

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE. WISDOM. LIBERTY.

MRS. A. POST.

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 be made in all cases, but the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

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The real name of each contributor must be inserted in the Editor's margin, though, of course, it will be withheld from the public, if desired.

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

## Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

T. J. L. TROY, N. Y.—Your communication is received, and on file for examination.

J. M. D.—Your beautiful poem, "Little Shelley," will soon find place in our columns.

H. C. W. STURGIS, MICH.—The brief "Funeral Discourse" will appear next week.

S. H. GREENSBORO, IND.—Your letter is received, and will be published soon.

J. M. A. CLARKSON, MICH.—You will ever find consolation in the love and pursuit of Truth amidst all this life's hard trials. Look to the Angel World for spiritual strength, and it will not be denied thee.

"A TEETH-SEEKER," OF HARTFORD, CONN., asks: "What constitutes the duties of a wife?" and adds: "From the deep fountains of your own soul-life experiences let the answer come; send it with the touch of immortal life, love, and wisdom, in order that its echoes may reach every heart-stone and its vibrations be felt in every soul." Perhaps some of our correspondents may feel inclined to respond to this earnest inquiry.

E. W. K., OF NORTH PROVIDENCE, writes: "I very much rejoice to see the 'Resolutions' passed by the Spiritualists of Manchester, Ill., in your paper, for I have long deeply felt the necessity of Spiritualists taking some measures to purge themselves of this pernicious doctrine, 'free-love,' by rejecting those speakers who uphold it. When I have taken the ground that we should not accept such teachers, I have been told that none are perfect, and that truth should be accepted, let it come through whatever channel it may. All very true, but by giving credence to such teachers, are we not giving license to errors—subjecting all the lower propensities of mankind, they openly advocate—that will be disastrous to the morals of our children; and can we not find the Truth without having it polluted with this baneful influence, 'free-love'? The Spiritualists of Manchester, Ill., have begun a noble work, and may their example be followed speedily everywhere."

B. S. TROY, N. Y., writes these blessed words of hope and cheer with regard to the Troy meetings: "We have again got fairly under way, and our good ship is standing boldly out upon the sea of Progress, with her sails filled with the breeze right from the Spirit-Land. On Sunday, the 27th ult., Dr. Hallock opened the course with two very good lectures, which were listened to by an appreciative audience. It does one's heart good to see the joyous faces that assemble at our meetings, after a vacation of three or four months. It seems as though each man and woman had come to a merry-making, and were determined to enjoy every minute of the time they stay together. Last Sunday we had an old favorite and fellow-townswoman, Mrs. Bliss, who gave us two splendid discourses. I think we have a grand, good start, and a better and more hopeful feeling than I have ever known before. One old man—I should judge seventy-five at least—said to me a few days since: 'Why, I have been a member of an orthodox church for twenty-five years, and in all that time I never enjoyed myself as I have the last two weeks. Sometimes at a prayer-meeting I used to think I felt happy, but it was always with fear and trembling. But now I know I am happy; and his face glowed, and his eyes sparkled like a boy of twenty years.'"

## AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble flight,  
Or dying of the dreadful, beauteous sight,  
An angel came to us, and we could bear  
To see him issue from the silver air.  
At evening, in our room, and bend on ours  
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers  
News of dear friends, and children, who have never

Been dead indeed, as we shall know forever.  
Alas! we think not what we daily see  
About our hearths, Angels that are to be.  
Or may be, if they will, and we prepare  
These souls, and ours, to meet in happy air—  
A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings  
In unison with ours—breeding its future wings.  
(LION HUNT.)

## Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

### Philosophy of the Human Voice.

BY REV. S. M. LANDIS, M. D.

It is a self-evident fact that the human vocal organs have never received that practical physiological attention which is requisite and necessary for the thorough development of the body and for the physiological unfolding of the mind. The majority of people use the voice simply because they cannot help it—not for the purpose of healthfulness or for higher motives than to slander their fellows, abuse their neighbors, or for mere business transactions, as though money was the king of wisdom and glory.

The legitimate use of the organs of speech fulfills three of the most important physiological functions of the human being:

1. The lungs being the great breathing organs which purify the blood, it is requisite that these organs be properly exercised, which can only be performed by the physiological use of the voice. By judicious vocal manifestations, a greater amount of atmospheric air is forced through the lungs than can take place under any other normal circumstances; hence the vitalizing properties of vocal exercises.

2. In the physiological exercise of the human voice all the muscles of the chest, abdomen, and back, as well as those of the neck, throat, mouth, and face, are brought into healthful activity—in fact, the whole man speaks—consequently exercises the entire body, including the brain.

3. The THINKING BRAIN, being the medium through which the soul pours forth her effulgent rays of light, intellect, and morality, this brain is, therefore, brought into correspondent action with all the muscles and members of the body. Thus, when the voice of this great and wonderful human organ is called into physiological play, the mind or soul is charmed with the most beautiful and symphonious melodies, which are produced by this most complicated human bellows. Hence all the nobler qualities of man are vivified and rendered healthy, and the soul finds the essence of life not only in the gratification of the eating and drinking propensities, but the angel that lives within every human heart springs into normal activity and holds in subjection all the lower propensities of mankind.

If every other thing were on an equality with true physiological culture of the voice, we should soon find the millennial day established and a new heaven and a new earth surround us with beauty and over-arch us with normal health and celestial glory; for this sinful, ignorant, dissipated, and gluttonous old one would have passed away.

We do not mean to make a "hobby" of elocution and vocal gymnastics, but we cannot refrain from classing the study and exercise of the vocal organs upon the same physiological footing with any other human organism. Since we do not advocate the use of "poisons," either as preventives or curatives, we are compelled to search a little deeper into the mysteries of life and the various recuperative and functional powers of the human mechanism than our Brothers, the drug-doctors, do; otherwise we would fail in establishing a true physiology.

It is the duty of the true physiologist and worthy physician to point out the erroneous ways of the people and to devise means that will accomplish natural ends, not mystify and confuse the popular mind more and more by technical gibberishness, as we travel toward the age of scientific improvements and progress.

The human voice, in its normal state, is manifested in four different ways, viz.: crying, laughing, singing, and speaking. Many persons denounce the free exercise of these inherent powers, apparently, as if God had implanted aught in our nature which was not good. The misuse or abuse of any faculty or organ is sin, and its penalty misery. On the contrary, the physiological use of all the organs is righteousness, and its reward health and salvation. Jesus Christ came to save us only by faith in the immutable laws of God, which faith is founded upon obedience to his laws.

CRYING.—Any one who has a spark of human tenderness living within himself, knows what a load is often removed from the heart when a shower of tears pours forth and moistens the cheek of penitence, sorrow, or joy. It is the language of Nature exercising a certain set of nerves and muscles, which functional

activity vivifies a corresponding faculty in the Thinking Brain, and through this physiological performance millions of minute human flood-gates are called into vigorous animation that otherwise would remain dormant, and thus the soul receives renewed impetus toward establishing peace on earth, health and good-will to man.

LAUGHING heartily, freely, and naturally, is a great promoter of digestion, absorption, and hepatic secretion. It sways the shuttle "to and fro" which weaves body and soul together, causing them to play in harmony, dispersing the stubborn and grim feelings of the body, and enlivening pure thought, thus permitting the angel of mirth and peace to glory in triumph.

SINGING in a spirited manner is the soul-charmer, the soother of the frenzied mind, the inspirational giant that goads the vital spark to effort, and the legitimate pugilist for hardening and solidifying the muscles of the lining-membranes of the vocal organs.

SPEAKING in a clear, distinct, and eloquent manner, is that functional phenomenon which conveys sense instantly to our fellow-being; but squeezing, muttering, and stammering-out sounds, are annoying to the auditor and irritating and injurious to the vocal apparatus. By a proper use of all the muscles of the breathing organs, the speaker boosts or throws out his melodious tones; thus, by assuming a proper attitude and making natural gestures, the whole man speaks.

PHILADELPHIA

## Medical Miscellany.

"Forced Religion."—You may drag men into church by main force, and prosecute them for buying a pot of beer, and cut them off from the enjoyment of the pot of beer; and you may do all this, till you make the common people hate Sunday, and the clergy, and religion, and everything which relates to such subjects.—REV. SIMON SMITH

"Force of Habit."—Burke relates that, for a long time, he had been under the necessity of frequenting a certain place every day, and that, so far from finding a pleasure in it, he was affected with a sort of uneasiness and disgust; and yet, if by any means he passed by the usual time of going thither, he felt remarkably uneasy, and was not quiet until he was in his usual track.

"Cure for Bad Habits."—Medicine will never cure bad habits. Indulgence of the appetite and indiscriminate dosing, and drugging have ruined the health and destroyed the lives of more persons than famine or pestilence. If you will take advice, you will become regular in your habits, eat and drink only wholesome things, and rise and retire very regularly. Make free use of water to purify the skin, and when sick, take counsel of the best practical man you know, and follow nature.

"Drink-Selling Brings Sorrow."—A tavern-keeper had abandoned the traffic in alcohol after having been several years engaged in it. Whenever the subject of his selling liquor was referred to, he was observed to feel deep regret and sorrow. A friend one day inquired the cause.

"I will tell you," said he, and opening his account book, he said, "here are forty-four names of men who have all been my customers, most of them for years—thirty-two of these men, by my certain knowledge, now lie in a drunkard's grave; ten of the remaining twelve are now living confirmed sots!"

These are the fruits of this dreadful degrading business.

"Curious Case of Monomania."—The following, if not a *canard*, is a curious case of monomania. A citizen of Berlin, a man in comfortable circumstances, is periodically attacked with a desire to knock off hats. He afterwards makes up the loss to the astonishment of three thalers. According to the calculation of his family, in the past year he has been obliged to make good the loss of two hundred and sixty-seven hats. At a recent musical festival, and for the evening's entertainment he paid a hundred and fifty-nine thalers.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter.*

"Bantam Men."—The *Phrenological Journal* begins the year 1863 with several marked improvements, particularly in the departments of Ethnology, Physiognomy, and Psychology. In an excellent article on Bantam Men, in the January number, the editors suggest that those dwarfed specimens of humanity—"Tom Thumb" and "Commodore Nutt," and other lilliputian individuals—may owe their infinitesimal proportions to the use of stimulant or narcotic drugs. We are of opinion that the growth of children is often arrested, or greatly retarded or perverted, by the administration of strong doses of alcohol, opium, etc., either to the children themselves, or to the mother during the period of gestation or nursing.

"Useful Poultices."—Astringent poultices are mostly used where there is extensive sloughing, and where there is great weakness of the part caused by an extensive injury. An excellent astringent poultice is made by taking equal parts of pulverized bayberry and geranium maculatum, boiling it in sweet milk, and stirring in sufficient slippery elm and flaxseed to form it into a poultice. There are also other astringents which may be used. Stimulating poultices may be made by adding a small amount of podophyllin peltatum, or sanguinaria Canadensis, to a small quantity of pulverized flaxseed or slippery elm. These poultices are valuable where the parts are indolent, and where suppuration is desired.

Fomenting poultices, which are useful in hastening suppuration, may be made by stirring pulverized slippery elm into brewers' yeast, or in the event of its absence a strong decoction of hops, thickened by means of slippery elm and flaxseed. It forms a very soothing fomenting poultice, and is useful in hastening suppuration, and where there is danger of gangrene or mortification.

"Cases of Somnambulism."—The Archbishop of Bordeaux states, in the thirty-eighth volume of the *Encyclopædia*, edited by Diderot, d'Alembert, &c., the case of a young clergyman who was in the habit of rising during the night in a state of somnambulism, and writing his sermons. When he had finished one page of his manuscript, he would revise it, after having read it aloud. In order to ascertain whether he made any use of his eyes, the Archbishop held a piece of paste-board under his chin to prevent his seeing the paper before him; but he continued to write on without being at all incommoded. Dr. Dwight mentions the case of a somnambulist who every morning on awaking found himself minus a shirt. After thus losing about two dozen, and having no remembrance of what had become of them, his brother slept with him one night, to ascertain, if possible, what he did with his shirts. About twelve o'clock he arose, dressed himself and went out; his brother followed him to a pond, one mile distant; there he undressed himself and took his shirt and thrust it into a hollow log; then bathed; after which he dressed himself, with the exception of his shirt, and returned, undressed himself, and retired to bed. In the morning he awoke as usual and found his shirt missing; he inquired of his brother what had become of it; he told him if he would follow him he would show it him; they went to the pond and there found it, and all the others, stowed away in the hollow log.

## Childhood.

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

## Jenny Hale's Bird.

BY FRANCES LEE.

Jenny Hale lived in a small brown house close by a railroad track, where long lines of heavy, smoky coal-cars passed many times a day.

Anybody to live there must be very poor, for it was noisy, dirty, and unpleasant. And Jenny's mother was very poor; so poor that, although she had to work hard to cook and sew for a hungry, ragged troop, she had no side to take washing to do in order to pay for the meal and cloth the children ate and wore.

This was because Mr. Green, the grocer, pretending to think he had a right to make money any way he could, used to take all Jenny's father earned; giving him nothing but rum in return, which was much worse than nothing at all.

When Jenny was only big enough to begin to creep about a little, Mr. and Mrs. Hale had come with her from their home in England, hoping to make themselves a better home in America.

Alas! alas! every baby as it came found scantier furniture and poorer fare in the shabby brown house.

But Mrs. Hale had brought from England something which helped make life a little brighter to the children. It was a strong love for birds and flowers. She could not have many moments to spend on these things, but some generous plants thrived, as her babies did, on poor soil and low diet. So the windows and doors were wreathed about and adorned with morning-glories, and the few feet of earth between the house and track were gay with the hardier kinds of common flowering plants.

More cherished than all was a pot of gilly-flowers, the seeds of which Jenny's grandmother had sent from England; and this was all the token of her pretty garden and snug little cottage which Mrs. Hale had to remind her of the old life, which seemed, whenever she thought of it, so happy and free from care.

She had also some cages of birds, for she said: "It's but a bit the little things eat, and they cheer us up a deal with their singing and their lively ways."

The cages were odd affairs, it is true; being

contrived of shingles and small sticks. One, however, was a real cage—a worn-out one that Kit Brown had used for a dog cart and then thrown away as rubbish. But genius and strings had made it bird-tight and rearing it to a cage again, and the simple little birds were as well satisfied as though it and the other cages had been made of gilded wires; and the children were as simple as they.

Jenny being a good and dutiful child, was a great help to her mother in minding the house and looking after the younger ones, but she sometimes looked a little sober to see other girls amusing themselves at play while she was tugging about a heavy baby or washing dishes and sweeping the floor; and like all girls of twelve, she sometimes forgot and neglected part of her duties.

So her mother said one day, "If you will remember to take all the care of the birds without being told once until Brownie hatches, you may have a pair of young ones for your own."

Jenny was delighted, and was as faithful to her charge as the sun was to rise all through her long two weeks, while Brownie sat patiently on four white eggs in a shabby nest made of braided palm-leaf.

The happy day came at last, when four white eggs became four naked, blind, and groping little frights, which looked more like worms than birds, and opened four wide, hungry mouths, as though the business of life was eating.

To the eyes of Jenny as well as Brownie, however, these helpless, forlorn creatures were beautiful as rosebuds; and after, little by little, their eyes opened and their feathers grew, other people also discovered they were remarkably handsome birds.

One pair was already promised to a lady for whom Mrs. Hale washed, and the other was Jenny's.

"All my own, to keep always and do what I please with," she said twenty times a day.

Mr. Hale, while kept at home with an attack of rheumatism, made a pretty cage of willow twigs for them, and Jenny trimmed it every day with chickweed and clover blossoms, so it made a bright spot in the dingy house as well as in her heart.

But even this simple, innocent joy could not escape the oversight which had fallen on the life of the Hale family.

One day the willow cage was missing.

"Father carried it off," said Bobby; "I saw him!"

Jenny cried by fits and starts, with an undefined fear of evil to her beloved pets, and at night, when Mr. Hale brought home the empty cage, she found it was too well founded. He had sold them to Mr. Green, the grocer, for whisky.

Jenny was a patient little girl, and she had already taken many a lesson in privation and disappointment; so she bravely put her sorrow away, now it would do no good and only add to her mother's trials.

The very next day, as though to make amends for her loss, the cat brought in a half-grown blue blue-jay, which, too ambitious, had toppled from the nest, before its wings were strong enough to bear it up.

The young bird was not hurt at all when Jenny released it from the cat, and with an outburst of loving words and soft caresses she put it carefully in her willow cage, and made a large place for it in her warm heart.

But the bereaved mother-bird could not at once throw her child out from its place in her heart, which, though smaller, was just as tender. So she hovered about, screaming and crying out in her distress.

The cages were all hung on stout nails driven into the door, which, standing open, brought them just within the room.

"Jay! Jay!" called the mother from the pole of the telegraph, which was a few paces from Mrs. Hale's door.

The little one chirped back a reply, and presently the old bird fluttered about the willow cage.

"I am sorry for you, birdie; but we can't reach up to your nest, and the little baby bird can't fly yet. I will take good care of it though, and pussy sha'n't get it again," said Jenny, consolingly.

But the mother was not consoled. She fluttered and screamed around all day, and came again the next morning. It seemed, however, she had become convinced that she could not release her little one, and it must remain a prisoner, for she did not call and fly about so wildly, but brought in her bill something for its breakfast.

The little bird opened its great mouth greedily to receive the food which the mother dropped through the openings between the twigs of willow.

Then she flew off to perch on the telegraph wire.

Presently the young jay began to sicken, and very soon died; for the mother, with wonderful and mysterious instinct, had brought poisonous food, preferring her child should die rather than remain in prison.

This seems like a strange story, but I believe it is quite true; and I thought, when I heard it, of the Sultane mothers, who, when the Turks had followed them into their mountain fastnesses, flung themselves, with their children in their arms, from high cliffs, that they might be dashed in pieces rather than become slaves.



## Rights of Human Nature.

"Know thyself." 'Tis the sublime of man.  
Our noon-tide majesty, to know ourselves  
Paris and prophecies of one wondrous whole.  
This fraternal man—this constitutes  
His charities and his bearings."

## Anti-Herodism.

Whenever a fit of pious gratitude overtakes me, among all my other manifold blessings I never fail to first remember the one of being "grown up." My well-authenticated maturity is a subject of unceasing thankfulness to myself that I am no longer a child. The horridly false doctrine of "Childhood, happiest days of life; free from care and free from strife," is beginning to be exploded since it has been the fashion to dare to call things by their right names and speak of them as they really are, divested of all the moonshine and nonsense with which writers of an earlier time thought necessary to invest every subject they honored with a pen-touch.

"Free from strife?" Oh, good old poet, where were your eyes and ears? Where did you ever see such desperate fights as among small boys? such bitter heart-burnings and jealous rivalry as among little girls? Clearly you must have been the youngest of a large family, who all left home young; you alone remained to the indulgent care of grandmothers, who brought you up on raspberry-jam and coco-nut. But, candor! But, candor! did you never go to school? never wear an old-fashioned jacket? never play truant and feel the feral? never get called ugly names? never be imposed on by big boys? never get soiled out of all your small-wits by the hideous tales of Bugaboo and the Black Man in the Cellar, who would devour you if you did not go instantly to sleep? Never be refused permission to attend the juvenile party, the circus, the "master," or the picnic, by a cruel parent or aunt? Never lie awake, quaking like a tertian ague, thinking that the frogs in yonder marsh were hideous demons, or robbers and murderers at the very least?

Pleasant, merry, happy time of life indeed! At everybody's beck and call, with no more will of your own than a bound apprentice! Of all people under the light of the sun I pity children most. We have had reforms of all sorts. Every "ism," "ology," and "pathy," has had its orators, its rostrum, and its fair chance for its life. But the dear children—the little, precious, troublesome, good-for-nothing darlings—have no advocates! Legally they are classed with the insane, the married women, the idiots, and negroes. If that isn't enough to make a baby sorry and ashamed to think he started at all, I don't know what is. Socially, in a general way, they are quietly voted nuisances by the majority of people.

By-the-by, isn't it odd, with all the pleasant nonsense that is printed upon the subject, how few true mother-hearts one finds, even among pretty good sort of women? I mean the grand, yearning love of the antique woman—like Hannah, with her agonizing prayer, "Give me children, O Lord, or I die!" of Sarah, of Rachel, of others, down to poor Katharine of Aragon of modern times. The women who welcome languor, suffering, torture, everything which insures the joyful promise that "the shadow of things hoped for, the substance of things not seen," is to be fulfilled in the soft, sweet reality, whose frail existence is as yet but a hope and a possibility. How many, out of the millions of mothers, love and pray for this dear unknown, with a genuine mother-love, before faith is lost in sight? If you have seen a dozen such glorified women among your hundreds of friends you have been blessed. I have known six. But to only two was the precious boon granted in its perfection, and one was a posthumous child.

"Was it not sad?" I asked of the poor widow, in her shabby, second-hand mourning, as she, weeping bitterly, told of her great sorrow: "was it not terrible to you that your baby should be born while your husband lay dying?"

"Oh, no!" said she, while her faded eyes brightened for a moment. "Oh, no! it was the last thing he gave me; and it seems like as if I had my husband back again."

Simple creature! there was no thought of poverty, toil, care, or privation; just the pure delight in the child, that it was the last gift of the dear, lost husband, and the unadulterated love of the baby itself.

"Mamma," said a four-year-old curly head, creeping up into his widowed mother's lap, "what is a keepsake?"

"Something which one who is going away gives to friends. Something to remember one by."

"Well, mamma, I'm papa's keepsake to you, ain't I?"

And the straining clasp and showering tears rendered other assurance needless. But all women do not feel like this, nor most women even. I say so confidently, for I know. To most it is a shock, a surprise, an inconvenience, a hindrance to plans of comfort or pleasure, an upsetting of one's notions generally, which is anything but welcome. The quacks know this; old women and nurses know it; physicians know it; everybody knows it who has no business knowing it—and much of such make a meddle, and do mischief, which causes the dreadful Shade of Herod to rejoice from the Outer Darkness where he groans undyingly.

It is all wrong, of course; but it is true, for all that, and Herod was merciful and wise compared to these women; for he only aimed at destroying an enemy and a rival, while they destroy the heirs of their own body—the hopes of their own race.

"You don't believe it?"

Look into the first newspaper. Do people advertise wares for which there is no demand? "But," exclaims some disciple of Malthus, you are glorifying a mere animal instinct at the expense of reason and judgment."

Yes; and thank God there is no animal but man who so persists in misunderstanding himself. We can learn much wisdom from a brooding dove if we will but watch.

It is no wonder babies are cross and troublesome when this is their welcome. Do you suppose they can lie so near one's heart and not be troubled by its rebellious murmurs? This is no poetic figure of speech either, as any physician will tell you, but a fact of physiology which is now well established.

"How in the world do you make your children so good?" asked a gentleman of a friend of mine and a relative of his own.

"I do not try to make them good," was the answer. "I only make them welcome."

Oh, wise young mother! thus to soften and line the nest with such love and tenderness; plucking the down of thine own breast that they may sleep sweetly.

If the helpless, shivering, unwelcome guest persists in making good his right to existence, what a struggle begins? Everything is against it. There are wet-nurses who get drunk; and dry-nurses who "Duffy" and "Wino" and "Bateman" the poor little wretch into his grave. There are well-fed cows; there are bare-shoulders, cold feet, blue arms, tooth-ache, fits, green fruit, cruel experiments with strange food, secret tumblers, fides backward, clandestine spankings, overturned baby carriages, ugly boys, runaway horses, mad dogs, unmerciful trottings; all the array of infantile diseases, to say nothing of the drugs used in their treatment by awful allopaths, hideous homeopaths, and horrid hydropaths.

There, that will do. I think I have made it clear that with so many ways for a poor child to get out of the world on short notice, the least we can do is to welcome him into it at the beginning and at least give him a fair start.

There are families neither fashionable nor frivolous over whose nursery doors might be written, "Who enters here leaves hope behind;" whose gloomy portals creak dimly, when opened for one after another of its little inmates. The children are noisy; Paterfamilias wants to read his paper or his review. They require constant attention; and mamma wants her nap, and the house must be still as death. They romp in and out of the parlor when Bridget has a bean; and she mentally, if not audibly, consigns them to the antipodes. Not that the antipodes would be greatly benefited. By all accounts the Celestial Empire is tolerably stocked with juveniles. But anywhere, anywhere, "out of the way." Adolphus anatomizes the "brats" who tease him for brotherly penguins and paternal visits to the circus, and stand in a row, like a pair of stairs, with a dirty fist in each eye, up-lifting their voices and bewailing their fate; he drives past in his trotting wagon with his fast hired horse.

There is literally no place in the house for children; so they go into the street, that grave of childish innocence, and acquire Adolphus's valuable accomplishments of shyness, shyness, and shyness. The children are noisy; Paterfamilias wants to read his paper or his review. They require constant attention; and mamma wants her nap, and the house must be still as death. They romp in and out of the parlor when Bridget has a bean; and she mentally, if not audibly, consigns them to the antipodes. Not that the antipodes would be greatly benefited. By all accounts the Celestial Empire is tolerably stocked with juveniles. But anywhere, anywhere, "out of the way." Adolphus anatomizes the "brats" who tease him for brotherly penguins and paternal visits to the circus, and stand in a row, like a pair of stairs, with a dirty fist in each eye, up-lifting their voices and bewailing their fate; he drives past in his trotting wagon with his fast hired horse.

But babies are tough, some of them; and Dame Nature, who has one grand idea of preservation and multiplication always in mind; and with an instinct of self-defense baby exerts his lungs. In spite of father's reading, mother's nap or novel, Bridget's bean, or Adolphus's oaths, the uproar goes on, until somebody's patience gives way, and baby gets what he wants; that is to be taken up and cuddled. He may thank his stars if his maternal relative wears front laced gaiters on these occasions, for in case of slippers domestic discipline is inevitable. But he has obtained what he wanted, and sits serenely on his mother's or nurse's lap starting at the light and curling up his pink toes luxuriously before the fire, a living illustration of the value of pluck even in little people and small matters. "Small successes give a habit of victory," said a wise general.

Herod was an angel of mercy compared to those who, sparing the lives of children, rob them of their childhood, making it a period to which, in after-years, one looks back with pain and sadness. Especially is this true of solitary children, those brought up with no companions of their own age. Sometimes they are petted and spoiled—"Grandma's babies;" but often, by association with minds so much older and more developed than their own, are forced on to a dismal precocity from which healthy maturity recoils. Such children are younger at twenty than at ten; at twenty-five than at fifteen. Nature will not be wholly thwarted. One must be young once, and if she cannot have youth at the right time she will have it at the wrong, and revenge herself by making one's middle life ridiculous. Old boys and girls of this sort are distressing to everybody, but to none so much as themselves. They do not know how to be children. "Be a woman," has been drilled into their heads till it has broken their childish hearts; and cold, silent, and efficient, perhaps deceitful, they sit by while other children, easy, happy, and graceful, bear off the honors which they could so easily have won if they could have had fair play.

This is almost the worst thing in the world for a child. Children need each other. They pine and wither away without each other. Twins very often die at nearly the same time. The magnetic influence of children on each other is wonderful. They are thoroughly democratic and gregarious. Rupert's purple and fine linen don't hinder him in the least from playing with barefooted Bob round in the alley. Bob may be a good companion for Rupert, but the chances are against him; but if you do not find Rupert suitable companions he will find those for himself that are not so, and yours will be the responsibility and regret.

Some "don't see the sense of children wasting their time playin' round all day," and work them till all the child is erased, and a dull, old, weary, pinched look takes the place of childish grace. Not that the work amounts to anything; for everybody knows that "brains' work is aye more plague than profit." You have lost all and gained nothing when you do this. It is just as bad to dress them like fashion-plates, and force them through a fashionable school, till they emerge creatures of monstrosity at which Danderey might take heart of grace.

I don't want children to be idle. They will not and cannot be idle; but they like to work for themselves, and in their own way. Boys must build (oh, those beautiful castles in Spain!) with blocks, either from the toy-bazaar or carpenter's-shop, it don't matter. Girls must have dolls. On the earnest passion with which waxen Lilly or cloth-and-cotton Molly is regarded! and the dear rag-baby suffers violence every hour in the day from the affection of her "little mamma."

That was real human nature in Cosette, her fierce love for her stolen puppet. And if little girls must

sew (alas for Eve's unfortunate lace-trim and all our wooll) they will learn, as well and quickly again making Doll's clothes, and blocks, and bedding, than on long sheet-seams or distracting patch-work. Take an interest in their attempts; cut the frocks, show them how to do it, and admire the work when done. I have a great respect for sewing in general, and especially for a child who can dress dolls well.

Children—real live, plump, jolly, roly-poly children—are as scarce as sensible grown-up people. Little, thin, narrow-shouldered, angular, pale intellectualities are common enough. It is your healthy tom-boy that is the rarity. What woman was ever less delicate in soul and pure in heart because she tore her frocks and climbed trees when she was a child? Real wild, childish romping, with ringing laughter and twinkling feet, merry dances and family frolics—this is the stuff out of which wholesome manhood and womanhood is made. Children who are under conviction of sin at five years of age die of brain disease, or live with hypochondria to torment the life out of all around them. Said is the family that has one or more of such. I don't doubt the mother of the Gracchi was a sad romp, and I more than suspect Portia of immense tom-boyhood. Such healthy natures could not have developed other wise.

Pity and love the little children. Tolerate these pets. Comfort Nellie over her dead bird, and don't call Molly's "little white kitty" a "cat." It is enough to break a juvenile heart to have one's darling snubbed. How would you like to have your own Frederick Augustus called a "dirty young one"? The little ones have their tragedies and comedies, and laugh and weep more sincerely than you do at Falstaff or Lear. They love, marry, keep house, have children, have weddings and funerals, and dig little graves for dead mice in the garden, and burn into small white handkerchiefs, and get brother Jim to write an appropriate inscription for its tiny head-board. Is not this human nature in little, and in its small way, as deserving of a certain respect? You do not despise your own reflection in a concave mirror, you know.

Cherish the children; mend the frocks; don't scold them for broken toys—for man is not more inevitably mortal than playthings. Don't strip their fat shoulders in winter, nor roast them in flames in dog-days because somebody told you to. Don't drag them; don't "weird" them; don't stuff them with rich food, nor starve them with chippy bread; don't send them to infant schools at three, or to fancy balls at ten, nor teach them the commandments earlier than they can remember Mother Goose. Let them have Christmas and Fairy Stories; grandpa's horse-cane rather than Mr. Birch's ferule; Little Bo-Peep, not English Reader; Mary Howitt, not Jamieson's Rhetoric. Give them Wilson's Readers when they want them, not before.

Children remember those who made them happy. You know you remember yet the lady who brought you Red Riding-Hood when you had the measles, and the oranges when you had the fever; and told you what the chickens, cats, cows, and bullfrogs said; and the bright-eyed big boy who swung you over the gutter ten years ago when you were a little trotter going to school.

I remember well seeing a "long exiled from home" Scotch woman open a box of keepsakes from over the sea. All were pretty and well-chosen; some of them valuable; but when all were emptied out of the box there lay, I know not whether by accident or design, a little dried "gowan." You should have seen the power of childish association as the lady spied the tiny dried morsel that had once had life in dear old Scotland, and the raining tears as she pressed her lips, trembling with home-sick longings, to her new-found treasure.

"The gowan! the bonnie wee gowan! Oh, see mony's the time when, with brothers and sisters, we pu'd you far away in old Scotland!" she exclaimed in the words and the tones of her childhood, which long absence and fine culture had for years made strangers to her lips. And she kissed the withered plant over and over again, crooning over it, as if it was a long-lost child who had been reclaimed from an Indian camp. It was no dry and worthless weed she held, but the priceless key of sweet childish memories of the Highland and moorland, the loch and the mountain, and the dearer brothers and sisters now parted by the sea and lost to sight. They were all at home in a moment, and the ingle-side blazed for all alike once more.

Don't expect too much from the little people. Original sin don't have as much to do with their ill-temper as physical causes. Bread-and-butter, well sugared, is a powerful moral agent. A warm salt bath of a warm afternoon is a great regenerator, and the moral power of a walk with papa, holding his immense red forefinger with four tiny white ones, is astonishing. Pins and tight frocks are an invention of Herod and his emissaries; use buttons, and don't spare button-holes. It don't take so long to make them as to hunt up pricking pins in the long-run. Don't fasten babies' frocks so tight, for fear they will hurt themselves crying. They won't cry if they are loose and easy; unless they are tired or in pain, and then crying is their way of telling you.

If you have a sweet, good, fat, loving baby, never mind who wears satins and pearls. You have better than satin in its soft skin, and its pearls will come through great tribulation; wherever by loving and patient, for great is your reward.

You may talk all the soft nursery jargon to it that you want to. It is good for both of you; and if Hypercriticisms objects, when you get time read him a six hours' stretch of Johnson's Dictionary. He deserves it.

In fact, if we were transplanted, bodily and helplessly, to strange country, neither understanding its language nor manners, and everybody thumped us about, and never let us do what we wanted to, I don't think we should do very different from what the babies do. I think that, in their case, I should roar as loudly as I could for help.

Mother-sense is what is needed. A fore-gone love for the little ones before they come, and undying love when they do—a cherishing care for one's self for their sakes, that we may be brave and strong, wise and beautiful, when they need us to be—an undying love for them in aggregate and in detail, in duality and quantity that does, dares, and braves all things for them.

In a word: Don't kill the little children, either bodily, as wicked old Herod did long

ago, or mentally or morally, as so many mothers and aunts now do, who are less wicked than Herod only in the proportion that they are more foolish.—Harper's Monthly.

## The Teachings of Nature.

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

## Unseen.

BY CHARLES D. AXES.

How do the rivulets find their way?  
How do the flowers know the day?  
And open their cups to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the sunlight reach,  
And the seedlings know the old bird's speech—  
I do not see who is there to teach.

I see the hare from the danger hide,  
And the stars through the trackless spaces ride—  
I do not see that they have a guide.

He is eyes for all who is eyes for the mole;  
All motion goes to the rightful goal;  
O God! I can trust for the human soul.

For the Herald of Progress.

## Solitude.

BY JAMES FLAGLER.

It is essential to the harmonious development of our race that every person should have the advantages of solitude—time and place to be alone, to think, study, learn, and digest ideas, thoughts, actions, and principles. Solitude need not be confined to the wilderness; it may be enjoyed in the teeming city to a certain degree. Private rooms, lone walks, *teag*, attire, should be at command by all. Constant society leads to the surface of things—is not favorable to depth of thought and knowledge of cause and effect. Frivolity, show, vanity, false pride, imbecility, etc., too often follow in the train of fashionable follies prevalent in general society. We need a place of retirement from such influences, where we can enter into the natural realities of things. To learn wisdom, we must follow her peaceful paths and pleasant ways, toward the goal of permanent development, progress, and happiness.

Institutions of learning are beginning to adopt this principle, in the single rooms which are provided for pupils, where they can be alone to think, and commit to memory the knowledge they are striving to gain for usefulness in after years, and be protected from the blighting influence of ever-present disturbance. No man can distinguish himself for profundity and correct general intelligence without private study. He must be abstracted from the crowd to prepare for great efforts and crowning success. Experience has taught this to every determined aspirant for "fame, whose proud temple shines afar," but whose dazzling heights are rarely reached, even by the studios and ambitions. Appetites, passions, and social influences, too often draw them aside, till too late in life to ascend the rugged hill of science and gain an honorable renown.

Private homes, with a choice few congenial spirits, are most desirable and beautiful, favorable to the improvement of the head and heart. Lone walks far away from turmoil, strife, and fleeting, uninteresting amusements, among the perpetual hills and everlasting mountains, in the winding ravine, along the serpentine and gurgling rivulet, in the dense shade of old forests, on the elevated peak, taking in the distant, picturesque landscape, where silence is only broken by the hum of the insect world, the singing of birds, and the lowing herds on a thousand beautiful hills. Where the grand panorama of Nature displays the immitable scenery of Infinite Wisdom, or on the lone shore of old ocean, whose mighty waters are ever and anon lashed into fury by the angry winds, perilling the life of the adventurous mariner,

"Whose course is on the mountain-wave,  
Whose home is on the deep,"

there are influences productive of pleasure, profit, and health—luxuries unknown to the denizens of bustling cities, given up to artificial excitement and hot-bed degeneracy.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Rural life, for the philosophic mind, affords the most congenial field for that alternate action and rest so necessary to the full consummation of a rational existence. The college of Nature in which one is thus placed has all the necessary apparatus for a perfect development in every branch of physical, moral, and intellectual perfection.

Practical life in all its phases, including pecuniary independence, can there be demonstrated in all its harmonious beauties to a "gainsaying world." The study of books, containing the best thoughts and most useful discoveries of the deepest thinkers and ablest writers of all ages, can there be prosecuted to the greatest advantage, free from annoying and unnatural excitement, which disturb and pervert the mind. We can reason, compare, and discover hidden treasures of knowledge, and necessary to the civilization, refinement, and progress of mankind. The stillness of solitude facilitates the unfolding of natural law to the inquiring mind. We can commune with ourselves, interchange a feast of reason with the soul in the depths of reflection, and discover truths which rise not to the surface, which can only be seen by those who penetrate their subterranean caverns. When habituated to such abstract thought, we do not feel the absence

of society, are not dependent on it for happiness, have abundant resources within ourselves, at all times and under all circumstances can enjoy solitude, wherever varying fortune may place us; can close the eyes, and think and revel in the past, present, and future, enjoying all the luxuries of intellectual delight known to history, science, and art.

"Full in the center of some pleasant grove,  
By Nature formed for solitude and love—  
On banks arrayed with ever-blooming flowers,  
Near beauteous landscapes, or by roseate bowers—

My nest but simple mansion would I raise,  
Unlike the sumptuous domes of modern days,  
Devoid of pomp, with rural plainness formed,  
With science, books, and glossy shells adorned

"Oit would I wander through the dewy field,  
Where clustering roses balmy fragrance yield;  
Or in lone grove, for contemplation made,  
Converse with angels and the mighty dead;  
For all around unnumbered spirits fly,  
Float on the breeze, or walk the liquid sky—  
Inspire the poet with ethereal dreams,  
Who gives his hallowed muse to sacred themes—  
Protect the just, illumine their gloomy hours,  
Becalm their slumbers, and refresh their powers."

## Voices from the People.

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

## The Questioning Spirit.

LAWRENCE, MASS., 1863.

[FRIEND DAVIS: I would call your attention to the enclosed poem, cut from a recent issue of the Boston Traveler. It is written in a somewhat remarkable vein, and furnishes a fine epitome of Faith, illustrated in the soul's spontaneous loyalty to the Divine Government. Yours, truly, F. T. L.]

The human spirits saw I on a day,  
Sitting and looking each a different way.  
And hardly tacking, subtly questioning,  
Another spirit went around the ring.  
To each and each, and as he ceased his say,  
Each after each, I heard them singly sing.  
Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low:  
We know not—what avails to know?  
We know not—wherefore need we know?  
This answer gave they still unto his song:  
We know not—let us do as we are doing.

Dost thou not know that these things only seem?  
I know not—let me dream my dream.  
Are dust and ashes fit to make a treasure?  
I know not—let me take my pleasure.  
What shall avail the knowledge thou hast sought?  
I know not—let me drink my thought.  
What is the end of strife?  
I know not—let me live my life.  
How many days or e'er thou mean'st to move?  
I know not—let me love my love.  
Were not things old once new?  
I know not—let me do as others do.  
And when the rest were over past,  
I know not—I will do my duty—said the last.

Thy duty do? rejoined the voice:  
Ah! do it, do it, and rejoice;  
But shalt thou, then, when all is done,  
Enjoy a love, embrace a beauty  
Like these, that may be seen and won  
In life, whose course will then be run;  
Or wilt thou be where there is none?  
I know not—I will do my duty.

And taking up the word around, above, below,  
Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low:  
We know not, sang they all, nor ever need we know!

We know not, sang they, what avails to know?  
Whereat the questioning spirit, some short space,  
Though unabashed, stood quiet in his place.  
But as the echoing chorus died away,  
And to their dreams the rest returned apace,

By the one spirit I saw him kneeling low,  
And in a silver whisper heard him say:  
Truly, thou know'st not, and thou need'st not know!

Hope only, hope thou, and believe always;  
I also know not, and I need not know;  
Only with questionings pass I to and fro,  
Perplexing these that sleep, and in their folly  
Imbreeding doubt and sleptic melancholy;  
Till that their dreams deserting, they, with me,  
Come all to this true ignorance and these.

For the Herald of Progress.

## A few more Hints to Socialists.

Having received a number of responses to a short article in a former number of the Herald of Progress, addressed to "Socialists," I find it necessary to reach the friends of Progress again through the same channel.

In the first place, let it be distinctly understood that I do not aim to found an association having a "common domain," or "unitary home," but a Progressive Neighborhood—gathering of honest, intelligent, liberal-minded, progressive, and harmonious families, from which we may rationally expect a harmonious whole. All may not think alike, as that would be monotonous, but all must have due respect for each other's opinions.

There is now a farm near us, of seventy or eighty acres, to be had at one hundred dollars per acre less than other such lands are selling for in the vicinity. This chance should not be missed. We cannot wait for unity of effort to raise money to buy the place. Will some worthy Brother or Sister, commanding a few thousands, make the purchase at once, and divide into from one to ten acre lots, and all at cost (interest on capital invested included in cost) to such as may choose a home among us? My husband and myself have all the land we wish for ourselves, but have not the means to purchase for others; neither do I at present know of any person sufficiently interested who has. The place is in good order, with a good, large dwelling-house, surrounded by trees and shrubbery; also some acres of good timberland. Nothing can be lost in buying, even should my plans fail. It is not best to be too sanguine, yet in the future I see a bright spot



on our beautiful island—a multitude of lovely little homes, centers of intelligence and genuine refinement—abodes of the contented and happy—all beautiful, yet varied in accordance with diversity of taste and means to beautify.

The leading idea of a Progressive Neighborhood is the founding of a school, such as we wish for our children; and in connection with this, a dancing-hall, lecture-room, and gallery of art. In the latter, each family or individual can have a separate section, if each has but a small collection; by being brought into close proximity, a center of attraction will thus be formed without extra expense. First, the people must have their homes, and stand on a firm footing pecuniarily; then, with unity of effort, according to ability, we will put up an edifice for the purposes mentioned.

Much land is not desirable here. Farming, even in the West, is harder, and usually less remunerative, than mechanical work. Farmers are called an independent class of people, but it is only by hard toil and strict economy that they insure a comfortable living. None but those brought up on a farm can be farmers. Any other class of people going West to form an agricultural community must meet with disappointment and entire failure. There is much more to be thought of than cheapness of land. About one thousand dollars will purchase an acre here and build a neat cottage. Less than that would hardly take a family to the far West and purchase a home there, to say nothing of the expense of returning, in case of failure or discontent.

Mechanics, such as tinners, harness-makers, shoemakers, etc., can have shops here, and fill orders for the city. One or two house-builders, a mason, and house-painter, can, I think, find enough to do here. One or two, or more, can do well keeping summer boarders. A "Cure" could not fail to be remunerative in connection with summer board. One might have a nursery, and all cultivate fruits and berries more or less. Even men whose business is in New York City may find it pleasant to have a quiet home one hour's ride in the country.

I have written thus much knowing that there are at least a few that will be interested. I might enter into further details, but that is unnecessary at present.

Those, and those only, who are in earnest, may continue to address

Mrs. E. STARR HOWARD,  
Tottenville, Staten Island, N. Y.

### The Vassar College.

Says Washington: "There is nothing that can better deserve our patronage than the promotion of science and literature. Knowledge in every country is the surest basis of public happiness."

Poughkeepsie stands unsurpassed in the beauty of its structure and the natural arrangement of its location, and more than excels for its literary institutions. Now comes the crowning glory of her renown—the "Vassar Female College." Who can tell the extent of its destined good, to all coming generations? Poughkeepsie will share its beneficence; but not monopolize it. Its fame will attract pupils from far and near. The Missionary woman will graduate there for the civilization of distant shores. Teachers from thence will spread o'er the earth to enlighten and bless the world. Its graduates will pass off in all directions—shedding the elevating influence of culture wherever they go; and in all their after positions in life, as companions at home and abroad, as daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers, their influence will be almost omnipotent in the spread of knowledge and virtue.

As a native of Dutchess County, and for many years a resident of Poughkeepsie, I am rejoiced at this noble gift of Mr. Vassar. No worthier object could have attracted his munificence. The elevation of woman of necessity elevates man. Her influence underlies the destiny of mankind. He has shown himself a practical well-wisher of his race. Untold thousands through all coming time are to rise up and call him blessed. Long after he shall have been gathered with his fathers, will his name be a household word wherever a mother dwells whose mind was enlightened and whose heart was purified in the Vassar College. Fathers and brothers will toil and sacrifice, that a daughter and sister may be honorably sustained in that institution; that she may come forth in the maturity of her years, a blessing to herself, family, and society.

It is to be hoped that such instruction will there be given, as not to deteriorate the useful faculties of woman. The necessary and natural uses of body, as well as mind, should be educated. Many institutions of learning educate into uselessness. "Knowledge is power."

In so large an institution there will be a splendid opportunity to learn practical house-keeping—in all its necessary, useful, and ornamental branches. No sensible parent would object to such a course of instruction being added to the ordinary branches of literature and science.

And most certainly no common sense man, seeking a wife, would object to her having a practical knowledge of gardening and domestic duties, which are so indispensable to a well regulated family. When the wife knows less than Bridget about housekeeping, things often go wrong, to the great annoyance of men of sense.

Girls are too often educated out of the kitchen into the parlor, instead of learning to shine in either. As much or more happiness comes from the kitchen as from the parlor, as every experienced family knows.

Aside from the moral and intellectual influence of the College, which are beyond all estimate, the business and property of Poughkeepsie will receive a prosperous stimulus. Strangers will be attracted to settle in its vicinity to enjoy its charms and improve its beauties.

Country seats will multiply adjacent to its suburbs. Improved roads and drives will be extended from its center far out into the country, adding convenience, pleasure, and profit to the surrounding farmers. Laboring men and women will rejoice in more work and better pay, and in the improving moral and intellectual surroundings, thus making their condition more prosperous and happy. All callings must feel the benign influence of general prosperity.

Every woman must rejoice who hears of this richly endowed institution for the eleva-

tion of her sex. Here is a noble example for men of wealth to imitate—to do something for humanity in their own day and generation, while they yet live to see its fruits, something that will stand as a more useful and enduring monument to their fair fame, than the Pyramids of Egypt. That will endure long after stone and brass shall have been dissolved, because implanted in the immortal mind, which shall survive the dissolution of all terrestrial things and live eternal in spheres of perpetual remembrance.

JAMES FLAGLER,  
NEW YORK, 1863.

### Letter from Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

#### PLACES AND PERSONS.

Waukegan, Illinois, is a high and dry city of about six thousand souls. With Lake Michigan on one side and the prairie on the other, the place is comfortably cool in summer, bleak in winter, and always healthy.

I have a New England friend in Waukegan, who has kindly opened to me his doors and given me shelter from the heat and storms. My friend has two little daughters—bright human buds—who have no earth-mother but me, and I am only one in their childish dreams. God be very merciful to these precious spirits, and grant to their angel mother power and permission to lead them sinless back to paradise. Like to see boys battling with the Fates and Fortunes—like to see them climbing the rough and winding way to manhood; but girls—the world is far less merciful to them!

On my way to Chicago, a few mornings since, I picked up a Chicago paper and read among the arrivals at the Sherman House the name of my brother. How came he there? Where going? Shall I find him? and know him? were questions I hastily asked myself. Hastened to the Sherman House, full of hope and wonder, and was informed that Mr. M. had paid his bill and gone. I went out in search of him and found him at the railroad station. We shook hands and parted. Years may come and go again before we meet. I go into the world, plunge into business, change names and plans, and half-forget our blessed mother's children. Such is life! From Chicago I went to

OREGON, COLE CO., ILL.

Oregon is a busy, beautiful seven-hills city. It has a New England aspect, and the inhabitants a Yankee appearance. I like the honest independence of the people, I like their industry and thrift, I like vastly the musical murmur of Rock River, that, in its windings in and about the town, has left some fine wooded islands. Nature is, on the whole, a splendid artist. She makes an occasional blunder in her human productions, however.

A Convention of Independent Thinkers called me to Oregon. Mrs. Montpou, the secretary of the Convention, will give you a report of the speaking. Of some of the speakers I may speak: Mrs. M. A. Mitchell, widow of Col. Alexander Mitchell, spoke upon the state of the country—the fearful fate of the nation. She is an earnest, zealous worker, and an uncompromising friend of human freedom. Her voice is clear, her diction good, and her well-chosen words tell like cannon-balls. Miss Louisa Whittier, of Whitewater, Wis., read a capital didactic lecture. She dealt deadly blows at the root of the tree of evil. It is time for reformers to live as well as talk of reform. The human heart is sick unto death. Miss Whittier says eating meat and tobacco, drinking brandy, tea, and coffee, dragging and wretched dressing, have been the cause of most of the evils that curse man and woman. Who doubts it? I hope Miss W. will work on and on till she sees the lance, the long skirts, the swine-barrel, the tobacco-box, and brandy-bottle numbered among the things belonging to the dark ages. But the coffee-pot—spare that!

Mrs. Emma Jay Bulline spoke in the Convention. Time, care, sickness, and death, have left their traces upon her sweet face; but her voice has lost none of its melody, her soul has kept sacredly its faith and fervor. She never spoke better than at this meeting. She intends spending the autumn in the lecturing field.

Mr. W. Moore, the President of the Convention, is an out-and-out Spiritualist. He and his gentle-hearted wife welcome us to their hotel. They will be remembered with blessings a hundred years hence in heaven.

DIXON

Is a clean and pleasant town (or city) on the Chicago and Galena Railroad. I spent a few days there, and spoke once. My audience was large for the place and people.

Mrs. Elizabeth Vesper lives in Dixon. She has been set apart by angels to heal the sick, to bid the deaf hear, and to lead the blind to the healing waters of life. She is doing well her work.

IN STARBING

I passed a day pleasantly and profitably, speaking to old friends and new. Starboring is another of the pleasant towns on Rock River. For me it has many attractions.

ELEROY

Is a quiet, rural town, on the Illinois Central Railroad. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Jones welcomed me to their beautiful home. Mr. Jones has been a Baptist minister and a merchant; but the later years of his life have been given chiefly to music, the muses, and to the ministry of the Harmonical Philosophy. He is a fine speaker, and ought to be heard. I gave a lecture in the hall of Mr. Jones's house. Our aim is little known in Eleroy, but the people manifested a spirit to hear what could be said in its favor.

A lady and gentleman, with a few friends, called upon me at Mr. Jones's to be married. I have but little faith in the present marriage laws. They rob woman of more rights than they give. They have destroyed more souls than they have saved, created two bells to one heaven; but until the people—the mass—demand the abrogation of all that is inhuman in the marriage code, I suppose there will be marrying under existing laws. Where I see no good reason why the parties may not live together, I shall very likely avail myself of my ministerial power and pronounce the twain one. My views of true marriage, its sacredness and responsibility, will deter me from asking God to bless the union of hands where hearts are dissuited. Adieu.

H. F. M. BROWN.

### Instructive Miscellany.

#### The Arts in America.

BY HORATIO L. TRYON.

The proficiency of a nation in the arts indicates its degree of civilization. The arts are manifestly the refining elements of the people, and no nation is truly advanced that does not foster them.

Though the Jews were denied the beneficial influences of sculpture and painting, still poetry and music were encouraged by them, and in these departments of art we find them most proficient.

The early Christians, imitating the Jews, set their faces against sculpture and painting likewise, yet the Church eventually adopted the prevalent tastes of the nations in which she flourished, and found them a source of great advantage in advancing her interests. Each ascetic sect which split off from the Mother-Church, in their turn denounced these two beautiful arts as idolatrous, though eventually forced to acknowledge their refining influences, and at last accepting them as desirable accomplishments. At the present time few Christians, except the ignorant and fanatical, but acknowledge the civilizing tendencies of all the arts, and encourage them to the extent of their means, though denying the artist a free display of talent under the ridiculous plea of modesty.

The world is much indebted to the Mother-Church for her encouragement of correct taste, yet the peculiar religion of pagan Rome and Greece gave a wider range to poetic thought in sculpture and painting, while the art patronage was of that character, that the antique will ever be an advantageous study, from its peculiar force and strict delineation.

In contemplating the development of the arts in the nations of previous ages, comparatively with the present, the most remarkable growth of art-appreciation is manifest in the United States of America. History records no parallel to the advancement which the people of America have made since she has been an independent nation. Not that we excel in the arts, or display superior taste, but when we take into consideration the peculiarities of our Government, together with its youth, and the absence of concentrated capital, it seems extraordinary that we are able to compete with other and older nations.

Unhappily no Government, in its direct legislation, does less to encourage the arts than the United States. While other nations have their national academies, sustained and encouraged by the Government, and national exhibitions of art under Government supervision, our country has not one. She donates no moneys, makes no provisions, and manifests no direct interest or encouragement on the subject. Private enterprise has done everything so far. Most of the few public monuments which we have throughout the country, have been gotten up in such a loose manner that they retard rather than encourage a correct taste for the beautiful, and do not reveal the talents of our artists.

With a little encouragement from our Government, America would soon assume the first position in modern arts. As a matter of economy, this subject should become the study of our statesmen, and such protection and encouragement thrown around the arts at home as would insure success to the enterprising talent at present employed in them. The taste in and appreciation of art-works, are rapidly maturing in our larger cities, and large exports of moneys result from the foreign supply of art-works to meet the demand. These works are not first-class, but are the productions of inferior artists. Their sale is injurious to the growing taste of our citizens, and is a serious obstacle to the advancement of our young artists; the encouragement which they would receive from the sale of their own productions is destroyed by the glut of the market, and the export of moneys expended on inferior works. Few first-class works of art reach us from foreign sources. The demand being supplied from abroad by cheap works, our artists at home must go begging, and the wealth expended in that way must continue to flow out, as ever.

It is from this, as well as the fact that our Government encourages no galleries of art or academies for art-study, that most of our native artists seek other countries in which to pursue their avocations. Though the advancement of the arts is met by these great drawbacks, still they flourish to some extent in our midst, and individual enterprise attempts to develop the talent-germ revealed in the struggling art-community.

The unprecedented development of art-appreciation in the United States can only be accounted for in the dissemination of education among the people, and in the freedom with which we communicate our thoughts and opinions one to another. The attainment of education develops and matures the intellect, though the tastes do not become refined until associated with the arts. In fact, the senses are the mediums of refinement, hence Nature is but half appreciated without the accompaniment of music, poetry, sculpture, and painting. The mind matured by letters is very susceptible to the refining influences of the arts, and the education of the masses throughout our country becomes the basis of a highly refined, intellectual, and artistic nation. To accomplish this desirable object, it becomes necessary for our Government to adopt measures of legislation calculated to expel from our market the inferior foreign works crowded upon us. Our own artists would then find a ready sale for their productions, and the community would be rid of

the baleful influences of the refuse of the Old World.

I would suggest to our resident sculptors and painters the propriety of petitioning Congress for legislation on this subject, urging the adoption of a tariff upon sculpture and paintings, commencing with a moderate duty on first-class works of arts, and increasing the amount according to the inferiority of the work, until the refuse would be entirely excluded from the market.

#### Verse and Prose.

We do not write verse so supremely now as Shakespeare and his companions did, but as a whole we write prose better.

"What wants he that a king should have?"

cried James, as he gazed with pitiless admiration at the huge limbs and bold bearing of the outlaw of Etruria, "What wants prose that verse should possess?" the reader may exclaim, as he closes one or other of our English masterpieces. If it be admitted that verse is the nobler vehicle of expression, it will not be denied that prose is the more generally useful, and the best suited for ordinary purposes. Verse is a service of gold plate, which is only brought forth on princely festivals, and high solemnities and anniversaries; prose, the service in every day use, and if the viands are properly cooked—and that, after all, is the chief matter in a feast—they taste as sweetly in the ordinary service as they do in the golden plate.

And, after all, it may be questioned whether verse is a higher vehicle of expression than prose, when prose is at its best. Have we not seen prose as ductile, and as easily turned and twisted by quill and phantasy? Have we not seen it, chameleon-like, colored by the food it feeds on? Have we not heard its voice, and been unable, even when sitting amid the flutes of Arcady, to remember a sweeter note? Miltonic music lingers in the sentences of De Quincy. There are inspired passages in Ruskin that will hold their own with anything in poetry. Professor Wilson and Kingsley have written descriptions of natural scenery which are equal to anything of the same kind existing in verse; while Carlyle's style is unique and unapproachable: everything by turns—solemn, grotesque, humorous—capable of dealing with the highest and the lowest, free at once of earth and air. Verse cannot without detriment descend beneath a certain level; and there are elements with which it is not endued. It can put a girdle around the earth in forty minutes, like Ariel; but it cannot carry logs, like Ferdinand. The sea-bird is beautifully wheeling in the air—charming when it sinks to rest, breast-deep in the billow; but on the ground its movement is a waddle, all grace is gone. Prose is more Protean than verse, and can make itself at home anywhere—in the rare passionate and imaginative regions, in the intricacies of logical statement, in the even flow of narrative. It can do all that verse can, and it has no pride; it can concern itself with trifles; it can paint Dutch pictures; it can analyze proverbs. And it is cautious, too, that the wider intellectual region over which prose dominates, almost inevitably attracts to itself, sooner or later, writers whose minds are of the purest poetic type. Men who begin with poetry, feel, as time passes on, and experience widens, a strange propulsion to prose, or to the drama. They weary of abstractions, of the beautiful masks and shadows of things, and long to feel the earth beneath their feet, and to assure themselves by human fellowship. Verse takes the cream off their thoughts, so to speak; but much remains behind, on which the shaping instinct within cannot help exercising itself, and which seeks a prose outlet. Thus we observe that, for the most part, the great writers who made brilliant the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, either forsook the passionate and emotional element, in which in early life they delighted, for closer relationship with men in the drama, or wrote poems in which the satirical and prosaic side of things predominated over the purely emotional, or relinquished verse altogether, and became prose novelists, prose essayists, or prose humorists. The author of *Marmion* became the author of *Waverley*. Shelley sought refuge from lyrical pain in *The Cenci* and *Hellas*. Coleridge forsook verse altogether. Byron, in his closing years, was a poet only in form; the last cantos of *Don Juan* are, to all intents and purposes, a brilliant satirical novel, in which poetry adds a sheen to the wit, and a sharper edge to the epigram. Had he lived, there can be little doubt that he would have relinquished verse and betaken himself to prose fiction, in which he would have brought much of Fielding's good sense, solidity, and heartiness, all Thackeray's gift of melancholy scorn, and a width of imaginative range and power of tenderness unknown to either. The fact, then, that prose, as a vehicle of literary expression, has, during the last century, immensely developed; that it can deal gracefully and effectively with prosaic subject-matter; that it can chronicle small beer and the traffic of village cloaks; that it can paint moor, and fen, and woodland; that it can take on the edge of epigram; that it can turn upon itself in self-analysis; and that, when required, it can rise into the passionate regions, of which, hitherto, verse has been the great inhabitant and exponent, is one reason, and perhaps the chief one, why the novel has surpassed the poem in popular estimation. The novel can give us all that we were wont to expect from the poem; and as it can more effectively combine heterogeneous elements, force and tragedy, satire and moral reflection, the high mood and the mean, the one grand passion and the one hundred sordid ones, it is better fitted than the poem to reflect the many-colored world in which we live, and in which each plays his part. The novelist can stretch a wider canvas than the poet, and on his palette has a greater variety of pigments wherewith to produce his picture in his lights and glooms; and it is his own fault if the tone of his colors be not as pure, if his scarlets are not as brilliant, and his umbers as somber as the poet's. As a work of art the novel may be—nay, sometimes is—as perfect as the poem. The *Newcombes*, for instance, is a classic as truly as the *Essay on Man*; with the difference that it is infinitely more entertaining, and is certain to find now, and hereafter, a greater number of readers.—*North British Review*.

### Flowers on the Alps.

We carried flowers with us all the way. No one knows the full ministry of flowers until he is exiled from home, wandering in solitudes; or, as in our experience, traveling among savage and desolate mountains, upon whose sides trees can find no nourishment, which lift their grim and shattered peaks far up on either hand around you. Everything is strange. No trees, no fields, no level places, no near distances! All is vast, remote, and untamable. Birds there are none, and insects few. Only flowers remain in their own proportions, and with sweet familiar faces.

They are not concerned in this grand enchantment of Nature, by which your senses are juggled out of their habits. They are near, and alone of all the things around you speak a familiar language. They grow in amazing profusion in these Alpine solitudes. Even when grasses shrink and abandon the field, when shrubs and vines give over the contest, flowers of many varieties, in indescribable abundance, peep from among shattered stones, troop in blue lines along crevices, spread out in armies upon favored spots, wink and nod with all their morning jewels on, where the soil is so good that they can afford a stem; and where cold and poverty refuse the luxury of stems, they lie down like mosses, and purple the ground with yellow, and pink, and red. They alone comfort you. They speak to you of home and friends. They smile upon you. The very sunlight in high regions has strangeness.

You now see how much your feelings about sunlight have been determined by the things on which it falls. Sunlight alone, in a hemisphere vast, objectless, save the wild and gaunt mountains, set you into dreams, and with a kind of incantation produces at length the impression that you have risen into a spiritual world without spirits in it, serene, climbable, clear, cold, and desolate. Flowers bring you back. You look up and long, and sigh. You look down, and smile into happiness again. Again and again you bless them. You talk to them. They are many of them your own home, familiar flowers. With one and another of them friends are associated inseparably. You almost hear their speak. There comes over you at times a feeling as if they were dropped there by those whom you love, and that in a turn you will surely meet those whose signals and souvenirs march with you all the day long!

### A Marriage in Low Life.

I was once present at a wedding of some poor English people, and deeply impressed by the spectacle, though by no means with such proud and delightful emotions as seems to have affected all England on the recent occasion of the marriage of the Prince. It was in the cathedral at Manchester, a particularly black and grim old structure, into which I had stepped to examine some ancient and curious wood-engravings within the choir. The women in attendance greeted me with a smile (which always glimmers forth on the feminine visage, I know not why, when a wedding is in question) and asked me to take a seat in the nave till some parties were married. It being the Easter holidays, and a good time for them to marry, because no fees would be demanded by the clergyman. I sat down, accordingly, and soon the parson and his clerk appeared at the altar, and a considerable crowd of people made their entrance at a side door, and ranged themselves in a long, bud-died line across the chancel. They were my acquaintances of the poor street, or persons in a precisely similar condition of life, and were now come to their marriage ceremony in just such garbs as I had seen them wear—the men in their looser coats out at the elbow, or their laborers' jackets, disfigured with grimy toil; the women drawing their shabby shawls tighter about their shoulders to hide the raggedness beneath; all of them unbrushed, unshaven, unwashed, uncombed, and wrinkled with penury and care—nothing virgin-like in the brides, nor hopeful or energetic in the bridegrooms; they were, in short, the mere rags and tatters of the human race, whom some east wind of evil omens, howling along the streets, had chanced to sweep together into an unfragrant heap.

Each and all of them, conscious of his or her individual misery, had blundered into the strange miscalculation of supposing that they could lessen the sum of it by multiplying it into the misery of another person. All the couples (and it was difficult, in such a confused crowd, to compute exactly their number) stood up at once, and had execution done on them in the lump, the clerical men addressing only small parts of the service to each individual pair, but so managing the larger portion as to include the whole company without the trouble of repetition. By this compendious contrivance, one would apprehend, he came dangerously near making every man and woman the husband or wife of every other; nor, perhaps, would he have perpetrated much additional mischief by the mistake; but, after receiving a benediction in common, they assented themselves in their own fashion, as they only knew how, and departed to the garrets, or the cellars, or the unsheltered street corners, where their honeymoon and subsequent lives were to be spent. The parson smiled decorously, the clerk and the sexton grinned broadly, the female attendant tittered almost aloud, and even the married parties seemed to see something exceedingly funny in the affair, but for my part, though generally apt enough to be tickled by a joke, I laid it away in my memory as one of the saddest sights I ever looked upon.—*Hawthorne*.

### Matched by a Woman.

In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Borden's will, which was tried some years ago, Mr. Webster appeared as counselor for the appellant, Mrs. Greenough, wife of the Rev. Wm. Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall, straight, queenly-looking woman, with a keen black eye—a woman of great self-possession and decision of character—was called as a witness on the opposite side. Webster at a glance had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight with the jury. He therefore resolved, if possible, to break her up; and when she answered the first question put to her—

"I believe?" Webster roared out; "we don't want to hear what you believe, we want to hear what you know!"



—Dr. J. King, of Cincinnati, proposes that in each of our Northern States a central situation be selected for the erection of a large marble cenotaph, consisting of halls, rooms, &c., upon the walls of which shall be engraved the names, &c., of all the soldiers of the State who have fallen in the present war, both those of native and foreign birth, the particular plan of the cenotaph in each State to be designed by some good architect.



## Progressive Sabbath-School and Picnic.

The great zeal exercised in all departments of the progressive field of labor is truly laudable, and is strictly characteristic of the spirit of truth which actuates to zealousness and perseverance. Among the greatest efforts to reform, and the harmonious development of the human mind, is the Sabbath-school. The rapid advancement in every department of the mind, and the general reform of the world, depend upon the teachings and influences surrounding children. It is an old and true saying, that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." A hard saying for total depravity doctrine, because if totally depraved it could not be bent any more in a wrong direction. The Churches say, "The Sabbath-school is the nursery of the Church." If the present condition of the churches, their increase and general prosperity, was any evidence, we would infer at least that the Church was a dry nurse, and the food dryer still. There is but little food in the common systems of conducting Sabbath-schools. But progression, in any department of Church systems and rules, is repudiated. The systems of a hundred years ago must be altered, because established by the fathers of the churches. But a new light and a brighter one, a better system, has shed its rays and dawned upon the darkness of the present systems. Progressionists have established and are actively laboring to establish Progressive Lyceums, which are conducted upon entirely different principles than have been exercised.

The Spiritualists of Sturgis, Mich., have been instrumental in establishing a large school of one hundred and twenty scholars, upon the progressive plan. The writer attended their picnic on Sept. 27th, and made a brief report of the day's proceedings:

We would here insert that they started their school with but one dozen scholars but a few months ago, and that this was the first festival they had held.

The children, teachers, and friends, met at the Free Church at nine o'clock, A. M., and assembled in their places under their various banners. The school is arranged in groups instead of classes, and a leader has charge of each group.

The countenances of the children beamed with radiant smiles, and joy was written on every face in happy anticipation of the pleasures of the day.

After a few remarks from the superintendent, or conductor, the groups arose from their seats and marched around the church, each group following their respective banner and leader. After making one or two evolutions around the church, they marched out, led by the St. Joseph brass band, whose music made the heart glad.

Each banner was inscribed by an appropriate name and motto, or inscription. The first group was Fountain Group, led by Mrs. Parker, with this beautiful motto inscribed upon their banner:

"Holy angels hover near us,  
Guard our footsteps when we stray."

The next in order was Stream Group, led by Mrs. Gray, with the motto:

"Teach us to be dutiful,  
Happy, and beautiful."

Next followed River Group, led by Mrs. Wait, with the motto:

"A little word in kindness spoken,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken."

The next was Lake Group, led by Miss Kelly, with the beautiful motto:

"May angel guards defend us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us."

Next followed Sea Group, led by Miss Baker, with the motto, "May our minds ever be expanding like the tide of the sea."

Next, Ocean Group, led by Mrs. Stowe, with the motto, "Prove all things: hold fast to that which is good."

Shore Group, led by Mrs. Church; the motto:

"The good is flowing,  
The truth is growing on forever."

Beacon Group, led by Mrs. Packard. Inscription:

"Let our thoughts and labor be  
To God and humanity."

Banner Group, led by Mrs. Peck. Inscription:

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

Star Group—Mrs. Baker. Inscription, "True Religion is Universal Justice."

Excelsior Group—Mrs. Smith. Inscription, "Order is Heaven's first law."

Liberty Group—Mr. Kelly. Inscription, "Where the spirit of the Lord is there is Liberty."

Twelve groups in all.

The reader will observe the appropriateness of the names of groups.

First, fountain, forming stream, forming river, forming lake, etc.

After marching around twice, groups arranged in single file and sang a picnic song, led by Mr. Hutchinson, musical director. It was truly a happy band, making the air resound with pleasures sweet. Song, "A way to the fields, away." Teams were arranged in order, and the groups took their seats, and then a nice ride of three miles brought them to a beautiful grove, where preparations had been made for all kinds of children's pleasures. Swings were fixed in the branches of the tall oaks, and a general enjoyment of Nature's brightest day was attained. A bounteous dinner was spread out to refresh the physical nature, and all enjoyed the substantial and delicacies with sharpened appetites, caused by the exercises and exhilarating country air.

The refreshments were served to the children assembled in circles, sitting on the green grass, under their respective banners. It was beautiful, those twelve groups of happy children, each living in the happiness of all, partaking of the refreshments with such natural relish.

After the children had been served, the friends assembled around the table, and in a short time relieved it of some of its burden. The children were then called together and marched, performing various movements of the hands and feet in perfect order and precision. Then came the toasts of the day, commencing with Fountain Group, as follows:

"That all the children composing these groups be as harmoniously united in all their

future relations of life as they have been today."

Stream Group—"May God and the angels guide and protect these groups through this world and the world that is to come."

River Group—"Liberty forever."

Lake Group—"As the fountain, stream, and river are to the lake, so may God and the angels be to this group."

Sea Group—"May God bless our superintendents"—given by a little boy.

Ocean Group—"As the Fountain supplies the waters, and the Stream and River bear it on to the Ocean, so may our lives, springing from Nature's reservoir, not gather of the dark stains of sin, but flow on pure to the great ocean of eternity."

Shore Group—"As the Shore surrounds the Ocean, so may God's love surround us all."

Beacon Group—"May our Beacon be the light of Truth that guides to everlasting life."

Banner Group—"Let us march on forever under the wide-floating Banner of Truth."

Excelsior Group—"May we excel in the duties of life, and attain to the highest homes in the angel world."

Liberty Group—"Liberty is our motto: May it ever be our watchword until the Union is restored and freedom proclaimed to all mankind."

After the exercises were finished, and the children had sung a beautiful song, short speeches were made by J. T. Rouse, J. C. Corey, J. McQueen, and H. T. Fairfield, various amusements were enjoyed by the children and older folks, after which they again embarked in their wagons, and all went back to town, highly pleased with the day's excursion. All was harmonious and orderly.

The Lyceum have reason to be proud of their superintendent, Mr. Jacobs, a young man of rare abilities and great zeal. By his great love of order, everything was conducted upon the strictest principles of harmony.

J. C. COREY.

[Banner of Light.]

## Pulpit and Rostrum.

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

A Lecture by Dr. R. T. Hall-

lock,

DELIVERED AT DODD'S HALL,

SUNDAY EVENING, OCT. 4, 1893.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY ROBERT S. MOORE.

That man survives the dissolution of his body, that the process familiarly known as death attaches only to the chemistry of life—the material out of which the spirit, which is life itself, writes the first chapter of its eternal history—that this process does, in fact, lift the subject to a higher plane of life, that there is a life and this there is communion, intercourse, inspiration, and revelation, are facts as well established as any affirmation of the nineteenth century. No discovery of the age can array, by way of foundation beneath its theory, a more solid basis of well-observed facts than this structure of faith denominated Spiritualism.

Said to me, the other day, the widow of one of New England's most celebrated clergymen, "What do you think of Spiritualism?" Said I, "I think it embodies a most sublime truth."

Said she, "I am inclined to think so too," and she gave me some of her reasons. I said to her, "I have no doubt, from the report I saw of your husband's death, and of occurrences that transpired a little time before—I have no doubt that your husband's spiritual senses were opened and that he saw into the spirit-world and had a foretaste, from observation, of its glorious realities." "Not a doubt of it," said this ancient Presbyterian of the strictest sect.

When a truth like this, still in its teens, can reach a mind like that, brought up under circumstances such as you may judge the wife of a New England clergyman to have been, it would be idle for me to stand here and multiply proofs. I shall, therefore, hold it as established. And now, did the use of this truth—this new discovery of an old truth—stop here, did it simply reach out to the future, simply assure us of a continued existence, then, though it did no more, it would wipe away many tears, it would smooth more furrows in the cheek of sorrow than all other discoveries that have blessed human research from its commencement to the present hour. It is good to know that even outside of those who make a profession of having accepted it and realized it, that, in cases of bereavement, there are more who turn in the direction of these modern experiences—to the gospel of their own tables so mysteriously acted upon, and to the usual phenomena witnessed in the presence of modern mediums—more thought, I say, directed thus, than backward to the experiences of the past. And I am glad to know and to feel that this great truth is beginning at length to find its natural response in "the deep heart of mankind."

But, like all other truth, it is two-edged: it looks both ways. It not only comes to bridge the narrow sea which divides this life from the other, and to lay the substantial granite blocks of demonstration, over which the parting soul passes dry-shod; it not only comes to illuminate the "dark valley," so full of shadows and shapes of fear in the olden time; not only this, it comes to shed its light upon the living age, upon this present state—to give us the needed information by which we solve its enigmas and by which its significance becomes apparent.

And now, my friends, you must allow me to say of this New Dispensation, that the time has passed for it to stand before the world in an attitude of apology. It must be done with apologies. It must utter its doctrines as a matter of principle—distinctly, clearly, fear-

lessly, but kindly always. And there is another thing, which, if we would not be traitors to the truth we know, that we must be done with, and that is compromise. There must be no compromise, there can be no compromise except at the expense of fidelity. We cannot afford to compromise. Those who have tried it, where are they? Look back and see. It is one of the beautiful things of Nature that all principles find their expression in the external, and you can therefore see what is right and what is not by seeing how men act and how they are acted upon by these principles whose home is in the nature of man and in the reason of things. Where now are the Spiritual papers established purposely to make sale of this "new birth" to the old dispensation? that tried to put the "new wine" into the old bottles of ceremony and Bible-worship and sect? Where are the lecturers who have attempted it? They are not here; they are not before the public. They have passed away; gone, either through loss of faith and loss of superstition, into silence and oblivion, or because of disgust that they cannot get an audience. They point the moral that the truth cannot be trifled with; that no man can, with safety, compromise a principle; that he always does it at his own expense. The truth can afford it, but its disciples cannot. When a man stumbles against Nature, it is not her indwelling law, but himself, that is broken.

Now I say the time has come for us to be done with apology in presenting this great truth, and to be done with compromises of it. For our own sake it demands faithfulness of us—faithfulness not only with our lips, but with our lives. Are we?

Last Sunday evening, after addressing an audience in the city of Troy, I found that a lady had been seeking me with great diligence between the afternoon and evening lecture. What for, think you? She wanted me to come to her house and perform the ceremony of marriage. "I am not a clergyman," said I. Said she, "I ask your pardon." Said I, "It is not needed; I have to thank you for your independence, I have to thank you for living your principles." Who marry our daughters, as a general fact? Who bury our dead? Who educate our children? Do you see or know or feel anything of the compromise of principles in these particulars? If you do, then know that that compromise will work, not mischief to the truth—that cannot be hurt—but to yourselves. And by so far as you or I, by any act of our lives, fail to honor this great principle, by so far we are traitors to it, and in that degree we must suffer the traitor's doom. Have we not seen enough of the operation of principles to know that they are their own executioners? That there is no possible escape from their pronounced doom? What regard has the water that divides this city from Brooklyn for the man who is regardless of the law of it? Throughout the entire realm of physical law there is no safety for you or I but in absolute and perfect obedience. Notwithstanding our departure or compromises, the law and that which expresses the law goes on, and you and I go under.

So, as all the laws which take hold of the eternal man are in themselves eternal, their action is the same—paying no attention to your prayers or mine, no attention to your church-membership or your bank-stock, behaving respectfully to you precisely in the ratio of your obedience to them—friends while you walk parallel with them, executioners when you attempt to cross their track.

Now, I have revived these truisms because there are those who behave as though this light from heaven (which they profess to love as beyond all price, in the private circle of confidential friendship) were yet a thing to be ashamed of in the mundane moonshine of sectarian creeds and fashionable position. I beseech such as are tempted to continue in this folly, to ponder well the resistless sweep of every natural law, to the end that they may walk in the ways of wisdom.

I have said that these truths of Spiritualism act both ways—that is to say, they teach us the significance of this life as well as the reality of the other. That is their grand object and their most practical bearing. Its supernal aspects are for our moments of sorrow and bereavement. Then the beautiful truth takes the form of a comforter, and breathes into the sorrowing soul the joy which is of assurance. But terrestrially its attitude is that of a teacher. Its office is to point out the way for the physically healthy and strong. From the manifestation of the spirit come the laws of the spirit.

You know that in the church service there is a prayer not gotten up by any of the bishops of the Episcopal church; and our evangelical clergymen sometimes, after having exhausted themselves of prayer, say: "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," etc. Well, a parrot can repeat it, and we repeat it, parrot-like, because, after having repeated it every Sunday morning or oftener, we go to work precisely as if the reverse of that were the thing we had asked for, and our business was, not to bring "the kingdom of heaven" here on earth, but to get a passport into a kingdom supposed to be wholly beyond the earth. Now the invocation of Jesus was to bring that kingdom here. So you see that what I said in the commencement agrees with this invocation; that is to say, our business is with this world; our grand concern is to bring the kingdom of heaven here, to make a paradise upon the earth. And who does not feel that here, and in the men and women who inhabit this earth, are all the materials for a paradise of such transcendent beauty and happiness as no poet in his loftiest flights of imagination ever dreamed of.

"Thy kingdom come" was not a vain invocation, therefore. It was both an invocation and a prophecy. When genius shall have taken hold of these materials, these beautiful blessings which are locked up in Nature—when genius, I say, gets hold of these materials, and in the light of that spiritual illumination of which genius is the natural receptacle, then shall this thing be, then shall human society become what the Divine Author intended it should be—a counterpart of the society of angels.

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Do we strive for that? Is it not rather that our will shall be done on earth? That is the practical rendering of it. And then, after we have tried to have our own wills and to do our own wills and failed, then you know the failure is proposed to be obliterated by what is termed a "plan of salvation" through which we are to escape the uncomfortable consequences of doing our own pleasure. In the realm of physics we know that this can never be. There it is law that works its will, and not we. It works its will irrespective of character, irrespective of intentions. It treats ignorance as it does guilt, for they are the same thing.

But we suppose, vainly, as to these "higher laws," that we can escape their action, that we can go on and break these laws; and when, instead, they have broken us in pieces, and have cast us down and defeated all our expectations, objects, and purposes, then, "by laying hold of the promises," "by faith in the propitiatory sacrifice," we may escape, and it will be just as well as though we had never transgressed. This is the idea which lies at the bottom of our civilization. It has been accepted as genuine by generation after generation, and here we are. Now that idea is a fallacy. Who does not see that the popular systems of religious and civil instruction founded upon it are failures? It has failed in this city by authority of those who advocate it. Among the sermons advertised to be preached to-day is one in which is to be exemplified the great wickedness of this city as shown by the riot of July last. Who can doubt it? Or, as I said from this platform last spring, who can doubt that the religion and politics—the administration of a Church and State which makes the present war a moral necessity—is a failure? It is a sad thing to think, and yet it is so, and we may as well look it in the face.

But there is hope for us on the spiritual side of human nature, even as there is for the nation politically; hope that we can turn this torrent of error back to its source. The light has come in which these mistakes can be rectified, even as justice has come in some degree to the conscience of the nation. It was natural, doubtless, that man should fall into these errors, but it is also natural that he should progress out of them, and the time is ripe for emancipation. The field is ready for the sower whose seed is freedom.

I think that never before in the history of Spiritualism was there so hospitable a state of feeling on the part of the public as now. I think the popular ear is more open to hear what may be said concerning spiritual things than at any previous time. And from this Spiritualism, as a center, must come the light which is to redeem the present and make the future secure.

Looking at the future of this nation, which lies but a generation or two beyond its present, it seems to me that although its efforts in the field should be crowned with victory, and slavery even, that horrible blot upon human nature and human civilization, should be wiped out, and, at the same time, there should be no counterpart to this political and physical emancipation, no better ideas of God's plan in Nature, no better ideas of morality, of the soul, of the nature of man, no better ideas of the relation which man bears to the Eternal and the Absolute should be secured—with nothing to steady the car of victory or trim the ship of State but our sham theologies and our ceremonial religion, the nation would inevitably be dragged back to its old position and relapse into old errors. To this noble task of inaugurating a revolution in the popular thought, in the popular religion, in the popular plans of conducting the affairs of men, we are called by every principle of manhood and every sentiment of patriotism.

As was said, the light for this work is from the higher life. And the first thing which it shows us is this beautiful fact, namely, that the life of man is continuous, that we are spirits here and now. The old notion was that man had a soul, that he had a spirit, not that he is one.

"I've an immortal soul to save" is in one of the church-hymns. That phraseology leads us astray. It presupposes that there is something that may be looked after independently of this soul to be saved; that we may go on and attend to the affairs of the thing that is independent of, if not superior to the soul, and leave the salvation of that subordinate. We reverse the order of Nature and go to work to save this something else which is not soul, and the result is that we lose both; for by neglecting the soul-life the body-life comes to naught.

For example: Who would call the life of James Buchanan a success? True, step by step he reached the object of his ambition and secured the purpose of his life. Senator in Congress, minister to a foreign court, President of the United States—in all these he succeeded. But the price he paid for this success was honor, truth, principle, character, everything that is noble and manly. Here, then, is a man who undertook to build up that something else beside the soul—one whose business was with the body-life, independently of the soul. Now take the verdict of those who put him there, of the country which he misgov-

erned, of impartial history, and what can it say of that man's life? Why, it must write "foolish" all over it. No matter how much of money, no matter how much of the physical comforts the man may have gotten around him, his life is a failure, and he stands before the age as Lot's wife stood in the olden time pointing unmistakably, with congealed and shriveled finger, the universal moral of the eternal laws of God.

I say the first thing the light of the higher life reveals to us is the unbroken continuity of life; and, of consequence, we are spirits now, and are here and now the subjects of spiritual law. Therefore, every recognition of an eternal law here, every act of obedience to that law, is an added growth to the spirit, of which it will reap the benefit forever.

He, then, who is most industrious in making himself acquainted with the Divine laws as expressed in his being and in Nature around him, he who is the most faithful in his obedience to these laws, takes the benefit of his faithfulness and of that obedience; and as he rises from the body-life into the spiritual on that higher plane, he becomes a companion of the like faithful, a member of the society of angels. Now the popular teaching is just the reverse. That makes character of no account in securing the blessings of the upper life, the creed of all account, and belief everything. The man goes on paying no attention to that immortal part—the thing which he calls the soul, no regard to its development, acquaints himself with none of the principles which inhere, or impinge upon it; ignoring all these, he goes on to build up his body interests as long as he has a body to be interested, and then supposes that he can leap upon that other plane of life and take all the advantages of the most faithful student and follower of these laws, simply through the exercise of faith and confidence in the justice and fidelity of somebody else. Was there ever a greater mistake? And when we consider the straightforward action of principles, and the sure destruction which error occasions, (as exemplified in the lives of men and nations,) we see how imminent is the necessity of reform, how grave is the task before us.

Now the first thing needed is a *test of truth*. Reason has slain outright the authority of tradition. Reason and her hand-maiden, Science, have reversed the ancient order of thought. The generation which preceded tried itself by the ancient generations—the present by the past. With this generation there is a marked disposition to try the past by the present. The race is outgrowing authority: it inquires for the reason of things, and it will soon refuse submission to dogmatism unsupported by demonstration. But its instincts suggest that morality must have its basis in truth, and the question which presses is, What is true in regard to principles? What is the test?

First, I lay it down as an axiom, that *whatever is absolutely true is universally good*. I place that as the basis upon which I erect my standard. Now there are a great many things that may be said, in a certain sense, to be true—that is, true in their time—temporarily, relatively true, but not absolutely. It is like this: the relatively true bears to the absolutely true the relation that the scaffolding does to the building. By the figure, the building represents the eternal thing; the scaffolding is there to subserve a temporary purpose. The latter is true only while it is useful, the former represents an eternal use. All mere forms and phenomena are of this temporary character. What we call the facts of Spiritualism are but the ladder by which we ascend to the realization of the "house with many mansions." Now Spiritualism is an eternal truth and a universal good; but its phenomena are temporary and their use restricted to the needs of certain minds. Let no man touch the ladder until the soul has ascended; only let us try to realize that the ladder is but a ladder. Catholicism is good for some people, for certain conditions of mind. Who shall doubt that upon the breast of that good old Roman mother thousands of human beings have breathed their life out in peace? But Catholicism is not good for you and I. It would add nothing to our happiness. We cannot accept it as a whole. There are good things in it and true; but, as a system, it is not for us. We have built beyond it. It, therefore, has not that universality of use which allows us to pronounce it an absolute truth.

Contrast its creed with the multiplication-table, which is absolutely, eternally true. That, you see, is good for everybody. That goes the world over. The man who sees it accepts it, while the creed cannot travel across the street without denial. Thus the standard applied here lets your multiplication-table live forever; but, applied to Catholicism, it pronounces it only the scaffolding to a building better than itself.

Then again, *Truth is a Brotherhood*. Any proposition, however imposing it may be, which contradicts any established or self-evident fact in Nature, is false, and cannot stand. It must be dispensed with, disposed of, rejected; it will never do for us to depend upon it. And the soul that accords these antagonisms is a great way from that "peace which passeth understanding." We know that. For it is in the harmony which is felt within the soul, and which goes out and mingles with the eternal harmonies of Nature, where Peace is born, where she has her reign. When the eternal verities of Nature mingle with the eternal consciousness of the soul, then the life is happiness and peace, and only then. Truths are, and must be, a Brotherhood. Were it possible for any truth, on any plane, to contradict any other, chaos would come again. We know scientifically that it cannot be otherwise than that there shall be



harmony throughout the realm of truth and fact; and that is the philosophy, as I conceive of it, of the perpetual injunction of the Nazarene to his followers, to "love one another." With that spiritual eye of his unsealed, and looking at the law within the fact and the principle within the phenomenon, he saw that the principle of Brotherhood ran throughout Nature; that it held systems of worlds together; that it held the individuals upon the worlds together, and binds them in one indissoluble bond back to the Father, God. That is why there is so much said by this great seer of principles about Brotherhood—about loving each other. The law was seen to be coextensive with the universe. The man who neglects this law, in the degree in which he neglects it, works discord in the cosmos—the very ground, as it was said of old, becomes cursed for his sake. Not a single department of human industry yields a tenth of its real power to bless that it would did we love one another.

Suppose one principle in Nature could outrange or disagree with another principle. Suppose that in the great realm of physical law there could be played the pranks which men enact among themselves. Suppose that Saturn or Jupiter could trample upon the law of Brotherhood in the solar system as we have been trampling upon the same law in this country ever since we have been a nation—where would be the solar system? Where would be our planet as a part of it? You see, then, whether you look for the law of Brotherhood in the planets, or within yourself, or around you, you find that it crops out everywhere.

Then from this brotherly relation that must of necessity exist in the grand family of Truth, we get another standard by which to test it. The assumed truth must agree with the ascertained truth, or it must be false. It must not come in. For example: We hold certain principles to be self-evident, viz., that man has a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We say that to perfect and secure these rights, governments are established among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Their embodiment is democracy. We hold, then, that democracy is a self-evident truth.

Now let us try the Golden Rule, as it is called, by this standard. It reads: "Whosoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Do you not see that this law makes you the judge of what you should do; not what some potentate outside of yourself deems you should do, but what you, in your highest estate of moral and intellectual progress, would have your neighbor do—that is the rule for you. This is the golden doctrine of the Golden Rule—it ennobles the individual, and makes him the supreme judge. It agrees with your democracy, which, when perfected, will enshrine in practice, as it does now in theory, this very principle. In democracy, every man is a monarch in his own right. The Golden Rule, then, harmonizes with the idea of democracy—they prove each other eternally true and universally good. More than this; away back in the centuries, there was a man who could look through the walls of Jewish caste and theocratic despotism, and in the future see the race sitting, each man, under his own vine and fig-tree, the supreme judge of all his own actions, with none to molest or make him afraid. Thus this prophecy agrees with what now is regarded as a political axiom. What, then, shall we say of the prophecy of the "Rule," and of democracy, but that they are copies of eternal things inherent in Nature and in man?

So we may go through the whole category of ideas and opinions in the world, and try them by this standard. Then, again, we may come back from the stars, we may go back to our relational aspects, outside of ourselves, and look within. And here is the same necessity for harmony, and the same use of harmony, as a test of truth and right. The absolute right must have the consent of all the faculties. All the faculties must be touched and elevated by the truth, or it is not the truth. Not one power alone is to consent, but all. They must all sit in judgment upon it before it will pass.

Now try, for example, the popular dogma of the atonement—the dying of one just man for the unjust many. That pleases selfishness; it pleases that portion of our nature which loves to grasp property and to secure bank-stock and high position. It pleases that portion of the nature, and it may even warm the benevolence. I have seen audiences melt into tears through the presentation of the agonies of Jesus because of the infinite kindness which made him willing to give himself a ransom for the world. I say it pleases selfishness, and it may be, benevolence; but there it stops. In that high court of conscience, where justice sits and the reason is prime minister, the sense of justice is outraged and trampled under foot, and discord is thrust into that soul where God designed that harmony should reign. The unconscious verdict of society is against it. There is not a court in the city of New York, not even Jefferson Market or down at the Tombs, where a man who is innocent could be made the subject of a penalty adjudged to the guilty. Everybody sees that justice could not take the innocent, however willing. That the Judge who should do it would subject himself to a criminal prosecution for an outrage upon justice and the interests of mankind. That dogma is false. It outrages the conscience; it outrages the intellect, and we must pass it by, no matter how long we have believed it, no matter what great names are arrayed in its support, no matter how whole generations have passed away in the acceptance of it. It is for us to set it aside.

Thus, you see, if we were not to look without us at all, we have an all but infallible standard of truth within. Had we healthy bodies, had we been properly born into this world, had we been properly developed in our phenological department, we would then have within ourselves an infallible test of truth; and even as it is, if we never acted until we took the solemn verdict of all the faculties which go to make up the essential man, we should rarely go wrong. But instead of that, we generally act under the impulse of but a portion of our nature, and the result is, we feel the lashings of conscience—the verdict of the faculties which have been disappointed, insulted, outraged.

Again: Truth has this other peculiarity. It always grows, spreads, becomes larger, more and more true. Apply this test to Protestantism, for example. It never was more than half true, never was more than an intellectual, and stupid at that. Now look at the map of the world, and you will see that it has made no inroad upon Catholicism. Protestantism, with all its parade of evangelism, of eloquence, of reason, has made no inroad upon that dumb Spiritualism, and simply because, in that dumb Spiritualism there is a truth, eternal and universal. Of this truth there is recognition in Catholicism which you do not find in Protestantism. There is admission of the lips; but at the heart of Protestantism there is a skepticism as cold as you can anywhere find among the French Encyclopedists. Its ministers are obliged to whistle to keep their courage up. Protestantism does not grow; it is not the absolute truth. Like every other ism, there is truth in it; but as a totality, it is not an expression of the absolute truth. It is a failure. It is growing less. It is dying out. Its dogmas are being less and less believed. It reverses the history of all true things. It is not like the oak, which, from an acorn that you may carry in your pocket, lifts its trunk against the centuries and spreads its branches ever wider; it is perpetually dwindling away. Whereas whatsoever is true continues to grow. There was once a man who discovered that water had a sort of spirit in it, that you could do somewhat with that invisible power. The first application of that truth was, I think, simply to a common pump. There it was, and it did actually pump water. But like all true things, it grew; it propelled steamboats; then it drove factories; then railroad-cars, etc. And now, this little germ of physical truth is filling the whole earth. That is the test of Truth—its growth. It is always greater than any man's conception of it; always inviting him on to a closer inspection and better appreciation of its countless beauties and uses.

Apply this test, if you please, to our common faith, namely, that men live on beyond this life, and that there is intercourse between the two planes of existence. Has not every human being an interest in this faith? Is it not universally good? Well, then, by authority of the test, the truth of it must be as substantial as the good of it is universal. For this is another characteristic of Truth, to wit, that it is always the very best thing. Thus the most sublimely glowing poetry is the most absolutely true. For Truth and Beauty are inseparable.

Again: Observe how this faith, which is of knowledge, agrees with science. There is no discord here; but in the old system, in that which we must overturn if we would be faithful to ourselves and to our children, science and theology are perpetually at war. They cannot agree; they never have agreed. No discovery of science but has been denounced by that theology. On the one hand was science, growing beautiful year by year through its revelations of the divine methods in external Nature, and on the other hand was theology, professing the while to lift the soul into a perfect knowledge of the Divine; its deadly enemy from the start. As if faith in God could be weakened or destroyed by a knowledge of his ways!

Thus there was perpetual war between intelligence and faith. Reason and religion were divorced. How different here! This faith, which is fact-born, reaches out to embrace the whole realm of fact. It is a perpetual invitation to science. How it goes forth to meet the known established order of things! To make harmony where discord reigns! To bring science back to the eternal interests of the soul—to wed her to religion, and present them to an astonished world in all their native beauty, as the children of the same great Father!

I could present other tests did time permit; but enough has been said to point the method by which I proceed to determine what is Truth. I plant my feet, then, upon this standard; I say that that which is absolutely true is universally good. And the proposition which has not that characteristic of universal goodness and benevolence to the race, I reject as untrue.

So, too, I say, the best thing is ever the truest. Can you conceive of anything better than the immortality recently brought to light? Is it not, of all things, just the thing most in harmony with the nature of man? It establishes the fact that you do not go into the next world cut off from your kindred and the friends you have left behind. That would not be congenial to your nature. You could not enjoy an existence like that. It shows that the principles of education there and here are identical. That the lessons of the primary school count all through the college; that we take our degree there, not by favoritism, but by growth; that we are now in the Spirit-world; that we are now living the life of spirits; and that the principles which govern the other life have their expression in the world about us. How beautiful and how true, in

view of these facts, is the language of the "wise man," when he said of wisdom, that, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

We owe it to our profession of faith, we owe it to our children, we owe it to our country, that we stand firmly, and with our lamps burning, pointing the world to this way of wisdom, whose path no eagle's eye hath ever seen, no lion's whelp hath ever trodden. If in our day and generation we would do something like that which characterized the revolutionary age, we must do this. And the result of that doing, by virtue of the inherent laws of human nature, will be doing it for ourselves. "He that would save his life shall lose it." He that would save his life, let him see to it that he saves another. That is the law. It is the law of Brotherhood.

So in this working for the neighbor, for the country, for the future, for the race, we build up our own souls into the stature of noble manhood; and with this grand revolution that is going on in the political world, there will go, side by side with it, this great moral revolution. So that, when the chains shall have fallen from the body of the African, the soul of the Caucasian shall rejoice in the liberty which is of truth. So that, when political and physical freedom shall be attained, there shall be secured also that spiritual liberty which is the birthright of the soul. Then shall the invocation, "Thy kingdom come," find its response in a natural fulfillment, and from an emancipated humanity there shall go up the grateful incense of a world redeemed.

## Public Speakers.

(For the completeness and correctness of the following lists of Speakers' appointments and addresses, we must rely upon the prompt and constant attention of those whom we thus gratuitously advertise. For the convenience of Lecture Committees, it is desirable that all traveling Lecturers on Spiritualism and Reform keep as constantly supplied with their engagements and permanent post-office address.)

## APPOINTMENTS.

J. M. Peebles will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month.

Mrs. Annand M. Spence will lecture at Portland, Me., first two Sundays of Dec.

E. Whipple will lecture in South-west Michigan during the fall. Address: Mattawan, Van Buren Co., Mich.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook will lecture in Chicago, during October. Lowell, November. Buffalo, N. Y., December; Bridgeport, Conn., January and February.

Selden J. Finney will speak in Lowell, Mass., during October. Portland, Me., November. Providence, R. I., December. Address care A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal Street, New York.

Miss Martha Lewis Beckwith lectures in Quincy, Mass., Sunday, October 25; Philadelphia, Pa., during November. Lowell, Mass., during Dec. Springfield, Mass., during January; Stafford, Conn., during February.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy will lecture in Richmond, Ind., at the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, Oct. 23, 24, 25. Leaves for Eastern States in Nov. Societies East desiring her services will send address care of C. North, Elkhart, Ind., or F. P. Cuppy, Dayton, O.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak at the Yearly Meeting at Richmond, Ind., Oct. 23, 24, and 25; at Fort Recovery, O., Nov. 7 and 8; Jay Co., Ind., 9 to 15; Grant Co., Ind., 16 to 19. Books for sale, and subscriptions taken for Herald of Progress.

## ADDRESSES.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will make engagements for fall and winter at the West. Address 703 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Dr. A. Pierce, Trance Speaking, Healing, and Developing Medium, care Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

James M. Allen, East Bridgewater, Mass., care of Galen Allen, Esq.

E. L. Wadsworth, care A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal Street, New York.

Miss Susie M. Johnson, care A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal Street, New York.

S. M. Landis, M.D., 2207 Callowhill St., Philadelphia.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon may be addressed Springfield, Mass., during October.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton, Northampton, Mass., care W. H. Felton.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, 87 Spring St., E. Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, Hammononton Atlantic Co., N. J.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm B. Hatch, or Ridgebury, Elmira, Co., Pa.

Mrs. Nellie Wiltzie, Coldwater, Mich., will receive subscriptions for the Herald of Progress.

J. S. Loveland, Williamstown, Conn.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe, Janesville, Wis.

John McQueen, Hillsdale, Mich.

Mrs. B. T. Stearns, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. S. E. Warner, box 14, Berlin, Wis.

Mrs. E. C. Morris, 120 West Houston street, Mrs. E. O. Byrnes, box 166, Buffalo, N. Y.

John Brooker, M. D., 58 Collins street, St. Louis

H. B. Storer, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney, Lawrence, Mass.

W. F. Jamieson, Paw Paw, Mich.

Mrs. M. J. Kutz, Laphamville, Mich.

Rev. H. S. Merrill, Iowa City, Iowa.

B. S. Casswell, Alden, Erie Co., N. Y.

A. H. Davis, Natick, Mass.

Rev. Stephen Fellows, Fall River, Mass.

B. J. Butts, Hopdale, Mass.

Isaac P. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass.

N. S. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Springfield, Mass.

Austen E. Simmons, Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood, W. Killgilly, Ct.

Miss Belle Seongthill, Rockford, Ill.

Abram and Nellie Smith, Sturgis, Mich.

A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.

Rev. J. B. Fish, Gaines, Allegan Co., Mich.

R. Graves, Harveysburg, O.

W. K. Ripley, box 505, Bangor, Me.

Lee Miller, Worcester, Mass.

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Proof that Allopathists unconsciously adopt the principle that "Likes are cured by Likes," which the Homeopaths claim as their own, and which has been established by the Allopathists for fifty years.

Proof that there are no other direct remedies than such as produce an effect antagonistic to the cause of disease.

Proof that the quantity of the remedial agent need not be greater than the quantity of the morbid agent.

Proof that the efficiency of a remedial agent depends particularly upon the greater or less physical superficies of its application.

Proof that the remedial agent should be diluted and rendered as volatile as possible, and that a dose of it should be administered to the patient, not greater than the quantity of the specific agent which produced the disease required to be cured.

Reasons why a specific remedy in a suitable dose produces a curative effect upon a special form of disease, while the same remedy in an equal dose produces no effect if it does not meet the special form of disease.

Exposition of the only correct law of curing diseases as a guiding principle.

Structure and functions of the Human Organism, The Osseous System, with its Ligaments.

The Muscular System.

The System of Organs that renovate the substance of the Body.

Laws of Health as pertaining to the Human Organism, which are based upon the principle of an equilibrium of all the forces of the Organism, and of the power of persistent habit.

Understanding of the aims that ennoble life.

Healthful Nutrition of Food, Drink, and Air, (corresponding Ingestion and Excretion.)

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Thorough exercise of the Muscles, by a system of Hygienic or Curative Gymnastics.

Physiological Importance of Muscular Exercise by a proper system of Curative Gymnastics.

General rules for the practice of Hygienic Gymnastics, with illustrations.

Prescript of combined movements to affect special cases.

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### The Unitarian Convention.

The Annual Convention of Unitarians met at Springfield, Mass., last week. From the correspondence of the *Evening Post* we learn that the prominent persons present were: Dr. Osgood and Mr. Frothingham, from New York; Dr. Farley and Mr. Staples, from Brooklyn; Dr. Lotthrop and Dr. Sawyer, from Boston; Mr. Buckingham and Mr. Pullmann, from Troy; and Mr. Hunting, from Detroit—the clergyman last named being the same chaplain whose dismissal from the army was recently procured by a copperhead commander, for the reason that the chaplain had said something disrespectful of slavery.

The writer mentions one or two peculiarities of the meetings of the Unitarians, wherein they differ from the convocations of other sects. Good points all of them:

First, "It is a curious fact that you may look in vain among the crowds who pour in a steady current from the depot here for any marked ecclesiastical indications. Unlike the clergy of some other sects, the ministers of the Unitarian faith do not, as a general rule, indulge in the free use of white 'crackers'—hence are not easily distinguishable by that badge; neither do they solemnly button themselves up to the chin, and thus proclaim to the world the peculiar sanctity of their office; therefore they preserve a pleasant openness of overcoat as well as of countenance, and wearing their hearts upon their sleeves, come to be regarded by 'the world's people' as a frank and cheerful class of men, alive to the needs of the time and full of healthy human sympathies."

Second, "On these annual journeys from city to city, clergy and laity alike carry their families along with them, and when the object of a friendly host shelters one guest, it entertains that guest's wife, or sister, or daughter, at the same time—perhaps a child or two, by way of giving to these social affairs the charm that lies in the music of the young. To be cast into a congregation of Unitarian brethren at the season of a Convention, therefore, is equivalent to making the acquaintance of such-and-such excellent families who are pretty sure to be well-read and well-acting people, who are equally agreeable in their parlors at home, or in the inevitable 'collation' which always winds up an affair like this now going on in busy Springfield."

Third, "The unusually large attendance of women at this Convention offers a practical illustration of the social tendencies of New England Unitarianism. (You will pardon me the use of the word 'women,' for that is exactly what is meant; 'ladies' might sound more seemly, but what woman is there, in the full sense of the term, who is not a lady? Therefore, in speaking of this gathering, I shall say Unitarian women.) Looking over the record-book in the chapel of the Unitarian church, it was quite amazing to see the prefixes 'Mrs.' and 'Miss' to so many names; and it was very pleasant, too, to see how the Springfield hearthstones have warmed up and fairly sprung to meet these new-comers with a warm welcome."

We extract further from the same correspondence:

AMERICAN IDEAS ON RELIGION AND POLITICS. The opening essay was by Mr. Charles E. Norton, of Cambridge, on American Ideas.

Mr. Norton spoke less than an hour, but his words were weighty and good. Starting with the assumption that the real worth of Unitarianism lies not in the fact that it constitutes a sect, but that it is synonymous with liberty in religion and religion in liberty, and is therefore in conformity with American principles in politics and society, he deduced the argument that this grand idea of liberty is the fundamental one of our modern life, that religion and politics have both entered upon the same course, and that the tendency of both is to become more and more democratic.

He contended that the war may be called, in no merely rhetorical vein, a war for liberal ideas and for the establishment of liberal principles. The would-be founders of a slave empire announce principles repugnant to the civilized sense of the whole human race; every distinguishing American principle is scorned by them. The conflict they have sought has produced the most profoundly moral war ever fought—a war which, on the part of the North, is not so much a war of passion as of ideas, in which we fight for justice, for humanity, and liberty, and in which we persist with an earnest confidence that is not discouraged by disasters or errors, but will win victory at last.

"The war has wrought great changes among our people in the most important points of their political creed; it has also brought religious doctrine to a sharp, hard test. Men have been brought to a deeper sense of the actual realities of this world and the world to come; religion as a creed or a dogma has suddenly failed, and the religion that binds all men together is revealed. Life in the tent, the battle-field, the hospital, is fast making liberal Christians."

"Yet, though quickened by the war, liberal Christianity is not dependent upon it. There is a spiritual activity throughout the world which shows how men hunger for a purer faith. It is a cyclical period—the beginning of a second Reformation, when men leave dogma and creed and seek a better light—a period of religious movement, marked in England by the disastrous condition of the Established Church, by the infidelity of one large class and the desponding theism of another; marked in France by the inquiry awakened by books like Renan's 'Vie de Jesus'; in Germany by a chronic setting forth towards a new Reformation; and even in Italy the heaven has begun to work. Everywhere there is movement; everywhere there is progress; but, except here, everywhere there is disappointment. Here, among many errors, our confidence in the truth insures confidence in our faith; and as America led the great movement for the recognition of human rights in government and politics, so it is for her to lead a similar movement in religion. The war lays upon us new obligations and new duties; we are called to a higher work and more strenuous exertions, and to the task of laying out a path for others."

This was the substance of Mr. Norton's essay—a paper containing doctrines sufficiently progressive to call out a brisk discussion, which lasted for the next four hours. A run-

ning sketch of some of the smart hits made in the course of this debate is probably all the *Evening Post* can find room for. I will try to put the story into a space as of a telescope half-shut up; but without getting the whole length of the tube it is impossible to give an idea of the vigor and liveliness thrown into that four hours' talk of the "liberal Christians."

DR. OSGOOD

opened the ball with one of those felicitous little speeches which are so often heard from his lips by New Yorkers. He regarded it as one of the charms of these meetings that every man is allowed to be himself. John is John, and Peter Peter; John is not required to become Peter, nor Peter John. Yet the points of view of John and Peter are different; there has been great diversity of opinion in the Unitarian body, and herein has been the Unitarian paradox; for while its members have generally been high conservatives in society and politics, they have been liberals in religion. There have been men among the Unitarians who inherited the old conservatism of the New England federalists—men whose virtues almost have been said to lean to error's side. But in the new state of things the conservatives and liberals seem to be one; the time has come for the Church to become the church militant, to strike up the music, lift up the banner, marshal the hosts, and go forth to fight the world, the flesh, and the devil."

[A loud "Amex" from the center of the house testified to some "muscular" Christian's admiration of this aggressive suggestion.]

Dr. Osgood concluded with a strong exhortation to his brethren to consolidate the power of the body, to make it aggressive and progressive. It was the material, he said; it was the unmarshaling power. It should no longer be the church meditative or the church dreaming, but the church militant; and when it does become the church militant, the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

At the close of these remarks, as at the end of Mr. Norton's essay, the church resounded with applause. The Unitarians, like Mr. Beecher's congregation, always cheer when they hear a good thing, even if it is said in a church edifice.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

followed Dr. Osgood, giving a Boston view of the subject. He drew a comical picture of the disputes that have divided the Unitarian church, attributing the former evil consequences thereof to the inconsistency that existed between the historical position and the convictions of the body. Unitarian convictions were all for freedom and progress; the traditions of the body were conservative and timid. The denomination, he contended, had made a mistake in past times. It had mistaken the proper for the becoming. It would have been becoming for it to have taken up the anti-slavery movement from the beginning. It preferred to be proper, and to take it up after its justice had been acknowledged by others. He was glad if the war, which had set so many things right, had set the Unitarians right also—glad if it had made them all united in doing that which is right, just, and true. What they have to do now is not to go to sleep again.

FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Rev. Mr. Heywood, from Louisville, Ky., gave some interesting stories from the Army of the Cumberland. An officer from Louisville led one of Rosecrans' regiments into battle, his superior having been called to other duty. In the advance this man's son fell by a rebel bullet. The father saw him fall, but could not stop to care for him. Narrating the circumstances to Mr. Heywood, the bereaved father said, with tears in his eyes:

"My boy, you know, is gone. I was in temporary command of the regiment, and as we were pressing on, I saw him fall. I could not turn back to help him, so I said to a soldier: 'Look to Johnny,' and went on, and we did the work we went to do."

"Do you still hold to the idea you expressed when you and I talked over the questions of this war before? Do you feel now as you did then?"

"Certainly I feel we are doing this work for ourselves and children, and for those who are to come after us. Of course, I am very sad, but the cause is just the same as before—only more sacred than ever."

THE LOYALTY OF THE BODY.

Then came the act which a Unitarian Convention never before performed—namely, the passage of resolutions on national subjects. Purely a meeting for conference, this Autumnal Conference now departs from its traditions only because the times demand that departure; and here is the result, in the preamble and resolutions moved by Rev. Alonzo Hill, of Worcester, and warmly seconded by Rev. Dr. Farley, of Brooklyn:

Whereas, Individuals and ecclesiastical bodies have, at different times and in different places, published opinions on the duties of religious men, that have served to awaken doubts in the minds of the conscientious and weaken the hands of the Government; therefore,

Resolved, By members of the Unitarian body assembled in Convention at Springfield, Mass.: That we tender to the President of the United States our sympathy and our prayers in this great day of the country's peril and of its responsibility;

That, while as Christians we are peace-makers, and labor for the spread of peace, we cheerfully offer our own life and that of our own children for the periled life of the nation;

That, while we owe allegiance to the constituted authorities at all times, we hold it now, when treason and rebellion are abroad, our special duty, both by word and by act, to express it;

And that, while the privilege of individual freedom is vouchsafed to all, irrespective of color, as a religious right, sanctioned by the spirit and the letter of the Scriptures, we cannot refrain from the expression of our satisfaction at the Proclamation of Freedom by the Chief Magistrate, to millions now in bondage, and the indulgence of the hope that the tremendous scenes through which we are passing will result in the liberty and Christian progress of all.

These resolutions were adopted with an enthusiastic unanimity which furnished a sufficient index of the loyalty of the Unitarian body.

PERSONAL SKETCHES.

Concerning the notable men of the Unitarian body here present I am tempted to say a word or two in the way of personal description. Many of the prominent clergy have a striking presence or an interesting history; and, inas-

much as they may never again be brought together in such large numbers, a few paragraphs may reasonably be devoted to them.

REV. DR. HOSMER.

The President of the Convention, is a New England man by birth, education, and feeling, but for twenty-seven years has been settled in Western New York. He is pastor of the Unitarian society in Buffalo. A solid, heavy, good-natured man of sixty years, weighing two hundred pounds, he fills the chair of the Convention with imposing effect, as well as with commendable fairness. He wears gold spectacles, behind which I saw his eyes glisten with honest pride when James Freeman Clark paid a compliment to his son, (Mr. Hosmer, of Springfield), who has just returned from active military service as a private in Bank's army before Port Hudson. Father and son are alike loyal.

DR. STEBBINS.

is a prominent and much-esteemed man, who looks as though he were sixty years old, but is really only fifty. The massiveness of his head and frame, and the long white hair which falls behind his ears upon his coat-collar, suggest a resemblance of the late Dr. Bethune, and the gentility of his manner favors the illusion. He is certainly one of the most venerable-looking men in the Convention, though his patriarchal appearance is not justified by his years. Indeed, it is reported that he was once prayed for when he was only thirty-seven years old as "our venerable Brother." He is a Massachusetts man, was for many years President of the Meadville Seminary, and is now President of the Unitarian Association, and settled at Woburn, in Mass. Mr. Staples, the successor of Mr. Longfellow in Brooklyn, was one of his pupils at Meadville.

THE NEW YORK CLERGY.

Dr. Osgood is so well known in New York that it is altogether needless to say anything here of his genial character, his ripe scholarship, or his finished eloquence. Mr. Frothingham is here, with the stores of wise thought he has inherited from his father, Dr. Frothingham, of Boston, and has improved by the studious application of his great natural powers to the solution of the truths of Christianity. Dr. Farley, representing the old school of Unitarian theology, has contented himself with remaining a spectator, rather than a participant in the proceedings of the Convention; emerging into a leading place only once, when he gave his strong support to the resolutions of loyalty which the Convention adopted with hearty enthusiasm. Mr. Staples is a Massachusetts Unitarian of the progressive sort, who believes that beards and mustaches were made to be worn, and the whole world devised for man to be jolly in. He is a good scholar, a forcible and convincing speaker, an excellent companion, faithful minister, and warm friend of his friends. Yesterday he told a good story in the Convention which conveyed a hard hit to the conservative element, wherever he has but little sympathy.

Dr. Bellows has not appeared here, greatly to the regret of all concerned, for he is regarded as a Unitarian diamond.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

of Boston, is a shining light among the Unitarian people. He will never see forty again, but is so stoutly molded, so broad in the shoulders, so healthy in brain and lungs, that he looks younger than he is. He wears a full beard, without moustache; his decided nose is bestridden by gold-spectacles, which he never removes except at bed-time; his forehead is broad and massive, and the thoughts that work there make him uneasy, so that when he talks he walks. His style of oratory is not elegant, for his utterance is somewhat indistinct, but his intellectual efforts are solid meat for thinking men. He is one of the heavy guns of the denomination.

MR. SCANDLIN.

the missionary of the Unitarian Association to the Army of the Potomac, who has just returned from a season of captivity in the Libby Prison at Richmond, has a remarkable personal history. He is an Englishman, stout, hearty, intelligent, and plucky. Of middle size, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, with a Roman style of face, close-trimmed beard, large vitality, and vivacious manner, he impresses you with an idea of force. Everything he does is forcible. If he talks, he does it with emphasis; if he walks, his boot-heels come down with a resonant thump; if he laughs, the merriment is infectious. He served in the British navy for ten years, then came to the United States and shipped on board a whaler for three years more, was on board the United States ship Ohio for a year, and was finally caught in the streets of Boston by the famous Father Taylor, who was so impressed by his appearance that he dissuaded him from returning to a sea-life, and sent him instead to the Theological Seminary at Meadville, Pa., to be educated for the ministry under Dr. Stebbins, then president of that institution, now here as a delegate to this Convention.

Mr. Scandlin was afterwards settled as pastor of the Unitarian Society in Grafton, Mass., and at the beginning of the war was offered the colonelcy of a Massachusetts regiment, but declined, preferring to go as chaplain. The Unitarian Association appointed him the agent or missionary of that body in the Army of the Potomac, and while serving in that capacity, as well as in that of an agent of the Sanitary Commission, he was captured by Stuart's rebel cavalry after the battle of Gettysburg.

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