

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE. WISDOM. LIBERTY.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will 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 perusal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."

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

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

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

## Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

L. H. WOBURN, MASS.—Your letter will be published soon.

M. C. H.—Your communication, entitled "The New Riding-Suit," is on file for publication.

Mrs. S. MEAD, KINGSTON, Wis.—We think no such poem has been received at this office.

D. E. H. NICHOLVILLE.—We can send "Esays and Reviews," prepaid, for one dollar seventy-five cents.

M. M. ROCKFORD, ILL.—Your report, which did not reach us in time for this number, will appear next week.

G. B. PHILADELPHIA.—We cannot make use of your contributions, though they are evidently inspired by a love of the beautiful.

F. T. L. LAWRENCE, MASS.—Thanks for "The Issues of the Hour." It will soon find place in our columns.

J. M. P. ROCKFORD, ILL.—Your "Letter," dear Brother, is in our possession, and will soon receive attention.

M. J. W. HAMMONTON, N. J.—Your poem is in our possession. The prophetic hints are interesting, but their matter-of-fact tendencies necessarily render the style of the article too prosaic for poetry.

OLIVER AND JERUSA H. D. WAYNE COUNTY, Mich.—Thanks for your letter and the friendly expressions therein. Your niece is still a happy and valued member of the Home.

A. B. F. DENMARK, N. Y.—Our many duties for the public forbid the possibility of that attention to private and individual matters which is necessary for giving useful advice.

A WESTERN CORRESPONDENT writes: "Some, you say, have dropped the HERALD on account of its anti-slavery spirit. I continue it on that account. I have no faith in pro-slavery Spiritualists. They are anomalies."

E. R. T. R. ELBRIDGE, N. Y.—You have our sympathy in your severe illness, which you bear with so much fortitude. May your spirit-friends ever exert their blessed influence to assuage your sufferings and soothe your anguish."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following aspiring and admonitory words, which may be a lesson to many another struggling soul: "How often have I fervently prayed that I might be purified by suffering, if that purification could be performed by no other means, but as often, in my weakness and fear, have wished it could be performed by other means—that the bitter cup might pass by me. But we might as well wish to find the choicest fruits on thistles and nettles. We must pass through the refiner's fire to remove the dross and brighten the gold, yea, to remove the earthly and to cherish the spiritual, the heavenly, reaching upward and onward. Oh! let us gather the divine manna, instead of forbidden fruit. Let us permit ourselves to be guided by that inner light, which will lead us more surely in the strait and narrow way pointed out by the elder Brother who went before us to make that path plain and smoother for our footsteps—whose pure life was so different from the lives of many of our so-called teachers—those 'wills o' the wisp' of fashion, pretense, deceit and artifice. Oh, let us not waste our precious moments in such fatalities; but let our lives become living truths—bright and steady lights to those who shall come after us on the voyage of life. Let us remember it is a privilege to suffer—a blessed privilege to suffer for others, if need be—to bear another's burden, to lift the weight from another's heavy heart."

"One adequate support  
For the calamities of mortal life  
Exists—one only: an assured belief  
That the procession of our fate, however  
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being  
Of infinite benevolence and power,  
Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
All accidents, converting them to good."  
[WORDSWORTH.]

## Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

### The Bill on the Mountain-Side.

BY DR. I. DWIGHT STILLMAN.

There's freedom from ill  
In the sparkling rill  
That winds round the hill  
And over rocks dasheth its spray,  
Till it finds its rest  
In an eddying nest  
On the ocean's breast,  
Which the waves are surging away.

The pure crystal flow  
Hath health in its glow  
For the invalid low  
That pines in disease and pain;  
No longer shall grope  
For pools 'neath the slope,  
Nor trouble their waters again.

For Hygieia fair  
Hath her altars bare  
In the morning air  
For foes that are slaying mankind;  
From her censurs arise  
Sweet thanks to the skies,  
As life's angel flies  
With cures for the deaf and the blind.

Then list to the song  
That changes the wrong  
That fashions prolong.  
The works of great Nature to mend;  
Come, learn of her laws  
Our ills and their cause,  
And seek her applause,  
Till life shall joyfully end.

'Tis a happy retreat,  
'Mid flowers so sweet,  
Where loved ones shall meet  
With smiles that all Nature will bless;  
And songs of the birds,  
And lowing of herds,  
And Love's gentle words,  
Will mingle with morning's caress.  
WHITEWATER, 1863.

### Naked Arms and Legs.

A distinguished physician, who died some years since in Paris, declared: "I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practiced my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemetery, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked."

I have thought if a mother were anxious to show the soft white skin of her baby, and would cut a round hole in the little thing's dress, just over the heart, and then carry it about for observation by the company, it would do very little harm. But to expose the baby's arms, members so far removed from the heart, and with such feeble circulation at best, is a most pernicious practice.

Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth, the mercury rises to 90 degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arms are bare and the evening cool the mercury will sink to 40 degrees. Of course all the blood that flows through those arms must fall from 20 to 40 degrees below the temperature of the heart.

Need I say, when these currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's general vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affection of the tongue, throat, or stomach? I have seen more than one child with a habitual cough and hoarseness, choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping the hands and arms warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunity of witnessing the same cure.

### Air, Sunshine, and Health.

A New York merchant noticed, in the progress of years, each successive book-keeper gradually lost his health, and finally died of consumption, however vigorous and robust he was on entering his service. At length it occurred to him that the little rear-room where the books were kept opened in a back-yard, so surrounded by high walls that no sunshine came into it from one year's end to another. An upper room, well lighted, was immediately prepared, and his clerks had uniform good health ever after.

A familiar case to general readers is derived from medical works, where an entire English family became ill, and all remedies seemed to fail of their usual results, when accidentally a window-glass of the family-room was broken, in cold weather. It was not repaired, and forthwith there was a marked improvement in the health of the inmates. The physician at once traced the connection, discontinued his medicines, and ordered that the window-pane should not be replaced.

A French lady became ill. The most eminent physicians of her time were called in, but failed to restore her. At length Dupuytren, the Napoleon of physic, was consulted. He noticed that she lived in a dim room, into

which the sun never shone; the house being situated in one of the narrow streets, or rather lanes, of Paris. He at once ordered more airy and cheerful apartments, and "all her complaints vanished."—Dr. HALL.

## The Spirit's Mysteries.

"And the angel said unto them: 'Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.'"

### Individuality of Spirits.

BY J. M. PHILLIPS.

BRO. DAVIS: I have a profound respect for the Pharisee and his pray—"God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are;" so from my inmost consciousness thank I the causative powers of the universe that I am not like other men, whether Plato or Thales, Moses or Jesus. I am a distinctive selfhood—an individuality, or a part of that partiled oceanic substance that makes up the endless diversity of existences in an infinite unity. Thinkers uniformly admit that Nature, in perfecting her higher formations, never employs the same mold but once; while science, ranging from sands to stars, confirms it; and yet—an incarnate life-principle pervading the whole—there is no isolated life. The feeblest pulse of an infans has some affinity with all life, all motion. The tropic waves of the ocean, the ocean of the motion of the earth, the earth of the system to which it belongs; while the system itself speeds onward through space with an ever-revolving universe.

Though conscious of the importance and grandeur even of a fixed individuality, nevertheless a too marked individuality approximates, it not, in reality, to an angularity. Such individuals are considered as tangential—harsh attempts made from one string. The true man is full-orbed, full-strung, and tuned to the key-note of "love." It seems to have been the aim of the Infinite through various mediations, and such experiences as life-spices, lyrics, tragedies and comedies, substances and shadows, grim Golgothas, pointed to us and radiant rose-leaves, to educate or help each mortal to become self-poised and harmonious. The most perfect figure is a sphere, each part being equally distant from the center, and still every sphere is an individuality, though neither angular nor irregular. So in the divine symmetry of the angel, no one faculty or quality juts out, obtaining undue position or action over the others, for each has its place, function, and mission, with reference to the whole. Thus angels and archangels, crowned with wisdom and love, are poised and counterpoised, exelling in all things.

Sitting quietly one afternoon with Dr. E. C. Dunn, of Rockford, Ill., enraptured, and a band of fifteen spirits approaching, I asked for sentiments from them indicative of their individualities and idiosyncracies, and the following responses were given, with their names:

"Let love be the diadem upon thy brow—a comfort and an inspiration to thy spirit in earth-life, and a beacon-light to guide thee in the pearly paths of wisdom along the infinite future."—JAMES.

"Prepare yourself to live, and in the noble work of preparation you become prepared to die."—AARON NITE.

"Earth's poetry is Heaven's prose: strive, therefore, to perfect thyself in earth's poetry."—QUEEN OR MOON.

"Have confidence in the Father, for in thus doing you have confidence in humanity, as they are but parts of the universal whole."—HOSKA BALLOU.

"Endeavor, Brother, to chase the wolf of discord from thine own soul, as the musician would chase it to the remotest portion of the instrument."—MOZART.

"This life is but the horoscope of the future: try then and make the present as glad and golden as the future you would like to see."—MORNING STAR.

"Let thy brain be a pool of knowledge, and desire the angel of wisdom to often trouble it."—JAMES.

"Let the council-fires of peace burn brightly in thy breast, for the tomahawk is ever buried with the warrior."—POWATAN.

"Master mind and you've mastered the universe."—PERASKE LENDANTA.

"Let the chase for the wild deer be done, and the chase for wild thoughts and Nature's higher truths be begun."—PAWNEE CHIEF.

"Strive to make thyself a master-builder, and, ever baring thy breast to the sharp point of truth, let each stone be a word of kindness, and the key-stone to the arch, wisdom."

"Man is a species of flower that buds in earth, to bloom on spirit shores; and as the flower-bud is nurtured, so will the blossom testify."—MADAME THERESA.

"Wouldst thou study geology, physiology, astronomy, and the deeply hidden sciences of

matter and mind, study the wonderful combinations of man."—SCHWAILBAUCH.

"Remember that the heaven of man is the harmony of his own soul: then prepare thy heaven now, that thou mayest enjoy it the more in the grand hereafter."—THY BROTHER.

"As there is coin in the golden bar yet to be coined, so thou, living in the world, art yet to be born; then prepare thyself for the higher birth and the mint immortal." [CANAH.]

Names aside, each of the above sentiments glows with a striking individuality, which distinctive individualities and identities will doubtless be maintained during the cycles of eternity, though the subduing lessons and softening influences of coming ages will in all probability gradually transmute a more mellow glory through their inmost beings, till they tread in divine unity the higher love-planes of immortality.

Rockford, Ill., Sept. 8, 1863.

For the Herald of Progress.

## A Simple Fact in Spiritualism.

EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS, DEAR SIR: A few evenings since, while we were sitting very quietly in our darkened room—no light having been struck—my wife suddenly started and said she felt as if a hand had been laid upon her shoulder. I saw a shadow flitting about the room, as I very frequently do, but without form, save like a thin vapor, longitudinally upright, and had that unmistakable feeling of spirit-presence so well known to all who harmonize themselves to its perception. We put ourselves in communication with the presence, when the following was spelled out: "I know you will think it strange that I have come, dear. I can say no more to-night."

CHARLOT SAFFORD.

You will see that the letters unnecessary to a correct pronunciation of Charlotte are omitted. This is a peculiarity I have often observed in spirits, and one which it might be advisable for us to imitate. But to my object. My wife was left an orphan when only two or three years of age, and was swept by the remorseless current, which the religion of the world has yet done very little toward restraining within pleasant banks, into the possession of the woman and her family whose name is given above, residing in Union Village, in this State. This woman in her best moments was bad enough, but much of the time she was in a wild state of insanity, and during those periods the little orphan child suffered almost everything but death. But what I wish to draw particular attention to, was the persistency the poor afflicted woman manifested in pursuing a course calculated to frighten the child. While lying in her bed in another room in the evening, she would call out to the child to go down to the cellar or up into the garret, as the case might be, for apples for her; and, let the child take a light never so cautiously, she would know it, and raise the house with her cries until she put it back and groped her way in the dark. If any member of the family gave her a light on any such occasion, the maniac knew it, and denounced that one by name. She would think of every possible thing for the child to do in the dark, and during the day would tell her stories, and, pointing into corners and under the bed, would say, "See him! see him?"

My wife has not seen nor scarcely heard of this Charlotte Safford since she left her house a little girl, some thirty years ago; and she was as far from our thoughts on the evening she thus communicated as anything possible to conceive of; the communication was received as free from jugglery, or any species of "imagination" or locus pocus, as any communication that ever occurred between man and man. I am acquainted personally with hundreds of men and women who would not lightly doubt my earnest word or lack of judgment in a simple matter, yet the above statement of fact, more tremendous in its inevitable results than a thousand such wars as now shake this continent, will pass over them like a summer's cloud. A sister, in the same way, gives a message of love, yet I dare not broach it to those whom it most concerns, and who deem themselves competent to deliver judgment on a matter much more abstruse.

Yours, P. W.

—There is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing brighter than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, sweetest, warmest, brightest, and most steadfast happiness.

## Philosophical Department.

"Let truth no more be gagged, nor conscience dugged, nor science be impached of godless deas."

### Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe.

A HISTORY OF THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., LL. D. 8vo. pp. 631. Harper & Brothers.

[The following Review of Professor Draper's work we copy from the New York Tribune. It is a candid and comprehensive estimate of a new and able treatise on Historic Philosophy. We are gratified to find in this work of Dr. Draper, another testimonial that the Ideas of the Harmonical Philosophy are slowly taking root in the minds of scientific men; and it is at the same time a matter of surprise to us that thinkers and reviewers should fail to recognize the fact that these self-same progressive ideas have been many years before the world in the teachings of the New Dispensation.—Ed.]

Among the contributions to philosophic thought that have appeared within the last few years, few present stronger claims upon the attention of intelligent students than the present work. The title opens at once the most imposing problems that can engage the human mind—the progress of man—the conditions of his unfolding, the forces which impel it, and the obstacles which impede it—the course and method of human evolution—these are the grave questions discussed in this original and elaborate volume.

But the interest of the work is not confined to the import of its topics, for these have often been treated with insignificant results. Its claim consists rather in the mode in which the subject is approached and the method and ability of its elucidation. In his preface the author remarks: "There are two methods of dealing with philosophical questions, the literary and the scientific. Many things which in a purely literary treatment of the subject remain in the background, spontaneously assume a more striking position when their scientific relations are considered. It is the latter method that I have used."

As to Professor Draper's scientific preparation for the great task he has undertaken, the records of research and discovery during the past generation bear abundant witness. The severe remark concerning Mr. Buckle, that "Historians thought his strength was in his science, while the men of science supposed it to be in his history," cannot be applied to Prof. Draper, for he is himself an eminent originator and authority in the scientific field. His researches in physics, chemistry, and physiology; upon light, photography, phosphorescence, spectrum analysis, the chromatics of combustion, the osmosis of liquids and gases, the chemistry of vegetable organization, and the forces which produce the circulation of sap in plants, and of blood in animals, are described in some forty original memoirs published in the American and European scientific periodicals, and are recognized by the savans of Europe, as having essentially contributed to widen the boundaries of our knowledge upon these important subjects. It is almost inevitable that a mind of a philosophic cast thus deeply imbued with the advancing spirit of science, and so familiar with the course and order of nature as to have first opened the way to many of her secrets, should be powerfully attracted to the scientific aspects of the great problem of human development. Dr. Draper was by no means the first to apply the scientific method to the study of human affairs, but he is beyond doubt the first man who has brought an extensive, varied, and profound and scientific erudition to bear upon the discussion.

But it may be asked, of what avail are these qualifications to the historian, or what has physical and physiological science to do with history?

The history of late years has undergone an important change is undeniable, and this change is an evolution in the direction of science. Gossip about kings and queens, court intrigues, usurpations, and the details of battles which formerly constituted the staple of historic narration, are becoming less prominent, while the subjects of commerce, industry, education, manners, morals, creeds, religions, the growth, structure, corruption, and decay of civil and ecclesiastical institutions, race, climate, geographical position, and similar topics, are receiving increased attention, and are treated with the view of bringing out principles for the instruction and guidance of the living generation. But these materials are only valuable as interpreted by science. A knowledge of man is the key to history. Society is made up of individuals, and derives its character from the properties of its units. The actions of society are but the combined actions of individuals, and we can comprehend social activities only in proportion as we understand individual actions. But the action of individuals depends upon the laws of their nature, bodily and mental, and just in proportion as we understand these laws can we comprehend the action of the individual and the resulting phenomena of society. And thus physiology in its comprehensive sense, embracing not only the bodily powers but the



physical functions of the nervous system, the study of man dynamically, in his actions and reactions with all external forces, becomes the basis of sociology and history. Clearly our interpretations of the past actions of man must depend upon the extent of our acquaintance with the laws which govern the individual—the facts and principles of human nature, or physiological science.

Prof. Draper has aimed to work out this great truth in a comprehensive and philosophic manner. He has made it a life-labor, and begun at the foundation, having published a profound volume upon the subject of physiology, designed as a basis of the present work. He has engaged in his task with a full realization of its difficulties and with the modesty of true science. He remarks: "The equilibrium and movement of humanity are altogether physiological phenomena. Yet not without hesitation may such an opinion be frankly avowed, since it is so offensive to the pride and to many of the prejudices and interests of our age. An author who has been disposed to devote many years to the labor of illustrating this topic has need of the earnest support of all who prize the truth, and considering the extent and profundity of his subject, his work, at the best, must be very imperfect, requiring all the forbearance and even the generosity of criticism."

The controlling idea of Prof. Draper's treatise is that of the government of communities and nations by inflexible law, and that the laws which determine the career of an individual are identical with those which rule the destiny of a nation. "A national type pervades its way physically and intellectually through changes and developments answering to those of the individual and being represented by Infancy, Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Old Age, and Death." "Man is the archetype of society—individual development is the model of social progress." This may be called the organizing conception of the work, and determines the order and classification of its subjects.

This is not, of course, claimed to be new. A dim notion of the analogy between the body politic and the living individual body appeared early in literature, but it was inevitably vague and fanciful before the rise of physiological science. Plato formed his model republic upon the supposed analogy between the faculties of the human mind and the divisions of society. His ideal commonwealth consists of counselors who are to govern; the military to execute the decrees of government; and the vulgar commonalty bent on selfish gain. The first he assumed to correspond to the faculty of reason; the second to that of will; the third to the passions. Hobbes in his "Leviathan" attempted to trace a still more detailed parallelism between society and the human body. These crudely conceived ideas, though in themselves worthless, were yet faint foreshadowings of a principle which could not be realized until the science of life was brought to comparative maturity. It is however, in the celebrated aphorism of Sir James Mackintosh, that "Constitutions are not made, but grow;" that we begin to perceive the possibility of a closer and deeper analogy between the body politic and the body of man. The living body grows and a nation grows; development is not only common to both, but it is the supreme fact in the nature of both. "Development" is undoubtedly the term of deepest import in modern science. A few years ago animals were considered and classified according to their obvious peculiarities of aspect and structure; but it is now found that the true affinities of organisms and the homologues of their parts can only be made out by the study of their evolution, and hence embryology has become the basis of natural history. So the old mode of treating mind was by a simple analysis of the faculties of the adult; but now the method is to trace the mind in its growth—to study the intellectual and emotive faculties in their genesis and the laws of their unfolding.

It is therefore in accordance with the ripest tendencies of science that Professor Draper has considered the intellectual history of Europe as a "development," with its embryology and its definite career of evolution, and made our knowledge of the more familiar cases of growth a guide to the more obscure. His plan is first to trace the intellectual career of Greece, and afterward that of the remaining European continent. In his first chapter he says: "Our obvious course is first to study the progress of that member of the European family the eldest in point of advancement, and to endeavor to ascertain the characteristics of its mental unfolding. We may reasonably expect that the younger members of the family, more or less distinctly will appear as illustrations of the same mode of advancement that we shall thus find for Greece, and that the whole continent, which is the sum of these different parts, will in its secular progress comport itself in a like way. Proceeding from those times (pre-historic) we shall in detail examine the intellectual or philosophical movement first exhibited in Greece, endeavoring to ascertain its character at successive epochs, and thereby to judge of its complete nature. Fortunately for our purpose, the information is here sufficient, both in amount and distinctness. The intellectual progress of Europe being of a nature answering to that observed in the case of Greece, and this in its turn being like that of an individual, we may conveniently separate it into arbitrary periods sufficiently distinct from one another, though imperceptibly merging into each other. To these successive periods I shall give the titles of: 1. The Age of Credulity; 2. The Age of Inquiry; 3. The Age of Faith; 4. The Age of Reason; 5. The Age of Decrepitude; and shall use these designations in the division of my subject in its several characters."

It is impossible in our limited space to convey any adequate idea of the scope and contents of a work like the present, but we may briefly refer to the analysis of the phases of Greek thought. The Greek age of Credulity was marked by extravagant superstitions, a belief in sorcery, enchantments, myths and legends innumerable. With no knowledge of nature, weak and helpless in the midst of her inexorable activities, with reason undeveloped and imagination unchecked, the earth, sea and air were peopled with fanciful beings who were supposed to control all terrestrial events. Blending with mythical traditions from India and Egypt, these superstitions grew at length into a vast mythological system which recommended itself to a people who found pleasure in accepting without any question statements no matter how marvelous, impostures no matter how preposterous. Gods, heroes, monsters and men might figure together without

any outrage to probability when there was no astronomy, no geography, no rule of evidence, no standard of belief. But the downfall of such a system was inevitable as soon as men began to deal with facts, as soon as history commenced to record and philosophy to discuss."

The Greek age of Inquiry may be said to commence with the opening of the ports of the Mediterranean by the Egyptians, B. C. 670. This gave an impulse to Greek commerce, and aroused a spirit of adventure and maritime discovery. The experience thus acquired tended to dissipate mythological superstitions. "How was it possible that all the marvels of the Mediterranean and Black Seas, the sorcerers, enchanters, giants, and monsters of the deep, should survive, when these seas were daily crossed in all directions? How was it possible that the notion of a flat earth bounded by the horizon and bordered by the circumfluous ocean could maintain itself, when colonies were being founded in Gaul, and the Phœnicians were bringing tin from beyond the Pillars of Hercules?" The first quickening of the intellect cast discredit upon the mythological extravagances, and they began to be interpreted in an unliteral sense as fables of wisdom. "It was an ominous circumstance that the Ionian Greeks, who first began to philosophize, commenced their labors by dispersonifying the elements, and treating not of Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades, but of air, water, and fire. The destruction of theological conceptions led irresistibly to the destruction of religious practices. To divinities whose existence he denied, the philosopher ceased to pray. Of what use were sacrificial offerings and entreaties directed to phantasms of the imagination? But advantages might accrue from the study of the impersonal elements." The early Greek philosophy is considered as originating with Thales, 640 B. C. The questions were still the same. How was the world formed? What is the origin of all things? But while these ambitious inquiries were at first answered mythologically, they now began to be answered physically. Thales ascribed the principle of water as the cause of all things; Anaximenes believed it to be air; Heraclitus, fire. Numerous systems of mental philosophy arose, embracing the whole field of speculation; but the interminable disagreements of the sects ended in utter discord and anarchy of thought. At this point commenced the action of the Sophists, who by setting the doctrines of one school in opposition to those of another, and representing them all as of equal value, occasioned the destruction of them all, and the philosophy founded on physical speculation came to an end.

The age of Faith was introduced by Socrates, born B. C. 469. He battled with the sophists, affirming that mathematics led to vain conclusions and physics to Atheism, and recommended the cultivation of virtue and morality. He taught that if man did not know, he might believe, and that demonstration might be supplanted by faith. Antisthenes and Diogenes, of the Cynical school, follow Socrates in commending virtue, but make it to consist in a supreme indifference to pleasure and pain. The philosophy of Plato exalts the spiritual at the expense of the material, and develops a system of transcendental idealism fully illustrating a period of faith. But still there is no better agreement than in the age of Inquiry, and again the conflicts of the schools lead to doubt and despair. No criterion of truth can be discovered, and the school of Pyrrho closes the Greek age of faith in skepticism.

The Greek age of Reason opens with Aristotle, born B. C. 384. He inaugurated the true scientific method, the reverse of that of Plato; for while the starting-point of the latter was assumed universal, the very essence of which was a matter of faith, Aristotle began with the facts of experience and rose by induction to generals. He thus laid down the true principles of science, but failed to carry them out for lack of sufficient data, or materials of observation. The age of Reason thus opened was rendered illustrious by the labors of Euclid, Archimedes, Eratosthenes, Hipparchus, the Ptolemies, and by the solid scientific achievements of the Alexandrian school.

From the time of the Ptolemies the scientific spirit of the Alexandrian school declined. "That mental strength which gives birth to discovery had passed away, and the commentator had succeeded to the philosopher." There arose a disgust at the present, an admiration of the past. Reason was replaced by Faith. Philosophy took to mysticism, demonology and magic. This melancholy decay constitutes the period of Greek intellectual decrepitude, which is considered to terminate with the closing of the philosophical schools at Athens by Justinian, A. D. 529.

The analysis of the career of the Greek intellect is preliminary to the larger survey of European development which comprises the body of the volume. The order pursued is a natural one, events succeeding each other in strict dynamic sequence. There is no parade of logical forms or technicalities, but the reader is borne along by a continuous and powerful current of thought which moves forward with something of the breadth and majesty of nature. As in gazing upon a landscape we are first arrested by the diversified beauty of the living forms, and only after reflection become conscious that each and all are illustrations of nature's silent logic of evolution, so the affluence of the materials and the attractions of individual sketches in this history are likely first to engage attention, while only upon thoughtful personal study the reader appreciates the closely-knit logic of the discussion.

The work is enriched by numerous sketches and digressions which impart to it a varied interest, and though each has its due place in the march of the argument, and contributes to the strength of the final conclusion, yet each has also its special and independent value. The elucidation in the opening chapters of the influence of physical conditions upon life—the descriptions of those features of Europe, geographical, geological, and climatic, which have been the determining factors of its historic life—the analysis of Buddhism and the Hindu civilization and the account of the early Peruvian and Mexican civilizations are masterpieces of clear and forcible delineation. The exposition of the influence of the Arabs and Jews upon the intellectual development of Europe, of the Italian system of civil and church polity in the European age of Faith, and of the rise of independent inquiry; the struggle of advancing opinions with ecclesiasticism; the origin of sciences; the extension of human knowledge, and the consequent gradual regeneration of society which characterized

the European age of Reason—these form contributions to the history of intellectual progress alike remarkable in wealth of erudition and comprehensive vigor of statement. The peculiar claims of Professor Draper's work to an eminent place among historic compositions are chiefly those which arise from his view of the subject as a man of science. At once and without hesitation he lays down the broad principle that the development both of animal and intellectual life depends on physical conditions, and he has fortified this position with a power of reasoning and a copiousness of illustration which have made the argument peculiarly his own. His work introduces more of Nature into history than any of its predecessors. Rising to the clear and steady conceptions of a comprehensive immutable order in nature, he regards the development of the human mind as but part of that order, to be interpreted only in connection with the all-pervading scheme. It is written in a singularly clear and attractive style, often rising into a vivid eloquence; indeed there runs through it a vein of genuine poetry which shows that the cultivation of exact science is not necessarily hostile to imagination and a deep sense of beauty.

### Sin and Trials Considered.

BY J. COVERT.

Sin is written to be a transgression of the law. Though usually applied to the spirit alone, it actually applies to the material or physical department with equal force. The violations of the laws of spirit never can be forgiven until justice is fully satisfied in her imperative demands. The violations of the laws of the material portion of man, (the structure,) may be occasionally shortened, as we find in the healings of Christ and in the able efforts of skillful physicians in the present day.

The forgiveness of sins, spoken of by Christ, relate solely to this department of man's being. All the sufferings of the race have been directly ascribed to the consequences of our first parents' transgressions. The Jews entertained the same opinion, though Christ taught them differently. These sufferings, or so-called evils, have an origin in causes that are entirely overlooked, and which, from ignorance or design, are charged to the supposed guilty pair. The chief cause of these sufferings arises from the legitimate action of the natural laws of the universe. These laws are so far above man's reach that he cannot possibly exercise the slightest control over them. We see in the outer world whole cities are blotted out of existence by volcanic eruptions, and often are they swallowed up by earth's voracious jaws. But these and other so-called evil influences are proven by science to be absolutely necessary for the good of the earth and its numerous tenantry. If they be so necessary in the outer world to maintain its welfare, they must and should occur in and among mankind, that his form should continue down to the latest posterity. Were the natural course of Nature obstructed in this (man's) department, it would change the conditions upon which he is ushered into existence, and by which he endures as a form, and some other organization would finally usurp his place.

Original sin has nothing to do with these effects, and those that entertain such an idea are estopped by the Bible, which declares all was made good, and in the teachings and practices of Christ, such as taking up little children in his arms, blessing them, and declaring "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The laws of space existed long before mankind was ushered into being, brought the earth from chaotic elements to be the fit theater of mineral, vegetable, and animal life, and finally crowned its efforts in the production of the human form. Transgression, therefore, cannot influence these in the least, neither can it be the cause of succeeding generations' tendency to sin. Each one of the race is required to work out his own salvation, which would not be demanded of him unless he was himself a transgressor.

The fatal mistake of the world springs from man's attempt to separate the action of these laws, one class of which he terms good and the other he terms evil. These are invariably classed in accordance with the seeming effects produced.

The most extended action of these laws produces harmony, beauty, and newer forms of life; and the remaining class produces death and destruction. The repeated endeavors of mortals, since the world began, to suffer the first class to control them and to prevent the action of the other, accompanied with a constant succession of failures, should have convinced the world ere this that the case is hopeless and despairing.

The right, or that condition of life that is perfectly free from the ills of existence, is believed to be easily discoverable and determinable. So plain does it appear to mortal eye, that each one thinks he sees it, and attempts its pursuit with all his powers. But alas for humanity! they see it and pursue it in counter directions, and find the pursuit attended with mixed results of joy and sorrow, failures and successes. These varieties of visions and pursuits do not solely arise from differences of spheres and education, as some suppose, but they are the inevitable result of the whole course of Nature's laws. In the wholesale destruction of cities and towns by the natural elements, none are found willing to charge the Deity with sin or murder, nor in this day and generation do people charge these disasters to the offences of the sufferers. Then why should the effect of these laws in the human race be chargeable to original sin and the evil propensities of the people? The structure of man is composed of particles of the earth, as

every one sees at death, and consequently must be subject to the identical laws that control earth's particles everywhere.

Though the laws are usually classed by man, they act unlike on every human being; and the laws that rule his being to-day change their action to-morrow. The law that produces the rose-bud does not produce the flower.

When we reflect upon these incessant changes of forms of thought and structure that go on ceaselessly in succeeding moments, how can it be expected that man can form any plan or scheme of life and unchangeably pursue it? Or, setting out in life with all the advantages birth or fortune gives, how can he hope to escape the usual proportion of tribulations that invariably attend man's short career?

Admitting this action of the laws, man should learn a useful lesson in the punishment of criminals. These are accidental instruments of furthering the operations of law, and should be dealt with leniently and compassionately.

The internal and external circumstances peculiarly fit them for such subjects. None should condemn these unfortunates, for it must be recollected that each one of society has the elements of crime within, and it needs only the precise circumstances that bring it out in these to bring it out in them.

While it is impossible to predict with certainty which individuals in a particular community will commit any species of crime, it is mathematically certain that a given per cent. of the population will always prove guilty, though society strenuously opposes this occurrence. This per cent. is the result of natural laws.

Some of the trials of life are directly chargeable to the causes man establishes himself. So far as these are concerned, he may rid himself of some of their effects. But even here he cannot carry out his design and purpose wholly, for circumstances over which he has no control urge him headlong on to his apparent destiny.

From the preceding it appears necessary we should acquire all possible knowledge and wisdom to avoid as much as in us lies the violent and destructive portion of Nature's laws; to feel comforted with the advantages of life rather than fretful at its disadvantages; to have unbounded joy in the knowledge of the future world which our theory gives, where families and kindred again unite in sympathy and love.

### Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

### Letter from Mrs. E. G. Willard, AUTHORESS OF THE "GOSPEL OF HARMONY."

MR. EDITOR: Will you allow me to say through the columns of your HERALD that I have read your criticism upon the "Gospel of Harmony," (in the HERALD of Sept. 5,) and that it seems to me ungenerous and unjust? Of all the men among men, Mr. Davis was the last man from whom I had reason to expect a sarcastic criticism.

In saying that woman sees through man, I only assert what has long since been granted by men, (yourself among the number,) that woman has a keen penetration of intellect, or an intuitive insight, far superior to that of man.

I do not claim that I possess this insight in any greater degree than the rest of my sex—in certain directions I know that I am not so gifted as many others; I am not a quick psychometrist to read individual character—if I had been, I should not have been so deceived in my estimation of your own, and consequently should not have been so much disappointed at your criticism; but, "slow and sure," I think I see now your true character, and the secret motives of your harsh criticism.

I have nowhere claimed a superiority for my sex over man; only a perfect equality in dissimilarity, or by the balance of faculties. To man belongs the power of reason, and, of course, the right of proof; and it is only by the reasoning process, and as woman reveals herself, that man can understand the true soul, or central power of woman's life, and this can only give a general knowledge of the sex. This is why I believe or affirm that, individually, woman will always be a mystery to man. Man only knows what reason teaches him; he neither sees nor feels the soul of love in woman. Of course I speak in a general sense, as I have often asserted in the "Gospel of Harmony." Some men are intuitive, or rather clairvoyant, but they are only the exceptions. It is just as impossible for man to see the "souls of things" as it is for woman to possess and exercise man's power of reason.

I have received much benefit and instruction from the writings of Mr. Davis, and most highly do I appreciate the noble efforts of men in behalf of my sex. I shall most surely contend most earnestly for what I believe to be right and true, notwithstanding Mr. Davis's mad-dog cry about my "unfortunate," "contentious," "imperative," "affirmative" style and spirit. We are not apt to make guess-work about what we see and feel, whether our vision be physical or spiritual. If I have not seen the truth, Mr. Davis or any other man is at liberty to prove that my assertions are false. I seek only the best truth for the best good of humanity.

I do not ask Mr. Davis to commend the "Gospel of Harmony." I believe it will sufficiently commend itself to those who read it, if they are willing to be just to woman.

Mrs. E. G. W.

### REMARKS.

The reader will find our notice of Mrs. Willard's pamphlet in No. 185 of this Journal. We have nothing to take from that criticism, but to add, what we meant to have said in the first notice, that, in our candid opinion, the

speculations on the spiritual spheres in the first chapters are not in harmony with the principles of Nature.

Our columns have been open to many contributions from the pen of the authoress, not that we ever liked her style of advocating her cause, but because we have great sympathy for the Cause advocated. Now, however, since Mrs. W. has so fully found out our "character," it is presumable that, henceforth, she will voluntarily seek other organs in which to publish her contributions.

For the Herald of Progress.

### Emancipation from Theological Thralldom.

Thanks be to God! at length, through doubt and grief, I've reached the shore of the sweet stream of Truth.

Now, kneeling on its violet marge, my soul, A thirst and faint, imbibes the immortal draught! Behind me, dark and sullen, frowns the yale Of gloomy woods, and sun-ecclipsing trees, And treacherous paths, and deep-engulfing fen, Through which I've dragged my worn and bleeding feet.

What horrid genius rules in that dread realm? Theology! sepulchral, grim, and gaunt, Dancing his swamp-fire lights on every side, Luring the wanderer's eager gaze afar— Hurrying his inconsiderate steps aside From simple Truth's sun-lighted paths of peace.

Like one let loose from dungeon cold and drear, My free, glad soul rejoices in the day. A many-windowed house the mind of him Bound by no book nor sect, but in the great Bright presence of imperial Nature stands. To him no book is unadulterate truth; To him no book is falsehood unrelieved.

CHELSEA, Mass., 1863.

E. R. PLACE.

### Laws and Systems.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just— And he but naked, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

For the Herald of Progress.

### A New Currency and Credit System.

NUMBER FOUR.

I had intended, in the last article, closing my remarks on the Currency. But as there are a few points which I should like to bring out prominently, and to which I would call the special attention of thinking minds, I will continue the subject. It is, besides, one which should be kept before the public, for a reform in the Currency would lead to more important and beneficial results in the industrial condition of the people than any one other measure that could, at the present day, be devised. It would, in fact, change the relation of labor and capital, establish the pecuniary and industrial independence of the producing classes, and abolish the unjust privileges and the tyrannical power which capital now so often exercises.

In social progress, great steps, without doubt, were the abolition of serfdom, of entailed estates, of the monarchical principle, of slavery; but a step as great as any of these will be the reform of our monopolizable and usurious currency, the abolition of interest, and the arbitrary control of credit. It is by means of a false currency that capital without labor can absorb the main part of the wealth which industry creates, hold industry in its grasp, and determine, to a great extent, the amount of earnings, the mode of living, the daily comforts, the degree of independence, and even the moral and intellectual development of the millions engaged in productive labor.

The first point on which I will touch is the expensiveness of the present Currency. It was adverted to in a previous article, but it will be well to bring it out prominently by itself.

The rate of legal interest, or rather the price fixed by law to be paid for the use of money, is, in most States of the Union, about 7 per 100. If we add the premiums paid on drafts, the discounts on uncurrent money, and the various means by which banks increase the amount of interest which they take—saying nothing of usury—we may safely estimate that the business men of the country pay, at a low calculation, TEN PER CENT. for the money they use.

Now a sum loaned at 10 per 100, and re-loaned every four months, doubles itself in about six years.

As a consequence, the business men of the country pay every six years, for the use of the Currency, its entire value or amount; so that for the use of a hundred millions of dollars, for example, they pay, in six years, one hundred millions. This may certainly be called an expensive Currency.

Suppose a farmer paid for the use of a farm, a merchant for the use of a dwelling and a store, a manufacturer for the use of a manufactory, a hotel-keeper for the use of a hotel, their entire value in six years, it is very certain they would all fail at the end of the time. We see by the comparison the folly of paying such rates for the use of money. It is still greater when we consider that the store, the hotel, the manufactory, cost labor to build, while the Currency costs comparatively none. I refer particularly to the paper Currency, which is really the circulating medium of the country. A store or dwelling which is valued at \$20,000 has cost probably 20,000 days' labor; it possesses, therefore, real value; but \$20,000 of paper money or bank-notes can be made for a mere trifle, probably for \$50. Thus



the enormous sums paid by the industry of a country for the use of the Currency, is paid, in fact, for that which costs nothing, and which, in itself, has no value. It is paid for a *fiction*—the fiction of a monopolizable Currency, and the privilege granted by law and custom to a few individuals to control it.

The business men of the country, at least those who have to borrow capital on which to operate, cannot pay this high rate of interest. If their business is of a kind which enables them to make large profits, they can support it for a time; but, in the end, usury undermines the majority.

The drain on the country by interest is enormous; it supports an army of non-producers, who, at the same time, are extravagant consumers. In time it will divide the country into two classes, the one possessing all the capital, the other possessing none and working for the former.

Another point, on which we will touch, relates to the privileges granted to wealthy individuals to issue Currency and reap the advantages connected with it. To explain this clearly, we will suppose that ten men of wealth organize a bank with a capital of one million, each investing one hundred thousand dollars. They pledge, as security, State stocks, on which they receive interest, so that they incur no loss, make no sacrifice, use no capital on which they lose interest. They issue their promissory-notes—that is, bank-notes—to the amount of a million. On their notes they pay no interest, while they take it on the notes of those to whom they lend theirs. Thus is established the principle of interest against no interest. There is no equation, no justice in this. The corporation of the ten men employ a cashier and a few clerks to do the business of the bank; they give, perhaps, an hour or two attention per week, as a board of directors, to pass on notes.

What is the result? At the end of six, or, in any case, eight years, the ten wealthy individuals have received a million of dollars in dividends; they have doubled their capital with very little trouble or effort on their part. The public has paid them a million of dollars for their good names, for the belief that their notes will at all times be redeemed, and for the privilege of obtaining promises to pay that everybody will receive.

The ten capitalists can invest their dividends in real property which has cost real labor. If we suppose labor to be worth, on an average, \$1 per day, they can buy a million of days' labor. What have they given in return? A little easy work—which has been a pastime—their reputation, and the trouble of using a privilege, which society, in its ignorance and its imperfect industrial state, confers upon them.

But, it may be answered, they lend the public the credit of their names or wealth, as they must redeem at all times the notes they have issued. Exactly the reverse is the case. The public, in accepting their promissory-notes, evidently gives them credit, while the individuals who borrow the notes pay for the use of them. Thus they receive credit from the public at large, which takes and circulates their notes, while they make a portion of the community pay for the very credit they receive.

In our incoherent industrial system, men like the Rothschilds, whose impregnable wealth is above all distrust, can issue their promises to pay to the extent of millions, paying no interest, but receiving interest from those to whom they lend their obligations, and who have not a reputation for wealth—that is, are weak financially. What an immense privilege is here conceded to wealth!

In the Middle Ages the power of the sword ruled—that crude form of privilege and usurpation was wielded by the great barons. They built their castles near highways, which they controlled, levying toll or tribute on all travelers and merchandise that circulated. Since then a change in the structure of society has taken place. The power of the sword has been broken, and a new power, that of capital, has taken its place. A new system of privilege has arisen; the great barons are replaced by the great bankers; the latter inhabit the large cities, and have the control of the Currency and of Credit. As products cannot circulate without the aid of a Currency and of Credit, the great bankers, in controlling the latter, control, like their predecessors, circulation, but in another way. They levy their tribute in the form of interest, and regulate the movement of products by giving or withholding credit. The form of privilege has changed, but the reign of privilege still holds its sway.

One of the great works for our age to accomplish, if it possesses the necessary intelligence and philanthropy, is to destroy this last form of privilege, usurpation, and spoliation. If this can be done, if industry can be freed from the domination of a false Currency and a false credit system, and made master of its own affairs and interests, the laboring and producing classes will be elevated at once to a degree of prosperity and independence now not hoped for even by the most generous minds. They will be raised as much above their present state as this state is above that of the serfs of the Middle Ages. The dawn of universal intelligence, refinement, and moral elevation will then begin to break upon the world, and the era of a true democracy and of true equality, based upon a universal leveling upwards, will be inaugurated. It is certainly a decree of fate, or of Divine justice, that if means are not discovered by which to improve the condition of the laboring multitude, the increase of population, combined with an unjust distribution of wealth, will engender a degree of poverty and pauperism which at no distant day will convulse society to its foundations, destroy our present political struc-

ture, and render the organization of a military despotism, under some form, necessary. Unless the great practical problem—justice in industry—is solved, ages of social degradation and misery still await the masses of mankind in the future. A. BRISBANE.

## Instructive Miscellany.

### Refining Fires.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

"Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver." [ISAIAH XLVIII: 10.]

Not with silver, but with gold,  
Every gift of every mine,  
Multiplied a thousand-fold,  
Doth our God the soul refine.

Not from broad and fertile fields,  
Nor from any form of wealth  
That earth's face or bosom yields,  
Comes "the soul's eternal health."

But "true riches" come from toil  
Of the muscles or the mind,  
And by culture of the soil,  
Or the soul, is man refined.

With the chastening power of pain,  
Tossings on a sleepless bed,  
Cares that gnaw upon the brain,  
Bleeding heart and throbbing head;

With our sorrows for the past,  
With our fears of coming ill,  
That their forward shadows cast  
On our pathway dark and chill;

With the discipline of tears  
Over loved and lost ones shed,  
With our loves of early years  
Dying out, or wholly dead;

With the depths of voiceless woe  
That have "wheeled our hearts so much,"  
Hopes that withered long ago  
Under Disappointment's touch;

With the agonizing pang  
Felt from Folly's Partisan dart,  
With Remorse's viperous fang  
Struck into the guilty heart;

With our fruitless efforts, made  
To attain some shining goal,  
Labors lost, and trust betrayed—  
Doth our God refine the soul.

[Independent.]

## Hurting a Child's Heart.

BY T. S. ANTHUR.

"I don't expect anything of my children?" The tone was fretful, with a quality of accusation. The face of the speaker wore an injured look.

A boy, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, sat reading. He moved uneasily, as if pain had disturbed him, but he did not lift his eyes from the page on which they were then resting.

"The harder a mother loves for her children the less they care for her." The boy moved again—almost with a start, as though the pain felt an instant before had suddenly increased.

"All children are thankful!" So the speaker kept on, talking to a friend, yet really thrusting at the boy.

"Not all," answered the friend. "I have a mother, and I know my heart in regard to her. It is full of love and gratitude, and I cannot remember the time when it was not so."

"There are exceptions to all rules. And, besides, there are few women like your mother. That would be a cold heart, indeed, into which she did not inspire love."

"Love begets love. That is the old trite story, and as true to-day as it was a thousand years ago. If children grow up cold and thankless towards their parents—if they early separate from them, going off into the world, and treating them with neglect—the fault, in most cases, rests with the parents. They did not make themselves lovely in their children's eyes."

There followed this dead silence for some minutes. The boy had let his book fall from before his eyes, and was listening intently. His mother saw this, and had a quick perception of what was passing in his mind.

"Edward," said she, "I don't like boys in my bedroom. Go down stairs."

This was not spoken harshly. The mother's tone of voice had changed considerably. The boy arose without hesitation, and left the room.

"I don't think it's always good to talk before children," remarked the lady's mother, as soon as he had retired.

"A proper regard for our language and conduct before our children," was answered, "is a theory of the gravest consideration. They have keen instincts—their eyes are sharp—they read us, and know us sometimes better than we do ourselves."

"They are sharp enough, I suppose, but not quite so sharp as all that," was answered. "I'm not one of those that make children of much importance."

"Our estimation in the case will not alter the result, my friend. Of that we may be certain. As we are to our children so will they be to us. Love begets love, and kindness good-will. If we do not hurt them we won't, they certainly will not, in turn, wound us by neglect."

"Hurt them wantonly! I'm not sure that I get your meaning."

"Are you much surprised that Tom Baldwin made his escape from home at the first good opportunity?"

"Well, I looked for it, I must confess; but that don't excuse him; he's proved himself an ungrateful boy, after all his mother has done for him. But, as I said a little while ago, all children are thankful. I don't calculate on anything from mine. They'll grow up, and scatter themselves east and west, getting off as far from home as possible; and I'll probably be left to an asylum in the poor-house when I get old and helpless."

"Do you talk so before your children?" said the friend.

"They know my sentiments."

"So I inferred. In that way you hurt

them. You put their future on trial, and write out a verdict of condemnation when it is impossible for them to defend themselves against your cruel charges. I saw your boy stand and thrust at him. He was under your sharp Baldwin's unkind act; and it was a hard thing in you, my friend, to make Tom's delinquency the occasion for smiting your own son, whom you may bind to you, if you will, by triple cords of love, not to be broken—or push away to a distance, where he can feel no warmth and no attraction. Take care! You are on dangerous ground!"

"Oh! you make too much of children," was answered, but with a little obstruction in manner.

"They are simply human beings. They have sensitive souls, quick to receive impressions. Tender to love, but hard or resentful to all unkindness. They are creatures of feeling rather than thought, not generally holding malice, but rarely losing the memory of pain from unjust infliction. In after years this memory is often revived. It is my opinion that, in a large number of cases, where children neglect their parents in old age, the cause lies just here."

"All of which is simply vindictive," said the lady's mother, "and a poor compliment to human nature."

"Human nature doesn't often suffer unjustly through hard judgment," was answered. "But I am not offering an apology for her short-comings, only look after the cause. To prevent is better than to cure. Forewarned, forearmed, is it not much the wiser course for us to make sure of our children's love in future by offering them love in the present?"

"You speak to me as if I didn't love my children."

A crimson stain marked the woman's cheeks. There were sudden flashes in her eyes. She was a woman of quick, passionate temper.

"Every feeling has its sign," was calmly replied. "Love, anger, dislike—each expresses itself in a different way. And these signs every one knows. Even the babe of one brief summer may read them. Why is it that Edward feels that you do not love him?"

"Who says that he feels so?"

"The mother started. There was a mingling of anger with surprise in her face."

"Must it not be that you withhold too often the signs of love?"

"I shall get angry at you if you talk to me any longer in this strain."

"No, my dear friend, you must not get angry at me. Too many sweet memories of the past are shared between us. Bear with me, now, as one who holds you in her heart. Shall I relate to you an incident that occurred in my house only yesterday? It is under the warrant of this incident that I have ventured on the plainness of speech which has disturbed you?"

The red spots faded off from the mother's cheeks. Then keen light vanished from her eyes.

"Go on," she said, her voice dropping down from its sharp key.

"Edward had called to see the children. We always like to have him come. He is never rude nor coarse in his manners, but gentlemanly in bearing beyond what is usually seen in boys of his age. I have more than once compared him with my oldest son, and wished that John resembled him in many things. The two boys were in the parlor alone. John, I am sorry to say, is not always to be trusted. He is over-curious, and apt to meddle with things that should be sacred from his touch. Recently he has become interested in insects, and has begun to collect and preserve them."

"There was a vase of wax flowers on the parlour mantel-piece, the ingenious maker of which had placed several imitations of moths and beetles among the leaves. The vase was covered with glass. John's new-formed interest in entomology had given a special attraction to these wax moths and beetles; and on this occasion he went so far as to lift the glass-covering, that he might obtain a closer view. In venturing to do this, one of those accidents that so frequently happen with children and grown people, when they are not doing right, occurred. The glass shield slipped from John's hand and cracked to pieces on the floor. The noise startled and excited me, I went hasty to the parlor and saw at a glance the damage which had been done, and also comprehended the cause of the disaster. Edward looked pale and frightened; John flushed and grieved. Repentance and self-condemnation had come with accident. Even through my indignation, which could not be said, I saw that. Hard words were struggling to come through my lips, but I repressed them. Experience warned me to keep silence until I could speak calmly and under the influence of reason."

"I stood for a few moments looking at the shattered glass, and then, without trusting my lips to say anything, went out for the dust-pan and brush. I was glad that I had controlled myself. It is my experience that scolding almost always does harm; and even where it works correction of bad habits, I am certain that a different way would have been better. I was quite self-possessed when I returned. As I stooped to gather up the broken fragments of glass, John came up close to me. I did not speak to nor look at him. Edward had drawn back to a distant part of the room. Silently the work of collecting the pieces of glass went on, John standing near me all the time. It was done, and I was about rising, when I felt his arm across my shoulder."

"I'm so sorry," he said, in a penitent voice, laying his face down against mine, which I had turned towards him; "it was wrong to touch it, I know, but I thought I would be so careful. I can't tell what made it slip out of my hand."

"Accidents are almost sure to happen with us, my son," I answered, gently, but seriously, "when we are not doing what is just right. Let this disaster stand as a lesson for the future."

"You shall take my money and buy a new case, dear mother," he answered, in a spirit of manly justice that was very grateful to my ears."

"If this little experience will make you more careful of doing right," I returned, "none of us will very deeply regret the accident."

"He put his arms around my neck and kissed me. I kissed him in return, and then went out, thinking God in my heart that he had helped me to self-control in a moment of trial, when passion would have hurt my boy."

"Not long afterwards I heard the boys talking together. Edward said:

"If it had been my mother, she would have scolded at me until I was mad enough to break everything in the house. Why didn't your mother scold you?"

"Because she loves me, and knows that scolding wouldn't make me half so sorry as I am."

"I wish that my mother loved me," said Edward, in a tone of voice so sad and longing, that it brought tears to my eyes."

The mother of Edward caught her breath at this. Her lips moved as if she were about to speak; but she repressed what was in her thoughts, and kept silent."

"Of course, your mother loves you," answered John. "So the friend continued."

"But Edward said: 'No, I'm sure she doesn't love me.'"

"Why do you say that?" questioned John.

"If she loved me, she wouldn't be always scolding me and hurting me with hard words, no matter what I do. Oh! John, if I had such a mother as you, I'd be the happiest boy alive! I'd do anything for her!"

There was a silence for some time. It was broken by the friend, who said:

"Forgive me for having told you this. The wounds of a friend are better than the kisses of an enemy. Forgive what may seem an exhibition of myself above you. He who knows my heart, knows that in it there is no pride of superiority. He knows how weak I am, how often I fall short, how often passion gets the better of reason; how near it was to bearing me down yesterday. It was in His strength that I overcame, and helped my boy, instead of hurting him. In His strength you may overcome also, and win the love of a child whose heart is athirst for your love, as is the drooping flower athirst for dew and rain."

The mother of Edward bowed her face into her hands. For a little while her body shook with half-choked sobs. Then she looked up at her friend. Her eyes were wet, her face pale, her lips curved with pain and grief.

"You are not hurt with me?"

"No, no," she answered; "not with you, but with myself. What have I been doing? What madness has possessed me? I know that love begets love—that, in Mrs. Howitt's beautiful words, it has reader will than fear. I know, also, that hardness begets hardness; that driving is more difficult, and far less certain, than leading. And yet, knowing this, I have sought to rule my children by passion and force—to drive instead of leading them into the right ways! No, no, I am not hurt with you. For all this plain speaking, which I so much needed, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. If it is not better with both me and my children in future, it will not be your fault. But it shall be better!"

"And it was better. How quickly all was changed under a new order of home government! Love and kindness found swift obedience where anger and harshness had met obstruction. Sunshine dropped in through a hundred places which had been closely barred against its sweet influences; and Edward, wondering at the pleasant change, drew nearer and nearer to his mother, and felt that she loved him."

"O love! sweet to all hearts. Ye who should give of its treasures, see to it that you have fall not in its dispensation. It has signs peculiarly its own, which are never mistaken. If you would win love, hang out the sign."

"Where there's a Will there's a Way."

BY MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

In nothing is this more strikingly exemplified than in the history of the cause of hospital relief. While indolence, selfishness, and disloyalty trench themselves behind frivolous excuses, to shield them from doing their duty towards our sick and wounded soldiers, the generous, active and patriotic are fertile in inventions to obtain means for their relief, and glory in labors and sacrifices that carry plenty and comfort to the hospitals."

Some two or three months ago, a poor girl, a seamstress, came to the rooms of the Chicago Sanitary Commission. "I do not feel right," she said, "that I am doing nothing for our soldiers in the hospitals, and have resolved to do something immediately. Which do you prefer—that I should give money, or buy material and manufacture it into garments?"

"You must be guided by your circumstances," was the answer made her; we need both money and supplies, and you must do that which is most convenient for you."

"I prefer to give you money, if it will do as much good."

"Very well; then give money, which we need badly, and without which we cannot do what is most necessary for our brave sick men."

"Then I will donate to you the entire earnings of the next two weeks. I'd give more, but I have to help support my mother, who is an invalid. Generally I make but one vest a day, but I will work earlier and later these next two weeks."

In two weeks she came again, the poor sewing-girl, her face radiant with the consciousness of philanthropic intent. Opening her porte-monnaie, she counted out—how much do you think, reader?—nineteen dollars and thirty-seven cents! Every penny was earned by the slow needle, and she had stitched away into the hours, on every one of the working days of the week. We call that an instance of patriotism married to generosity."

Some farmers' wives in the north of Wisconsin, eighteen miles from a railroad, had donated to the Commission their bed and table linen, their husband's shirts and drawers, their scanty supply of dried and canned fruit, till they had exhausted their ability to do more in this direction. Still they were not satisfied, so they cast about to see what could be done in another way. They were all the wives of small farmers, lately moved to the West, living all in log cabins, where one room sufficed for kitchen, parlor, laundry, nursery, and bedroom, doing their own house-work, sewing, baby-tending, dairy-work and all. What could they do?

They were not long in devising a way to gratify the longings of their motherly and patriotic hearts, and instantly set about carrying it into action. They resolved to beg wheat of the neighboring farmers, and convert it into money. Sometimes on foot, and sometimes with a team, amid the snows and mud of early spring, they canvassed the country for twenty and twenty-five miles around, everywhere eloquently pleading the needs of the blue-coated

soldier-boys in the hospitals, their eloquence everywhere acting as an *Open sesame*, to the granaries. Now they obtained a little from a rich man, and then a great deal from a poor man—deeds of benevolence are half the time in an inverse ratio to the ability of the benefactors—till they had accumulated nearly five hundred bushels of wheat. This they sent to market, obtained the highest price for it, and forwarded the proceeds to the Commission. As we held this hard-earned money in our hands, we felt that it was consecrated—that the holy purpose of these noble women had imparted an almost sacredness to it."

A little girl not nine years old, with sweet and timid grace, came into the rooms of the Commission, and laying a five dollar gold piece on our desk, half frightened, told us its history. "My uncle gave me that before the war, and I was going to keep it always; but he's got killed in the army, and mother says now I may give it to the soldiers if I want to, and I'd like to do so. I don't suppose it will buy much for them, will it?"

We led the child to the store-room, and proceeded to show her how valuable her gift was, by pointing out what it would buy—so many cans of condensed milk—or so many bottles of ale—or pounds of tea, or codfish, etc. Her face brightened with pleasure. But when we explained to her that her five dollar gold piece was equal to seven dollars and a half in green-backs, and told her how much comfort we had been enabled to carry into a hospital with as small an amount of stores as that sum would purchase, she fairly danced for joy. "Oh, it will do lots of good, won't it?" And folding her hands earnestly before her, she begged in her charmingly modest way, "Please tell me something that you have seen in the hospitals."

A narration of a few touching events, not such as would too severely touch the little creature, but which plainly showed the necessity of continued benevolence to the hospitals, filled her sweet eyes with tears, and drew from her the resolution "to save all her money, and to get all the girls to do so, to buy things for the wounded soldiers." And away she flew, reveling in the luxury of doing good, and happy in the formation of a good resolution."

A ragged little urchin, who thrusts his unkempt pate daily into the rooms, with the shrill cry of "matches! matches!" had stood watching the little girl and listening to the talk. As she disappeared, he fumbled in his ragged pocket, and drew out a small handful of crumpled and soiled postal currency. "Here," said he, "I'll give you so much for them 'ere sick fellers in the hospitals," and he put up fifty-five cents into our hand, all in five cent currency. We hesitated. "No, my boy, do not give it. You're a noble little fellow, but I'm afraid you can't afford to give so much. You keep it, and I'll give the fifty-five cents, or somebody else will."

"Oh, no," he replied, "Praps I aint so poor as yer think. My father he saws wood, and my mother she takes in washin', and I sells matches—and praps we've got more money than yer think. Keep it!" And he turned his dirty but earnest face up to us with a most beseeching look. "Keep it, do!"

We took the crumpled currency, we forgot the dirty face and the tattered cap, we forgot that we had called the little scamp a "nuisance" every day for months, when he had made us fairly jump from our seat with his shrill, unexpected cry of "matches! matches!" and made a dive at him to kiss him. But he was too good for us, and darted out of the room as if he had been shot. Ever since when he meets us he gives us a wide berth, and walks off the side-walk into the gutter, eyeing us with a suspicious, sidelong glance, as if he suspected we still meditated kissing intentions toward him. If we speak to him he looks at us shyly, and offers to reply; but if we pass him without speaking, he challenges us with a hearty "halloo, you!" that brings us to a halt instantly."

Had we space we might continue similar narrations through half a dozen columns. All who will, can do something for our poor boys in hospitals. If it be little, "mony a mickle makes a muckle"—and if it be much, it will cause the blessing of many, ready to perish to come on the donor. But all can do something. "Where there's a will there's a way."—*New Covenant.*

The Burial-Grounds of Battle-Fields.

In the neighborhood of the battle-fields of the war, as well as of places where large camps have been kept for months, immense burial-grounds attract the attention of travelers. A letter from Nashville describes a visit to the Nashville cemetery, the resting-place, not only of many honored and some widely known citizens of Tennessee, but multitudes of soldiers fallen during this deplorable struggle. It is a quiet, sweet spot, situated on the outskirts of the city, toward the south. Visiting it in the early morning, one is regaled with a perfect concert of birds, which make their nests among the branches shading the tombs and the avenues. The turtle's plaintive notes mingle with those of the mocking birds, a native of this region—the one seeming to bemoan the silent sleepers whom the grave has garnered, the other to pour forth melodious mockery over the vanity of man and the objects of his ambition. Stately monuments arise on every side.

At the southern extremity of the grounds, are the graves of fallen soldiers. A rank vegetation has overgrown them now, but when I first looked upon them, every grave stood out, clearly defined to the view. It presented an Aeldama, such a one is rarely called to see. The Confederate dead lie mostly by themselves, toward the western quarter of the inclosure. Of these there are about 800, a large portion of whom were buried there before Nashville was permanently occupied by the Union forces. In most cases a plain board, with the soldier's name, regiment, State, and date of death, inscribed, is placed at the head of the grave. On quite a number of these boards nothing was written but the word "unknown," indicating persons brought in from the battle-field, and buried with none near to recognize them."

The inscription is suggestive and touching. I saw none of this character above the graves of our own dead, five thousand of whom are lying side by side, in long regular rows. I noticed none without a board, painted white usually, and the name of the dead neatly inscribed on it. Several marble slabs are interspersed among the whole number, indicating that the remains of officers repose beneath,



and several graves were blooming, when I visited them, with fresh flowers, planted by gentle hands. What a mighty desolator is war! At what an enormous sacrifice of life must the stability of our Government and institutions be secured!

For the Herald of Progress.  
**To Cynthia.**

BY C. N. K.

I'd like to mark the hours with sweet caresses,  
And fill thy soul with love instead of care;  
The burden all dispart that now oppresses,  
And make thee blithesome and as free as air.

I'd like to make thy life so pure and holy,  
Sincerely and harmoniously true,  
That not a moment should be melancholy,  
And nothing in the vanished past to rue.

I love thee as the cold and somber morning  
Loves the rich sunshine that its life renews—  
As drooping flowers, meant for the earth's  
adorning,  
Love the refreshment of the twilight dews.

My love is worshipful, and thee adoring,  
I all things good and beautiful adore;  
Devoutly thankful for so rich a blessing,  
I love and worship God and Nature more.

For the Herald of Progress.  
**Alone by the Silent River.**

BY A. E.

Alone by the silent river,  
Whose waveless current swims  
Along the wooded avenue  
Where birch and alder bend their limbs,  
And dip in its bosom blue.

Alone by the silent river,  
That stretches miles away,  
To where the happy hills arise  
And mingle, in the dusk of day,  
With the mild mid-summer skies.

Alone by the silent river  
The morning sun's bright ray  
Pierces the crystal deep to show  
The busy tribes that poise and play,  
And the silver sands below.

Alone by the silent river  
No sounds the mind alarm,  
The agile pickered darts and drops,  
Light waves disturb the river's calm,  
And the zephyrs stir the cupae.

Alone by the silent river  
The virgin lilies bloom  
On the breast of the silver tide,  
And shed their fragrance 'mid the gloom  
Of the great trees spreading wide.

Alone by the silent river  
The thickets smell of flowers,  
And sweet the moistened breezes blown  
O'er meadows wet with dewy showers,  
And the fields of hay new-mown.

#### Origin of the Thread Lace Manufacture.

In the middle of the sixteenth century there lived in the Saxon Erzgebirge a noble lady, Barbara Uttman by name, the wife of a rich mine-owner of the district. By birth she belonged to the distinguished Elterlein family of Nuremberg. The heart of this good woman was devoted to the interests of the poor of the rough, barren, mountain region where lay her husband's property, who were reduced at this time to great straits by the decline of the mining business, which had furnished their chief support. The culture of their sterile soil was wasted labor; and utter, hopeless poverty was creeping over the once comparatively thriving community. In this state of things, the kind soul of Barbara Uttman was incessantly revolving plans for the relief of these wretched people. One day, accidentally entering an old shaft which had been recently reopened, her eye was caught by a long stretch of ancient spider-webs, of fantastic and complex patterns, glistening against the moist wall in the early sunlight which fell into the aperture. An inventive thought fell at the same instant, like an inward ray, into the brain of this daughter of Nuremberg. With "the prophetic eye of taste," and with the woman's eye, we may add, she saw in the delicate product of the insect-weaver the suggestion of a charming addition to the cumbersome richness of medieval attire, and already beheld in fancy the airy web relieving the gorgeous brocades and damasks in which the patrician families of her native city delighted to array their gaily persons. "Why cannot to human hands have done?" She mused and mused. Day after day she returned to the old shaft to study the work of her little teacher, and then experimented at home. The result, in due time, was the pillow and bone, the simple but effective implements, not yet supplanted by modern improvements, for the fabrication of lace by hand. She taught the art to the village maidens, specimens of their work were carried to the fairs, the beautiful novelty at once caught the public taste, and the disheartened peasantry of the Erzgebirge found themselves in possession of a profitable and permanent branch of industry. From them, it spread into other countries; and handkerchief, or bone lace, as it is variously called, became thereafter one of the chief birthrights of the industrious poor. It is pleasant to know that from the date of its invention it has not ceased to be a flourishing business in the place of its birth, and that at the present time it gives employment, in that little district alone, to not less than twenty thousand people. Some fifty years since, the grateful inhabitants erected in the churchyard of Annaberg, where Barbara Uttman was buried, a monument to her memory. It represents her as sitting, the cushion in her lap, while an angel crowns her with a garland, and bears the inscription: "In the year 1561 she became, through the invention of thread lace, the benefactress of the Erzgebirge."—*Independent.*

**Herald of Progress**

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1863

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THE HARMONIAL CHORUS were faithful in their attendance at the Hall last Sunday morning and evening, with their blessing of song for the grateful audience. In the absence of Miss Emma Turner, who is visiting her soldier brother in Washington, we had the pleasure of hearing, in the evening, a solo from the fine and cultured voice of Mrs. Wilmet. The assembly listened with admiration to the rich melody, and we venture to hope that Mrs. W. will favor us more than once again with her presence and the potent charm of her music. Meanwhile all wait impatiently for the return of "our Emma."

#### Moral Police.

The second monthly meeting of the Moral Police Fraternity will occur next Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock, in Dodworth's Hall. The public are cordially and fraternally invited. There will be a lecture in the evening at the usual hour.

#### "Air-Line Dispatches."

We give the most important "dispatches" which arrived over this "Line" in the early part of the present week. Perhaps we may receive "more" in time for our next issue. As before said, we publish these messages on the conviction that they are, to say the least, as important and as reliable as communications over the ordinary lines in the daily papers.

#### The Children's Lyceum.

The Groups were filled last Sunday afternoon with bright and happy juveniles and earnest-hearted adults. It was with great joy that we welcomed them after the long vacation and our additional enforced absence for two Sundays since the reopening of the meetings, in consequence of illness. Now we hope to meet every Sunday with these beloved Lyceum members, to tread with them the ascending pathway of Progress. It was gratifying to see how eagerly they entered into the exercises of the session, and to hear the enthusiastic outpouring of song from so many sweet young voices. Two new songs, that were introduced last Sunday, were sung by the whole Lyceum with surprising readiness and accuracy.

#### Brother Finney's Discourses.

We call attention to the report in this number of another discourse by this devoted teacher of the Harmonical Philosophy. Last Sunday morning he lectured on the "Spiritual Significance of Science," and very lofty were the regions of thought into which he conducted his hearers before the conclusion of his discourse. It is "a feast of reason" to follow our Brother to and through the gateway to the Eternal and Divine—to ride in his chariot of sublime expression above the petty shows of sense and time into the realm of Divine Ideas and Immortal Realities. On Sunday evening he proved to a large and listening audience that "Perfection and Truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of Nature." Next Sunday he opens in Lowell, Mass., to continue his course there through the month of October. We regret his departure, but congratulate our Lowell friends on having secured his cooperation for a season. The attendants at Dodworth's Hall will be pleased with the assurance that in January next we are to hear again from our Brother, Selden J. Finney.

#### A Noble Sentiment.

A friend, recently returned from Washington, remarked in our presence: "Be assured the man of this Government is Secretary Chase." We can the more readily believe this, and with greater satisfaction, too, since reading the following sentiment from a private note, written under these circumstances, narrated by a correspondent of the *Independent*:

"In one of our cities, recently, the poor and friendless colored people were subjected to cruel outrage, and it was thought the military commander of the district rather winked at the wickedness than otherwise, and so two of the citizens who had the good fortune to be able to claim the acquaintance of the Secretary of the Treasury, wrote to that honorable and humane gentleman, begging him to bring the conduct of this subaltern to the attention of the Secretary of War. Mr. Secretary Chase promptly inclosed the letter, with a note of his own, to Mr. Stanton—and I hope I am betraying no trust that devolves upon me as a De-

partment clerk when I copy three lines from this hasty note, written not for the public, but for the single eye of a fellow-Secretary."

These are the words—fit words, as the writer adds, to be placed as an inscription upon his tombstone:

"We cannot afford to wrong any class of our people. One poor man, colored though he be, with God on his side, is stronger, if against us, than the hosts of the rebellion."

If such a spirit animates the leading Cabinet officer, what may we not hope for the future of our Government? "No statesmen," is frequently urged against modern Administrations. No statesmen indeed! Where in the past will we find a statesman moved by a higher sentiment?

#### AIR-LINE DISPATCHES

TO THE  
**Herald of Progress.**

#### THE FEELING IN FRANCE.

A Great Day for America.

#### BORDER STATE WEAKNESS.

Napoleon's Designs.

#### ANOTHER REBEL RAID.

The Benefit of the Conscription.

#### POPULARITY OF FATHER ABRAHAM.

Victories in Front.

#### THE HOSTILITY OF FRANCE.

The people of France are not hostile to American development. They desire more, not less, freedom in this country. But they stand loyally by their Emperor, who, in his beneficent (?) efforts to pacify and civilize Mexico, has stepped out into possible war with the United States. Mr. Seward, however, entertains no apprehensions of trouble with either France or England.

#### A GREAT DAY.

Overwhelming reverses are in store for the rebels in Georgia. It will be impossible to keep the Confederate regiments together after the next battle. Gen. Rosecrans will be hard-pressed, and Burnside come near destruction by a flank movement, but victory lies just ahead of both Generals. The day of slave-confederacies will soon close.

#### BORDER STATE INFIRMITY.

The two-facedness of the Border State Democracy is embarrassing to the progress of Freedom. The hypocrisy of the people is hard to bear. They secretly want the South to succeed, but they refuse to take sides, and yet claim protection from guerrillas, and look to Union soldiers for aid when the rebel army threatens to forage upon them. This lack of energy and character in the Border States is making hard work for the Army of the Cumberland.

#### AGAINST THE SLAVE-CONFEDERACY.

The recognition of the South by France is one of the Emperor's secret plans against the expansion of the Monroe doctrine. Frenchmen in New Orleans urge the speedy execution of this design. A French alliance with the Slave-Confederacy will be the signal for a better understanding between England and the United States. The Washington Government will assume a hostile position to the aggressive movements of Napoleon in Mexico, in which event both England and Russia will form an alliance with the North against the Government of Jeff. Davis.

#### REBEL DESIGNS UPON WASHINGTON.

Gen. Lee is planning a raid into Maryland—a flank movement with an eye upon the National Capital—only waiting for Gen. Meade to cross the Rappahannock. Lee's army is much reduced in size, but the best troops in the rebel service are in his divisions. Jeff. Davis is failing in health very rapidly, which accounts for the suspension of Lee's contemplated aggressive movements. The rebels will soon call for another man to occupy the seat of Government.

#### CHARLESTON.

The defense of Charleston is very courageous, but it is "doomed" to fall forever. Black troops will carry the Union flag through the streets, and the glorious occupation of Mobile and Wilmington will not be long delayed. No channel is so dangerous to our fleet as the approach to Charleston, but violent storms will do much to break up the rebel defenses, so that, with few explosions and little loss of life, the city will be captured.

#### THE CONSCRIPTION.

Union armies grow rapidly under the operation of the conscription. Gen. Meade's regiments are already filled nearly to their maximum number. Gen. Rosecrans has been largely reinforced from the same source. One great thing has been accomplished by the conscription. The North, including all parties in politics, has been "suddenly converted" to the doctrine that in future our battles at the South ought to be fought by "American citizens of African descent." So the world moves.

#### AN ARMY OF DESERTERS.

Union regiments in the department of the Cumberland, are gathering immense numbers from the broken and dispirited army of Gen. Baxton Bragg. Able-bodied rebels by the hundred are escaping to the Union lines. North Carolinian soldiers and conscripted Mississippians are foremost among the deserters. Bragg's army will decompose in six weeks, unless it is held together by a prospective victory, which not one in ten of them is inclined to believe possible. So rebel armies are breaking up.

#### LINCOLN'S POPULARITY.

European Democrats are unanimous in their sympathy for the emancipation edict of Abraham Lincoln. He is even more popular on the continent of Europe than in this country, where party animosities prevail over the better judgment of public men. Since the President's "Letter," however, the people of the North, irrespective of party, have "gone over" to the Emancipation side, and many Democrats now regret that they did not vote for "Old Abe." Thus the wheels of civilization roll onward! The Slave-Democracy is dying by inches in this country.

#### DEFEATS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Northmen have been vibrating for months between "victories" and "discouragements." But the struggle is now gloriously approaching an end. The overthrow of the rebel military power is not far off. Nothing but a partial French recognition can keep it alive ninety days longer. Gold speculations will be "dangerous" in November. Better accept Government securities.

#### Equal Wages.

It is a little singular that woman should first take her position as entitled to equal wages with her husband and brother, in the cotton-fields of South Carolina. Yet such is the fact. Mrs. F. D. Gage writes that the colored women there come first before the people drawing equal wages with the men, and the pay is their own, too. South Carolina is our teacher to-day. What may not the State of Calhoun be in the future?

#### Hard to Please.

The editor of the Boston *Investigator* has a difficult class of readers to suit. First, one complains because he meddles with politics, then one because he does not, and next some other ground of complaint. The last criticism, which the editor publishes, complains of his "style." We wonder Mr. Seaver does not get his correspondents to revise every editorial he writes. He might in that way suit them, but he would be quite sure to please no one else, and to afford far less valuable contributions to current literature. The editor of the *Investigator* is too honest and candid a man for the company he keeps. We are glad, however, each correspondent cannot make him a pliant tool.

Mrs. Abbott, Developing Medium, has returned to the city and will be found at No. 3 West Forty-first St.

#### Persons and Events.

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

#### PERSONAL ITEMS.

—W. K. RIPLEY, of Snow's Falls, Me., has been compelled, we regret to learn, to leave the lecturing field, on account of his health.

—Mrs. LAURA McALPIN CUPPY, of Ohio, is about to visit New England on a lecturing tour.

—Mrs. SOPHIA L. CHAPPEL is engaged to speak at Lyceum Hall, Boston, on Sunday.

—Mr. E. C. SACKETT, of Beardstown, Ill., has handed over all the fruit of his apple orchard, five acres in extent, to the ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society of that village, who have already commenced gathering, packing, and drying the fruit.

—SAUNDERS BROTHERS, a firm of colored men, tailors, of Hartford, Conn., have sued Mark Howard, late collector of internal revenue, for the recovery of money paid by them as taxes on clothing manufactured at their establishment, resting their claim upon the ground that inasmuch as they are not allowed to vote they should not be taxed, on the principle that there should be no taxation without representation.

—A London paper says KOSSUTH is now residing in the environs of Turin. He is in actual want of the necessities of life; his wife is in a rapid consumption, and he is soured against the world in a pitiful degree.

—Says the Boston *Christian Register*: "A half-size bust, in plaster, of Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham has recently been modeled by a young New York artist, which is one of most successful works in this difficult department of art we have seen. A copy is on view at 245 Washington St."

—The *Independent* says: "Mr. BERCHER, at the time of his last writing, was in Dresden, expected to leave on the 1st of September for Berlin, and to reach London about the middle of the month. If he should speak in England, he will not be home till the 1st of November, otherwise he may be expected about the middle of October. His health and spirits were good."

—MAJ. OSBORN, of Rochester, thus writes of Gen. GRANT: "He rarely ever uses intoxicating liquors. Is more moderate in his habits and desires than any other man I ever saw; more pure and spotless in his private character than almost any man I ever knew; more brave than any man I ever saw; with more power to command, and ability to plan, than any others I have known; always cheerful, undisturbed, and never failing to accomplish what he undertakes just as he expects. I have known him intimately—have been a part of his household for two years, and am not mistaken in my estimate of his character."

—Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE will return to the North in a few days, to spend the remainder of the autumn and the coming winter in lecturing—for the most part, probably, on behalf of the freedmen. Those who wish to engage her services may address her, for the present, to the care of the editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*.

—CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN has volunteered a performance at the Boston Theater for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.

—"Mr. JOSEPH WARREN," says the *Western Times*, "preached fifteen minutes on 'The wages of sin is death,' etc. During his discourse the Holy Ghost fell upon the people, so that the truth went like fire among dry stubble." We presume "dry stubble" had reference to the congregation.

#### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—It must be hard living in Richmond. The note-signers (ladies) in the rebel treasury get \$75 a month, and only as a matter of favor can they get their board for that sum. A pair of shoes would cost two weeks work.

—One hundred tons of railroad iron have been shipped for the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, and simultaneously a private despatch from California announces the completion of the first thirty miles of the Western or California section, a trial trip having been made that distance from San Francisco to San Mateo. This promises a pleasing emulation between the two, likely to be productive of a speedy completion of this great national work.

—It is proper that the public should be cautioned against bills purporting to be upon the "Government Bank," which unprincipled persons are attempting to put in circulation. They are dated at Washington, and purporting to be payable on demand, and being of a greenish color, they are liable to be mistaken by the unwary for the old issue of United States notes, most of which have been redeemed and canceled by the Treasury Department.

—The prompt resentment of the outrage upon our flag in Japan, by the *Weymouth*, has resulted favorably. The government and people of Japan were surprised, and, on the whole, conclude to be pleased.

—Nana Sahib, the leader of the Sepoy mutiny, has been captured.

—Gen. McClellan's friends are trying to raise a fund for him by levying a tax on the army of the Potomac of ten cents from the privates and from twenty-five cents to twenty dollars from the officers. Will it cost this to embalm him?

—Advertising for a wife, says an exchange, is just as absurd as it would be to get measured for an umbrella.

—The degree in which men exercise choice, and the objects on which they exercise it, make the difference between great and little lives.

—It is the common remark of "society" just now that "woman" is wonderfully "getting the upper hand." Nothing is more confirmatory of this, either, than the headings of newspaper paragraphs—the prodigious plurality of those which show female importance! [*Home Journal.*]

—An army correspondent, writing from Bealeton, Va., says: "A doctress was here last night, a Miss C—, from Maine, good looking, and about twenty-five, I should think; wears Bloomers, and rides a horse astride, as men do."

—Along with the body-guard of Gen. Grant rides his son, Fred, a stout lad of some twelve summers. He endures all the marching, follows his father under fire with all the coolness of an old soldier, and is, in short, a "chip of the old block."

—Shoemaking is done extensively in Haverhill, Mass., by the women. The *Banner* says they work in gangs of six or seven hands each, the same as most of the young men do, and make the shoe straight out, from the lasting to the finishing.

—Artemus Ward expresses the extent of patriotism animating many, we fear: "Yes, sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patriot has to make sacrifices. I have already given two cousins to the war, and I stand ready to sacrifice my wife's brother rather than to see the rebelyuin krusht. And it wuss comes to wuss, I'll shed every drop of blind my abled-bodied relations has got to prosekoot this war."

—Dr. J. C. Ayer's Medical Laboratory at Lowell, Mass., recently consumed, is to be rebuilt with still greater facilities for the manufacture of his pills and pectoral.

—The Boston *Investigator* learns that Joseph Barker has got to side with Louis Napoleon and the aristocracy, and to advocate southern slavery and secession. The editor thinks if he become a Christian includes the above, he better have remained an infidel and go for liberty and the Union. So do we.

—A boy's pockets have long been proverbial for their capacity. A little nine-year-old, the son of one of the Sunday-school superintendents, had his pockets overhauled the other day, and the following articles were disclosed: One printed circular, one oyster-saloon card, one diary for 1854, one tract, one worsted pitcher, four pennies, two peg-tops, one top-string, one pair reins, four pieces of tin-foil, one round piece of tin, one small stone, three slate-pencils, three lead-pencils, one box of beads, two table-casters, one small bead box, one wood screw, one iron washer, one cane-fern, one bit of iron, two pieces of stained glass, one pocket-handkerchief, twenty-six white beans, one piece of rubber, one piece of paper, two pieces of lead.

—A party of Boston gentlemen who left some eight weeks ago in a schooner, on a pleasure trip to Labrador, have just returned. Among the excursionists were Mr. Bradford, the artist, and Mr. Critcherson, a photographer, who went for the purpose of obtaining studies and photographic views of the icebergs and of the natural scenery along the coast. They sailed up the North-west river, and as far up the coast as fifty-five degrees north latitude. They met a number of Esquimaux by whom they were kindly treated. They succeeded in taking, with great success, a number of views of the Nespeques, also scenes descriptive of their mode of living. Mr. Bradford and Mr. Critcherson were peculiarly fortunate in their endeavors to secure good copies of the icebergs and northern lights. Their photographic apparatus worked to a charm, and fine impressions were obtained by Mr. Critcherson.



## Notices of New Books.

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

**MORAL PHILOSOPHY; or the Duties of Man considered in his Individual, Domestic, and Social Capacities.** By GEORGE COMBE. Reprinted from the Edinburgh Edition, with the Author's latest corrections. New York: Fowler & Wells, Publishers, No. 308 Broadway.

The present work appears in the form of Lectures, which were composed under the following circumstances:

"In 1832, an association was formed by the industrious classes of Edinburgh for obtaining instruction in useful and entertaining knowledge, by means of lectures, to be delivered in the evenings after business-hours. These Lectures were designed to be popular with regard to style and illustration, but systematic in arrangement and extent. One evening in each week was devoted to Astronomy; two nights to Chemistry; and I was requested to deliver a course on Moral Philosophy, commencing in November, 1835, and proceeding on each Monday evening, till April, 1836. Thus there were delivered twenty consecutive lectures on Moral Philosophy, on the Monday evenings; fifty lectures on Chemistry, on the evenings of Tuesdays and Fridays; and twenty-five lectures on Astronomy, on the Thursday evenings. The audience amounted to between five and six hundred persons of both sexes."

This book is a treasure. It is the only American edition of the Moral Philosophy containing the author's latest revisions. It teaches the progressive philosophy on every page, and should be in the library of every lover of humanity. Health, happiness, progression come from works of this stamp, and we heartily commend it to the world. For sale at this office. Price \$1 25; postage 20 cents.

**WEAK LUNGS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM STRONG; or, Diseases of the Organs of the Chest, with their Home Treatment by the Movement Cure.** By DR. LEWIS, M. D., Proprietor of the Essex Street Gymnasium, Boston; Professor of Physical Culture in the Boston Normal Institute; Author of the "New Gymnastics for Men, Women, and Children," and Physician-in-Chief of the "Boston Movement Cure for Consumptive Invalids." pp. 368. Profusely illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1865.

The world will outgrow weaknesses of every degree and kind when the people practice the laws and methods of life inculcated in this beautiful volume. Dr. Lewis has given mankind the most common-sense directions on the subject of disease and health. His Philosophy of Disease is the same as that contained in the first volume of the Great Harmonia. On page 15 he says that "a local disease is an impossibility. Every disease must be systemic before it can assume any local expression. Or, in other words, every local pathological manifestation is an expression of systemic pathological conditions."

The above sentence contains the Harmonial Philosophy of Disease. (See the "Physician.") Dr. Lewis is entitled to the world's gratitude for announcing, over his own name, a doctrine at once logical, scientific, rational, and reformatory.

We have this volume for sale; price \$1 25; postage 20 cents.

**THE BIBLE ON THE PRESENT CRISIS; The Republic of the United States, and its Counterfeit Presentment; the Slave Power and the Southern Confederacy; the Copperhead Organization and the Knights of the Golden Circle; the Civil War in which they are involved, its Duration and Final Results. Described in Daniel and the Revelations, and other Prophecies of the Old and New Testaments.**

"Shut up the words, and read the book, even to the time of the end."—DANIEL 12: 4.

"When ye shall see all these things, know that it (the end) is near, even at the doors."—MATTHEW 24: 23.

Sinclair Tousey, 121 Nassau Street, New York.

It seems next to impossible to give the "plan and point" of this pamphlet, without quoting from the preface. Of the subject the author says:

"The coincidences between the Prophecies and the objects and events of the present crisis are too numerous and striking to be accidental. If they do not proceed with the clearness of history or of scientific demonstration, it must be remembered that prophecy is a kind of 'riddle,' which has to be 'guessed'—an enigma, the solution of which no one is certain of until the Propounder himself pronounces the decision. The truths respecting Christ's second coming and the kingdom of heaven are spoken in parables, with the intent that the people who witness the fulfillments and the parables, side by side, 'seeing should see and not perceive, and hearing should hear and not understand; because their heart is waxed gross, and their ears are heavy, and they have closed, lest they should see, hear, understand, and be converted, and Christ should beal them.' Whether these expositions be true or not, there are some to whom it is 'given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven'; and they were not Christ's disciples at his first coming, for they did not understand him. We are far from claiming any such distinction for ourselves, but is it too much to say that we 'see men as trees walking'? To the people of this day it is said in Isaiah: 'The vision of all is become unto you as a book that is sealed, which men deliver unto one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I cannot, for this is sealed; and the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, 'I am not learned. But may we not realize to a degree the fulfillment of the promise made a little after, referring to the completion of the same time: 'In that day the deaf shall see out of obscurity, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of darkness; the meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel.'"

There is much ingenuity displayed in the 104 pages that compose this pamphlet. But we fail to discover the "point" in many of the quotations. The passages would as well suit any other "crisis" in any other nation. The comments, however, are oftentimes apt and cutting. We doubt the value of quotations from the time-worn record, to establish the right or wrong of any popular question. The Copperheads can quote Bible with as much success as the Republicans. It is a foolish game of skill that "two can play at." We would leave all such work to the "clergy," and rely upon the progress and instincts of common sense for the success of any worthy cause.

**THE SELF-ABNEGATIONIST; or the True King and Queen.** By HENRY C. WRIGHT. What we do to Man, we do to God. Boston: Published by Bela Marsh, 1863.

Another excellent pamphlet from this devoted friend of humanity. It gives the fullest information concerning the author's most cherished views on all the great questions of the age. He has concealed nothing. Strong and truth-loving, outspoken and manly, in every sentence. He has deeply pondered upon the "relations" between man and woman, mother and child, brother and sister, humanity and Deity; and the results of such deep meditation are given to the world in this beautifully printed pamphlet.

"By Self-abnegation," he says, "I mean—SUFFER RATHER THAN INFLECT SUFFERING; DIE, RATHER THAN KILL. By Self-preservation I mean—INFLECT RATHER THAN ENDURE SUFFERING; KILL, RATHER THAN DIE. I shall consider these principles as a basis of action, solely, in our relations with our fellow beings. Ought we to endure suffering and death rather than inflict them? Or—to inflict suffering and death rather than endure them? In our relations with others we are often brought into situations in which we must do one or the other. Why do I adopt the principle of Self-sacrifice rather than of Self-defense?"

"For with me self-abnegation is a moral principle. I can recognize no religion as true, that does not make this a fundamental law of life. Natural or revealed religion, (for natural religion is revealed religion) relates to our fellow beings. It teaches us to see and worship God in living human relations, and in the fulfillment of the obligations and duties that grow out of those relations. It teaches that love to God consists in love to our fellow beings; and that the worship of God consists in reverence for, and doing good to them in the various relations we may hold to them."

"That is the only true, social life of man which is based on the principle of Self-denial. The religion is false in principle and foul in practice which authorizes man to injure others for his own benefit; no matter what relation those others may hold to him, whether it be that of friends or foes. That Religion is of God (Nature's God) and conducts to God, bringing true rest and eternal life, which inculcates it as a fundamental principle of social life, that man can never injure others for his own benefit without a deep and permanent wrong to himself."

Then follows an argument drawn "from human nature," showing that "self-abnegation," whenever, wherever, and by whomsoever practiced, commands the highest approval of every human heart. He proceeds to show that:

"Conscious dignity and elevation are the invariable attendants of self-abnegation. Never did a man feel and practice the spirit of self-sacrifice to save his fellow beings, without a consciousness that he had done a noble deed. Never did a human being suffer one feeling of shame, regret, remorse, or degradation, because of self-denial, felt and practiced, to relieve pain and sorrow, or avert suffering and death. On the contrary, the feeling and the act fill the soul with conscious peace and serenity; give it conscious rest; invest it with conscious satisfaction and a sense of quiet, latent strength. They inspire us with a high and noble daring and a lofty heroism, and encircle life with a halo of glory, which no other experience can impart."

"Self-abnegation thrills a man's soul with a proud consciousness that he has obtained dominion over himself, and that he stands beyond the reach of all whose ambition is to obtain and exercise authority over others by the arm of violence. His highest ambition is to obtain and exercise authority over himself, and, having attained to that state in which he can count it his purest happiness and highest honor to 'give rather than receive,' to suffer and die rather than inflict suffering and death, he feels that he has reached the summit of that greatness and glory that are attainable in this or in any state of being. The consciousness of a spirit within that has the daring to suffer and die, but not to inflict suffering and death, places him above the temptations that prove so fatal to all who aspire to wealth and fame in the exercise of dominion over others. Which requires most heroism, to suffer and die rather than cause suffering and death to others, or to inflict suffering and death on others to save ourselves? It calls for no courage, no grandeur of soul to practice self-preservation; it does to practice self-abnegation. It calls for no strength of will, no magnanimity to save ourselves by destroying others; it does, to sacrifice ourselves to save others. A conscious sense of dignity and nobleness ever accompanies the feeling and practice of self-forgetfulness in behalf of others."

This doctrine of "Self-abnegation" Mr. Wright applies to the various human "relations, including governmental and ecclesiastical, so that every one who would know Henry's whole heart and mind on these subjects, can do so by reading this pamphlet. For sale at this office. Price, cloth, 55 cents, postage 12 cents; paper 40 cents, postage 8 cents.

**THE ATLANTIC.**—The October number of this magazine contains the following articles: Charles Lamb's Uncollected Writings; My Palace; The Deacon's Holocaust; The United States Army; The Pewee; Mrs. Lewis; The Conquest of Cuba; Life without Principle; A Letter to Thomas Carlyle, by D. A. Wasson; and Our Domestic Relations, by Hon. Charles Sumner.

Ticknor & Fields, Boston. Price 25 cts.

## Pulpit and Rostrum.

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

### Philosophy: Its Possibilities, its Function, and its Future.

A LECTURE BY S. J. FINNEY, AT DODWORTH'S HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, SEPT. 13, 1863.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY ROBERT A. MOORE.

I invite your attention to Philosophy—its possibilities, its function, and its future. I do not mean by this word those fragmentary efforts called Kantian Philosophy, or "Cartesian" Philosophy. Philosophy does not belong to Descartes, but to human nature. It does not spring from Socrates, but from impersonal reason. I speak, therefore, of Philosophy in its absolute sense; in the sense, first, of the explanation of things, and next, the application of this explanation to the voluntary affairs of the world. Philosophy, therefore, has two great functions.

First: The discovery of truth—the explanation and the elucidation of the problems which lie around us in the outer world, as well as of those mightier questions which arise within us.

Second: The application of that Philosophy to the practical affairs of the world. I know that if I were standing before a theological audience, the question would arise at once, "Do you propose to have Philosophy dominate the world?" I would reply, "I do." And it must dominate the world, not only in its private thought, not only in its theological phases, not only in its domestic and social relations, and in its educational processes; it must dominate the world on the throne of empire before the world will be a reflex of that intrinsic harmony and unity which characterizes the procession of the stars.

It is, therefore, not an abstract possibility, it is a very concrete possibility—it is practical, this matter of Philosophy. It is the effort of the mind to get consciously into the presence of those everlasting energies, of those eternal verities which have rolled themselves out into the beamy symbolism of the boundless blue.

But it is, second, the effort of man's reason to so construct society and national existence that they also shall be in perfect harmony with the constitution and course of things. The waters do not run more regularly to the sea, and are not more certainly lifted by sunbeams into the upper expanse, than the aspirations of humanity tend toward the philosophical republic of absolute Justice, Liberty, and Law.

But here it becomes us to consider the question, How is Philosophy possible to man? On what ground can he plant his feet, while essaying the interpretation of the world? What relationship does he sustain to the external and the internal universe, that he should essay the interpretation of that universe, external and internal? Certainly this is the aim of Philosophy. It is not enough for man that he should be able to grasp the Philosophy of what is called materialistic nature, it is not enough for him that he can count the stars or grains of sand in the globe, or know the whole geology of the earth or of heaven; it is not enough that he trace by the law of induction the gradual evolution of planets from their solar atmosphere, and that solar atmosphere from another vaster one, and by induction mount backward and upward until he stands where he finds these now so solid orbs melting away into the intangible and imponderable realm of spiritual forces. This is not sufficient for him. He wishes to understand by the evolution of what principles this intangible and this intangible intelligence, this spontaneous energy, has unrolled its contents until the blue is blazing with the forms of its eternal ideas. Then he will harmonize his life with the discoveries so made.

Now let me ask the question, How is this effort possible? Suppose for a moment that man was made up of some different kind of stuff from which worlds are made and sunlight is made, and rocks, and trees, and flowers, and the expanse, and light, and heat, and electricity, and storm, and calm—suppose he is made up of something different from the material of which these are made, and his functions are something different from the functions which they perform. I ask you would Philosophy be a possible attainment to him? By no means. You ask why? I reply, simply because there would be no affinity between him and that world he fain would interpret. There could be no conscious contact of his internal intelligence with that external unlikeness to him. He could not even desire the explanation of that outside nature called the cosmos, simply because his desire is love, and love implies an object loved, a vital current setting from the lover to the object loved, and vice versa. All this is implied in a desire to explain the world.

I will go so far as to say, that, unless man was made of the same identical stuff of which the universe is made, the universe would make no impression on him. If we study the nature and origin of man, and his relations to the objective world, we discover that system, unity, relationship, consanguinity, mark the whole scale of existence, from basis to summit. From rocks to reason a living logic holds its iron empire. Reason can neither perceive, nor conceive any break in the chain of causation, which stretches from the last event of recorded time up to the original vortex of pure formative Intelligence. The great geological and astronomical record must be absolutely perfect; the apparent breaks in the

system of Nature are not in that system or its records, but only in our imperfect and fragmentary knowledge thereof. It is self-evidently a spontaneous system of formation, not a stilted, frigid, mechanical creation. There is not a single fact in Nature to which the scientific man can point, that justifies, that does not negative the doctrine of the mechanical origin of types or species. Spontaneous formation is the only admissible theory of the world's origin—the only one upon which the systematic unity of Nature can rest. And this constructive energy works from stage to stage, from type to type, consecutively, thus relating all things in the chain of causation.

But suppose that man is not thus spontaneously related to the universe of form and force, but is really a supernatural creation, and so disconnected from its history; that the vital forces of the universe were never rolled up in his being—would Philosophy be possible to him? No. He could not even love the world, much less explain it.

I ask you, What is the law of interpretation? It is likeness or analogy. If there is no analogy in the world without for the world within us, in the name of common sense, how is this inner world going to know anything about the world outside? Reason interprets the world by and through itself. We put into the world the explanation which the world has made of itself in our consciousness. Philosophy, therefore, presupposes an absolute structural unity of humanity and all objective things. Man could not ask the questions, how the world was made, what it was made of, where it was going to, if it were not that the primordial atoms of solid globes were originally prefigured to the moral and intellectual issue of human nature.

But let us look at this question in another light. I said analogy was the law of Philosophy—the law of interpretation. But what does this imply? It implies that this interpreting mind is composed of the same identical substance and laws which built the world. That is what is implied by the every effort of Philosophy. Let me illustrate: Here is a flower. You say, "It is very beautiful." "How do you know?" I ask. "Where is your standard of judging?" Do you get it out there? How do you put it in here?" (Some people think knowledge is like two gallons of water that you put into a tub.) "How do you know that that flower is beautiful?" Simply because the same genius of beauty that blooms in the flower had previously bloomed in your intelligence, and it was simply looking through your eyes at that image of beauty which was its own native acquaintance in the pure state of absolute and divine Intelligence.

I was once talking to a Spiritualist who boasted of being very scientific, and I was utterly astounded at the materiality of his mind. Said he: "Sir, I most assuredly believe in positive science." "Do you?" said I. "Certainly do." "Well, sir, what do you base positive science upon?" "Upon facts." "Upon what kind of facts—objective or subjective? Run it down to its utmost stretch—what is the science of sciences?" "Mathematics." "Upon what are mathematics based?" "Axioms, to be sure." "What are axioms?" "Self-evident principles." I replied: "Then your science of mathematics—the key of all science—is based upon what? Revelation, spontaneous and *a priori* in here. They are not introduced from rocks and stars into the mind as you would introduce a foreign object into a bag. By no means. They are the spontaneous revelations of that Intelligence which makes you. Philosophy, therefore, is possible to man only because it is an attempt to explain phenomena, the original and primitive Intelligence engaged in the production of which, is also engaged in the business of organizing life into this interpretative and transcendental reason."

I stand profoundly reverent before man's philosophical possibilities. From these possibilities, look over the religious and theological world, and what do you see? Anything like this taught? Nothing of the sort. You talk to a man about religion, and begin to apply Philosophy to religion, and his answer will be very much like that of the Methodist clergyman who once said to me, "I preach religion without Philosophy." I am sorry to say most of them do, and therefore without any common sense. And theologians seem to believe that Philosophy is necessarily, intrinsically, at war with Spirituality, with divine life, with all possibility of divine ideas and experience. The poor men do not see that Philosophy itself is divine life, unfolding the contents of its own consciousness in the reductive reason of man.

Grant that God did inspire ancient prophets. He must have done it in some kind of way, and there must have been engaged in the operation some kind of law. Law presupposes causes and operations, or effects. Cause, laws, and effects—are not these the elements of Philosophy? Are not these implied in each divine operation? But then, says the theologian, "If I start on my supernatural basis, Philosophy is not possible." I grant it. "There is no possibility of reasoning on a supernatural hypothesis." It is beyond the stretch of the tallest imagination. No power in man has any supernatural capacity. Suppose he had. There is no supernatural symbolism to correspond. He finds himself in a natural world, a world as spontaneous as the music from the bosom of a bird.

In all these evolutions I do not see any God ruling over the world, but I find Divine Intelligence everywhere in the world. I know of nothing supernatural. I sometimes discuss this question with some of my friends who urge the current Philosophy. "Why," they say to me, "you are nothing but a natural-

ist—a rationalist." I reply, Can there be anything more natural in fact than that Eternal Intelligence, whose constituents are these everlasting verities that are archetypes of systems and worlds?

Self-existent, eternal Intelligence (God,) is eminently natural. And what is the outer world but the spontaneous expression, in form, of the Supreme Wisdom and Excellence?

I remarked this morning that the paths of all scientific efforts, like converging radii of a circle, tended toward a common center. In Theology this center is called God, in Chemistry it is called substance; in Philosophy it is called cause. In all great inquiries our ultimate goal is the nature of absolute Intelligence; in other words, the existence of that absolute Love, Law, Light, Liberty, and Beauty, which we find blazing all around us, and burning within us. This is the aim of the chemist. He tries by his processes to reach the last possible analysis, and so come down to primordial substance. And so the astronomer in his search through the starry spaces. What does he seek? He goes back by induction to where the tangible passes into the intangible, and there he is lost. But if he could accomplish and complete his inquiry, he certainly would not stop anywhere outside the throne of that boundless Intelligence which has made these worlds; nor will it do to limit this stretch of science to anything short of this in any department whatever. We cannot if we would. We desire to stand consciously in the presence of the Supreme Justice, Love, and Beauty.

But says the materialist: "We supposed all that kind of foolish search after the absolute nature of things was given over. Has not Mr. Comte written his Positive Philosophy, and shown conclusively that our business is not with primal causes—only secondary causes, if causes at all?" "No. Mr. Comte seems to indicate that. But Mr. Comte is not authority; only reason is authority. And I will ask you, Could you stop short of it in any inquiry? It is not possible."

I turn to my Spiritualistic friends, and they say to me, "I don't think you are sufficiently religious." I reply, "If you mean that I do not exhibit sufficient emotion and snuff, then I admit that I am not. If you mean that I have not any reverence for the everlasting Divinity whose beauty is beaming all around me, I protest against the criticism and deny it."

I stand reverently on these rocks, from which all that is mortal of me has arisen, and discover that I am not in a stranger world. Into me from the surrounding world have poured the streams of immortal life. Every star and storm, the savage and the sublime, the light and the darkness, and the fathomless deep of eternal love—all have contributed to my structure and function. Hence toward every point of compass in the infinite domain my soul sends out its feelers and exchanges emotions with the heart of the world. Is this irreligion?

I meet another class of superficial thinkers, who say, "Are you not liable to forget the emotional part and become too intellectual?" I reply, I believe in emotion, but I do not believe in the sort of emotion to which you refer.

The error I made when a boy was to think that emotion was religion, for I found that I made the very best prayer after taking a strong cup of tea. I was full of emotions, and the church-people thought I was full of religion, and so they bore testimony to my religious character. But alas! I very soon found in my own philosophical experience that emotions of this kind ran away with my head, and that I might sit down and rock myself to sleep in these sympathies, dreaming of the orthodox heaven, while all around me were clanking the chains of intellectual and spiritual servitude, and never felt uneasy at all about the conditions of my fellows. I found that this dreaming of a heaven into which I could get, was just the worst possible excuse for religion.

Philosophy is called the love of wisdom, and wisdom presupposes Intelligence, and Intelligence is eternal.

Again: Any phenomenon in Nature which requires Intelligence to explain it equally requires Intelligence to produce it; else you must suppose that non-Intelligence—chance—can produce what Intelligence alone, with all its capacities, can explain, and that is a philosophical absurdity. Now each phenomenon in Nature requires the Intelligence of man to explain it, and all the Intelligence he has got and can get. Therefore every phenomenon in Nature requires Intelligence to produce it. Do you not see this law of analogy? It not only requires Intelligence, but the same kind of Intelligence to explain it that it requires to produce it.

Suppose the Intelligence which produced it be totally unlike the Intelligence which would explain it. Suppose there is some law, some axiom, some substance in that formative Intelligence which is represented by no law or substance in the explaining intelligence—what follows? Why, that law, that axiom, which is in the producing Intelligence, has no analogue in this interpreting Intelligence, and hence it can never, by any possibility, explain the phenomenon produced.

We explain the world, therefore, by ourselves, and only by ourselves. And if man were not the world arisen and rising into consciousness, immortal progress, as a function of philosophy, were an impossibility to man. Take a piece of steel, and burnish the surface perfectly, and put a brass key upon it and bring it into the light. Then take this key off from this steel in the dark, and, after a number of days or years, bring it out and breathe upon it, and the image of this brass key will come out before your vision. So the primordial atoms are prefigured to the interpretative intelligence of man. Events through



which the particles of the human substance have past, during the ages fled, are thus photographed in the sensorium of the soul. It is possible for man to interpret the phenomena of the universe, simply because—

1st. The Intelligence which produced that phenomena is in him suggesting questions.

2d. Because every single event of the cosmic chronology has been worked up into his personal functions.

The function of Philosophy is, therefore, not so much to put intelligence into ourselves as to call it out into the light of reflection. It is to become conscious of the contents of the indwelling divinity.

I meet the supernaturalist, and he tells me reason is not adequate for the great spiritual necessities of man. It is not an infallible standard of truth even. It cannot be accepted as sufficient authority on the great questions of God, Liberty, and Immortality, for it is carnal—it is enemy against God—is not subject to the law of God, neither can it be. And this wicked notion pervades and vitiates the whole system of popular theology. I remember now, as an illustration of the absurdities of the theologian, a lecture which the Rev. Dr. Cahill delivered in the Academy of Music in this city some four or five years ago. He took for his subject "The Utter Inadequacy of Reason to Discover true Christian Faith," meaning thereby a true religious faith. Now this is the supernatural ground. Certainly it ignores Philosophy, ignores the application of the reason to all spiritual questions and what it calls religious truths.

Now what did Dr. Cahill do? He got up before an audience of four thousand people, used his own reason, addressing their reason as reasoning beings to show that reason had no business in the premises at all. He gave reasons why reason was not to be trusted, and he used his reason, appealing to theirs, to show that they must not trust their reason. Did you ever see a man take himself by the ears and lift himself from the ground? and yet this is the precise absurdity of every supernaturalist.

To what do you address your supernatural revelation but this reason? and can your decisions on the subject of a supernatural revelation be any more infallible than that reason which decides? Just look at the distinction between Philosophy and Theology. Here is the reason, covertly assumed by the supernaturalist to be adequate to substantiate the supernatural revelation of God's will to men. It is the only power in man to which any revelation can be addressed. And if it is capable of making a decision at all adequate to decide what is infallible, it must be infallible also. The decision cannot be greater than the court from whence it emanated. You supernaturalists, who have a notion that there is a supernatural revelation from God, that it is infallible, by what power do you thus decide? "By reason?" Then is your religion no more infallible than the reason by which you decide. That is the whole thing in a nutshell.

With the revival of science in the sixteenth century began the contest between so-called Philosophy and Theology. It was not a contest so much between Philosophy and Theology as between philosophers and theologians. The conviction is still entertained by many that Philosophy is intrinsically opposed to divine life and living; that spiritual things, divine things, or, as they are called by the Church, "religion," is not a subject or object for Philosophy. That the dealings of God with the soul is of such a nature as to escape the methods of Science and the contemplations of Philosophy. The effect has been to direct the attention away from the spiritual nature and capacities of the race, and concentrate them outside or sensuous things. This tendency corrupted the efforts of thinkers who aspired to be philosophers, and made both Philosophy and Theology sensualistic. Theologians got to believe only in past inspirations, and thinkers in no divine inspirations at all. The vice of Theology became the dogma of so-called Philosophy, and both ignored, therefore, the study of the soul and its laws, until a blank Atheism pervaded society and froze up the channels of the spiritual life.

But when modern Spiritualism made its appearance, and began, by appeals to the senses, to arouse the attention of men to the contemplation of the question of the existence of the soul hereafter, and of the nearness and power of the spiritual world, this sensualistic tendency began to be arrested. Now another unfortunate fact arises, viz., an excessive credulity. And it is to be noticed that this unreasoning credence in so-called spiritual manifestations occurs in the case of those very persons who were so anti-spiritual prior to the advent of those manifestations—in most cases. They swung from the extreme of negation to the extreme of spiritual authoritarianism. Of all fanaticisms, deliver me from an acute attack of spiritual credulity. There is a class—a small one, however—of this sort of Spiritualists, who will not eat a potato or perform the most trifling personal service without first consulting "the spirits." Philosophy asks: "Are the immortals to become our lackeys and foot-pads?" Is spiritual intercourse to be degraded to the level of the littleness of mundane whims? I have seen in your city a man of some note who thinks he can eat demons with a meal of half-cooked beans—a sort of Christian Spiritualist is he who imports his superstitions from the Middle Ages. It does not belong to this hour. What is the trouble with such people? They have abandoned Philosophy for simple, fanatical Spiritualism. A fit of indigestion is mistaken for devilish obsession. Such people call Harmonial Philosophy "rationalism."

As if that were a curse instead of a compliment.

But I said this morning that Philosophy was the explanation of all facts. I said also that it is essentially spiritual. No man is satisfied with the external life. There is a larger life within. Look over your career; count your years and hours; name the events of external history; number the suits of clothes worn out, the houses and towns lived in and abandoned, with all other such things, and then say if these exhaust your life-record. These are not life; they are only shadows.

Philosophy is an effort by intelligence in man to explain the operations of similar intelligence out of man. It is the reason of humanity recognizing the reason of the world. But the precise logical conclusions from this are not so clearly seen. What follows? That all this outside of us is already in us. You call this law that guides the stars gravitation. What is it in here? In here it is conscious love; out there it holds suns and systems in their places; in here it regulates the emotions of the soul. You see the geometry of the midnight sky only because the same intelligence that geometrized there also laid the foundations of your intelligence in a geometry of living sunbeams. The geometry of the heavens has risen into consciousness in man; that is why he essays their interpretation by his head. I do not mean that these things are within man, save as they are in the internal and essential capacities of his mind—in the fiber, the wool, the laws and forces by which he is made, as well as the laws of the evolution of those forces by reflection, commonly called Philosophy. "Reason is the exponent of the world," in its original and primordial essence, as well as in its representative functions in conscious coherence. There is thus open before man an infinite philosophical career.

I go so far as to say that he not only will learn the chemistry of the objective world, but he will discover that there is a chemistry upon which that chemistry is dependent, viz., the chemistry of boundless Intelligence, the chemistry of ideas, the chemistry of these everlasting principles that form and reform and transform the universe.

Consider the primal act of human intelligence. What do you do first? You first discover that you are. By that first act of consciousness you separate yourself from the external world, and in this limitation you are conscious of the me and the not me. Afterwards, through the unfolding of the consciousness, you come to the idea of the finite and the infinite.

Now mark the expansion of this internal intelligence; if it were not composed of the same identical stuff that exists in the world without, no attraction could take place between the two, because there would be no analogy or likeness. But this inner point of light, finding light strewn through immensity, takes it into its possession; the point enlarges and expands until it blazes through every avenue of the external man, until at last, by its golden currents, it has washed out the darkness and the opacity.

But then the function of Philosophy is to discover the laws of the world and the laws of the spiritual life in man. Unless it be thus regarded, it has no function. It is not confined to this earth in its discoveries; it is not confined to any other earth, to any person or empire. Aiming at the immortal life, it must of course find ampler fields than those beneath the sun. It must of course have an ideal or spiritual republic, in which, grown to the stature of the gods, men shall find themselves exalted beyond their present ideas of archangelic perfection. Man is myriad-stringed, and every chord is so strung up as to repeat the echo of the harmony of the world, and so myriad-sided as to comprehend in his being every point of this boundless universe. And he must of course have a career commensurate with these endowments, and hence one that reaches on and upward forever.

If I were going to make an argument for immortality, I should put it simply on the ground of man's capacity for Philosophy. The fact that he can ask philosophical questions is proof of his immortality. George Curtis said: "An atheist is a man blind in a world of beauty, and deaf in a world of music." So the man who knows not Philosophy is blind in a world of beauty and deaf in a world of music.

But the highest problem of Philosophy is man himself. Here is the culmination of all questions. They all converge and focalize here; for as he is the product of the universe, he is the sensorium on which every event in the eons of past eternity is photographed. The difference between the fool and the philosopher is just this: Both know that they are, but only the philosopher knows what he is. Said an immortal to Brother Davis: "I have had my being unrolled as the sun unrolls the flower." Philosophy is the reduction into daily life of the divine harmonies of the spirit.

If you were to ask a Newton into your orthodox heaven with his philosophical proclivities—or, more to the point still, some live Yankee—where he would be in the presence of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, if he were a chemist he would certainly have all these personages in his retort before sundown, and the next morning would publish a statement of their constituent principles. He could not help it. It is an analytic tendency which is not satisfied with the shadows of things, but would fain know the material of which the universe is made.

I said the function of Philosophy was a practical, as well as an intellectual and spiritual one. When Philosophy discovers an idea it must apply it to life. Now the realm of

ideas is the realm of Philosophy. Science may deal with phenomena only, but questions of Philosophy touch the boundaries, or rather the throne, of those eternal principles that are "the archetypes of worlds."

Philosophy, in its methods of evolution, repeats the divine proceedings in cosmogony. It is a chronological analytics out of an infinite synthesis. What is the process of world-building, or cosmogony? Analysis. What is that boundless synthesis out of which this analysis has come. I answer, That eternal love, law, light, and beauty, termed God—Infinite Intelligence. That is the sun, out of which these blazing systems are burning their way through time and space. Then, of course, Philosophy contemplates ideas—eternal and everlasting principles—as the throne of its empire and the source of its light. Our early consciousness is the spiritual nebula of all succeeding developments. And the moment man has discovered one of those principles, if he attempts to keep it in his bosom, it is like shutting fire in his bones, it won't stay there. In the name of God it demands to rule the affairs of the world. It makes an enthusiast, a reformer, or a revolutionist of him, and so he becomes a martyr, drinks hemlock, wears the thorns, and at last gets worshipped.

When a celebrated physiognomist from Egypt was asked to tell what was the character of Socrates, he described him as a libertine. The disciples of Socrates ridiculed the Egyptian physiognomist, but Socrates rebuked them, saying, "I was so; it was only by the strictest culture that I overcame." And by what power did he obtain that culture? I answer, By the power of that central idea which took possession of his intellect and dominated his thoughts as afterwards his life.

Do you look for power anywhere else? There is none. Empires may be pulled down by force, but it is not that silent change by which the sunlight makes the earth blossom into beauty and fruitage, and fills the granaries of the globe with golden harvests.

Wisdom is the author of the world. Ideas, therefore, have a right to dominate the world, not merely the reflective and the quiet social world, but every single inch of the active world; everything must at last be dominated by ideas. But do you notice this fact in the career of man, viz., that he began in the skin and has been living deeper and deeper ever since? The apparent progress of man is from the outside to the inside, but the real progress is from the inside to the outside.

Man is three-fold, but it is sufficient for my purpose to consider him as two-fold—body and soul. At first he lives in the physical and external, but by-and-by he begins to feel the moving of these eternal ideas, which are at last to rule him in all relations.

At first man's physical is positive to his spiritual nature. The function of Philosophy is to make the spiritual positive to the physical, to harmonize the spiritual and the physical organs until at last his common, every-day life, shall become as musical, and sweet, and beautiful as his ideas of justice and love are perfect.

Theologians are still living from the external to the internal. They talk about "getting religion." Yes, it is a thing you must get; you must bend all your efforts to the sole purpose of "getting religion." They speak of it as though it was an article that could be accumulated.

Since the principles of Reason are the laws of Philosophy, and, consequently, the exponents of the Supreme Intelligence, they are the only authority for the practical world. Of little use is it to put precepts in a book for our law of life. The mistake of Christendom consists in supposing that moral and spiritual laws can be put into books. "The laws are alive" in the souls which they govern. Philosophy will cure this mistake. What! are we to be told that the laws which rule the physical world are stamped on that world, and in the next breath that the laws which should govern man are not stamped on man? Have cryptograms and tigers got the advantage of us? Is a soul of less value than a saurian? Rest assured that the laws which are to be our rules of action are within us and in our relations, not in Leviticus and Deuteronomy. Philosophy calls us back to those central principles which built themselves up in us, and invites us to imitate, in the empire of our volition, their serene patience, sublime order, and beautiful beneficence.

Man, like God, is a formator. God builds worlds; man builds societies and republics. Now when man builds societies and republics as God builds worlds, the millennium has come. But since man is a self-determining being, he can attain this high function only by his own intentional act. He must first learn how God proceeds in the construction of systems before he can parallel the divine method. But since man is the divine laws and methods, he has only to know himself to succeed. Then, applying the principles and laws of Reason to his societies and empires, just as the Divine Reason applied them to cosmogony, he will repeat the Divine harmonies. To this great business does Philosophy devote itself. I know of no other thing that can hope to accomplish this result. Theologians talk about "religion" as the only method of securing these results. But religion itself needs explanation. It cannot proceed one step without Philosophy; and it is only the effort of ignorance to get into the Presence of the divine laws. It can't succeed, therefore. "Revelation" itself is the business only of Philosophy. To know there is a "God," to learn the Divine will, and to live divinely—are not these things the legitimate function of Philosophy? Again I say Philosophy is Divine, and has only Divine functions to perform.

For thousands of years lip-prayers have

called for the millennium; but the only steps yet taken in that direction have been by a direct effort of Philosophy to discover the royal road to that high estate. Religion is the baby hood of the race; Philosophy is the effort of its adult years. Civilization comes through manual and mental toil applied to problems and relations of life, not through prayers of priesthoods.

Let me recapitulate. 1st. The possibility of Philosophy lies in the fact that intelligence in man is an exponent of the "instantial" of the world. Like explains its like. 2d. The function of Philosophy is to discover the laws of the world, the Divine methods of procedure; and, having done so, to apply this knowledge to the life of the individual and of the race. It is the noblest employment of man. And in those upper spheres I know it to be the only business of the tallest angels.

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### Help in Time of Need.

Just before going to press, with a column more copy to furnish, and plenty of office business interfering, we welcomed an envelope thrown upon our table. It contains, we surmised, just what is wanting—a communication from a fresh correspondent. So, hurriedly opening the envelope, we read the heading: "The War-whoop and the White Savages."

With a mind full of visions of Minnesota massacres and New York riots, we read the opening paragraph, as follows:

"Incredible as the statement may appear to our readers, there is one thing still more disgusting than the fierce vindictiveness with which some of the sham fanatics bawl and bellow in favor of exterminating southern men and desolating the South—that thing is a base and utterly shameless dastardly with which they take care to keep their own recant carcasses at a truly respectful distance from shot, shell, saber, and bayonet."

So much for the opening paragraph, thought we; now for the closing:

"Is it not about high time that sham patriots, sham soldiers, and sham nigger-worshippers, should be treated with utter scorn by every decent man who is luckless enough to come into contact with them? Sending such fellows to the social purgatory called 'Conventry'—pity they cannot just yet be sent a little farther!—might possibly still their clamor, though it pretty surely would not encourage them to do their own fighting. At all events, turning them out of all decent society would do such society a very important service."

Having thus embraced the writer's comprehensive views, we turned to the private note accompanying, where a ready solution was found to the problem which was puzzling our brains. Our queries were two: 1st. What American who dared to enter the HERALD OF PROGRESS office could so write? 2d. How could such an effusion be offered us for publication?

The answers were had in these two facts: 1st. The writer was an Englishman! 2d. He must have mistaken our office for the Daily Herald. Our readers can perceive what a risk we run in the use of that one word. "Progress" alone saves us and them from a multitude of such semi-rebel effusions.

### The Church and Temperance

The editor of the *Carson League*, a temperance paper published at Syracuse, writes:

"We are trying to give a paper that makes no compromises with evil, and that is not afraid to speak out and stand up against the devil and all his works, in the church, in the rum-shops and gambling-hells, and wherever else he may show his head. We oppose rum-voting and rum-licensing in the Church. If there is any difference, it is more abominably wicked than among the poor degraded wretches of the shanties and cellars. We feel thus, not from any hatred of the true Church, for we know we love God and his Church; we love the Church too well to see it prostituted to such evil practices."

"I met a deacon the other day. He said, 'I want to talk with you. Come into my office and sit down.'"

"I did so. He began: 'This rum business is a terrible business; why won't you let us work with you—you are always pitching into the Church, and I won't take your paper.'"

"I replied: 'That is not true. You never heard me say one word against Christ or his Church; but I have said, and now repeat, that you and the like of you are not fit to remain in the Church one moment; you disgrace it, and should be turned out of it; you voted for the men and the party that grant licenses to rum-sellers to destroy the Church and the dear families of the Church. You indorsed the moral character of the rum-seller by signing his petition for a license, and your name is so recorded in the Clerk's office, and it was also published in this paper, and the wives and families of the Church are suffering from that damnable license. You and the like of you are a foul cancer upon the Church, eating out all its living vitality, and you ought to be cut out of it and cast as a foul excrescence. Till this is done, the Church can never be in a healthy condition. And I now exhort you to repent and forsake your sins, and go and ask pardon of every poor drunkard's family in town, and God may have mercy on your soul. If you don't do all this, don't insult God by praying for his poor and needy, which you are making so, nor for me, for I don't worship such a God as you do.'"

### Cruelty to Horses.

The omnibus-horses in Broadway are, possibly, the damned, from some other existence, undergoing, now, their inevitable hell. On no other "Biblical ground" can we account for the fendish ferocity with which horses are screamed at, lamed, mouth-twisted, and daily and mercilessly killed, by a set of demoniacal drivers, exercising their hellish will upon the unoffending creatures, and with the permission of civilization, before our very eyes. Of course, as philosophy tells us, there is no special locality for the "infernal regions." Hell is endured all over the universe: heaven is everywhere, more or less (even in Broadway, we believe!) God be praised for his omnipresent condescension and infinite mercy! But, is it not permitted to us, humbly and reverently let me ask, to feel pity while we have the mortal power—to give, as it were, a "drop of water" to the damned within our reach.

Why should not "cruelty to animals" be placed among the *police-vigils* of New York? Why should not the well-dressed officers who stand at every corner be so instructed by the "municipal authorities" that they would arrest a cruel driver of any kind—punishing a brutality to a dumb beast, so that no one of these human monsters would dare to vent his drunken rage, or his vile temper, upon a poor, sick, lame, fainting, or over-laden creature? We have wondered that our city Mayor could walk the street (as we see him do daily) and be shocked as he must be by the sights of horses dropping dead on the pavement, without legislating a little on the subject. We have wondered why philanthropy (though it means only "love of men.") does not

feel its Christian pity exercised also, sometimes, toward the poor quadruped that serves men so uncomplainingly! But these are days for pity! These are times when all we would, and all we could, of sympathy and tenderness, will be stirred and brought to light. And, among it all, let it be permitted to us to pray that the horse may be cared for in our crowded streets—that our faithful dumb friend, the horse, may be a little remembered, a little pitied, a little defended from needless wrong in his overworked sickness and weakness!

[N. P. WILLIS in *Home Journal*]

### How Ghosts are Made.

As the ghost manifestations at the theaters are attracting a considerable share of attention just now, the following description from the *American Journal of Photography* will be interesting to our readers:

"On the rising of the curtain (the ghost-scene, the lights of the theater were mostly extinguished, the foot-lights entirely, while the stage was dimly lighted from above and at the sides. A murderer starts up out of a troubled dream full of ugly fearful sights, reads the passions to tatters, à la Boverly, when ghost No. 1 appears. This ghost is simply a skeleton, which the murderer takes to be Death claiming him for a victim, and, of course, the murderer begs to be excused, &c. Death disappears, and shortly the ghost of a lady deceased in a previous act of the play, fully arrayed in crinoline and jewels, comes on the scene. This ghost, No. 2, talks, of course, in the manner of ghosts. Ghost No. 3 takes the place of No. 2, in the form of the old miser who had been lately murdered, and displays his gaping wounds. Finally, the three ghosts appear at the same time, the climax is reached, and the curtain falls on the harrowing scene. The ladies of the audience are all in terror, the gentlemen raise a loud *cœur*, but the curtain refuses to move."

"We proceed to give a more accurate description. The ghosts are of the normal size of humanity, and their position on the stage is definitely seen. In size, form, color, and action, they are nearly like mortals. That they are not human is, however, evident, from the fact that they appear and disappear without moving from the spot where they stand. Moreover, their bodies are impalpable, and sometimes objects behind them are seen through them; the murderer strikes them with his 'trusty steel,' cleaving through the head to heel without disturbing them in the least. Our magic lantern and concave mirror theories melted away before the facts we saw. The absence of a screen, the life-size brilliantly illuminated, the natural movements of the lips, eyes, and hands, were quite inconsistent with such explanations."

"We went away the first night quite mystified; here were things which had not been dreamed of in our philosophy. We began to feel a sympathy with those who said they smelt sulphur, and believed they had seen a genuine ghost. Spirit-rappings and table-tippings are only an awkward and distant approximation to the genuine ghost-phenomena. 'Yet the manner of raising the ghost is ridiculously simple; a little judicious reflection, and the thing is accomplished. Thus: At the front of the stage there is erected a large plate of glass inclined toward the audience, at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the floor. This glass is invisible to the audience, and it does not obstruct the view of objects behind it. In front of the glass and under its inclination there is an opening in the floor of the stage, at which the person who acts the ghost is placed. Now, when the light is turned on this actor, the image of him is seen by reflection from the glass; the plate-glass acts like a looking-glass. Nothing is visible to the spectators but the image, and by varying the position of the actor, the image or ghost is brought to any spot desired—is made to advance, recede, etc.—and by varying the intensity, color, and position of the light, other interesting effects are obtained. This explanation will probably be sufficient to enable any of our readers, if so disposed, to get up a ghost for their private use. Coming down Broadway now, every day, we see the ghosts of houses, stages, and people, in all the store-windows."

### Preaching a Practical Sermon.

A number of years ago Parson B— preached in a town in the interior of this State. A sound theologian was Parson B—, as a published volume of his sermons evince; but, like many clergymen of the past generation, he was too much given to preaching "doctrinal sermons" to the exclusion of practical themes; at least, so thought one of his parishioners, Mr. C—.

"Mr. B—" said he one day to the clergyman, "we know all about the doctrines by this time. Why don't you preach real practical discourses?"

"Oh! very well. If you wish it, I will do so. Next Sunday I will preach a practical sermon."

Sunday came, and an unusually large audience, attracted by the report of the promised novelty, were in attendance. The preliminary services were performed, and the parson announced his text. "Opening his subject," he said he should make a practical application to his hearers. He then commenced at the head of the aisle, calling each of the congregation by name, and pointing out his special faults. One was a little inclined to indulge in creature comforts, another was a terrible man at a bargain, and so on. While in mid-volley, the door of the church opened, and Dr. S— entered.

"There," went on the parson, "there is Dr. S— coming in, in the middle of services, just as usual, and disturbing the whole congregation. He does it just to make people believe that he can't get to church in season; but it isn't so—he has not been called to visit a Sunday morning for three months."

Thus went on the worthy clergyman. At last he came to Mr. C—, who had requested a practical sermon.

"And now," said he, "here is Mr. C—; he's a merchant—what does he do? Why, he stays at home on Sunday afternoon to write business letters. If he gets a lot of goods down from New York on Saturday night, he goes to the store and marks them on Sunday, so as to have them all ready for sale on Monday morning. That's how he keeps the Sabbath; and he isn't satisfied with doctrinal sermons—he wants practical ones."

At the conclusion of the services the parson

walked up to Mr. C—, and asked him how he liked the "practical sermon."

"Mr. B—" was the reply, "preach what you please after this. I'll never attempt to direct you again!"—*Investigator*.

### We Hope Not.

The custom of smoking by women has lately been introduced in England, and, according to the *Court Journal*, is likely to "become very prevalent." That authority says:

"Fashion holds such a tyrannic sway over society that we need never be surprised at seeing the most astounding changes of manners, customs, and dress, brought about through its magic influence. High waists, short waists, no waists at all, chimney-pot bonnets, flat bonnets, powdered hair, disheveled hair, rouge, patches, enamel, hoops, farthingales, crinolines, high-heeled boots, sandals, have all had their day. A more startling change is likely to come over the spirit of our dream? ladies belonging to *la crème de la crème* of society have introduced cigarettes. We could mention the names of many of England's aristocratic daughters who openly indulge in mild Latakia."

We have too much faith in the good sense of American women to fear the prevalence of this "fashion." Nevertheless, we trust English society will spare us this latest novelty.

### Handel's Music, at the Church of St. Nicholas, Switzerland.

Handel's Hallelujah Chorus satisfied me. It was magnificently rendered. The whole power of the instrument was developed. As the sublime conception was evolved, I lost all thought of time and place. The solid roof passed away. The organ itself was for a moment forgotten. The whole air was filled with glowing angels. They cried to each other with ecstatic joy, and answered back as joyfully. New bands broke in. Sweeping upward as into thicker hosts, and carrying the fiery contagion of rapture, the whole noise seemed in motion of boundless joy. Then, too, too, O my soul! did I join the celestial host! Not with sounds or articulations, but with worshipful thoughts and sacred joys, unexpressed and full of glory! Then there was lifted up before my inward sight a majesty of love, as far surpassing men and angels, as yesterday the snow-mountains, in radiant sunlight, had seemed more grand and glorious than the daisies and harebells that grew at their feet! I am sure that music is the key that opens heaven.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

### Something to Start With.

A lady teacher of the slaves at Beaufort, S. C., tells the following little story:

"An old African, eighty years old, was among her most devoted pupils. She said to him one day: 'Uncle, what use is there in your trying to learn to read at your age? You can't have much more time to stay in this world.' 'Wall, missis!' replied he, 'twill be so much clear gain to give me a start in de next world.'"

### A Car Incident.

A fashionably-dressed lady entered a car on the Hudson River Railroad on two evenings since, and after she had stood for some minutes a young gentleman rose and gave her his seat. She made no acknowledgment of this act of courtesy. The car stopped at an up-station on the river, and the lady was about to leave the car, when a quaint old Dutch gentleman called to her, "Madam, you have forgotten something." "What, sir?" said the lady. "Why, you forgot to thank the young man for your seat." The lady walked out and the young man resumed his sitting.

### Miraculous Drum.

A Paris prestidigitateur, named Robin, has invented a new and startling method of spirit-rapping. He brings on the stage the drum of a Zouave, stated to have been killed at Inkermann, and the noisy instrument is ready to answer all and every question concerning the famous charge at Balaklava and the sufferings of the noble world. Nobody stands while the sticks execute, of their own accord, the most marvelous rolls and marches.

[Exchange.]

### Brief Items.

—The high cost of labor at the coal mines in Pennsylvania has suggested the necessity of a machine for digging it. A machine that is independent of strikes, military drafts, and volunteering for the war, would be an invaluable invention.

—At a funeral in the country, not far from Detroit, the officiating minister condescended to the bereaved parents "in the loss of this lovely daughter upon whose education they had lavished so much expense."

—Private advices from Virginia City, Nevada Territory, say that additional subscriptions to the amount of nine thousand dollars have been made there for the Sanitary Commission. The money is to be forwarded in silver bricks, of about a thousand dollars each.

—A ruler should reflect that to reign over he must rule in.

—The following seven sins are attributed by a late writer to the German: 1. Too many volumes in the language; 2. Too many sentences in a volume; 3. Too many words in a sentence; 4. Too many syllables in a word; 5. Too many letters in a syllable; 6. Too many strokes in a letter; 7. Too much black in a stroke.

—It may interest the ladies to know that the Princess Metternich recently climbed the Alps dressed in trousers of heavy woolen material, a skirt reaching only to the knees, a fur jacket, doe-skin gloves, and broad-brimmed hat.

—A wreath of flowers which was laid upon a coffin buried in a Gloucester (Massachusetts) cemetery, eight years ago, was recently disinterred and found in a remarkable state of preservation; the stems of the flowers were found to be green, and had sprouted to a considerable size. They have been carefully planted, and are now in a thriving condition, with the prospect of making healthy plants.

### Special Notices.

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