canoe on its glassy surface or frequented the neighboring shady wilds. If anything, the art of man appeared to have given health where fevers might have lingered; and with health a greater purity of atmosphere and endless beauties to please the eye and gratify the mind. Here the yearning countryman might find wherewith to satisfy his instincts of intelligence, and the callous citizen new impulses to thought and enjoyment. Here the pig-sty and the palace stood not side by side—nor the sweetness of flowers next to the odors of sewers—neither neatness near carelessness; nor the tidy cottage by the decayed hovel. All was in place; the rich elbowd not the beggar in his rags, and the honest had not to shun the degraded.

Dion and I were landed on the covered pier, while the steamer sped on her way to Albany. It was a pleasant thing, the impression made by this landing on a decently clean and orna-

mental pier. Nothing shabby, mean or dirty, was to be seen. The water flowed brightly by and reflected in its bosom the architectural beauties and colors of the landing places. These extended for about a mile along the shore, crowded almost everywhere with steamers and numerous craft, and presented, with their gay clock and bell-towers, elevations and ornaments, surmounted by the unerring arrow, a scene fit for an artist. Every thing represented solidity, art, and color. Double lines of trees, trimmed to afford shade, yet not high enough to interfere with the view to or from the river, were growing vigorously along both sides of the wide quays. Two lines of rails ran along the center, and branched up every avenue, while the iron horse and the horse of flesh and bone seemed to rival with each other for living freight and merchandise. The cars really belonged to the city and its environs, the trains to the business lines to the north and west.

Having refreshed the inner man at the original hotel of the modern city, we sallied forth to examine the novelties around and note the progress of the experiment. Dion asked me what were my impressions? These, I replied, I can scarcely define. The outward scene is so unusual, that the inward one must be altogether different from that of our cities. Here, he interposed, is your mistake. Here is the same busy scene of every-day life—the same struggles, anxieties, disappointments. Here men scheme, make bad speculations, buy and sell, as in other places. A few succeed—the multitude fail. It is the old story again. But it is the same story in a new cover; the same picture in a new frame. And that new cover, that new frame, has an immense influence on the value of the interior. It not only has increased its value materially, but morally. This is the reason why I wished you to see it. By an ingenious application of the capital and labor of many, this many have made for themselves more comfortable, more ornamental, more healthy, more solid, and more profitable homes. To some extent they have created for themselves and their children or successors, permanent homes, the value of which barely exceeds that they would have laid out in lots and houses in the old-fashioned way, but with the additional advantage that they can now use all their surplus capital and labor to increasing their individual wealth. They have, as it were, built their fortunes on a rock, and not, as heretofore on sand. The fortunes of the citizens are not now constantly menaced by fire, flood and decay; nor is their health and comfort as seriously menaced by bad odors and impurities. Few doctors or lawyers are needed; hence there is here a saving of many thousand dollars per annum, and what of these gentlemen have come to reside here have been obliged to devote their energies, like their fellow-citizens, to such industries as might support them, and thus they add to the general wealth. Visionburg in this item alone saves so many thousands and gains so many more in addition. You must not then be surprised at the prosperity you see, since all idle or gambling professions are discouraged, and all attempts to establish middle-men or hucksters. As far as consistent with modern usages, citizens, through the agency of the city government, see that every man shall support himself, and add by his industry to the general welfare. Neither soap manufacturers and other trading nuisances, nor gamblers; neither chemical works, nor idle professional men, are encouraged or allowed here. They have each their defined boundaries, and the citizen is protected as far as possible from their debilitating and deleterious influences. As far as possible too, competition in labor is prevented; for as a benevolent writer, John Minter Morgan remarked, "if there is one prevailing evil more hostile by its all-pervading influence to the spread of Christian benevolence than any other, it is that spirit of trade and selfishness engendered by competition."

The original hotel now stands back from the river, as may be remembered from the account already given of it. As the city at present stands, it has one quay two hundred feet wide along the river, and three avenues each one hundred and fifty feet wide running parallel to it. These avenues are intersected by six other avenues running westerly from the river, each of the same width. The side-walks are fifty feet wide, and the road-way fifty feet. On these side-walks are two rows of trees, so neatly cut as to connect by their branches with each other; while looking from end to end of the walks, one seems to view the Gothic aisles of a cathedral embowered in green leaves. Next to the houses is a fine area and then next the balustrade, a marble pavement—at twenty-five feet is the first row of trees, and fifteen feet farther the second row—ten feet more the curb-stone, along which are the lamp-posts. These side-walks and roads are admirably laid and paved, and from the care and attention given to the minutest details, it was evident that good surveyors and engineers had superintended the works. This neatness in detail would have surprised me more had I not reflected that the surface here acted upon was, comparatively to population and wealth, so very limited.

(To be Continued.)

NOBLE CONDUCT.—In the year 1856 a business man of this city failed, and compounded with his creditors by paying them fifty cents on a dollar, receiving a full and free discharge. Since then he has prospered, and is now engaged in paying the remaining fifty cents, to the uttermost farthing, from the time of his discharge. This unsolicited and unsuspected payment bespeaks an honest and honorable debtor, and is worth mentioning as a notable example in these hard times.

[Salem (Mass.) Register.]

Scenes in the Far West.

BY J. LEANDER STARR.

NUMBER TWO.

I BO-MAZA-SKA:

OR,

THE RESCUE.

CHAPTER I.

In one of those bloody encounters which sometimes occur between hostile tribes, the war party of the Mandans attacked a party of the Pawnees. The latter had advanced far into the Dakota country, to take vengeance on this tribe of the Sioux nation, and were suddenly confronted by the Mandans, and one-half the Pawnees were slain, and the rest, except some prisoners taken, fled.

Two hundred scalps were taken and carried off as trophies of victory. Among the prisoners was an Indian maid of great beauty and grace, named *Wiciceta-pah*, (Bird-eye), only daughter of *Letalashahou*, chief of the Pawnees.

On the return of the war party with their trophies and prisoners to *Xunkinallapa*, there was a council held, when it was resolved that the male prisoners should be burnt at the stake; and in the evening they all met their death with that calm stoicism which marks the Indian character. The fate of the Indian girl was deferred, for state reasons.

Among the warriors who had achieved this victory was a young brave of the Mandans, named *Ibo-maza-ska*, (Silver-arrow). He was twenty-five years of age, but the youthful and feminine character of his face made him to appear not over twenty. He had already conceived an attachment for this young girl whose form was tall and graceful, and who never uttered a murmur at her fate, which she too well knew would sooner or later be death. She was kept a prisoner in a wigwam well-guarded, and under the care of *Ibo-maza-ska*, with an outlay of sentinels at a distance, forming a circle.

A few evenings after the slaughter of the other prisoners, this young brave entered the tent of the captive. He wore a head-dress of the feathers of the war-eagle, which extended in a double series down his back to his hips, narrowing as it descended. His robe was thrown gracefully but carelessly over his shoulders, leaving his breast and one arm bare. The usual garments decorated his hips and lower limbs—these were the auzeum, the leggings, and the moccasins—all ornamented.

As the young brave entered, *Wiciceta-pah* arose, and they then seated themselves on the ground and commenced conversation. There was no fear in the mind of the Indian maid towards her visitor; for, by that wonderful mesmerism which acts on all hearts, civilized or savage, she was inspired with love for him equal to his love for her. There were in this interview none of those conventionalities which engender in civilized life so much hypocrisy and deceit, and consequent unhappiness. There was soon a mutual understanding arrived at between these young savages, and he promised her that, whatever might be the future fate awaiting her, he would be her protector and her deliverer, even, if necessary, at the cost of his own life. The conference was prolonged to a late hour, and he departed.

A few days afterwards a large war party of the Mandans went out to surprise a party of the Pawnees, who were lurking in the neighborhood to attack the Mandans, and rescue, if possible, the daughter of their chief. They met at night near the Sicu-saps. The watch-fire of the Pawnees was discovered by the scouts of the Mandans without their being discovered. All were ordered to lie down. A dead silence prevailed in both camps. A warrior of the Mandans, *Mato-sapa*, (Black bear), attended by only two followers, stole out stealthily from the tent, with their rifles loaded, and crawled along the ground with serpent stealthiness until they came within a few feet of the advanced tent of the Pawnees. There they rested quiet and listened. *Mato-sapa* approached close to his two followers, and in a hurried whisper gave them his final orders. He then crawled to the enemy's camp, where all slept except one Indian, who acted as a sentinel and guarded the entrance. Slowly and stealthily he approached him from behind, and, ere he perceived, he tripped up his legs, and, as he fell, dealt him several blows on the head with his war-club, and he was dead without a word being uttered. He then, with the other two, entered the tent and brained, with their war-clubs, all who slept, and the tent was no longer occupied by living men. Another tent remained; but they, more watchful, were not so easily surprised. A movement was seen in the second tent, when *Mato-sapa* and his followers withdrew a few feet and hid themselves in the underwood. The sentinel of the second tent visited the first, and, finding the sentinel dead, he entered and saw the dead bodies lying around, and instantly gave the war-whoop, when immediately every Indian of the Pawnees rushed out in order of battle.

At the first report of fire-arms the main body of the Mandans rushed to the conflict, and the attack on both sides was fearful and ferocious. The battle-cry was yelled forth on both sides with mad rage; rifles were laid aside for the closer attack by clubs, and many on both sides soon "bit the dust."

About one-half of each party were killed, when the young warrior, *Mina-hanska*, (Long-knife), brandishing his club in the air, rushed into the midst of the Pawnees and dealt around so thickly his blows that they gave way, when the ball of a Pawnee rifle entered his heart and he fell dead. The remainder of the Pawnees then retreated, and the Mandans, securing a

number of scalps, returned to their encampment.

The news of the effort made by the brave *Letalashahou* to rescue his daughter, and their defeat, was soon spread among the tribes of the Sioux, and reached the ears of *Ibo-maza-ska*, who communicated it to *Wiciceta*, and renewed his promise, that, despite this failure, he would still be her preserver.

"Her heart was in her large, sad eyes.
Half sunshine and half shade;
And love, as love first springs to life,
Of everything afraid."

This attempt to surprise the Mandans hastened the fate of the young captive. The next day a council of war, consisting of the chiefs and warriors of all the tribes of the Sioux nation, was held, to decide on the fate of the captive girl.

With a refined delicacy worthy the most civilized man, her lover allowed no one but himself to approach her. It was he who communicated to her that the council was about to be convened, and the purport of their consultation—her fate. He now redoubled his assurances of deliverance, and while her very soul drank in the delight of his words and his fond looks, and she knew that cheerfully would his own life be sacrificed to save her's, yet she knew the resolute character of his tribe, and the hatred they bore to her nation, and how they would gloat over the death of that nation's chieftain's daughter. Still, so deep was her love for *Ibo-maza-ska*, that she even "hoped against hope."

"Poor child!—she was a child in years—
So timid and so young;
With what a fond and earnest faith
To desperate hope she clung."

It was evening. The large council-fire had been lighted. The warriors were all seated around it, smoking; the older chiefs occupied the inner circle. Perfect silence prevailed. The captive Indian girl was brought forth from her prison and bound to a stake a short distance removed from the council-fire. Her arms and legs were bound with ligatures, and thus secured to the stake. Another was passed around her body. There was no sign of fear or of quailing visible in the countenance of this young girl. Her look was calm, placid, and resigned.

When the fastenings were completed, an old chief arose and addressed to the assembly some euphatic words. He was followed by another chief, whose stirring harangue was answered by a loud jargon of yells full of savage ecstasy. The squaws seized their clubs and waved them in the air while joining in the chorus.

In this savage assemblage—for they had, for the occasion, put on their war-paint, which added hideousness to their savage aspects—there was not one eye of pity for the beautiful and defenseless girl before them, so soon to become a victim to their savage vengeance. No heart beat in sympathy for her innocence and her hard fate—the accident of war—far away from her tribe and the powerful arm of the old chief, her father. Gloating on her with savage leer, there was but one idea, and that was vengeance.

A young chief then arose, and at his voice all was silence. According to established usage, he was "in full uniform" on this occasion. His war-paint was most elaborate; and as an Indian warrior his head was shaved with the exception of a single lock on the crown, which is left to assist the conqueror in removing his scalp. A profusion of feathers ornamented his head.

It was he who had captured this girl, and she was therefore his prisoner; and he vauntingly recounted the deeds he had achieved, and the scalps he had taken in battle, ending with this redoubtable proof of his valor—the capture of the defenseless victim.

The fiercest yells language can describe followed this address, as approval of his deeds. In all this scene *Ibo-maza-ska* was not present. He had, secretly, other plans which prevented his presence. He knew well that were he to give utterance to any sympathy for the unfortunate captive, her fate would be sealed without any chance of his being able to save her; and, with the cunning of an Indian, he had acted as her jailer, and seemed to favor the views of the tribes, that he might be able to rescue her, and hence he was absent from the council.

In the turmoil and excitement his absence was not noticed.

When the young chief we have referred to had finished his harangue, all rose, and, brandishing their war-clubs, danced in the most grotesque forms imaginable around their victim, uttering at the same time the most unearthly yells. They then re-seated themselves around the council-fire, and a dead silence prevailed. Three men now approached and piled around the sacrificial stake faggots of brushwood, ready to be ignited on a signal from the oldest chief—such was the silent, unuttered decree, of the council convened, and in the countenances of all was the most savage expectancy.

At this moment—sudden as the fall of the thunderbolt—*Ibo-maza-ska*, mounted on a powerful and fleet horse, was seen to dash past the circle and approach the doomed *Wiciceta-pah*. Like lightning (so rapid were his movements) he sprang from his horse, and cut the things which bound her to the stake, and, without waiting to free her arms and legs, remounted, raising her in his arms and placing her on the horse in front of him.

At the touch of his spurs, the powerful animal sprang forward, and ere the assembled warriors could realize the daring act, he had gained more than an hundred paces. Then up rose the warriors, and with fierce yells of imprecations, pursued the fugitives, discharging their arrows at them, and which fell short of the objects aimed at; and onward and on-

ward sped the noble youth with his fair charge, until *Wiciceta-pah*, in looking back, told her lover that none of the pursuers were then in sight. A pause was then made just long enough to enable *Ibo* to cut the thongs which bound the girl's arms and legs, and give to her person that freedom and ease which were so necessary both for her comfort and their mutual safety.

Their speed was in no way diminished until midnight, when *Ibo* drew rein, and they dismounted for a few minutes to partake of some refreshments he had prudently provided himself with.

Again their flight was resumed, but at a more measured pace. Every spot was familiar to *Ibo-maza-ska*, and he well knew the advantage of getting as far away as possible under the cover of night.

Thus they travelled for three days and three nights, with occasional rest at brief periods, to give due repose to their faithful horse and to themselves—for necessary refreshment and sleep.

It was on the second evening after their flight when, their safety being now so well secured, these two young Indian lovers, partaking of their evening meal on a green sward, with an improvised but erected for their protection, entered into a long conversation as to their future plans.

With a magnanimity which would reflect credit on the most delicate-minded cavalier in civilized life, he asked her if she wished him to convey her to her father, as he was ready to do so. He stated to her that he (a warrior of a hostile tribe) could not possibly remain with her there; nor could he return to his own tribe, for his doom in such a case was certain to be death; and he must travel far away, and become a wanderer in some other land. But he begged her to consider her own happiness, and if she desired to be escorted to her father, he would himself deliver her to the old chief, and then leave her.

Wiciceta thanked her deliverer for the magnanimity of his offer; but, in all the artlessness of her innocence and purity, she assured him that she would never be separated from him; and that wherever he went, and whatever his future fate, there would she go, and share it with him.

Nor should critics sneer at this presumption of mutual love in two artless and unsophisticated beings on so brief an acquaintance. Such things have been, and are. The cause of sympathy which draws heart to heart, which generates friendship and love, and passionate attachments, is not obvious to all who choose to talk of it. But while we cannot trace the causes of a thousand things, we know and feel their effects. Among the other mysteries of our nature is this of sudden and strong sympathies.

It was her first love, and she had given her heart up to its influence with all the strength and all the weakness of female passion.

The next evening they again erected their temporary hut, on the margin of a river known as the Muskego-ne-gun-me-we-see-bee. (Swamp river.) Here another consultation was held by the lovers; not whether they should separate or not, for that was already decided on in the negative in the most endearing terms of mutual acquiescence, but as to how she could communicate to her aged father the news of her rescue from death at the stake, and her flight with her deliverer—now her husband.

After much consultation it was decided that they should continue their progress towards the country of the Pawnees until they should chance to fall in with some advance scouts of the tribe, by whom she could send word to her father; and then they would carry out their ulterior plans.

The next day, about noon, the smoke of some fires was descried at a distance, which they knew must be the fires of the Pawnees; and soon they reached the place—known as *Ke-new-kaw-nesh* way-boant (meaning: "where they throw down the grey eagle.") Here they met four men and one woman of the Pawnees who were all well known to *Wiciceta*. These were *Net-no-kwa*, *Pe-shaw-ba*, *Was-so*, and *Wa-me-gou-a-biew*. The woman was a person of some note in her tribe and a great favorite of *Wiciceta-pah*; and the joy of the whole party at seeing again the daughter of their chief out of danger and well, was equalled only by their surprise and mystification at seeing her attended by a warrior of an enemy's tribe.

Soon, however, all was explained; and their joy was complete.

Ibo-maza-ska sat down with the men of the Pawnees to eat some roasted deer meat, and smoke; while his young bride took the woman aside and explained the whole case to her and commissioned her to lay the facts before *Letalashahou*, the chief, her father. She had perfect confidence in both the fidelity and intelligence of this woman, who was called *Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa*, (the red sky of the morning) and who was highly esteemed by the Pawnees for her skill and address, and her beauty, which latter quality is so poetically symbolized in her name.

(To be Continued.)

Happy Marriages.

MAHOMET, when only twenty-five years of age, married a wife of forty; **SHAKESPEARE'S** *Ann Hathaway* was seven years his senior; **DR. JOHNSON'S** lady was twice his age at their marriage; **HOWARD**, the philanthropist, at twenty-five, selected a wife of fifty-two; and **MRS. ROW**, the authoress, was fifteen years the senior of her husband; **MARGARET FULLER** married the Count *D'Ossoli*, ten years younger than herself; and the immortal *Jenny Lind* is said to be eight or ten years older than her *Otto Goldschmidt*. And those were what are called "happy marriages!"

Of Writers and Speakers.

"Our Philosophy is affirmative, and readily accepts of testimony of negative facts, as every shadow points to the sun. . . . No man need be deceived. . . . When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens."

H. B. Storer may be addressed Boston, Mass.

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

W. F. Jamieson, Trance Speaker, Paw Paw, Mich.

Mrs. M. J. Kutz may be addressed, Laphamville, Mich.

J. M. Peebles is located at Battle Creek, Mich., speaking there the last two Sundays in each month.

J. H. Randall will speak on Sundays. Address Solio, Conn.

Dr. H. F. Gardner may be addressed, 46 Essex Street, Boston, Mass.

Rev. H. S. Marble will answer invitations to lecture, addressed Iowa City, Iowa.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown may be addressed, Waukegan, Ill.

John Brookie, M. D., may be addressed No. 58 Collins street, St. Louis, Mo.

John McQueen, Trance and Inspirational Speaker, will speak on reform, attend funerals, &c. Address Hillsdale, Mich.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will speak in Somers, Conn., the first four Sundays in November; in Providence, R. I., during December.

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

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

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

M. Taylor speaks every other Sunday at Stockton, Me., and for other engagements may be addressed at Stockton or Bradford, Me.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe will spend the autumn in Iowa and Minnesota. Address, till further notice, Independence, Iowa, care of "Rising Tide."

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

E. Whipple is lecturing on Geology and general Reform. Address for fall and winter, Kalamazoo, Mich.

P. L. Wadsworth speaks in Chilopee, Mass., during October; Boston, Nov. 2 and 9; Taunton, Nov. 16, 23, and 30.

Mrs. S. E. Warner is engaged to lecture on Sundays in each month in Berlin, and Otero, Wis. Will answer calls to go elsewhere the remainder of the time. Post Office address, box 14, Berlin, Wis.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Philadelphia during November. Address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Broadfield Street, Boston, Mass., from whence letters will be forwarded.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, of Ohio, will answer calls to lecture on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsylvania and New York. Also, to attend funerals, and make clairvoyant examinations of and prescriptions for the sick.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, O., will start for Kansas about the 25th of October, by way of Hannibal and St. Joseph, Railroad, and Leavenworth. He will answer calls to lecture on his return. Letters should be addressed, before the 20th, Bellefontaine, O.; after, Redox, Anderson Co., Kansas.

K. Graves will answer calls to lecture on the origin of religious ideas, the analogy of all religions, the true religion as contrasted with the false, the origin of the Jewish and Christian religions, as also the origin of the Jewish nation. Likewise on physiognomy and phrenology. Address Harveyburg, O.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will labor in Central and Southern New Jersey and Pennsylvania during the fall and winter. Friends in Monmouth, Burlington, and Camden Counties, N. J., please address till further notice in care of Dr. A. C. Stiles, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

Mrs. L. E. A. DeForce Gordon will lecture in Taunton, Mass., the last two Sundays in October; at Portland, Me., during November; and will receive invitations to lecture in New England till February. Those wishing to make engagements will please to address her immediately as above.

AGENTS FOR THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

GENERAL AGENT.—SINCLAIR TOWERY, 121 Nassau Street, New York, is our regular constituted Agent, and will supply news dealers in all parts of the country with the Herald of Progress on favorable terms.

Boston, Mass.—Bela Marsh, 14 Broadfield street, Boston, will fill all orders for this paper, or books on our list.

CLEVELAND, O.—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, 288 Superior street, is duly authorized to act as our agent in Ohio and the West.

PHILADELPHIA.—SAMUEL BARRY, southwest corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets.

LONDON, Eng.—The Herald of Progress and Books in our list may be ordered through the house of H. BAILEY, 210 Regent street, London.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Akron, Ohio, J. Jennings.

Appleton, Wis., J. E. Harriman.

Auburn, N. Y., G. W. Hyatt.

Bellefontaine, O., James Cooper, M. D.

Buffalo, N. Y., T. S. Hawkes.

Clarkston, Mich., N. W. Clark.

Columbus, Wis., P. G. Randall.

Fond du Lac, Wis., N. H. Jorgensen.

Fort Madison, Iowa, George W. Douglas.

Glen's Falls, N. Y., E. W. Knight.

Iowa City, Hugh Smith.

Kalamazoo, Mich., G. D. Sessions.

Lowell, Mass., Benjamin Blood.

North Collins, Erie Co., Walker Wood.

Norwich, Chenango Co., N. Y., O. L. Rider.

Oregon City, Oregon, F. S. Holland.

Pekin, Wis., John Sterling.

Ripon, Wis., Mrs. Eliza Barnes.

Rome, N. Y., S. J. D. Moyer.

San Bernardino, Cal., D. N. Smith.

San Francisco, Cal., Mrs. M. Munson Weber.

Shoan, Madison Co., N. Y., Geo. W. Ellinwood.

St. Louis, Mo., A. Miltenberger.

Springfield, N. H., T. S. Yost.

Stratford, Conn., Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

Waukegan, Ill., W. J. J. J.

Waukesha, Wis., L. Branch Lyman.

Waverly, Bremer Co., Iowa, Eliza S. Bates.

West Walworth, N. Y., Hicks Halstead.

Travelers' Guide.

RAILROAD LINES.

ERIE RAILWAY.—Leave Pavia Ferry, foot of Chambers street. 6 A. M., Mail for Elmira; 7 A. M., Express for Buffalo; 12:15 P. M., Accommodation; 5 P. M., Express for Dunkirk and Buffalo; 7 P. M., Emigrant for Dunkirk.

HUDSON RIVER R. R.—Leave Chambers street Depot. Express Trains 7 and 9 A. M., 3:15, 5 and 10:15 P. M.

NEW JERSEY R. R.—Leave foot of Cortlandt street for Philadelphia 7 and 10 A. M., 4, 6, and 11 P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.—Foot of Cortlandt St. for Philadelphia and the West, 7 A. M. and 6 P. M.; via Allentown, 8 P. M.

NEW JERSEY CENTRAL.—Foot of Cortlandt st., 6 A. M., 12 M., and 8 P. M.

NEW HAVEN R. R.—Leave corner 27th street and 4th avenue for New Haven, 7, 8 (Ex.), A. M., 12:15, 3 (Ex.), 4:30, 6:30 and 8 (Ex.) P. M.; for Boston, 8 A. M., and 3 and 8 P. M.

HARLEM R. R.—Leave corner 26th street and 4th avenue, for Albany, 10 A. M.

LONG ISLAND R. R.—Leave Jameship and foot of 34th street, East River, 8 A. M., 12 M., 3:30, 4:30 and 6 P. M.; for Flushing, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 1/2 A. M.; 1, 4, 5, 6, and 7 P. M.

STEAMBOAT LINES.

FOR BOSTON VIA—NEWPORT AND FALL RIVER.—Steamer Empire State—Monday, Wednesday and Friday; Metropolis—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. 5 P. M., Pier 3 North River.

STONINGTON LINE.—Steamers Commonwealth and Plymouth Rock—5 P. M., Pier No. 18 North River, foot of Cortlandt street.

NORWICH LINE.—City of Boston and City of New York—5 P. M., Pier No. 39 North River, foot of Vestry street.

FOR ALBANY.

Steamers New World and Isaac Newton, foot of Cortlandt street, daily at 6 P. M.

Merchants' Line—Rip Van Winkle—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, foot of Robinson street, 6 P. M.

Day Boat—Armenia—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, foot of Harrison street, 7 A. M.

Day Boat—Daniel Drew—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, Jay street pier and 30th street, 7 A. M.

FOR ALBANY AND TROY.

Steamer Francis Skiddy—Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday. Hendrick Hudson—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6 P. M., Pier No. 15 North River, foot of Liberty street, below Cortlandt.

For New Haven—Steamer Continental leaves daily at 3:15 P. M., from Peck slip, East River.

For Hartford—City of Hartford and Granite State—Peck slip daily at 4 P. M.

For Bridgeport—Steamer Bridgeport—Pier No. 26 East River, 12 M.

STRANGERS' N. Y. CITY DIRECTORY.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

LAMARTINE HALL, cor. 29th St. and 8th av. Sunday, 10 1/2 A. M. Conference every Wednesday 7 1/2 P. M.

PUBLIC MEDIUMS.

Mrs. W. R. Hayden, 60 West 14th St., west corner 6th avenue.

J. B. Conklin, 599 Broadway. 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Mrs. M. L. Van Houghton, Test and Medium, 54 Great Jones St. All hours.

Mrs. E. C. Morris, 599 Broadway. Office hours 9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7 to 9.

Mrs. H. S. Seymour, Psychometrist and Impressionist Medium, 21 West 13th St., between 5th and 6th av. Hours from 9 to 2 and 6 to 8. Circles every Thursday evening.

Mrs. Sarah E. Wilcox, Test and Healing, 17 McDougall St. Mrs. R. A. Beck, Test, Clairvoyant, and Remedial Medium, 137 West 16th St.

Miss Irish, Writing and Hapting Test Medium, 67 W. 32d Street.

H. C. Gordon, 231 Sixth Avenue, cor. 15th St. Circles for investigation, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings.

Mrs. E. Lyon, Writing and Trance Test Medium, 183 Eighth Avenue.

Mrs. Fitch, Clairvoyant and Trance Healing Medium, 335 Fourth Street, New York.

Mrs. A. W. Delafolie, Test and Clairvoyant, 110 6th av. opposite Jefferson Market. 9 A. M. to 8 P. M.

Mrs. Lawrence, Healing Medium, 132 Spring Street. 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

John Jackson, Clairvoyant, Test, and Impressionist Medium, No. 17 McDougall St. All hours.

MAGNETIC & ELECTRIC PHYSICIANS.

James A. Neal, 42 Great Jones St. Hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M.

Dr. John Scott, 407 4th St.

Dr. N. Palmer, 83 Amity street.

Mrs. P. A. Ferguson Tower, 162 East 34th St.

J. K. F. Clark (Electric) 84 West 25th St.

Mrs. M. C. Scott, 99 East 28th Street, near 34 Av.

Dr. I. Wheeler, 175 W. Bleecker St. 8 1/2 to 11 A. M. 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

Mrs. Forest Whiting, No. 69 3d av. 9 to 12 A. M. 1 to 5 P. M.

Mrs. Alma D. Giddings, 238 Greene St.

Dr. A. C. Correll, Medical Clairvoyant and Electric-Magnetic Physician, 21 East Thirtieth St.

Mrs. Hamblin, 159 Forsyth St., one door from Irvington. 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Evening, 7 to 9.

Mrs. M. Towne, 138 Sands Street, Brooklyn.

Mrs. L. Moseley Ward (Electric) No. 157 Adams St., cor. Concord, Brooklyn.

Dr. W. Reynolds, Paterson, N. J.

MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANTS.

Mrs. W. R. Hayden, 60 West 14th St., west corner 6th avenue.

Mrs. Mary A. Fish, 212 East Twentieth Street.

Mrs. James Bradley, Medical Clairvoyant and Physician, 108 Greene Street.

Mrs. Gookin, Medical Clairvoyant, 108 W 20th Street.

Mrs. Sawyer, Clairvoyant and Medical Medium, 84 High St., Brooklyn.

Mrs. C. E. Dorman, No. 11 (old No. 8) New Street, Newark, N. J.

THE FUGITIVE WIFE.

A CRITICISM ON MARRIAGE, ADULTERY, AND DIVORCE. By Warren Chase, author of "The Life Line of the Lone One." Just published and for sale at this office, and also by BELLA MARSH, No. 14 Broadfield street, Boston.

SHORT-HAND.

A sheet containing List of the best works on Phonography, Terms for Instruction, Recommendations of Phonography, &c., will be sent upon application. Address ANDREW J. GRAHAM, 274 Canal St., New York.

A RARE BOOK.

AN EYE-OPENER; OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED. BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST. Containing "Doubts of Infidels," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Catechisms to the Doctors of Divinity; by ZEPH; a curious and interesting work, entitled La Bata, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive. Price 40 cents, postpaid. The trade furnished on liberal terms. Address A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal Street, New York.

[SIXTH EDITION NOW READY.]

A Book for every Household.

THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH.

CONTAINING Medical Prescriptions.

FOR THE HUMAN BODY AND MIND.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

(Formerly known as "THE POUGHKEEPSIE CLAIRVOYANT AND SEER.")

Just published, a new and rare volume, designed as a popular Handbook of Health, adapted for use in the Family, Hospital, and Camp. The work contains more than

Three Hundred Prescriptions for the treatment and cure of over one hundred different diseases and forms of disease incident to this climate.

"The Author's Prescriptions are given in the light of the 'Superior Condition,' a state in which every organ and function of the human system is transparently disclosed, with the most appropriate remedy for the greatest variety of cases."

THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH cannot fail to awaken intense interest in the minds of the most intelligent of the Medical Profession, and will prove invaluable to the general reader, containing, as it does, information concerning methods of treatment hitherto unknown to the world, and imparting important suggestions respecting the

SELF-HEALING ENERGIES, which are better than medicine.

It is a plain, simple guide to health, with no quackery, no humbug, no universal panacea.

Sent by Mail for One Dollar.

Published and for sale at the office of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, 274 Canal Street, New York.

Four hundred and twenty-eight pages, 12mo. good paper, an well bound. Price only ONE DOLLAR! A liberal discount to the trade.

Single copies mailed free on receipt of price. Eighteen cents additional required, if sent to California and Oregon.

Address A. J. DAVIS & CO., Publishers, 274 Canal St., N. Y.

JUST PUBLISHED.

First American Edition, from the English Stereotype Plates.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, DIVINE REVELATIONS, AND A VOICE TO MANKIND.

BY AND THROUGH ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

The Publisher takes pleasure in announcing the appearance of an edition of NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS—the earliest and most comprehensive volume of the author—issued in 4 style the work merits.

Printed on good paper, and handsomely bound, with a FAMILY RECORD attached.

One large volume, octavo, 860 pages. Price only \$2. Sent postpaid on the receipt of the price.

California and Oregon, 40 cents additional for extra postage. All orders should be addressed to A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal St., New York.

LIBERAL BOOKS

The following valuable publications of J. F. MEXBUR, Boston, can be obtained at the office of this paper, at publisher's prices:

Thomas Paine's Political Works, two volumes in one, sheep, containing over 1,000 octavo pages. \$3; postage, 40 cents.

Thomas Paine's Theological and Miscellaneous Works, sheep. \$1 50; postage, 23 cents.

Thomas Paine's Select Works, comprising the best portions of his political and religious writings, two volumes, cloth. \$1 50; postage, 25 cents.

Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development. By Henry G. Atkinson and Harriet Martineau. \$1 00; postage, 12 cents.

De Holbach's System of Nature, or Laws of the Moral and Physical World. \$1 25; postage, 23 cents.

Half-Hours with celebrated Free-Thinkers, 75 cents; postage, 12 cents.

Infidel's Text-Book. By Robert Cooper. 62 cents; postage, 10.

Paine's Age of Reason, pocket edition. 37 cents; postage, 7.

Paine's Examination of the Prophecies, pocket edition. 25 cents; postage, 6.

Val's Life of Thomas Paine. 75 cents; postage, 16.

Rights of Man. By Thomas Paine. 50 cents; pp. 16. Kneeland's Review of the Evidences of Christianity. 50 cents; postage, 10.

History of Moses, Aaron, and Joshua. 50 cents; postage, 10.

Classified Biblical Extracts. 20 cents; postage, 5.

Taylor's Digest; or a Discovery of the Origin, Rise, and Early Progress of Christianity. \$1; postage, 25 cents.

A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal St., N. Y.

TWELVE MESSAGES

FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, THROUGH JOSEPH D. STILES, MEDIUM, TO JOSIAH BRIGHAM, OF QUINCY.

CONTENTS.—Message 1.—The Fact and Mode of Spirit Telegraphing. 2.—His Last of Earth and First of Heaven. 3.—The Reconciliation. 4.—Addresses and Scenes in the Spheres. 5.—Spiritualism. 6.—Temple of Peace and Good Will. 7.—Napoleon. 8.—Home of the Just Made Perfect. 9.—Washington. 10.—Peter Whitney. 11.—Closing Scene of the Reception Meeting. 12.—Sphere of Prejudice and Error.

This volume is embellished with fac-simile engravings of the hand-writing of John Quincy Adams, Abigail Adams, George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Richard Henry Lee, Stephen Hopkins, Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Lafayette, Melancthon, Columbus, Cromwell, Jackson, and others, written through the hand of the medium.

It is a large octavo volume, of 498 pages, printed in large, clear type, on stout paper, and substantially bound. It is, perhaps, the most elaborate work Modern Spiritualism has called out.

Price, cloth, \$1 50; full gilt, \$2. Postage, 25 cents. Address A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal St., New York.

THE GROUND OF MY FAITH.

BY A STUDENT.

A large four page tract for distribution by friends of free inquiry. By the author of "A Peep into the Sacred Canon."

Published for the author. For sale at this office. Price one dollar per hundred, postage free. Fifty copies, 50 cts. For less than fifty copies, 2 cts. each.

On receipt of one dollar, with a list of fifty names, we will mail a copy to each address furnished.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal in the World.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT BOSTON, MASS., BY WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH, LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copies one year, - - - - \$2 00

" " six months, - - - - 1 00

Three copies one year, in one package, per copy, 1 75

Three copies six months, in one package, " 88

Four or more copies one year, " 1 50

Four or more copies six months, " 75

Every additional subscriber to a club will be charged \$1 50 per year.

Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress.
LINES
WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL INFANT.

BY J. LEANDER STARR.

In Eden, where blooms the bright garden of God,
The flowers most rare have their birth—
Called into existence by force of His word,
As flowers which bloom on the earth.

The seraphim chosen this garden to watch,
One day took a hasty survey,
And with rapture his eye did glancingly catch
A new flower of brilliant ray.

The seraphim gazed on this beautiful flower,
So gorgeous, so humble, so fair,
And exclaimed with delight: "Thou'rt first in this bower,
And I'll tend thee with every care."

A month had scarce passed, when, on looking again,
In dismay, the lov'd flower was gone!
He summon'd the angels to solace his pain,
And spoke of the sacrifice done.

Then out from the ranks, all celestial, stood forth
An angel whose charge was the earth,
And said: "Oh! bright spirit, be not with us wroth—
This flower fled just at its birth.

"Some sympathy, which we can't fathom or know,
Attracted it down to the earth,
And I saw it, well nurtured, blooming below,
In innocence, joy, and sweet mirth."

The command was now given and quickly obeyed—
The angel came down to this world—
Vainly Harry entreated his flight might be stayed
Till time had his manhood unfurled.

The angel enwrap'd the dear child with his wing,
And bore him to Heaven again;
And so sweet is the song the blest'd choir now sing,
His parents no longer can mourn.

* Ezekiel, chap. xlviii: verse 13—"Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God."

[The following touching letter from a bereaved parent was sent to the heart of private friendship only, but we cannot forbear giving the readers of our paper the sorrowful privilege of its perusal, that they too may extend the silent meed of sympathy to the deeply anguished but believing hearts of the father and mother of darling little angel Mary.—En.]

DAVENPORT, IOWA, Sept. 20, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER DAVIS: Our little darling MARY, a little over nine years old, has been taken from our sight by a sudden and dreadful casualty. On Thursday afternoon, Sept. 4th, while she was playing under some trees near the house, with her sisters and some others, a wagon, heavily loaded with lumber, passed by, and she, with others, ran to it. She went to the side, expecting, no doubt, to catch the hand of the driver, for she knew him. He did not observe her in time, and she slipped and fell backward, with her feet under the wagon, and the merciless wheel, with its terrible weight, passed directly across her tender little body just below the ribs. Contrary to the expectation of one or two persons who witnessed it, she still breathed, and even attempted to raise herself, but was unable. As she was brought into the house, she said, "Oh, ma, it ran right over me." A surgeon was called immediately, but nothing could be done. She was quite feverish, and talked a great deal during the night, but suffered little severe pain, and towards morning grew more and more easy, and we even hoped that she might recover. About seven o'clock we observed a change in her appearance, and a coldness of the extremities, and we knew she must leave us. Seeing our agitation, she said, "You need not worry about me, I am not going to die," but in a few minutes she had by some means learned the contrary, for she said, "I am going, ma; good by." She calmly folded her hands across her breast, and raised her little lips as much as she could to kiss her weeping mother, and so she kissed us all, and said "Good by" to each, and "Good by, all of you," and continued to repeat "Good by, good by," until, as her breath grew shorter and fainter, we could no longer catch even the whisper, but could still see her little lips move "Good by."

During the time, her mother asked her if she saw any one besides ourselves who were around her. "No," she replied, "only spirits; I see them"—and how happy and how calm she looked. She said she would "come and see us often." So our darling passed away from us without a gasp or a struggle; no pain, no rattling in the throat, no shuddering or shrinking from the change, of which she was fully aware. She never sank more calmly or happily to sleep during her life, for I thank God none of our children have ever learned to dread death. Their chief thought in connection with the subject is, the happy greeting of those who have gone before and are awaiting them in the Summer Land. Mary had often talked, and loved to talk of it.

But, oh! how we miss her here! For though she already comes and talks to us in words of undiminished affection, and we know that she is neither "dead" nor "sleeping," yet we miss the sound of her cheerful voice and busy feet; we miss her in the singing, at the table, in her bed, in the school, the garden, the play-ground; we miss her everywhere. Our family circle is broken; the middle one of five dear children is taken. We had hoped to

bring them all up to a happy and useful life and full earthly development before they should be translated to the higher life. Verily we have "treasures laid up in heaven," and we await the time when all shall be reunited, never more to part. What a happy reunion that must be which has no separation to fear!
Yours, fraternally, W.

Departed: To the Summer Land, on the 7th day of July, 1862, our beloved Brother, H. CLAY BUNCH, of Smith's Mills, N. Y., in the 23d year of his age. He was an only son, whose early years were rich with promise and brilliant with the light of rare genius. His school education was quite limited, but the associations of wisdom from other spheres gave him triumphant possession of the key of knowledge. Under the blaze of inspiration the majestic flights of his young spirit seemed almost boundless. During the five years of his known mediumship, some of the rarest gems of poetry were developed, and his talent in prose was not less brilliant. The knottiest problems dissolved before his intuitive logic, and wove themselves into garlands of simplicity upon the canvas of his poetic vision! Unlike many lights in the intellectual world, his soul was unspotted by the luring vices of the age. No pictured hell to distort the paintings of the interior, no selfish, partial God, to awaken his imitation, his education was free and his life natural and progressive. His success as a lecturer was very flattering to the hopes of free minds, and his absence is deeply felt by a large circle of friends. Feeling the war to be an issue between freedom and slavery, his quick impulses caught the patriotic flame, and with hopeful enthusiasm he joined the Ninth New York Cavalry in September, 1861. Amid the clangor of military life, his spare moments were devoted to soul-culture and literary research. In the gloomiest hours of camp life he wrote of the sustaining light of Spiritualism, when all other hopes seemed to fade. He was universally beloved by officers and associates, but none can miss him like the now childless parents at home. His only sister departed—by the same disease (typhoid fever)—during his stay with the army.

His father was with him during the last days of his illness, and, as he had poetically requested in days of health, his body was preserved, brought home, and quietly lies beside the deserted casket of his angel sister.

The funeral was largely attended, and words of hope—in which the departed claimed to participate—were given by direct inspiration, and never was the light of Spiritualism more earnestly welcome. The following lines, improvised under an irresistible inspiration by a friend and sister, are deemed appropriate here, and submitted by request of the bereaved parents. May they breathe sustaining sympathy and hope upon their sorrow-clouded hearts!
OCT. 10, 1862. LYNAX C. HOWE.

Spread the pall light o'er the now broken lyre,
The strings thrill no more with wild poetry's fire!
Sheath quick his saber—the dead soldier's hand
Resists not the traitors who darken our land.
Tenderly lay him in Nature's green breast—
Let the young patriot peacefully rest
Here in the North-land, in summer-grown bowers,
Where Freedom may brighten his grave with her flowers.

Though he fell not in battle, his precious young life
Is numbered with heroes who fall in the strife,
A sacrifice laid on the altar of blood,
To conquer the wrong and nurture the good;
Forgetting home-treasures, long cherished with pride,
Heart-wedded to country, for country he died.
But his noble soul fluttered when Azrael's dart
Stilled the life-tide in his loved sister's heart!
Sighing for rest in the bosom of love,
He turned from the war-storm and sought it above!

Dark hours departed, his agonies o'er,
His spirit, with hers, treads the Summer Land shore!
Mrs. L. C. H.

Special Notices.

PRODUCTS OF THE FARM.

M. & C. H. RYERSON,

Shipping and Commission Merchants,
Respectfully invite the patronage of the Farmers and Shippers of Farm Products to the New York Market, and will employ their best business talent and industry in selling whatever may be consigned to them, making prompt remittances. The undersigned will also give attention to the purchase of Foreign and Domestic Fruits and Groceries, for parties residing out of the city. Address
M. & C. H. RYERSON,
182 Washington Street, corner of Dey, N. Y.

REFERENCES.

S. B. BRITTON, New York Custom House.
A. J. DAVIS, Editor Herald of Progress. 36-48

[ANNOUNCEMENT.]

D. C. DENSMORE'S
HEALING INSTITUTE,
1224 Broadway, New York.

DR. DENSMORE, having taken the large and commodious house No. 1224 Broadway, fourth door above Thirty-first street, is prepared to demonstrate his remarkable healing powers in the cure of Acute and Chronic Diseases, particularly Cancers, Paralysis, all Spinal Complaints, and Rheumatic Gout.

Dr. Densmore's phenomenal powers are of a most remarkable character, as nothing is left to doubt or experiment; for on entering the sphere of the patient he is enabled to tell whether he can benefit the sufferer, without expense, and his opinion is freely expressed. He claims that all Diseases are curable where there is an adaptability of magnetic influence, or rapport, between physician and patient.

N. B.—Invalids desiring to avail themselves of Dr. D.'s system of treatment can be accommodated with rooms and board at the Institute. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11, 1862. 39-42
MRS. JAMES, Traveling Healing and Medical Clairvoyant, 46 East Sixteenth St., New York. Consumption and Female Diseases cured. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M.

ANOTHER NEW BOOK

(WILL BE READY BY OCTOBER 20.)

ANSWERS

TO
Ever-Recurring Questions

FROM THE PEOPLE.

(A Sequel to the Penetralia.)

BY

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Several years ago the author of this volume wrote as follows:

"Each man is capable of rendering high service to humanity; but whether humanity gets it from him, or the reverse, will ever remain for the world to decide. . . . Now here am I, acting faithfully in accordance with my personality and its boundaries. If you know how to use me, as my nature prescribes, I shall yield you a permanent benefit. But if, in your ignorance of yourself, (and therefore of me,) you do not put me to the best service, you will soon feel the penalty."

During the period which has since elapsed, a multitude of questions have been propounded to him embracing points of peculiar interest and value connected with the Spiritual Philosophy and Practical Reform.

From this list of several hundred interrogatories, those of the most permanent interest and highest value have been carefully selected, and the result is the present volume, comprising well-considered and intelligent Replies to more than

200 IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

"ANSWERS TO EVER-RECURRING QUESTIONS" may therefore be accepted as at least a partial, and up to this time the fullest possible statement, of the use the world has made of the author—the service demanded of him.

It is believed by the Publishers that the friends of Progressive Ideas will find this work one of the most comprehensive and useful volumes they have issued. It invites the perusal not only of those vitally interested in the topics discussed, but of all persons capable of putting a question. That it will largely serve to awaken inquiry and develop thought on the part of the general reader, is their sincere conviction. The wide range of subjects embraced can be inferred from the following table of Contents. An examination of the book itself will reveal the clearness of style and vigor of method characterizing the Replies.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Animals in the Spirit World,
Accidental Death and Suicide,
Apparition, What is an?
Atheism, Is the Bible the Antidote of?
Age of the Human Race,
Adam and Eve in the Garden,
Architecture of Reform Meeting Houses,
Annihilation, Dread of,
Amalgamation and Human Hybrids,
American Loyalty, Spirit of,
American War, Consistency of advocating,
Religious Councils Uncertain,
After Effects of the Present War,
A Nation in Outer Darkness,
A Clairvoyant Morning Excursion,
Asceticism, Definition of,
Body, Soul, and Spirit, Questions Concerning
Bible, Origin of the,
Biblical Contradictions, Authors of,
Book of Life, The,
Body and Mind, Training of,
Books in the Dark Ages,
Best Writers use Few Words,
Bible versus The Rights of Woman,
Consciousness, The Indubitable Certainty of,
Comets, Nature and Motion of,
Conflicting Testimony on Important Facts,
Can Spirits see Material Objects?
Concerning the Spiritual Vocabulary,
Circle-holding, An Excess of,
Cook-lane Ghost, The,
Central Sun of the Spirit,
Council of Nice,
Christianity, Is it a Religion?
Change of Heart, Explanation of the,
Christ's Kingdom, The Advent of,
Correspondences, The Doctrine of,
Compensation, The Law of,
Compensation, Is Suffering Rewarded by,
Can Mind act without Motives?
Central and Integral Principles,
Coming of a Personal Savior,
Concerning the Six Human Loves,
Childhood—What is a True Child?
Childhood—Attributes of a Child-spirit,
Childhood—True Education and Teachers,
Dying Sensations on the Battle-Field,
Do Spirits wear Clothing?
Dream, What is a?
Dream, Why the Mind May Not,
Deity, Personality of,
Divine Spirit in all Things,
Death of an Unbaptized Child,
Doctrines of Jesus, The,
Divine Laws of Nature,
Duty of Naturalization,
Eternal Things, The Order of,
Existence, The System of,
Earth a Magnetic Machine,
Evergreen The Perpetual Verdure of,
Eternity of an Idea,
Explanation of Swedenborg's Guardianship,
Evil, The Use and Abuse of,
Evil, Extreme Abuse of,
Evil, What and Where is?
Evil and Sin Beyond the Grave,
Evil Spirits, The Reflex Action of,
Evil, Transient Nature of,
Errors and Evils, Seers of,
Effects of Promiscuous Conjugal Relations,
Extinction of Red and Black Men,
Frances Wright, The Spirit of,
Flowers in Wisdom's Garden,
Faith and Knowledge, Relation of,
Fast Days and Acts of Humiliation,
Funeral Occasions, Ceremony for,
Freedom of Truth, What is the?
Free Convention, How to secure a,
Friendship and Love, Difference between,
Freevolism and Spiritualism,
Filibustering, Origin of,
Free Speech in Times of War,

Geologic Developments, Explanation of,
Guardian Angels Universal,
God-Life in Scientific Laws,
Hand-Writing, Character in the,
Haunted Houses, The Cause of,
Hand-Communications from Spirit World,
History versus the Mosaic Account,
Heart, What is the?
Hell, The Probable Extinction of,
How to Live in this World,
How to become an Author,
How to Get Practical Knowledge,
Is the Universe Overflowing?
Inspiration, The Light of,
Interior Light of Shakespeare,
Inspiration and Revelation,
Individuality of Character,
Illustrations of Spirit-Attraction,
Intervention of a Celestial Personage,
Kind and Gentle Manners,
Knowledge or Faith, Which is Highest?
Looking to God for Everything,
Love to Man, Origin of the Idea of,
Law of Spirit-Orbitation,
Law of True Mating,
Liberty, Humanity, Hypocrisy, and Hate,
Light from the World of Causes,
Labor a Savior of the World,
Mind, Reason, Spirit, Soul,
Materialism of Chemical Science,
Mysteries of Memory,
Mathematical Problems, Solution of,
Moral, but not Religious,
Man's Progress toward Deity,
Manscript, Sacred, The New,
Motive-Power of the Senses,
Man and the Earth, Progress of,
Man's Three-fold Character,
Major and Minor Principles in Man's Spirit,
Method of Spirit Culture,
Marriage, A Child's Question on,
Marriage, An Uncongenial,
Married, Truly and Eternally,
Marriage Ceremony, Value of the,
Monogamic Marriage, Divine Law of,
Missionaries in the Summer-Land,
Natural Principles and Deductions,
Nature, No Accidents in,
Nature and Nature's God,
Nature of True Repentance, The,
National Thunder and Lightning,
Objectivity and Subjectivity,
Optimism,
Organized and Associative Effort,
Origin of the Male and Female,
Origin and Causes of Civilization,
Plants and Trees, Growth of,
Physical Organs and Spirit Life,
Providential Interpositions,
Panthelism, Is it a Natural Belief?
Prophecies in the Book of Daniel,
Passion and Individuality After Death,
Parental Obligations and Duties,
Pride of Intellect,
Polygamy, A Divine Law Against,
Psychometrical Sketch of Abraham Lincoln,
Reproduction in the Spirit-Land,
Religious Councils Uncertain,
Religion of Nature, The,
Religious Temples, Why the Universality of,
Religion and Reason,
Right Eye and Right Hand,
Rights of Races,
Rules for a Free Convention,
Rebellious Spirit of Conservatism,
Spiritualist, Mission of the True,
Sun Rays and the Earth,
Stones and Minerals, Development of,
Storms, The Philosophy of,
Superior Condition, The,
Soul as Distinguished from Spirit,
Spirit-Land, Nearness of the,
Spirit World, Definition of,
Summer Land, The,
Spiritual Habitations After Death,
Spirit Body, Weight of the,
Spiritual Substance, The,
Striking the Spirit Body,
Speech of the Soul, The,
Spirit Facts versus Philosophy,
Spirit's Recaptation, The,
Spring of Human Conduct, The,
Seeing and Doing Right,
Swedenborg's Dietetic Habits,
Secret Spiritual Societies,
Spiritualists in the Army and Navy,
Thought, Origin and Mission of,
Thoughts, Control of,
Theology, Religion, Morality,
Truth, The Final Triumph of,
True Glory of Man, The,
Training and Riding Horses,
Theocratic and Religious Associations,
Temperaments and Human Offspring,
Tale of the Betrayed and Broken-Hearted,
Universe, Center of the,
Unthought and Unlooked for Phenomena,
Urim and Thummim, Uses of the,
Vocal Conscience After Death,
Veneration, Sincere Expressions of,
Value of Fast Criticism,
Wind, Cause of the,
Why do Spirits appear in Earthly Dress?
Writing, The History of,
Word about the Devil,
Which—Reverence or Forgiveness?
Which is Best—Constitution or Revolution?
Young Writers of Poetry.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS is printed on good paper, and well-bound, uniform with the "Great Harmonia" and "The Harbinger of Health."

One Volume, 420 pages, 12mo.
Price, postpaid, \$1.00. To the Pacific States, \$1.20.
A liberal discount to the Trade.

Copies will be mailed promptly, in the order of the receipt of the money. Address

A. J. DAVIS & CO.,
274 Canal Street, New York.

Evidences of Modern Spiritualism.

Being a Debate held at Decatur, Mich., between A. B. Whiting and Rev. Joseph Jones. Price 40 cts.

ALSO,
Religion and Morality.

A Criticism on the Jewish Jehovah, Patriarchs, Prophets, early Church Fathers, Popes, modern Church Leaders, &c.

The above work contains historical information that cannot be found elsewhere in the English language. Price 30 cents. For sale by A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal Street, New York.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE,
FOR MY JUVENILE FRIENDS.

By FRANCES BROWN. Price, in plain cloth, 37 cts. half gilt, 50 cts.; full gilt, 63 cts. For sale at this office, and by Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, 288 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

A Practical Guide to Health and Vigor.

THE NEW GYMNASTICS

FOR

MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN.

With a translation of PROF. KLOSS'S "Dumb-Bell Instructor," and PROF. SCHWENKE'S "Pangymnastikon."

BY DIO LEWIS, M.D.,
Proprietor of the Essex St. Gymnasium, Boston.
With 300 Illustrations. One vol. 12mo. Price \$1.

No recent magazine-paper has excited more general interest than the article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, on the "New Gymnastics." The present work is a complete exposition of the system of which that article gave a synopsis.

The author of this work has been for many years engaged in teaching Gymnastics. The book describes and illustrates his NEW SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL TRAINING. This system has had the practical test of long and varied use. It comprises exercises with DUMBBELLS, RINGS, WAGONS, CUBES, &c., all of which are made perfectly clear by full explanations, while many are illustrated by pictorial representations of the positions of the body required to perform them.

THE DUMB-BELL INSTRUCTOR, connected with this work, is of the highest interest and importance. It is designed for home use, and gives a great variety of Dumb-Bell Exercises, together with a carefully-selected progressive series of every-day practice.

THE PANGYMNASTIKON is a very simple, useful, and cheap piece of gymnastic apparatus, upon which all gymnastic exercises may be performed, and which can be introduced, at small cost, into any private house. It is fully described and illustrated in this volume.

The "New Gymnastics" should be read in every family in the land where exercise is valued as a means of health. Ladies, especially, will find in it a great variety of easy, simple, and invigorating exercises, all of which may be practiced in their own homes.

Notwithstanding the great expense attendant upon the preparation of the "New Gymnastics," by reason of the 300 illustrations contained in it, the publishers offer it at the low price of ONE DOLLAR. They do this in the belief that the work will be an important means for the restoration and preservation of health wherever its teachings are followed, and in the hope that it may thus find the universal circulation due its merits.

Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of \$1.00.
Address A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal St., N. Y.

New and Useful Inventions.

Ornamental Iron Work,

WROUGHT, CAST, AND WIRE.

Patented Wire Railing, suitable for Banks, Insurance Companies, Ships, Steamboats, and Offices generally.

Patented Wire Guards, adapted to Doors, Windows, Horse Stalls, and Heater Pipes. Coal Screens of superior quality.

Farm and Lawn Fences, Tree Guards, Flower Trainers, Stands, Baskets, &c. Fountains, Vases, and Pedestals.

Patented Composite Railing—combination of wrought and cast iron—the most substantial and ornamental made; desirable for Cottage Fences, Verandas, and Balconies, especially for

CEMETERY ENCLOSURES.

Gateways, Iron Piers, Horse Posts, Mangers, and Lamp-posts. Cast Iron Lintels, Sills, Doorways, Columns, Capitols, and Store Fronts.

IRON FURNITURE.

Bedsteads, Cradles, Cots, and Lounges. Settees, Chairs, Hat Stands, Towel Racks, Table Stands, Store and Piano Stools.

ALL KINDS OF
Mattresses, Pillows, Bolsters, and Palliasses.

Illustrated Catalogues mailed on receipt of four three cent postage-stamps.

HUTCHINSON & WICKERSHAM,
259 Canal Street, near Broadway, New York,
General Agents for New York Wire Railing Company

Brown's Water Furnace Company.

Manufacturers of Brown's Patent
HOT WATER FURNACE

For warming and ventilating Dwellings, School and Bank Buildings, Hospitals, Stores, Green-houses, Graperies, &c.

Also, steam apparatus constructed for warming Hotels, Factories, &c.

274 Canal Street, New York.

Board and Rooms.

BOARD WANTED

In New York, for a lady and two children. Will require a room and bedroom. Will furnish her own rooms. Address R. C. H., 254 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn.

BOARD, Transient or permanent, at moderate rates, No. 89 East Broadway, near Market Street.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET, with or without board, at No. 79 East Fifteenth St., N. Y.

Real Estate.

JACOB COVERT,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
200 Clinton St., New York.

PROMPT, EXPERIENCED, AND CORRECT.
BUSINESS SOLICITED.

Educational.

EAGLEWOOD MILITARY ACADEMY.

The next term of this Institution will commence on the 1st of September next.

For circulars containing particulars, inquire of Marcus Spring, 27 Park Place, New York, or of

M. N. WISEWELL, Principal, Perth Amboy, N. J.

EAGLEWOOD, July 24, 1862.

Groceries, &c.

C. H. WATERMAN & CO.,
GENERAL PRODUCE & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

118 and 120 South Water St., Chicago, Ill.

Agencies of Flour, Wool, or other commodities, solicited from Eastern Houses.

REFERENCES.
A. J. Davis, New York City.
Durand Brothers & Powers, Chicago, Ill.